A BUNCH OF ROSES.

BY LIZZIE MAY SHERWOOD.

"It's no use, I can't stand this any longer. Here I am out of my teens; with an average amount of common sense, and yet father treats me as if I were a mere child. He destroys my individuality. I don't know that I shall ever have a mind of my own, or spirit enough to stand up for my right, when I do get off for myself. He keeps me so under his thumb. Thank goodness he loses his power over me in another year, but I won't stand it another year. See if I do."

John Barton's fine face was flushed, and there was an angry gleam in his eye, and with clinched fists he paced back and forth on the barn floor.

"It's no use to speak to mother. She can't help it, and if she tries to interfere she will only get herself into trouble, as she has hundreds of times. Something's going to be done, and done now, and I am going to do it."

John drew an open letter from his pocket. He had read its contents a number of times since he received it. He read again:

"DEAR JOHN: Yours received. I'm awful sorry for you. Say, why don't you ask the old man for your time, and if he won't give it to you—SKIP. I'll get you a job in less than twenty-four hours after you arrive, if you'll come here. Good pay, too. You are a fool to shut yourself up in that one horse town. I could not stand it two months. Come to New York and find out what real life is. When shall I expect you? Have an engagement at seven. Yours in great haste,

HORACE."

To John Barton's credit it must be said that the first reading of this letter filled him with indignation. "'Old man,' 'one-horse town,' 'ask for my time,' 'skip.' What does he take me for, anyway?" he muttered, thrusting the letter in his pocket. "I'm fool enough, but I'd be a bigger one to take Horace Graham for a counsellor." Nevertheless by the time John had reviewed the words a half-dozen times they seemed less objectionable. Read now, when he was smarting under a harsh, unjust rebuke emphasized by a kick from his father, to John's angry vision the letter seemed a fortunate way of escape. And so the old story was repeated. A son, the only child of his parents, stealing forth into the night, a disappointed father, a broken-hearted mother. Sorrow, anxiety and suspense brooding over the deserted home nest.

"Hello! if it ain't John Barton. I'm awfully glad to see you, old fellow," and Horace Graham grasped John's hand and shook it heartily. "You've hit the nail square on the head by coming now, John," the young man rattled on. "One of the fellows leaves tomorrow, and if the place isn't already filled I think I can get it for you. I'm pretty good friends with the boss. If you only had some experience you'd stand a better chance. You see we are in one of the largest grocery houses in the city, and we just have to hustle." Glancing at his watch he added, "Come up to my den, John; I have only three quarters of an hour for dinner and time flies. I want you to feel at home, old boy, and I'll be round again at six-thirty. We are off then. Here's where I stay, I don't pretend to live," Horace continued, throwing open one of the many doors in a long passage way. John's quick eye took in the shabby furniture, the faded carpet, the dingy curtain, and the one dirty window whose only outlook was the rear of a high brick building.

"How one changes," Horace said apologetically. "I couldn't live like this at home, but one gets used to roughing it in such a city as this. Our pay is small, and decent board high. One has got to be well dressed anyhow, then there are parties and treats and a dozen other ways for a fellow to spend, and you've just got to live cheap to make both ends meet."

"Of course," John assented. "But, Horace, can't you let in some air? This is stifling."

Horace pushed up the window. "Those lazy chamber maids don't seem to know what airing a room means."

John went to the window, but, instead of the cool, refreshing draught he expected, he was greeted with a puff of hot, dusty air, full of the odor of fried onions and boiled vegetables from the hot kitchen. Down in the alley below some children with grimed faces and soiled clothes were quarreling over a bit of orange peel. John drew his head in again, disappointed and disgusted, but in that short moment his thoughts had travelled the long distance intervening between himself and the old home among the hills. He saw his own room, plain but neat as wax. He could almost feel the cool breeze, coming through the apple blossoms, so fragrant, so refreshing. What would he give for a good whiff of it now.

He was hungry, travel-worn, disheartened, disgusted with the cowardly course he had taken, and for the first time in his life he was utterly, wretchedly homesick.

"You won't have as appetizing a dinner, John, as your mother and mine can get up, and you must not be surprised if a cockroach occasionally looks into your plate. You see I want you to be prepared for the worst, but you won't mind it after a few weeks," Horace said, laughing, as he led the way to the dining room. "If we can only get you a job. That is the main thing now."

John had been in New York two months. After many fruitless attempts he had succeeded in securing employment as packer in a large wholesale warehouse. How hard he worked and how thoroughly fatigued he felt day after day as he dragged himself to and from his cheap lodgings. In all his life he had never known anything like it, even during the busiest season on the farm. There, there were times when he could rest—here never.

The rich, healthy color was fast fading from his face, and he was growing thin. And that was not all. He felt, when he allowed himself to think, that he was losing his manhood. He could listen now to the profane, coarse, and often vulgar conversation of his room-

Indigestion is Stubborn but K. D. C. overcomes it.

mates (for three others occupied his room) and frequently joined them without a blush or the least hesitancy.

The Bible his mother gave him last Christmas, notwithstanding his promise to read a few verses every day, was hidden away in the bottom of his trunk. He did not even care to recall the passage written by her own trembling fingers on the fly-leaf, "My, son, when sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

Yes, in those short weeks John had learned what Horace meant by "real life." He had proved Horace to be a low, dissolute young man, unworthy the friendship of respectable people, yet possessing a magnetism and power which few could withstand. John could not, and he was drifting to ruin in consequence. Would no hand be outstretched to save in answer to a mother's prayer?

One evening, late in June, John and Horace, with two other young men as reckless as themselves, were seated in the park. Usually it was Horace who was the life of the group, but tonight he was eclipsed by John. John was gay, almost brilliant. His companions could not understand it, and feared brain fever.

John, if he chose, could have explained the mystery. He was about to make his first visit to a gambling saloon. Many times before he had been urged to go, but until now had resolutely refused. Why he had at last consented he could not tell. Never since he left it, had the dear home and his mother's patient, loving face been so much in his thoughts. He was uneasy and troubled. He was trying to shake it all off but was having poor success.

"Look at that beggar making this glorious twilight hideous with her wails. She'll have to skip if the officers see her," Horace said, as a young girl appeared, bare-headed and bare-footed, yet with a sweet, sad face.

"Please buy my roses. So fresh, so fragrant. Buy my roses?"

She was opposite the young men now, and looking up with a timid blush held a bunch of roses towards them.

"O go long and stop your howling. Nobody wants your flowers. They're nothing but wild roses anyway. You better get out of this before the policeman sees you." Horace spoke and the others laughed. All but John. His face was pale. He was strangely agitated. The girl turned to leave. John was on his feet in an instant.

"Say, where did you find those in a city like this," he inquired excitedly. "There are hundreds of them growing in an old cellar in a field on my father's farm."

"My aunt, who lives in the country, sent me a box full today. I was afraid they would wither, and I want to sell them to buy bread for mother and Charlie," the girl replied, tears in her fine eyes.

"You and your roses are angels of mercy. God bless you! Give me a bunch," and John handed the child a dollar bill. "Never mind the change," he added, "take it to buy bread." Then turning to his companion he said, "Good-bye, boys, I'm going home. You all better right about face before it is too late. Thank God, those roses have saved me! Good-bye." And he was gone. John did not stop until he reached his hotel and had locked himself in his room; then he sat down, the roses still in his hand. He gazed at them as if spellbound, and many and varied were the pictures which passed like a panorama in his thoughts. He bowed his head, a few tears fell upon the roses, and then in the language of the prodigal he exclaimed, "I will arise and go to my father."

He glanced at his watch, wrote a hurried note of explanation to his employer, sought his landlady, paid his bills, packed his trunk, and in less than two hours was on the train, whirling rapidly away from the new life so full of temptation. It was sunset of the next day when John stepped upon the platform of the familiar way station near his home. No one was to be seen except a small boy who had come for the village mail-bag.

"Hello, Jimmy. How's the folks," John said kindly, glad at last to see a face he knew.

The boy started, he was too astonished to speak, then grabbing up the mail-bag took to his heels, glancing backward now and then as if fearing pursuit, and shouting to the few he chanced to meet, "John Barton's come back."

John smiled sadly as he watched the retreating figure. "I wonder," he said with a sigh, "if my reception everywhere will be like that? Well, I wouldn't blame the neighbors to feel shy of me."

As he turned his steps homeward a sudden idea seized him to cross lots, thence to his father's pasture; and, if they had not already gone, to drive the cows home for the milking. He wondered if they would know him—Brindle, Whitefoot and Bess, and Polly, the young heifer his father had given him. His heart beat faster as he leaped the last wall. How dear the old scenes were to him. He felt like falling down and kissing the earth.

The cows looked up a moment, then went on with their grazing, all but Polly. She studied the new-comer for some minutes, then with a glad bellow bounded forward. There were tears in John's eyes as he stroked and petted his favorite.

"You didn't forget me, did you, Polly? I was a fool to leave you, but I'll never do it again, Polly—never."

He walked by Polly's side, the other cows following, one by one, in the well-beaten path, under the oak, through the grove, round the foot of the hill, across the brook, where of one accord they stopped to drink while John crossed on the old log bridge, then into the meadow lane. Who was that putting down the bars at the other end of the lane? She looked intently, shading her eyes with her hand. John could not wait; leaving Polly he ran and clasped his mother to his breast, "It's John, my own John. The Lord be praised!"

John's mother had much to tell him. A sad change had occurred shortly after John's absence. His father was smitten with paralysis. He had not used his feet for many weeks, probably would never again. She, John's mother, had had the oversight of the farm. Good trusty help was difficult to find. The extra care had worn upon her. John noticed with pain how tired and old she looked.

"What a selfish dolt I was, and what a great wrong I have done you and father. Can you forgive me?"

"Yes, my son," his mother replied. "You have done us a great wrong, a cruel wrong, both in your desertion and your continued silence as to your whereabouts. We have been so troubled, so anxious, but we have prayed without ceasing, and bless the Lord, He has heard and answered."

"And, mother, the answer came in a bunch of roses, such as grow in the old cellar yonder."

Then in a few words John told his story. He did not spare himself or his sins in the least. He omitted nothing.

"I have come back a wiser boy, if not a better, mother," he said as they walked toward the house. "I have learned what a good home means. I have learned to prize you as I never did before. I have learned that my boasted goodness was nothing but filthy rags. It could not stand the test, and I am resolved to seek a higher, better life, and with God's help, by earnest, active service in the future atone for the past."—*Exchange.*

MRS. BRONTON'S WORK.

BY BROWNIE.

"Kate, you make a fool of yourself over those boys," said Jane Richter, with sisterly frankness, to her sister, Mrs. Bronton, whom she was visiting, as they sat before the parlor fire after their return from prayer meeting.

"Do you think so?" coolly replied her sister.

"Yes, I do! Why, they seem to have an idea that your chief business in life is to look after them. What did they want tonight? They flocked around you like so many blackbirds."

Mrs. Bronton laughed softly as she replied, "O, different things. Ned wanted to bid me good bye, as he is going away for the holidays; Joe was asking about the lecturer who is coming next week. The others had nothing special, except Jack. He wanted me promise to attend the closing exercises of their school tomorrow. He thinks they will have something extra good."

"There it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Richter. They are constantly making demands on your time. There's hardly a day since I came that some of them have not been here about something. I don't know how you stand it."

"Hush, Jean! you don't understand. I like to have them come; I'm glad they do make demands on my time; not that I have any of that commodity to spare," Mrs. Bronton added, with a smile.

She paused a moment, then went on earnestly, "Jeanie, for years I had felt that I was almost a cumberer of the ground. I longed to do something for the master, yet thought I had no talents I could use for Him. Nevertheless the consciousness that I was doing nothing made me unhappy. When I came to this western village a year ago, our Sunday-school superintendent asked me to take charge of class No. 2, which was composed of these lads who troubled you so. I had plenty of excuses, but after careful thought and prayer concluded to do my best. I knew that to succeed I must understand the boys, and in studying them I learned to love them."

"Oh! that's all right, of course," interrupted Jean, "but because you are their Sunday-school teacher and interested in them in that way, it doesn't necessarily follow that you are to keep an 'open house,' as the saying is, for them."

"There are other people only too glad to do it. I tell you, Jean, you don't know anything about it! In your pleasant country home you don't see things as we have them here. There families are born, grow to manhood and womanhood in the same community; live there twenty, thirty or fifty years. Everybody knows everybody else. You are like one great family of brothers and sisters. There are no strangers. Your doors are all open to one another.

"Here all is different. We are all strangers. No one has been here long and nearly all have come for the sole purpose of making money. In the rush so many forget that they owe anything to anybody but themselves. Now here are 'my boys.' They are at an age when they must be out. They can't be kept right at home, (with a saddened voice) some of them I am afraid have not very pleasant homes in which to stay. The saloon doors are always open; they keep 'open house,' and you may trust the evil one to see that boys have invitations to enter, and are made welcome and entertained when once there. Boys are needed to take the places of the older ones when they go down—to drunkards' graves. Then there are other places, perhaps only a little less vile than the saloon, to lure our boys away. Even the street corner is no place for them. There they hear oaths, vile jokes and language of the foulest sort; learning little, if any, good, and much that is bad. Now, tell me, isn't my little parlor a better place for them than those resorts?"

"Yes, certainly, so far as they are concerned, but your carpets. I know you can't afford a new one every six months."

"No, of course not, but the lads are careful not to carry in mud if they can avoid it, and even if the carpets do give out a few months sooner than they otherwise would, it can't be helped. If it is a case of carpets versus souls there is no question as to which has the decision."

"Kate, you ought to take to the platform," interrupted her sister somewhat ironically.

"No, I oughtn't! Making speeches is not in my line," laughed Kate; "but I want to use the talents I have, even if they are few. Of course, I can't play like Bach or sing like Patti, but the boys are not very critical, and if they like to spend an evening or Sunday-afternoon here, learning a new song or singing the old ones, isn't it better for me to have them than to leave them exposed to the temptation to spend the time in some questionable way or place? Those who don't care for music know they are welcome to the use of any of my books, and some of the boys enjoy them very much. To be sure," as she saw her sister glance toward the book case where some of the bindings showed signs of handling, "the books will be more or less soiled, but then they were made for use, not ornament."

"Well, please yourself, by all means."

"But," said Mrs. Bronton, "don't you think I am right?"

"Perhaps," was all the response she received.

As the days went by, Mrs. Richter watched "Kate's new fad," as she termed her sister's interest in the score or more young lads, who came in and out with perfect ease and freedom. Mrs. Bronton was always interested in whatever pleased them. Sometimes it was guns; sometimes books; sometimes one thing, sometimes another; but let it be what it would, they were sure of a sympathetic listener to their plans, and, if needed, a helper in carrying them out; and the interest she took in their every day employments and pastimes made them believe the more in her Sunday talks to them. They regarded her as a loving friend, and she tried faithfully to point them to Christ as a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," who was faithful and true.

The visit came to an end, and the sisters separated, Mrs. Richter going to her home in the East, Mrs. Bronton remaining where the Master had placed her, doing her work as best she could. Five years passed before they met again: this time it was in the old home, called there by the serious illness of "mother."

One day as they sat by the bedside, Mrs. Richter said, "Do you know, Kate, I have often thought of those boys of yours; those I thought such a nuisance five years ago. What became of them? Was your scheme a success, or did they go to the bad in spite of all that you could do?"

"Well, I don't know as I can tell you what became of them all; Ned is one of the teachers in our public school; Joe went away to the city two years ago, and holds an honorable position, bookkeeper, I believe, in one of the leading mercantile houses; two others have settled down as respectable ranchers, serving God as peaceably on the farm as the others are doing in the school and at the desk. Jack"—the speaker's eyes filled with tears, her voice trembled—"you remember Jack, with curly brown hair and laughing eyes? He was the darling of my heart! But, although I could never complain of his behavior, it seemed as if I could not lead him to the Saviour. He seemed to think he was good enough without Christ. So it was until last winter, when one evening, during our special meetings, he came to me, and, taking my hand, said to me, earnestly, 'Mrs. Bronton, I want you to pray for me; I am going to be a better boy.' The next evening he arose and made a public consecration of himself to God's service, and from that time on was one of our most earnest workers.

"One day in the spring he and another boy were crossing the river on a 'jam' when the young man lost his footing, and fell into the water beneath. The river was swollen from recent rains, the current was strong, and Jack knew his friend could not swim. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang after him, although he must have known he was risking his own life in so doing. As he reached his friend the drowning man caught him and the strong current carried them both under a drift, and"—her voice failed her, she could say no more.

Presently, however, she went on, "I visited the cemetery before I came away. They have written on the stone at his head only his name, with the date of his birth and death, and these words, 'He gave his life for another.'"—*Central Advocate.*

POTATO BARRELS.

Annie and Minnie were the daughters of a busy farmer. On that great farm not only the farmer, but everyone else, was as busy as a bee—everyone, but the two small daughters. Busiest of all was the mother with her housework; Bobbie always tugging at her skirts, and the six months' old baby.

"Why don't you put those children to work?" the father would sometimes rather impatiently ask.

Then the sweet indulgent mother would reply that they did help her sometimes, and that it was easier to do the work than to show them. One bright, June morning, the hired man drove up with a load of empty barrels for use in the fall, when the potatoes that were then quietly growing out of sight under the ground would be placed in them and sent to market. Putting the barrels in front of the house, he went to his work in the field.

Annie and Minnie paid little attention to this, because they were having a tea party on the porch with their dolls. Along with their own little table and tiny set of dishes, they had strawberries and sponge cake to eat.

The dollies were behaving so well, and they were having a most delightful time when their father appeared.

He looked at the barrels.

"That stupid John," said he. "He should have taken them to the barn."

Then, seeing the tea party, he said: "Here, children, roll these barrels up to the barn. I will go ahead and fasten open the doors for you."

What a change came over the pleasant little faces! Before they had looked sweet enough to eat—much sweeter than the strawberries. Now they look sour—sourer even than the strawberries before sugar was put on them. Annie looked at Minnie, and Minnie looked at Annie.

"Isn't papa too mean?" asked Annie.

"As mean as he can be!" agreed Millie.

"He never wants to have the least bit of fun!"

"No, he's always setting us to work. Only last night I heard him say to mamma it would be good for us to have some regular work."

"And what did mamma say?"

"She said a little wouldn't hurt us, but we would be young only once."

"Of course, we will. It won't be long before we are old; sometimes I feel old now."

"So do I. My back hurts a little already, and I know it will make it worse to roll those horrid barrels."

"Well, anyway, we have it to do," grumbled Annie, moving unwillingly down the steps. "It's awful hot out here. I 'most know we'll get sun-struck and then I suppose papa'll be sorry enough."

Millie was walking slowly around, placing her hand on each barrel, counting.

"Sixteen," she said with a long breath "eight times for you to the barn and eight times for me."

"Sixteen times," corrected Annie, "for there's back again, and up that hill. It'll most kill us, I know. I have a notion not to do it."

"I'll tell you what we might do," said little Millie, a smile creeping around the corner of her mouth. "We might pretend it was play. You see"—giving a barrel a push with her foot—"an empty barrel isn't really so heavy unless you get to think so, and we can play we are rolling hoops; only it will be more fun, because the barrels will make such a nice noise."

A smile began to creep around Annie's mouth, too.

"I don't mind doing it for fun," she said, "s'pose we try it."

Roll, roll, roll, under the cherry trees back of the house, up the incline, into the wide, sweet-scented barn. Back and forth flew the little maidens, rosy, laughing, full of fun. Almost before they knew it those sixteen barrels were in the barn, and papa was saying:

What good little girls I have today. They deserve a hug and a kiss apiece."

"We'd like them, papa; but I'm afraid we don't deserve them," said Annie, honestly; "because at first we hated to do it; but then Millie thought of doing it for fun."

"That's right, little daughters; take things by the smooth handles when you can. If you have something hard to do, make the best of it, and it will seem easier."

And with a hug and a kiss for each, the busy farmer went to the field, while the children were soon seated at their tea-party again happier than ever.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE SUMMER SEASON.—Cramps, colic, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery, and looseness of the bowels are cured by Fowler's Extract Wild Strawberry.

The average speed of the transmission of earthquake shocks is nearly 16,000 feet per second.

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My daughter, Mrs. Mars, has been suffering from the above diseases for years, and employed all the

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in Rockland and specialists in Boston, but got no relief. They said it was caused by a bad state of the blood. She could not sleep nights; bowels constipated, and palpitation of the heart so bad she could hardly walk. She has taken 4 bottles of

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and SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS. Now she can work every day, eat well and sleep soundly. I can never express my gratitude. MRS. S. E. CROWELL, Rockland, Mass.

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"Four years ago while in the old country (England), my daughter Hannah was sent away from the hospital, in a very low condition with consumption of the lungs and bowels, and weak action of the heart. The trip across the water to this country seemed to make her feel better for a while. Then she began to get worse, and for 14 weeks she was unable to get off the bed. She grew worse for five months and lost the use of her limbs and lower part of body, and if she sat up in bed had to be propped up with pillows. Physicians

Said She Was Past All Help

and wanted me to send her to the 'Home for Incurables.' But I said as long as I could hold my hand up she should not go. We then began

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is getting strong, walks around, is out doors every day; has no trouble with her throat and no cough, and her heart seems to be all right again. She has a first class appetite. We regard her cure as nothing short of a miracle." W. WYATT, 89 Marion Street, Parkdale, Toronto, Ontario.

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Intercolonial Railway.

1894 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1894

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 25th June, 1894, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Accommodation for Pt. du Chene	10.10
Express for Halifax	13.10
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.35

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars at Moncton at 19.50 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday Excepted)	8.30
Express from Moncton (daily)	8.30
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene	12.55
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.30
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.35

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
20th June, 1894.

Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after MONDAY, 25th June, 1894, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows.

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.18 a. m., arrive at Annapolis at 1.55 a.m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11.45 a. m; arrive at Annapolis at 6.10 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 6.45 p. m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.30 a. m; arrive at Yarmouth at 1.10 p. m.

Flag Stations—Trains stop only when signalled.

Steamer City of Monticello leaves Digby for St. John as follows:—June, July and August daily (except Sunday), and after 9th September every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway leave Annapolis: Steamer Express every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday at 12.45 p. m.; Daily Express at 12.45 p. m. Passengers and freight daily at 5.30 a. m.

Steamers of the Yarmouth S. S. Co., leave Yarmouth for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening.

International steamers leave St. John, to 1st July—every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. July 3rd to September 30th, daily, except Sunday.

Canadian Pacific Railway trains leave Saint John at 6.25 a. m., daily (Sunday excepted) and 7.15 p. m., daily for Bangor, Portland and Boston, and 10.40 p. m., daily (Saturday excepted) for Montreal and all parts of the United States and Canada.

Trains of Nova Scotia Central Railway leave Middleton for Lunenburg daily at 2.10 p. m.

Davison's Mail Coaches leaves Yarmouth daily (Sunday excepted) after the arrival of No. 4 train from Annapolis, for Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

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