

HUMBLE ROMANCE.

MARY E. WILKINS.

Then he got into his clothes quickly, he had turned persistently from the bed, and opened the door softly, and went out never once looking back.

When Sally awoke the next morning she found her husband gone, and the little package on the pillow. She opened it more curious than frightened. There was a note folded around a bank-book, Sally spelled out the note laboriously, with whitening lips and dilating eyes. It was a singular composition, its deep feeling piercing through its illiterate stiffness.

"Dear Wife—I've got to go and leave you. It's the only way. If I kin ever come back, I will. I told you about my business last night. You'd better drive the cart to Derby to that Mister Arms I told you about, an' he'll help you sell it to the boss. Tell him your husband had an' left them orders. I've left you my bank-book, so you can get the money out of the bank the way I told you, an' my watch an' pocket-book is under the pillow. I left you all the money, except what little I couldn't get along without. You'd better git boarded along without. You'd better git boarded somewhere in Derby. You'll hev enough money to keep you awhile, an' I'll send you some more when that's gone, of I hev to work my fingers to the bone. Don't you go to worryin' an' workin' hard. An' bear up. Don't forget that you promised me to bear up. When you gits to bein' awful bad an' you will just say over to yourself—'He told me to bear up and I said as I would bear up.' Seuse your writin' an' a bad pen.

Yours till death JAKE RUSSEL

When Sally had read the letter quite through she sat still a few minutes on the edge of the bed, her lean round-shouldered figure showing painfully through their clinging night-dress, her eyes staring straight before her.

Then she rose dressed herself put the bank-book, with the letter folded around it, and her husband's pocket-book, in her bosom, and went downstairs quietly. Just before she went out her room door she paused with her hand on the latch and muttered to herself, "He told me to bear up, and I said as I would bear up."

She sought the landlord to pay her bill, and found that it was already paid, and that her recreant husband had smoothed over matters in one direction for her by telling the landlord that he was called away on urgent business, and that his wife was to take the tin-cart next morning, and meet him at a certain point.

So she drove away on her tin-cart in solitary state without exciting any of the wondering comments which would have been agony to her.

When she gathered up the lines and went setting down the country road, if ever there was a zealous disciple of a new religion, she was one. Her prophet was her now boned peddler husband, and her creed and whole confession of faith his parting words to her.

She did not take the road to Derby; she had made up her mind about that as she sat on the edge of the bed after reading the letter. She drove straight along the originally prescribed route, stopping at the farm-houses, taking rags and selling tin, just as she had seen her husband do. There were much astonishment and many curious questions among her customers. A woman running a tin-cart was an unprecedented spectacle, but she explained matters, with meek dignity, to all who questioned her. Her husband had gone away, and she was to attend to his customer until he should return. She could not always quite allay the suspicion that there must needs be something wrong, but she managed the trading satisfactorily, and gave good bargains, and so went on her way unmolested. But not a farmyard did she enter or leave without the words sounding in her beating little heart, "He told me to bear up, an' I said as I would bear up."

When her stock ran low, she drove to Derby to replenish it. Here she had opposition from the dealers, but her almost abnormal persistence overcame it. She showed Jake's letter to Mr. Arms, the tin-dealer with whom she traded, and he urged her to take up with the advice in it, promising her a good bargain; but she was resolute.

Soon she found that she was doing as well as her husband had done, if not better. Her customers, after they had grown used to the novelty of a tin-woman, instead of a tin-man, liked her. In addition to the regular stock, she carried various little notions needed frequently by housewives, such as pins, needles, thread, etc.

She often stayed at a farmhouse over night than a tavern, and frequently stopped over at one a few days in severe weather.

After her trip to Derby she always carried a little pistol, probably more to guard Jake's watch and property than herself. Whatever money she did not absolutely require for current expenses went to swell Jake's little hoard in the Derby bank. During the three years she kept up her lonely traveling little remittances came directed to her from time to time in the care of Mr. Arms. When one came Sally cried pitifully and put it into the bank with the rest.

She never gave up expecting her husband. She never woke up one morning without the hope in her heart that he would come that day. Every golden dawn showed a fair possibility to her and so did every red sunset. She scanned every distant approaching figure in the sweet country roads with the half conviction in her heart that it was he and when nearness dispelled the illusion her heart bounded bravely back from its momentary sinking and she looked ahead for another traveller.

Still he did not come for three years from the spring he went away. Except through the money remittances, which gave no clue but the New York postmark on the envelope, she had not heard from him.

One June afternoon she, a poor lonely old woman, now without her beloved swain

driving through her old Arcadian solitudes, whose enchanting meaning was lost to her heard a voice from behind calling to her, above the jangling of tin, "Sally! Sally! Sally!"

She turned, and there he was, running after her. She turned her head quickly, and, stopping the horse, sat perfectly still her breath almost gone with suspense. She did not dare look again for fear she had not seen aright.

The hurrying steps came nearer and nearer; she looked when they came abreast the cart. It was he. It always seemed to her that she would have died if it had not been, that time.

"Jake! Jake!" "O Sally!" He was up on the seat before she could breathe again, and his arms around her.

"Jake, I did—bear up—I did." "I know you did little un. Mr. Arms told me all about it. O you dear little un, you poor little un a-drivin' round on this cart all alone!"

Jake laid his cheek against Sally's and sobbed. "Don't cry Jake. I've ained money. I hev, and it's in the bank for you."

"O you blessed little un! Sally they said hard things 'bout me to you in Derby didn't they?" She started violently at that. There was one thing which had been said to her in Derby and the memory of it had been a repressed terror ever since.

"Yes; they said as how you'd run off with—another woman." "What did you say?" "I didn't believe it."

"I did Sally." "Well you've come back." "Afore I married you I'd been married afore. By all that's good an' great, little un, I thought my wife was dead. Her folks said she was. When I come home from peddlin' one time, she was gone an' they said she was off on a visit. I found out in a few weeks she'd run off with another fellow. I went off peddlin' again without carin' much what become of me. 'Bout a year afterwards I saw her death in a paper, an' I wrote to her folks, an' they said 'twas true. They were a bad lot, the whole of 'em. I got took in. But she had a mighty pretty face, an' a tongue like honey, an' I s'pose I was green. Three years ago, when I went into that 'ere tavern in Grover, that she was in the kitchen a-cookin'. The fellow she run off with had left her, an' she'd been trying to hunt me up. She was awful poor an' had come across this place an' took it. She was allers a good cook an' she suited the customers first-rate. I guess they liked to see her pretty face 'round too confound her!"

"Well little un she knew me right off, an' hung on to me, an' cried, an' begged me to forgive her; and when she spied you a-settin' thar on the cart, she tore. I had to hold her to keep her from goin' out an' tellin' you the whole story. I thought you'd die of she did. I didn't know then how you could bear up, little un. Ef you ain't got backbone!"

"Jake, I did bear up." "I know you did, you blessed little creature. Well, she said if I didn't leave you, an' go with her, she'd expose me. As soon as she found she'd got the weapons in her own hands, an' could hev me up for bigamy, she didn't cry so much, an' wa'n't quite so humble.

"Well, little un, then I run off an' left you. I couldn't stay with you if you wa'n't my wife, an' 'twas all the way to stop her tongue. I met her that night, an' we went to New York. I got lodgin' for her; then I went to work in a box factory, an' supported her. I never went nigh her from one week's end to the other; I couldn't do it without hev'in' murder in my heart; but I kep' her in money. Every scrap I could save I sent to you, but I used to lay awake nights, worryin' for fear you'd want things. Well, it's all over. She died a month ago, an' I saw her buried."

"I knowed she was dead when you begun to tell about her, because you'd come."

"Yes, she's dead this time an' I'm glad. Don't you looked scared little un. I hope the Lord'll forgive me but I'm glad. She was a bad un' you know Sally."

"Was she sorry?" "I don't know little un." Sally's head was resting peacefully on Jake's shoulder; golden flecks of light sifted down on them through the rustling maple and locust bough; the horse with bent head was cropping the tender young grass at the side of the road.

"Now we'll start up the horse an' go to Derby an' git married over agin' Sally."

She raised her head suddenly and looked up at him with eager eyes.

"Jake." "Well little un?" "O Jake, my blue silk dress an' the white bonnet is in the trunk in the cart just the same, an' I can git 'em out, an' put 'em on under the trees thar, an' wear 'em to be married in!"

The French have done a thing the like of which has not been done since 1870. They have allowed the German naval attaché in Paris, Capt. Siegel, to inspect the dockyard at Brest.

Str Fastnet SEASON OF 1897. Sails from Ch'town every Friday at noon for Halifax, calling at Summerside, Port Hood, Port Hasting, Port Hawksbury, Arichat, Canoe, Isaac Harior, Salmon River, Sheet Harbor. Returning leaves Halifax every Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock, making same calls, including Scurie. Through Freight Solicited. Rates low to Halifax. Apply to W. W. CLARKE, Agent.

MAKING GOLD.

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For a long time in India the apparent transmutation of tin, zinc, copper and mercury into precious metals has been practiced. We have seen there with our own eyes a metal like gold issuing from the crucible of the Indian alchemists—a metal that could not be told from real gold by means of the touchstone. We may say, however, that in old India, as well as in young America, they have not yet succeeded in giving to the metal thus obtained the chemical properties of gold. On this point they are not more advanced in the one country than in the other, and the problem seems to us not to be near solution. The metal obtained can, in fact, be decomposed into its constituent elements. Nevertheless, it may be interesting to present to public notice the Indian alchemists and to describe their methods. Around these personages many legends have sprung up. The people assert that they never come into a city except by divine inspiration in order to cure illness and to enrich certain persons. There is a belief among the Hindoos, very widespread, but purely fabulous, that they disappear at certain hours to rejoin the citrars—divine naturalists of the early ages of India, who, according to Hindoo tradition, meet with their divinity, Hari Ishari, on the summits of the Himalayas, to learn the secrets of nature.

The following is the method employed by these Indian alchemists to make their gold. We give literally, conforming to the weights and measures in use in India, the list of substances necessary for this delicate operation. These are, according to our documents:

- Sulphur of Nelli-Kai (Phyllanthus lemblica), 24 rupees weight (7 ounces). White seeds of Abra precatorius, 9 rupees weight (2 1/2 ounces). One whole garlic. Cinnabar, 6 rupees weight (2 ounces). English opiment, 6 rupees weight. Sal ammoniac, 6 rupees weight.

These are powdered separately, and then a paste is made of the whole, with three quarts of "paddy" made of the milky juice of Aesclepias gigantea. The whole is ground up with this milk. Then little hard balls are made of the mixture, and finally two satts are taken of fine, hard earthenware, of such size that the material to be distilled occupies only one-third or one-fourth of the vessel. On the lower vessel another satti is soldered with potter's earth, after an opening has been made in the end of this second vase. Over this hole is fitted a bottle whose end is pierced, and it is carefully sealed to the vase. Into the lower vase are put the little balls described above, and the whole is then sealed up.

The powder, when vaporized, rises along the sides of the bottle and condenses around the hole. It is collected with a feather. Then zinc is taken. For each ounce's weight of zinc is allowed a quantity of the powder as large as two or three rice grains. The zinc and the powder are wrapped up together in a bit of paper or linen or a leaf. The whole is put into a crucible, which is then sealed with a paste composed of one part of cow dung, one of charcoal and one of potter's earth. This is placed on a fire of wood charcoal and heated white hot, after which it is allowed to cool. Open the crucible—you are a rich man.—Paris Cosmos.

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Gaffing an Irish Salmon.

Mickle, gaff in hand, was hopping around behind me, more like a wild Indian with a tomahawk than an experienced Irish water bailiff about to impale a salmon. Sport, too, joined in the infectious excitement and jumped at my feet and barked at every splash that the big fish made. Down along the river bank the cute old bailiff glided and crept out behind a projecting rock. Once I almost coaxed him within striking distance of the one eyed gaffer, but Mickle prided himself on his skill and feared to run the risk of missing his stroke. Off again dashed the fish across the pool, as if warned by instinct of the unseen danger, and it was fully ten minutes ere I had him played back to the proper point.

Then, like a lightning flash, the cold steel impaled him, and the great, quivering body was triumphantly lifted on the gaff by the exultant bailiff, showing a fish as beautiful as was ever landed. The sheen of his scales and the small sea lice still clinging to him showed that he had only just come up from the salt water. It had taken me exactly 46 minutes from the moment he was hooked till he lay on the bank, and he weighed 28 pounds by my pocket scales.

The "thunder and lightning" fly was carefully extracted from his gullet, for it had gone down deep, and the bailiff smiled in appreciation of the remarks on his good judgment of water, weather and flies which I felt in duty bound to make. I had time for only a short rest in the shade after my exciting experience, when splash! splash! in front invited me to the sport again.—Sportsman's Magazine.

Chinese Sweets. The Chinese are said to possess secrets in the preparation of sweets that astonish our most accomplished confectioners. They know how to remove the pulp from oranges and substitute various jellies. The closest examination fails to reveal any opening or incision in the skin of the fruit. They perform the same feat with eggs. The shells are apparently as intact as when the eggs were newly laid, but upon breaking and opening them the contents consist of nuts and sweetmeats.—New York Sun.

Times Improving. "Don't you think that you can raise my salary?" asked the head clerk. "I've had a mighty hard time raising it lately," replied the employer, "but I rather think I can have it ready for you every pay day hereafter."—Detroit Free Press.

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Just a Minute You may be busy; so are we, and have been all the Spring. So busy that we did not have time to advertise and tell you all the fine things we have for this season and the low prices we are selling for, but the people find us out, for it takes over forty people to keep the orders we get made up, so it keeps us moving to keep everything going right. But for those who do not know, we might say that we keep all the old reliable cloths such as Bellwarp Coating and Serges, Tyke and Blenheim Serges, Fashionable Trouserings to no end. Come and see us and see our stock and the fine clothes we make. JOHN MACLEOD & CO MERCHANT TAILORS.