

UNCLE SILE'S UMBRELLA.

A Queer Adventure "Fifty Year Ago."

BY JOHN BIRD.

Talks about parachutes, said old Ben Marston, "I'm going to a circus to-day at night, and up on the mountain..."

It was in the village store at Cardiff, in New Hampshire, the night after the county fair at Ferrisville, ten miles away...

After Ben had assumed his favorite attitude for story-telling he thought it necessary to asseverate that the forthcoming tale was an "actual fact."

There was one place on this road that every related traveller was glad to leave behind him—a deep ravine near the summit of the ridge.

Now, in the gathering darkness, Uncle Silas quickened his steps unconsciously. He was still some distance below this place when, from the woods on his left, a fierce cry broke sharply on the twilight stillness.

For a moment the horrible scream seemed everywhere, echoing along the mountain side and penetrating the ravines. Then, in the stillness, the old man stood breathless, listening, while the stories he had heard of the panther crowded upon him, and a chill that he could not repress spread slowly down his spine.

At first the hopelessness of escaping seemed to paralyze him. He hesitated, as if he would meet the danger where he stood. What use to run from a creature that could overtake a deer in such snuff? How hide from eyes that saw clearly as twilight deepened?

But the habits of the old preacher's life were stronger than any danger. He lifted his face in a swift, mute prayer; then dropping his bundle and grasping his old umbrella he bounded up the path toward the summit. There the forest ended, and the panther could not leap unseen upon his shoulders from some overhanging limb.

Long years of constant travelling had given Uncle Silas hard muscles and immense endurance, though he was a small man. He needed these qualities now as he struggled against the snow and the steep incline.

One winter, just fifty-three years ago, according to Ben Marston, there was a panther scare in Cardiff, a "real scare," with a good reason for it.

Some sheep had been killed on outlying farms, and Deacon Swain's heifer was taken one night from his barn corral. The best hand on that occasion came in from the south, as the tracks showed, actually traversing the whole village in his hoofs.

In the midst of the scare Uncle Silas Hopkins arrived, and gave notice of evening services in the school-house. The schoolhouse was in a lonely spot, as school-houses often are in scattered communities, and only a few of the brasses responded to the preacher's invitation.

Uncle Silas spent a few days in visiting from house to house. After holding two services on Sunday he announced his intention to talk on Monday morning to Dayton, twenty miles across the mountain.

But that night it set in to snow, and the morning air was thick with the whirling flakes. It was late in the afternoon before the storm cleared. Then Uncle Silas, much to the alarm of his hostess and her family, tied up his bundle preparatory to departure.

The snow, the cold, the blinding night, each seemed a sufficient reason why he should tarry still morning. All the stories of the fierce beast's depredations, magnified by fear and much telling, were poured into his ears by the anxious woman and her disturbed husband.

Uncle Silas listened patiently, but only shook his head at each new entry. He had heard too much of the beast from trustworthy sources to doubt his presence near the village. But he was a brave man, and held steadily to his purpose.

"But why go tonight?" urged the woman, desperately. "I don't quite know, sister," he said, slowly. "Those poor lawless children, over the mountain, with their drunken young father, have been on my mind all day. Perhaps I have a call to go. Anyway, I'm safe in the Lord's hands, day or night; and I ain't the catamount."

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So he started on his lonely tramp over the mountain. The road to Dayton skirted the base of the mountain for several miles before it turned gradually and tried the ascent. Soft snow made travelling difficult on this rough road; and it was almost dark when Uncle Silas turned his face upward to the hill that lay between him and his night's rest.

There was one place on this road that every related traveller was glad to leave behind him—a deep ravine near the summit of the ridge. Ten feet from the edge of this ravine a high shoulder of rock followed its general direction for fifty yards or more. Between these two the road ran, shrinking close to the friendly rock.

A stout railing of logs gave one in the dangerous place a certain sense of security. Leaning over the railing the traveller could see the dwarf pines clinging to the cliff side. It was always cold and damp in the ravine below; and at times the rush and gurgle of a brook came faintly up through the low tree-tops.

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umbrella unfurled suddenly as he was on the point of the steep path, catching the wind, almost pulled the handle from his grasp.

Then a strange idea came into Uncle Silas's head. Leaping forward suddenly with a loud shout he carried a sweeping blow at the creature's head. The panther, startled, sprang away, spitting like a huge cat, and jumped up to a projecting ledge, where it turned again and snarled at his spring.

But the moment's break had given Uncle Silas time to act. The instant the fierce eyes were taken from his he wheeled, leaped upon the log railing, and snapping his umbrella wide open threw himself far out over the precipice.

The old preacher never forgot the scream of rage that followed his sudden leap. He wondered if his old umbrella would do him good without a sweeping blow at the creature's head. But the noise inside out and dashing him down among the rocks. Then he saw a dark form shoot by him with a blood-curdling yell, saw tree-tops sweep up in a dark mass, and heard a crash and crash and thud below.

Meantime he had come down into the top of a scrubby hemlock. The umbrella was torn from his grasp, and he was left with a broken stick. He groped for a stick to defend himself. But the noise was stationary—a confusion of blows, and low growls, and snapping bushes. With a great throb of thankfulness he remembered that it must be his late terrible enemy wounded to death in his last mad spring.

Feeling about in the darkness, Uncle Silas gathered a handful of dead twigs. These he knuded by the aid of flint and struck a fire. He groped for a stick to defend himself. But the noise was stationary—a confusion of blows, and low growls, and snapping bushes. With a great throb of thankfulness he remembered that it must be his late terrible enemy wounded to death in his last mad spring.

The noise in the underbrush near Uncle Silas's feet. He groped for a stick to defend himself. But the noise was stationary—a confusion of blows, and low growls, and snapping bushes. With a great throb of thankfulness he remembered that it must be his late terrible enemy wounded to death in his last mad spring.

Uncle Silas turned to find his way back to the ravine had no known outlet. He was in a predicament. His escape had been so wonderful that even he would hardly be believed if he came back without some visible proof. Besides, he had been fond of hunting in the ravine, and he would go back with the savage beast's skin!

What a triumph it would be to march into the store, fling down the gory pelt, and say, "See, there is the beast you were afraid of so long!" And he would add from the old book he loved so well: "Surely the Lord hath delivered him into my hands." So he thought, standing there in the gloom, peering through the bushes at the dark gray pelt.

Seizing a hind leg he dragged the panther in beside the fire, and with his sharp jack knife stripped the hide off. Then he climbed the hemlock after his own old umbrella; and with the panther-skin over his shoulders, started down the ravine.

He was near the place where he knew a steep path led up to the road, and was groping about in the thick darkness to find it. He was so terribly startled by a groan from the brook on the left.

"Who's there?" he cried, in a strange, high voice, for the sound in that lonely place had frightened him more than the panther's scream. "Who's there?" he asked, in a strange, high voice, for the sound in that lonely place had frightened him more than the panther's scream.

A feeble cry for help was his only answer; but it was enough to reassure him. Dropping his burden he hastened forward, shouting encouragement as he ran.

At the edge of the brook he stumbled over something in the snow, and almost plunged into the icy water before he recovered himself. The thing groaned; and in an instant Uncle Silas was bending over it, his hands busy with the panther's scream.

"Who are you?" he asked, in a strange, high voice, for the sound in that lonely place had frightened him more than the panther's scream. "I'm Jim Hawkins," was the faint answer. "I was hunting and got lost. At dusk—found road—heard catamount!"

"But that's not the name," said Uncle Silas. "I tried to get down the ledge—fell—my head—broke leg, I think. I crawled here to—" Then he fainted.

At daylight Tuesday morning Deacon Swain started up the mountain with his team to break out the road. The good deacon had been troubled in spirit since he heard of Uncle Silas's departure. His tracks, and those of another man that came in from the right, were the only marks in the snow to guide the tolling oxen.

But half way up the mountain other tracks came out of the woods in long, flying leaps, and the deacon stopped with a gasp. He saw the tracks of those big, spotted best men before, and in his own year.

APPEARANCES AGAINST HIM.

BY LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.

"Hand over my skates—my new skates—Mark Hanlon," commanded Helen Burt, her rosy cheeks reddening to the deepest blue.

"If you don't skate till I do that, it won't be this Christmas day," retorted the lad with plenty of spirit likewise.

"My father will see to you. I'll tell the teacher," threatened Helen, though believing that Mark at the worst meant to use the skates a little while and return them. On the way from school the day before he had asked to borrow her old pair, and she, in the pride of her new possessions, would only promise to "think about it."

Helen had come early to the frozen river to practice, for on this holiday afternoon there was to be skating for a prize school. Helen returned alone, in her gaiter, to her father's room, where she was met by Mr. Marsh, the teacher, an enthusiast in this healthful exercise, who had spent much time out of school hours instructing his boys and girls. It occurred to Helen that she should bring her skates, to run up to Mr. Whitman's, the nearest house except her own, and get Margie Whitman for company.

Margie had gone to the woods for evergreen. Helen returned alone, in her gaiter, to her father's room, where she was met by Mr. Marsh, the teacher, an enthusiast in this healthful exercise, who had spent much time out of school hours instructing his boys and girls. It occurred to Helen that she should bring her skates, to run up to Mr. Whitman's, the nearest house except her own, and get Margie Whitman for company.

"I've a mind to set Major on you," declared Helen, as she passed the dog, who came peering down the snow path from the direction of home. "I told him to watch my skates, because I did not want him to follow me. You must have seen Major's eyes when he saw the family called him back and you took a mean advantage."

The dumb creature, hearing himself talked about, showed uneasiness, and tried to divert attention by barking at nothing on the ice that glittered in the winter sunshine, and making believe chase a squirrel that had left tracks in the night. Major was a dashing fellow, and had been in the habit of accompanying the purchase of Mr. Burt the summer previous, when the family were staying at the seashore.

"What have you done with them any way?" once more demanded the owner of the missing skates. For answer, Helen hurried away rather than face inquiry. "I've a mind to set Major on you," declared Helen, as she passed the dog, who came peering down the snow path from the direction of home. "I told him to watch my skates, because I did not want him to follow me. You must have seen Major's eyes when he saw the family called him back and you took a mean advantage."

In a few minutes Margie Whitman, smart in greenery decoration, came putting to the ice and learned what had happened. Mr. Marsh, arriving to inspect the condition of the ice, heard from the excited girls the story, which was again repeated to a bevy of their admirers. Helen, however, felt deeply grieved over the case of his quiet, small pupil who always came with reticent words prepared, and sincerely hoped the boy would be cleared of the blame that attached to him. It seemed as if the tales of their homes with an earnest appeal not to spread an evil report, especially on this day in memory of "good will to men," but to wait for a possible solution of the mystery by the time of coming together in the afternoon.

He then started for the Widow Hanlon's planning as he walked how to interview her son without giving the good mother a shock.

"I'm afraid I can't Merry Christmas with you, my boy, though I wish it," was the kind salutation.

"I wish you a Merry Christmas, Mr. Marsh," murmured Helen.

"I have made up my mind not to go down," Helen told him.

"I should be extremely unwilling to leave you out of the contest. No member of the club has made more rapid progress, in spite of the fact, among other drawbacks, half your evenings have been employed in carrying out parcels from Mr. Burt's store." Coming now to the point, he put the question, "What is it about Helen's skates?"

"I've no idea," she replied.

"Helen tells me," pursued the teacher, "that you did not positively deny her charge."

"What was the good of disputing with an angry girl who flashes up in a second and accuses a fellow as a thief?" replied the boy.

"Can't say, sir. I suspected at the time that Helen was mistaken about the place where she left them."

Being asked whether Major had shown any fear of skating accidents, Helen replied: "Yes, indeed, the faithful, foolish fellow is always sniffing at this ice or watching air-boles, like an Eskimo seal hunter, as if thinking my purpose is to get drowned."

"A sad mistake," agreed her father. "What do you propose to do about it?" "If I apologize to him and explain to the rest what more can I do, dear papa?"

When Mark, at retreating to join his companions on the ice field that afternoon heard a great shout, he believed himself an object of derision, and nearly wilted to the ground. But, upon Mr. Marsh meeting him, Helen, also, with extended hand and asking pardon, he knew that his good name stood redeemed.

As he considered the difference this made to his mother, the young heart could scarcely contain his glad gratitude. "I was too humbly proud, Miss Helen," confessed Mark in his turn. "I guess it has served me right for answering you as I did and talking."

Our story will be done after telling that the prize for speed was won by Mark Hanlon.

As soon as he could be heard for the hubbub, Mr. Burt made a little speech, taking occasion to commend his pupil's diligence and good behavior. Then Mr. Burt came forward, and, without alluding to the morning's disturbance, presented the winner of the race with the five pairs of skates as ever glided over that ice-bound river—Watchman.

AN IMPORTANT CASE.

Detected in Selling a Pink Colored Pill, Which He Represented to Be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—The Court Grants a Perpetual Injunction Restraining Him From Offering an Imitation of This Great Medicine—Case of the Public Welfare Will-to-Bear in Mind.

In the High Court of Justice yesterday morning, before Mr. Justice Meredith, the learned Judge was asked to grant a perpetual injunction restraining the defendant from selling a pill which he claimed to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

The defendant had been peddling these goods about London for some time, and it was proved that he had sold a large quantity of them to the public. The learned Judge granted the injunction, and the defendant was ordered to pay the costs of the proceedings.

It is only a medicine that possesses more the usual merit that is worth imitation. Ordinary medicines are not subject to that kind of treatment, as there is not sufficient demand for such medicine worth while.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have achieved a reputation for standing merit unparalleled in the history of medical science. In every part of the Dominion the remarkable cures wrought by the use of this great medicine have won it a name and fame which has made the sale of Pink Pills simply wonderful.

It is because of this great merit, and the consequent enormous demand for the medicine, that it is being imitated by unscrupulous persons in various parts of the country. The imitation is cheap, usually worthless, and is only pushed because the imitator can make more money by its sale than he can by the sale of the genuine Pink Pills.

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company annually spends thousands of dollars endeavoring to impress upon the public that the genuine Pink Pills can only be purchased in one form—namely in packages enclosed in a wrapper or label, which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

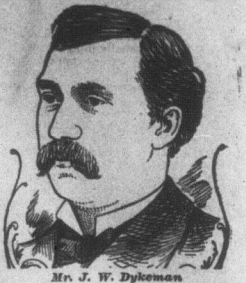
No one can buy them in any other form, not even if they offered many times their weight in gold for them. And yet, in the face of these continuous warnings, there are people confiding enough to permit some unscrupulous dealer to convince them that he can supply them with the genuine Pink Pills in loose form by the dozen or by the hundred, or in some other kind of a box. An one who pretends to be able to do this is telling an untruth. Bear this in mind and refuse all pills that do not bear the full trade mark, no matter if they are colored pink, and no matter what the dealer says.

Please bear in mind also that the formula from which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is compounded is a secret known only to the company, and any one who claims he can supply you with some other pill "just as good" is guilty of misrepresentation, for he does not know the ingredients of the genuine Pink Pills and is only trying to sell you some other pill, because he makes more money on its sale.

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company is determined to spare no expense in protecting, both the public and themselves, against these unscrupulous imitators, and will always be thankful to receive information concerning any one who offers to sell an imitation Pink Pill supposing it to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or "this name" as the genuine Pink Pills. Such cases will be investigated by the company's detective and the name of the person giving the information will not be made public, while any expense entailed in sending us the information will be promptly refunded.

Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and take nothing else. They cure when all other medicines fail.

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Mr. J. W. Dylkeman, St. George, New Brunswick.

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TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex, 8:30. Express from Montreal and Quebec, 10:30. Express from Moncton, 11:30. Express from Halifax, 12:30. Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton, 12:30. Accommodation from Moncton, 12:45. The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. 7th October, 1895.

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