The Daily Leader

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H. T. STEVENS,
MANAGER.

SUBSIDIZING RAILWAYS.

The Railway committee of the Commons had an interesting and instructive discussion on Friday, arising out of a proposition to incorporate the South Shore Railway Company, of Nova Scotia, the application being opposed by several members, acting apparently in the interests of a rival company. Sir Charles Tupper said that the coast line project was a political scheme designed to win a seat for the local government of Nova Scotia, an object that did not seem to command his sympathy. He thought there was no good reason why parliament should not extend confidence to the South Shore Company.

The character of the debate, indicating the influences that operate to control the disposal of public money, is the main feature of the discussion worthy of consideration at this point. It seems to be indicated that the efforts of parliament and the disposition of public funds are not contingent on considerations of public necessities, but are rather determined by party exigencies and interests. This trend of affairs is becoming increasingly strong from year to year, and there is therein much danger to the general interests of the country. The tendency is to cause communities that desire a share of the public funds to shape their policy, in respect of the choice of members, by considerations of local advantage, and so to ignore weighty considerations of general concern that will permanently affect the prosperity of the country at large. To continue to drift in this direction will eventually be fraught with disastrous results, results realized, perhaps, when it may be too late for the independent and unselfish thinkers of the country to secure more honest and judicious considerations of public requirements. Too strong party feeling, tory or grit; party feeling that in using the powers of parliament and the people's cash, is controlled by self interest, is dangerous to a large degree and no duty of the electorate is more conspicuous than that of watching any such tendency in the conduct of public affairs. As to the special merits of the claims of the disputants respecting the proposed Nova Scotia scheme we have not sufficient knowledge to speak, but we do know that if Fielding is moved by party considerations and Tupper contra from like influences, the whole business is bad and well deserving of the attention of the people who have not axes to grind but taxes to be ground—out of them.

According to the confession of Samuel Milch, New York's firebug gang has burned up more than $1,000,000 worth of property in that city, and robbed the insurance companies of between $500,000 and $1,000,000. On one fire, the details of which cannot be made public, because of the exalted position of the chief beneficiaries, nearly $200,000 was obtained, while another yielded $28,000 to the ghastly coterie. The workings of the band were as secret as those of a Masonic body. They had their grips and passwords and a cipher in which to write letters. Their organization, due to Milch, a bright young insurance agent, 27 years old, with a glib tongue and an assurance worthy of a book agent, was complete and thorough. It bore the familiar title of the "Dark Secret." For five years, the public, through the newspapers, has caught a glimpse of some of its black transactions, and at the time of the Fassett investigation it narrowly escaped a serious disclosure of its methods. But not until some of the conspirators had been arrested and Milch himself had been caught in an inexorable web of evidence did Assistant District Attorney Davis succeed in extorting the confession which laid bare the great conspiracy.

MOST DETERMINED SUICIDE.

A most determined case of suicide took place at Birmingham, in Pittsburg township, late Saturday night. An old bachelor, Thomas Hutton, drove a staple in the floor, passed a string through and tied it to the trigger of a rifle. Then sitting down he placed the muzzle against his heart, pulled the string and fell back dead. In his clothes was a paper, on which was written. "Don't bury till dead."

YesterdaySun a reporter saw a letter addressed to a well known firm in this city and it was dated August 12, 1890, from a town in Switzerland, and it only arrived in St. John, June 18th, 1895. The address was very plainly written, and the letter had not been tampered with in any way. Where has the letter been for the last five years, the firm would like to know?—Sun

KITTY'S FORTUNE.

She was seated on a rustic bench beneath the trees, and he paced moodily up and down before her.

"I can't understand it," he said, pausing at last. "You refuse me flatly, and yet you say you love me."

"I'm sorry, John—awfully sorry—but you must understand now that it's final. I have told you my reasons for the refusal, and you must see they are good reasons, and, as for the love, I don't feel any of that hysteric and overpowering passion that the story books tell about, but I love you."

"Humph!"

"Indeed I do. But just look. Neither you nor I have a dollar, and we are both orphans without prospects."

"I can make money, Kate."

"I don't believe it."

"You ought to give me a chance, Kitty. It's not fair. Wait a year and only give me a grain of hope, and I'll prove to you what I can do."

"It's of no use whatever," said the girl firmly. "You can't make money. You haven't got the gift. You're not thrifty. No, I won't wait at all. I won't delude you with even a grain of hope. In fact, I have decided to put a speedy end to this nonsense. I am going away—off to the city to seek my fortune, John, and if I'm lucky"—and she laughed a little sadly—"I shouldn't mind to send for you to come and share my fortune with me."

The young man's face flushed.

"You've got a very poor opinion of me, Kitty."

"How hard you make it for both of us!" she exclaimed. "But listen, John. If I should marry you and hard times came upon us, as they would surely come, poverty and humiliation and grim and grimy want and desolation, I should hate you, John. And you would perhaps take to drink or commit suicide. Oh, it's too tragic! It would be sinful to tempt fate that way."

"I didn't think of all that," he said brokenly. "I only knew that I loved you."

"And now, John, dear, dear John, goodbye," she said, rising. "Let us part friends."

He turned and caught her passionately in his arms and covered her face with kisses, swearing that he would never let her go.

For a moment she drank in his caresses. Then, more angry with herself than with him, she pushed him back.

"Leave me," she said. "I will never speak to you again."

* * * *

It was late in the afternoon of a summer Sunday, and the park was filled with the usual restless and motley throng—gay ladies in gay turnouts, toil worn workingmen with their wives, babies rolling under the trees, troops of bicyclers whirling along the graveled ways, maidens, shy and sweet, lovers whispering divine nonsense into eager ears—all the breath and blood and brain and bone of the great city stretching itself out for an hour's rest and enjoyment.

A young maiden, standing alone by the shore of the lake, looked wearily at the stream of life that flowed by her. What did it matter to one of all that throng if she hungered for sympathy and companionship? How much alone and how lonely she felt!

A little farther down a young man stood and he gazed, not at the boats, nor at the water, but at the girl who seemed so forlorn.

"It looks like her," he murmured. "Older and whiter and thinner, yet so much like her—as she might have looked after sickness."

He came closer, and the girl turned about, facing him.

"John!"

"Kitty!"

It seemed a lame greeting. They clasped hands. Each looked at the other, thinking of the day they parted beneath the trees, uncertain as to how their friendship should be renewed.

"Have you been sick, Kitty?"

"No; do I look dilapidated?"

"You look pale," he said gravely. "Has the city treated you unkindly?"

"It has given me my fortune, John,"

"I am glad to hear it, glad indeed."

"Yes," she said, with a nervous little laugh, "look at this dress, John, and at this last year's hat and at these shabby boots. They tell the story I might be only too glad to conceal."

"Why, I thought you were in the very height of the style," he exclaimed. "I am sure I never saw you so handsome."

There was a look of glad pleasure in her eyes at this praise, but she shook her head.

"I'm a failure in this big town, John. And that's the fortune I found."

"Mine is better. I have been here a year now, and my career has proved the truth of your prediction. When you refused me that time, Kitty, you were a fortunate girl."

"Do I look fortunate, John?" she asked softly.

"You look like an angel," he said and looked as if he believed it.

"But you, you," and with critical gayety she surveyed him from head to foot, "you are well dressed, sir. You have a watch and a diamond and patent leather shoes. Why, John, I declare, you are a regular swell!"

"I get $12 a week," he said, laughing.

"Think of it, and I only get $5. Twelve dollars a week! Why, John, I tell you that's riches."

"You wouldn't advise that, Kate?" he insisted.

"I know two young people who live in luxury on $10," she said shyly.

"Suppose we try it, Kate?" he whispered.

"I don't deserve it," she said. "I have been a proud girl," and there were tears in her eyes. "but I have found out how well I love you, John, and have been so lonely."—Chicago News.

DEATH OF DAN DESMOND.

A despatch from Campbellton, announces the death of Mr. Dan Desmond, proprietor of the Revere House, Campbellton. Deceased, who was fifty-two years old was well known in this as well as along the North Shore where he has been connected with the hotel business for years. He was ill only a short time.

HIS FIRST DEPOSIT.

THE FIRST STEP IN THE FINANCIAL CAREER OF A MODEST CITIZEN.

When I go into a bank I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the wickets rattle me; the sight of the money rattles me; everything rattles me.

I went to the wicket marked "Accountant." The accountant was a tall, cool devil. The very sight of him rattled me. My voice was sepulchral.

"Can I see the manager?" I said, and added, solemnly, "alone." I don't know why I said "alone."

"Certainly," said the accountant, and he fetched him.

The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my $56 clutched in a crumpled bal in my pocket.

"Are you the manager?" I said.

"Yes," he replied.

"Can I see you," I asked, "alone." I didn't want to say "alone" again, but without it the thing seemed self-evident.

The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had an awful secret to reveal.

"Come in here," he said, and led the way to a private room. He turned the key in the lock.

"We are safe from interruption here," he said; "sit down."

We both sat down and looked at one another. I found no voice to speak.

"You are one of Pinkerton's men, I presume," he said.

He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective. I knew what he was thinking, and it made me worse.

"No, not from Pinkerton," I said, seemingly to imply that I came from a rival agency. "To tell you the truth," I went on, as if I had been prompted to lie about it, "I am not a detective at all. I have come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank."

The manager seemed relieved, but still serious; he concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild or a young Gould.

"A large account, I suppose," he said.

"Fairly large," I whispered. "I propose to deposit $56 now, and $50 a month regularly."

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant:

"Mr. Montgomeray," he said, unkindly loud, "this gentleman is opening an account; he will deposit $56. Good morning!"

I rose.

A big iron door stood open at the side of the room.

"Good morning," I said, and stepped into the safe.

"Come out," said the manager, coldly, and showed me the other way.

I went up to the accountant's wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick, convulsiae movement, as if I were doing a conjuring trick.

My face was ghastly pale.

"Here," I said, "deposit it." The tone of the words seemed to mean, "Let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us."

He took the money and gave it to another clerk. He made me write the sum on a slip and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

"Is it deposited?" I asked in a hollow, vibrating voice.

"It is said the accountant.—Chicago News.

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