SAVED BY A GHOST.

This story is a true one, and I will tell it to you as it was told to me. The scene was near Hopkinton, St. Lawrence county, N. Y.

"We had decided to go and make a visit, mother and me, taking the baby, then about 6 months old, with us," said the relator, whom I shall call Mr. Brown.

"Preparations had been made for a several days' visit in the eastern part of the county among relatives, as was the fashion in those days. The winter had been an unusually severe one, and the continued extreme cold had delayed our visit from time to time. At length the severity abated to some extent, although it was still winter, the mercury below zero.

"We arose earlier than usual that morning. I tucked up my wife and little one securely in the long wagon box, which rested upon a stout pair of bob sleds. We lived in the suburbs (or rather beyond them) of Hopkinton. The air was so cold and clear you could almost cut it with a knife. All around us, save for the road, was the hard, frozen, unbroken snow, and the trees stood up, tall, dark, but not bare, for a delicate hoarfrost draped every brown limb and scraggy bush.

"The horses traveled so fast that a continuous steam arose from their bodies, and we did not dare pause lest they as well as ourselves would chill. We had a distance of about 20 miles to travel, and it was high noon when we came to the river, which told us we were half way.

"The approach to the bridge was very slippery. It was with considerable difficulty that we at length reached the ascent, and my horses stood for an instant panting on the floor of the high structure. The wind was blowing a perfect gale and pierced one to the marrow.

"The bright glare of the sun prevented me seeing the condition of the bridge at first, but as I shaded my eyes with one hand and held the reins with the other I saw to my horror as my horses started eagerly forward that the floor was one glaring sheet of ice. It was a very narrow bridge, permitting but one team and wagon to cross at a time, and there was no railing. As the horses started forward the sled swung around, and involuntarily I turned to look if wife and baby were safe, expecting instantly to be precipitated on the icy river far below.

"We were well on the bridge now, and there was no turning back or backing. Death stared me in the face. My wife saw and comprehended the situation, but she was very calm.

"My mind was so taken up with the horror of the situation that I could not speak, but I strained my eyes to see if there was any help near, any human aid to which we could appeal.

"No, so far as the eye could reach there was no living thing save ourselves in sight. Only a bleak waste of glittering, unbroken ice and snow. Blinded with the glare, I turned away. Then suddenly there was a slight lurch, the sled swung evenly around in the center of the bridge, the seemingly frantic horses lowered their heads and moved along as steadily as on a pike road.

"Turning my head again not understanding the cause of this sudden change, I saw a tall, heavily built man clad in furs to his chin, his fur cap pulled down over his ears, his head bowed, with both hands outstretched and grasping the back of the sled, appearing to guide and push it along.

"Surprised, I looked at my wife in consternation, the reins lying loose in my hands. She, too, saw our savior and looked up into my face and smiled.

"In a few moments we had crossed the bridge, and the horses neighed gently and stood still.

"I jumped from the sled to thank my strange preserver, but he was nowhere in sight.

"Stooping, I looked under the sled and asked my wife what had become of him.

"Alarmed, she said he disappeared just before we reached the end of the bridge.

"Another horror seized me. He had fallen from the bridge.

"Getting down on my knees, I looked all over the river's surface. No mangled body lay there.

"I walked up and down, calling and looking everywhere, but no one came nor answered my call.

"There was nothing to obscure my vision for a considerable distance, and leaving wife, baby, sled, horses and all I could not resist the impulse to make the attempt to run back over the bridge again in search of this kindly friend.

"Looking down I saw that the horses' feet, the sled runners and my own feet made an imprint on the surface of the ice, but there were no other footprints. What did it mean?

"As I started forward, it was as if strong hands took me by the shoulders and deliberately turned me about and walked me off the bridge.

"'Don't go, husband; see how the wind has driven you back,' pleaded the wife.

"I caught my breath. 'It isn't the wind, Mary,' said I, and then getting into the sled, I started on our way again. I looked back a number of times, but saw nothing of the strange friend who guided us safely over the ice covered bridge on that bright, cold winter morning 40 years ago."

Mr. Brown paused and then, "This is a true story," he said, "and I have always believed in the supernatural ever since."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Are Schoolmasters Conceited?

I do not know whether you have ever noticed it or not, but my experience has been that schoolmasters are the most conceited set of fellows one can possibly come across. In my day I have known a very large number of masters both at public and private schools, and while nearly all of them were men of excellent education they seemed to be filled with a most extraordinary idea of their own importance, and looked upon all other professions outside their own as very inferior indeed.

The bump of conceit seemed in them to be developed to an abnormal degree, and their companionship, therefore, could not be altogether called agreeable.

What is the reason of this? I suppose it is to be that at school they are accustomed to lord it over the rising generation, and that within school walls every word they utter is weighted with an authority which is indisputable. I fancy that they are believers in the saying of the versifier who alleged that "men were only boys grown tall," so that they find themselves quite unable, outside the schoolroom, to conduct themselves in any other fashion than they do in their classes.—Cor. London Tit-Bits.

A Little Judgment Needed.

What is needed in the open street cars is a body of conductors who will arrange passengers in the favorite pork style of a streak of lean and a streak of fat. It is ridiculous to wedge five broad gauged passengers into one seat, and so run the risk of bursting out the sides of the car, and allow five condensed people to rattle around in the next seat. With judicious mixing all would be comfortable and the sides of the car be preserved intact.—Boston Transcript.

JONES' YARN.

"Speaking," said Jackson Peters, "of the ingenuity of man—I just spoke of it myself," he explained hastily as he eyed Jones. "Speaking of"—

"Pardon me, Jackson, one moment, please, before we listen to your fascinating narrative," broke in Jones, with great suavity. "It occurs to me that you may be a descendant of that historic man who had but one story, a long gun story. You remember he used to bring his fist down on the table after dinner with a terrific bang and then remark: 'I declare, sounds like a gun, doesn't it? Oh, by the way, speaking of guns,' and then he would reel off his gun story for the next 30 minutes. Father's or mother's side, Jackson?"

"You are in uncommonly high spirits, Jones," replied Jackson Peters. "Perhaps we are to be favored tonight with the exact facts in regard to your encounter with the blue racer, having taken a month since you promised it to construct them. My reference to the ingenuity of man was legitimate and was prompted by the subtlety of the waiter in whisking away an imaginary fly with his napkin in the hope of augmenting his tip. From that I was about to tell of a Texas horse thief I had just read of, who 10 years ago had the operation of tracheotomy performed on himself and a silver tube inserted through which he could breathe. He has been lynched 23 times since that, but as the rope always comes above the tube"—

The young man was interrupted by a cheery laugh from Jones. "Really," broke in this individual, "that was an ingenious idea. Do you know, Jackson, I believe you come of a clever family?"

"Thank you, Jones."

"Extraordinarily clever family. I knew as soon as I gathered that the fellow was another uncle of yours that he'd do something bright, but I was hardly prepared for this. Friends have in the past been so kind as to say that I am myself ingenious in getting out of difficulty, but I never rose to anything like that. I remember a little brush I had with wolves in northern Wisconsin before the war. The wolves there were of the large timber variety, and it being a hard winter they were constantly hungry."

"But, Jones," interposed Robinson, "somebody mentioned the blue racer story."

"Not tonight, Robinson; not to-night. I have got to look up certain facts and figures which I noted in my diary at the time before I can trust myself with that. I would not deceive you about that blue racer for anything in the world. There are always temptations in a blue racer story which I must guard against. Those wolves, I repeat, seemed always to have a gnawing sensation in the stomach. They were fierce and dangerous and would readily attack a man even when there were no more than two or three of them together. One day in January I was going from Ojibway City to Pomme de Terre river on foot, accompanied only by my dog, which was named Bones, from his fondness for this article of diet. He was a good dog, but he had read somewhere that discretion is the better part of valor.

"Bones was not a dog that would ever go about the country asking folks in his poor, dumb way where he could probably find a large pack of wolves. If a wolf ever succeeded in meeting Bones, he had to bring good letters of introduction from mutual friends. When about 15 miles from Pomme de Terre, I noticed that Bones was becoming uneasy. Five minutes later I observed that he was wearing the hair on his back pompadour. I suspected wolves, and I was right. They soon came up, not 50 yards behind. There was at least 100 of them—large, gaunt, hungry, savage wolves. Their fierce howls reverberated through the startled forests like the diabolical shrieks of frenzied demons in torment. I saw that a hand to hand contest with them was out of the question. Flight was my only hope. Picking up Bones by the nape of the neck, I tucked him under my arm and started.

"For 40 minutes, gentlemen, I ran like a cat in a dog show. I suppose I covered 10 miles, notwithstanding that the snow was deep in some places and in others the underbrush interfered. The wolves kept close behind. When I turned my head, I could feel their hot, venomous breath on my cheek. They leaped up and nipped at the tail of poor Bones, which was waving and tossing behind on the terrific wind which my flight engendered like the plume of a knight of old going into battle. Their howl, weird and hideous as the sinking wail of 10,000 lost souls, shook the pine needles from the trees and tore the nerves of the unfortunate Bones in a way which was painful to see.

"At the end of 10 miles I began to tire. A large spruce tree stood in my path, and I climbed it. Perching myself on a lower limb some 50 feet from the ground and tying Bones in place on another with a bit of string, I looked down on the angry, surging sea of wolves below. I felt safe and lit my pipe and gave my dog a ham bone which I had in my pocket. But soon, to my surprise, the wolves began most extraordinary tactics—nothing less, gentlemen, than gnawing down the tree. One hundred sets of ravenous fangs tore and bit the trunk. I saw that the tree could not stand half an hour. I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and began to look at the situation seriously. I noticed on the branches about me chunks of raw spruce gum about the size of my fist. Taking my pocketknife, I pried one off and dropped it to a wolf below. He snapped his jaws upon it with famished greed. He never opened them again, the resinous mass holding them firm as a vise.

At the end of 20 minutes I had the jaws of every wolf welded together past all hope of opening. I then descended with Bones, who now barked savagely and attacked the wolves with great spirit. With his assistance I drove the baffled, helpless creatures to Pomme de Terre like a flock of sheep. There was at that time $10 bounty on wolves. We rounded them up in the courthouse yard, and I drew $1,000 from the county treasurer, after which I repaired to the Le Grand Monarque hotel and ordered supper, not forgetting to bespeak the largest soup bone in town for my trusty dog. I returned to Ojibway City the next day, but saw no wolves. That is all, gentlemen. Pardon the tameness of my narrative. I doubt not our time might have been better employed."

"Jones," said Jackson Peters, "you refused to tell us the blue racer story because you had not yet looked up the exact facts, did you not?"

"Yes, Jackson. What of it?"

"Nothing."—Harper's Weekly.

English Salutations.

The English and American custom of handshaking first came into fashion, it is said, in the time of Henry II. Previous to that the embrace and the kiss were in vogue, a relic of an ancient oriental method of greeting. The people least wasteful of salutations among the nations of Europe are the English. On the continent they declare that an Englishman says "Good day" to you as if he were flinging a bone to a dog.—F. H. Stauffer in Kate Field's Washington.

AN EXPLANATION.

Had You Been the Offender Would It Have Been Satisfactory?

"Why, look here, De Forhm, what are you doing in a smoking-jacket at an evening party?"

"Well, you see, my man put it in my valise instead of my Tuxedo, but I thought that people here would be too well bred to appear to notice anything peculiar in dress."—Harper's Bazar.

In a New Light.

The young woman was trying to persuade her father to give his consent to her accepting a very worthy young man he did not want her to marry, and he was stubborn.

"But, papa," she insisted, "he is the man of my choice."

"Well, he isn't the man of my choice, and you shall not marry him," he persisted.

The girl grew firm at once.

"Now, look here, papa," she said. "Some day my daughter will probably come to her father, as I'm coming to you, and she will ask him what I am asking you, and he will refuse as you are doing. Then my daughter will say coaxingly to her father, 'but, papa, you were mamma's choice,' and then in reply to that would you like to have that man say to your granddaughter, 'No, I wasn't. I was your grandfather's choice?' Answer me that. Do you think it would be a pleasant thing for that man to say to your granddaughter?"

The father blinked two or three times and rubbed his dome of thought.

"Um—er—um—" he hesitated. "It hadn't quite struck me that way before. I guess you can have your own way about it," and up to date nobody has heard any cause to regret the girl's successful argument.

"You bad boy, you have made a grease spot on the new sofa with your bread and butter," said Mrs. Fizzletop to her son Johnny.

"Never mind, ma; you can sit on it when there is company in the parlor," replied little Johnny.

At the Museum.

The Human Elephant—Say, the India-rubber man got full last night.

The Double-Headed Man—What did they do to him?

The Human Elephat—Bounced him.

A Natural Deduction.

Prosecutor—What reasons can you give for thinking that this lady did not intend to hit her husband when she threw the sugar bowl at him?

Witness—Well, she did hit him.

Charming Personality.

She had wealth. He knew it, and she knew he knew it. He was very attentive.

"Your personality is the most charming in the world," he said earnestly.

"Without that, what would you think of me?" she asked.

"I could not think of you at all."

"No?" she queried. "Do you forget that if I should be removed from my personality my personality would remain?"

It was dreadfully poor kind of logic, but he felt she was on to him.

Must be Very Good.

Jenny—Papa, Cook must be very good.

Papa—Why, my dear?

Jenny—Because in my lesson last Sunday it said that the wicked shall not live out half their days, and Cook says she has lived out all her life.—Harper's Young People.

Another Broken Heart.

He loved her with the passionate devotion of a man who hasn't a ghost of a show, but doesn't know it.

She had hinted and hinted that he was not in it, until her hinter was in need of repairs, but he wouldn't take a hint.

He wouldn't take anything, not even his departure.

One night, when the clock was so tired it could scarcely raise its hands, he ventured to put the matter to a final test and ask her to be his.

She felt the impending doom, but could not escape it, and she nerved herself for the shock.

"Miss Celeste," he twittered persuasively, "I'm clean gone on you."

That was the preliminary, and he used the familiar colloquial style as a strategic general deploys skirmishers before the real battle begins.

She looked far over his head into the dreamy fields of vacancy.

"On me?" she said, in questioning cadence. "On me? What's the matter with 'from me?'"

Then his heart broke, and she thought it was a suspender button losing its grip.—Poughkeepsie News.

Jokers' Counter.

Strangely, the street-car traveller is most shocked when the electric current is gone.—Plain Dealer.

Tom—How old is your sister Mabel? Ned—Her count, do you mean, or family Bible record?—Somerville Journal.

Customer—That's a queer-shaped piece of pie. Look's something like a turnover. Waiter—No, sir; it's a left-over.—Good News.

It is safe to say that any miniature railroad, locomotive and train of cars given to a small boy on Christmas Day has by this time passed into the hands of the receiver.—Bangor Commercial.

A recent poet writes: "A song sleeps in my soul unsung." There is a place for that young man in a dime museum at a remunerative salary. He is the only one of his kind on record.—Atlanta Constitution.

Pat offered his school-fellow a bite from his apple and is astonished at the large portion measured off by Mike's teeth. "Here, I say, hold on there, hold on!" (Then, correcting himself.) "When I say 'hold on' I mean let go!"—Boston Transcript.

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It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.
This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the general public.
This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the great nervine tonic qualities which it possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a broken-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption remedy ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine Tonic, almost constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.
IT IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF
Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Sick Headache, Female Weakness, Nervous Chills, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Nervous Choking, Hot Flashes, Palpitation of the Heart, Mental Despondency, Sleeplessness, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervousness of Females, Nervousness of Old Age, Neuralgia, Pains in the Heart, Pains in the Back, Failing Health, Broken Constitution, Debility of Old Age, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Heartburn and Sour Stomach, Weight and Tenderness in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams, Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Weakness of Extremities and Fainting, Impure and Impoverished Blood, Boils and Carbuncles, Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers, Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough, Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhœa, Delicate and Scrofulous Children, Summer Complaint of Infants.
All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful
NERVOUS DISEASES.
As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous derangement.
CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., AUG. 20, '86.
To the Great South American Medicine Co.:
DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the stomach 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 Tonic 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 nervous system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.
J. A. HARDER, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.
REBECCA WILKINSON, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, until my health was gone. I had been doctoring constantly, with no relief. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which done me more good than any $50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable [illegible] few bottles of it have [illegible] consider it the grand[illegible]
A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA.
CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887.
My daughter, eleven years old, was severely afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.
JOHN T. MISH.
State of Indiana, Montgomery County, } ss:
Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.
CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public.
INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.
The Great South American Nervine Tonic
Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the ONE and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.
HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: "I owe my life to the Great South American Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I can not recommend it too highly."
MRS. ELLA A. BRATTON, of New Ross, Indiana, says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting up blood; am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."
No remedy compares with SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all compare with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon; if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.
Large 16 ounce Bottle, $1.00.
EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.
SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON,
CHATHAM, N. B.