

June Cometh.

O Lover-bird, haste to thy wooing;
Break forth into bloom, red rose;
For the east doth flash with an eager
blush,
And June thro' the garden goes.

She is white like the tall white lilies
That thick the air with sweet,
And the yellow hair o'er her bosom bare
Falls down to her sandals feet.

Her eyes are as deep as the ocean,
And calm as a forest pool;
Her breath is as free as the sea-winds be,
And her lips with the dew are cool.

She comes from the daisied meadows,
By tender winds o'erblown;
For May, the child who erst ran wild,
Is now to a woman grown.

Behold! like a queen she cometh,
So stately and fair and mild;
And the lilies around in their own perfume
To touch her fairer cheek.

O birds, be no cease to your singing;
Break forth into bloom, red rose;
For day's high-prism comes out of the
east,
And June thro' the garden goes.

Her eyelids droop with the passion
Her trembling lips would own;
And the kiss of the sun her brow upon
A rose in her cheek has blown.

Her long white arms to her lover
She lifts, and her parted lips
Drink the light of his kiss, as a bee, I wist,
The sweet of a lily sips.

Sing loud, O ye birds, of loving,
Till all the world gives ear;
For the sun is in love in the heavens above,
And June, the queen, is here.

—CHARLES W. COLEMAN, JUN., in
Harper's Magazine for June.

—Scribner's Magazine for June
marks the beginning of the very important
series on the Building and Manage-
ment of Railways, for which preparations
have long been making. It is also an
unusually strong number in its literary
features—Henry James, Thomas Bailey
Aldrich, Robert Louis Stevenson, and
Augustine Birrell being among the con-
tributors.

"The Building of a Railway" is the
leading article, written by Thomas Curtis
Clark, certainly among the most emi-
nent of American bridge builders, and a
man of the widest experience in railway
construction. In addition to his thorough
knowledge, he possesses the knack of
putting it in a clear, forcible, and interest-
ing way. He makes very vivid the idea
of the immensity of the American railway
system by striking comparisons; he has
followed each step in the evolution of it
with an acute analysis of the moving
causes; he has paid a hearty tribute to
American ingenuity and perseverance
which have made our railways essentially
different from and superior to those in the
old world; and he concludes by pointing
out the great part played by the railway
in changing the whole basis of civilization
from military to industrial.

—Two-thirds of the young tobacco
plants in western North Carolina were
killed by recent frosts. Vegetables and
wheat were greatly damaged at numerous
points on the mountains.

For Sale and To Let.
For Sale or to Let.

A GOOD BLACKSMITH SHOP, with
tools therein, and comfortable
Dwelling House adjacent thereto, situated
within two hundred yards of the Court
House, Dorchester, Cornwall, N. B., is
sold or let separately or together, as
desired. Apply to

W. WILBERFORCE WELLS,
may9-1m
Dorchester, N. B.

For Sale or to Let.

THE HOUSE on Salem Street, near
Capt. E. A. Reed's, at present owned
and occupied by Mrs. Albert Black. It is
in good order, has front porch, cellar, is
situated within convenient distance of
schools, academies, public offices, &c. A
never failing well of water, good garden,
and about two and a half acres of pasture
land. For particulars apply to Mrs. Black
or Josiah Wood, M. P.
Sackville, Feb. 14, 1888.

To Rent.

THE house and grounds formerly the
residence of the late Reuben Chase,
Esq., Upper Sackville. There is a large
garden and flower garden. The house is
convenient and comfortable, with
good barn and outbuildings. About
number of good hens for sale. Possession
given immediately. Apply to

MRS. REUBEN CHASE,
Upper Sackville,
April 18th, 1887.

For Sale.

THE PREMISES occupied by me in
B. Vette, consisting of a dwelling
House, Shop, Office, Outhouses and Wharf.
The location is one of the most convenient
and desirable in town, and only a few min-
utes' walk from the Churches, School House
or Station.
If not sold within a short time, the Shop,
with Office, situated on any kind of busi-
ness, can be let separately.
Title undoubted. Apply to

A. T. WELLING,
Baie Verte, May 26th, 1887.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." R. A. AUSTIN, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CASTORIA cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kinds Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medicaments.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

RHODES, CURRY & Co.,
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,
Manufacturers and Builders.

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, etc.

SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders' Materials.

Send for Estimates.

SACKVILLE
Drug Store

Garden Seeds!

GARDEN SEEDS!

Flower Seeds!

FLOWER SEEDS!

Flower Seeds!

Flower Seeds!

Flower Seeds!

Flower Seeds!

Flower Seeds!

Flower Seeds!

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Flower Seeds!

Flower Seeds!

(Continued from first page.)

disposed to give the newcomer a
'show' and when time passed, and
Parson Jim proved that he was made
of the right stuff, they not only
welcomed him, but made him heartily
welcome.

There was no church in the Gulch,
there was no schoolhouse; there was
not even a hall of any kind. There
was, however, a large frame shanty
used for a whisky saloon, named by
its proprietor "The Rocky Mountain
Sample Room." In the West, it was
remembered, all the drinks are
samples, no matter if the same con-
sumer gets away with fifty glasses
from the same barrel.

Parson Jim made his appearance in
the Gulch during the winter immedi-
ately following the summer when the
Honorable Samuel Green made his
important discovery of the existence
of silver in the valley. He arrived on
a handsome team, without bag or
baggage, and made his quarters at
the rude hotel connected with the
sample room. It was only a few
days before the evening, there was a
scuffle in the large bar-room, and the
newcomer landed in through one of
the doors to see what was the trouble.

A young and slender lad of perhaps
nineteen or twenty years was strug-
gling with a manly-looking, muscular
man of twice his age. It was only a
question of minutes when the big
rough fellow would down his young
opponent, and yet the dozen or so on-
lookers made no attempt at interfe-
rence. Just as the new arrival ap-
peared on the scene, the younger com-
batant was being gradually driven to
the door by the more powerful oppo-
nent. Quick as lightning, the big
fellow drew his bowie knife and raised
it, preparatory to plunging it into the
lad.

"Hands off, you bully!" shouted the
stranger in a hoarse voice, and the
fighter glanced rapidly in the direc-
tion from whence these words came,
but did not drop the hand which gripped
the ugly knife.

"Drop that knife!" thundered the
stranger, at the same time laying his
hand upon his pistol-pocket.

The bully noticed the last named
action, he let go the boy, yelled,
with added oath: "Come, you shut
up! Who are you, anyhow?" The large
man was evidently very angry. He
held the knife in his left hand, and
with his right drew a heavy revolver,
which he proceeded to level at the
stranger.

"Throw up your hands, quick!"
shouted the latter. But the fellow
did not hear this warning. Clank! he
went the hammer of the pistols. It
was a question of quarter-seconds
now. Bang! went one revolver—
the stranger's—and the big man fell—
dead.

Then there was a momentary
silence, followed by some queer ex-
clamations: "Dead as a nail!" "Sawed
him right!" "Stranger's a plucky un!"
"Be-ewildered shot!" "Who air you,
stranger, anyhow?"

"Boys," said the new arrival, when
as he had a chance to speak, "this
is a sort of business that I am not
fond of. Sometimes it is necessary,
though, as it was to night. I am
sorry; but let's say no more about it.
I pay the funeral expenses and answer
all questions. You want to know
where I am? Well, I'm a preacher; and
there'll be preaching in this room
with the landlord's permission, next
Sunday morning at ten o'clock."

It was a strange introduction for
a preacher, but it was perhaps the best
one he could have had in that wild
place. Anyway, the respect of those
rough miners was lastingly secured,
and from that time on he grew in
favor as a man and a preacher.

In those old coach-days there was
one serious drawback to travelling be-
tween Denver and George Washing-
ton Gulch—the road was infested by
a small but hitherto invincible band
of desperadoes, under the leadership
of a regular desperado known as
"Kansas." This man had been at-
tacked and robbed the coaches fifteen
or eighteen times within six months;
and though he had never been known
to be accompanied by more than three
confederates, his hand was the terror
of the stage-drivers and their passen-
gers. Once some proprietors of a pa-
stage coach line had organized a
company of armed men, who scoured the
country in search of Kansas and his
crew; but the outlaw remained at
large, and within a week lightened a
coach of seven thousand dollars-worth
of silver and horses.

Late in the evening of a summer
day, when, with the exception of a
party of gamblers at the "Sample
Rooms," all the citizens of the Gulch
were soundly sleeping, a solitary
horseman rode up to the unpretentious
shanty which did duty for a person-
age. He was a man of middle age,
rouned but, rudely constructed and
roughly furnished. On this occasion
the "personage" was in sole charge of
Ah Wing, a "heaven Chinee," who
acted as Parson Jim's cook and cham-
bermaid. Ah Wing was himself
preparing some proprietors of a pa-
stage, for his sleepy features, usually
utterly void of expression, were
illuminated by a yellow smile. The
person was off, as he usually was, on
a trip down the valley, and the pa-
sonage, being well removed from the
mercenary of the settlement, was
seldom visited during his absence.

The dreaming celestial was therefore
much surprised, and indeed fright-
ened, when he was awakened from his
slumber by a violent hammering
at the barred door. He cautiously
drew back the screen, and peered
out into the warm, starlit night.
Close to the door he beheld a
stalwart man with long black hair
and a heavy mustache, holding in
one hand the bridle of a large horse,
while on his left arm he carried a girl
—evidently dead or in a fainting con-
dition.

"Where is the person?" asked the
stranger in a firm but quiet voice.

"Parson Jim he go way nuchee; he
no come home till Sunday," replied
the surprised Chinaman.

"Well, hold my horse, and hold him
tight. This young woman is very
sick, and I'm going to lay her on the
parson's bed."

He entered the room, and tenderly
laid his burden on the camp cot which
Parson Jim used for a bed. Then he
tore a fly-net from an old book which
he was reading, and, producing
a short end of a pencil from his pocket,
wrote hastily and somewhat clumsily
a few words.

"See here," he said to the Chinaman
as he stepped to the door; give this
piece of paper to the parson as soon
as he returns. This young lady is hurt
a little, and frightened a great
deal, and she has fainted. Pretty
soon she will come round. When she
does, see that you take good care of
her, you yellow-skinned, white livered
duck! Perhaps you'll behave yourself
all the better if I tell you my name
is Kansas.

The Chinaman perceptibly trembled
as he heard the dreaded name, but
said nothing, and the handsome
stranger sprang to his horse and rode
away.

Ah Wing quietly surveyed his new
charge, and saw that she was a
yellow-haired, fair-complexioned girl
of perhaps fifteen or sixteen years, slender,
and evidently unused to work of
any kind. The Chinaman faithfully
kept watch all night, and noticed that
the girl passed gradually from her
faint into an easy slumber.

It was six o'clock in the morning,
and the girl was still sleeping, when
Parson Jim returned. Ah Wing felt
much relieved, and at once handed
the note to his master. The paper was
written in a rough, unknown hand,
but this was what he managed to decipher:
"Parson—You are understood to be
a pretty good fellow. This girl's
father was accidentally shot this evening
in a scuffle with the coach-people.
She must be cared for; and I select
you for the job. I know your
name, and you are the only man in
Colorado I would trust with an un-
protected girl. I will see that you are
supplied from time to time with money
for her keep. Be true to this trust, or
look out for—"
KANSAS.

The parson twirled the paper in
his fingers, shoved it into his hip-
pocket, and then asked a few ques-
tions of Ah Wing.

"What kind of a fellow brought the
girl here?"

"Much fine Melican man," re-
plied the little Chinaman.

"Would you know him again if you
saw him, Ah Wing?"

"No, sir," he replied, "I don't know
him."

"Half an hour later, the fair young
stranger opened her eyes, and the
parson, in his homely but pleasant
way, proceeded to make her feel at
home.

"I am afraid, miss, that you have
just passed through a serious
trouble; but try and feel that you
are at least safe and among friends.
You are welcome to all this poor
house affords, and anything we can do
for you shall be done."

But the girl burst into a flood of
tears, and could speak no words but
"Father—poor father!"

Later on, Parson Jim learned that
she and her father were the only pas-
sengers on the preceding day from
Denver, and that they were going
through to Colorado Springs on the
way to New Orleans. The coach was
highly respected, and as the
girl's father, Mr. Winslow, rather un-
wisely resisted them, he was shot
dead. Then the girl had fainted,
and remembered nothing, until she
had found herself in Parson Jim's
best room. Her name, she said, was
Ethel Winslow.

Putting the girl's story and the
contents of the note together, it looked
as though the desperado Kansas
had killed the girl's father, and
prompted by some feelings of remorse
and pity, had undertaken to help the
bereaved daughter.

Parson Jim was somewhat rested and his grief
less poignant, Parson Jim had another
talk with her.

"What would you like to do," he
said.

"Oh, sir, there is nothing for me to
do but to work on some kind here
in this place. We had no friends—
father and I had lived and travelled
together since my mother died! many
years ago. We were getting poor,
I know, and my father had some
play of his own, but what they were,
I don't know. If you will help me
to get a living here, I will be much
obliged, and I am willing to try
anything."

"My poor child," said Parson Jim
in his kindly voice. "I am truly sorry
for you. If you can be content in
this place, I will work for you. I
have until we can manage some-
thing better for you. I have no
one for whom I care, or who cares for
me—only the boys in the camp.
But those same boys will tell you
that not a hair of your head will be
hurt. I have plenty of this world's wealth,
more than the boys imagine—and I
can afford a slight addition to my
family."

So she stayed and found that Parson
Jim's words were true. She could
not have been treated more as a
daughter had she been an earl's daughter,
and the guest of a dowager-duchess.
As the weeks passed, Parson Jim
managed to add a couple of cute little
rooms to the parsonage, one of which
was "my lady's chamber," and the
other the "parlor." Then, too, pretty
parson's furniture came from Den-
ver, and the boys began to think that
the parson was putting on "lugs."
But they excused a good deal in the
parson, and really lived with one
another in paying homage in their
rough way to the parson's wealth.
Of course they soon knew the
parson, and Parson Jim had shown
the Honorable Samuel Green that
Kansas had left with Ethel Winslow.

Months fled, and Ethel stayed on
at the Gulch. She became con-
tented, and much appreciated the
parson's care and efforts to make her
comfortable. She showed her grati-
tude in a hundred womanly ways,
and kept the parsonage as neat and
pretty as if it had been in Massachu-
setts or the English Midlands, instead
of in a wild Colorado valley. Only
every time news came of a robbery or
murder by Kansas and his gang,
would the poor girl become agitated,
and cry for vengeance on the man who
took from her a dear father.

Three years slipped quickly by away
at George Washington Gulch. The
robber had evidently not forgotten his
promise to provide for the girl; for
at odd times, a packet of money
had been found on the outside of the
parson's window—marked "From
Kansas." It had always been placed
there overnight, in a mysterious man-
ner; for no one was ever seen to do it.
Parson Jim himself still preached
every Sunday in the Sample Rooms,
and was still a prime favorite with the
miners, though they sometimes won-
dered why a man who was evidently
so well "fixed" as the parson should
elect to stay in a rough, out-of-the-
way place like the Gulch.

Ethel Winslow had grown into a
beautiful woman, and was good as
she was pretty. Parson Jim per-
ceived this. Parson Jim was in love
with his ward.

"I cannot answer that question,
dear Jim," said the girl. "Myself is
the only reward which I can offer to
any man, because I have naught else.
So I have long made up my mind to
keep myself to offer, if needs be, as a
reward to the man who shall kill Kan-
sas. If I were not for that firm re-
solve, I would say 'Yes' at once."
For Jim, who deserved my love and all
I have, but do not ask me, dear.
Perhaps Kansas will be cap-
tured, anyhow—and soon—by some
one who will never think of reward.
Then—well, don't think badly of me,
Jim, dear; two things would make me
a happy girl—vengeance on Kansas,
and the right to call you my husband."

Parson Jim heard these words sadly
enough; but he thought too much
of Ethel and her resolves to seek hastily
to turn her from her purpose even for
his own benefit.

Early in the following summer, to-
wards sunset, Ethel sat on the porch
of the parsonage quite alone. The
parson was away, and had been away
all day, and might not return until
the following evening. One of the
men from the Gulch approached and
dressed his hat.

"Parson in, miss?"

"No, Zeké," he said, "he is away to-day."

"Well, I was just again to tell him
that we've got news that Kansas is
likely to be up to mischief 'way
about ten miles along the valley trail-
ing. It's the first time we've got a
pointer as far as Kansas' tricks, and
some of us thought as like enough
might make up a little crowd to down
his nob. Parson's mostly game for
business that's right an' square, so I
kum up ter tell him."

Ethel's eyes flashed and the warm
blood coursed quickly through her
veins, as a wild thought occurred to
her. She could ride like an Indian,
and she was a dead shot; Parson Jim
had taken a special delight in making
her a good horsewoman and clever
with a pistol.

"I will go," she said. "I'm not going
to ask if I may go; I'm going, Zeké."

"All right, miss; it's only a risky
work, and I don't want to see you
hurt. Parson wouldn't like fer yer ter
go."

"Yes, he would, Zeké—yes he would—
Don't you know—don't you remem-
ber all about my poor father? I will
go; and if I get within range of Kan-
sas, I will shoot him without mercy."

So Ethel joined the party of fifteen
or twenty armed men who rode out
that night for the purpose of capturing,
if possible, Kansas and his desperadoes.
They rode in as wide a line as the
valley would permit, so that no
company of horsemen might pass them
unnoticed, and this plan proved a
good one. About ten o'clock at night
they espied four horsemen, evidently
awaiting the coach, and closed in upon
them. Zeké insisted in keeping Ethel
Winslow back, and made her promise
to stay with him if the boys could
effect a quick capture. But no; the
one man riding the lead horse, who
they supposed to be Kansas, had
resolved to fight dearly for his life.

There was a sharp, quick interchange
of pistol shots. Three of the rebbers
and three of their pursuers fell from
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Winslow back, and made her promise
to stay with him if the boys could
effect a quick capture. But no; the
one man riding the lead horse, who
they supposed to be Kansas, had
resolved to fight dearly for his life.

There was a sharp, quick interchange
of pistol shots. Three of the rebbers
and three of their pursuers fell from