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TED—Second or third class teacher School District No. 15, Parish of St. , county of Charlotte. District rated Apply, stating salary, to Isaac Spin- ecretary, St. George, N. B. 12-19-4i-w

TED—A Second-class teacher, either for Olinville District No. 17, Queens Apply, stating salary, to John Don- ent P. O.

ED—A first or second class female er to take charge of school in trict No. 6, Aberdeen to commence erm. Apply, stating salary, to E. Secretary, Lands, Carleton Co.,

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NOTICE.
l the person in Somer- Mass, who mailed One to this office, on Nov. 24, send his or her name so that we may be able erly credit the amount d.
Telegraph Pub. Co.,
St. John, N. B.

BIRTHS.

N—In this city, Dec. 24, to the J. McGowan, a son.

MARRIAGES.

church, Dec. M. Campbell, lia Alberta,

uber 21, street, McAn- months. s please

r (Mass.), Dec. Bird street, Wil- 23 years. (P. E. I. papers

Cambridge (Mass.), Dec. 21st, wife of Henry M. Mann, aged 54 nd 7 months. Funeral from 10½ Street, Cambridge, Dec. 23. ericton (N. B.) papers please copy.)

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived.

Tuesday, Dec. 22.

Stmr St Croix, Thompson, Boston, Portland and Eastport, W G Lee, pass, gen mdse.
Schr Wm F Green (Am), 217, Hatfield, Newark, J E Moore, coal.
Schr Wm Jones (Am), 764, McLean, Belfast, R C Elkin, bal.
Schr Annie A Booth (Am), 162, French, Plymouth, A W Adams, bal.
Coastwise—Schr Little Annie, 38, Poland, West Isles and cld.

Wednesday, Dec. 23.

Coastwise—Schrs Citizen, 40, Woodworth, from Bear River; stmr Westport III, 49, Powell, from Westport, and cld.

Cleared.

Tuesday, Dec. 22.

Schr C R Flint, Maxwell, New Bedford, Stetson, Cutler & Co.
Schr Romeo, Williams, Boston, Stetson, Cutler & Co.
Coastwise—Schrs Wood Bros, Golding, St Martins.
Halifax, Dec 23—Ard, stmr Manchester City, from Manchester, and cld for St John.
Sld—Stmr Arcadia, Maggersee, for Philadelphia.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Halifax, N S, Dec 25—Ard stmr Arcadia, (Ger), from Hamburg.

BRITISH PORTS.

Liverpool, Dec 21—Ard stmr Manchester Corporation, from St John (N B) for Manchester.
Brow Head, Dec 22—Passed stmr Ulunda, Chambers, from Halifax and St John's for Liverpool.
Moville, Dec 22—Ard stmr Ionian, Halifax for Liverpool.
Liverpool, Dec 22—Ard stmr Normadic, from Portland.
Sld—Stmrs Lake Champlain, from St John (N B); Sylvania, from Boston.
London, Dec 22—Ard stmr Toronto, from Quebec via Sydney (C B.)
Glasgow, Dec 21—Ard schr Silver Spray, from Harbor Grace for Fowey.
London, Dec 22—Ard stmr Lake Michigan, from St John.
Liverpool, Dec 23—Ard, stmrs Ionian, from St John and Halifax; Oceanic, from New York.
Glasgow, Dec 23—Ard, stmr Hibernian, from New York.
Manchester, Dec 22—Ard, stmr Manchester Commerce, from St John.
Swansea, Dec 22—Ard, stmr Neva, from Tilt Cove.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Fall River, Mass., Dec 22—Sld schr I N Parker, for St John (N B.)
Boston, Dec 22—Ard stmrs Marienfels, from Calcutta; Catalone, from Louisburg (C B); Britannic, from Sydney (C B); barque Gregoria (It), from New York, in tow; schrs Geo W Wells, from Newport News; Van Allens Boughton, do; William C Carnegie, do; Mount Hope, from Philadelphia; C W Dexter, from Calais for Wellfleet (for a harbor); Henry Chase, from Portland.
Sld—Stmr Boston, for Yarmouth (N S); schrs Thelma, for Fernandina.
Bahia, Dec 19—Sld brig Vidonia, for St John's (Nfld.)
Buenos Ayres, Nov 26—Ard barque Annita E Menotti, from Yarmouth (N S.)
Dutch Island Harbor, R I, Dec 22—Ard schrs Charlotte M Miller, from Stonington (Me) for New York; Ella Frances, from Rockland for do; Ella M Storer, from Bangor for do.
Hong Kong, Dec 22, 9 a m—Ard stmr Empress of China, from Vancouver.
Gloucester, Mass, Dec 22—Ard stmr A J Miller, from Boston for Rockport (Me); St Anthony, from New York for St Stephen (N B.)
Hyannis, Mass, Dec 22—Ard schr G M Brainard, from Clark's Cove for New York.
New York, Dec 22—Ard barque Francis S, Hampshire, Grand Constable Island via Barbados; schrs Ira B Ellens, Philadelphia for New Haven; Lizzie Cochran, from Norfolk; John J Ward, from Virginia; Wm H Davidson, from Virginia; Sirdar, from Bermuda; William Bisbee, from Virginia; Harold C Beecher, from Gonaives.
Sld—Schrs Abbie S Stubbs, for Charleston; J R Bodwell, from Perth Amboy for Rockland; Crescent, from Philadelphia; Thelma, for Brunswick; Lucie Wheatly, for Norfolk.
Norfolk, Va, Dec 22—Ard barque Solitare, from New Bedford.
Cld—Schr Clara A Donnell, for Boston.
Sld—Schr Helen W Martin, for Portland.
Portland, Me, Dec 22—Ard stmr Tauric, from Liverpool; sloop Nancy Hanks, from Small Point.
Cld—Schr Augustus Hunt, for Norfolk.
Sld—Stmrs Hilda, for Parrsboro (N S); North Star, for New York.
Salem, Mass, Dec 22—Sld schrs Carrie C Ware, for Machias; Abbie Keast, for St John; Alaska, do; Alice Maud, do; Frank & Ira, do; Ida M Barton, do.
Oporto, Dec 17—Ard schr Grace, from St John's (Nfld.)
Boston, Dec 23—Ard, stmrs Consuelo, from Hull (Eng); Canadian, from Liverpool; Alexandra, from Copenhagen; Kingstonian, from Antwerp.
Below—Schrs Childe Harold, from Norfolk; Nathaniel T Palmer, from Newport News; Fannie Palmer, from Philadelphia.
Sld—Stmrs Ultonia, for Liverpool; Bohemia, for Liverpool; Catlone, for Louisbourg; Mystic, for Sydney (C B); Tancred, for Sydney; schrs Fleetwood for St John; Malden, for Savannah.
City Island, Dec 23—Bound south, stmr North Star, from Portland.
Dutch Island Harbor, Dec 23—Sld, schrs Charlotte Miller, from Stonington for New York; Ella Graves, from Rockland for New York; Ella M Storer, from Bangor for New York.
Hyannis, Dec 23—Sld, schrs Madagascar, for Calais; Samuel Castner, Jr, for Calais.
New York, Dec 23—Ard, stmr Georgic, from Liverpool.
Sld—Stmr Teutonic, for Liverpool.
New York, Dec 23—Ard, schrs J A Parsons, from City Point; Ira D Sturgis, from Virginia; Brigadier, from Claremont (Va); Emily H Naylor, from Norfolk; Geo W Anderson, from Virginia; Samuel H Sharp, from Virginia; Geo Churchman, from Norfolk; Nellie W Craig, from Norfolk; H H Chamberlain, from Norfolk; Rebecca J Moulton, from Savannah; Rebecca Shepherd, from Norfolk; Sarah & Lucy, from Norfolk; Jennie N Huddell, from Norfolk; Daniel Brown, from Norfolk; Massachusetts, from Norfolk; Ann J Trainer, from Norfolk; J Frank Seavey, from Norfolk; Josie R Burt, from Norfolk for New Bedford; Henry R Grant, from Virginia; Mattie Newman, from Virginia; L Q C Wishart, from Virginia; Sunlight, from Norfolk; Kennebec, from Norfolk; Severn, from Nuevitas; E C Knight, jr, from Norfolk; Henry C Shepherd, from Virginia; W D Hilton, from Norfolk; T Morris Perot, from Norfolk.
Sld—Schrs Julia A Trubee, for Jacksonville; Henry Sutton, for Virginia.
New London, Conn, Dec 23—Sld, schrs Mary Brewer, from New York for Rockland (Me).
Oporto, Dec 18—Ard, schrs Ceylon, from St John's (Nfld); Maud, from Gaspe.
Portland, Dec 23—Cld, stmr Hibernian, for Glasgow; schrs Gilbert Stancliffe, for Addison; Annie E Geele, for Friendship; Susan Frances, for Ashville; Hattie Loring, for Steuben.
Sld—Schrs Grace Davis, for Bridgetown, Barbados; Augustus Hunt, for Norfolk.
Vineyard Haven, Dec 23—Ard and sld, schrs John I Snow, from Bonaire, 32 days for Rockland; Wm Rice, from Port Reading for Rockland; Eric, from Hoboken for St John.
Ard—Schrs Three Sisters, from South Amboy for Bar Harbor; Alma, from South Amboy for Eastport; Bessie Parker, from New York for Calais.
Passed—Stmr Manhattan, from New York for Portland; schr J R Bodwell, from Perth Amboy for Rockland.

LIST OF VESSELS BOUND TO ST. JOHN.

Steamers.

Alcides, 2,181, at Glasgow, Dec 18.
Bavarian, 6,714, at Liverpool, Dec 16.
Concordia, 1,609, Glasgow, Dec 19.
Corinthian, 4,018, to sail from Liverpool Jan 14.
Evangeline, 1,417, London via Halifax, Dec 9.
Florence, 1,609, London via Halifax, Dec. 3.
Gulf of Ancud, 1,700, at Hartlepool, Oct 31.
Gulf of Venice, 1,884, at London, Dec 20.
Ionian, 5,337, at Liverpool, Dec 23.
Lake Champlain, 4,685, Liverpool, Dec 22.
Lake Erie, 4,814, at Liverpool, Dec 21.
Lake Michigan, 4,538, at London, Dec 22.
Lakonia, 3,046, Glasgow, Dec 12.
Laurentian, 2,838, Glasgow, Dec 19.
Loyalist, 1,413, at London, Dec 24.
Manchester City, 3,727, Manchester, Dec 12; at Halifax, Dec 23.
Manchester Corporation, 2,536, at Manchester, Dec 22.
Manchester Trader, 2,136, at Manchester, Dec 27.
Monmouth, 2,569, Bristol, Dec 21.
Montcalm, 3,508, Liverpool, Dec 18.
Monteagle, 2,492, at Avonmouth, Dec 20.
Montrose, 5,349, Bristol, Dec 13.
Mount Temple, 7,669, Antwerp, Dec 16.
Ontarian, 2,780, Glasgow, Dec 14.
Pretorian, 4,073, Moville via Halifax, Dec 18.
Sicilian, 3,964, to sail from Liverpool, Dec 31.
Wyandotte, 2,712, at Cape Town, Dec 7.

Ships.

Astracana, 1,572, Baltimore, Dec 17.

Barques.

Italia, 585, at Castellamore, Oct 10.

Barquentines.

Anagar, 336, at Dundalk, Nov 22.
Ethel Clark, 397, Apalachicola, Nov 26.

A HASTY JUDGMENT.

Nellie Morris bent over her sewing machine as busy as a bee, while the hands of the big clock in the corner went slowly around te six, and the sun began to sink lower in the western sky.

'There!' she cried, gayly, as she reached the end of the long strip of muslin that she had been hemming, 'that is done, thank fortune. And now I can rest, and,' with a rosy little blush flitting over her round cheeks, 'Tom will soon be here. He promised to come at seven. He said he would come early this evening for he is going to finish reading Aurora Leigh.'

'Will you have your tea now, mamma?' she inquired.

'Yes, dear,' she answered. 'You are expecting Tom, I suppose?'

The girl's pretty face flushed; that was answer enough. Mrs. Morris smiled.

'I am glad that you are engaged to Tom,' she observed, 'for he is good and reliable, an unusual trait in the young men of the present day Nellie, if I were a girl, I would never marry a man who broke his word, even in the most trifling matter.'

'Nor I,' quoth Nellie, gravely, shaking her curly brown head. 'Mamma,' after a brief silence, 'Jennie Ford has done all in her power to sow dissension between Tom and myself. But she shall not succeed, for I would trust Tom anywhere. There are not many men like Tom Lewis.'

She bustled about, little household fairy that she was, and prepared her mother's tea; that having been despatched, she shook up the pillows, threw an afghan over her mother, and having lighted the lamp on the center-table, turned it low; then she stole out upon the porch to wait for Tom.

'Tom will be here in a minute,' said Nellie, cheerfully, 'he is always so prompt; I can estimate to a moment just when to expect him.'

Nellie stepped into the sitting-room and glanced at the clock a little anxiously. Surely the old time-piece had gone wrong!

'Ah, well,' excused the little woman (women are prolific of excuses, where the man they love is concerned), 'something important has detained him, and he will soon be here. He has never disappointed me or kept me waiting. When Tom appoints an hour, he never fails.'

But there has to be a first time for everything, you see. Nellie stood waiting, waiting Every instant she fancied that she could hear the familiar sound of his footsteps coming down the long street upon which stood her suburban home. But the moments passed, and she was doomed to disappointment. At last, overcome by the heartache which had gradually asserted itself, she succumbed to 'a good cry' But after a time she lifted her little head with a haughty gesture, and dashed the tears from her eyes, suddenly grown hard, and bright, and scornful.

'Let him go,' she panted, angrily, 'if that is all that he cares for me. I will run over and see Aunt Mary, and Tom Lewis shall never know the full extent of my disappointment to-night. I don't care whether he comes or not.'

Nellie went into the house, bathed her eyes, smoothed her disordered hair, and as her mother was sleeping, and their little maid-of-all-work sat at her side, Nellie threw a white wrap about her own shoulders and started to call upon her aunt, who lived very near. But at her own gate she came to a halt. For there, passing down the street as though in great haste (perhaps he feared that Nellie might catch a glimpse of him), was Tom Lewis, her betrothed husband, and at his side pretty Jennie Ford.

Nellie did not sleep much that night, and morning found her pale and haggard. But she mailed the letter to Tom Lewis, and went about her duties cheerfully and as patiently as possible.

Late in the day there was a ring at the door bell. Nellie commanded the servant to say, if the visitor should prove to be Mr. Lewis, that she was engaged and could not see him. It was, indeed, Mr. Lewis, and, much to Nellie's discomfiture, he insisted upon seeing her mother.

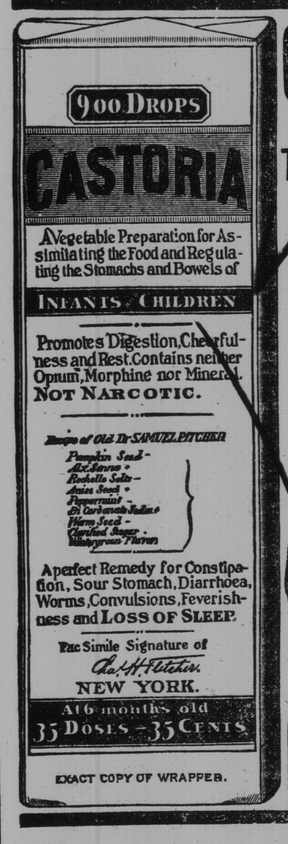
A long interview followed, after which Tom took his departure, but Mrs. Morris sent for Nellie to come to the room where she was lying.

'Nellie,' she began, reproachfully, 'you owe Tom an apology.'

'I—indeed!' stormed Nellie.

'Hush, my dear!' interposed her mother, 'you do not know all yet. Listen, Nellie. Mrs. Ford was taken suddenly ill last night; they thought that she would certainly die before morning, and she cannot survive many hours, I am told. Well, Tom Lewis was sent for to execute her last will and testament. As he is a lawyer, of course it is his business to attend to such calls. The message delayed him, and on his way to Mrs. Ford's he met Jennie, who had been sent in great haste to the drug store for medicine Of course Tom accompanied her to the store, and then escorted her home again, where he arrived in time to arrange Mrs. Ford's business before she sank into a state of insensibility, from which she will never awaken. My dear, it is not always advisable to judge by appearances. You will make it all up with Tom, will you not, Nellie?'

Of course Nellie and Tom 'made up their quarrel, and in all her after life Nellie never forgot that 'seeing is not always believing,' and 'appearances are often deceitful.'—[Mrs. E. Burke Collins.



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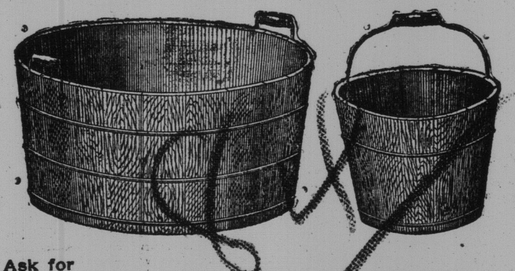

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HE INVENTED SKAT.

Only Claim to Fame of German Honored by Monument.

At Altenburg, ancient capital of the duchy of Saxe-Altenburg, there was unveiled the other day with imposing ceremonies a costly fountain, a memorial to Johannes Hempel, lawyer, who flourished in that quaint old city nearly a century ago.

Who was Hempel, and why should a stately memorial have been erected to his renown in the town of his nativity? Why should an obscure "Deutscher avocat" be thus singled out for perpetual distinction and grateful remebrance?

The answer is easy, adequate, inspiring. Eighty-six years ago, in a moment of happy inspiration, Hempel invented "skat," the national card game of Germany.

Sons of the fatherland have since played it with ever-increasing zest and proficiency, and have transplanted it to all quarters of the habitable globe. "Let me make the Germans' national game," Hempel might have cried, "and I care not who makes their songs nor their laws!" "Skat" has brought him immortality.

Doubtless there are Germans who know not Koerner, Lessing nor Goethe; a few, perchance, would balk and stammer if asked to sing Die Wacht am Rhein. But where is the man of Teutonic descent who cannot play "skat."

In this belated recognition of high social service, Germany sets an example worthy of emulation. It takes genius to devise a card game that can be nationalized within half a century.

Where is there an American monument to the inventor of draw poker? Let this unknown genius be searched out and his name and fame commemorated even as the Altenburgers have showered posthumous honor upon the original deviser of "skat."—Philadelphia North American.

HEART ON RIGHT SIDE.

Death Reveals an Extraordinary Case of Malformation.

Brookings, S. D., Dec. 20.—Surprising results have developed at a post mortem examination of the body of Wm. Allison, twenty-one years old, who died after ten days' illness apparently from inflammation of the stomach.

The surgeons were astonished to find a most peculiar displacement of the internal organs. The operators found an opening through the diaphram and a dilated stomach nearly three times normal size, completely filling the left side of the thoracic cavity, taking the place of the left lung. There was no left lung, only a small rudimentary lung about one inch thick and three inches square.

Lying under the stomach was found the ascending and descending colon with the appendix attached in its usual place on the lower end of the colon, and also in the thoracic cavity. The heart was located on the lower right side of the thoracic cavity, extending parallel and next to the spinal column between the second and fifth ribs. The right lung was not normal size.

There is no question but the anatomical malformations of the different organs had existed from infancy. The young man had never been ill, and this is the reason his peculiar condition had never been disclosed. The case is believed to be one of the most remarkable in the history of surgery.

Protestant Orphan Asylum.

The treasurer thankfully acknowledges the following subscription, in response to the annual appeal: Dr. J. M. Magee, $15; Mrs. Hugh H. McLean, George McArthur, John R. Armstrong, Wm. Bruckhof, $5 each; George A. Kimball, $10; Thomas Irwin, $1; E. A. Goodwin, $10; Thomas F. White, $20; Charles A. McDonald, $2; W. Rupert Turnbull, $10; J. E. Secord, $5; A. Wellsley Peters, $5; Charles H. Peters, $10; Chas. K. Schofield, $5; C. H. Peters & Son, $5; J. Hunter White, $2; David Brown, $3; Edmund G. Kaye, $5; Mrs. J. Gillis Keater, $2; G. H. G., $5, Anon, $5; C. H. Stewart, $2; amount still required, $600.

New York Subway officials have estimated that they would run 660 cars an hour and carry 125,000 passengers a day.

A report of the treasurer of Cornell University was given out last week, and it was found that there was a deficit of $72,000.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after SUNDAY, Oct. 11, 1903, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No. 6—Mixed for Moncton 6.30
No. 2—Express for Halifax, the Sydneys and Campbellton 7.00
No. 4—Mixed for Point du Chene 13.15
No. 26—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou 12.15
No. 8—Express for Sussex 17.10
No. 134—Express for Quebec and Montreal 18.00
No. 10—Express for Halifax and Sydney 23.25

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

No. 9—Express from Halifax and Sydney 6.20
No. 7—Express from Sussex 9.00
No. 133—Express from Montreal and Quebec 13.50
No. 5—Mixed from Moncton 15.20
No. 3—Mixed from Point du Chene 16.50
No. 25—Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton 17.40
No. 1—Express from Halifax 18.40
No. 81—Express from Moncton (Sunday only) 24.35

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time; 24.00 o'clock is midnight.
Moncton, N. B., Oct. 9, 1903.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Telephone 1053.
GEO. CARVILL, C.T.A.

Our New Term Begins Monday, January 4th

The year now closing has been our Record Year. For this we thank our patrons, and will strive earnestly to deserve that 1904 will be still more successful.
We hold the right for exclusive use in New Brunswick of the latest, and only up-to-date Actual Business Practice.
Send for Catalogue.
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THE ST. JOHN Business COLLEGE
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Oddfellows' Hall.

Our Millionaire

By Elliott Walker.

'Here's a telegram, Mr. Broughton—any answer?' said our pretty waitress, as she handed me an envelope.

We were at breakfast, Grace, the two girls and I. 'No answer, Annie,' I returned as I glanced at the despatch.

I looked at my wife, then at the girls. Of course they were all looking hard at me No woman ever saw a telegram opened at the table without expecting something of importance to be divulged.

'Girls,' I cried, 'rig up in your best and look your prettiest—a millionaire's coming to dinner!'

'W-h-a-t!' exploded the three.

'Listen to this,' I laughed.

Will be in your town eleven ten train. Call on your folks about noon.
JERRARD B TIMMINS.

'Who is he?' asked my eldest.

'Why, old Jerry's boy; the old man left him a fortune. He's one of the biggest lumber dealers in Maine now. He can't be over twenty-eight. I haven't seen the lad for ten years, last time I was up in Bacon Falls. He was a good looking chap as I remember and working away with the men, learning the business.'

'Your folks!' I don't fancy that! observed Grace, 'and rather a pronounced way of stating his intention of calling, I should say.'

My wife is a very proper lady and always puts manners before money. I don't.

'Your hair is all right, girls, I said, with mock severity, 'no necessity arranging yourselves at the table—he isn't here yet'

The unconscious fingers dropped suddenly, the girls blushed and laughed.

'I know he isn't married,' I went on, jokingly, 'let me see, Louise, you're twenty-two you ought to have first chance. Clara is only nineteen; she's a little young to—'

'Oh, do stop, Phil,' broke in their mother; 'why do you put such notions in their heads?'

'Well,' I went on, 'I can't vouch for him—he may not be very polished; but if he is like his father he will be worth knowing and tieing to.'

Old thoughts sobered me as my mind dwelt on the memory of the friend who had died but a year since—bluff Jerry Timmins—who wrote me every Christmas Day, and ever kept in remembrance the hours of our occasional reunions. Honest, rough, ungrammatical Jerry! I missed him, and his boy should have my warmest welcome.

'I'm off to business,' I said, rising from the table. 'If he comes to the house first, keep him until I return. Dinner at one, as usual.'

We have always kept to the good old fashion of dining at noon. The city isn't large enough yet to necessitate radical changes, and a lawyer can take his time in this place.

'Young Mr. Timmins will meet two mighty pretty girls, that's one thing certain,' I said to myself, as I walked down town.

When the whistles blew at noon I left the office for the house. I was not busy, and was very anxious to see my expected guest.

It was a bright December day, and the sleighing was good Walking briskly along I soon reached home and went in. On the hatrack hung an immense fur coat surmounted by a big coonskin cap. My guest had arrived.

A loud, hearty voice was ringing in the parlor. I walked in. Louise and Clara were sitting on a sofa close together. Their faces were crimson with suppressed mirth and their eyes shone widely. My wife was in a chair near by wearing a countenance that was a study.

On a small round ottoman, directly in front of the girls, sat a huge young man talking animatedly.

'Here's father!' cried Clara, as I paused in astonishment.

Our guest rose from his seat with a sort of spring and grasped my extended hand in a mighty clutch 'I'm glad to see ye, Mr. Broughton—how air ye, sir!' he announced in tones of such welcome that my response sounded to me like a whisper. 'I'm asked ter stay ter dinner by yer folks an' I'm goin' ter of its convenient. It's good ter hev ye all so hospitable—makes me feel ter hum.'

I have never seen a more splendid specimen of physical manhood than young Jerrard Timmins; over six feet in height. His features were irregularly frank and pleasing showing big white teeth—altogether he quite took me by storm.

Although rather extravagantly dressed, his clothing was expensive and well fitting There was no nonsense about him—he was what he seemed—a big, honest presence

'Father thought a pile o' you Mr Broughton,' he remarked, dropping his voice a trifle, and looking at us all with a contemplative affectionate glance I was his dead father's old friend—this was my wife—these my children—and that sufficed.

Dinner passed off much better than I anticipated. To be sure, our guest used his knife rather freely when a fork would have been more in order, drank from the finger bowl, called the waitress 'Annie' to her consternation, and got somewhat mixed regarding the small fork and knife. He tucked his napkin in his neck and fell to with vigor, eating everything offered and more.

'There,' he observed, when he had finished, pulling out his napkin and carefully folding it the wrong way, 'that's what I call a good square meal I've enj'yed it Done jestice to y'r cookin', I guess.'

He pushed back his chair. 'What let's do this arternoon?' he asked 'Wanter take a sleighride girls? Wanter go?' he added, nodding genially to my better half

'N—no—I think not,' said she, and gave her daughters a warning glance.

To her horror, they promptly accepted the invitation. They were in a mood to do anything—I saw that. The jovial Jerrard was fast winning them to his side.

'Where's a good liv'ry stable?' he asked. 'We'll make the snow fly of I kin get a good hess—hey Louise?'

'I'll show you one,' said I. 'Let' go into the library and have a cigar and a little talk. There is plenty of time.'

The ladies departed for preparation on the part of the girls, and admonition on the part of their mother.

'Well, Jerrard,' I began, as he stretched his great form on the big lounge.

'Call me Jerry,' he interrupted.

'Jerry then,' I said, laughing, 'tell me something of yourself.'

'Why, there's nothin' to tell,' he replied, 'I'm jest me. What do yer want ter know?'

'Oh, about business—how you are getting on, how things are with you?' I said.

'Everthing's all right,' he answered 'bisness boomin', makin' money and not'in' to complain of on the score of health. I stay home most of the time and manage the plant, jest as father did. Take a bizness trip now and then. I'm a rough sort of feller, I s'pose—camp with the men sometimes and don't see women folks much. It's been jest work, eat and sleep all Winter so fer.

'Yer see,' he went on, 'about all father keered fer was the biz—an' me, an' about all I keered for was him. We was more like brothers—I never took to school—I've got to have room. When he went I jest hoisted the whole outfit onter my shoulders and I've got along fust rate. I miss him bad, though.'

We talked for half an hour, and his shrewd simplicity impressed me. Then I directed him to a livery stable.

About three o'clock my attention was attracted by some commotion outside. Jerrard Timmins and my girls were tearing down Main street in Burleigh's wide cutter neck and neck with Jim Allen's trotter.

Timmins and Allen were yelling at their steeds with hoarse shouts of encouragement The girls, their hair flying wildly, were holding on for dear life, breathless with excitement. As they whirled by, Timmins began to gain.

'Good heavens!' I gasped, 'he'll go right through the post office.' He slowed up as he reached the corner and looked around at Allen only a few feet behind him. 'Yer gin me quite a brush, Cap,' he shouted; 'wanter try it back?'

Allen shook his head and grinned, turned around and drove away, followed by a few derisive hoots from the onlookers.

Five o'clock came and with it my guest. He blew into the office like a great breeze. 'Good by,' he announced, 'I've got to ketch that five twenty train. Sorry I can't stay ter supper. I've had a beyootiful time an' the girls enj'yed the ride. They're fine! I'll have to tell Sadie all about 'em.'

'Why, who is Sadie?' I asked.

'Didn't I tell yer? No, I guess I didn't,' he answered, smiling at me. 'Sadie's my girl—we're goin' to be married next Spring. I'm buildin' a rattlin house—best in the county. Goin' to hev a biler in it, and everything. Wal, I can't stop. Ef you folks'll come to the weddin' it shan't cost yer a cent. Come of ye kin, all of yer. Good-by!' and off he went.

I found my family in the parlor, disturbing their digestions over a five pound box of Huyler's. They beamed upon me as I approached.

'Well, he's gone!' I said. 'What kind of an afternoon have you had?'

'You tell, Clara,' said Louise, 'you can take him off better than I can.'

Clara, who is quite a mimic began. 'When he drove up in that cutter we thought we should faint. He tucked us in like a couple of children and off we went. He drove up to the end of Main street and there we met Allen, the horse jockey. The first I knew we were racing like mad. My! but it was fun!'

'I saw you!' I interrupted.

'Well,' she resumed, 'we went all over, he looking for someone else to race with, but couldn't find any one. We saw about every person we knew in town. How people did stare! Finally he said, 'Let's hitch an git out!' This was right by the post-office. 'Hev some candy, girls!' said he. We said we would. He wanted to get us five pounds a piece, but we swore we couldn't eat it.'

'Then nothing would do but to go into Stone & Company's jewelry store. Why, we might be sporting diamonds this minute if we hadn't been so modest. 'How much for thir trinket?' he asked, picking up a perfectly lovely cluster pin 'Two hundred and ten dollars,' said the clerk 'Like it Lulie? Put it on! Take it!' Why he had a roll of bills as large as my two fists. 'I'll blow my hull wad,' said he 'but you two girls shell hev what yer want. Lots more where this come from.' We let him off on two little pearl pins—just alike. They are beauties though. Then he bought two stunning etchings for mother and you—he insisted on getting something and we picked them out and left them to be framed. They're sweet. Wasn't it kind?'

'We got him away from the stores at last, resumed my youngest; 'he was getting a regular buying fever, but we couldn't let him get us anything more, could we?'

'Decidedly not,' I replied; 'he was too generous as it was, but it was a pleasure to him, and he can afford it.'

'He ate up a good share of our chocolates when we got back,' laughed Louise. 'Said he, I do love sweets.' We had quite a visit, as he says.

'Then he kissed us all good by!' Clara. 'Pity he isn't more cultivated

For twenty four years Vapo-Cresolene has been extensively used for all forms of bronchial troubles. All Druggists.

A monument is to be erected (N.J.), to the memory of English, author of "Ben Bolt