

## THE MYSTERIOUS WIDOW.

Years ago before the province of New Brunswick was the populous place it is now there stood on the seacoast, several miles from where the city of St. John now stands a little straggling sort of village, composed principally of fishermen's cottages. Little better than huts they were, and a rough, unpainted, but honest and hard working set were their occupants. In winter, when the snow was piled high and the freezing winds blew piercingly cold, the inhabitants of M— met in some one of the cottages, where, with dance and song they beguiled the evening hours, as happy as though they knew nothing of the bustling busy world shut out by their native hills. And in summer the pleasant, moonlight evenings were spent in sailing over the bright waters of the bay or in wandering in pairs through the dim woods—some sturdy, sunbrowned youth whispering in the ear of his innamorita the "old, old story."

Everything flowed on in that little seacoast village for years and years in the same calm, monotonous way; almost forgotten by the inhabitants was the fact that there existed any other world but the little one in which they lived. Sometimes, it is true, rumours would reach them of the bold manner in which the revenue was cheated by the smugglers of Eastport; but the honest fishermen, secure in their rockbound retreat, cared little for this. At length, however, the inhabitants were aroused from stagnation by quite a little romance of which the following is a brief summary—

Standing on a bleak, desolate sort of eminence that projected somewhat from the mainland was a little ruined stone cottage. It had formerly been built by one of the fishermen, who, finding he could not reside in such a cold, cheerless spot, had deserted it, and the hut had long been without an inmate. It was ever here the wind blew coldest in winter, and here the sun's rays fell hottest in summer. The summit of the dreary hill was crowned with stunted spruces dwarfed and blackened by the intense frosts of many winters. Over the rocks below broke, with a dull, sullen roar, the waves of the Bay of Fundy; and oftentimes in the spring, the tide would rise so high and so rapidly as to entirely surround it, cutting it off like an island from the mainland. The inhabitants had very appropriately named it Bleak Point.

Such was the state of things when, one raw spring morning, the news went flying through the village that "Bleak Point shanty" had got an occupant. A low, black, rakish looking schooner had come up the bay the night before; a boat had put off from her, leaving a woman on Bleak Point. Then it had returned to the schooner, which, before daylight, was off and away.

Of course, everybody was all aglow to discover who she was, and what a woman hardy and courageous enough to live in so lonely a place could look like. This curiosity was soon satisfied; for after the first few days the new comer did not seem disposed to conceal herself. Let them rise as early in the morning as they pleased they would find her up before them strolling about among the rocks.

This wonder was still further augmented at finding her young and eminently handsome, with a healthy brown face, and the brightest, vivacious black eyes in the world. The young men of the village could speak of nothing but her beauty; and the hours they should have spent in catching fish were wasted in devising schemes to catch her. The ladies of the village were, however, absolutely scandalized by the utter indifference which she manifested in regard to dress—and indeed her garments generally looked as though she had jumped into them. She dispensed altogether with hat and bonnet, and wore in its place a silk handkerchief, knotted under her chin after the fashion of the French women. Still, even the jealous village belles were obliged to own that nothing could have set off better the dark, bright style of her beauty than the rich, brilliant hues of her gay-colored headress.

For a time the villagers held aloof from the new comer; but finding their reserve was met with careless indifference on her part, they soon began to change their tactics. A few of the village maids and matrons called at Bleak Point shanty, and, though shocked beyond measure at the universal disorder reigning without and within, they left on the whole rather favorably impressed by its mistress. There was a wicked twinkle in her bright black eyes as she begged them to excuse the state in which they found things, on the plea that she "wasn't used to house-keeping." All their endeavors to discover her name and business proved, however, to be vain, but from several accidental remarks dropped by her they came to the conclusion she was a widow.

As it was impossible for her to be spoken of without a name they resolved to give her one themselves—and admiring her bright black eyes and jetty locks they concluded to give her that of Black. Accordingly, the name by which the handsome stranger was known in the village was the "Widow Black"—a name which, after a laugh at first, she professed her willingness to be known by.

Weeks passed away, and the Widow Black remained the sole dweller on Bleak Point. During this time she became the reigning belle and prime favorite of the good people of M—, in spite of the mystery in which she was enveloped. She accepted every invitation to parties, picnics, and quilting frolics, and "candy spears," always without exception in the tumbled dress and everlasting silk handkerchief. Such songs as she could sing in such a voice, such a splendid dancer as she was, such stories as she could tell, now keeping the audience convulsed with laughter, and now bringing tears into eyes all unused to the melting mood! No party of pleasure was complete without the Widow Black; no wonder, then every unmarried man in the village had his heart pierced by the black eyes of the lively widow, and every woman under forty was wild with jealousy and envy.

But the handsome widow moved on her way as if totally unconscious and indifferent as to what people thought of her. In fact, different from all other widows that ever were heard of, she showed at all times a preference for the society of the young ladies, and rather laughed at all the tender devotion of her rustic swains.

One night old Miles Judson, being out unusually late casting his nets, was surprised to see the same low, black, suspicious looking schooner that had left among them the Widow Black enter the bay. Wondering whether she had come to carry off the widow again he secreted himself to watch her.

Presently a boat was lowered, several bales were hoisted over the vessel's side, and the boat rowed to the land and disappeared in one of the numerous islets surrounding Bleak Point. More and more mystified the old man determined to watch their motions, and three hours after he beheld the boat return to the schooner, which instantly weighed anchor and made off.

The following day old Miles Judson sat talking to a stranger from St. John, who had arrived that day. Seated within was the handsome Widow Black, chatting away with Miles's daughter Ruth, a "Bluenose" maiden, with as bright an eye as ever flashed back sunlight.

"Have you heard anything lately about that celebrated smuggler, Captain R—?" said the man, mentioning the name of a noted smuggler.

"No, we hear nothing here," grumbled old Miles, while Ruth looked up with surprise at the widow's sudden start.

"Well, people are talking of a thing else in Eastport and St. John," said his companion; "he is a regular daredevil and cheats the revenue so boldly that one cannot help feeling sympathy for him. Somehow the custom house discovered that he was hovering around Eastport, and a dozen or two revenue cutters were sent out to watch him, but lo! the schooner ran the gauntlet of them all, delivered her cargo somewhere in spite of their teeth, and where the beaks cannot discover. It was a valuable one, too; she was loaded with rum and sugar."

The Widow Black had suddenly ceased her conversation, and sat listening with a look of interest to this recital. As he ceased she bit her lip, and stooped down to conceal the smile that, in spite of all her efforts, broke over her countenance. The motion was observed by Miles; the incident of the preceding night flashed across his mind, and in a moment he felt convinced he had seen the smugglers, and that the "widder" was connected in some way with them.

Miles Judson was a prudent man, and he determined to keep the discovery to himself, and to set out for St. John the next day and inform the authorities. Acting on this resolution he adroitly changed the conversation, keeping his eye fixed on the widow, who, all unconscious of his gaze, was now flirting most desperately with Master Bill, the old man's son and heir.

"Don't you find it kinder lonesome up there by yourself?" said Bill, with a tender glance toward the "widder."

"Oh, I'm used to it now, and like it well enough!" she replied, carelessly.

There was a pause after this. Bill sat gnawing his finger nails, and evidently trying to say something that stuck in his throat. The widow sat tapping the floor impatiently with one foot, and waiting for the return of Ruth, who had left them.

"Widder! I want to get married," said Bill, at length, with startling suddenness.

"Do you?" said the widow, lifting her bewildering black eyes to his face, astonished at the abruptness of the avowal.

"Widder," continued Bill, picking up courage by a desperate effort, "wouldn't you like to get married again?"

"Married again!" replied the lady; how do you know I ever was married?"

"Why, every one calls you a widder, and I never heard tell of any one being a widder without first being married," replied Bill.

"Yes," said the widow, with difficulty repressing a laugh, "every one calls me a widow, but whether I am or not is another thing."

"Well," said Bill, who, as he afterward expressed it, was determined to "go the whole hog," "I'm a chap as is pretty well off. I'm goin' to build a new shanty, and get a new boat some of these times, and I'm a pretty good lookin' feller—hem! so—hem! Widder, if you'll have me, you and me'll get spliced!"

Amazement for a moment kept the widow silent, and she stared in the face of her sheepish admirer, who, blushing, started, sat crossing one leg uneasily over the other. Then every other feeling gave way to her sense of the ridiculous, and, leaning back in her chair, she burst into a peal of laughter that made the old house ring.

The unusual sound brought the whole household to the spot. There was pretty Ruth laughing from sympathy, without the slightest idea of what the fun was about; there was old Miles staring at them with mouth and eyes wide open; there sat Bill, looking irresistibly sheepish, and there sat the widow, laughing and laughing till the tears stood in her eyes.

"What the dickens is the matter?" the old man roared, staring first at one and then at the other in utter bewilderment.

"I—I must go," said the widow, in a voice faint from excessive laughter; "come up this evening, Ruth; I have something to tell you." And, still laughing the "widder" vanished.

That evening two events worthy of notice took place in the little village of M—: Old Miles departed full of an important secret to the city, and Ruth Judson and the Widow Black sat for an hour or more in close conference on the rocks of Bleak Point. What Ruth learned there she did not disclose, but sundry ejaculations of amazement and sundry expressions of delight proved that it was far from disagreeable.

The following evening, when the gloaming was falling over the rock bound coast of New Brunswick, the Widow Black sat in her little cottage, gazing in the fire and lost in thought. Suddenly, the tramp of feet approaching Bleak Point fell on her quick ear. Springing to her feet she saw several constables, headed by old Miles, approaching her cottage. Scarcely had she time to draw the bolt when a heavy knock came to the door, and a stern voice commanded her to open in the name of the law.

"Not until I know your business," said the widow, boldly; "who are you, and what do you want?"

"We are officers of the law. You are suspected of being connected with smugglers, and of concealing contraband goods about your premises, and our business is to arrest you and search for them," was the reply.

"Then let me assure you that your trouble will be all for nothing. The smuggled goods you speak of were here, but are now where the eyes of the custom house will never fall on them. As to arresting me, a poor lone 'widder,' I am sure you are too much of a gentleman to do it."

"Open the door, or I will break it open," shouted the enraged officer.

"Break away," retorted the provoking widow, with the utmost coolness.

With an oath the officer rushed against the door; at the same moment the widow drew the bolt, and he fell head first into the room, while old Miles, who rushed after, lay sprawled on top of him. Before they

could rise the widow seized the remaining officer, and hurled him with the greatest ease over his fallen companions. Then, drawing the door after her and securing it on the outside, the widow was off and away.

Search was made for the widow, but in vain. No trace of any one answering the description given of her could be found. Neither could any smuggled goods be found on Bleak Point, although they easily discovered they had lately been there.

A few weeks after, late one night, a handsome young fellow dressed as a sailor entered the village of M—: Advancing to the house of Miles Judson he fastened a paper to the door, then with a loud, peculiar whistle, crouched under one of the windows. A few moments after the door slowly opened and Ruth appeared. Tucking her under his arm the young man led the way to where a boat lay on the shore, and a few minutes after they were rapidly skimming over the bay toward St. John.

A few hours after sunrise every man, woman and child in M— were crowding round the cottage of old Miles. And there, written in large, flourishing capitals, they read—

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Be it known to all men by these presents that I, Ned Bryson, being one of the crew of the smuggler commanded by Captain R., finding we were continually watched by the confounded authorities, resolved on a plan to land our contraband goods. Disguised as a woman I came to reside in M— where, finding it convenient to land them safely and as safely dispose of them, I remained until a few weeks ago. For the gracious manner in which I have been entertained I feel profoundly grateful.

To Mr. William Judson I would say I regret exceedingly that circumstances will prevent my marrying him at present and sharing that new shanty, but, wishing to show my gratitude to the family, I have taken off his sister, to whom I will be 'spliced,' wind and weather permitting tomorrow.

"NED BRYSON, alias the 'WIDDER BLACK.'" It only remains for us to say that the above facts are strictly true. Ned Bryson was prevailed upon by his pretty wife to give up smuggling and settle down in some more honest way of living, and finally became a respectable citizen of St. John.

### The Wheel of Fortune.

BY PAISIE.

With a gay, happy heart and a bright smile on his face, Adolph left his home in the village and went into the city to learn the joiner's trade. He had several gold pieces in his pocket, and as he trudged on his way he made rosy plans for the future. He had no trouble in finding a master, for his bright, honest face won friends for him at once, and soon Adolph had begun his work. At the same bench with him worked a boy by the name of Franz, who was very slow at learning, and chose this trade only because his father compelled him to do so. Although Franz and Adolph had the same master, they never were intimate friends, and spent only their working hours together.

It happened about this time that a wonderful proclamation was sent through the land. The King had a very beautiful daughter, for whom he wished to select a suitable husband. Many noble youths came from distant countries, in hope of gaining the Princess's hand. But the King's daughter was not easily pleased. She declared that she would marry none of the princes that she had seen. The man who would become her husband must make for her a chair of rosewood, on the back and seat of which must be carved pictures of all the cities in the kingdom, and on the legs must be represented every kind of animal and bird. This wish of the Princess was printed on large posters, and hung on all the streets, and in the public houses, so that every one might know of it. There were many who would have liked to marry the beautiful Princess and live in the royal palace; but no one felt equal to making the work of art which she described.

One day at dinner, the master said: "Adolph, I suppose you and Franz will try to make the chair which the King's daughter so much desires. I wonder which one of you will succeed, and win the Princess for a wife."

"I fear, my master," replied Adolph, "that you are making sport of me. How could I with my little knowledge think of attempting such work?"

But Franz hung his head, and made no reply to his master's words. And nothing more was said about the matter. But if Franz did not speak about the chair he certainly thought about it often, and determined to win the Princess. Then he could live in luxury, and would not be compelled to work.

One stormy night as Adolph was walking through the streets of the city a voice said to him: "Be careful, Adolph, and do not allow Franz to deceive you."

Adolph turned in astonishment to see the owner of the voice, and there, surrounded by a bright light, stood a small figure, which disappeared so suddenly that the boy could not gain a view of its features; but he did not forget the words, and wondered what the warning meant. In the meantime, Franz was planning how he should begin the chair. He had decided that neither his master nor Adolph should know anything about it, and that he would work at night while the others slept. Many nights he spent in the shop devising ways how he might procure the wood, and sometimes he was almost discouraged when he thought of the greatness of his undertaking. As he sat thus one evening, in the workshop, he heard 12 loud knocks, the door opened, and in came a dwarf, wrapped in a scarlet cloak, and wearing on his head a high, pointed hat. His face was made hideous by a long, crooked nose, snapping black eyes, a wide mouth, and a sharp chin. Franz trembled with fear at the sight of the ugly little creature, who laughed in a hoarse tone, and said: "Well, young man, you do not seem to be getting on very fast with your chair. Where is the wood of which it is to be made?"

Franz, pointing to a few pine boards, said: "I have no other wood than this, and it is not the right kind."

"I can soon fix that for you," said the dwarf, and he touched the boards with his wand, and immediately they became highly polished rosewood.

"I have a wheel," continued the dwarf, "and if you will fasten it to your bench, and turn it, the work will do itself. But I can give you this wheel only on condition that you will never perform a kindness for

anyone, and will always do just as I tell you."

As Franz hesitated the dwarf said: "If you accept the condition you can marry the Princess, live in the palace, and always have plenty of money. I shall leave the wheel with you for three days; but remember so soon as you begin to turn it you are my slave, and must always obey me."

The dwarf then disappeared, leaving Franz to think over his words. The youth was greatly tempted to use the wheel. He fastened it to the bench, but was afraid to turn it, for he thought: "The dwarf might be a very hard master, and even though I did live in a palace, he might give very disagreeable commands."

He then hid away the wood in a small closet, thinking that he would decide in the morning what to do. The next day, when the two boys were at their work, Franz said: "Adolph, see what a strange wheel I have found fastened here to my bench."

Adolph looked up from his work to examine the curious wheel. Then Franz said: "Turn it and see how merrily it goes around."

Adolph took hold of the wheel, and turned it several times, while Franz smiled and thought, "Now my chair is made, I have cheated the dwarf and Adolph must serve him, while I shall marry the Princess and live in the palace."

All day Franz was kept so busy that he could find no time to look in the closet where he had put the wood. But in the night he slipped away to the shop, and having lighted a candle, he peered eagerly into the darkness, and to his great delight saw the chair, made exactly as the Princess had desired. He knew he would not be admitted to the palace during the night, but as soon as the dawn began to break, he carried the heavy chair to the royal residence. When the King heard that a youth, bringing a chair for the Princess, had come, he said: "Let the chair be left here, and tell the maker to return in an hour."

In the meantime, Adolph had slept soundly all night. In the morning when he was preparing to go to his work a voice said: "Listen to me, Adolph, to-day you shall marry the Princess."

And once more Adolph saw the same figure which he had met in the street; but such a bright light shone about it that he could scarcely look at it.

"Who are you?" asked the boy, "and what do you mean by such strange words? How could such a poor boy as I marry the King's daughter?"

"I am your friend," was the reply, "and if you will do as I say, you shall win the Princess. Go directly, to the palace, and without asking permission of any one, go through the wide door into the hall, where you will see the King on his throne. Walk up to him and wait for him to speak to you."

The vision then vanished, and Adolph, lost no time in obeying its commands. When he reached the palace he was surprised to see that his coarse clothes had become the finest silk and velvet, and that a jewelled sword hung by his side. As he entered the hall, where the King and all the court were assembled, he heard voices saying: "Here is the Prince, who has made the chair."

But without heeding the cries Adolph advanced to the throne. The King rose to greet him, saying:

"My daughter is yours, and half of my kingdom I give to you."

At this moment Franz rushed in breathless haste into the hall, exclaiming:

"It is I who made the chair. The Princess is mine."

But the Princess declared that she would have nothing to do with such an ugly youth and that no other than Adolph should have her hand. The King, however, reminded his daughter of the proclamation about the chair, and told her to examine this one, and if it was wanting in any particular she might send Franz away and accept Adolph. Although the Princess looked carefully, she could find no fault with the chair. She then sat down in it; but instead of supporting her it fell to pieces, and all that remained of it was a few pine boards. Angry and mortified, Franz rushed from the place, and the first person he met was the dwarf, who shouted after him:

"Ha, ha, you thought you had cheated me. It will be many a long day before you live in the palace."

And the boy went back to his work, sad and wiser.

### The Fenians Again.

Another Fenian scare is reported in England. It is stated that information of a most sensational and startling character has just reached the Dublin police authorities as well as the constabulary of other parts of Ireland and also the police of England and Scotland. It is stated that a Fenian invasion from America at an early date is contemplated. It has been decided to increase materially the police force at all ports and quays on the Irish coast. This is the sequel of the events which have recently occurred in Ireland, and especially of the extravagant language indulged in by the Parnellites. It is added that during the week detectives associated with the American police have been stationed at the most important places of call of the American liners. It is said that secret information has been received by the authorities that an invasion of Great Britain will be shortly made by members of the Irish party of action in America. In other words a revival of the Fenian operations is expected. It is said that American detectives in the employ of the British police authorities are stationed at Queenstown and elsewhere with instructions to carefully watch every incoming Atlantic steamship from American ports. In addition the police force has been increased at every port in Ireland, and the prominent Parnellites are being steadily shadowed.

The English soldiers in the Soudan were supplied with St. Jacobs Oil.

## Purify

The importance of keeping the blood in a pure condition is universally known, and yet there are very few people who have perfectly pure

blood. The taint of scrofula, salt rheum, or other foul humor is hereditarily transmitted for generations, causing untold suffering, and we also accumulate poison and germs of disease from the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the water we drink. There is nothing more conclusively proven than the positive power of Hood's Sarsaparilla cases of the medicine, tried, does trace of salt rheum, the taint

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sarsaparilla cases of the medicine, tried, does trace of salt rheum, the taint which causes catarrh, neutralizes the acidity and cures rheumatism, drives out the germs of malaria, blood poisoning, etc. It also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus overcoming that tired feeling, and building up the whole system. In its preparation, its medicinal merit, and the wonderful cures it accomplishes Hood's Sarsaparilla is **Peccant to Itself**. Thousands testify to its success, and the best advertising Hood's Sarsaparilla receives

## Blood

is the hearty endorsement of its army of friends. Every testimonial we publish, and every statement we make on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla may be relied upon as strictly true in every respect.

If you need a good blood purifier or building up medicine, be sure to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Further information and statements of cures sent free to all who address us as below.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

### Deaths and Births in France.

The French population returns for 1890 show an excess of deaths over births, namely, 876,000 against 838,000. A similar excess occurred in 1854-55, owing to the cholera and the Crimean war, and again in 1870-71, owing to the Franco-German war. One of the causes last year seems to have been the influenza, for the mortality was 81,000 above the previous year, but the births fell off by 42,000 last year, being lower than in any year since 1870. The marriages are decreasing about one per cent., and the divorces in 1889 were 4,786 and in 1890, 5,457.

### Conjectural History.

Teacher: "What was the title that the Indians bestowed upon William Penn?"  
Bright Pupil: "Duzno. His Nibs, I guess."—Puck.

## "August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

### He Kissed Her in the Dark.

He kissed her in the dark and said: "Most beautiful of maids, Compared with thee the brightest star! In all the heavens fades, Oh, for a light for I would fain Upon my darling look!"— And then a passing light revealed His mother's fat old cook.

### His Agreement Kept.

"Look here," said a new tenant, "this house was to have been furnished and it is absolutely empty."

"I have kept my agreement, sir," replied the owner. "I have furnished the house and I expect you to furnish the furniture."—Harper's Bazar.

## THIRTY YEARS.



Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

## ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."