BY J. S. O'HIGGINS.

(From Walsh's Magazine, Toronto.)

Okl Sneck was a railway clerk in the employ of the W. & R., attached to that read from his boyhood. His steward ship had been an eventful one; from an enip time he had worked his way steadily opening to the post of General Freight Agent, but on account of various changes of management, and of his own advancing age, had been forced down again, in long spasmodic lapses, to the position of an abstract clerk in the audit department of the New York offices.

In his earlier years ne had always to his eartier years or had always been looked upon as a proud and avaricious man. He had a large salary then but now his pay was very meagre and his miserly deeds were in keeping with ins miserly deeds were in keeping with it. He had never married, but lived all alone in the very top of a rickety old tenement house, paying an ancient individual who prowled around the premises a me trille to tidy his two rooms, but doing all the other domestic work nimself. He had not bought a new suit of cloth s nor a new hat in twenty years. In fact his life had been that of the simriest of simple old misers, and people plest of simple of misers, and people were right when they argued that he was very wealthy, for he had saved money all his life, and it was carefully deposited, not in the traditional iron last under his ways traditional iron. box, but under his own name in several ur town banks.

succk was not miserable only because he didn't know what it was to be happy. He was not well liked by the clerks with whom he had worked shoulder to shoulder for four years or more. He always hell alout from them, rarely answering their salutes or questions, and wh n he did condescend to do so it was for the most part briefly and with a superior air which evoked from most of his fellow slaves a humorous regard,

tinged with sympathy.
(In Christmas eve this William Sneck was scated on a very high stool at a very high and very black desk in a row with ten other clerks, writing with nervous hand in a large book, consulting from hand to a large book, consulting from time to time the huge bundle of way-bills before him. His sharp, beardless face, furrowed deep with age, displayed no inward feeling. His snow white hair, brushed hack from a high forehead, tumbled in a silky bunch on his shoulder. ders. His frock cost, shiny from much wear and brushing, was buttoned closely about his tall, bent, and thin figure, while his trousers, seeming to disdain the contaminating association of his rough boots, held aloof fully three inches.

sneck was generally the last to leave the office and this day was no exception, for it was quite half-past six when he denued his wondrously tall and wonderfully shaped old top hat, and gave the final brush to his clothes. The night was particularly cold, and Sneck's became a little paler and his teeth chattered together, when the first rush of the winter wind wedged through the half-opened door. So he re-arranged his muiller, carefully turned up the collar of his coat, and having given his hat such a vigorous pull as almost brought it down over his ears, opened the door again and hurried down the street as fast as his poor stiff legs could carry

He had walked several blocks, with his head down as a ram to assail the violent onslaughts of wind which every now and then swent down the street, when something in the window of a bookstore at tracted his attention. He stopped absuptly, and a look of wonderment came over his face, changing slowly and almost imperceptibly, as he gazed, to one of reverent adoration such as was never seen on Sneck's face before, and which looked, it must be said, just a wife out of place.

To the ordinary passer by it was but a simple copy of Gisgongi's "Nativity" upon which Sneck lavished such unusual feeling-evidently copied by an amateur from this old master; truthfully executed but not in any way out of the ordinary. But to Sneck it was more.

Something in the expression of the Virgin Mother recalled the tender smile of one upon whose face he had looked white still a child. Dim visions of the mather of his childhood rose up and Chased upon each other in abounding profusion. Those thoughts that fill the live of lonely people flooded upon him. and in a moment a thousand incidents, a Thousand kindnesses, were recalled, and the lost m ther, lost while he was still a child, rose out of the oblivion into which the had vanished and took him back from his crabbed and wrinkled age to Youth rejoicing and unfurrowed cheek.

Certainly his face expressed such emotions as would have done credit to the most devout of worshipping Christians. And surely in this man, who had not entered a church for well nigh half a cen-Tury; who had not in as long a time suce thought of his Maker, nor addressed one little unspoken prayer to Him; who had spurned deserving solicitors of charity roughly from his presence—surely in this man, these feelings must have been mightily reawakened by an Almighty hand, and his former blighted soul approated and desputched.

Suddenly a hollow, sickly voice aroused him from his reverie. It sou ided to Smck as if it might have come direct from the lips of some dying mun-so weak and hollow, and so terrible it was.

"Sneck, you don't know me?"-a dis arranged and frightened look answered-I-I am Potter, your old secretary. twenty years ago. You had to discharge sue—it was my own fault Mr. Sneck. Lord I am gone to the dogs—gone long ago—" (and the dry cough told a story)
"No hope m.w. I don't need you to Lecture me; I am sick and want a place to sleep, just for to-night-just for tonight, Mr. Snock. I'll die in the street un this cold."

Sneck was moved. Not one feature of that pinched face reminded him of the Young see etary, whom, more than twenty years before, he had been comfelled to discharge with a severe lecture which elicited promises of subilety for the future. He could sourcely bring himself to believe that it was that boy who now stood before him. Such a

transformation Such a dreadful picture of want and wretcheddess whose lean face had been marrid and slashed by wild abuse; whose cloth a were scarcely more than a collection of rags; whose feet were through the soles of his tattered boots, and whose head-covering bore slight trace of having once been a

At other times Succk would have rebuked this disreputable "creature," but be was not now himself; he not only tolerated his fullen secretary's plea for charity, but actually consented to procure for him a night's lodgings, expressing in a kind and sympathetic voice how exceedingly sorry he was at seeing him in such a state.

He even called him "lad," but in his unheard of generosity still exhibited his old time strategy. When that bony hand was extended for the expected done tion, Mr. Sneck shook his head, knowingly: "No, had." he said. "if I give you money you will spend it on drink Come, I'll get you a bed"—for all the world as if it were an ev rydav occurrence, this buying lodgings for wayfaring tramps, when it was really the first time in his whole life that he had done so.

And so they set about to find a house, and, as they walked, the poor drunker related his rapid downfall and told of the lives he had dragged down with him-of those he had made miserable-of those he had murdered by his reckless career.

His story is the same as any other such story; in some details perhaps a little different, but in its commencement, in its end, in its general course, just the same. A mother, a wife, dead-broken hearted! But a child, a daughter, alive. child. "I used to stand in a doorway often when I was sober," said he, "to see her pass with the other orphan children. I could tell her little smiling face a block away—so like her mother. I tell you sneck, if there had been anything that could possibly have saved me from falling into this horrible nit it from falling into this horrible pit it would have been my love for her. How often have I, in agony, resisted my destroyer? But nobody would give me right, but where it got above a cer work, and disheartened and despairing I tain note it invariably cracked, and was drawn into the whirpeol again, and circled down and down to ultimate desruction.'

Thus Sneck's new found friend raved on as they elbowed their way through | moal. crowds of noisy children, and groups of happy men and women, whose merry faces seemed to ridicule the sorrow of for him whe had so recklessly disregard and there, sure enough, was the proof. ed her teaching, and sunk to the lowest Old Sneck had just reached that high depths of debauchery.

And by that mother's side, in the distant graveyard. lay his wife, whose life had been an example of patience and clusion." It would not have been forbearance. She had slaved for her of a credit even to a drunken man. child from early morn far into the night, without one word of complaint, imploring only that she might be spared to work on. But it was ordained otherwise. The strongest constitution could not have endured such a strain, and one bright got down on his knees and prayed. He morning she passed in a quiet sleep said a great many prayers, very devont which golden-bridged earth with eternity And some good nuns took the motherless little girl to a convent, where, happier simplest of them, they were all the more than any of her kin, she lived in blissful percet for that-every word or perly

innocence. Just one street beyond this church of digested. After he had completed his his childhood, Porter and his companion devations, both candles were extinguishstopped before a second-class hotel, and ed, and he retired for the night, the entering were shown to a neat little room in the very top of the house, where in | him to sleep. the distance, through one of the low winforward to pull down the blind, Porter stopped him. He liked to see the clear heaven, and that cross, he said; and then after a great deal of beating round the bush and edging in and out, the poor wretch, in more of a prayer than any-thing else, begged of sneck to be so kind, so good, so compassionate as to get a

fore. So happy, he seemed to be walking on air. His face looked as if he were to burst into an hilarious laugh and laugh for centuries. Effervescent happiness was bubbling up through his very eyes. He trembled with emotion. That great ponderous bell, ringing out the hour in venerable tones, every vibration | plained how pleased he would be to act of which was formerly hateful to him, as guardian, for the present, to the now infused a greater joy. His brain orphan girl, and would ask her when now infused a greater joy. His brain orphan girl, and would ask her when swam, and his twitching hands, his she had finished all her schooling, to elastic youthful step betrayed his irre-pressible delight. He imagined that he was walking with head erect to the stately tune of some majestic march, and when the ringing ceased with one huge exalting boom, the merry laughter of the | ful face beaming with erstitude. Sneck young people seemed to take up and prolong its theme.

So on he went, wondering how he could have spent so many black years; wondering how he could have fived so miserably for so long and not see that a happier state existed. Ah, old Sneck now knows that he has been miserable, and having up to the astonished guardian, and took caught the, flavor of this nowonted truit he snatches easerly for the very core. just as the poor prisoner, who has been caged up in a dark dungeon for sixty years, leaps for liberty. And this happing ness which could not have been purchased by some for millions was his for a little charity—liberty for one little step, the price of a bed for a tramp.

But Sneck did not forget that painting of the Nativity whose influence he knows had all to do with his liberation. He do it to morrow. No, the morning atter, "Mr. Sneck, don't you think he went do it to-morrow. No, the morning after, because the stores will not be open on Christmas day. No, he'll not buy the picture to morrow; he will go and see poor Porter, and after that his daughter in the convent. "But by the way, Sneck, you old dog" he says to himself "just buy some trinkets for young goldenlocks—some goody-goodies to take with you. Now here's a tine store. Let's see what they have"—and the childish delight that Speck took in the selection and final purchase of a neat golden brooch was, for him, unprecedented.

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Ah, Sneck you are changed. One day

Best for Best for Wash Day Every Day For quick and easy work For every use about the For cleanest, sweetest house Surprise works and whitest clothes best and cheapest. Surprise is best See for yourself.

merry faces, and if a waytarer had ac- as the emancipated Mr. Sneck. part of the whole story is that Sneck knows what he would have done the day before, and calls himself the worst kind o scandaious names—names, of course, which were quite consistent with his now elevated state, but nevertheless very severe names indeed. And after he had finished with that you cannot imagine how much better he felt.

Then he bought some bacon-smoked bacon. He had not tasted any kind of bacon for four years, and then it was green"-not so palatable as smoked, nor so expensive either. When he got home he lit two candles, and made a "buster of a fire," as he called it; cookel three rashers of that smoked bacon, respectable whistle. So he tried singing This was apparently more suited to him In some places his voice was all then suddenly went all to pieces. But Sneck thought it was a hopeful at tempt, for he began it all over again, all the time preparing his "scrumptions"

On the outside of the door, transixed in speechless amazement, stood the old lianitor. He couldn't believe it, and note, broke and went wheezing and grating indiscriminately on odd notes down to "a most lame and impotent conclusion." It would not have been much

After a while he was played out, and commenced bunting through boxes tranks, bureau-drawers-everything. At last ne discovered the object of his search -a prayerbook. With great effort he said a great many prayers, very devontand very penitent ones too, and though he had to consult the prayer book for the pronounced, every meaning thoroughly chimes from the constress towers luding

The next morning Sneck found, when guardian, he might deliver the enc oced letter to the Mother Superior of the Convent of St. Joseph, on B -- street. which would explain everything. If he did not wish to do so, it would be all priest for him.

As he walked home that night Sneek right. The letter ended with a word of felt as he had never felt in his life beharifelt thanks to Mr. Sneek for hi charity to such an undeserving wretch.

When Sneck had seen his dead secretary laid in his last resting place, he soon made up his mind about the rest. and posted off immediately to the convent to deliver the fetter. In a short interview with the Mother Superior he excome and look after his home, and be

his daughter. And then Sneck saw his new-found friend and future companion. She came boldly into the room, her sweetly sorrowwas more than surprised. He had expected to find in Porter's daughter a young girl of perhaps twelve years, and there was, instead, quite a full grown young woman of eighteen at least, with a mature face and a figure almost completely developed. She walked straight bath his hands.

"So you are my father's friend," she said with a naive look, "I have heardall about it. Oh how can we repay you." (She evidently included her mother) I am the only one who can do so now. Poor father it's a wonder he never came to see me. I shouldn't have scolded him because it really wasn't his fault you know. It was a failing, and don't you think Mr.-Mr.-"

"Sneck—Sneck. William Sneck," in-

straight to Heaven? "Oh yes, my child," said the prophet,

in a very certain tone. "Then he's all right—and much better off, you know-" and so they talked on for ever so long about everything. The paragon gave her the little brooch which he had bought the night before, and received the very best of thanks

When they parted they were the thickest of friends; for who could help liking Marjorie Porter, and who could help liking the new Mr. Sneck? Why mobody, living or dead, except his one who was similarly afflicted.
Saturic Majesty himself. Their admirational Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act tion was mutual. William Sneck never upon the blood and nerves, building imagined that so beautiful a young girl lived—a perfect star whose happy light would brighten his darkest hours—and

ago you would have gone along this Marjorie Porter never dreamed that there | w.ll not cure, and in hundreds of cases street with head down cursing these existed such a kind, noble, good old man

costed you and solicited alms you would : And in conclusion, let us look upon have passed in scorn. You would so what is now a commonplace picture. have purchased the merest trifle for an | The last rays of gray twilight are stealing unknown child if implored by angels- in through the western windows, and at you would have died first. But the best | the far end of the room, scated in an oldfashioned high-backed chair before a May be had from all dealers or sent postcheerful grate fire, is a very old man paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six with a kind though wrinkled face. On a low stool, at his feet, sits a young girl, the curves of her graceful figure and her sweet face standing out in sourt relief against the bright background. She is reading aloud to her gray companion, who listens with rapt attention and in perfect happiness.

It is the emancipated Mr. Sneck and his adopted daughter in their new home. Two of the happiest people on earth, I think. Hanging above the mantelpiece, lightly touched with the glow of the fire beneath, is Gisgongi's "Nativity" -the silent spectator of its glorious work.

CURED OF SCIATICA.

THE ENPERIENCE OF A BRUCE CO. FARMER.

SUFFERED SO SEVERELY THAT HE BECAME ALMOST A RELPLESS CRIPPLE-IS AGAIN ABLE TO BE ADOUT HIS WORK AS WELL AS

From the Walkerton Telescope

During the past few years the Telescope has published many statements giving the particulars of cures from the this poor outcast. Withdrawing into a stood for five minutes gaping at the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They side street and away from the throng, sight. Then he rushed down stairs to were all so well authenticated as to they passed a church on whose tall old smith below and into his room in a leave no doubt as to their complete steeple the golden cross proclaimed fit of laughing. "Oh Lord, what do you truthfulness, but had any doubt remainits cause. There, years ago, the outcast taink?" he cried. "Sneck's as drank as a cd its last vestige would have been rehad knelt reverently by the side of his fool-singing drunk?" You could have moved by a cure which has recently mother, whose prayers were all for him. knocked Smith down with a teather. He come under our personal observation. Long since she had died, still praying would not believe it. But they listened, It is the case of Mr. John Allan, a prominent young farmer of the township of Greenock. Mr. Allan is so well known in Walkerton and the vicinity adjoining it, that a brief account of his really remarkable recovery from what seemed an incurable disease will be of interest to our readers. During the early part of the summer of 1895, while work



ing in the bush, Mr. Allan was seized with what appeared to him to be rheumatic pains in the back and shoulders At first he regarded it as but a passing attack, and thought that it would disappear in a day or two. On the contrary, however, he daily continued to grow worse, and it was not long before he had to give up work altogether. From the back the pains shifted to his right leg and hip, where they finally settled, and so completely helpless did he become, that he was unable to do more than walk across the room and then only with the aid of crutches. Of course he consulted the doctors, but none of them seemed able to do him any good. People in speaking of his case, always spoke pityingly, it being generally thought that he had passed from the world of activity, and that he was doomed to live and die a cripple We are free to confess that this was our own view of the matter, and our surprise, therefore, can be readily imagined when some few weeks ago, we saw this self-same John Allan driving through the town on the top of a large load of grain. Great, however, as was our surprise at lirst, it became still greater when, on arriving at the grist mill, he proceeded to jump nimbly from the load, and then with the greatest apparent case began to unload the heavy bags of grain. Curious to know what it was that had brought this wonderful change, we took the first convenient opportunity to ask him. "Well," said he in reply, "I am as well a man as I ever was, and I attribute my cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to nothing else." Mr. Allan then gave us in a very frank manner, the whole story of his sickness, and his cure, the chief points of which we have set forth above. After consulting two physicians and finding no relief, he settled down to the conviction that his case was a hopeless one. He lost con-lidence in medicines, and when it was suggested that he should give Pink Pills a trial, he at first absolutely refused. However, his friends persisted and nually he agreed to give them a trial. The effect was beyon! his most sanguine expectations, as the Pink Pills have driven away every trace of his pains and he is able to go about his work as usual. As might be expected Mr Allan is loud in his praise of Pink Pills, and was quite willing that the facts of his case should be given publicity, hoping that it might caten the eye of some-Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly

they have restored patients to health after all other remedies had failed. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The genuine are always enclosed in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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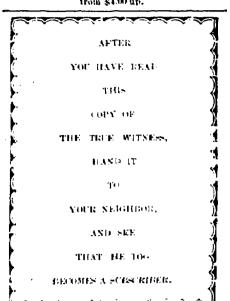
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