

John Warne's Revenge.

Two men sat together in a room in one of the finest residences on a fashionable New York street one summer night. One of them was a well preserved gentleman of perhaps 55 years, and from his age and dress it was easy to tell that he was used to moving in the higher circles of society.

The other was of nearly the same age, but there was something in his face, and a sort of dry atmosphere clinging to him, like that indescribable flint which always seems to surround a book from a library, that told he was a man whose years had been spent among bills and ledgers.

John Warfield, merchant prince and host, poured out two glasses of wine from the glittering decanter and motioned John Warne, clerk and visitor—by express and urgent invitation—to drink with him. And they drank silently.

Then there was a long and painful pause. John Warfield was pale with whatever thoughts were in his bosom. Very pale. He was restless and walked to and fro many minutes, while John Warne waited patiently for whatever was to be said.

Suddenly the merchant stopped before the clerk.

'You have sworn by your hope of heaven, by all you consider binding upon your soul to never reveal one word of the conversation that takes place between us to-night?'

'Yes,' answered Warne; 'I have sworn.'

'There is no use in beating round the bush,' cried Warfield, his hands working nervously and his face growing paler, as if he were drawing nearer to something frightful. 'I am on the brink of financial ruin. Warne—you know that.'

'Yes, I know it,' answered Warne.

'There is only one way out of it,' said Warfield, ghastly white now.

He was very near the hideous thing that frightened his thoughts.

'And that way?'

'Is death,' answered the merchant, hoarsely.

'You don't mean to take your own life?' cried the clerk, starting for a moment out of his usual composure.

'Of course not,' answered Warfield. 'You know that my brother left a large fortune to his only child. She stands between me and that fortune to-day. If she were dead, I should come into possession of it immediately. You begin to understand, don't you?'

'I think I do,' answered the clerk, a trifle pale. 'It is her death you refer to?'

'Exactly, Warne. If she were to die, I am saved. She must be got out of the way. You must do it for me. For years I have kept your secret. No one in the world save you and I knows you forged those checks twenty-five years ago. No one but you and I will know how Catherine Oran goes out of the world. I will give you \$100,000 when the deed is done. Is it a bargain?'

'It is murder!' cried Warne, pale as death. 'I can't do it. Get some one else. I can trust it to no one else,' said Warfield, desperately. 'There is no risk to run. She is at school with my daughter at a private institution at the seashore, fifty miles out of town. You can go down there, without being detected.'

'She is there with your daughter, you say?'

Warne's voice sounded strange to himself, and far away. His face had lost some of its old splay.

'Yes, it is a wild, lonely place. You will know her by her resemblance to my daughter. It is a bargain?'

'It is a bargain,' answered John Warne, hoarsely, rising from his seat.

'The work seems to have got into your head,' laughed Warfield, nervously. 'Will you have another glass, Warne?'

No, more, thank you,' answered the old clerk.

'It isn't wine that has got into my head, Warfield; it is something that has been there a long time. It has roused itself to-night. Is there anything more to be said between us?'

'No,' answered Warfield. 'You understand my wishes; be careful, Warne, and sure!'

'Good night!' and the clerk bowed him self out.

'Revenge is sweet, they say!' he whispered, in the street. 'I shall find it to be so. Oh, John Warfield, I have waited for something—I hardly knew what—for years I never dreamed of such a grand opportunity as this.'

A wild, wet day. The waves screamed in mad glee against the cruel rock, and the sky was like a pall. The gulls circled in the chill, gray atmosphere, crying harshly and discordantly.

'I wonder if she will come!'

The man who whispered this query to the winds peered out from behind the rock where he was hidden, anxiously. 'She got my message, I know. Poor fool! She thinks she is coming to meet her lover, but she will meet death!'

John Warne shivered. It might have been with cold, it might have been with terror. But he thought of revenge, and his face was hard and pitiless as fate.

She came presently; he saw her coming down the sandy shore, with the wind blowing her yellow hair all about her face, and an expectant look in her eyes. The sight of her innocent young face and the thought of what he was there to do struck him to the heart with a sudden, sharp pain, like a dagger thrust, but a face as fair as hers came between him and the sight of her, and he pushed every vestige of pity out of his heart.

She passed the rock without seeing him. He came behind her noiselessly; he threw her cloak over her head with a sudden movement, and drew it down tightly about her mouth before she could cry out; and the folds of it pinioned her arms like cords.

He dragged her down to the water's edge. He dragged her out into the cruel waves, and with an iron grip upon the folds which prisoned her so securely, he thrust her down beneath the flood and held her there.

There was a wild, fierce struggle for life and liberty, but it was a vain one. His hold was not to be shaken off. It was death to her. It was revenge to him.

Pretty soon it was all over. He dragged the unresisting form back to the shore and dropped it on the wet sands.

He never stopped to look at the face beneath the dripping garment that had shut out the world forever, but strode away across the sands, a vagabond and an outcast on the face of the earth forever more. But he had had his revenge.

'A telegram, sir.'

John Warfield clutched the paper with fingers that shook like aspen leaves. His face was frightfully pale. He tore it open and read:

'We have bad news for you. A terrible accident has happened. Come immediately.'

He knew who and where it was from without looking at the signature.

Half an hour later the southward-bound train bore him out of the city.

An hour after that he was standing at the door of the Pensionat des Demoiselles, where his daughter and niece had spent the last two years of their lives. He rang the bell, and stood there in the chill gray mist of the dreary morning, waiting with a pale and frightened face—for what?

A flurry of footsteps in the hall. The door was opened by a girl with yellow hair and a white tear stained face.

'Oh, Uncle John!' she cried, and burst into tears. 'It is so terrible.'

The man's face was ghastly with sudden terror. His teeth shivered so that he could hardly speak.

'I—I thought it was you!' he cried hoarsely, at last. 'Where is Cécile?'

He clutched her arm as fierce that she cried out with pain.

'She is in the parlor,' the girl answered sobbing. 'Do you want to see her now?'

He put his hands to his head in a sort of dazed way. It seemed to be whirling around and around, and he was trying to stop it.

'I—I must be a little wild,' he said, as if he hardly knew what he was saying. 'Cécile is in the parlor, you say? Is she well? Does she know that I am coming?'

'Oh, Uncle John!' cried Catherine Oran with a great sob. 'Don't you know? Cécile is dead!'

He never answered her. He put out his hands, as if to grasp at something to steady himself by, but found nothing; and, with a gasping cry, he fell face downward to the floor.

That afternoon this letter was put into John Warfield's hands:

'I have waited for twenty-five years for revenge. You have thought that I never found out your secret; you have thought that no living person, save yourself, knew that my sister's life was ruined and her heart broken by you. But you were wrong. How I learned the fact matters not. But I swore to be revenged. You had no mercy for your victim; I have had none for mine. You thought to end an innocent life that stood between you and your selfish ambition. I have taken an innocent life, and sacrificed my soul for the revenge that I have been waiting for. When you know that I made no mistake in doing what I have done, but that I intended to do it from the first as it has been done, think of the ruin you wrought so long ago, and say, if you can, that my revenge is not complete.'

Today John Warfield looks out upon a little strip of God's green earth from behind the bars of a madman's cell; and to-day John Warne wanders up and down the world, a haunted, remorseful man. He is under the shadow of the curse of Cain; for him there is no rest here or hereafter.

THE PETRIFIED MAN FAKE.

Latest Specimen of This Article Comes From Montana—The Hoax's Variety.

Now and then there comes a report from somewhere declaring that a petrified human body has been found, to the vast wonderment and interest of the credulous. Scientific men pay no attention to such stories, knowing them to be canards, the famous Cardiff giant (like having established an abiding skepticism among scientific men as to fossil human beings. But dime museum managers, practical jokers and other befoolers of the public "discover" stone men in unexpected places and always arouse some interest in their finds.

The latest of these merry fakes comes from the region of Fort Benton, Mont. Two weeks ago it was reported that a petrified human body had been found near that place and that it was supposed to be the remains of Gen. Thomas F. Meagher, who was drowned in the Missouri River there while Acting Governor of the territory. The innocent Chicago papers swallowed the hoax and printed it as important news, as indeed it would have been had there been any truth in it. Investigation of the story was made and it proved that the "petrified man" was merely the brain fossil of a museum owner who wanted such an article to add to his collection of freaks and who will probably appear in Chicago before long with a stone dummy in his care.

What the nature of the dummy will be depends upon the taste of the dime museum man.

The so-called petrified men that have been exhibited to the public in the past have been various in design. Some of them have been merely masses of rock in the natural state, which, by the aid of a power-

ful imagination (furnished by the showman) might be thought to resemble in general outline a human body. Others, extensively advertised, have been merely small pieces of rock bearing something the appearance of an arm or a leg and perhaps honestly supposed in the first instance by the ignorant farmhand or ploughboy who found them to be parts of the human body turned into stone. Still other wonders of this sort—and the most successful ones—have been made to order. It costs something to hew a human likeness out of rock, but it has been done and very likely will continue to be done so long as the public loves to be fooled.

Some years ago a showman exhibited in St. Louis a petrified infant. It was a rough looking infant, and its features were obscure and unornamental, but it was unmistakably human in shape, and great was the rush to see it, with the result that the showman made large sums of money and described his treasure as the scientific wonder of the age. Where he made his mistake was in quarrelling with the creator of the fossil about the price. The stone-cutter brought suit against him, and described the ordering, making and delivery of the scientific wonder at a certain price down and the rest to be paid at a given time. The showman declined to pay up, said the stone cutter, because there had been some criticism of an irregularity in the infant's features which the showman averred, detracted from its market value.

The maker never got his money because the museum man skipped the town leaving the child of his fancy behind him.

A somewhat similar hoax was worked in Chicago by a 'professor,' whose adventures declared him to be an eminent paleontologist. He travelled on the strength of his petrified man alone, having no other curios except his lecture on the subject of the discovery and probable history of Lithos as he called the exhibit. All went well until one day Lithos fell from the stand on which he lay during the lecture and gave out a suspiciously hollow sound when he hit the floor. The eminent paleontologist incautiously lifted him up and revealed a wooden nakedness to the scandalized audience, for the outer layer of him had broken off in spots, showing ordinary wood underneath. Lithos was simply a dummy of wood overlaid with some calcareous deposit. The professor got away alive, but Lithos was utterly destroyed.

If a true petrified man ever were discovered his discoverer would not need to exhibit him at dime museums, for he would bring almost any price that might be asked. It is extremely improbable, however, that any such discovery will be made, though it is not regarded as impossible. Physicians say that there is no more reason, so far as physical reasons are concerned, why man could not be petrified as well as animals, and fossil remains of various animals are not uncommon, but authenticated human remains have not been discovered up to date and if ever they are they will not be identifiable as Gen. Meagher or anyone else known to this period of the world's existence, for the reason the reason that it will have taken hundreds of centuries to complete the petrification by nature's processes. About sixty years ago an Italian, named Segato, scientist, discovered an embalming process which had the effect of petrification, and a cross section of a body treated by him is still used as a table top in Naples. His process, which died with him, has been rediscovered recently, it is said.

BLISTERED BY DOCTORS.

For Heart Disease Without Help—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Relieves in Fifteen Minutes.

Mrs. O. Ward of Magog, Que., was a great sufferer for years from heart disease. Physicians blistered her and gave her other treatments without relief. She read in the papers of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. She procured a bottle of it. Fifteen minutes after the first dose she had relief. Before taking this remedy she had constant spells of suffocation and fluttering, and severe pains about the heart, and was so weak that the act of sweeping the floor caused her to faint. She continued using the remedy until she had taken six bottles, and today she is well as ever she was—Sold by E. C. Brown.

Hix—Say, it's dead wrong for a political party to use the eagle for an emblem. Dix—Why is it? Hix—Because the eagle never thinks of feathering its own nest.

BORN.

Hillsboro, Dec. 8, to the wife of Herbert Taylor, a daughter.
Chatham, Dec. 5, to the wife of H. Malby, a son.
Moncton, Dec. 12, to the wife of Con. Gordon, a daughter.
Ward's Creek, Nov. 27, to the wife of Fred Orr, a daughter.
Campbellton, Dec. 2, to the wife of Alex. Mowatt, a daughter.
Woodstock, Dec. 7, to the wife of Rev. Gordon Fringle, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Windsor, Charles Logan Smith to Georgie Salter, Moncton, by Rev. J. Brown, Frank Gardner to Ida Murray.
Eggleston, Dec. 6, by Rev. I. Thorne, Geo. Gildart to Jessie Fraser.
Milton, Mass., Nov. 30, Emma Schuman to Ernest H. Morgan.

Boston, Nov. 22, by Rev. Chas. Page, James Blades to Mary Smith.

Chester, Dec. 8, by Rev. A. Bent, Lawson Croft to Martha Redden.

Chester, Dec. 7, by Rev. A. M. Bent, S. Wm. Sellers to Bessie Young.

Antigonish, Nov. 30, by Rev. W. Robinson, Chas. Allen to Addie Reid.

New Glasgow, Dec. 9, by Rev. A. Bowman, John Murray to Ella Reid.

Gloucester, Dec. 6, by Rev. J. K. Beal, John Nixon to Ella Wills.

Bellevue Creek, Dec. 12, by Rev. F. Pickers, Effa Vail to Walter H. Kirk.

Halifax, Dec. 7, Rev. G. W. Schurman, Joseph Robins to Estelle Frost.

New Glasgow, Nov. 23, by Rev. J. Davis, Kate Cole to Chas. Woodworth.

Bridgeville, Dec. 9, by Rev. S. March, Wm. Rodenbeizer to Annie Legaz.

Yarmouth, Dec. 4, by Rev. J. E. Jackson, Nathan Boyd to Hannah Johnson.

Halifax, Dec. 9, by Rev. Dr. McMillan, Campbell Reid to Mrs. Cyndia Elliott.

Malton, Dec. 6, by Rev. S. Frigens, Alpheus Mader to Torie Mader.

Waterford, Dec. 11, by Rev. A. Campbell, Howard Carter to Adelaide McManus.

Pictou, Dec. 5, by Rev. F. H. Wright, Clarence Reid to Mrs. Cyndia Elliott.

Hanson, Colchester, by Rev. Chas. S. Bates, H. A. St. John, Dec. 12, by Rev. Dr. Hartley, Henry Craig to Katie M. Sanderson.

Middle Stewacke, Dec. 8, by Rev. D. S. Fraser, C. J. M. Reid to Christine Grant.

Sussex, Dec. 13, by Rev. W. Campbell, Prof. F. J. St. George to Mrs. Annie Edgett.

Gloucester, Mass., Dec. 5, by Rev. F. H. Reed, Sydney Lane to Anne F. Rogers.

Bristol, Queens, Dec. 11, by Rev. H. Shaw, Wm. Coomes to Henrietta Buchanan.

West Tatamashouche, Dec. 7, by Rev. D. A. Frame, George Vingo to Mrs. Eliza Ross.

Denmark, Queens, Nov. 13, by Rev. S. March, Chipman Wile to Susanna Weigle.

New Campbellton, Nov. 14, by Rev. D. Drummond, M. J. M. Reid to Christine Grant.

St. Margaret's Bay, Dec. 13, by Rev. W. Arnold, J. S. Berthier to Janet Cleveland.

Great Village, Dec. 13, by Rev. O. Chapman, Donald E. McLaughlin to Alberta Lawton.

Chester, N. S., Dec. 9, by Rev. W. J. Armitage, Capt. J. Allan Church to Mamie Miller.

Bay St. Lawrence, C. B. Nov. 23, by Rev. A. McPherson, Dennis Lerno to Susan Daisley.

Boston, Dec. 11, by Rev. A. K. MacLennan, Mr. E. C. Gleason to Miss Katherine MacKenzie.

Curryville, Albert Co., Dec. 6, by Rev. C. W. Townsend, Eliot McLatchey to Annie Curry.

DIED.

Colchester, Robert Upham, 82.

St. John, Dec. 18, Janet Taylor.

Greenfield, Nov. 27, Neil sunn, 84.

Halifax, Dec. 9, Mary A. Perry, 16.

St. John, Dec. 14, Patrick Flynn, 75.

St. John, Dec. 18, Thomas H. Lloyd.

Annapolis, Dec. 10, David Herrett, 67.

St. John, Dec. 17, Mrs. Annie McEwen.

Port Lorne, Dec. 1, William Patney, 77.

Stellarton, Dec. 14, Irene Elizabeth Tuf.

Truro, Dec. 8, Capt. Edward T. Rider, 60.

Liverpool, Dec. 6, Mrs. Dollie Brown, 83.

Yarmouth, Dec. 3, Mrs. Ann O'Harley, 63.

Cape Island, Dec. 6, Freeman Nickerson, 52.

St. Mary's, Nov. 27, Mrs. Wm. Williams, 83.

Weston, Kings, Dec. 12, Mrs. Mary Sanford.

Black River, Nov. 30, Mrs. Jane Cameron, 73.

St. John Co. Dec. 11, Hugh H. Davidson, 78.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 12, Hugh McIntosh, 67.

Sydney, Dec. 9, Angelina Williams McInnis, 15.

Victoria Road, Dec. 15, Annie May Anketell, 10.

Humboldt, Dal. Nov. 12, Milton H. Tomlinson, 76.

Lower Onslow, Dec. 5, Dorothy E. Wetherby, 69.

St. John, Dec. 14, Foster MacFarlane, M. D., 65.

Eggleston, Dec. 10, Ellen J. wife of Peley McKnight, 24.

Halifax, Dec. 15, Sarah Ann, wife of James Kline, 69.

Grasspan, Nov. 25, Cymbaline Alonzo Edric Hudson.

Granville Ferry, Dec. 6, William Mills Weatherston, 77.

Ottario, Dec. 14, Elizabeth, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Clarke.

Bristol, Eng. Nov. 10, Mary Ann, widow of Charles Wallace, 81.

St. John, Dec. 18, George Christie, son of G. A. and Annie L. Christie.

Truro, Dec. 11, Clarence, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. McDowell.

St. John, Dec. 19, Ruby S., infant child of F. P. and Emma F. Gallop.

Harvey, A. Co., Dec. 8, Mary, relict of the late Gideon Vernon, 72.

Cumberland Co., Dec. 2, Tressie, daughter, of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Morrell, 3.

Shanesside, Nov. 19, Janet Orr, youngest child of W. J. and H. A. Wallace, 11 months.

STEAMERS.

Change of Sailing.

On and after Monday, Nov. 6th,

STEAMER

..Clifton

will leave her wharf, Hampton, Monday and Wednesday mornings, at 10 a. m. for Indian Cove. Returning will leave Indian Cove on Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 11 o'clock (local). On Saturdays she will make round trip as at present.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899, trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted.)

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, 7.25

Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou, 12.05

Express for Quebec, Montreal, 16.40

Express for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney, 17.30

Accommodation from Moncton, 22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.

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

Ventilator, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex, 7.25

Accommodation from Moncton, 12.05

Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal, 16.40

Accommodation from Moncton, 22.10

Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

EXCURSION RATES.

Christmas and New Year's Holidays.

ONE WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP between all Stations on the Atlantic Division and from Atlantic Division Stations to points in Canada, Port Arthur and east.

GENERAL FULFILLMENT—Tickets on sale Dec. 21st, to Jan. 1st, inclusive, good to return till Jan. 4th, 1900.

SCHOOLBOYS AND COLLEGE—Tickets on sale on presentation of school certificates Dec. 9th to 31st, inclusive, good to return till Jan. 31st, 1900.

Above arrangements also apply from all Stations on the Intercolonial and Dominion Atlantic Railways to Canadian Pacific Railway Stations named above.

TO BOSTON MASS.—First-class unlimited one-way fare for the round trip from St. John, Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews and intermediate Stations. Tickets on sale Dec. 20th to 30th, inclusive, good to return thirty days from date of issue.

For any further information as to rates, train service, etc., or to reserve berths on the Popular Short Line Express to Montreal or St. John, write D. P. A., St. John, N. B.