

The Ring and The Glove.

I felt like Cortez upon a memorable occasion when the jeweller's glass door swung behind me, and, marching up to the counter, I asked for a ring.

"A ring, sir?" said the attendant, a Cockney to his finger tips. "What sort of a ring?"

"An engagement ring," said I valorously. "What size, sir?" demanded the man, docketing me mentally.

"Five and a half," I replied, thinking of the glove.

"That's rather an unusual size," he remarked, rubbing one eyebrow, "unless it's a bangle the lady wants."

"I'm not sure that she wants it at all," I murmured, producing the little sandalwood scented bit of silk; "but that is the size, I think."

"Oh—it's the size of the lady's 'and' he observed with mild toleration, unrolling it. "Well, sir, ladies' fingers vary in girth, and it's more usual to fit them with a piece of cardboard; but we'll go our best."

"Could not the member be reconstituted?" I asked impressively.

That knocked the conceit out of him; he stared at me helplessly.

"Fill it with powder or something," I explained.

It took him five minutes' self-discipline to grasp the startling novelty, but he did, and, under my direction, filled the third finger sheath with plate powder, which I rammed home with my pencil-case. Then, producing a miniature calliper, he took measurements and began to search his scintillating stock, displaying a reverent familiarity most impressive to behold. Cleopatra, how they dazzled! Pearls, rubies, emeralds, diamonds, each challenging the admiration, but checking the desire by the narrow parchment slip attached setting to the price. Two hundred dollars, \$300, \$500, it was a charmed place, where money lost its every day significance, for what man of spirit would be content to offer the girl of his heart a thing costing a miserable tenner when close beside it twinkled a rose diamond worth a king's ransom? I felt almost pauperized, recollecting that I had only \$400 available.

"Now, sir, what do you think of this?" asked the shopman patronizingly, as he displayed an opal changeling as the shifting sunlight on a misty sky. "It's exactly the ladies' size, making allowances, for, of course, she don't want to wear it over her gloves."

"Are not opals unlucky?" said I, endeavoring to decipher the price.

Oh, we don't hold with such superstition! replied the jeweller, loftily, "but they do say one will keep you from being poisoned."

"Then I shall leave it for the next rich widow," I answered. "But what is the cost of this?"

I alluded to an emerald set amid pearls, which I already saw glittering on the loveliest hand in the world. He extracted it with a silent respect he borrowed from my eagerness, and made a measurement while I watched him, my heart beating madly. The size was exactly the same; the price—but that is a detail. I decided upon it.

The shopman thanked me perfunctorily, and I leaped against the counter, feeling like one who had received a great favor. But when I fumbled in my pocket for the notes and heard their crisp crackle my confidence returned, and then as I watched the splendid thing flashing in its violet bed I believed I must after all be a rich man unknown to myself, so great was the suggestion of unlimited wealth thus conveyed.

"I should like a piece of glass on the inside of the case lid," I observed carelessly. "It is usual?"

"That's looking glass?" queried the lapidary, glancing up from a surreptitious examination of the notes.

I nodded. I knew I must be getting red.

"Well," he remarked, tolerantly, "it is not exactly usual, but it's a pretty idea—lightens the attraction of the gem, makes lady see the present from two points of view."

"Hardly an advantage sometimes," I observed, "but can you do it?"

"Well, yes, I should think," he replied condescendingly.

"Then get it done, and I shall stand the racket," I answered magnificently.

He hurried away to effect the alteration, his place being taken by a bald-headed salesman who wore spectacles and talked to me over them soothingly, as one would to a person of weak intellect, while I formulated piratical schemes and asked him perfunctory questions with a gravity equalling his own.

When I left the shop I headed straight for Bloomsbury square, but remembering that she might be just then occupied by domestic duties, decided to call later in the day. Even the ring in my pocket gave me no additional courage, and presently I began to think it was not quite royal enough. Edging my way to Regent's Park I hunted out a quiet spot and sat down to examine it at leisure. It was glorious still, but somehow not so glorious as I would have wished and actually questioning the wisdom of my choice when an approaching footfall made me close the case. It was light, though firm, and the everlasting flint would have worn well beneath it. Something more of the intellect than of sense made me look up, and I saw her.

The sensation of being shot through the heart has not, I believe, received adequate literary expression, those who experience it being usually preoccupied at the exact moment with other matters; but I think I know what it means. She stopped and we gazed at each other. She was in deep black, but the pallor had gone from her oval cheeks. She made halting tentative bow. I sprang to my feet.

"I am so glad to see you," I cried, "because—I want to restore something you forgot in the restaurant yesterday—a few weeks ago."

"How kind of you," she said coming near. "Oh, not at all," I replied; "but I hope you were not inconvenienced. I should have sent it, but I—I didn't."

I put my hand in my breast pocket hurriedly and extracted my handkerchief, which in turn brought to light a sheaf of letters and memoranda I shook out at her feet like a skillful conjurer. Then I tried the other pocket, but vainly. "It's a glove," I said weakly, gathering up my belongings, "one of yours, don't you know?"

"I recall—I missed it," she said coldly. "But the cab went so quickly," I pleaded; "ah, do sit down until I find it."

She did so. I was in a gentle perspiration. "Pray do not take so much trouble," she murmured plaintively.

"Hurrah, I have it," I cried, and I extracted the wisp of silk from my watch pocket, where I had thrust it on leaving the shop.

"So kind of you," she observed, taking it. Then the powder ran out over her dress.

"How stupid," I gasped, completely demoralized now, and retaking the glove I shook it vigorously until I had created a miniature dust storm. She sneezed. I devoutly wished that the flying machine was an accomplished fact.

"It's ruined," I muttered wofully, for it certainly presented a piebald appearance. She smiled. I sat down saying desperately:

"Would you allow me to keep it? The thing is of no use now."

"Why?" she answered quietly, but the voice was low.

"To remind me of that happy day," I replied, shying.

"Indeed? I am glad you think of it as a pleasant one," she said graciously. "Mr. Turnbull was declaiming all the way back in the cab. He seemed prejudiced against you."

"He may be described as a man who means well," I observed severely. "I hope he said something actionable."

"Oh hardly that!" she answered laughingly; "but he seems to have changed his opinion lately. Your name happened to come up in conversation today and he said: 'She paused! a sudden flame leaped into her cheeks.'"

"What did he say?" I demanded, trying to look away.

"He said you were an honorable man," she replied, the point of her parasol tracing a lop-sided isosceles triangle in the dust, "but—"

"Ah, there is much virtue in that 'but,'" I observed bitterly.

"That you ought to settle down," she continued, tossing her head and rising.

"So I shall," I cried, "but it depends upon my lady. I have her portrait here in this case. She is the only girl I shall ever care for in that way." I added, because a little qualification does no harm at even the most exalted moments. "By the way, she is an acquaintance of yours, too."

And, pressing the spring, I handed the case to her as the lid flew back. She glanced at me curiously, very pale now. I weak about the knees, watched a child trundle a hoop past us.

She uttered a little cry that sank into a sobbing laugh. Then she sat down beside me and put one of the hands I hope to hold when death beckons me down the last dim turning of life's road, into mine.

"I trust she will make you a good wife," she said gravely. And—Well, surely man born of woman can guess the rest.—London Black and White.

THEIR EMBROIDERED SOLDIERS.

How New York Schoolboys Learn the art of war.

There has always been activity among the students of the military schools connected with the New York Interscholastic A. A. and the benefit derived has been demonstrated by the showing made by the Seventy-first Regiment in the recent fights around Santiago. In every company of this regiment there are youngsters from the schools mentioned. These institutions are Berkeley School, Columbia Institute, Barnard School, De La Salle Institute, and Hamilton Institute.

At Barnard School the military section is under the supervision of Head Master William Hazen, assisted by Theodore Lyon. The former is Captain of Company B, Seventy-first Regiment, while the latter is Captain of Company E, Eighth Regiment. There are about 225 boys in the two battalions of the school and the drills are held in the armory of the Eighth Regiment. A cavalry troop has been formed and weekly drills are held in the Belmont Riding Academy. The youngsters of this school have always taken a great interest in the military drills and it has been said that the poor showing in athletics during the past season was due to the time devoted to military tactics. The war spirit at the school was keenly manifested and nothing else was spoken of by the boys. Quite a large number of the students are awaiting orders with the Eighth Regiment.

Under the direction of A. Shaw the battalion of Hamilton Institute has weekly drills at the armory of the Twenty-second Regiment. The institute has about 75 members in its battalion, all of whom have shown great interest in their work. Several of its members are now at the front,

while not a few are among the regiments awaiting orders.

De La Salle Institute enjoys the advantage of having an officer of the United States Army as drill instructor. At present the work is conducted by Capt. Chas. Morton of the third United States Cavalry. Several of the students have expressed their intention of joining the cavalry troop which Capt. Morton intends to organize early this fall.

The instruction in drill at Columbia Institute is given by Capt. N. B. Thurston of the Twenty-second Regiment. There are about 150 pupils drilling in the institute grouped into two battalions. The institute was the first of the military schools in the State to use the new manual of arms as prescribed by the National Guard.

At Berkeley school the entire corps of 200 boys in command of Col. Jackson and the two battalions of three companies each are under the charge of two Majors selected from among the boys. All the instructions are given by the cadet officers. A very interesting feature of their last year's drill was the work with the Gatling guns.—N. Y. Sun.

Rough on the "Referee."

"Goal!" yelled half of the excited players, as their remains emerged from a desperate scrimmage on the goal-line.

"Offside!" "Foul!" "Never went through!" were the vigorous protests of the opposing team, and the poor referee was surrounded by twenty-two yelling footballers; but he refused to give his decision.

They dragged him from one side of the field to another. He clutched at his throat and beckoned them to desist, but they continued wildly with their excited shouts.

"No goal!" shouted the defenders.

The referee held out his hand, and he seemed as if he would speak, but no sound came from his lips. They besieged him again. His face turned a purplish-red and his eyes bulged out, but yet he spoke not.

"What is it?" shouted the players in chorus, as they tried to shake the answer out of him.

"Sh-shut up!" he managed to stammer out, after another heroic attempt. "I—I've swallowed the whistle!"

Next-door Neighbor.

"You are welcome to all the the turkey-dressing you want, Georgie, but aren't you afraid you'll eat too much and be sick?"

Visiting boy—"No'm. We're faith-cure people over at our house. I'd like some more dressing."—Chicago Tribune.

Minister (concluding long address): "I have shown how wicked it is to cherish a spirit of revenge for injuries. Now, what would you do if another boy struck you?"

Sunday School Class (with unanimity): "It 'im back."

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Pictou, July 13, by Rev. J. Coffin, Robert Gray to Nellie Maguire.

Wallace, July 13, by Rev. D. Frame, Wm. Treen to Sophie Langille.

Newport, July 13, by Rev. A. Daniel, Mac. Brannen to Alice Dimock.

Fredericton July 13, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, A. H. Walker to Olive Bryce.

St. Stephen, July 2, by Rev. J. Goucher, Joseph Gidden to Edna Noble.

Halifax, July 10, by Rev. John McMillan, Dr. R. Archibald to Lena Vainot.

Meteghan, July 3, by Rev. James Daley, James Farrel to Sarah Trahan.

Chipman, July 21, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre W. Fenwick to Nettie Lloyd.

Hopewell Cape, July 15, by Rev. J. Colwell, Wm. Beaumont to Amy West.

Port Maitland, July 3, by Rev. J. Appleby, Blair Dakin to Jeannette Morris.

Fredericton, July 13, by J. D. Freeman, H. A. Hamilton, to Lucy Young.

Fredericton July 7, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale, J. C. Hunter to Helena Burpee.

Guyshoro, July 15, by Rev. J. McDonald, Hugh Hattie to Catherine Polson.

Milford, July 12, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Henry McCough to Mabel Pugsley.

Stellarton, July 20, by Rev. Thos. Stewart, James Henderson to Bessie Fraser.

Port Daniel, July 1, by Rev. J. Sutherland, Edgar Lawrence to Ida McDonald.

Clifton July 1, by Rev. L. W. Parker, Walker Archibald to Mabel Pugsley.

Guyshoro, July 15, by Rev. J. E. McDonald, H. A. Hattie to Catherine C. Polson.

Andover, June 24, by Rev. H. Gratz, Frank Williamson to Annie Croby.

Hopewell Cape, July 16, by Rev. J. B. Colwell, Wm. Beaumont to Amy West.

Woods Harbor, July 20, by Rev. Ernest Quick, J. J. Brannan to Mary Strahan.

Ohio, July 20, by Rev. J. Sanders, Rev. E. P. Churchill to Josephine Harrison.

Musquodoboit, July 15, by Rev. F. Thompson, Richard Farrel to Isabel Ferrell.

Pugwash Junction, July 14, by Rev. A. D. McIntosh, George Millar to Rebecca McKim.

Fort Massey, July 20, by Rev. Alfred Gandler, Wm. Thompson to Fannie Stephen.

Charlotte Co., July 17, by Rev. Donald Frazer, Cyrus Acheson to Martha Herbison.

Isaac's Harbor, June 29, by Rev. A. J. Vincent, Joseph Powell to Ardelle McMillan.

River John, June 28, by Rev. Lawson Gordon, John J. Elder to Christina Sutherland.

Halifax, July 14, by Rev. Dr. Heartz, Luther Deymond to Elizabeth Church Cottam.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., July 20, by Rev. C. W. Corey Fred H. Heartz to Annie Flaigher.

North Berwick, June 22, by Rev. Dr. Leishman, Captain Colin Campbell to Margaret Spratt.

Georgetown, P. E. I., July 18, by Rev. A. Herdman, Lanchin McPayden to Hannah Butler.

DIED.

Halifax, July 19, Jane Ker, 79.

Sambro, July 19, Gideon Smith, 67.

Halifax, July 11, Simon Pottle, 32.

Clarendon, July 19, John Allan, 88.

New Glasgow, John McKinnon, 19.

Milford, July 24, Wm. McNeill, 73.

California, June 23, George Hart, 64.

Moncton, July 20, James Stewart, 73.

St. John, July 20, Samuel Lackey, 67.

Hampton, July 25, Horatio Pickett, 27.

Clarence, July 14, Miss Odessa Banks.



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It contains no animal fibre, but is composed entirely of light and buoyant layers of specially prepared Cotton Felt, tufted in fine satine ticking. Write to the undersigned for the names of the furniture dealers who handle it in your town.

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Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John.

Stmr. Olivette will leave Indian town for Gagetown and intermediate landings every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 5 o'clock. Saturday's Steamer will leave at 6 o'clock.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after July 7th.

Leave Hampton for Indian town,

Monday at 5:30 a. m.
Tuesday at 3:30 p. m.
Wednesday at 2:00 p. m.
Thursday at 3:30 p. m.
Saturday at 5:30 a. m.

Leave Indian town for Hampton,

Tuesday at 9:00 a. m.
Wednesday at 8:00 a. m.
Thursday at 9:00 a. m.
Saturday at 4:00 p. m.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.