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SOL. 12.-NO. 29.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 600.

LITERATURE

Fugitive Fancies.

PROSE.
Loosely draped with snowy lines.
In her chamber, eider-laden,
While the light is softly burning,
Kneels the little Christian maiden.

Through her eyes her soul is gleaming,
And her hands are clasped above her;
She is passionately praying,
Praying for her skeptic lover.

CHANCE.
I wooed two women in the sweet, dead
time.
Before the world had lost its beautiful
glare;
I sang their praise in love-cared rhyme,
For they were wonderfully fair.

I saw two women after many days:
Two wrinkled faces framed in silver
hair;
I read again the rhyme for them in their
praise
When they were wonderfully fair.

And then I laughed a bitter, mocking
laugh,
While all my love appeared of little
worth,
And Nature wrote me Beauty's epitaph
In ugly wrinkles on the earth.

John Paul.

CONTINUED.

On Saturday John got two hours' leave of absence, and returned with a bundle, which he carried to his room. The next day he came down to breakfast in a new light suit. Mahlon made no comments, but after breakfast asked John if he would go to Friends' meeting or to some other place of worship, or would stay at home. "We go to meeting, of course," said Rachel's father was Episcopal, and Rachel went there. Then there's the Methodists and Presbyterians."

"I shall go to the Episcopal church," said John.

"Ah! Well, we drop Rachel at the cross road always, and these can get out there."

So John walked from the getting-out place to the church, which was a missionary chapel, where the rector of an adjoining parish gave a service every alternate Sunday. There were few attendants, and the coming of a fine-looking young man made a sensation. When John was over, however, and they all came out, some one whispered that the new-comer was "Mahlon Stacy's hired man," and the sensation died out.

Abraham Browning was waiting in his buggy.

"Shall I drive thee home, Rachel?" he asked.

"Thank thee, no, Abraham. I came in the carry-all with uncle and aunt, and they will stop for me at the corner."

Abraham walked alongside, however, leading his horse and talking to Rachel, and John fell behind. When they came to the corner, Mahlon and his wife were already there, and Abraham renewed his request. Rachel made no demur, for Naomi said it would relieve their horse with one less in. John smiled to himself. The sun favored the courtship.

The summer months came and went. Abraham Browning came and went once a week, and sometimes twice, and John Paul remained on the farm. He grew to be a favorite, and his activity and physical strength, with his great good-nature, made him popular with the young men around. Abraham did not like him, however. With Rachel he got along famously. She had been his friend from the first, never forgetting his opportune companionship. Then he read so beautifully, and was full of tales of adventure, for, according to his own account, he had travelled a great deal. In his wanderings he had picked up a deal of knowledge too, as he said, and he had been made fair to make a good farmer, so the farmer liked him too. But Mahlon, whose spirits had been getting lower and lower, at length grew quite gloomy, and his gloom was shared by his wife, and even ineffectual Rachel.

The cause of this trouble John Paul learned one day from the talkative clerk at the store where the Stacys dealt, and with it he got some of the family history. It appeared that Rachel Taylor, the youngest sister of Mahlon's wife, had eloped and married with George Forsythe, a gay and wealthy young gentleman from New York, who had accidentally met and fallen in love with her. Rachel had been "disowned" for marrying out of meeting, but worse followed. Forsythe, who was on the downward course, soon got tired of his pretty wife, resumed his dissipation, and was drowned while drunk two years afterward, leaving his widow with a one-year-old child. Rachel Forsythe did not long survive her husband, who proved to have been at his death bankrupt. He had managed to get Mahlon Stacy, who believed in him, to become bonded in a case involving it, afterwards turned out, a questionable transaction. Mahlon paid the judgment, but was obliged to mortgage the farm, which had been in the Stacy family for four generations. He adopted the little Rachel, sent her to the West Town school to be educated, and bit by bit he accumulated money until he was able to keep his savings broke, and he not only lost his store, but was unable to meet the interest for a year.

The mortgage was in other hands—a rich New Yorker held it—and proceedings to foreclose had been begun. If Rachel married Abraham Browning, who was rich himself, and a rich man's son, there would be no difficulty. "They say that Rachel hangs back," concluded the clerk. "I rather guess she'll give in at last. That's the way Mahlon'll pull through, in my judgment."

John came home after hearing all this, and found Abraham Browning there. The young Quaker was got up quite smartly—in plain clothes, to be sure, but his shad-bellied coat was of the finest olive colored broadcloth, and his broad-brimmed hat of the very best beaver. He remained to supper, and was treated with marked consideration by the farmer and his wife. Rachel seemed a little embarrassed. John glanced at her curiously, but she avoided his eyes. The hired man went out after he had eaten his supper, attended to the horses and cattle, and this done, came into the house. It was usual for the family to sit together for an hour or two after supper before retiring to rest. It was their main recreation from daily labor. But the old couple had retired, and John retired also, leaving the younger couple together.

John sat at the window in the dark, looking out on the night, and thinking. In a little while Abraham Browning left, and he heard the wheels of his wagon driven after the fashion of Jehu, the son of Nimshi. Then he heard the light step of Rachel on the stairs on her way to rest.

The next morning John went out early to see to the horses and cattle. When he returned to breakfast he observed that Mahlon was out and alone. He made no comments, but after breakfast asked John if he would go to Friends' meeting or to some other place of worship, or would stay at home. "We go to meeting, of course," said Rachel's father was Episcopal, and Rachel went there. Then there's the Methodists and Presbyterians."

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has done me great service. I only wish I knew how I could repay thee."

"Perhaps you can," said John, smiling, and taking Rachel by the hand. "Suppose you let me take care of this young lady in future?"

"Why, Rachel?" cried Mahlon, in astonishment. "Does thee and John—"

But Rachel's answer was not distinctly audible, her face being so close to John Paul's waistcoat.

"Has thee thought about means to support a wife?" inquired Mahlon, with a last flutter of expiring loyalty to Abraham Browning.

"There need be no trouble on that score," returned John. "But I have a confession to make. I have in some measure deceived you. When you asked my name, I just said—John Paul."

"And has thee been using a name to which thou hast no right?" demanded Naomi, severely.

"I have a right to that name, but there is more of it. I am John Paul Frohisher."

"Frohisher!" exclaimed Mahlon, as a light broke in on him. "Then thou art the son of my father's friend?"

"I am, or rather was, the holder of your mortgage. I say was"—drawing a paper from his breast pocket and handing it to Naomi. "I have been to West Chester, and made an assignment to your wife. I hope she'll be a lenient creditor to you, Mahlon. You see, I had been taking a pedestrian tramp for health and amusement, and you came across me just as I had run sufficiently to seed in the journey, and was about to take the cars for home. This face of Rachel's attracted me, and she's the captive of my bow and spear, anyhow. I won her by fair fight," said he, laughing.

"They all sat down to supper. The farmer said his customary grace with greatunction—"For what we are to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful!" and John, whose hand had found that of Rachel some how under the tablecloth, responded with a fervent "Amen!"

A Modern Primer.

SIMPLE TALKS FOR THE PLEASURE AND PROFIT OF THE NURSERY BRIGADE.

Eugene Field in the Denver Tribune.

I.

See the lamp-post. By its dim rays you can behold the electric light across the street. There is a man leaning against the lamp-post. Perhaps the lamp-post would fall if it were not for him. At any rate, the man would fall if it were not for the lamp-post. What is the matter with the man? He appears disquieted. He is trying to work his boots up through his mouth. He will have a headache to-morrow and lay it to the electric.

II.

The girl is scratching her back against the door. She has been eating buckwheat cakes. Her bean thinks she is delicate, but he has never seen her tackle a plate of cakes on a frosty morning. Cakes had better roast high when she is around. If we were the girl we would wear sand-papers in our shoes and not be making a hair-brush out of the poor door.

III.

Here we have a baby. It is composed of a bald head and a pair of lungs. One of the lungs takes a rest while the other runs the shop. One of them always on deck all of the time. The baby is a bigger man than his mother. He likes to walk around with his father at night. The father does most of the walking and all of the swearing. Little girls, you will never know what it is to be a father.

IV.

The peach is hard and green. He is waiting for a child to come and eat him. When he gets into the child's little stomach he will make things hot for the child. The child who eats the peach will be an angel before he gets the chance to eat another. If there were no green peaches there would not be so many children's sizes of gold harps in heaven.

V.

Behold the printer. He is hunting for a pickup of half a line. He has been hunting for two hours. He could have set the half line in twenty seconds, but it is a matter of principle with him never to set what he can pick up. The printer has a hard time. He has to set type all night and play pedro for beer all day. We would like to be a printer were it not for the night work.

VI.

This is the man who had a notice in the paper. How proud he is. He is stepping higher than a blind horse. If he had wings he would fly. Next week the paper will say he is a measly old fraud, and the man will not step so high.

VII.

This sorry spectacle is a plumber. He is ragged and cold and hungry. He is very, very poor. When you see him next spring he will be very, very rich and will wear diamonds and broadcloth. His wife takes in washing now but she will be able to move in the first circles by the time the weather turns warmer and the pansies bloom again.

VIII.

Here is a castle. It is the home of an editor. He has stained glass windows and mahogany stairways. In front of the castle is a park. Is it not sweet? The lady in the park

is the editor's wife. She wears a costly robe of velvet trimmed with gold lace, and there are pearls and rubies in her hair. The editor sits on the front stoop smoking a Havana cigar. His little children are playing with diamond marbles on the tessellated floor. The editor can live in style. He gets seventy-five dollars a month wages.

IX.

Here we have a piece of chewing gum. It is white and sweet. Chew it a while and stick it on the under side of the mantle piece. The hired girl will find it there and chew it a while herself and then put it back. In this way one piece of gum will answer the whole family. When the gum is no good, put it in the rocking chair for the minister or your sister's beau to sit upon.

X.

This is a cock roach. He is big, black and ugly. He is crawling over the pillow. Do not say a word, but lie still and keep your mouth open. He will crawl into your mouth and he can bite him in two. This will teach him to be more discreet in future.

Was It Murder?

JOHN J. VIERER SHOT BY HIS STEPSON WHILE HE WAS CHOKING HIM TO DEATH.—A BRUTAL DRUNKARD'S END.

John J. Vierer, a Detroit butcher, began to abuse his wife the other day when in a drunken fury. Her son, his stepson, interfering, the husband pitched her over the stove, on which she rose up and hit him over the head with a poker, cutting his temple badly. The stepson, DeFoe, interfering, was seized by Vierer by the throat, thrown down on the floor, and held down there by his stepfather's knee pressed on his mouth. DeFoe managed to get a six-shooter revolver out of his pocket and gazed at a warning to Vierer that he would shoot him if he did not let him up. The latter removed his knee only to grip his stepson by the throat, with an oath, he began to compress most savagely. Then DeFoe fired, on which Vierer loosened his hold and the last staggered man fell. His stepson, who to a chair, the blood pouring from his abdomen. DeFoe left the room, but came back and asked him if he would behave himself. With another oath the dying man said he would not. A few minutes afterwards, feeling himself sinking, he crawled to a chair, and threw himself down on the dining-room floor on his stomach. DeFoe then called in a doctor, who Vierer got up, walked round the floor, and said he was going to die. His wife undressed him and got him to bed, where he presently died.

The young man, who chiefly supported the house, and bears a good character, gave himself up. He said the family quarrel had been going on for five years, and were all caused by Vierer's drunken habits. The mother says that on the fatal night her husband had cursed her and refused to carry home her marketings in his wagon; that when she came back she found the door of the house kicked in and the glass out of it shattered in fragments on the floor. Vierer came and again swore at her for drawing money from him without his consent, and for spending so much. He then treated her as above, with the already mentioned result. Singularly enough the pistol which inflicted the death wound on her second husband also killed her first husband, DeFoe. He was shooting sea-gulls when the weapon hung fire, and DeFoe was engaged in examining it. It went off, inflicting a wound from which he died a short time afterward.

A Straight Man.

From the Detroit Free Press.

It used to be all the fashion with lecturers to have the Mayor of the town or some other prominent citizen introduce them to the audience as a send off, and upon one occasion in the years gone by when the temperance lecturer, one of the great ones in Michigan, now over fifty miles from Detroit, the Mayor stood up before the audience and began:

"Ladies and—ladies and—"

"Gentlemen," whispered the lecturer.

"Yes, of course—ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to—"

"Introduce," again whispered the lecturer.

"That's the checker—I have the honor to introduce you to the not—"

"The honorable Mister—Mister—"

Here occurred another painful pause, during which the Mayor walked over and asked the lecturer his name.

"Simkins," was the reply.

"I have the honor to introduce," he repeated, as he walked back, "the honorable Mister—Mister—"

"hang it! I never could remember a name two minutes! It's of no account, however. He and I have been playing poker all the afternoon at the hotel, and I give you my word that he is as straight as a ten-foot pole. Get up, Judge, and shoot off your lecture!"

In reply to a rich old chap, who asked if it was advisable to begin a lawsuit against a neighbor, the lawyer said he thought it feasible.

VEGETINE,

SAYS a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures after all other remedies had failed, I visited the Laboratory, and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from bark, roots and herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

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Is a valuable remedy for Headache.

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Restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

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Cures Pains in the Back.

Effectually cures Kidney Complaint.

Is effective in its cure of Female Weakness.

Is the great remedy for General Debility.

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VEGETINE

IS THE BEST

Spring Medicine.

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Flesh and Fat Producers.

The American Agriculturist makes up from the published analysis of the most eminent agricultural chemists the following table exhibiting the relative nutritive value of different feeds.—It is said to correspond strictly with the experience of many noted English feeders:—

Feed.	Flesh.	Fat.
Turnips.	1	5
Rutabagas.	1	5
Carrots.	1	5
Mangel and kohlrabi.	2	8
Straw.	3	16
Potatoes.	8	16
Brewer's grain.	12	67
Wheat and barley.	12	67
Dried brewers' grain.	16	70
Barley.	20	46
Beans (English field).	22	46
Linnseed.	22	46
Rice meal.	67	72
Locust beans.	72	72
Hay (early cut).	8	50
Hay (late cut).	8	76
Linseed cake.	9	60
Malt.	11	72
Rye.	12	48
Oats.	12	48
Corn.	42	68
Palm nut meal.	18	98
Traces (seed).	27	87
Linseed cake.	29	45
Bran and coarse mill stuff.	31	54
Barley cake.	31	54
Decorticated carth nut cake.	39	45
Decorticated cottonseed cake.	41	77

It will be seen from the above that cottonseed meal has no superior as a flesh-former, and that for fattening it is better than every other article of stock feed. In a very short time it has established itself as the food both for beef cattle and for dairy purposes.

A Religious Newspaper.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to one of the greatest newspapers of the age—one that secures the best writers in this country and Europe, regardless of expense; has the best and fullest book reviews of any paper in the country; has able articles upon financial subjects; has departments edited by specialists and devoted to Fine Arts, Music, Science, Religious Intelligence, Missions, School and College, News of the Week, Hymn Notes, the Sunday-school, Legal and Sanitary questions, Biblical Research (something that cannot be found in the newspapers in the United States), Farm and Garden, Insurance, Weekly Market Reports, etc.—in fact, a newspaper fully suited to the requirements of every family, containing a fund of information which cannot be had in any other shape, and having a wide circulation all over the country and in Europe. We refer to THE INDEPENDENT, of New York. "The largest, the ablest, the best." See advertisement, in another column, and send a postal card for free specimen copy.

An Iowa man has named his two daughters Time and Tide. This is probably because he thought that Time and Tide wait for no man; but the old rancher is wrong there. They only wait and swing on the gate with the proper fellow, but in time both will be tide.

GREAT OFFERS!

I HAVE the best stock of Christmas Cards in America, and I want a good live Agent in every city, town and village to sell them for me. The demand for Christmas Cards, this year, promises to be larger than ever before. Whoever begins in season is sure to do a profitable business. I want you to try. It is not necessary to buy a large stock to start with. In order to give all a chance to see what they can do, and without risking much money, I have put up Trial Packages, as follows:

No. 1. For 50 cents I will send to any address, by return mail, free of postage, 35 extra fine Christmas Cards, including some of Prange's, and also rich imported Cards. These will sell like hot cakes at from 3 to 5 cents each. An hour's work selling these Cards will give you a profit of at least 75 cents.

No. 2. For \$1.00 I will send to any address, by return mail, free of postage, a particularly choice variety, which will easily retail for \$3.50, giving you as the result of a few hours' pleasant work a profit of \$2.50.

EMBOSSED PICTURES.

To accommodate families, small dealers, and those who wish to act as agents, I have decided to put up the following packages of these attractive goods:

Package No. 1 contains 18 full sheets, well assorted. Price, 50 cents.

Package No. 2 contains 25 full sheets, including large flowers and other special attractions. Price, \$1.00.

HANDSOME CHROMOS, ONLY \$1.00 PER 100.

They are a bonanza for any one who is willing to work. Easy selling and big profits.

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