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City Council meets on the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month.

THE CRITIC.

The critic, analyzing in his art
The work of poet, painter, artisan,
Must make their spirit his, if that he can
Be sure of knowing their immortal part.

AUNT ES.

I first met her in the family of a friend
In Amsterdam. Everybody called her
Aunt Es, her full name being Estelle, or
Eather, I never quite remember which.

She must have been very pretty in her
youth--indeed, I may say she was pretty
still--and furthermore, with these de-
rivable characteristics was combined a
restless activity very unusual in one of
her years.

Such was the fact, for Aunt Es for
many years had kept a little shop. Had
kept? No, she still kept it and was as
tireless at her post as ever when any profit
was to be gained by it.

To induce her to dine with us once a
fortnight required the most pressing in-
vitation. She came then in her gray
woolen gown (summer and winter it
was always the same), with little bouffes
on the skirt and snowy crimped ruffles
at wrist and throat.

And this "business" of Aunt Es!
Twas conducted in a cellar--one of
those damp, unhealthy Amsterdam cel-
lars, where to your amazement you will
find tolerably clean stalls, and in the
windows of which you will see dis-
played fruits, shoes, fishing tackle,

In such a cellar lived Aunt Es and at
the same time conducted a little station-
ery shop. In order to reach this sumptu-
ous abode, which was about the size of
a birdcage, one must descend 50 steps.

She was past 60 and he 70 years of
age. Aunt Es was ill, but she did not
mention it. She felt very feeble, but
overcame it that the business might not
suffer. Usually, too, she had little pain,

This shop in the evening was turned
into a dining room; at night it became
a bedchamber. The counter was her
dining table, and on the broad surface
of a chest, upon which a mattress was
laid, she slept.

In this subterranean chamber she had
lived 40 or more years quite decently
and free from care, boarding her little
savings like a miser and looking hope-
fully forward to the time when she and
the chosen of her heart should marry.

When 15 years of age, Aunt Es an-
nounced to the members of her family
that she had met the man of her choice.
Like herself, he was a small merchant--
smaller, in fact, for whereas she pos-
sessed a shop, a table and an old glove-
case with steel pens, he possessed no
shop at all, unless that could be called a
shop which would close up and be con-
veniently carried under the arm.

Karl--that was his name--was a cigar
merchant, though not one of the whole-
sale sort who draw their wares direct
from the plantations in Havana. His
"walking" shop consisted of a box or
case in which once reposed superfluous
Regallas, but in which, not without inward
shame, he now packed for sale his three-
penny cigars. His general stock amount-
ed from 100 to 200, was sold to the work-
ing or lower classes, and it required two
weeks for their disposal.

The customary in Holland, when the
engagement is sanctioned by the families
of both parties, for the engagement to
continue from one to two years. Dur-
ing that time the couple are free to come
and go as they will--unconstrained, un-
protected, save by the good God who
smiles upon innocent love.

Though Karl's business, reflected Aunt
Es, was not as profitable as her own, yet
they would marry. The marriage would
be one of "inclination," for they loved
each other. A marriage of convenience,
for their "commercial and social posi-
tions" were equal. And better than all
that would be a marriage founded on rea-
son, for not until they had completely

and of a sum sufficient to establish
themselves and their children in a com-
fortable house would they marry.

Two thousand gulden! That was the
very least, she resolved, with which she
would venture into taking a larger shop.
Then the cigar and paper business would
be united, and the chest, no longer con-
sidered to serve both as a closet and a
bedstead, could return to its original uses.

From the time of her betrothal and
this resolution a great change was noted
in Aunt Es. She who from early morn-
ing till late evening had trilled like a
lark, and whose gay demeanor her neigh-
bors with one voice had reproached, now
became grave, if not severe.

Two thousand gulden! Money, money
for their marriage day. That was her
one aim and purpose in life. That was
the one aim and purpose of Karl too.

But it was not easy in their several
lines of business to save so large a sum.
No, it was not easy. Zeal and perse-
verance brought no especial result. Mo-
nopolously swallowed everything. He sought
to sell a better and consequently higher
priced cigar, she to introduce to her cus-
tomers a new and more finished style of
writing paper.

But this double speculation failed and
threatened the overthrow of both the
cigar and cigar business entirely.
"We must not be overhasty," said she
to him one evening in her little shop,
"and engage in doubtful speculation.
What one has is known, what one may
acquire is not. To lose the confidence
of one's customers will be disastrous.
Let us wait. We will succeed in time."

And they waited.
Courage and hope never forsook them.
In the evening, seated behind the coun-
ter, he contemplating her with eyes of
love, they built castles and formed splen-
did plans for the future. Now it was a
mahogany bureau which that day he had
examined in a cabinetmaker's shop; then
again a serious discussion of the proper
management and bringing up of children.

One day a bright idea came to Aunt Es.
"A ticket in the lottery," said she to
him that evening; "like a voice from the
sky it came to me. We must each buy a
ticket in the lottery," and Karl impressed
by her words and manners did as she
bade him.

The eve of the great drawings the
couple passed in happy expectancy.
"Two thousand gulden!" said she, with
chiming eyes. "We will pray this night
to the good God for 2,000 gulden," and
Karl, as he kissed her, said he would
and promised in case either should have
drawn a capital prize to dash up to her
door on the morrow in a coach.

Long before the hour of the drawing
next day Aunt Es stood in anxious ex-
pectancy at her shop door. Every pass-
ing wagon--happily but few went
through that narrow street--not her
heart to beating wildly. The sound of
carrage wheels in the distance turned
her faint, and more than once she caught
at the hinge of the door for support.

The clock marked the hour of noon
when into the narrow street turned a
sacred, and oh, joy of joys, drew up be-
fore her humble little shop. Within sat
Karl, and with a thousand visions of
happiness before her eyes Aunt Es darted
up the cellar steps and threw open the
carrage door.

"We have won, we have won," she
cried exultantly. "my Karl, my be-
trothed!"
He gazed upon her sadly, his face very
white and pain drawn.

"What hast thou?" she asked trem-
blingly, reading suffering in his eyes.
"Naught!" said he, making an effort
to rise, "naught, my liehchen, save a
broken leg."

Tenderly she cared for him, yielding
him her chest and mattress, herself re-
posing in a wooden chair.
In time he fully recovered and re-
turned to his business again.

Thus the years went on, one hope after
another departing. Still their courage
did not sink. Neither remarked their
whitened hairs, their strength fast di-
minishing.

She was past 60 and he 70 years of
age. Aunt Es was ill, but she did not
mention it. She felt very feeble, but
overcame it that the business might not
suffer. Usually, too, she had little pain,

One day, however, this feeling of weak-
ness so overcame her that she begged of
Karl, who was on his way to fetch a
customer 25 cigars, not to leave her. She
talked much, and in spite of her illness
laid plans for the future. In the long
years they had succeeded in saving quite
a sum of money. Of the 2,000 gulden
there was lacking only the half.

The night came down. It was a mild
summer night, and Aunt Es declared
that she was quite well.
"We are growing old," she said pres-
ently, "and I have been thinking, Karl,
we may as well be wedded now. In all
probability we will have no children, and
for us two we have quite enough."

Karl found that idea very pleasing.
"Yes, yes," said he, taking her hand
within his, "why should we wait longer,
my liehchen?"
Aunt Es smiled.

"Tomorrow, then," said she, closing
her eyes, "tomorrow we will!"
She never finished the sentence. On
the morrow the old chest returned to its
original uses, while for Aunt Es was
prepared a narrower bed in a neighbor-
ing churchyard.--Adapted From the French.

A SONG OF A HEART.

Dear heart, I love you! All the day I wonder
If skies are rich with blue
Or bending back with tempest and with thun-
der,
Dear heart, dear heart, o'er you!

Dear heart, I love you! When pale stars are
gleaming--
Red stars to me and few--
I wonder if God's lovelier lights are streaming.
Dear heart, dear heart, o'er you!

Dear heart, if life had only one bright blossom,
One rose to use the dew,
I'd kiss it, climbing to your restful bosom,
And wear its thorns for you! --Exchange.

ALONE.

I think I am quite alone
Since 't was that strange night, the mystic night
I'd at lung
And 't was that strange night, when, mine
own,
Those few short words arose from heart to
tongue,

The soft gloom hung about us like a veil.
Only the glimmer in the western skies
Crept in to show your lips were passing pale.
To read the rapture in your half-closed eyes,
And then those words were spoken, and the
rest
Was hushed in happy silence on your breast.

Morning and daylight swept away the dream,
Life clasped her fetters and roused her
sway,
Only a soft, sweet knowledge, like a gleam,
Lingered around each hour of all the day.

And even the bitter ring of the farewell
With a gentler note upon the spirit fell.
And since, my darling, though broad leagues
of space
Are spread between us, though dim, dull and
mute
Is life without the sunshine of thy face,

Since in all evil things I think how you
Would soothe them--in all happy things I
think
How you would prize them--set to measure
true.
There is no discord in our perfect link.
With thought, faith, hope, with life and love
your own.
How can your chosen ever feel "alone!"
--All the Year Round.

ONLY A STORY.

It was rather a remarkable ball, this.
Not only were most of the bigwigs of
Brisbane present, as well as the girls for
a hundred miles inland--at least, the
best of them--but it was an open secret
that some men were present who ought
either to have been swinging disconsol-
ately from limp ropes or confined in
convict prisons for the greater re-
maining part of their mortal lives.

But they were a rough and ready com-
munity in those days, taking life as it
came.
Edith Gaston, as a Tyrolean damsel,
was charming. Every one said so, and
you could see by the bright eyes and sat-
isfied face of the girl that she knew it.

One of her partners whispered to her
to take note of a certain handsome fel-
low in a cavalier dress.
"That is the celebrated Murphy," he
said. "Keep it dark. He's not such a
brute as the rest. There's a speck of the
devil in him, but he's not so very far
wrong at heart."

Now, being a romantic and strong nat-
ured girl, it needed no more than this
confidential hint to excite in Edith an
overmastering interest in the handsome
cavalier.
His opportunity soon came. Edith was
waiting for her next partner--waiting
with evident impatience, moreover. Her
neat little foot tapped the floor more
than once, and she frowned. She was
not used to being neglected.

Mr. Murphy did not hesitate. He, with
a fascinating bow, asked if he might be
privileged to fill up the gap which had
accidentally left the lady sweet stress upon
the word occurred in her programme.
After the dance the cavalier was loath
to let her go. He took her into a cool
bowyer of palms, and for five minutes they
talked on equal terms.

"I consider that you have done me
an unforgettable favor in condescending
to dance with me," said the cavalier,
"for I've not a doubt you know who I am
better than the police."

"I admit that I have an idea of it," re-
plied the girl, with a light laugh. "Why
don't you become?"
"Respectable? Is that it?"
"Well, more or less. You know it is
not much of a profession, this picking of
pockets, is it not?"

There was real earnestness in the girl's
eyes as she said these words.
The cavalier looked hard at his com-
panion. There was deep seated regret
yearning and moan else in his expression
so Edith assured herself afterward.

"I shall never forget this dance while
the blood runs in my veins, Miss Gaston,"
said Mr. Murphy. "Never. I am your
servant, remember that. And now I sup-
pose some one else wants you. Permit
me to take you back into the ballroom."

Edith remarked that almost immedi-
ately afterward the handsome cavalier
had disappeared from the room. It was
more of a relief than seemed reasonable
when she ascertained later that he had
not been arrested.

"Now, sir," said the carman to the
Rev. Jeremiah Jones when he had seen
that gentleman into the vehicle which
was to take him to his new sphere of
work, "I hope all will go well with you,
you know as well as me there's rogues
about, but they'll respect your reverence's
cloth, I make no doubt."

Nods and good wishes were exchanged,
and then Mr. Jones and his man began
to ride out of Brisbane toward the inter-
ior. They had a journey of about 100
rough miles before they are they could
get to Leyburn, of which Mr. Jones had
been appointed vicar.

Two days later they were still on the
road. The forest was pretty thick here-
abouts, and houses were exceedingly few
and far between.

Tom had begun to show a certain anx-
iety to reach Leyburn--an anxiety that
Mr. Jones did not share until he learned
that they were now in the country af-
fected by a small but effective band of
bushrangers, of whom Captain Murphy,
as he was called, was the leader.

Even then the parson was not scared.
He had but little money with him, and
his possessions were not of a very valu-
able kind.
"I don't think," he observed, "we have
much to fear. My poverty and my cloth,
as they said in Brisbane, are our protec-
tion."

They were at length only an hour's
ride from the station when they pro-
posed to pass the night. The parson had,
in fact, just lit a fresh pipe, convinced in
his own mind that nothing was about to
happen, when suddenly the scrub parted
on both sides of them, and from out the
towering undergrowth of the forest
stepped six men of the approved, but rather

the much disapproved, bushranger type.
Mr. Jones had, in fact, begun to turn
out his pockets before being bidden, when
the chief of the robber band politely
stopped him.

"No, no," he said, with a smile. "Only
your clothes, sir. You and your man
will be well cared for--somewhere--for
a week or two, and I am going to be the
new vicar of Leyburn. I have a fair
smattering of theology, acquired during
more serious hours in England. I hope,
therefore, I shall not disgrace you."

The bushranger having attired himself
in the parson's clothes, the new vicar of
Leyburn produced a false beard that was
an admirable facsimile of Mr. Jones'
beard and adjusted it. The metamor-
phosis was as convincing as it was com-
plete.

One of the younger rogues was then
endued with Tom's (the man's) clothes.
After which, with due salutations, the
car drove on, the parson and the real
Tom being the next moment carried off,
good humoredly enough, into the forest,
whence they soon reached the celebrated
Captain Murphy's lair.

On the second day after the new vicar's
arrival tongues began to sound his
praises. The next day it was known for
certain that the parson was a down-
right capital fellow.

Something was to happen on the eve-
ning of this third day. In his various pa-
rochial visitations the new vicar had elo-
quently urged the more influential of his
parishioners to attend a very special
meeting at the parsonage between 7 and
8 o'clock. One and all the 10 men came
to the meeting.

The time had purposely been left a lit-
tle vague. First came a wealthy sheep-
owner.
"Good evening, Mr. Anderson," said
the new vicar to this gentleman. "Step
in, if you please."

The door immediately closed upon Mr.
Anderson, and he was covered with a re-
volver on either side of him. In fact,
there were four men and four revolvers
opposed to him.

"Now, sharp's the word, Mr. Ander-
son," said the new vicar briskly, with
his hands deep in Mr. Jones' pockets,
"checkbook, self or bearer, £1,000."

"Who are ye, then?" Mr. Anderson
was beginning to exclaim, with some
impatience, when the little guns drew
nearer to him, and one of them clicked.

"Gill Murphy, at your service, Mr.
Anderson," was the reply. "There's two
minutes for you. Thirty seconds of it's
gone."

Then, with a resounding sigh, the big
sheepowner sat down and wrote the
check.
One of Captain Murphy's aids at this
moment whistled. With scant ceremony
Mr. Anderson was hustled out of the
room into a certain yardhouse that was
both strong and remote. Here he was
locked in.

In all 10 checks were reaped in at this
compulsory offertory in the vicarage, and
in all there were 10 leading parishioners
in the vicarage yardhouse, well man-
nured and kept in comparative quietude
by a couple of gentlemen with revolvers,
who covered them from two side win-
dows without glass, but with an iron
grill to each.

The 10 leading parishioners were rather
wild, especially Mr. Smithson, but it was
evident they were in masterful hands,
and for their lives' sake they did not go
beyond verbal abuse and anger.

"That," said Captain Murphy, as he
looked through the sheet of checks, will
be £1,000 apiece, my boys, and £2,000 for
me. And now, Mike, get out the cart
and drive like lightning. I must have a
clear six hours' start of Leyburn. That'll
just bring me to Brisbane in time to cash
this paper and be off again."

The cart was being prepared with the
utmost celerity, when Captain Murphy
stepped out of the house for a moment.
To come face to face with--Edith Gas-
ton.

At the same moment the sham vicar's
beard got detached from his face and
fell to the ground.
The surprise on the girl's face was
scarcely so keen as one would have ex-
pected it to be.

Truth to tell, she had heard the new
vicar's voice when he had paid her father
a visit the previous day, and though she
had not then put in an appearance she
half suspected that something odd was
in the wind.

Still the denouement brought about
by the slipping of Captain Murphy's dis-
guise did startle her a bit. Her presence
was even more of a shock to Captain
Murphy, who had until now failed to re-
member that she was Gaston as well as
Edith.

When he bowed, with a look of shame
in his eyes, she did not so much as move
her head to him.
"Where is my father?" she asked.
"He will be with you by and by, Miss
Gaston."

"How do I know that? Mr. Murphy,
how could you dearest to such wicked-
ness as this?"
"I think I understand your game. You
insult the Deity as easily as you pick the
pockets of your fellow creatures. Mr.
Murphy, I would rather be the meanest
wretch in Melbourne than be you, with
your crimes on my shoulders. Let me
tell you straight what I think of you."

"No, don't do that," pleaded the bush-
ranger.
"I shall do it. Do you know that when
I first saw you the other night I thought
you a man whom any one might be proud
to own as son, brother or husband. I'm
not used to skimming my notions, you
see. But that's all gone. Now, Mr.
Murphy, I despise you more than words
can tell. Where is my father?"

"One moment," he said.
He stepped apart, to the horse and car,
whispered something to the man, took
the checks from his pocket, tore up Mr.
Gaston's, gave the other nine to the man,
and then returned to the girl, holding
his revolver in his hand.

"Will you do it, and bless me in doing
it?" he asked, offering the weapon.
"Is it likely? But stop!"
She was too late. Simultaneously
might have been heard the ringing trot
of the car outside and the mortal crack
that told of a shattered life. Captain
Murphy fell dead at the girl's feet.--Ex-
change.

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350 Columbia Plum, 3 to 8 feet,
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2000 Oregon Champion Gooseberries,
3000 Strawberry Plants,
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