# The Stouffville Tribune.

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## The Tribune

—IS PUBLISHED—

*Every Friday Morning,*

—AT THE OFFICE—

MAIN STREET, - STOUFFVILLE, ONT

TERMS.

$1.25 Per Year; $1.00 if Paid in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES:

| Spaces. | 1 year. | 1 year. | 1 year. |
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| One column | $70 | $40 | $25 |
| Half column | 40 | 25 | 15 |
| One-quarter col. | 25 | 15 | 9 |
| One-eighth col. | 15 | 9 | 6 |

Transient Advertisements—Local, municipal, &c., 8 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Professional Cards one inch and under, $4 per year, $3 for 6 months.

Advs. of Farms for Sale, one inch and under, 1 month $1, each subsequent month 75 cents.

Advs. of Stray Animals $1 for 3 insertions.

Advs. of 2 or 3 Rooms, such as Lost, House to Let, Servant Wanted, &c., 25c. 1st insertion, 75c. per month.

Locals—All notices, excepting of entertainments for which the printing is done by this office, 7 cents per line each insertion. Black line locals 15 cents per line.

Transient Advertisements must be sent in not later than Thursday noon. Notice of change of standing advertisements must be given not later than Monday noon, and copy must be sent in not later than noon on Wednesday.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted every issue until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing and sent to the publishers.

Notices—Births, Marriages and Deaths—free.

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We have also a first-class Jobbing Department in connection, and are prepared to do business in that line at prices that cannot be beaten.—TERMS CASH.

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.



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Office—Sanders' Block, formerly occupied by the late Mr. McLean, Stouffville, Ont.

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BARRISTERS.
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Barrister, Solicitor, Barrister.

MONEY TO LOAN.
OFFICE, Daley's Block, Stouffville.

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February 20th, 1890. 52-1y

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, ETC.
OFFICES—Masonic Buildings, Toronto St., Toronto, and Main St., Stouffville.
J. K. KERR, Q.C. W. McDONALD.
W. DAVIDSON. JNO. A. PATERSON.
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DENTIST.
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Complete ladies' and gents' hair dressing parlor. Hair cutting, singeing, shampooing, curling, etc. Hair dressing for balls, parties, theatres, etc., in the most fashionable styles.
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CENTENNIAL SHAVING PARLOR.
FASHIONABLE HAIR Dressing, Shampooing, Seafoaming, &c. Ladies and children's hair dressing a specialty. All work attended to promptly and done in the latest style. Stand—Burkholder's block, Main Street, Stouffville.
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OUR NEW 1890 Solid Gold Watch FREE. Worth $100.00, is the best in the world. Perfect Timekeeper Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases, both ladies' and gents' sizes, all with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all expense, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $50 to $100 per week and upwards. Address, Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

EVEREST'S COUGH SYRUP
CANNOT BE EXCELLED.
Try it and be convinced of its wonderful curative properties. Price 25 cents.

Extract of Wild Blackberry, Blackberry, Aperitiv, Cholera Morbus
(TRADE MARK.)
Try Everest's Liver Regulator
For Diseases of the Liver Kidneys, &c., and Purifying of the Blood. Price $1. Six bottles for $5.
For Sale by ALL DRUGGISTS.
Manufactured only by
GEO. M. EVEREST, Canton, Pontiac, Ont.
For sale by R. P. Coulson and all druggists



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BY a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

**Thick and Strong.**

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

**Ayer's Hair Vigor,**

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.



THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

*For Sale by all Dealers.*

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. FREE Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE TO ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do is return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to

about the fifteenth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double sun telescope, as large as it looks to be, and is worth $5 of any one's money. We make them to sell at $1.00 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.


### The Suppression of Rabies.

That rabies can be suppressed does not admit of a doubt. Its existence depends solely upon its contagious principle, and it cannot arise spontaneously under any conditions, any more than dogs themselves can. Eighteen years ago, through being unable to trace the origin of a case of rabies which occurred under my personal observation at Rochester, Kent, I was of opinion that it might have a spontaneous origin, and this opinion, I may state, was held at that time by several of the leading veterinarians on the Continent, (Bouley in France and Roll in Austria.) But soon afterward, on a more careful consideration of its geographical extent, and the result of sanitary police measures in different countries, I arrived at the conclusion that its maintenance was due to its contagium only, and that if this were destroyed there could be no more rabies or hydrophobia. This conclusion I have made known on every possible occasion.

It may also be asserted that though many kinds of creatures can become infected, and may infect each other, yet the dog is the original infector and the chief disseminator, the dissemination being affected by inoculation, in nearly all cases by means of a bite. After inoculation, if it is to be effective, a variable period elapses before the signs of disease manifest themselves; this is the period of latency or incubation, and it may extend from a few weeks to many months, but in the great majority of cases it does not go beyond six months, though there are some recorded in which it has been longer. Twelve months should cover all cases, and, therefore, if dogs could be prevented from biting for that period in this country, and no dogs were allowed to enter it from other infected countries, the contagium must perish for lack of renewal, and the scourge would be no more seen or felt. What a blessing to mankind, dogs, and other animals this would be! Even the dog worshippers might contrive to understand what a benefit it would confer upon their idol if they would only consider the matter. There would then be no need for all those futile, because partial and temporary, measures which harass dog owners and cause discomfort to dogs, while they have to be repeated incessantly. Nor would man look with grave and deserved suspicion, even amounting to dread, upon a devoted animal companion which he at present allows to be exposed to the risks of infection that will perchance destory them both. Surely a few months of inconvenience are as nothing when compared with the advantages that would be obtained. Think of the children and adults who would be spared a torturing death in future years! Consider the perpetual abolition of the diabolical muzzle, ye cynophilists, and know that in the days to come dogs might bite and tend to their heart's content without being suspected or accused of madness, or any doubt be entertained as to the innocuosness of their saliva.—*George Fleming in the Nineteenth Century.*

### Mighty Mimrods in Africa.

"Lion hunting made easy" might be the motto employed by M. Cattier, a bold colonist of Algeria. He has taken up the succession of the late M. Bombonnel, who died a few days ago in Dijon after having been for the greater part of his existence a mighty Nimrod in the north African jungles and deserts. If we are to credit the testimony of those who know the colony well, it is an error to suppose that there are no lions in Algeria. On the contrary, the "monarchs of the desert" abound in the forests of Bona and in the gorges of Palestro. M. Cattier is "running" his lion-hunting business at Palestro, and is doing his best to work up a connection, not only among gentlemen who may wish to accompany him in his expeditions, but also among ladies. Here is a splendid opening at once for the "modern woman" who dares do all that man does. M. Cattier has inscribed his business cards with a notice to the effect that in his hunting rendezvous are to be found lions of the Atlas Mountains, panthers, jackals, and other wild beasts, and that his establishment is provided with a special refuge or shelter for the weaker sex. The property on which M. Cattier has organised his appy hunting ground was bequeathed to him— so far as the rights of chase are concerned—by his friend Bombonnel, at whose disposal it was placed by the Government in order to facilitate his zoological researches—or, rather, what may literally be called "pursuits."

# A CAST FOR FORTUNE.

By CHRISTIAN REID, IN "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER XVII.

Derwent ever afterward declared that his mother simply and absolutely fell in love with Don Maurizio at first sight. There could be no doubt that she was as favorably impressed as he could have desired with the handsome man whose perfect blending of worldly polish and frank cordiality could not have failed to charm even the least susceptible to the effect of manner. Sibyl did not hesitate to affirm that she had never before seen so princely a man, and that the admirable results of a wound in the shoulder were daily becoming more apparent to her. Don Maurizio, on his part, was evidently much pleased with Derwent's friends,—with Mrs. Derwent's delicate refinement and Sibyl's spirited charm. He was most courteously prompt in paying his respects, accompanying Derwent, who lost no time in seeking him, back to the hotel for that purpose. His daughter, he said, would give herself the pleasure of calling later, and hoped the ladies would drive with her on the Paseo that afternoon. "For myself," he said, "I sometimes take out an English dog-cart, and if either, or both, of you gentlemen will accept a seat with me, I shall be very happy." Both invitations were accepted, and, waiving Mrs. Derwent's renewed thanks for her son's great debt of kindness, the stately *hacendado* bowed himself away.

But, if Don Maurizio had awakened enthusiasm in the breasts of these explorers from the States, what can be said of the effect which Dona Zarifa produced, with her surpassing beauty enhanced by a toilet fresh from the hands of the most consummate artist in Paris? Derwent, who had found that he could not trust himself to speak of her, had said very little of her personal charms, and so Sibyl's eyes turned upon him with a look of amazement, and interrogation which almost provoked him to laughter. "What did you mean by not preparing us for such a vision as this?" she took said. And indeed that perfect face, framed by a hat which was a mass of soft, curling plumes, was enough to provoke the inquiry. Yet to Derwent's eyes nothing could ever frame it so well as the graceful Spanish drapery in which he had seen it first, although he was glad that these critical feminine eyes should behold his princess in all the bravery of modern picturesque costuming.

Great is the effect of wealth. Who does not know this? Yet, to a nature not readily or deeply impressed by the accidents of life, its wonderful effect is a standing marvel which custom cannot stale. Derwent said to himself that if Dona Zarifa had been stripped of every accessory of fortune her noble beauty and still more noble character would have been none the less evident to him, and none the less adorable in his eyes. Perhaps he was right,—though the test would be a severe one, even for a lover,—but at least he had no reason to expect to find such eyes in others. There was nothing surprising in the fact that Mrs. Derwent was more struck by the surroundings of the young heiress than by her remarkable loveliness. The luxurious carriage which awaited them, with its handsome horses, liveried servants, and every appointment perfect as if for Hyde Park, brought home to her more vividly than all of Derwent's words the position and wealth of the people with whom his good fortune had associated him. As he passed the equipage on the Paseo, Derwent could not but smile at the expression of his mother's face as she lay back on the softly-cushioned seat, regarding with a look of perfect satisfaction the brilliant scene of which she was a part.

He was not surprised that, when they met at dinner, Sibyl's enthusiastic admiration overflowed all verbal bounds.

"She is simply the most beautiful creature that I have ever seen!" she said, referring to Zarifa. "I really did nothing but stare at her; for she is a perfect picture of loveliness. And when her eyes light up, and she makes that fascinating little Mexican salutation with the fingers, she is utterly bewitching. Geoffrey, if you were to swear until you were black in the face that you did not fall in love with her when you were out at their place, I should not believe you."

"There is no need for me to subject myself to such an unpleasant test, then, Sibyl," answered Geoffrey, calmly. "But I may be allowed to remark that it would be as sensible for me to fall in love with a royal princess as with Dona Zarifa. She is the greatest heiress in Mexico, and will no doubt make a great alliance."

"There is a very hackneyed proverb which it strikes me might have an application in this case," said Halbert. "We know what is said of a faint heart and a fair lady. The fair lady is here. May not the faint heart be also?"

"I really do not see," observed Mrs. Derwent, "why it should be supposed that Geoffrey would hesitate to offer himself to any woman, even if she is a great heiress. No one who knows him could suspect him of an interested motive, and he has sufficient fortune of his own——"

"My dear mother," interposed Derwent, with a gallant attempt to laugh, "the matter has not reached the point of even a contemplated proposal. I have the honor to admire Dona Zarifa exceedingly, but beyond that my presumption does not venture."

"I am unable to perceive where the question of presumption comes in," said Mrs. Derwent, majestically.

Derwent did not reply, for he was indeed partly amused and partly irritated to perceive that his mother, having been disappointed in her long-cherished hope of seeing him marry Sibyl Lenox, had now conceived the brilliant idea of an alliance with Dona Zarifa. She would have shivered at the thought of a Mexican marriage before coming to the country, and especially before Dona Zarifa's wealth and beauty had dawned upon her, but now her imagination was eagerly at work. The romance as well as the solid advantage of such a match allured her greatly, and it was evident that she would not readily relinquish an idea so fascinating. Derwent who felt too sick at heart with the hopelessness of his passion to argue with or laugh at her, strove to avoid the subject, and Sibyl, who was soon keen enough to perceive this, kindly seconded his efforts.

When they parted after their drive, Don Maurizio had said to him, "Come to see me to-morrow morning. I would like to speak with you on a matter of business." And Derwent lost no time the next day in keeping the appointment. More than ever now his resolve was set on replacing Sibyl's fortune in its entirety, and he knew that if he persevered in the intentions with which he came to Mexico, no one could better direct him toward the means necessary for his end than Don Maurizio.

The old Cardella *casa* is one of the most splendid of the palace-like houses erected during the colonial period of wealth and magnificence, in the city of Mexico. Derwent had admired its great sculptured portal and taken a glance into its spacious court when he had been in the capital first, but he did not appreciate all its stately beauty until he entered and saw the whole effect of the interior, which was at once fortress-like in its solidity and graceful in architectural detail as a vision of the Orient. Around the immense inner court, set with orange-trees and flowering shrubs and musical with the murmur of a fountain, were the domestic offices, while above, resting on Moresque arches that sprang from slender, clustered pillars, was the gallery, reached by two sweeping flights of marble steps, on which the family apartments opened. A king might have found himself not unfitly lodged in such a dwelling, Derwent thought, as he followed the servant who had received his card up the great staircase and into an apartment which reminded him of Don Maurizio's room at Miraflores. There was the same business-like air about this apartment, although it was more luxurious in its appointments than the one at the hacienda. Don Maurizio himself rose from a deep, leather-covered chair, and, putting down a paper, held out his hand in greeting.

"Mr. Derwent," he said, when they were both seated, "I have a confession to make, as a preface to a business proposal, and I will it. Briefly, then, [illegible] on your wound in [illegible] I found that the [illegible] a matter of charity proved to be a [illegible] and a person of whom one might wish to make a friend, I remembered prudence, and I felt that before admitting you to friendly intimacy I should know something about you as you are known at home. This does not offend you, I hope?"

"On the contrary," answered Derwent, "it is what I should have desired; for, naturally, a man who has all his life occupied a distinct and unquestioned social position is not anxious to appear in the light of a mere adventurer of fortune. And that, as I am well aware, is what I seemed to you. Well,"—he smiled slightly,—"I suppose you made some inquiries about me?"

"Yes, I wrote to an old friend, a man of the highest position, in New Orleans. And this, I may remark in passing, I did not because I needed assurance myself, but because it was an absolutely necessary step if I was to help you in a business point of view. Well, my friend's reply was so flattering that some day I will show it to you. Only one thing in his letter puzzles me a little. After speaking of your social position and your personal character in the highest terms, he mentions that you have recently inherited from your father a large estate. Yet, notwithstanding this, am I mistaken in believing that you have come to Mexico to make money in rather perilous ventures?"

"You are not mistaken," Derwent replied, whose resolution to be perfectly frank did was taken with a quickness which surprised himself. "I have lately inherited a considerable estate from my father, and a have also come to Mexico to endeavor to make money in ventures which I hope may not prove perilous. If you were not so kind, I should hesitate before intruding my private affairs upon you; but, since you are good enough to take an interest in me, I hope you will let me explain why I have found it necessary to take this step."

"You spoke to my daughter, I think, of a debt of honor," said Don Maurizio, whose clear eyes were reading the young man's face as if they would read his soul.

"Yes," the latter answered, "and the story of that debt of honor is known at present to only one person in the world besides myself,—that is my cousin, Mr. Halbert. With your permission, I will tell it to you."

Then, in the briefest manner possible, he told it. The few, simple words were strong with feeling, and stronger still with purpose, as Don Maurizio, listening with an interest far removed from curiosity, perceived. When the story was finished he held out his hand. "I will do my best to help you, Mr. Derwent," he said. And no other expression of confidence was necessary.

"Now," he added, after Derwent had expressed his thanks, "let us consider the best means of helping you,—that is, of enabling you to accomplish your end in the shortest time possible. And here comes in my business proposal. You were, I believe, very favorably impressed with the value of the Buena Esperanza?"

"I have never seen a better mine," Derwent answered. "Nothing is needed but the proper application of scientific methods to realize a great fortune from it. But I have understood that Senor Barrera will not sell."

"He will not, but the other owners will. Their share of the mine has been offered to me. I am anxious that I shall buy them out, put in machinery, and work the mine for a half-interest in the result. I have not the least doubt that it would be a good investment, and I thought of doing this before Fernandez extorted his bond. That bond has now been cancelled, and before I left Miraflores Barrera renewed the old proposal to me. I asked him if he was willing to transfer the offer to you, and he agreed to do so. Now Mr. Derwent, this is a chance which does not occur every day,—not even in Mexico. What do you think of it?"

"Simply one thing," replied Derwent without a moment's hesitation,—"that I accept it gratefully. I confess that it changes my plans materially; for my original intention was not to work mines in Mexico, but to sell them. As soon as I saw the Buena Esperanza, however, the desire to develop its splendid lodes came over me. Yet if I had taken the mine at that time I should have resisted the desire,—partly because I couldnot afford the necessary outlay of capital, but chiefly because I wanted to realize money quickly. Now, however, that immediate need is relieved. Time will be given me in which to pay the debt, and I think I can venture to risk the capital requisite for working."

"If you are inclined to allow me a share in the mine," said Don Maurizio, "I will assist you to work it."

"I shall be delighted to allow you whatever you wish to take," Derwent replied. "Could I do less, when it is to you I am indebted for the whole? Do you think I am indifferent to the fact that you have stood aside in order to benefit me?"

"I am too busy a man to undertake mining myself," the other said, smiling, "but with you as an active partner I have little doubt we shall succeed. I have long known the value of the Buena Esperanza. Were it otherwise,—were I not sure of this investment,—believe me, Mr. Derwent, after your confidence, I should not counsel you to touch it."

"I am not only sure of that," replied Derwent, "but deeply grateful for your thoughtful kindness, and no effort on my part shall be lacking to enable both yourself and Senor Barrera to realize a fortune."

"I think from a purely business point of view, we will make a good triumvirate," said Don Maurizio. "Now let us resolve ourselves into committee of ways and means and decide what the immediate expenses will be."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"It is simply like a dream of the 'Arabian Nights'!" said Sibyl, as they entered the great court of the *casa* Cardella, with its splendid space, its graceful arches, its feathery, broad-leafed plants, its fragrance of orange flowers, its musical fountain, gilded galleries, and gleaming lamps—for it was evening, and the American party had been invited to dine with Derwent's Mexican friends.

The reporter who received them clapped his hands, in the Oriental fashion of the country, and a servant in picturesque Mexican dress appeared and ushered them up the sweeping staircase to the door of a *salon* of superb size and proportion. Artistically-wrought columns of marble and onyx supported the frescoed ceiling from which depended great Venetian chandeliers, forming, with their fairy-like prismatic beauty, masses of radiance which were reflected in the shining floor, formed of tiles as brilliant and highly polished as glass. Over this gleaming pavement rich hued Eastern rugs were scattered in profusion, and numbers of low, luxurious couches were covered with soft Persian silk and heaped with embroidered cushions. From one of these couches a figure rose and came forward that was in full accord with the splendid room.

Even Derwent, accustomed to Dona Zarifa's beauty as he had become, was dazzled by it at this moment. She wore a gown of rose-tinted crepe de Chine, which fell in lines of the most graceful classic drapery around her slender form, and all the borders of which were embroidered with silver in a Greek pattern. Her masses of dark hair were bound in a close high coiffure with fillets of rose-red ribbon stubbed with tiny silver stars, her beautiful throat with its melting lines was encircled by a necklet of the delicate Mexican silver-work she liked so much to wear, and on the rounded arms were bracelets of the same design. Into her girdle were thrust the exquisite rosy blooms of the cactus, and her noble head rose above the charming, classic dress like the head of a young goddess on an antique frieze. As she came forward, with her dark eyes shining, her lovely lips smiling, Sibyl could only say to herself, "Oh, poor Geoffrey!"

Derwent felt himself to be indeed an object of commiseration, and this feeling was sensibly increased when, after the party had been received by Dona Luisa, she presented a dark, slender, distinguished-looking man as "our kinsman, Senor Cardella." into Derwent's mind there came at once the recollection that on the first day he had seen Dona Zarifa he had been told that she would probably marry her cousin, Senor Cardella, and an instinct told him that this was the man. He was a man who might have reconciled a woman to a *mariage de convenance*, a man to be possibly feared as a rival, yet even as a rival not to be disliked, for his manner was a delightful blending of the dignity of the Spaniard and the charming friendliness of the Mexican.

Keenest observation, however, failed to detect anything lover-like in his manner to Zarifa, and the reason why he had been invited to meet the American party was soon apparent in the fact that he spoke English perfectly. When dinner was announced, Don Maurizio offered his arm to Mrs. Derwent, Senor Cardella took in Sibyl, and, while Derwent hesitated, uncertain whether or not he was to have the pleasure of taking in Zarifa, she said to him, smiling, "Will you take Dona Luisa?" while laying her own hand on Halbert's arm.

"It was a momentary disappointment; but when they entered the dining-room and grouped themselves around the beautifully-appointed table he found that, after all, fate, or some other benign power, had placed Zarifa at his right hand, with Halbert beyond. It was too small a party, however, for anything like private conversation. Led by the genial host, talk was altogether general, and as gay and bright as talk mostly is when well-bred people meet around a dinner-table whose delicate dishes are served by perfectly-trained servants and finest wines poured into sparkling glasses. The floral decorations were the same beautiful rose-red blossoms of the cactus which the young hostess wore, and now and then, in the midst of the courses that proved a French *chef* in the kitchen, a distinctively Mexican dish was introduced, to give, as it were, a national note. "For we cannot allow you to forget that you are in Mexico," said Don Maurizio once, with a smile.

"Do you think that would be possible under any circumstances?" asked Sibyl. "Mexico has fascinated us so deeply that I am afraid we shall not be able to forget it even when we go home."

Besides, the language in which most of the conversation was conducted, the only English thing about the entertainment was the fact that the group of men lingered a little over their wine and cigars after the ladies had left the room. The interval, however, was not long, and when they reentered the *salon* Derwent at once perceived his opportunity to exchange a few words with Dona Zarifa.

She and Sibyl had been walking up and down the long, splendid room, while Mrs. Derwent sat on the special sofa of honor with Dona Luisa and talked French fluently. Both girls paused as the gentlemen entered, and Miss Lenox sank gracefully into a seat, while Dona Zarifa moved away to where a vase filled with great masses of growing heliotrope stood on a pedestal of Puebla onyx. She began to gather a few sprays, and the fragrance of the flowers filled the whole atmosphere around her. It was almost intoxicating in its sweetness. Derwent thought, as, while Senor Cardella paused by Sibyl, he moved on toward the lovely classic figure and the dark, soft eyes with their glance of welcome.

"Are you gathering those sprays of heliotrope for me, senorita?" he asked, smiling. "Thanks: you are too good, to answer that presumptuous speech by giving me one. It is delicious,—I have never seen a heliotrope blossom; may it have some fragrance in Mexico,—but, if I might venture to say so, there is another flower that I would prefer to have."

"And why should you not venture?" she asked. "Surly you have learned that with our flowers at least we are generous."

"What are you not generous with? But your cactus"—he looked at the blossoms she wore in her belt—"is so entirely your own that I fear your would not care to give it to a stranger."

"Oh!" she glanced down, smiling, and blushing a little, "it is the cactus you mean? Well, frankly, I think the heliotrope suits you better. This, as you say, is specially for Mexicans."

"And may I not be adopted, in a degree at least, as a Mexican?" he asked. "Do you know that I am going to make Mexico my home for an indefinite length of time to come? And, more than that, I am to be your neighbor at Miraflores. Don Maurizio and I are to take the Buena Esperanza with Senar Barrera, and I shall personally direct the work. This, you see, will bring me within comfortable distance of Miraflores."

"Do you call sixteen leagues a comfortable distance?"

"Compared to a thousand miles,—yes, very comfortable. I can see you once or twice a month at least. I only hope I shall not become a dreadful nuisance."

"You could not possibly become that," she said, with the gentle gravity and sincerity he has learned by this time to know well. "I am very glad that you are to be near us, and that you are to have the Buena Esperanza, after all."

"I owe it altogether to you," he said gratefully. "Don Maurizio did not tell me so, but I am sure that had you not interested him in my behalf he would never have thought of offering me this opportunity."

"I told him simply what you told me,—that you had a debt of honor which it was important you should pay," she replied. "He is very kind, my father, and always ready to help every one: so I felt certain that if he knew of anything which would enable you to accomplish your purpose he would tell you of it."

"He is more than kind," said Derwent, earnestly. "I can never forget his goodness. And as for yours,—well, language fails me when I try to speak of that. I can only repeat what I told you at Miraflores,—that my life belongs to you. And, when I say this, remember that I am not using the flowery language of compliment to which you are accustomed. I mean the words with our Anglo-Saxon literalness. It is yours by every possible claim,—yours because you saved it——"

She lifted her hand with a quick, deterring gesture, and he saw her cheek grow pale. "Do not speak of that," she said. "I try—I am trying hard—to forget it."

"But *I* do not try," he said, impetuously, "and I could not forget it if I would. It is as I told you: my life was given to me over again by your hand. So it is yours, whether you ever have use for it, or whether you have not. And then there is another claim." He paused a moment, conscious that he was on the brink of betraying all he felt, filled with a sense of the utter hopelessness of any avowal, yet impelled by a power stronger than himself to speak. "Not only my life, but my whole heart is yours," he said; and when the words were spoken a sense of wonderful calmness took possession of him suddenly. He grasped, as it were, more than his ordinary self-possession. It was done. At least she now knew the truth, and he need no longer strive to tutor himself to play the part of a friend while the passion of a lover burned within him.

"I know that it is useless for me to tell you this," he went on, after a minute that seemed strangely long to both,—a minute in which he heard the murmur of voices, Sibyl's laugh, his mother's tones, and that would always be associated to the end of his life with the vision of a lovely down-bent head and the haunting fragrance of heliotrope. "I know that I may even forfeit the privilege of seeing and being with you in the intimacy which has taught me to know you. I cannot help it if this is so. Separation from you will be like death, but it is better than the effort to restrain my lips and eyes from telling you that I love you with an adoration which overwhelms me. It has come upon me like a madness, and I fear that it will not like a madness pass away, for it is founded on the knowledge of what you are; and what that is I have no words to tell you."

Perhaps, to the girl who had been surfeited all her life with words of adulation, this very reticence had an attraction and power. It was certainly not such a declaration as one of her own countrymen would have made, but the simple sentences seemed to go to her heart more directly for their very simplicity. She looked up, and something in the beautiful eyes sent a thrill of hope through Derwent's whole being. He drew nearer to her.

"My Princess," he said, low and eagerly, "I am not worthy to utter such words to you, much less to hope that you could give me one thought of favor. But if my presumption does not make you banish me from your presence I am content. To be near you is enough,—for the present. I promise you that I will speak of this no more until I am a free man,—free from all claims against my honor, free to try and win your heart, if you permit me, as your father won another gentle Mexican heart in the years gone by. But if you could give me one word—one only—to live on until that day comes!"

"And what shall that word be?" she asked, with exquisite softness. "Shall I tell you that after you left Miarflores I felt a want,—a vacancy,—and I knew when I saw you again that life is a different thing when you are near? So I am glad that you are to stay in Mexico; and perhaps some day you, too, will learn to love the land as my dear father has done, and then——"

"Ah! what a beautiful cactus-bloom, Geoffrey!" cried Sibyl, half an hour later, as she saw on Derwent's coat a rose-red flower which had not been there earlier "Dona Zarifa has given you her national emblem, I perceive."

"We have gone through a little ceremony," said Derwent, smiling, "and I have received the cactus as a sign that henceforth my heart, to least, is to be Mexican."

[THE END.]

### JENNIE LIND'S GRAVE.

**Barnum Corrects a False Report and Talks of the Great Songstress.**

Phineas T. Barnum was asked the other day about the story written in England and reprinted in the New York papers to the effect that Jennie Lind's grave is unmarked and neglected, that her last days were shadowed by the indifference of her husband, and that she died broken-hearted.

"Not a word of truth in it. It's false. Contradict it at once. If you don't, I shall over my own name. It is unjust to the dead—it is not fair to the living. Bless my soul! how do such things get into print?"

The smile, so familiar to the world, vanished from the great old showman's face as he spoke.

"I was over in the old country recently, as you know," he continued, with a quiver on his lips. "I went to Jennie Lind's home and saw and talked with her husband, Mr. Goldschmidt, and her daughter and her granddaughter, and they with me. As for the grave of the dear dead woman, it is marked by a monument in the shape of a cross. It is touching in its simplicity. But it is like her in that respect. It is costly and unique. The grave is strewn with fresh flowers every day, and most of these are sent down by the Goldschmidt family.

"There are a number of fine portraits of the nightingale on the walls of Mr. Goldschmidt's home, and several fine marble busts. Her memory is a perpetual theme in that house. Mr. Goldschmidt is a thorough gentleman, and talked with me about his dead wife in the tenderest way. I am sure he was sincere. And her daughter's voice was full of feeling when she spoke of "poor mamma."

"How could any one say that Jenny Lind's grave was neglected, and how could any one say that she died broken-hearted? Her whole life was a song. Her last days were spent in singing for indigent clergymen. She was the most charitable creature that ever breathed. I could make her cry in two minutes by telling her a story of poverty, and she always backed her tears with a purse full of money. It is a mistake to say the fame of Jenny Lind rests solely upon her ability to sing. She was a woman who would have been adored if she had had the voice of a crow. She was guileless, great-hearted, and her heart beat for the poor. She would have been known and loved if she had never sung a note. Of all the people with whom I have had relations as showman, I became most attached to her. It was in 1850 that she came to me. I had never seen her until I met her on the vessel that brought her over. Dear Jenny Lind's name will live forever, and that she was not loved to her last breath, and that her memory is not tenderly kept, and that her grave is not covered daily with flowers is not true. Not true, sir. I hope the contradiction will be emphatic."

### Sheep Shearing in Australia.

At shearing time, on large runs, all the shearers live and mess by themselves, being in the nature of contractors, while the other hands connected with the working of the shed as yarders, pickets-up, wool-rollers, branders &c., are paid weekly wages, and the station owner finds them in cook and rations. They mess and sleep in huts apart from the shearers, and are termed "rouse-abouts." The "rouseabout" cook has also the care of the woolshed overseer and his assistant on his hands, and as 6 o'clock draws near we see him approaching with a flagon, or "billy," as it is termed, of steaming hot coffee in his hand, and the usual slices of "brownie" or "cake." On these we gratefully break our fast, and the more satisfactorily when we remember that all hands have likewise been refreshed. As we walk across to the woolshed we notice streams of men issuing from shearers' and rouseabouts' huts; and on entering the shed we find some of the shearers already at their respective places. These have been balloted for on the previous day, and no man is allowed to make any change without permission of the shed manager.

Each shearer has his own little doorway or opening, through which he passes his sheep when shorn into a long narrow pen outside, fenced off from his neighbors. Presently every shearer has arrived; the pickers-up, with so many shearers apportioned to each to attend upon; the wool rollers ready at their tables, and all watching eagerly the movements of the manager as he advances watch in hand to ring the bell. The bell rings; the shearers dart into the respective sheep pens allotted to them, and bring out the seemingly most-easily-to-be-shorn sheep they can select in the hurry of the moment, place it on its rump, and shearing has fairly commenced.

And what a busy scene it is; and how strong the contrast presented between the desolateness and the silence of yesterday morning and the liveliness and the activity of to-day! As a rule, the men take things easily at first, for the eager man is apt to "knock his hand up," and anyway rams are not to be hurried over. They are desirous, too, at least most of them, of doing fair work and of finding the "boss" measure, which they very soon do. From long experience I am of opinion that it is quite as often the fault of the shed manager, by his want of tact and firmness, as the fault of the men that has produced unpleasantness during the shearing season. Men are but human all the world over; and as the shearer is paid by the number of sheep he shears, time to him is money, and he tries, naturally enough, to shear as many sheep as he possibly can, so long as his style "suits." On the other hand, the position of shed manager is by no means an enviable one, for