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Order, as I adve grown order,

After this he asked me to tell him what I had done, and I did this as brief. Driving Farness, Made To Order,

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All of which I am prepared to sell at PRICES AND TERMS TO SUIT

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The building known as the Muirhead stone house opposite the Post Office, Chatham,

The building known as the Muirhead stone house opposite the Post Office, Chatham,

After this he asked me to tell him what I had done, and I did this as briefly as I could.

"You say he has not long to live! He started up eagerly, drawing on his coat. We went out together and I led the way to the hospital, where I had left the other.

The touch of human symbathy that the plungers,

The touch of human symbathy that the plungers,

The building known as the Muirhead stone house opposite the Post Office, Chatham,

After this he asked me to tell him what I had done, and I did this as briefly as I could.

"You say he has not long to live! He started up eagerly, drawing on his coat. We went out together and I led the way to the hospital, where I had left the other.

The touch of human symbathy that breechloader, never let the hammers rest on the plungers,

Miramichi Advance.

There was no one like 'im, 'Orse or Foot, Nor any of the Guns I knew; n' because it was so, why, o' course 'e v an' died, Which is just what the best men do. So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me! An' it's finish up your swipes an' follow me Oh, 'ark to the big drum callin,'— Follow me—follow me 'ome!

are she neighs the 'ole day long—
e paws the 'ole night through,
she won't take 'er feed 'cause o' wait for 'is step, Which is just what a beast would do. 'Is girl she goes with a bombardler Before 'er month is through; An' the banns are up in church, for a the beggar hooked. Which is just what a girl would do. We fought 'bout a dog-last week it were-No more than a round or two; But I struck 'im cruel 'hard, an' I wish I 'adn't

now, Which is just what a man can't do. E was all that I 'ad in the way of a friend, Which it's just too late to do. So it's knock out your pires an' follow me, An' it's finish off your swipes an' follow me-Oh. 'ark to the fifes a crawlin'! Follow me-follow me 'ome!

men go.
Take 'im away. An' the gun-wheels turnin' Take 'im away! There's more from the place Take 'im away, with the limber an' the drum. For it's "Three rounds blank" an' follow me; An' it's "Thirteen rank" an' follow me; Oh, passin' the love o' women, Follow me—follow we 'ome! —Budyard Kipling, in the Pall Mall Magazine.

THE OLD BEAU'S STORY

I have hinted to you that I believed if ever the Old Beau told me his own story it would be the story of stories. There was something about the man, through all my acquaintance with him, which had impressed me with the feeling that his whole life had been one long tragedy. Yet, there was no more regulal companionable man in all the long tragedy. Yet, there was no more genial, companionable man in all the club. He was replete with anecdote, with gentle humor, with the quality that is known as "the milk of human kindness." as you may have gathered from some of these tales that I have told you. Yet, there was a certain grave under current in the man that had often caused me to wonder at its reason. While I desired his story with all the keen avidity that a newspaper man is capable of, I had firmly made up my mind that I would never suggest this desire to him—for I was confident the tale would come of his own accord some day. And it did.

the tale would come of his own accord some day. And it did.

In the lighted street in front of the club, I was approached one night by a miserable vagrant who asked me for alms. Not from charity, but because it was the easiest way, I put my hand in my pocket and gave him a coin. As I handed it to him, the Old Beau came down the steps. He paused as though turned to stone when he saw the beggar, and grew all white, like one who is suddenly struck with death. And the beggar, seeing him, stayed the hand that had been stretched forth for the coin, and leered at him and called him jeeringly by name. I stood looking from one to the other, knowing that I was witnessing the culminating scene beggar, seeing him, stayed the hand that had been stretched forth for the coin, and leered at him and called him jeeringly by name. I stood looking from one to the other, knowing that I was witnessing the culminating scene of a great drama, yet powerless to comprehend its meaning. After a pause that was, doubtless not more than a moment, but that had spun out infinitely in my imagination, my friend came lown the steps slowly, and placed his band on my shoulder. His voice was quiet, but vibrated with a strange, deep tremor as he spoke to me.

"Do me this favor," he said; "go with this man, find him shelter and food, and whatever else he may-need. Do for him all that he asks, for I owe aim a great debt. I will wait for you here."

To boil Macaroni.

To Boil Macaroni.

In boiling macaroni it is a mistake to permit it to stop boiling for a moment until done. Have plenty of salted water in the sancemy at the boiling.

aim a great debt. I will wait for you here."

He turned, and went slowly up the steps again, while I gave my attention to the fellow before me. I do not need to tell you much of him. He seemed the worst of his class. Dressed in rags, slithy and palsied with drink, he was to the fellow has been dead to the worst of his class. Dressed in rags, slithy and palsied with drink, he was to the worst of his class. Dressed in rags, slithy and palsied with drink, he was to the was in a maudlin way, and staggered from sheer weakness. I soon saw that his mind was half gone, and that he was ill and miserable. Want and done almost its worst upon him. He easily submitted to leing led, and i took him, first, to a placed where he was bathed, and cleanly dressed, and fed. Then, I saw more clearly how little strength was in him, and so we went forthwith to a hospital, and I procured a bed for him there. After the physician had examined him, he told me that the spark of life hung only by a thread, it might be a matter of a few hours; at the most, but a few days, before the end would come. It was far past midnight when I left him, and returned to the club.

The Old Bean was alone in an upper

night when I left him, and returned to the club.

The Old Beau was alone in an upper room. A dim light burned on the table, a low fire in the grate. The usual accessories, tobacco and liquors, were notable for their absence.

He looked up when I entered, and I saw that he was still very white. I thought I could detect the signs of a severe mental struggle—a struggle for soil control. A sad smile flitted about uis gentle mouth—a sad smile, yet one that was not utterly without joy.

He motioned me to a chair near the grate, and I sat down and waited for

that was not utterly without joy.

He motioned me to a chair near the grate, and I sat down and waited for him to speak. This he did after a time, looking dreamily into the fire the while.

"It is a memory from the past," he said; "more—a ghost from the grave. That man—that poor wreck and effigy of a man—was the friend of my early days. We loved the same woman, quarreled for her, and fought. It was in the south and in the time when hot blood carried men to the duclling ground. We fought beneath the arched-live-caks in the Old Parish road below the city where so many of the foolish youths of New Orleans have met. I ran aim through with my sword, and left him for dead upon the field. I was forced to fly, with my seconds. The physician was a stranger to me, a friend of his. He sent me a paper later, marked with an account of the duel, and the death of my opponent. I went abroad. Before leaving I tried to see her—the woman we had fought for. I knew that she loved me, and not him."

He paused—and was silent so long that I thought he had forgotten me, I indee a little movement to attract his attention. He looked up at me and smiled again.

"I have been back in the long ago."

attention. He looked up at me and smiled again.

"I have been back in the long ago," he said. "There are pleasant memories there, as well as sad ones. It is much to know that you were once loved by a jure woman. I knew that, for she told me so in a little note that I have always kept. Nothing can take that knowledge from me. But she said that she

could never marry a man who had the blood of another on his hands and on his

"I have seen her many times since," he began again, presently, "as one sees the stars away off in the unreachable heavens. But never to touch her hand—her garments, even; not even to speak with her, except as we have met and passed in the street. She has never married, and I know that she has grown old, still loving me, as I have grown old, loving her."

we had given him had mellowed the Never carry a loaded gun in a wagon, poor outcast, and silenced his jeers. The neeting between the two men was affecting. The long years seemed blotted out, and their hands clasped, as they had done in their youth. The stranger had grown weaker since I left him.

> to draw it toward you. fall the muzzle would be toward you. Never keep a loaded gun in the house.

stranger had grown weaker since I left him.

"I am dying. Willis," he said brokenly; "it may be but a matter of a few hours. I have wronged you, and I want your forgiveness. I know what I have made your life. I have been wretched, and weak, and miscrable as any dog that walks the earth. But I accept it all as the just roward for what I did. I provoked you beyond huhan endurance, compelled you to fight, because I hoped to kill you. When I tell, it would have been only right if I had died. But I lived, saved through the exertions of my physician, and then together we made up that lie, and sent it to you. I knew what that would do. Then, when I was well again, I drank and gambled until poverty and the devil claimed mo, wholfy; until I became the ruin you now see. I did not think ever to cross your path again, but I am glad that it has happened so. I can die easier for having said this."

The Old Beau put his arms about the dying man, and his face down close beside him, and I heard him whisper:

"My dear Edgar, let the dead past bury its dead."

We remained with him through the rest of that night, and through the rest of that night, and through the rost of that night, and through the rost of that night, and through the rest of that night weaker, and his life went back to th "Will you take it to this address," he asked me: "but wait," he added; "you should have the right to read this." He unfolded the paper and laid it before me, and I looked and saw these

ords:

'The hand of God has turned back he leaves of the book of the past. I are just come from the deathbed of digar Freeman. We were friends gain, at the last; and my hands and my soul are free from his blood. May come to you?" ome to you?"
When I had read this I saw already When I had read this I saw already the dawning of a new and glorious day for the Old Beau, and I trust one had already dawned for the poor outcast. I went with a light heart, with speeding

feet.

I had thought to find an old woman—a woman grown old before her time.
But I found her in the sweet and full maturity of womanhood. I will not try and teil you of her. She was worthy to have been served for seven times the seven years that Jacob served for Rachael. I was her slave from the moment I saw her. I could have fallen down at her feet and worshipped her when she said to me:

"He must love you, or he would not have trusted you with this message. Tell him that I wait for his coming."

Shall I tell you the rest? No, I think I will not. But I may say to you that I think my friend has found the Fountain of Youth; for his step is lighter, his eye brighter, his snile more joyful, his yoice merrier and his heart more foll of ice merrier and his heart more full of

the milk of human kindness even than it was before. Yet his gain is my loss, for there are no more cozy hours in the club alcove, and no more stories of the Old Beau. Tolstoi's Temperance Opera.

To Boll Macaroni,

In boiling macaroni it is a mistake to permit it to stop boiling for a moment until done. Have plenty of salted water in the saucepan at the boiling point when the sticks are added, and when they are tender throw in a glass of cold water to stop the cooking suddenly, and drain at once. After that it may be served in various ways.

First Tramp—What's the matter with sleeping in the coal yard to night?
Second Tramp—You'se a fine one ter foller. They ain't bin no soft coal dere fer a week. A Limit Somewhere.

Smith—Yes; here it is. And now do me a favor—don't tell anyone. I can't do this all around, you know. Spoke From Experience.

over a man.

Man on Back Seat—Right you are, stranger. That's what drove me to drink.

Carriages of Alumniam. Someone has hit upon the idea of using alumnium in the formation of the bodies of cabs, and experiments are at present being made in Paris to test the practical value of this metal for that purpose,

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One of the oldest trades schools in the world is in Rome, where it has been in operation for over 100 years. It has 140 scholars, who, once entgred, must remain until they are 19 years old.

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Mrs. Gay—O Lord, no. Why, we've been married almost a year now! \$1-One Dollar A Year-\$1 Most of Them Are.

Mrs. Nuwed—Bridget. why do my dishes disappear so rapidly? Bridget—Sure, ma'am, bekase the're breakfast dishes, I'm after thinkin'. Reliable market Reports
Full Shipping News.
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Never get in front of a gun. If you are alling drop it so that the muzz'e will be After firing one gun-barrel take the cart

ridge out of the other and examine the wad is after a heavy recoil, for should it get up into the barrel it is liable to burst the gun

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Parties in any part of the County needing plaster ing hair can be supplied by sending in their order to me. PANY, Ltd., 8t. John, N.B. Chatham, 27th July, 1894, WILLIAM TROY Chatham, May 15th, 1898;

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