

NEILL'S BLUE EYE.

BY HARRIET CAROL COX.

Robert Brayton, millionaire, sat in his private office for the moment alone. The morning had been a busy one, and his visitors of a particularly trying kind; and now that they were gone he breathed a sigh of relief, a sigh that sounded exactly like that of an ordinary individual.

Harry Temple, clerk and private secretary, sat in the outer office, wearily opening the pile of letters the postman had just left on his desk. He had sorted them in piles—the business letters in one pile, circulars, etc., in a second, private letters, in the third, while the fourth held what he termed the "crank letters."

The business letters were opened first, and more work given the young typewriter, who sat gazing out of the window. Those requiring Mr. Brayton's personal attention were merely glanced through, in order to ascertain their nature.

Finally, he reached the crank pile. It was larger than usual, but of the same nature. There were numerous demands for endorsements for old ladies' homes, unheard of missions and numberless odd societies, and the usual number of requests for situations, advice, etc.

One ambitious young man wanted to borrow twenty-five dollars, that he might be married at once, and show the city a swell whom he had cut out how things were done in Jersey. A young girl far out in the country wanted his old necktie if they weren't too soiled. She was making a crazy quilt for the fall cattle show.

Harry Temple leaned back in his chair and gave a low whistle. The typewriter looked up from her pile of letters and smiled; but Harry was busy rereading the letter.

Just after the noon hour, when Mr. Brayton returned to his office, he was given his mail, and as he proceeded to open it, he noticed that young Temple lingered.

"What is it?" he asked. "Here is a letter," hesitatingly replied the young man, "which I don't know whether you wish to see or not, and he turned it over."

"One of your famous 'crank letters'?" queried Mr. Brayton. "Better let me see it, if it is a good one," he smiled as he held out his hand for it.

Your Temple went out from the office and shut the door and stood gazing down the tumultuous street.

"Poor little cur," he said to himself, "you pin all your faith in the goodness of rich men, don't you?"

off; but I had to wait for Ma to make me a new coat." He glanced proudly at the ill-fitting jacket. "It was great fun to swing 'cause in one place there was a wint crowd; and lots of folks had to stand. One fellow wanted me to give him my seat, and the conductor said I'd better, too, 'cause I was a youngster, and could stand's well as not. But, sir, says I, no sir, I ain't a-giving up seats this trip; and I wish to be comfortable myself, for I have business with Mr. Robert Brayton. Then he looked at me queer and walked away. New York's an awful big place, ain't it? I've walked about a million miles, and I thought I must have got here a hundred times. I should think you'd find it pretty hard work getting here every day, don't you?"

Temple assured him, very gravely, that it was easy after one knew the way. And as they kept on talking, Johnnie expressed his opinion on all subjects from the revival at home to the Brooklyn strike. He was an Independent, he declared. He wouldn't be a Democrat, because Tom Faber was, and he wouldn't be anything that Tom was. He didn't quite like being a Republican, either. It was more convenient to be on the fence.

Just here Mr. Brayton came in. Johnnie didn't notice him particularly, for a good many had come in since he sat there. So for a moment or two Mr. Brayton listened with the calmness of a man who has seen it all. He walked into his office, telling Temple "to send the youngster in."

And Johnnie went in; and just what conversation took place no one ever knew. The clerks in the outer office could hear the hum of voices, the rich, full voice of Mr. Brayton and the eager, childish voice of the boy. Then, when Mr. Brayton began to be in demand, Johnnie was sent out, and Temple was told to make him useful until brookly. So until he was kept at one thing and another; then when Mr. Brayton went out, to look Johnnie with him.

First they went for lunch, Johnnie all unconscious of the interest and amusement he created, and Mr. Brayton only smiled and raised his eyebrows when his acquaintance looked, bowed, and looked again.

Johnnie was modest in his desires for lunch. He despised soup, and was weary for him, etc. He guessed he'd have some turkey and stuffing and sweet potato, pumpkin pie, ice cream and nuts.

These disposed of, they went to a studio, where Johnnie was told to select an eye like Nellie's; and as he did so, Mr. Brayton stood near the window, apparently looking out; but his sharp eye was on the boy and his quick ear caught the conversation.

"No," said Johnnie, very emphatically, "that isn't the color at all. It's a different blue, just like the lake in summer when there ain't no clouds." One tray and another was brought, but the blue that the boy wanted was not there. Finally he spied an eye in the showcase.

"That's it!" he cried. "Let's see her." "That is an imported one of the very finest material," remarked the clerk, with a doubtful glance at Johnnie, and in turning on one Mr. Brayton's back, "and it costs a great deal."

"Well," said Johnnie, drawing himself up with an air of superiority, "I just guess you don't know who wants to buy that eye. Mr. Brayton here, sir, or can anything be done for me that he wants, I guess if you'd only one eye, you'd want the other to be like it, even if it is 'imported,' with a minikinling stress on the word.

Boy and finally a millionaire himself. Young Temple and the typewriter did not marry each other, and "I've happy ever after." In fact, the whole episode was soon forgotten.

But in the far away country town where Johnnie is growing to sturdy manhood, the story of his trip to New York is ever a new one. Strangers sometimes speak of the marvellous blue of Nellie's eyes, with their long curling lashes.

Then she will repeat the words to Johnnie as she stops to leave the milk and chat, and they will laugh softly together while their faces are bright with happiness.—New York Independent.

RALPH TURNER'S TEMPTATION. Two men were walking leisurely along a busy street in Boston. Shadows were slowly gathering as if the fair May day was loath to depart.

"Well," said Mark Seaford, abruptly, "I'm a man of forty with florid face and crazy eyes." His companion's face crimsoned. He was young and in the open countenance there yet lingered an unmistakable look of a boy.

"I understand you perfectly," Seaford said, waving his hand airily. "I was once troubled by those same scruples. Time brought me wisdom. See here, Turner, what will you do? Remain where you are at a beggarly salary, and waste the best years of your life, or enter into partnership with me, and in five years be a man of wealth? As to your religious scruples, you will find that they are not marketable."

"I'll take a barefoot boy who was passing the basket on his arm was crowded with sprays of the sweet old-fashioned flowers of the country home. Into the eyes of Ralph Turner came a gleam of tenderness. Stopping the boy, he purchased a great bunch of the delicately colored blossoms, whose fragrance seemed to him like a breath from his country home.

"Here is my car," he said the next moment. "I will call at your office to-morrow, Seaford, and tell you my decision. I want time to think it over." "I want time to think it over," Turner shook his head, and sprang aboard the car.

"It is a rare piece of good luck," he said to himself, "or rather it would if it was clean money. I sometimes wish you, I think, were Seaford's face, yet he is a prime good fellow."

Ralph Turner had come to Boston from County, his village home, two years before. An uncle had secured him a situation in a counting house at a fair salary, and he had accepted it, content in his position, and trying faithfully to please his employers when he made the acquaintance of Mark Seaford.

After leaving the car, five minutes he brought him to his boarding house. He hastened up stairs and lighted a lamp. The room was a pleasant one, showing the studious, refined tastes of its occupant.

Mark Seaford sprang to his feet with a smile of good fellowship when his door opened to admit Ralph the next morning. The face of the older man looked worn, and there were signs that told of his dissipation around the town.

"I've been seated, my dear fellow," and he drew forward a luxuriously-cushioned chair. "You have come to tell me that you accept?" "I have come to tell you that I decline your offer," Ralph said coldly. "What? Why? I think you have failed to consider the matter."

"I have considered it well," the young man, who had remained standing, said, "and I prefer to keep my honor, my religious ideas, as you call them. I intend, God helping me, to live an upright life. Good morning, Mr. Seaford." With a low bow Ralph left the office.

When the October days came and the maples that grew around Genevieve's home were in gold and crimson, there was a quiet wedding there.

To his bride, Ralph Turner gave a pure life and an honest love; to his mother a name unspiced as an honor, and a respect for the law of God. He served her a true and faithful love, and the world cannot give, neither can it take away.—Presbyterian.

A HAPPY CHOICE. AFTER 25 YEARS A Wise Mother Chooses the Right Medicine, and Her Son Tells of Its Wonderful Effects.

GENTLEMEN—In the spring of 1891 I got a bottle of B.B.B. for my mother, who had been troubled for 25 years with Sick Headache. I got it from Mr. H. Faxon Beard, of Woodstock, N. H., who gave me two other bottles to take home and let my mother take her choice. Fortunately she chose the B.B.B., and I returned the other bottles. She used it for three months and has had no headache since. We are sure it was B.B.B. cured her as she took no other medicine.

JONATHAN A. GREEN, Hartford, N. H. For Biliousness—Minard's Family Pills. She—"So you are going to California instead of Europe?" He—"Yes! It's easier to get back." She—"How is it?" He—"The walking's better."

Have you ever noticed how your system seems to crave special assistance in the Spring? Just the help required is given by B.B.B. Pills.

Mother—"That note paper is certainly very quaint, but you must use it as fashionable!" Daughter—"O, it must be. It's almost impossible to write on it."

THE FAIR-SHUGGLER.

She was as good a woman as had ever eyes of blue. She never told a falsehood—all her words were strictly true. She was most charitable; no one ever left her door.

Who did not get the penny that he asked and something more. She brought her children up with a most high regard for truth; On Sundays she went forth to teach the word to ragged youth.

Her name upon committees for good works was always seen. And once she wrote on "Conscience" for a leading magazine.

If there were trouble somewhere that she could alleviate, She went at once and did it, in the early-morn or later. She never babbled gossip, and no person e'er could say He'd heard her speak an unkind word in any kind of way.

And yet, when in the summer with her daughter she did go Across the seas to Paris and to London, don't you know, she had her husband say. She bought a stock of lovely clothes, rich hosiery and things, A lot of splendid gloves and cloaks, a watch or two, and rings.

Returning home, the custom-house officials all she dared By saying she had nothing that had ought to be declared; And all the while she'd in her sleeves, as doth her husband say, A lot of things the tariff law says mustn't come that way!

And I have noticed thousands of that same delightful deed, Who on the side of strictest truth you've always sure to find, Until it comes to "duties," then her mind seems wholly bent On finding little schemes to cheat the U. S. government.

—Harper's Bazar. I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Bay of Islands. J. M. CAMPBELL. I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Springfield, N. S. Wm. DANIELA. I was cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Albert Co., N. B. GEORGE TINGLEY.

MINARD'S LINIMENT. PAIN CURED IN AN INSTANT. Let Radway's Ready Relief be used on the first indication of Pain or Unpleasantness. It will relieve you in five or ten minutes. The cure will be made before the family doctor would ordinarily reach the house.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH ACNES AND PAIN. For headaches (whether sick or nervous), neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or limbs, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate relief, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.



As Well as Ever After Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cured of a Serious Disease. "I was suffering from what is known as Bright's disease for five years, and for days at a time I have been unable to straighten myself up. I was in bed for three weeks; during that time I had loaches applied and derived no benefit. Seeing Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised in the papers I decided to try a bottle. I found it cured me."

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES. relief before I had finished taking half of a bottle. I got so much help from taking the first bottle that I decided to try another, and since then I had loaches applied and derived no benefit. Hood's Sarsaparilla is advertised in the papers I decided to try a bottle. I found it cured me. Sold by all druggists. 2c.

\$20, \$10, \$5 Will be paid the Three Persons who send until March 31st, 1895. \$35! Wrappers, Representing most value in WOODILL'S GERMANY BAKING POWDER. St. John City and County.

Intercolonial Railway. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 1st October, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbell, Paywash, Pictou and Halifax... 7:00 Express for Halifax... 7:30 Express for Quebec and Montreal... 15:00 Express for Sussex... 15:40

IN CASE OF What Causes It? Bleeding from the nose, the congestion of the face, the redness of the eyes, the watering of the eyes, the soreness of the throat, the cough, the asthma, the rheumatism, the neuralgia, the toothache, the headache, the indigestion, the constipation, the flatulence, the dyspepsia, the diarrhoea, the cholera, the typhoid fever, the diphtheria, the scarlet fever, the measles, the mumps, the whooping cough, the pertussis, the influenza, the influenza, the influenza, the influenza.

Patents. CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a full and complete information, write to the Patent Office, Ottawa, Canada. The Patent Office, Ottawa, Canada. The Patent Office, Ottawa, Canada.

Marble, Freestone and Granite Works. A. J. WALKER & SON, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999.

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