

## "Two is Company."

The sun was sinking slowly in the Western sky, leaving behind it a glory which transformed the earth. A girl sat alone on a sand dune out of sight and sound of hotels and humanity. Clasp her knees with her slim brown hands, she gazed seaward with wrapt, dreamy eyes, feeling rather than seeing the beauty of the scene. Behind her lay the bay, a gleaming, golden thread bordered by long stretches of marshes which gave out a sweet dank odor. Before her, the breakers rose and fell with a dull, thud and roar, and far out as eye could reach stretched the broad Atlantic glowing with the splendid opalescent lights of sunset.

'Heavenly,' said the girl to herself. And then, aloud, 'I wish I could have the Gorgon's head for just about five minutes with eyes before and behind!'

'What a cruel wish, Miss Allen,' answered a voice not five feet distant, 'I have been standing here transfixed by the brilliancy of your hair and the picture you form against that gray background. Would you have me stand forever?'

'Sit down, Mr. Franklin, and stop casting reflections on my hair; it isn't kind. Besides, it isn't half as red as the bridge of your nose.'

'It is the sun, which casts reflection, not I, Miss Allen. But I am afraid that one is company, and two a crowd.'

'Not at all,' said the girl cordially. 'I put off sentimentality with my teens. Besides, I love mankind too much to send you away,' she added archly.

'I see you don't forget old haunts, Miss Allen, when putting away childish things,' he said as he dropped down on the sand beside her.

'No, nor old friends,' she answered, with a note of affection in her voice. 'Tell me, she went on, 'what have you been doing since we parted three years ago?'

'Ranching, in the first place, and getting back my strength, in the second. Ah! it is a glorious life, Miss Allen; the finest in the world.'

'That is what you said about painting and Paris, if I remember correctly,' she said, quizzically. 'Have you forgotten our talk on this very spot the day before you left that summer?'

'Never,' he said: 'nor you, nor any thing pertaining to that miserable, delightful summer. How good you were to a cranky old invalid! By jove! what a sweet little thing you were, anyway!'

'That was three years ago, Mr. Franklin, I was but a child, with assumed dignity.'

'Let me see, you were 18 then. I shouldn't call you decrepit even now. But tell me about yourself. What have you been doing?'

'Nothing interesting; just living and learning,' answered the girl, pushing back her red golden hair.

'Indeed is that all?' the man asked teasingly. 'Eugenia, does that ring mean anything?' he asked suddenly, as he caught a glimpse of diamonds on her hand.

'A great deal,' she said, mischievously. 'Eugenia, you are not? Please explain yourself,' he begged.

'It means,' said the girl, 'self denial amounting to poverty. It means worry amounting to brain fever and three wrinkles. It means effort amounting to hard work but happiness, and it means money amounting to \$250.'

'Tell me about it,' urged Franklin.

'Well, began Eugenia, 'once upon a time there was a girl who had a fairy godmother in the shape of a great aunt. This aunt made the girl many beautiful presents. She then lent her a valuable ring and told her to be very careful with it. The girl went to the seashore one summer and gave it to her young cousin to hold one day when she went in bathing. When she asked him for it, it was gone, and although they searched diligently for it for days, it was never found. Of course, the girl felt that she must replace it, and she did. My aunt never suspected, for this ring is exactly like the other, and I never told her about it until it was all paid for. Mother found it out sooner and wanted to help me, but I wouldn't let her.'

'But, my child, how did you ever save up \$250?' asked Franklin, knowing Eugenia to be a little spendthrift.

'Of course, I couldn't take it out of my allowance, for that was spent. One must dress, you know,' she said, looking down at her pretty, flimsy gown.

'Go on; I am absorbed,' urged Franklin.

'At first I thought of a dancing class, for it was the only thing I could do.'

'Except swim,' put in Franklin.

'I wrote invitations for the dozen,' went on Eugenia, 'but each child had some excuse. They either belonged to other

classes or were too busy. I did finally get about a dozen, however, and we had great fun over it. Clinton played the violin and Nan played the piano. We pulled the rug out of the parlor and drew back the portiers, so there was a fine, big sweep. It kept things pretty lively and did us all lots of good. Mother would always come down and give us some sort of refreshment, and the boys loved it. When we stopped I had earned a hundred dollars.'

'Capital!' applauded Franklin, watching the color come and go in the face beside him.

'After that I plunged into all sorts of things. Fancy work first, but it was out of season. Then picture frames and dinner cards, which sold very slowly. They brought me in about twenty five dollars.'

'Go on, please,' said Franklin, as the girl paused.

'Now comes the sad part of the story. I turned literary and wrote stories galore; wrote about all the sad things and all of the funny things I had ever heard. I pored over encyclopedias and books of travel for local coloring. I searched through old newspapers for thrilling and exciting incidents. I spent all my substance in stamps and paper and I received each story back about a week after I had sent it, with the editor's thanks.'

Franklin laughed until the tears came to his eyes.

'I am sure if you had told your stories, Eugenia, instead of writing them, you would have made a small fortune,' he said, when he could speak.

'It does seem funny now,' admitted the girl, 'but it wasn't a bit funny then. Sometimes I would give up in despair, go to my room, and—well, never mind. You're not a bit sympathetic.'

'But I am, dear,' he said, taking one of her hands and looking down into her saucy face. 'I was thinking how brave and plucky you were to stick it out. Aren't you going to finish?'

'Yes,' she said, shyly, withdrawing her hand, 'for this story ended happily. One day I was calling on a friend who had a Swedish girl visiting her. The talk drifted to art work of different kinds and the Swedish girl asked me if I knew anything about pyrography. I didn't and on the impulse of the moment she offered to teach me. I started in the next day and in a month under her tuition had done some really lovely things. She said I had good hands for it, and you know grandfather was a sculptor. It panned out beautifully. A cousin of mine was going to Florida and offered to take my work with her and exhibit it at one or the big hotels. In two weeks they were sold and I had orders for more. After that it was smooth sailing.'

Eugenia paused and they sat in silence, looking out at sea. Against the horizon a ship was sweeping majestically southward with all sails set. The moon was beginning to assert her silvery sway as the pink glow faded and the spirit of peace seemed to move upon the waters.

In the sweet beauty of the evening the two seemed to come closer together, and then the girl began to speak again. 'I think it was all meant for my good. I used to be so restless before when I had nothing to do. Last winter I felt that I had a purpose in life. Don't think I advocate the new woman; but I do think we would all be better and happier if we had something definite and positive to do.'

'Yes,' agreed Franklin, 'and Gene, since you have been talking I have discovered your true vocation. It is myself. I need you. Would you, could you take me up, make a home for a lonely man, be the light of his eyes, the satisfaction of his heart?'

His voice was very tender, and as he leaned over and looked into Eugenia's face, she thought him the most irresistible lover in the world. 'You cannot be in earnest,' she managed to say.

'More than I have ever been in life,' Gene. It is not a new thought. Three years ago, when you were the merriest, happiest child in the world, I began to dream of it. I believed myself to be a hopeless invalid, but the hope of coming back to you has been before me and I believe has helped to make me strong. 'Gene, you must, you shall, love me!' and he caught her up in his arms.

'I do, I do,' said a muffled voice from his breast.

'I see two's a company and free is a crowd,' piped a small voice from behind, 'but never says come home to supper. It's most over!'

Made Luminous By a "Dark Lamp."

In France a so-called lamp has been invented for the production of dark radiations which although themselves invisible, are capable of imparting a phosphorescent glow to certain objects brought within their influence. A statuette coated with line sulphide, for instance, when placed in total darkness near a 'dark lamp' soon begins to shine, emerging into sight as if it had been created out of nothing.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

'More new gowns!' he cried. 'Why, yes,' she answered sweetly. 'All of mine are last century styles.'

'Your hair is very thin, sir,' said the fat barber. 'Glad to hear it,' snapped the victim. 'Corpulency is so awfully vulgar.'

The Lawyer—My knowledge of the law, madam, leads me to believe— The Client—Well, my knowledge of the lawyers, sir, leads me to doubt.

Towne—So he's dead. He was a very popular man, wasn't he? Browne—Yes, indeed. Why even the undertaker was sorry to see him go.

'Why did the old Greeks say that the sensational stories of their day should be taken with a pinch of salt?' 'So as to give them long life, I suppose.'

Wiggles—It must be an awful thing to be deaf. Juggles—Oh, I don't know; does your wife ask as many fool questions as my wife?

Harry, I've made you two lovely sofa pillows. 'Two?' 'Yes; one of them you can put your head on.'

'Now that you have heard my daughter sing you can doubtless give me some idea about her voice.' 'Madame, I cannot, I assure you. Words fail me.'

Brokely—I hear that you have a bad memory. Professor—True, I am very absent minded. Brokely—Lend me \$10.

Patience—Bell said her brother is a perpetual nuisance. What did she mean? Fatrice—Why, suppose he is one of those fellows who whistles when awake and snores when he's asleep.

'Polly, do you know much about parliamentary law?' 'Oh, yes. Often in our club, when somebody tells me to, I move to lay something on the table.'

'Are you going to have one of those pancake hats?' asked the girl in the storm collar. 'Yes, just as soon as I can raise the dough,' replied the girl in the fur jacket.

'Would you rather be wise or beautiful?' asked Fate of the Coy Young Maiden. 'Beautiful,' replied the damsel.

'Ah, you are wise already,' commented Fate, as she tied up a package of cosmetics.

'When I was your age I never thought of spending as much money as you do.' 'Well, sir,' the careless youth replied, 'I cannot do more than offer my sympathies. It was grandfather's fault; not mine.'

'This,' said the Boston cousin, proudly, 'is the Hub.' The Chicago cousin sized up the zigzag streets and smiled.

'That may be but it certainly has crooked spots.' 'If we will all pull together, brethren,' said the pastor of a church which was in financial distress, 'we can do something.'

Thereupon the wealthiest man in the congregation hastily drew his leg in out of the aisle.

Mrs. Forrester—Seems to me that you would set your cap for Mr. Hall. He is evidently an easy catch. Miss Chorister—Easy catch is no name for him. He has been an epidemic in our set for 10 years.

Mrs. Porkham (of Omaha)—And what is this 'bridge whist' that I hear is so popular in New York at present? Mr. Porkham (after his trip east)—Oh, that's a card game the suburbanites play in the Brooklyn Bridge cars.

'The country,' said the Cornfed Philosopher, shifting from the nail keg to the grocery counter, in search of a more comfortable seat, 'the country ain't troubled so much with men too old to learn, as it is with men that never get old enough to learn.'

Bachelor—So you're married eh? I suppose your wife saves you a good deal of trouble. Benedick—Well, she saves every little trouble that comes to her during the day so that she may bother me with it when I come home at night.

'One of the component parts of sugar,' said the professor, 'is an essential in the composition of the human body. What is it?'

The grocer's boy snapped his fingers excitedly, and when bidden to answer if he could, promptly yelled, 'Sand.'

The Casual caller came in and remarked to the Snake Editor:— 'You didn't print that poem I sent you.' 'Good guess.' 'Why didn't you?'

'Well, you said in your letter that if I published it I should hear from you again.'

'Do you approve of lobbying?' inquired the young man who is learning politics. 'No, sir,' answered Sen. Sorghum, 'I emphatically do not. What a man wants to do is to get elected to the legislature himself or have a representative there, so that he can be absolutely sure things are going right.'

'Don't forget, my boy, that you have a whole century before you which to make amends for the follies you committed in the old nineteenth.'

'Well, judging by my present feelings,

it will take me fully that long to make amends for the folly of my last night of it. Oh, my poor head!'

From the "Pilot."

'Sailing Alone Around the World' contains the story of a lonely night and a remarkable vision. Captain Slocum, who was commander and crew on his little sloop, says that while he was among the Azores, he ate freely of plums and a certain white cheese. That night he succumbed to cramps and then to delirium, and this was the dream that beset him:

I went below, and threw myself on the cabin floor in great pain. Looking out of the companionway, in my delirium, I saw a tall man at the helm. His rig was that of a foreign sailor, and the large red cap he wore was cockbilled over his left ear, and set off by shaggy black whiskers. While I gazed upon his threatening aspect, I forgot the storm, and wondered if he had come to cut my throat. This he seemed to divine.

'Senior,' said he, doffing his cap, 'I have come to do you no harm.' A smile played upon his face. 'I am one of Columbus's crew, the pilot of the Pinta come to aid you. Lie quiet, senior captain, and I will guide your ship tonight. You have a fever but you will be well tomorrow.'

I thought what a terror he was for carrying sail, and as if he read my very mind, he exclaimed:

'You'er is the Pinta ahead. We must overtake her. Give her sail! Give her sail!'

I made shift to spread a mattress, and lie on that instead of the hard floor, my eyes all the while fastened on my strange guest, who chuckled as he chanted a wild song:

'High are the waves, fierce gleaming,  
High is the tempest's roar!  
High is the sea-bird screaming!  
High the Azore!'

I suppose I was now on the mend, for I grew peevish, and complained: 'I detest your jingle. Your Azore ought to be at roost, and would be if it were a respectable bird.'

I was still in agony. Great seas were boarding the Spray, but in my fevered brain I thought they were boats falling on the deck, thrown by careless draymen from wagons on the pier, to which I imagined the Spray was now moored.

'You'll smash your boats!' I called out again and again, as the seas crashed on the cabin over my head. 'You'll smash your boats, but you can't hurt the Spray. She is strong.'

In the morning my pains and fever were gone, and the deck, white as a shark's tooth from washing seas, had been swept of everything movable. The Spray was still heading as I had left her, and going like a race-horse. She had made ninety miles in the night.

Don't Worry Your Guest.

Don't fuss and worry to find amusement for your guest. She will feel far happier if she knows you do not let her presence interfere with your usual duties.

Don't strive to make things extra attractive, but admit your visitor into your home circle and treat her as one of the family, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Don't give your guest the benefit of your domestic broils, and never find fault with your servants in her presence.

Finally, do all in your power to make your guest feel at home. Then there will be every possibility of her visit being a pleasant one.

## BORN.

Frederickton, Jan 14, to Mrs H C Jewett, a son.  
Moncton, Jan 14, to the wife of R D Sharp, a son.  
Westport, Jan 6, to Mrs Robert Lafoley, a daughter.  
Shippegan, Dec 30, to Mrs G R Maquis, a daughter.  
Baccaro, Dec 29, to Mr and Mrs Thomas Atkinson, a son.  
South Side, Dec 27, to Mr and Mrs I Nickerson, a son.  
Glenwood, Dec 27, to Mr and Mrs W Roberts, a daughter.  
Tusket Wedge, Dec 29, to Mr and Mrs M Surette a daughter.  
Charlottetown, P E I, Jan 1, to Dr and Mrs Hugh Dickson, a son.

## MARRIED.

Canoe, Dec 26, by Rev A Hockin, Howard S Hart to Anna May Myers.  
St John, Jan 10, by Rev D J Fraser, Gordon B Crowe to Ellis F Page.  
Hillsboro, Jan 10, by Rev S James, Walter Mollins to Emma J McKinnon.  
Shelburne, Jan 9, by Rev W S H Morris, J Harry Cousins to Mary C King.  
Argyle Sound, Jan 8 by Rev G M Wilson, Lorenzo to Cassie Fleming.  
Chatham, Dec 19, by Rev Canon Forsyth, Nathan Lyons to Mary Trevor.  
Boston, Nov 21, by Rev A D McKinnon, Richard Young to Mary J Murray.  
Dartmouth, Jan 3, by Rev W M Ryan, Archibald A Zwicker, to Blanche Stewart.  
Boston, Nov 13, by Rev A D McKinnon, Albert Jones to Christina Ferguson.  
Boston, Nov 28, by Rev A D McKinnon, Geo C Lawrence to Annie Sklener.  
Boston, Dec 19, by Rev A D McKinnon, Peter Foley to Elizabeth Dymont.  
Waldock, Dec 31, by Rev W B Wiggins, Sandy G Shaw, to Martha Everett.  
Sackville, Sept 26, by Rev C F Wiggins, Annie E White to Burton J Pickrem.  
Harcourt, Jan 1, by Rev W M Townsend, Geo H Perry to Annie M Hutchinson.  
Moncton, Jan 9, by Rev E P Hooper, Henry R Furrington to Mary W Edmondson.

Poplar Grove, Hants, Jan 2, by Rev A Dams, Lorenzo Miller to Adeline Clark.  
Charlottetown, Jan 8, by Rev Leo Williams, Charles Longworth to May Collinson Unsworth.  
Rockport, N B Jan 9, by Rev B Havelock Thomas, Arthur E Thomson to Eliza B Tower.  
Halifax River, Cumberland, Dec 5, by Rev Jos Sellar, Edgar Harrison to Cassie Fullerton.

## DIED.

St John, Jan 13, John Crowley.  
Halifax, Jan 11, Lillian S. Perley.  
Halifax, Jan 12, Mrs C W Seley.  
Lynn, Jan 5, Maggie Brimmer, 84.  
Digby, Jan 10, Flora Elizabeth Ellis, 4.  
Coldbrook, Jan 3, Henry Porter, 80.  
St John, Jan 13, George Quinn, 71.  
Sambro, Dec 9, Andrew Grey, 84.  
Woolville, Jan 4, Margery Rand, 5.  
Halifax, Jan 12, John Campbell, 79.  
Halifax, Jan 12, Mrs Howard Bligh-Bankor, Jan 13, Robert H Murphy, 46.  
St John, Jan 10, David Mc Masters, 63.  
Halifax, Jan 13, Duncan McLeish, 40.  
Hillsdale, N S Jan 6, Mr J Hamilton, 83.  
St John, Jan 15, Mrs John Abbott, 46.  
St John, Jan 14, Mary Elizabeth Yeats.  
Halifax, Jan 12, Miss Catherine Miller.  
Moncton, Jan 13, William T Govans, 29.  
Pleasant Lake, Dec 20, John Erie, 84.  
East Glassville, Jan 1, Wm Lunnery, 79.  
Liverpool, N S, Jan 6, Jno Wallace, 47.  
Dorchester, Mass, Mrs. John L. Whytall.  
Boston, Dec 31, James McLaughlin, 69.  
Lunenburg, Dec 29, Gilbert S. Mack, 55.  
Chester Basin, Dec 28, Marcus Oxner, 88.  
Argyle Sound, Jan 6, Mr Clayton Goodwin.  
Doctors Cove, Jan 1, Mrs E K Cross, 35.  
New York, Jan 9, Mrs. A. N. Archibald.  
Lower Newcombe, Jan 3, Mary J Smith, 20.  
Yarmouth, Jan 8, Blanchard Chetwynd, 3.  
Newton, Mass, Jan 2, Charles H. Smith, 54.  
Sheet Harbor, Jan 4, John F. Quillman, 27.  
Gaspereux, Dec 29, Neos Acherman, 100.  
Oxford, Jan 1, Mary Florine Macintosh, 16.  
Port La Tour, Dec 10, Benjamin Crowell, 52.  
Hantsport, Jan 4, Mrs. James Lawrence, 75.  
Yarmouth, Jan 10, Mrs Mary McCormick, 63.  
Economy, Cochester, Jan 4, J. W. Moore, 76.  
North Sydney, Jan 6, Mrs. Samuel Wrixon, 59.  
Treton, Pictou, Dec 29, Mrs. Hugh McLeish, 74.  
Glennig, Guysboro, Jan 1, John C. Archibald, 32.  
North Sydney, Dec 23, George Thomas Grant, 1.  
North Sydney, Jan 7, Ingraham Keith Allen, aged 2.  
Bridgeland, Pictou, Dec 23, Mrs. Alexander Smith, 81.  
North East Harbor, N. S., Dec 4, Luther King, 15.  
Clementsport, Annapolis, Jan 8, E. Loyd Merritt, 10.  
Pleasantfield, Pictou, Dec 21, Elizabeth McIntosh McKay, 86.  
Amherst, Jan 12, Mary Infant of Mr and Mrs H Roberts 3 mos.  
Charlottetown, Jan 4, Karl Infant son of Dr and Mrs Hugh Dickey.  
Carriboe river, Pictou, Jan 8, Elizabeth, widow of the late John McLean.  
Danvers, Mass, Nov. 39, George Douglas Danforth, aged 6 months and 8 days.

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**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN**

Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax.....7.20  
Express for Halifax and Pictou.....12.15  
Express for Sussex.....16.40  
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.05  
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22.15  
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.05 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 Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN**

Express from Sussex.....8.30  
Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.40  
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene.....16.00  
Express from Halifax and Campbellton.....19.15  
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.....24.45  
\*Daily, except Monday.  
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

**D. FOTTINGER,**  
Gen. Manager  
Moncton, N. B., Nov. 28, 1900.  
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