Geraldine Fowler sorted her mail somewhat listlessly. Some of the envelopes beld rejections. She could tell them by their plumpness. There seemed to be an unusual number this morning.

There were one or two acceptances. She smiled as she drew the checks from their envelopes and laid them carefully away. It had paid, after all, her coming as he leaned out of the door of his car. to New York. She had gained her experience and broadened her outlook. Yet, perhaps, it had made her restless as well. She certainly bad been, since Godfrey Taylor crossed her path.

A troubled look came into her eyes as she took up his letter and read it.

A flush spread over her tace. 'I thought so,' she said as she finished reading and dropped it on the desk. Then with an impulsive movement, she leaned forward and buried her head in her hands.

It had all come so rapidly this new emotion. Less than two weeks ago she had forgotten the existence of Godfrey Taylor. To be sure she dimly recalled the gay times she had had with him one summer, and her admiration of him because he was an editor, and could talk familiarly of books and dramatic events. She had even tancied she liked him, but he had gone out

Saddenly she had heard from him. He had seen a story of hers and had witten. This had been tollowed by other letters and here was the culmination.

·I have not found you to lose you. I want you to marry me at once. Come to Washington for the fall, enjoy all the advantages I can give you. You can go into society-I have means-you can entertain literary people and indulge your fondness for the stage, which I remember, and in January we will go abroad. I shall probably be appointed to some office there.'

Her eyes glistened. 'It is what I have always wanted,' she murmured. 'And Edward---' She stopped. The faithful lover at home had hardly entered her mind.

'Well, I could not go back there any way and be content,' she sighed. 'My life from his dream sooner or later. He told me to be free; I will be free.'

She arose from her chair and pushed back the scattered papers.

'I will be free to live my life in this glorto me. I was made for just such a life.' She smiled triumphantly. Then she

seized the pen and directed an envelope to a little far-away country town. 'I am tired of it all,' she wrote on a slip

She paused. 'The truth will come later,'

the said, as she hastily added. 'My next move will surprise you.' Then she wrote to the other one.

'You may come if you like,' she said; 'I shall be glad to see you, and perhaps-She left it here.

Edward Wherritt entered the postoffice with an eager step. A glad light cript into his eyes as he saw the familiar handwriting and a thrill of pleasure ran through the man as he took the letter from the postmistress. His hand trembled a bit, insomuch that some papers fell to the floor, and he laughed a happy laugh as he bent and picked them up.

Then he slipped them all into his pocket and turned away.

It was a long time since he had heard from her. His hand closed tightly upon the letter in his pocket It was there now fresh from her hand. He would now basten to read it. It was there-his. No power on earth could take it from him. The light in his eyes grew deeper, and a

happy smile played about bis mouth. He had several errands to do. He must viist the news stand first. There might be something of hers in one of the magezines. His quick eye caught her name, and he slipped the publication into

his pocket. Then he finished the errands and walked rapidly towards home, his hand still closed on the letter, and his mind speculating as to what it would say. Would it tell of some new success? How proudly he had watched her career! Perhaps it would say she had decided to stay another six months

Well, never mind. He could stand it, and the end would be so much nearer. The letter felt thin. After all, probably it was but a hurried note, to tell of some

sudden pleasure she wanted to share with His heart gave a bound. Anyway, it was

from her-that was enough. The words were so few.

'My next move may surprise you,' he re-A quick fear seized his heart. He turned the page for more, but that

was all. Not even a signature. 'She must have left out the rest by mistake,' he said, as he held the open page in

his hand. 'But whatever the move is, I know it must be right.' His eyes traveled fondly to the face smil-

ing down the wall.

He rose early the next morning. It was only just growing light, but his sleep had been broken, and he would go down to the early mail and see it the rest of the letter had not come. Surely Geraldine would send it when she found it had been left out. He could even fancy the little laugh she would give when she discovered it and how quickly she would enclose it in another envelope and add a tew words as to her carelessness.

He pictured it all in his mind, as he swung through the village street with an eager tread.

The little office was not open. The morning train was not due yet. Slowly two or three violins-and a flute and a

gazing down the track from whence his letter would come. He stamped his feet a bit impatiently, and took out his watch.

It was coming at last ! With a roar that would seem to waken the yet sleeping people, the train drew in. The morning papers and the mail bag were thrown out on to the platform.

The roll of papers bounded away into the wet grass. He sprang after them with a laugh. The early morning air was exhilarating. He grasped them in his hand and waved

them triumphantly at the baggage master Then he turned. A woman stood be-

side bim. 'I have come home,' Geraldine said.

For an instant he gazed at her with startled eyes. Then with a quick move-ment he gathered her into his big arms and drew her close. Her tired head fell on to his strong shoulder, and the sad, pleading eyes were hidden from view. Her hat fell unheeded to the ground, as he kissed hair and forehead again and again.

This was her next move. - The House-

THE ENSIGN'S RMBARRASSMENT.

It Doesn't Pay to Vest Authority in the Immature.

Clothing the immature in a little brief authority and responsibility is frequently attended with results that reverse of impressive, as in the case of one of Uncle Sam's youthful naval officers, concerning whom the Boston Globe furnishes the following: While the Philadelphia was lying at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard a young ensign was placed in command of the deck. It happened that only one item remained on the list of the morning's duties, and that was to sweep decks at seven bells. It was not a very martial command to give, but as the time approached, the officer of the deck waxed nervous. He imagined that the eyes of all hands were on him, and that the safety of the ship depended upon his giving the order in the proper voice. At three minutes of seven bells he sgain scanned the order-book. It here has spoiled all that. He must wake read, 'Seven bells: Pipe sweepers.' It was plain enough, and the young officer took his stand near the mainmast, and called out in a very weak voice, 'Bo's'n's mate!' The man addressed sprang to his ious fashion that is offered me. It belongs feet with finger touching csp. 'Ay, ay, sir,' he replied. Glancing hastily around, the scared officer muttered boarsely, 'Swipe peepers!' It was an entirely new order to the boatswain's mate. He touched his cap inquiringly. The ensign, more confused than ever, stammered desperately: 'Peep swipers, my man.' The words were overheard, and the laugh which followed proved the last straw. The ensign drew himself up, and with withering scorn exclaimed: 'Sweep pipers, and be quick about it, too!' This time his order was obeyed, the grinning boatswain's mate having fathomed his meaning.

PAYING THE TAX.

The Hen waited for an OpportuneT ime Discuss Duty.

The following anecdote, found in the Cleveland Leader, calls attention to the fact that since the war tax was levied there has been at least one instance where a hen proved her superiority to man, inasmnch as she did not discuss her duty until after she had done it. A farmer in a country town in Ohio recently took a crate of 'chickens' to the express office for shipment to Cleveland. When the charges were named, he counted out the money and handed it to

'There will be a cent extra,' said the agent, 'for the war tax.'

'Well, I ain't a goin' to pay it,' said the owner of the chickens.

'Then I can't accept the crate,' the agent

'What's the matter with you people, any way?' the farmer demanded. 'Don't the officers of the company care anything about the way the government's run? Haven't they any interests? Do they think the farmer is the only man who ought to pay tor the protection of his property, and keeping up the army and navy? I've heard a lot about soulless operations, and

I'm beginning to think it ain't all talk, either. I don't care for the extra-' Just then there was a violent cackling in the crase, which had been deposited upon the express track, and going over to see what it was all about, the irate farmer found that one of his hens had laid an egg. 'Here! Look at this!' he said; 'this

hen has got more soul than your old com-'We will call it square,' said the agent, spparently convinced of the justice of the farmer's remark. 'Give me the egg and I'll pay the war tax on this crate of chick-

The egg was handed over; the old brown hen gave a final triumphant cackle, -as well she might, for a hen in need is a hen indeed,-and the incident was closed.

The Ambition of a Human Animal.

A certain United States Senator is reported to have said to a party of friends recently: 'If I had plenty of money I'd have music played at all of my meals, and get cigars made at \$50 a hundred. Those are two luxuries I would most surely indulge myself in. I'd have the music played by a small orchestra, say a horn and

he wandered toward the station, and stood | bass viol-and l'd have it play soft, 'dar monious airs while I ate; and now ar d then I'd have some vocal music given 'y colored voices. I'd have them sing such things as 'Wen the Watermelon Langs on the Vine': that's a song calculated to inspire the most sluggish appetate.'

What a high and noble ambition for a Senator of the United States! But he has lots of company--men and women to whom wealth and vast resources mean only ingenius methods of spurring a jaded and sluggish appetite to feed on delicacies for the stomach. Nothing great or noble ever comes from people inspired by such motives.

Number Thirteen.

To hotel managers, ships' stewards, and other people who have the letting out of rooms or cabins, 'No 13' is a nightmare. Nowadays, more than ever before, is the belief prevalent that ill-luck lies in that particular combination of innocent figures. Of course, no one really thinks there is 'anything in it,' but all the same they fight shy of the 'bakers dozen.'

'I've had to do with some eight or nine houses in my time,' declared one hotel manager to the writer, 'and I have found that quite two people out of three to whom a room thus numbered is allotted protest: 'I'm not in the least superstitious, you know; but-er-couldn't you put me somewhere else?

'So often did this occur that at one place I had the rooms numbered, leaving out number 13 altogether. This worked all right, until one individual had me roused out in the middle of the night to find him other quarters, his room, he had discovered when going late to bed, being numbered '14,' but in reality situated next

to '12.' 'At the next place I was at I had a dummy door fixed in a corridor between '12' and '14,' and the objectionable number placed upon that; but this again was soon found out, and a similar objection lodged. And so here I have 'No 13' used as a small store-room, and get over the difficulty in that way. The fact that the only survivor in a recent big shipwreck had occupied berth '13' has not, so tar as I can see, done anything to make that number less unpopular.

A Good man to Have in the Boat.

Persons who refuse to acknowledge shility in others until the world has acknowledged it, sometimes have some experiences which should tea h them dis crimination. The members of a well known rowing club once found themselves a man short in a boat's crew. A stranger stood by the landing-stage, and was hailed by the coxswain.

'I say, mister, can you row?'

'If you like to take an oar, we'll coach you up the stream.'

'Don't mind, it you take it slowly.' The stranger took the seat offered and did his fair share of work. The coxswain, unwilling to let the crew appear too easily satisfied, gave the word to quicken the stroke, and the new man responded

At the end of the afternoon, the captain said, as the crew stepped out of the boat, 'You've got on very well, sir. It you come down again we'll give you another

'Thanks,' replied the stranger; 'I'll be very pleased. It you let me have a line I'll be sure to come'; and he handed the captain a card which revealed the fact that the stranger was the then champion sculler Hanlan.

Quite Different.

The reply made by a young Swedish maid in service in this country to her mistress expresses clearly, though in imperfect English, what every sufferer from homesickness feels.

'You ought to be contented, and not fret for your old home, Ina,' said the lady, as she looked at the dim eyes of the girl. 'You are earning good wages, your work is light, everyone is kind to you, and you have plenty of triends here.'

'Yas'm,' said the girl plaintively, 'but it is not the place where I do be that makes me vera homesick—it is the place where I

Voice from doorway: 'Mary, what are you doing out there?"

Mary: 'I'm looking at the moon.' Voice from doorway: 'Well, tell the moon to go home, and you come into the house. It's half past eleven.'



BORN.

Moncton, to the wife of Wm. Mann, a son. Newport, to the wife of J. F. Rathbun, a son. Sackville, Nov. 30, to the wife of J. R. Ayer, a son. Windsor, Dec. 3, to the wife of Fred Lavers, a son. Granville, Dec. 13, to the wife of James Gilliatt, a Bridgeton, Dec. 10, to the wife of W. H. Cochran,a Ellerhouse, Dec. 11, to the wife of Anthony Aker, a

Moncton, Dec. 13, to the wife of M. A. Hutton, a Amherst, Dec. 17, to the wife of W. B. Carty, a

Parrsboro, Dec. 14, to the wife of David Dow, a Tatamagouche, Nov. 26, to the wife of Dr. Roach, a Shelburne, Dec. 4, to the wife of E. P. Barnaby, Weymouth, Dec. 7, to the wife of Thos. F. Burke, a

Ferrona, Dec. 4, to the wife of Rev. W. H. Smith, a Maplewood. Dec. 15, to the wife of D. McKeen, a

Parrsboro, Dec. 7, to the wife of E. D. Allen, Halfway River, Dec. 4, to the wife of Rufus Crouse

Parrsboro, Dec. 5, to the wife of James Allen, Fox Biver, Dec. 10, to the wife of Wiley Cochran,a

Truro, Dec. 9, to the wife of W. B. Simmons, Truro, Dec. 3,

Halifax, Dec. 12, to the wife of Fred Jones, Kentville, Dec. 2, to the wife of Mr. Duncanson, s daughter. Gabarus, Dec. 10, to the wife of John McKinnon, s

Digby, Dec. 6, to the wife of Oliver P. Comeau, a Baddeck, Dec. 11, to the wife of Capt. D. McRae, a daughter. Harland, Dec. 14, to the wife of Wm. Hubble, a

Halifax, Dec. 12, to the wife of Frank H. Black-New Glasgow, Dec. 7, to the wife of John A. Marshall, a son.

Margaree, Dec 8, to the wite of Malcolm McLeod, a daughter. Colchester, Nov. 27, to the wife of Thomas Higgins a daughter. Parrsboro, Nov. 30, to the wife Bradford Newcomb a daughter.

Fenwick, Cumberland, Dec. 10, to the wife of Wm. Coverdale, Dec. 15, to the wife of Fenwick A. Dufferin Mines, Dec. 9, to the wife of the late Edw.

Spencer, a son. Englishtown, C. B., Dec. 9, to the wife of Kenneth McLeod, a son. Halifax, Dec. 11, to the wife of Heary J. Barnstead, a daughter.

New Prospect, Dec. 4, to the wife of Augustus Gavin, a daughter Shubenacadie, Dec. 7, to the wife of James A. Kirkpatrick, a son.

MARRIED.

Halifax, Dec. 14 by Rev. J. McMillan, John Lynk to Annie Munro Aylesford, Dec. 7, by Rev. J. L. Read, Wm. J. Tupper to Jessie Morse.

Boston, by Rev. Henry M. Torbert, Wm. Bates to Marguerite Probert. Amherst, Dec. 10, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Peter Belliveau to Daisy White. Lunenburg, Dec. 8 by Rev. Oscar Gronlund, Elfred

Ritcey to Chas. Maxner. Eastport, Dec. 2, by Rev. A. J. Ford, William J. Hickey to Ethel E. Hatt. Noel Road, Dec. 5, by Rev. G. R. Martell, George Miller to Cordelia White.

Haverhill, Mass., by Rev. D. Wolf, Harry G. Collins to Lizzie M. Durland. Amberst, Dec. 7, by Rev. V. E. Harris, Leigh R. Baker to Harriet F. Facey. Mahone Bay, Dec. 4, by Rev. J. W. Crawford, Jas. W. Kedy to Milidean Awalt.

Port Lorne, Dec. 7, by Rev. E. P. Coldwell, Phineas Banks to Mrs. Ada Felch Truco, Nov. 29 by Rev Mr. Geggie, D. J. Mc-Leod to Florence McKinnon Colchester, Dec. 7, by Rev. A. McKinnon, George Whidden to Christie Brenton. Salisbury, Dec. 10. by Rev. J. C. Steadman, George

Goddard to Laura Lounsbury. Oak Hill, Dec. 7, by Rev. H. Harrison, John W. McKenzie to E la M. Moulton. Truro, Dec. 14, by Rev. H. F. Adams, George C Keys to Elizabeth M. Edwards. Colchester, Nov. 30, by Rev. A. Chipman, Rupert S. Meadows to Sadie C. Taylor.

Lower Wakefield, Dec. 14, by Rev. W. Rutledge, Frank Hal-y to Alice Wetmore. Fitchburg, Mass., by Rev. A.T. Kempton, Edwin C. Jordan to Elizabeth A. White. Bridgewater, Dec. 6, by Bev. E. P. Churchill, Abraham Huey to Isabella McKenzie. North Attleboro, Mass., by Rev. George E. Osgood F. N. Fales to Mrs. Neilie McConnell.

Upper Musquodoboit by Rev. F. W. Thompson, Richard Cameron to Edith V. Hilchey. Range, Queens Co., N. B., Dec. 3, by Rev. F. W. Patterson, Hency B. Fanjoy to Agnes Miller.

DIED.

Truro, Dec. 8, James Stark, 51. Halifax, Dec. 14, Wm. Rafter, 90. St John, Dec. 14, Robert Carr. 54. Bridgetown, Dec. 1, Abner Owen. Jordan Falis, Dec. 6, John Barclay. Kentville, Dec. 5, Agnes Rafnse, 13. Waweig, Dec. 14. John W. Cathcart, 40. St. John, Dec. 14, Mrs. Jessie Slipp, 65. Truro, Dec. 8, Mrs. Henry Kennedy, 52. St. George, Dec. 12, Elen Magowan, 48. New Glasgow, Dec. 8, Wm. Pollock, 83. Newcastle, Dec. 4, John Manderson, 68. Brookville, Dec. 17, William Adams, 87. Economy Point, Dec. 7, Samuel Durning. St. John, Dec. 18, William Arm trong, 71. St. John, Dec. 14, Mrs. Stephen Storm, 63. Mouth of Jemseg. Dec. 12 William Bates. Milltown, Dec. 11, W. John Mc Murray, 71. New York, Dec. 12, Capt. R. L. McCullosh. Boston Mfiss., Nov. 17, Jas. MacKenzie, 25. Maria Joseph, Dec. 1, James Hawbolt, Sr., 92. Weymouth Mills, Dec. 8, Stephen Thibeau, 80. San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 21, John M. Hockin. Hillsboro, Dec. 11, Ellen, wife of Jas. T. Ward. Chegoggin, Dec 13, Jessie, wife of Calvin Dalton. Mahone Bay, Dec. 12, Edward Jas. Whynet, 59. Liverpool, G. B., Dec. 14, James R. McRobbie, 47. Beaver Falls, Pa., Nov. 28, Frederick Foshay, 68. Parrsboro, Dec. 7, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Allen, Halifax, Dec. 15, Mary Ann, wife of Aaron Sin-Sackville, N. B., Dec. 14, Elizabeth, wife of Dr. West Gardner, Mass., Dec. 3, Sieur Banoni D. Upper Gagetown, N. B., Dec. 8, Nelson M. Esta-Brookfield, Dec. 11, Bessie, wife of Abner P. Stellarton, Dec. 10, Elizabeth Fraser, wife of Alex. Glace Bay, Nov. 30, Mary Josephine, wife of John
Le Abriel 20

Le Abriel 20 Le Abriel, 20. Harvey Bank, A. C., Dec. 13, Alice, wife of Capt. Robert White, 43. Mabou, C. B., Dec. 15, Christina, widow of Hon. Wm. McKeen, 84. Apohaqui, Dec. 15, Matilda, widow of the late Wm. H. Owen, 74.

Croydon, England, Lucy, widow of the late Edward Fitzgerald, 90. Port Saxon, Shelburne, Nov. 29, Nancy, wife of Samuel McLean, 76. Digby, Dec. 2. Arnold, son of Capt. and Mrs. Fred

Robinson, 10 months. Boston, Mass., Dec. 7, Dora, eldest daughter of the late P. S. Hamilton, 36. Dartmouth, Dec. 16, Beatrice, daughter of Capt. Isaac and Mrs. Hillter, 20. Edgett's Landing, A. Co., Dec. 3, Alfretta R., infant daughter of William and Ida Barnett.

STEAMERS.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y

New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line:

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 14.h, 24th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 1. NORTH RIVER (Battery Pisce), November 9th.

19 h and 29th, for EASTPORT, ME., and ST.

JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will
be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on

With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through traffic arrangements [both by rail and water.] we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business intrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SER-VICE AND CHARGES. For all particulars, address,

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Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Oct. 3rd, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this Mailway will

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arv Digby 10 00 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arv St. John, 3 45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve, Halifax 6. 30 a.m., arv in Digby 12 30 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.00 p. m., arv Yarmouth 3 35 p. m.
Lve. Halifax 8 00 a. m., Tuesday and Friday.

arr, Digby 12 50 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12 50 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3 00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arv. Digby 11.43 a. m Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arv. Halifax 5.46 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8 35 a. m. Mon. and Thur. arr. Digby 10.25 a. m.

Lve. Digby 10.30 a. m., arr. Halifax 3 32 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a. m., arv Digby 8.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., arv Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying B uenose express trains between Halifax.

S.S. Prince Edward,

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N.S., every TUESDAK and FBIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.00 p. m. Unequaled cusine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to

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S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Parrsboro. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the whart office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all informa-

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. P. GIFKINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898; the rains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou Pictou.....12.00 Express for Quebec, Montreal......16.30

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 16.30 o'clock for Quebec and Mon-A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 for Truro.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal

Express from Sussex..... 8 30 Express from Halifax.....16.00
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Mon-Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Monc-All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE,

97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

Christmas Holiday

Excursion Tickets. on sale to Pupils and Teachers in Schools and Colleges on surrender of proper certificate from Principal. between stations in Canada, East of Port Arthur, December 10th to 31st, good for return pasage until January 31st.

To Commercial Travellers on presentation of their Certificates in territory as above, December 16 h, to 26th, good for return passage until January 7th, and To The Public between all stations on

all at One Way first Class Fare for the Roand Trip.

To Boston.

To Pupils on surrender of certificate from Principal any time up to Dec. 30.h, good for return until Jan 31st. To The Public any time up to Dec. 30th, good for return until Jan. 10th,

AT \$10.50 EACH.

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