'Did you know Mr. Harris and Fan-nie Landon are engaged, Minnie?" she nie Landon are engageu, hamite asked, quietly.

'Yes," nodded Minnie; "that is, I have heard so, and it was of that I was thinking, wondering, if she had not taken advantage of leap year."

'Why?" asked one of the ladies; for Mins Castleton did not speak.

cases; but a man would have no need to let his gallantry run away with his common sense, or be so bewitched by a pretty face that he could not refuse to marry a woman who was not his equal; for he would have the privilege of refusing, if he wished. If he had not stamina enough for that, he would deserve to be tied for life to a woman whose choice would show that she had more sense than he did. It seems to me that in the case of an unhappy marriage

"Novels and romances to the contrary notwithstanding," she continued, "there are few of us that have more than two, are few of us that have more than two, or at the most three, offers of marriage. I knew a number of good women who have had but one, and several estimable women who have had none at all; but a man may choose from the whole circle of his feminine friends and acquaintances, and win the one of his choice if he can. What should you think of a lady who—supposing she went into a store to purchase a pair of shoes, if the merchant, without looking at her feet, or asking what she would like, should hand out a pair, saying, 'You can have these or none'—would meekly pay for them, take them away and actually wear them?'

them, take them away and actually wear them?"

"Oh, ridiculous!" laughed one.

"The illustration is, certainly," replied Miss Ashton, "but the idea is all right. Of course it is custom only that has bonnd us; but what folly to follow it year after year making its bands yet harder for those that come after!"

The young hostess looked at the speaker with approving eyes, and the lady with whom she was conversing smiled over at her.

"Almost thou persuadest me," she said, lightly. "But," she added, would not the knowledge of the existence of an affection that he could not return be a lasting regret to a man who, because of some earlier attachment, an existing engagement, or for some other cause has been obliged to decline an offer of marriage from one whose esteem he valued?"

'I do not think so," replied Miss Ashton. "On the contrary, to any noble soul it would be—as it frequently is to a woman—a life long inspiration. There are few who do not feel at times that are few who do not feel at times that the whole world is against them. At such times the knowledge of such an affection, that chose its object from all others, and was strong enough to dare repulse to declare itself, would be a con-tinual help and comfort."

The conversation became more gener-al, and much more was said upon the subject. But this much of the conver-sations literared in Annie Castilero-

sation lingered in Annie Castleton's mind long after her callers had de-

parted.

She could scarcely have forgotten it, even if she would, for much that had been said appealed to her strongly.

For years she had loved a man in every way worthy of her, but he seemed not to care for her except as a friend. She could make no sign, and he had wood, and was about to be married to, another.

And although Annie Castleton's pride

And although Annie Castleton's pride prevented her from giving any outward token, she had reached that undesirable mental state when she felt—as Miss Ashton had phrased it—as if the whole world was against her.

She could, therefore, endorse Miss Ashton's assertion that the knowledge that some one loved us, even if that love was not returned, would be a comfort. If the woman he had chosen had been worthy, perhaps her yearning tenderaces and pity for him would have been less.

It might have been this, or perhaps it was the fact that she had learned to look upon her love—being hopeless—as something so entirely spart from either, that it could effect neither him nor herself in the least, that lead her to do what a week before she would have thought impossible and unwomanly. She knew he was making a mistake—and in this belief she did not trust trown opinion alone—that the woman he

and in this belief she did not trust to own opinion alone—that the woman he had chosen was no mate for him, and would make his life wretched.

Annie and Charley had been friends and playmates from early childhood; she knew he was a perfect gentleman, and that he would never, should they meet in the years to come, suggest, either by word or look, that he remembered what she might say.

Would it be so very wrong for her to say those few words that could make no difference to either of them then, but the remembrance of which might be in his unhappy future a help and comfort to him?

I heard the blushed yesterday.
So now I know
That winter hath an end.
And undernexth the same
The fore spring's glad dawn.
That after whater's night
Will come the Easter morn.

A CHANCE DECISION.

The three young ladies visiting Miss
Annie Castleton, and the two young
lady triends who were spending their
vacution, with her, formed a preity group
on the lawn in front of Mr. Castleton's
induring nesidence that summy actumum
afternoon.

A slance had succeeded an hour of
menry chatter, and other than the
above described three training his hat in
smilling recognition as he passed.
The young befreis fashed down the
above described three training his hat in
smilling recognition as he passed.
The young befreis fashed flown the
above described three training his hat in
smilling recognition as he passed.
The young befreis fashed flown the
above described three training his hat in
smilling recognition as he passed.
The young befreis fashed flown the
above described three training his hat in
smilling recognition as he passed.
The young befreis rained her head
slightly, but without obnanging her position, and followed his stalwart figure
with wistful eyes as long as it was in
sight.
Heigh-ho!" Minnie Ashton broke
the stillness with a sigh. "Leap year is
nearly over, more is the pity! I wonder
how many have taken advantage of ite
privileges, and how many more will
before it is over?"
Annie Castleton's cheeks flushed, as
she withdraw her eyes from the turn in
the road whore rider and wheel had dissuppeared, and glanced furtively at her
companions to see if the direction of her
and then fleet chance decide.
Going, late, into the deserted parlor,
and then file celectric light, walked
to the blockoses in the seemi-darkness,
and took down avolume.
Her wist it under our control.
How is it under our control.
How is it under our control.
How is it under our control.
Her wist it under our control.
The next d

"It is beautiful," she said absently.

Then she was silent. Indeed she saw but little of the fair picture of field and farm and forest that was spread out 'What is the matter Annie?" asked

have heard so, and it was of that I was thinking, wondering, if she had not taken advantage of leap year."

"Why?" asked one of the ladies; for Miss Castleton did not speak.

"Why?" asked one of the ladies; for Miss Castleton did not speak.

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"He castleton did not speak.

"Going away. I'he repeated. in sudden consternation. "Where?"

"Going away!" he repeated. in sudden consternation. "Where?"

"To going East on a visit," she answered. "with the friends that have been visiting me. I shall not see you again until after you are married, and I wanted to tell you that I hope you will be happy, very happy, for I—I love you, dear. I have loved you a long, long time. I think I shall be happier that you know it. Good-by!"

She turned swiftly toward the stile, and would have haunted this road for over a week, hoping to see you, and knowing. I had little chance of seeing you alone if I called at your home just now, and I wanted to say that same thing to you—that I love you, dear. I have loved you a long,

bright to those two as they rode back to the city side by side.

THE IMPATIENT HEN. "There's Mother Dominique next door, Her darlings number twenty-four, And they've been out a week or more, And now she wanders at her eas, As proud and happy as you please. And think they're but a lump of chalk."

more sense than he did. It seems to me that in the case of an unhappy marriage the fate of the woman is worse than is that of the man. He has hopes and interests and ambitions outside of his home, but she has not. Therefore she should have every opportunity to make a wise choice. What folly it is, then, to bow to a custom that says you shall take the man that chooses you, no matter what your own choice would have been, or you shall go unmarried all your life.

As proud and happy as you please.

"So stir your plnky little pegs.

My yellow-bills oome out and walk, or else I'll doubt my eggs are eggs. And think they're but a lump of chalk home, wise choice. What folly it is, then, to bow to a custom that says you shall take the man that chooses you, no matter what your own choice would have been, or you shall go unmarried all your life.

This is the moral of my lay—To reap success in work or play.

This is the moral of my lay— To reap success in work or play. Why spoil whatever you've begun, Through eagerness to have it done Remember poor Dame Bartlett's fa Don't be impatient—learn to wait. MISS SYLVY'S WEDDING.

"Impossible!"
"What? I can't believe it!"
"I never heern the like in all my Such were the exclamations of thre talkative women, as they met for con-sultation in my little front parlor, each one clutching a bundle upon which all their curiosity was, for the time, cen-

"All these goods are to be made into "All these goods are to be made into best 'gownds' and go-to-meetin' dresses," said Sarah, the eldest. Sarah was always called Sairy by her sisters, and they, in their turn, were respectively identified as Rushy and Harner, for Jerusha and Hannah. They had spied out a handsome gray alpaca dress on my sofs, of such lustre and fineness that it challenged their united admiration. challenged their united admiration.
"Who's it for? Do tell us?" asked

Sairy.
"Oh, I couldn't; it's a secret," replied
I, shaking my head in a wise manner,
and putting on my demurest counten

ance.

"But just us; you might tell us. Dear me! we shouldn't go and buy any like it, for our yearly purchases are all made," pleaded Rushy.

"That alpaca wa'n't never bought here, never—why it's just like a silk."

"No," I made reply. "it was not bought here; it was ordered from New York."

This information seemed for a recommendation.

This information seemed for a mo ment to take away their breath, and they sat looking at the goods as if lost

in astonishment.

"Well, I wonder who it kin be for?"
queried Miss Hannah, solemuly.

"It's nice enough for a wedding dress."

"It ought to be, for that's what it is, or will be when it's made."

"You don't say!" cried the three in chorus. "Who in the land is goin' to be married, girls, that we know?" asked Sairy, looking from one to the other of her sisters. "Now, I do think you might jest whisper it to ua."

her sisters. "Now, I do think you might jest whisper it to us."

I knew that whispering it to them would be equivalent to hanging up a card in the public square, informing the public generally of the contemplated ceremony, so I kept my lips shut reso lutely. But my good resolution was suddenly broken in upon. The door opened, and in came a little elf, all eyes and ears, with the message.

"Miss Sylvy says she can't match the braid thout she sends to New York, and braid 'thout she sends to New York, and please give her a little bigger pattern."
In her small palm she held a schare bit of that identical alpaca, and my smile, as my eyes met those of the anxious sisterhood, revealed what my lips had not told. Thereupon issued those ejaculations with which my story

opens.
"Well, if that isn't astonishment enough for one day!" exclaimed Sairy, drawing a long breath. "Sylvy Featherstone! why she's every inite a old as I arawing a long breath. "Sylvy Featherstone! why she's every mite ar old as I be. I declare I wasn't lookin' for't. Before I'd be 'married when I'm old enough to be somebody's grandmother!"

I thought of Sylvy—nobody called her Sylvia in our town—and the contrast in the two women presented itself so forcibly that it was with an effort I controlled my expression. French bonnets or the most jaunty of dress belongings could not lessen the effect of their homely features, while Sylvy Featherstone was a sweet little body, with laughing brown eyes, and a complexion almost as delicate as a young girl's, a gentle lady, whose smile was worth waiting for.

"Who is she going to be married to?" asked Hannah, as the girl left the room with a generous fragment of the gray alpaca; "you might as well tell us now."

"Yes, I suppose I might—to a captain, John Seabright. Did you ever hear of him?"

him?"
"I used to hear of Jack Seabright long ago," said Sairy, "but he was a wild piece; son of old Squire Josh Seabright, who died ten year back. Well, of all things, I can't get over it—Sylvy Feath-

erstone going to be married? Will it be at the house or the church?"

I did not know, so could not tell them, and not long after they left, to scatter the information as industriously as they

to information as industriously as they could.

That afternoon I carried the dress over to try on. Sylvy's little house stood at the base of Powder Horn Hill. It was a tiny one-story domicile, surrounded by a lovely garden, while great elms and oaks shaded a natural avenue that led to it from the main road.

As I entered, the savory smell of plum cake and other delectable viands told of the preparations going forward. Sylvy herself let me in. She looked uncommonly animated and lovely; her gentle eyes were as bright as diamonds, and her cheek wore the flush of youth.

The captain was in the hall, hat in hand, just on the point of leaving. He was a handsome man, upon whom age sat but lightly, and, though his hair was silvered and his thick beard gray, yet in all his movements was the elasticity of youth, and his happy face made one's heart light to look at.

"The dress does fit beautifully," said Sylvy, as I turned her round and round; "Use, that he is," she said warmly.

"I have known him for thirty-two years; when I was a young girl of eighteen I was engaged to him. The course of true love never does run smooth, you know. My father was a well-to-do man, and John was poor, so our union was not to be thought of then, and the marriage was put off year after year.

"Then reverses came, My father's business had been steadily running down and John's father, through some lucky speculation, suddenly found himself the rich man of the place, so he would not hear to John's marriage, and, though John would have married me any moment, I, too, was proud then, and refused. That afternoon I carried the dress

ment, I, too, was proud then, and re-fused. 'So John went to sea, and there was an old sweetheart of his who was

"So John went to sea, and there was an old sweetheart of his who was wicked enough to write him that I was married, and for that reason he did not come home for ten years, and when he did return, I had gone to England with Colonel Craik's family, as governess for little Florence, you know. When I came back he had gone again.

"Then, I heard of the loss of his ship, with all hands on board. Wasn't it strange? Why, child, I mourned for him as if he had been my husband, and I never expected to see him again this side of heaven. I bought this little place, hardly more than large enough for one, and settled, as I thought, for life. It used to belong to Miss' Phemie Milson, that independent little body, you know, who took in washing.

"I had set up my little domici's, and dug and planted my garden, and thought to end my days here with little Tilly, and had grown accustomed to my lot.

"One night, as I sat before the open fire in this very room. I heard a knock at the door. It was raining hard, I remember, and I had a queer loneliness of feeling, so I caught Muff up, who was purring on the rug, and opened the door with the cat in my arms. Somebody stood outside, a large body well wrapped up, whose face I could not see, and a strange voice asked if Miss Phemie Milson lived here.

"I replied No, Miss Featherstone lives

strange voice asked if Miss Phemie Milson lived here.

"I replied 'No, Miss Featherstone lives here now."

"'Can I speak to Miss Featherstone?' he asked, as if he wanted to come in. I trembled a little, for I was afraid of strangers who called after dark, but I was even too cowardly to refuse, and so I told him to walk in, and when he was just inside the door there, he turned and said:

said:

"'Why, Sylvy, don't you know me?"
and, oh, dear! I thought I should faint
There stood John, whom I had buried
years and years ago. I couldn't believe
it for a long time, but it was John—
and there's Sally baking the cake in the
kitchen this very minute.

"Things come round so strangely;
don't they dear? Now, John's got the
squire's house—they always called his
father the squire, you know—and he
said in his will that if John ever came
back—and he always felt as if he would
—he was to have the house. So we're
to be married there. Just think, John
almost insisted on my wearing white
satin and a lace veil, just like a young
stril, but I wouldn't, and I had my way
for, you know, I'm nearly fifty years
old."
"Nebody would believe it." I said.

old."

"Nobody would believe it," I said;
"but what kept him all those years?"
"It would make a book dear, if I could tell you. He was wrecked, as was reported, but escaped, and spent some years on a foreign island. He has been all over the world since, nover dreamed of coming home again, he said, wine all at once the longing came over him to cevisit his native country, and there he is it's as good as a rounance, but he is here, and, if nothing happens, why, we shall be married."

They were married, and I was at the welding, which took place in the old aquire's mansion. Miss Sylvy stood up in her gray alpaca, which looked as handsome and fitted as well as a silk. The old minister who performed the ceremony was cighty years of age, and had

handsome and fitted as well as a silk. The old minister who performed the core mony was cighty years of age, and had known both bride and groom since they were little children. It was an old-fashioned wedding, and nearly all the town was there. They had a great supper after the ceremony, and social amusements and games, in which the entire company took part.

Aluminium is now used instead of steel which the entire company took part.

I am sure the bride and bridegroom were very happy, and as for Sylvy, though there were no superfluities of dress, and yet she Tookel like a young voman. You never would have thought

her to be over thirty. Rough and Ready. Bucolic wit, when it does blossom Bucolic wit, when it does blossom forth, is often very caustic. We were watching a tradesman's boy pushing a heavily-laden carrier, tricycle up a steep hid, when a philanthropic-looking old gentleman called out: "Hit boy! push it from side to side, it'll go up ever so much easier!" Much to the old gent's surprise, the lad returned: "Not so much o' yer bloomin' advice. Give us a shove!"

Upholding the Faith. Sunday-School Teacher.-Tommy, I was shocked to hear you swearing so dreadfully at that strange boy as I came Tommy—I couldn't help it, ma'am. He was making fun of our kind of

One Girl's Funeral.

During the construction days of the Northern Pacific railroad many small towns were born that flourished until the road was completed—then died. The little story following actually occurred, and made an impression on me that I shall never forget. To me there was a time of sadness that went straight to tinge of sadness that went straight to the heart. I occupied the exalted position of justice of the peace. Now a justice of the peace in Montana in the early days was a bigger man than the chief justice of the United States is to day, and had a per, etnal variety entertainment. He marries people, buries the dead, puts out fires, takes a drink with everybody, referees dog fights, settles family rows, preaches, makes speeches, and must be ready for any kind of work. For this aggregation of duties he is called judge; but if he renders a wrong decision his name is Dennis.

One cold morning I was waited upon by a delegation of gumblers and informed that one of the girls was dead. They said she had passed in her checks during the night, and as she was the slickest nge of sadness that went straight to the night, and as she was the slickes the night, and as she was the slickest girl in the camp she was to have a 24-carat send-off and no mistakes. I went around to see the body to find out if possible the cause of her death. I was satisfied that the girl had taken morphine and died from the effects, and so I rendered my decision, which satisfied all. I set the hour for the funeral, and returned to the cabin to repare my re-I set the hour for the funeral, and re-turned to the cabin to prepare my re-marks. There was not a Bible in the camp, and so I had to play it alone. It was a cold, stormy, Montana winter day, and that added much to the sad ness of the occasion. The grave was dug out among the pines, and a more Godforsaken place it would have been hard to find, but it was the best we had or could get. hard to find, but it was the best we had or could get.

The hour arrived, the procession formed, myself in front of the pallbearers, consisting of gamblers, with the body in a rough p.ne box. Next came the girls of the town and the business men in the rear. We wended our way slowly to the last resting place, where, alone and unknown, amid the rocks and pines, with the awful stillness of the mountains, all that was earthly of that unfortunate girl would stay until the last day.

No one could pray; no one could sing.

No one could pray; no one could sing.

I poured out my soul to my God in my

poor stumbling way—told Him all about it. We were unanimous in the beilef that she was more sinned against than sinning, and would He in His infinite goodness and loving kindness forgive her, wipe out all the black spots on her soul, forget her past, and save her for her soul's sake? Would He suspend all rules, throw open wide the portals of heaven, have sweetest music played on a thousand golden harps, and bid that poor, tired, sin-stained soul enter the realms of happiness, purity and rest? It was our funeral, because everybody did all they could. There were but few of all kinds, to be sure, but human with souls to save. There are many of the old boys scattered through the Northwest who will recollect that stormy Montana day, and how we knocked at eternity's door for admittance for the girl's soul, and all will agree that our knocking was not in vain—that the gates were thrown open and forgiveness and rest came to her.—Orting Oracle. THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

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Oh! to have owned the purses which With gold were always glist'ning! Oh! to have seen the fairles come To every baby's christ'ning. Oh! to have been for one hour on A magic carpet sitting, And in the twinkling of an eye From land to land go flitting! Just to have once a giant seen, Though at a civil distance, And to a princess in distress Have offered some assistance.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE. Oh! to have lived when earth was young, And everything was charming, When bears and tigers were like lambs, And snakes were not alarming!

When every day the sun shone out The whole world went a-Maying. And lovely maids on every hand Through forests dense were straying!

Oh! to have known the peerless knights Who went out dragon killing. And who to succor innocence Distressed were more than willing!

Oh! to have had the lamps, the rings That friendly genii granted! Oh! to have met the fawns and swans Which always were enchanted! Ohl to have lived when beggar men Great kingdoms could inherit, When princesses could marry churls, And wishing was a marit! When peasant lads and monarch's sons
Were equally undaunted,
When every tree and rock and stream
Was by some fairy haunted.

Ohl to have known the time when tears
Were always turned to laughter,
And grief to joy, and people lived.
Happily ever after!
—New York Tribune. THE KETTLE There's many a house of grandeur, With turret, tower and dome,
That knows not peace or comfort,
And does not prove a home.
I do not ask for splendor
To crown my daily lot,
But this I ask: a kitchen
Where the kettle's always hot.

If things are not all shipshape, I do not fume or fret.

▲ little clean disorder

Does not my nerves upset, Or seems so to my thought,
And that's a tidy kitchen
Where the kettle's always hot.

In my Aunt Hattic's household,
Though skies outside are drear,
Though times are dark and troubled,
You'll always find good cheer.
And in her quaint old kitchen,
The very h miest spot,
The kettle's always singing,
The water's always hot.

And if you have a headache, Whate'er the hour may be, There is no tedious waiting To get your cup of tea, I don't know how she does it, Some magic she has caught. For the kitchen's cool in sum Yet the kutthe's absent bot Yet the kettle's always hot. Oh, there's naught else so dreary
In any household found
As a cold and sullon kettle
That does not make a sound.
And I think that love is lacking
In the hearts in such a spot,
Or the kettle would be singing
And the water would be hot.
—Elia Wheeler Wilcox.

THE MOVING WORLD. Thirty horsepower petroleum engines

for the nails and heel plates of the German soldiers' boots. The results expected are quicker and better marching. Fifteen years after they were lost in the Fifteen years after they were lost in the disaster at Landhlwana, in Zululand, the colors of the Twenty fourth regiment, the South Wales Borderers, have been recovered. They come some way into the hands of a French nobleman, who has just transferred them to the British military attache at Paris attache at Paris.

In Portugal the tobacco tax brings £900, 000, the land tax £700,000. In parts of Pern taxes are paid in coco eaves and Peruvian back. The soap duty in Holland brings \$750,-000 a year to the government Charles II. farme I all the customs for an annual payment of £390,000 A hearth tax was formerly assessed in many of the German states. The rate of taxation has nearly quad rupled in France since in 1839. Male servants are taxed in Great Britain and several other countries.

Richest Man in Prussia The richest man in Prussia is Albert Hoesch, who owes his wealth to his manufacturing establishments (iron and paper). His income is about \$2,000,000 a year, and his taxes last year, when his wealth was rated half a million more, were \$108,000.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT

Thomas Leshy of Bathurst Village, in the County of Gloucester, in the Province of New Brunswick, Merchant, has assigned all his estate and effects to me, the undersigned trustee, for the benefit of his creditors.

The trust deed new lies at my office in the town of Bathurst. Creditors desiring to participate in the trust estate are required to execute the same within three months from this date.

Dated at Bathurst, the 21st day of August, A. D. 1894. JNO J. HARRINGTON,

Aberdeen Hotel The building known as the Muirhead stone house posite the Post Office, Chatham, [OPENED APRIL IST, 1894.] is conducted as a first class hotel for the accommodation of permanent and transient guests. The Hotel is in the centre of the business portion of the town, near the Steambost Landing.
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Has been prescribed over 55 years in thousands of cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Redictine in place of this, inclose price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price, one peakage, \$it six, \$5. One soft please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address.

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The subscriber has for sale on the line of ROYAL INSURAN. NORWICH AND LA ONTARIO MUTU.

AND Consumption and an early grave.

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J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE, Druggist.

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Goods, Coats, Jackets and Furs, Boys Youths and Mens Clothing, Fur Caps and Gloves. Our prices always defy competition.

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DEAN GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the s. onach and nerves. I tried every medicine I could hear of, but nothing done me any appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tool and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottles of it I must say that I am surprised at its wonderful powers to cure the stomach and general nervis system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.

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State of Indiana. State of Indiana,
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walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely
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