

her peace with her God and her neighbors, if she's going to do so fast."

"Katy Tringle stretched out her neck and gave a hiss not unlike a defiant goose. Indeed, both in appearance and mental qualifications, Miss Tringle resembled somewhat that inviolable domestic bird. The hiss set Miss Simpkins going again."

"Yes, she says the doctors don't understand her case at all," says she. "Dr. Flumkin they've rowsted out a dozen times in the night to go out there 'cause Miss Cartsons wouldn't live till morning. Last night they sent for him he just naturally up and wouldn't go. I heard every word they said myself. Right next door to the doctor's shop. He told 'em he was too tired to go anywhere, and he wouldn't go to see his own mother-in-law that night."

Again this little Miss Simpkins shut her mouth with a snap like a steel trap. Again she had made a promise, dear, and again set her going.

"Miss Cartsons ain't no more the same woman she was when he was a brat than I sh'd turned into a porcupine. She's as cross as a pin. If they go again her best man, the doctor, will be sorry after she's dead. But she'll be alive after you and me's laid out on our cotter boards, you mark."

Which was quite true. Miss Simpkins summed up in a final gush of emphatic glibness.

"She goes a nag, nag, nagging from mornin' till night, and nobody got a minit's peace in the house. Lord! Lord! If I had her, I'd take the links out of her!"

The village gossip's diagnosis was only too correct. To this business state pretty good Mrs. Cartsons had brought herself, simply by giving way to her emotions, and coddling her little ailments. The process is not a difficult one for anybody.

Shirley was not a path of roses, turn which way she would. The quantity of money bringing work had been her sorely, but a beginning had been made toward settling the matter.

"What's the use of makin' sich a-do about a schoolmaster, when there's one right under your nose?" Mrs. Cartsons had said to Shirley. "You can't write and indite and cipher as good as the Presbyterian minister himself. She's a female! She's not a great shabby, but she'll come o' that, if she's let alone. Most of us do."

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question she had asked her father in childhood, and the answer was this: "A girl has as much sense as a boy if she will make use of it."

"You learn your lessons as well as the boys," she told the larger girls. "Why should you get stupid later? Don't let me hear of it!"

"With a sweet insistence she protested from day to day that they should not allow their mental horizon to narrow till it included only ribbons and gossip. They must not follow the millions of their kind, who live and make no more impression on their world than grass upon an elephant. When they died it was recorded on their tombstones that they were the wife of Smith. That was all. Shirley read and studied with her girls. She interested them permanently in science, in literature and in the large affairs of life. Cannot a genius do all things? Yet with all this work, this intense concentration of energy, she never, the poem had again to put off.

So many years moved on. And still no news of the master. CHAPTER XI. The wings that would have plumed their flight skyward were overweighed earthward. It was Shirley's fate.

Here were the boys, her brothers. They tried her faculties to the utmost. In the flower of her beautiful youth she was relegated to the position of the middle aged. Rip, the boy tramp, seemed in some way to be inextricably entangled with the fortunes of the Cartsons family. He had been "bound out" from the country home, and his proper age. But not ropes or chain cables could have bound him in any place to stay. Rip had made overtures of alliance offensive and defensive to the Cartsons boys early in his career. Col. Cartsons himself took Tom and Percy, he fascinated them and led them. He was in a way the incarnation of the spirit of evil fighting against Shirley for the souls of her boys. She had said within herself:

1887. SECOND YEAR. 1888.

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SOME OF THE FEATURES

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HISTORY.

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IN GENERAL.

Besides the features above outlined the publishers of The Gazette are making arrangements for the introduction of several new departments, announcements of which will appear as soon as the arrangements are completed. We intend to widen the field of The Gazette so that it will be the best and most complete family newspaper published, or can be published, in and for this community.

Our maxim is to advance. So far every improvement made in The Gazette has been handsomely endorsed by the public of Saint John and the Province at large. The improvements in contemplation will necessitate a largely increased outlay, and we expect large additions to our circulation in consequence.



How dare you steal a bird's nest, said Brownie indignantly.

"How dare you steal a bird's nest," said Brownie indignantly. "Go and put it back where you got it. Take away your dirty hand!"

Rip's eyes glowed with rage. He dashed the nest to ground. "Never you mind, Miss," he said. "You think you are so very fine, but you're nothing but a girl anyhow. You'll get your come-uppance. You'll get your hair pulled when you know who does it. Some fellow'll pounce on you in the dark and scare you into his arms. You never find out who it is. When you've got your best clothes on, somebody'll splash your white dress all over. 'Boppy'll yell out, 'nab nose! nab nose!' at you when you come to town. Somebody'll umph your pink ribbon and tuck it into a mud puddle. And it'll be the same fellow, every time. You mind that!"

"Get out!" said Brownie, angrily. "Yes, at the same fellow's got a humbuckle in his hollyhock, and he'll let it loose in your hair this minute. Wow-w-w!"

He gave a big soprano screech to mimic a fall from a hollyhock, and he'll let it loose in your hair this minute. Wow-w-w!"

She screamed in earnest. A laugh, a chuckle, a snicker, and he'll let it loose in your hair this minute. Wow-w-w!"

She was a double sotterault and the boy vanished. He was as good as his word. From that day he tormented Brownie till he made life a burden to her at times.

Every manner of devilry that head of boy could devise was set going by Rip, and he was a great lumbering boy with a strong but slow brain, which was behind his head and his years. He knew better than to follow the lead of Rip, nevertheless he did so. Because we know leaders to be reckless and bad, therefore we follow them sometimes.

Petty shafts began to be noted about Linwood on an extent never before known. Who committed them was a mystery. "Siam, what becomes of all the eggs?" said Brownie. "We can't get an egg for a curd, any more."

"Miss Brownie," said Sam, solemnly, "it's them boys. There's pickins and stealin' agin' on about yer dat's disgrace to a respectable neighborhood. It's things to eat that's most gin'ally always stole. A man will a head fur figgers would know from dat ar face 'tuss boys done it," said Sam with a moist pride. "Them derned boys!"

"I wonder where the boys are," said Mrs. Cartsons one evening. "You ought to look after them better, Shirley, I don't know what you are about evenings. Tom and Percy are out every night. There's Pe'g gone, too. We called him Pe'g when he was little, because he was so delicate and pretty, and looked like a girl. He was that cowardly that he would scream with fright if your father so much as set him up on a gate post. It seems as if he always would be afraid of the dark. I think he's getting over it lately."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How to Save Money.

Always buy the best because it is the cheapest in the end, and not only Burdock Blood Bitters but the best medicine known for all chronic diseases of the Stomach, Kidneys, Liver and Blood, but it is really the cheapest as it needs less to cure and cures more quickly than any other remedy.