

A BOND OF SYMPATHY

Two figures were slowly approaching each other on North Beach. It was low tide, and they were walking as near the water's edge as possible, and were entirely unconscious of each other's presence.

Nearer and nearer they approached, and more and more absorbed they became in their occupation. Presently one of them uttered a low exclamation of pleasure and sprang forward to seize a fragile piece of moss which a wave had just deposited on the sand.

"I beg your pardon. I was not aware of your presence." The captor of the moss turned quickly. She was an exceedingly pretty girl of twenty-three or four, with a fair, delicate face that was just flushed from exercise and the unexpected meeting.

"When I am in search of sea moss, I am an enthusiast only in the way of business. I sell the moss." "He looked a little disappointed, but answered courteously. The difference is palpable. All hobbyists make their enthusiasm a business, and it cannot be tempered by practical application of the motto to their honor.

"Ah! a myophilum, and a remarkably good specimen. I have only met with two or three of this variety. You are fortunate. This will bring a good price." "I do not expect to sell it," she took the specimen and placed it carefully in her collecting box. "I only make up cheap assortments which the curious tourists sell to the dealers, and raise specimens are worth no more than common ones.

"Yes, I understand. He hesitated a moment as though revolving the propriety of making some request, then looked at frankly. "I am Professor Barton, of—College," he said, as he took a card from his pocket-book and handed her, "and as I have just observed, am interested in algae. I do not like to lose an opportunity to see what other workers are doing. Would it be presumptuous in me to ask to look at your collection?"

"I shall be very glad to have you call," she answered graciously, "but I warn you that my work is that of an amateur's way. I live on St. Francis street, near the City Gateway. You may ask for Miss Westcott. But excuse me, mother is waiting." She moved on to the beach to where a slight figure was seated against the dark green of the sea beyond.

"Mother generally comes with me," she explained, as she hastened her collection box and slung it across her shoulders. "She likes to sit on the rocks and watch the sea. She is not very strong." He accompanied her up the beach and was introduced to the fragile little woman who came slowly to meet them.

"I was getting tired, Alice," she said wistfully, "and thought you had better be going. The boat will be in before long." Professor Barton looked at his watch. "If you came on the regular excursion boat," he said gravely, "you will have to wait over an hour. But may I have the pleasure of taking you across to St. Augustine? I have a sail-out waiting around the point."

"I have taken a prompt advantage of your kind invitation," he said smilingly. "That is right. Mother and I have been expecting you."

She went into another room and removed her hat and gloves, and then came back and took a seat by the one window. If she had been charming to him on North Beach, she was infinitely more so here in her own home. He had never known much of women and had felt, in a way, that they were out of his line.

"It is one of the most complete and best arranged small collections I have ever seen," he said at last, as he turned to go. "If you are willing to sell I have no doubt but my colleague will be glad to buy entire." Her face flushed.

"Yes, I am willing to sell," she said, and he fancied that he could detect suppressed eagerness in her voice. For a moment he wondered if they were in urgent need of money, then dismissed the thought as preposterous.

The next day he called on her again, ostensibly to talk about the collection. But by the end of the week this subject was exhausted, and still he continued to call. One day he would invite her and her mother to accompany him on a sail down Matanzas river, and another time arranged a picnic on Anastasia Island, and again bring a carriage round to the door and insist on driving them along the shore.

Sometimes Alice would look at him questioningly, with a slight flush on her face, and then apparently dismiss the matter from her mind. They were both interested in the same subject, and that was enough to make friends of enthusiastic hobbyists.

But whether she was unconscious or not, her mother was keenly alive to the situation. At first she was restless and disturbed, but gradually her anxiety gave place to contentment, tremulous satisfaction. The more she saw of this big simple-hearted man the more she liked him. No one who looked into his clear, honest eyes could doubt that it would be well with the one who trusted her happiness to his keeping.

One afternoon he hurried into the little sitting-room with an open telegram in his hand. "It just came," he exclaimed, "and tells me that I must start North tomorrow and be gone two months. I rushed over here as soon as I read it. There is something that must be settled before I go."

"About the collection?" asked Alice. "What collection? Oh—er—no; something more important than that, Alice—here Mrs. Westcott rose hurriedly and started to leave the room, but he neither seemed to know or care for her presence, "my darling! I cannot wait until I come back. Will you be my wife?" She laughed a little, flushed, caught her breath, and then drew back.

"Do you realize what a burden you are asking for—John?" she asked. "Yes, the sweetest one ever granted to man. Your mother will be just as well off with two to care for as with one. I have an orange grove on India river, and we will live there winter and go North summers. My brave darling, say yes."

"A bottle of ink I gave him the ink, when he said, 'I say, Doc, lend me a pencil, and I'll send it back in the morning.' The most energetic man is apt to become exasperated when he is rung up, travels a long hall and stairs to find a man waiting at the door for a postage stamp."

"The boy in your fashionable hotel, who always gives the right man the right coat, or hat, or cane, has been much written about. But I know a young man who serves behind a soda fountain counter in a store that does an immense business in that line the year round who is equally wonderful. My attention was first called to his talent in this way: I went into the store one cold day of two years ago and asked for a drink of hot malted milk.

"Then there is a great deal of discretion and tact and good judgment required. Many, many times the druggist gets a prescription in which he is sure that the doctor has made a mistake, and that there is a dangerous amount of some drug, or some poisonous drug. It then becomes necessary to get the customer to have the medicine sent home. This gives the druggist time to call the doctor up on the telephone and ask further instructions about his prescription. If the customer is willing to allow you to send his medicine home all goes well. But sometimes he is in a great hurry, the patient is very ill—there are many things that will cause him to insist upon having the medicine at once. Of course, you cannot give it to him. No more can you tell him the reason."

"A fashionable neighborhood often sends in very small orders. A few days ago a lady wrote a note to me asking me to send something by the bearer for her baby's carache, something that she could use in a syringe, and to send a glass syringe. She sent fifteen cents with which to pay for the medicine and the glass syringe. In a cheap neighborhood this might be expected. But you see the houses are all good for blocks around. It is a curious how a druggist can follow the course of a disease when he makes up the medicines from start to finish. I frequently make up my mind as to the fatal or happy termination of a disease by the prescriptions the doctors write. It is funny, too, how much people take a druggist into family secrets—almost as fully as the doctor or the confessor. And you are supposed to know all about the diseases of cats, dogs, and canaries."—New York Tribune.

When they come in the world they bring their appetites with them. Lovers of choice poultry may be pleased to learn that Mr. Edward Schmid has succeeded in his efforts to produce young ostriches in Washington by artificial incubation. His first attempt with four eggs obtained from the Norwalk ostrich farm, at Norwalk, southern California, failed because of the infertility of the eggs. As a setting of ostrich eggs is an expensive investment—the four costing \$35, with express additional—it was a serious disappointment. Three of these eggs were put in an incubator. The fourth was placed under a hen on a farm in Maryland. Like the others it proved infertile. But when the manager of the Norwalk farm was told that the eggs, after remaining in the incubator twenty days, were absolutely clear, with no air cell forming, he knew they were infertile and at his own expense replaced them with four more, which were packed with every refinement of caution and in due time reached Washington.

Three of the eggs were placed in a Prairie State incubator of the smallest size made, having a capacity of 100 hens' eggs, May 7, and the second trial began. With this second setting the results were better. A week ago Wednesday two curious looking ornithological specimens emerged from the huge three pound ivory-surfaced shells.

As Mr. Cuyler, who has charge of the incubators, had sealed the door of the machine in which the ostrich eggs were, and covered the glass in order to prevent the accidents likely to happen from meddling children and quite as meddlesome adults, the young ostriches made their arrival almost unknown. They came in the night, and when first seen had dried out and were making their presence known by pecking vigorously against the glass. The third egg proved infertile; the fourth is out in the country, and it is not yet known whether it hatched or not.

The young ostriches began life with a prodigious appetite, and have been growing like young water ducks, which double their annual weight every seven or eight days. They began at once to eat oat cakes, peas, stale bread, sliced turnips, green cabbage, kafir corn, and ground bone, and to drink pints and pints of water and quarts and quarts of milk. Besides these articles of diet, they show an avidity for limestone gravel, the plaster on the wall. They were put in a pen that had been made of logs, ranged along a brick wall, and they set to work pecking at the mortar as if it was candy.

The young ostriches are certainly queer-looking birds. They are of the South African variety, and at maturity, if all goes well with their management, will be as big as a turkey. They are of a dirty brown color, their down being rough and prickly and showing little promise of the beautiful plumage which they are destined to wear at some future day. Their heads are flat and smawkish in shape, the eyes bright and inquisitive; the bill thick and powerful; the whole set on a long, slender, striped neck. But their legs and feet are their most marvellous possessions. They are thick jointed as a young colt's and will some time be powerful, either for locomotion or combat. There are two toes on the feet, one as big as a man's thumb, the other smaller.

They are restless creatures, forever striding up and down their pen, pecking at the wall or the floor or at each other. They are not at all ill tempered, and can be easily caught and handled by the well-to-do. They seem fond of eating oysters, and stand often with their heads across each other's back, in a sort of bird-like embrace.

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St. John, July 1, by Rev. L. A. Cooney, Joseph Bowden to Rosa Spicer. St. John, July 14, by Rev. W. Estough, Edward R. Taylor to Annie L. Ellis.

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St. John, July 1, by Rev. W. M. Ryan, and Rev. J. H. White, George W. Spurr to Alice M. Crosby. St. John, July 2, by Rev. W. J. Thompson, Charles Sweet to Mary Ann McLeod.

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Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 22nd June 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

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