

Literature.

THE CONVICT'S CHILD.

A True and Deeply-Affecting Story.

It was morning.  
"Is this the way, sir, to Sing Sing?"  
"Yes," roughly replied a broad-faced countryman and passed on.  
It was afternoon. The child was some what fragile in her appearance. Her bonnet was of broken straw, her shoes were much worn; the sun played hoily on her forehead. She walked on and on an hour longer.

"Is this the way to Sing Sing, sir?"  
"Yes, little girl, but what are you going there for?"  
The child trudged on, her lips quivering, but not deigning to answer the pleasant-faced old man who had stopped the jogging of his horse, to note her hurried manner, and who liked that little, anxious and sad expression on her face.  
The dew had fallen. Kate had fallen, too, almost. A rough stone by the way, imbedded in moss, received her as she lay. She looked so worn and tired, sitting there, her long hair falling on her hands that were clasped over her face. By the shaking of her frame the tears were coming too, and she was bravely trying to keep them back.

"Why, what is the dear little girl doing here?"  
The exclamation came from a pair of young lips.  
"A curiosity, I declare!" exclaimed a harsher voice, and Kate, looking up suddenly covered away from the sight of the young lady and her agreeable looking companion.

"Whatever are you doing here, little girl?" asked Nell Maywood, moving a little nearer towards the frightened child.  
"Going, Miss, to Sing Sing," and Kate, "Why, George! this child is going to Sing Sing—ten miles off! Child, did you know it was so far off?"

Kate shook her head, and wiped away the hot and heavy tears that came by one.

"Why, you little goose, what are you going to Sing Sing for? Have you had your supper?"

Kate shook her head.

"Have you had any dinner?"  
Again the child shook her head.

"No breakfast. Why, George, the poor thing must be almost starved!"

"I should think so," mechanically replied her brother, just recovering from yawn, and showing signs of sympathy.

"Look here, what's your name? Well, girl, you must come up to the house and get something to eat. Follow me, and we'll take care of you to-night somehow, and see about your going to Sing Sing to-morrow."

Kate followed. What a glorious vision burst upon her view! The parlour house, the rocks reddening in the low western sun; the shining river; the signs of luxury on every hand.

"Susan was a mild face. She looked pleasantly down at the poor, little girl, and taking her hand, which trembled now, led her into the kitchen.

Meanwhile her story, or that brief part of it which knew, was being told in the drawing room. The sylph-like figure in white, lounging gracefully in the midst of delicate cushions, accompanied her narration with expressive gestures, and now and then a little laugh.

"I should like to know what she is going to Sing Sing for!" she said, leaning languidly back. "We must look her up something to wear—a bonnet, a pair of shoes, and then maybe we can manage to have her carried some distance. (Oh, such an odd thing.)"

"Who is that, my daughter?"

"Oh, papa, you are coming home! What I was talking about a little while ago, I saw her out here sitting on a moss rock. She says she is going to Sing Sing."

"I met her on my way," said the pleasant-faced old man, "she asked me about and I would have taken her home, but she trudged on. Where is she? It was none when I saw her."

"In the kitchen, papa. Susan is taking good care of her I think, and what she has a hearty supper we will talk with her."

A gay trio of young girls came in. The nettles were put up, the gas was burning brightly, and music and mirth banished all thoughts of care. Suddenly Nell Maywood remembered the odd little figure, and clapping her hands, cried:

"Oh, I've something to show you girls!" and disappeared.

Susan was picking gooseberries near the pantry in the kitchen. Kate asked Nell Maywood.

"Where is the child, Susan?" asked Nell Maywood.

"On the doorstep, Miss."

"Why, no, Susan, there's nobody to be seen."

"No! Miss," Susan placed her pan down, held her apron up to catch the stems of the berries and walked deliberately to the door.

"Why, she sat there sometime after supper. I turned and came in; she was sitting there, looking up at the stars, I expect. I thought she was a mighty quiet child, but she's deep, deep, Miss. Nell, she's gone. Let me see, there ain't any silver around—should be feared she'd took something; they're mighty artful."

"Why, didn't you tell her she might stay all night?"

"Why, didn't you tell her she might stay all night?"

"Yes, Miss Nell, and told her what a good bed there was over the woodshed; but she looked strange out of them large eyes of hers."

"The poor child is in trouble," said Nell, quite sorrowful that she could not farther relieve her necessities. "I'd have given her something to wear, and we could have sent her to Sing Sing; and perhaps she will come back again—if you will send her to me?"

"If she do, I will, Miss," answered Susan, going at the gooseberries again. But little Kate did not come back.

She had been watching her opportunity to get off, and had already been gone sometime. She slept in an open field; crawled in some hay; she would have walked all night if she had dared, but she was afraid of the darkness.

"Mr. Warden, there's a queer case over at my house," said a bluff-looking fellow, meeting the warden of Sing Sing prison. "We found her last night in some out-of-the-way place, and nothing would do but my wife must take her in. We can't find out her name, except that it is Kate, and I expect that she wants to see somebody in prison. But we can't get anything out of her—where she's come from or anything about it."

"Bring her over here," said the warden. "my wife is waiting a little girl for help; maybe she's just the one."

So Kate stood, trembling more than ever, for a few moments, in the presence of the warden and Kate. Kate was a pretty child. Her large blue eyes were an expression of intense melancholy; her hair had been nicely combed and curled, and some one had put a good pair of shoes on her feet.

"Well, my little girl," said the warden, kindly—for he was prepossessed in her favor—where have you come from?"

"New York," said the child faintly. The men looked at each other incredulously.

"Do you mean to say that you have come to Sing Sing from New York on foot?"

"Yes, sir," said the child, frightened at his manner, which had in it something of severity.

"And what have you come for?"

"To see my father." The child burst forth with one great sob, and for a moment her little frame was shaken with a tempest of feeling.

"And who is your father?" asked the warden, kindly.

"He is Mr. Lloyd," said the child, as soon as she could speak for her rushing sob.

The warden looked at the jailor.

most into calmness to see the ponderous door at which the jailor applied the great key, and the stillness of long stone passages; the dimness thrown over all; the constant succession of bars and black, black walls were terrible to a sensitive mind like hers. How the heavy tread of the jailor, and the tread of the warden behind him, echoed through the gloom and the space! It was, in truth, a great tomb through which they moved—a tomb in which were confined living hearts—whose throbs could almost be heard in the awful stillness. On, on they went, now through that passageway and then through the other. Everything spoke of crime—of fierce passions subdued and held in stern control—everything, from the grim face of the ferocious watchdog to the sentinels armed.

Then they turned and went up the stairs, the jailor holding the scared bird close to his side with a tender clasp, the warden following. Another tramp, and at last they came to a standstill. The jailor rapped at a cell-door. Slowly the figure of a man, with a harsh, hair-covered face, appeared.

"Here," said the jailor, "I've got no little girl, or you wouldn't catch me here."

"Father," said the childish voice. It sounded so sweet, so childish, in that terrible prison, but as the scowling face came close to the bars, the child's head quickly in the jailor's arm, half-sobbing, it wasn't him.

"I'll try the next one."

He walked farther on, and spoke more pleasantly this time.

"Well, Bondy, here is little Kate; don't you want to see her?"

"Little Kate?" there was a long pause. "I had a Kate once—not a little girl, I broke her heart—God pity me! Go on, it can't be for me."

Again the sweet voice rang out:

"The prisoner came up close to the bars; a youthful face, framed with light hair—face in which the blue eyes looked innocently—a face that it seemed a sin to couple with a foul deed, gazed out. It was a child's earnest, pleading, fearful eyes; a dark expression rolled like a wave across his brow; a groan came up from his bosom, and with a low moan he staggered against his bed, crying:

"Take her away; I can't stand the sight of anything pure like that."

Kate had hidden her face a second time as she feebly cried, "It isn't him," so they kept on to a third cell.

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Prof. Beal of the Ohio Agricultural College makes the astonishing calculation that three sparrows in that State alone destroy 1,720,000 lbs. of noxious weed seeds every year, and it is to be remembered that this is only one of the dozen or more kinds of birds that eat such seeds.

No family Dyes were ever so popular as the Diamond Dyes. They never fail. The black is fast against water, logwood. The other colors are brilliant.

An Arkansas bridegroom caught the bride in his arms, at the conclusion of the ceremony, dislocating her ribs with a violent blow. Another case is reported of a young man who dislocated the ribs of his grandmother while hugging her; but the case is not yet on record of a man hugging his stepmother to death.

"BCHUPAIA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases. Dr. Druggists in the papers, that since the railroad has generally taken to using coal for fuel, the evergreen trees along the line of the roads have been much less thrifty than formerly, the coal smoke operating to stunt their growth and make them sickly.

We know of no way that we can benefit our readers more than by calling attention to Johnson's *Analgesic Liniment*. It is the most valuable remedy for rheumatism in the world. Everybody should keep it in the house. It will check diarrhoea and dysentery in one hour.

A Hillsboro County, N. H., farmer has not been obliged to buy any Paris Green this year, although the potato bugs were never more plenty. A black snake, fully six feet long, goes along between the rows and plucks the bugs clean from the hills. Thus the snake continues until his appetite is satisfied, and the farmer has not had to pick the bugs at all. The snake can be seen at his work nearly every day.

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BUY YOUR GROCERIES AT

VERXA & VERXA'S

3lb. Liquor Tea for \$1.50,

41b. Good Black English Tea for \$1, good flavor and strength.

GOOD MIXED COFFEE 20c. per lb.

JAMAICA 26c. JAVA 30c.

CANNED GOODS at Lowest Prices.

Corn 15 cents per Can.

We keep constantly on hand the following grades of flour, in whole and half barrels, cheap for Cash. Further notice.

VERXA & VERXA.

1882-1882

SPRING & SUMMER IMPORTATIONS.

NEW GOODS.

WM. JENNINGS,

Merchant Tailor,

Would invite an inspection of his Stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

Consisting of

English and Scotch Suitings,

FANCY TROUSERINGS,

SPRING OVERCOATINGS!

WORSTED

AND

DIAGONAL COATINGS,

Fancy Vestings and Serges,

Fine Broadcloths & Doeskins,

Making it one of the most desirable Stocks to select from in the city.

WM. JENNINGS,

Cor. Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley.

Frederickton, April 27

JACKSON ADAMS,

CABINET MAKER

AND

UNDERTAKER

(near County Court House.)

Queen Street, - - - Frederickton,

Where may be found a stock of

Furniture of all Descriptions.

Also, a full line of

CASKETS and COFFINS,

Rosewood, Walnut and Cloth Covered

Robes & Shrouds,

Crapes & Cloves.

Orders from the Town and Country will receive prompt and careful attention.

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE subscribers would beg leave to inform the public, that they have this day associated with them, in the business of Printing, Lithography, and Bookbinding, Mr. Wm. Bell, who has been in their employ for the last nine years, and that they will be hereafter known under the name of "Lithographers and Bookbinders, and that they will be more than ready to do any work entrusted to them, with the same attention and promptness as heretofore.

A. LIMERICK & CO.

Frederickton, May 1, 1882

Cheapest Tinshop in Town.

WE are now prepared to fill any orders in the Tin, Smith, Gilding, and Plumbing business.

Wrought Iron Furnaces

on hand, fitted up in the latest and most improved manner, from top to bottom, and at the lowest possible rates.

Ladies please give me a call. Frederickton, March 30, 1882