

JACOB COPE'S NEW FRIEND.

In the Saturday Evening Post. The old Kensington Railway Station was wrapped in gloom. It was midnight, and the occasional gas jets simply seemed to bewilder the few passengers who were unfortunate enough to reach Philadelphia by this late train.

Great brick boiler-works darkened the narrow streets down which a sturdy foot traveler made rapid progress on his homeward way. He was well in the shadow, and supposed himself to be alone in the square, when he caught the sound of stealthy steps close in his rear.

There was no answer, but Jacob Cope's strong eyes detected the marks of the prisoner. He turned back a pace or two. 'I assure thee I shall do thee no harm. It is very chill; I wish thee would come on directly.'

Suddenly he stopped, walking, lifted his strong arm, and held it, as in a vise, the thin, trembling fingers, which were already clapping the purse.

'I am afraid of you,—most afraid, for it seems too good to be true. I'll do it.' It was no new experience for Jacob Cope's family to receive an unannounced guest, and they were already gathered in the dining-room when the stranger was presented.

'The man rose—and made a movement, as if to run; then he slowly sat down again whispering: 'It is New Year's Day.' The friend took a little packet from his pocket.

'I mean,—but it was more owing to my vigilance than thy intent.' The poor man stopped. He leaned back against a brick wall and looked into the distance, now becoming visible with more frequent lights. Jacob's heart was touched.

'I care so much that I shall devote myself to helping thee to do right.' A gray cloud came over his face. 'You won't give me back,—my time was almost up,—I swear it was. You won't make me go back again?'

'The man actually smiled. 'Oh, I can stand it for a while yet if I'm sure you're not a fake and aren't going to give me up—'

'All that is necessary to prove the strict truth of Mr. Mil's statement, is to try a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

'I was all of that, but they would not let me off. I had to come out for the New Year. I took a big risk? What would they do if they caught me?'

'The man rose—and made a movement, as if to run; then he slowly sat down again whispering: 'It is New Year's Day.' The friend took a little packet from his pocket.

make an exception and ask thee to receive from me a trifle which will, I trust, serve thee in many ways. The convict unfolded the purse, with its contents, just as he would of taken them at midnight,—by force. His face colored, tears sprang to his eyes, and then the door opened, and Jacob's children trooped in.

There were childish games of a simple fashion, such as had no false ring, and at last John Elbridge felt his tongue loosed, and he took the youngest on his knees, and told them tales of a seafaring life—his father's own adventures in the far East—until the twilight fell. His heart was warmed by the care which had secured for him an excellent lodging, and a welcome at this homely but happy hearth.

'At nine to-morrow, then, I will go with thee on thy little journey, and, at thy return, these shall fill a place in our wardrobe. And a childish trouble added: 'I wish it were the New Year every day.'

'So, too, do I,' replied the stranger, with a virile struggle to force back his tears. 'Let each day be to us all, my children, the beginning of a year that has higher aims and greater fulfillment than those hitherto.'

And somewhere from the open door there came the sound of 'Amen.' MR. FRANK P. MILLS. Tells of his Struggle With Kidney Disease.

Got no Relief Till I Used Dodd's Kidney Pills—One Box of This Great Remedy Completely Cured My Disease. ZEPHYRUS, N. B., Feb. 20.—Mr. Frank P. Mills, a well-known, energetic and popular business man of this town has made public a statement that will have a vast deeper interest for tens of thousands of people on this continent, than the Spanish-American treaty of peace, or any other event of public importance.

West Pablico, Feb. 4, to the wife of Albert Le-Rose, a son. West Pablico, Feb. 10, to the wife of Eugene D'Armet, a son. Clinton, Colchester, Co., to the wife of Rev. Lewis Palmer, a son.

MARRIED. Oyster Pond, Jeddore, Jan. 20, Isaac Day to Frances Mitchell. Sandy Cove, Feb. by Rev. Dr. Morse, Lou's Corset, to Francetta Frost.

Port Lorne, Feb. 1st by Rev. G. W. Foster, Russell Gills, to Annie Dunphy. St. John, Feb. 15 by Rev. Dr. Carey, Dr. H. E. Dartmouth, F. B. 14, by Rev. Mr. Stewart, Frank D. Byr, to Isabella Story.

DIED. Pictou, Feb. 9, Wm. Everett, 71. Sussex, Feb. 2, Ellen J. Bear, 80. Yarmouth, Feb. 16, David Gear, 14.

Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED BORN. Pictou, to the wife of E. McConnell, a daughter. Halifax, Feb. 16, to the wife of C. B. F. L., a son.

PATENTS. When you want to procure or sell a patent you should write to a patent attorney who understands the patent laws—beware of firms who offer schemes.

Walters' True Brand SCISSORS. TRADE MARK REGISTERED. ARE WARRANTED TO SATISFY. MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP COY. New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP COY. New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line. Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, East's Point), November 14, 21, 28, and December 5, and weekly thereafter.

EXPRESS TRAINS. Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a.m., ar. in Digby 12.30 p.m. Lve. Digby 1.00 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 2.30 p.m.

S.S. Prince George, BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and swiftest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every MONDAY and THURSDAY immediately on arrival of the Express train arriving in Boston early next morning.

Intercolonial Railway. and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. -NEW- TRAIN CONNECTION -FOR- DETROIT, CHICAGO, &c. Lve St. John, N. B., 6.15 p.m. Arrive Montreal 10.15 a.m. Leave Montreal 1.00 p.m. Arrive Toronto 4.15 p.m. Arrive Detroit 7.45 p.m.