

## Leslie's New Year's Bride.

Leslie Dane had lost his sweet young wife.

But for the tiny, helpless, wailing babe she had left behind, the husband could well have fancied it all a dream—his meeting with that fair, spirituelle being and raising her from her condition of friendless poverty to enjoy for one brief year all the elegancies of life, all the soul-happiness which human devotion could give.

If Leslie's sentiment towards his pure fragile bride was more pity than love, she never knew it.

New Year bells were ringing, when Stella—by name a star—went up to take her place in the bright firmament.

Almost her last words were an injunction, uttered to her husband in private. It was in these words—

'Don't be made more sorrowful, dearest when I beg you to fill shortly my vacant place. There is but one I ever knew upon whom I could infer so important a trust my dear friend and schoolmate when I was at Belleville for a short time previous to my uncle's death. I scarcely think her there at present, for I have written without reply. But go to Belleville, Leslie, and inquire for Anna Fairfax. And when those bells ring in the next New Year, let them be your marriage bells.'

Two-thirds of the year succeeding his wife's death passed ere Leslie Dane could think of her last request without a sickening sensation at his very heart's core.

'One of us must go to Belleville forthwith,' said Dane's senior partner to him one morning.

'To Belleville!' returned the other vaguely.

'Yes. Here's the letter. You are the one to manage the business. Will you go?'

'I suppose so,' Dane responded, in a rather bewildered fashion still.

Within an hour the flying train was conveying him on the journey.

In the ordinary course, he should have reached his destination by the middle of the day; but an accident interrupted their peaceful progress.

The accident, when it was over, was found to be not serious, inasmuch as no lives were sacrificed, nor even a bone broken; yet there was cause for much confusion, and a necessity for considerable delay.

Dane, who was partially stunned, heard amid a succession of terrified shrieks, a voice, calm, persuasive, endeavoring to impart courage, and allay the tumult of excitement.

It seemed to him in that emergency, the voice of an angel.

As his sight returned, he discovered it to proceed from a lady whom he recollected as having sat near him during the journey.

'Are you hurt, madam?' he inquired making his way to this lady, who was closely confined beneath some debris.

'I don't know,' she answered, slightly smiling.

He succeeded in extricating her. No sooner was it done than she fainted in his arms.

Help came at length; the passengers mostly found themselves able to walk to the village in sight. The exception was the lady who had maintained such wonderful composure during the prevailing confusion; she continued unconscious after having been conveyed to a neighboring house, where a doctor was called.

Restoratives, however, speedily availed, and the stranger opened her eyes.

'Ah!' she whispered, struggling to raise her head while the faintest touch of rose returned to her cheek, 'I was amazed at seeing men and women so beside themselves, yet I fear I have, in the end given more trouble than all.'

The lady must have been very young, yet a certain maturity of expression, added to her height, which was somewhat above the ordinary, invested her with the dignity of perfect womanhood.

So, at length, thought Leslie Dane, and he imagined himself caught up into the third heaven.

A most unwelcome descent to earth it was, when, with a few formal words and an exchange of cards, he quitted her presence and entered the train again for Belleville.

The lady, Miss Adela Fielding, had been taken in charge by some friends whom she had originally proposed to meet at this station, and with whom she was to proceed to Birmingham, her home, by a later train.

During the next hour Leslie Dane was far more abstracted even than at the beginning of the journey.

Was this, he continually asked himself, all he could ever know of the lovely stranger?

He could not bear to think so, and fell to dreaming of various methods for renewing the acquaintance so singularly begun.

Nothing was further from the thoughts of Leslie Dane, when he reached Belleville, than to make enquiry after Anna Fairfax.

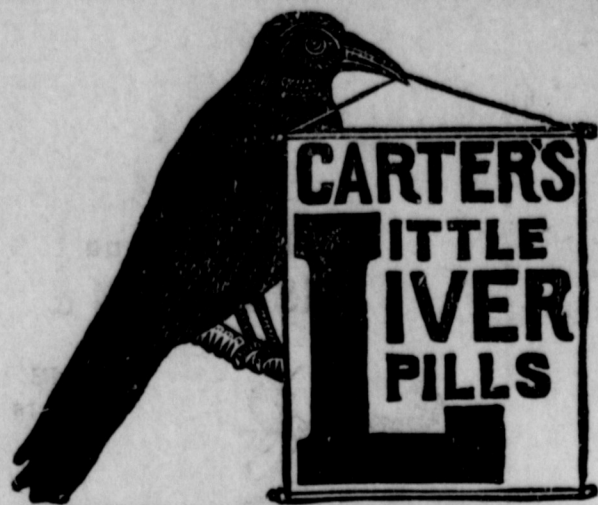
Within an hour after he had been set down by the train, after having supped at the hotel, he went to call upon a gentleman for the transaction of the business which had brought him to Belleville.

The gentleman was not in, and Dane was shown into a parlor to wait for him.

At the upper end of the large room sat two young ladies, occupied with apparently some interesting chat, which the entrance of a third party did not materially interrupt.

The topic had probably some connection with the fashions, for each had her lap full of ribbons, lace, and flowers and these, while laughing and chattering on, they appeared to be manufacturing into some sort of finery.

'I shall be the belle, not a doubt of it! See, you have given me the pinkest bud,' one exclaimed. 'How I wish the Prince of Wales would appear incog.'



## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

### Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

'And fall in love with you, of course. Oh, Anna Fairfax!'

Till that name fell on his ear, Leslie Dane had paid no attention to the conversation whatever; he simply had heard it, as he might have heard the notes of a couple of canaries in a cage.

The exclamation took him so much by surprise, that he turned almost abruptly from looking out of the window, fixing his eyes on the person addressed by that name.

She seemed slight of figure, and her face was one of those doll-like, pink-and-white faces called pretty by persons of her own calibre; but, to a mind of a different order indicative of no force of character.

The latter was Leslie Dane's opinion of the young lady, but he had not the opportunity of considering her long; for just here the gentleman of the house entered, and, upon learning the nature of the stranger's business, conducted him to a private apartment.

When the interview was ended, the former in showing the visitor out, remarked—

'You will necessarily be detained in Belleville for a few days; my daughter gives a party to-morrow evening, and I am sure we shall all feel very much obliged if you will favor us with your presence. You may receive a more formal invitation in the morning, Mr. Dane.'

Dane returned his most cordial acknowledgments, and departed really well pleased at the prospect of so fully satisfying himself with the sight of Miss Fairfax while himself passing for a mere chance guest.

Next morning, as her father had intimated, Dane received from Miss Smith a card of invitation to the party.

Throughout the day, and during the early hours of the evening, he was much engrossed by business; but, a little before the dining-hour, he was announced in the gay drawing-room.

Dane's first look at Miss Fairfax's face, on the evening of his arrival, had been as good as a year's acquaintance, from which to form an estimate of her character.

It was quite easy to imagine her a merry good-natured school-girl, whom one such as his own Stella had been content to take to her warm heart: the object came when one considered that she had attained no higher development at all—nor would.

She was not so young as she at first had looked; happy for her, could she always remain a child in years, as she was in mind.

Had the 'gentleman from London' possessed an ambition for being the lion of the evening, he might have felt slightly dashed at finding the party graced by a 'gentleman from Sheffield.'

This latter wore a diamond ring and pin and evidently was altogether a brilliant of the first water.

Had Dane been smitten with Miss Fairfax—which he wasn't—there is no telling what might have ensued in the way of rivalry.

As it was, he suffered no mortification when, immediately after supper, he saw the prize appropriated by the hero from Sheffield, who rejoiced in the name of Bale.

Mr. Bale and Miss Fairfax promenaded, and laughed, and waltzed together, appearing to blend divinely.

Whoever had known Leslie Dane's secret errand to Belleville must have thought him severely left out in the cold.

The latter returned to town without seeing Anna again, without intimating to her the relationship he had born to one who had once called her dear friend.

A month passed. Anna Fairfax was scarce remembered; not so with Adela Fielding. Her image was ever before him.

At length he resolved to write to her. The resolution was formed in the morning, and continued unshaken at evening, when he locked himself in his chamber for the work before him, as carefully as if about to use his pen in the commission of a forgery.

It was written at last—a mere note, inquiring after Miss Fielding's health since the railway accident, which was all he dared to venture at present.

The character of her reply—should she deign to reply at all—must decide his course for the future.

The fateful missive sealed, for the next

half-hour he walked his chamber, with alternate hope and fear for the result.

Then he went to bed.

The last thing he remembered was thinking it would have been far better to have stayed up all night; he felt sure he would not be able to sleep a wink—he never was more wide-awake in his life.

After this he was conscious of no lapse of time, till he saw his wife standing by the bedside.

She spoke not, and a guilty feeling crept over him as he saw her eyes, full of mournful reproach, wander towards the table where lay his writing materials.

The apparition motioned him to raise his hand.

He obeyed with difficulty, when, with the tip of her ivory finger, she wrote upon the palm, and vanished.

He read there a name—Anna Fairfax.

Then, so sudden was his awaking, while so real seemed the vision, that he found himself gazing on his open palm, from which the written characters seemed just fading out.

The beaded perspiration stood cold on his forehead.

The light in the chamber appeared supernatural still, gaining strength to look at his watch, he ascertained that it was morning.

Whether he was yet fully master of his senses is not certain, when, stepping out of his bed, his first act was to take the note addressed to Miss Fielding, and lay it on the coals of the grate, where it was quickly consumed.

He turned back, praying the pure spirit of the departed to forgive the treachery to her memory of which he had been guilty.

'I will go to Belleville to-morrow,' he added, 'and will offer myself to Anna Fairfax, so help me Heaven!'

The oath was uttered; there was not the smallest danger that he would recede; but to say he was most miserable in view of it, weakly expresses the fact.

He repaired to his counting room, and worked mechanically.

Towards evening a visitor entered—Mr. Smith, of Belleville.

'By the way,' said that gentleman, after some conversation, 'I cannot forbear giving you a hint that you will be sure to have a summons to Belleville for New Year's Day; we are to have two brides—my daughter's and Miss Fairfax's. Hasty match, the latter—Mr. Bale, from Sheffield, you remember.'

'Ha, indeed! Why, yes, yet—ha, ha, ha!—one certainly might have suspected,' and Dane leaped half way across the counting-room, upsetting a high stool, and nearly measuring his length over it.

'Poor fellow!' thought Mr. Smith; 'he was smitten, then, among the rest. But what a fool, that he did not hurry up, and try his chances. My own opinion is, that he is worth a dozen Bales.'

He tried to look careless, as if inferring nothing at all from these violent demonstrations.

Presently he departed, and Dane rushed home to dinner, but did not dine.

He went to his library, seized his pen, and rapidly filled a good sized letter sheet.

No timid wooer now, he poured out his soul's passion, willing to risk everything for the smallest chance of success where, but an hour before, all had been utterly hopeless.

Circumstances, he reasoned, had released him from all obligation in the direction of Belleville, and he had now a right to think of Adela Fielding.

The sheet he folded, and thrust into its envelope.

Here he paused, suddenly tore the whole through and through, and flinging it in a hundred fragments into his waste-basket, sprang from his chair, with a new determination.

Next morning, the senior partner received the following laconic letter—

'I'm off for Birmingham.—DANE.'

Arriving at his destination, Dane had no difficulty in finding the lady he sought.

## PALE PEOPLE

Have their blood enriched, their heart strengthened and their cheeks rosy by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Insufficient quantity or poor quality of the blood is one of the evil results that usually follow any derangement of the heart.

If the heart becomes weakened in any way it cannot pump the blood to the lungs as it should, there to be purified and impregnated with the life-giving oxygen.

As a result the blood deteriorates. It loses its nourishing, vitalizing, health-giving qualities. The face becomes pale, thin and waxen, the lips bloodless, the hands and feet cold.

There is weakness, tiredness, shortness of breath and palpitation. When those suffering from thin or watery blood start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills they are assured of a cure. Every dose acts on the heart itself, causing it to beat strong, steady and regular.

Every dose, too, introduces into the blood those vital elements necessary to make it rich and red.

Soon the pale cheek takes on the rosy hue of health, there is strength instead of weakness, energy and activity take the place of tiredness and lassitude.

Miss M. Skillion, 50 Turner Street, Ottawa, Ont., says: 'I was greatly troubled with my heart, together with extreme nervousness for many years. These complaints brought about great weakness and feeling of tiredness. My blood was of poor quality, so much so that I became pale and languid. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured me after all else failed. They built up my system, enriched my blood, strengthened my nerves and restored me to health.'

There is no danger of that,' replied the veteran gilder, 'for it is not considered a misdemeanor as the laws now stand to make a gold brick. When the con man tries to dispose of it, then the crime comes in. The gilder never does that, you know. It isn't part of his business.'

'Most of the so-called gold brick used by swindlers are made in New York,' continued the veteran gilder, 'and the work is done by skilled mechanics. There are many more foreigners than Americans engaged in this questionable pursuit, but the capital which backs the enterprise, I understand, comes from American pockets. It is the Austrians and Italians who are readiest to become makers of gold bricks. Any skilled worker can turn out the article if he has the requisite delicate machinery and materials; still a gilder who has a good trade or steady employment could not be persuaded to embark in an undertaking which would ruin his reputation irretrievably and strip him of his legitimate patronage. Although as I said, the making of gold bricks does not appear in the laws as a felony, nevertheless it is conducted with absolute secrecy. To my certain knowledge there are three concerns in this city which will accept contracts to transform comparatively valueless metal into

precious gold for a consideration and will turn out as many perfected bricks as their rogue of a patron may desire. These shops are very small, each and employs no more than two or three men. There is still much money in the manufacture of the bricks, I am told, and, therefore the sale by the confidence men must still continue brisk. Occasionally we read of a gold brick having been sold in the East and even in wide-awake New York, but there is not enough to be made in the traffic here by enterprising swindlers who aim to become rich. Most of the output goes to the west and southwest. Very little of it sells for real gold east of the Mississippi or Ohio.'

'Gold bricks are made of one kind of metal or an other and are never simply gilded clay brick as some persons suppose. It is quite possible, yes to gild compressed fire brick, but it will not withstand the handling or yield the weight required of the article by the crooks. It is said that the first gold brick made was merely a gilded firebrick, hence the name.'

'The finest gold bricks disposed of to the comeons in the East and the unsophisticated miners, ranchers and farmers in the West and Southwest are prepared from copper alloyed with a small percentage of zinc, for expert manufacturers have discovered that this alloy retains the lustre and tone better than any other metal, and furnishes immunity from the chemicals used in the gilding. Pure copper, too, I have heard it said, makes an exceptionally fine gold brick, and lead, iron and steel are often used. Silver is still more desirable and has frequently been employed by swill manufacturers. Its principal recommendation is that gold and silver fuse and unite naturally, but then silver is costly and few makers of gold bricks can afford to use it.'

'Gold leaf is never used in gilding metals in these days. Metallic ornaments and weapons have been gilded by an application of gold powder, but even this method has been discontinued. Nearly all of the metallic gilding is done by processes requiring liquid or semi-solid materials. Far more care is taken in gilding a gold brick than any other article, so one who knows all about the business told me. He made gold bricks himself until a wave of reformation overwhelmed him. The piece of metal preferred by him as brick was a bar of ingot with no resemblance to the building brick, being longer and about one half of a real brick's diameter.'

'The value of the standard brick turned out for the trade would be something less than \$600 if made of pure gold. When the article is first prepared for market its cost to the purchaser varies from \$10 to \$50, according to the value of the materials used. The purchaser from the factory, of course, endeavors to secure better terms from his victims. Amateurs or gilders not yet out of their apprenticeship sometimes make gold bricks for less than half of the prices I have quoted, but we are talking now only of the professionals.'

'This reformed gilder told me that when he was engaged in supplying the demand for gold bricks, the article most likely to accomplish its purpose of deception was made from a mixture of copper and zinc, which was not the most expensive, but which would stand the wear and tear of four or five years without losing tone or lustre. It required just fifty cents' worth of gold for him to complete the brick. The process commonly used by the manufacturers is known as water gilding, because the last touch given to the brick is to chill it in iced water. The gold is brought in leaves from the beaters and placed in a crucible with mercury, the proportions being six or seven parts of mercury to one of gold. The mercury is first heated and the mixture is made red hot under the action of the furnace. Next the fused metals are permitted to cool off. Then the amalgam is squeezed through a piece of chamois leather, in order to eject the superfluous mercury, and the gold, with twice its weight of mercury, remains behind in a yellow mass of the consistency of lard. With this the crude brick is coated, the amalgam being applied with a brush. This is the initial step in the metamorphosis.'

'Having received its first coat, the brick is subjected to a strong heat for the purpose of evaporating the remaining mercury and is then in good form, although far from perfect. Minute irregularities appear and must be removed by delicate brass brushes. After brushing, a lack of true golden tone will be apparent, but that is easily remedied by coating the brick over with a gilding wax, which is a preparation of alum, verdigris, red ochre and borax. The brick is again exposed to the action of fire until the wax is entirely dissolved. Then it is the real gold brick, but in order to give the swindlers who purchase them honest value for the money the conscientious manufacturer makes it a few carats finer. This he does by covering it with a saline composition and again exposing it to a high temperature. It is at last chilled in water and the perfect gold brick is ready for its part in some swindling game. The best gold bricks are proof against moisture and all climatic variations. Some will last for years without losing lustre or tone and stand all sorts of handling. Most manufacturers guarantee their bricks for five years.'

She was the preceptress of a school for young ladies.

His ardour, so far from having cooled, had grown by what it fed on all the way, and he declared to Adela Fielding his love in the same earnest, straightforward language the letter he had destroyed had contained.

'Sudden—unexpected,' Miss Fielding certainly felt the declaration to be; she blushed, and sat mute and breathless in most genuine bewilderment.

At length she found voice to reply, that before she could consider the proposal, there was something in her own history to be revealed—something which might essentially alter the other's sentiment towards her.

Dane looked emphatically an unbeliever, but resigned himself to listen.

In the first place, Miss Fielding proceeded to say, she was passing under an assumed name—her real name was Anna Fairfax!

Two years previously, the young lady's father died suddenly.

A stranger of prepossessing appearance was very devoted to her in her distress; shortly he offered himself in marriage, and she, without due consideration, promised to become his wife.

She soon had cause to regret the precipitancy into which her gratitude had hurried her; the man showing himself to be a reckless profligate, utterly unworthy of esteem.

But when she insisted on breaking off the engagement, he clung to its fulfilment with pertinacity, and finally with threats of violence in case of refusal.

She knew of near friend under whose protection she could place herself, and she had chosen to fly, and hide from her persecutor under another name.

'This, briefly, was her story.

There is no need to say it in no degree diminished the regard Dane had left for her.

Of this he earnestly assured her, and their engagement was sealed.

Dane's voice was very tender as he inquired—

'Do you remember Stella May, Anna?'

'My dearest schoolmate!' she exclaimed, 'my sister! But we lost sight of each other on quitting Belleville, and I have never heard of her since. Can you tell me anything concerning her?'

'She was my wife—the mother of my babe.'

Leslie Dane did not spare himself from his own wedding to accept the invitation to Belleville.

Even as the New Year's bells were thrilling all the air with gladness and joy, he led to the altar his graceful bride.

Have You Catarrh?

If you are troubled with Catarrh and want to be cured, use Catarrhzone, which is a guaranteed cure for this distressing disease. There is no mystery about Catarrhzone, though its effect is magical. Ointments and snuffs cannot reach the diseased parts and have thus proved useless, but Catarrhzone is carried by the air you breathe directly to the diseased parts, where it volatilizes, killing the germ life and healing the sore spots. It cures by inhalation. No danger, no risk, sold by all druggists or by mail, price \$1.00. For trial outfit send 10c in stamps to N. C. POLSON & Co., Box 607, Kingston, Ont.

MAKING OF GOLD BRICKS.

It Requires Skill and the Demand for Them is Brisk.

'That,' said the veteran gilder, indicating a yellow oblong block upon his workbench, 'is a gold brick common to the commerce of those who are generally known as confidence men. It was made in this shop by a young man who only recently became a full-fledged gilder, and the chances are that it will eventually find its way into the hands of some swindler for transmission to an agricultural district where all is guilelessness and trust in human nature, for the young man in question is a foreigner whose honesty is not above suspicion or reproach.'

'I should think the fellow would get himself into serious difficulty with the police,' suggested the visitor who had brought an old-fashioned picture frame to be rehabilitated.

'No, there is no danger of that,' replied the veteran gilder, 'for it is not considered a misdemeanor as the laws now stand to make a gold brick. When the con man tries to dispose of it, then the crime comes in. The gilder never does that, you know. It isn't part of his business.'

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