STELLA'S MISFORTUNE.

BY L. ROBBINS.

"Don't cry, Stella, it will make your eyes worse. The time will soon pass; it will be gone before you know it."

"But not go to school, nor use my eyes for a whole year!—I don't see how I can stand it," said Stella, wiping away her tears.

Aleck smiled a sad little smile. It was more than a year now since the accident that had crippled him for life. He knew he should never walk again, even with crutches, and Stella's affliction seemed light to him.

"Some good may come of it, Stella," he persisted. "It may prove not to be so great a misfortune, after all."

"No possible good can come of it," cried Stella with irritable positiveness. "It will put me back in my studies so I'll never catch up, and I shall be perfectly miserable with nothing to do all day long; Aunt Martha won't let me do a speck of the house work, and I can't sew nor paint, nor draw, nor read, nor—anything."

"Well, anyway, it's going to be jolly pleasant for me, having you home," said Aleck.

"No, it isn't either," said Stella, perversely. "I shall be so blue and cross all the time, you will wish I was in Madagascar."

Aleck was silent for so long that at last Stella stole a glance at him from behind her handkerchief. There was a drawn expression about his mouth, and he looked pale and tired.

"O Aleck!" she cried, remorsefully, rushing across the room to perch herself on the arm of his chair, throw her arm about his neck, and lay her cheek against the top of his head. "I'm a mean, selfish girl—that's just what I am. I will make the best of it—only I shall expect you to tell me what to do with the oceans of time I'll have."

"I've thought of something that might take up your mind besides. You like children?"

"Of course," said Stella, looking puzzled.

"Well, cast your eyes across the street at that window over the front door of the brown house."

"Yes, that's little Reginald Pearson looking out."

"Well that is a hall bedroom, and his mother has taken everything out of it except a few harmless playthings, and every day when she goes to do her marketing, and afternoons when she goes shopping, she locks him in that room to stay til she gets back. He doesn't like it a little bit, and generally cries like a good one. Lately, he's got to pounding the window with his fist, and I'm mortal afraid he'll break the glass and cut himself."

Stella went to the other window and looked out. "He is pounding now," she said. "Dear me! Oh, there comes his mother," she added in a tone of relief. "'Tis a good idea, Aleck," she continued understanding without words what was in his mind, "and I'll go right over and ask Mrs. Pearson to bring him in here when she goes away."

Mrs. Pearson was only too glad to grant Stella's request, and the next morning brought "Reggie" over and delivered him into her hands. Stella carried him into Aleck's room, as the sitting room had come to be called, unwound the shawl that enveloped him, and set him on his feet.

Reggie, with the broadest of smiles irradiating his chubby face, looked about him for an instant without moving; then, being an active child, of an investigating turn of mind, set about exploring the premises in a most vigorous and business-like way. He stayed for nearly an hour, and when he had taken his unwilling departure Stella and Aleck laughed till the tears stood in their eyes. In the short time he had been there, Reggie had pulled the table cover off the table with all the books and photographs thereon, had cultivated the earth in the flower pots with his fingers, picked a bud from Stella's pet rose-bush, pinched his thumb in the register, got scratched by the cat, tripped and fallen over the rug unnumbered times, found by repeated experiments that Aleck's chair could be moved forward and backward on its wheels, tipped himself over in a rocking-chair, fallen off the piano-stool, and wedged himself between the piano leg and the wall so that he had to be extricated by main strength. He had accepted everything philosophically, smiled cherubically, and questioned and explained fluently—in an unknown tongue, for he had not yet learned to express himself plainly.

"He's as good as a play," said Aleck.

"I think there's no doubt but that he will occupy my mind, when he's here," said Stella.

When Reggie had been coming every day, and sometimes twice a day, for nearly a week, Stella had a call from Mrs. Draper, another neighbor. Mrs. Draper hoped Stella wouldn't be offended, but she had heard about little Reginald Pearson, and would Stella be willing to take her little boy for an hour or two twice a week, while she attended her club? It would be a very great accommodation, and Montgomery was a very quiet child and would be very little trouble. She would gladly pay Stella something—anything—if she would only take him.

"That would be nice," said Aleck quickly, as he saw that Stella was about to refuse the money, "for then you could buy some playthings for them."

"So I could, and I'll be glad to take him, Mrs. Draper," said Stella.

Montgomery Draper came the next afternoon. He was three years older then Reggie, very serious, and with an apparently insatiable thirst for knowledge. He asked so many questions that Stella gasped, and Aleck opened his eyes in wonder. "If you remember all you're told, young man," said Aleck, "you'll be an infant prodigy one of these days!"

"What is an infant prodigy?" demanded the undaunted Montgomery.

The next Monday forenoon Stella came into Aleck's room, leading a child in a somewhat soiled pink calico dress. "Another one, Aleck—our washerwoman's little girl," she said laughing. "Her mother is afraid to leave her with the other children, and she wasn't having a bit good time in the kitchen—was she little precious?" she added to the child, taking her up in her arms and hugging her. "Isn't she p-r-e-t-t-y, Aleck?"

"The combination is—immensely so," said Aleck slyly.

It was a few days after this that Stella came in from a walk. "Aleck, we're getting celebrated," she said. "It is two this time. Miss Webb wants us to take her nieces three times a week while she takes her elocution lessons. Will pay us, too. We can buy that train of cars, subscribe for Little Folks, and get the building blocks pretty soon."

"Can you stand it?" asked Aleck. "Isn't it getting to be almost too much of a good thing?"

"Oh, I like it!" laughed Stella. "Do they tire you?"

"Well—when two or three are here, together I feel a little tired," answered Aleck, reluctantly.

When it happened that all five were there together one afternoon, Aleck looked so ill that his father when he came home at night, noticed it.

"The Kindergarten had better be moved to another room, I think," said their father.

Stella and Aleck looked at each other.

"It is a Kindergarten, isn't it?" said Stella. "I hadn't thought of it before."

"Why not study up the real Kindergarten methods, Stella," said her father, "and teach the little ones as well as amuse them? I will provide all the Kindergarten literature you need, and Aleck can read it to you. Then when you are qualified you can have regular hours and regular prices; for what is worth having is worth paying for."

Stella was delighted with the idea, and when Mr. Gilchrist came home the next night, his arms were loaded down with books, and magazines, and pamphlets. Stella and Aleck became quite enthusiastic over their new study, and Stella began putting her new knowledge into immediate practice. During July and August there was little to do but study, for the Drapers went to the mountains, the Webbs to the seashore, and Mrs. Pearson more often took Reggie with her when she went on errands or made calls. In September, Mr. Gilchrist had some neat little announcement cards printed for Stella, and she mailed them to such of her neighbors as had small children.

"Perhaps there won't be a single answer," she said.

"You just wait and see," said Aleck, confidently.

She had not long to wait. Mrs. Draper and Miss Webb called the first day, to say that Montgomery and the little nieces would come and other neighbors followed in quick succession.

"I shall begin with ten little scholars," said Stella at the end of the week. "Ten little dears to love, ten different dispositions to study, ten little minds, all different, to train—"

"And ten thousand ways for the ten little dears to get into scrapes and mischief," said Aleck with a chuckle.

"Well, how does it go?" asked Mr. Gilchrist, about a fortnight after the beginning of the new order of things.

"Splendidly," answered Stella. "I believe I have found my vocation."

"You should see her with the children," said Aleck admiringly. "She has a perfect genius for keeping them in order, instilling knowledge, and making them happy, all at one and the same time. She fairly bristles with new ideas."

"But I can't make up such nice stories for them as Aleck can," said Stella.

"I wish you could hear one of Aleck's stories," said Stella to her father. "I think they are as good as any in Little Folks, and better than those in Our Young People."

Mr. Gilchrist looked interested. "Write out two or three of them, Aleck, and let me see them," he said.

So Aleck wrote three stories, and gave them to his father.

"I don't believe father thinks much of them," said Aleck, several days after, "or he would have said something about them. I think myself I could do better on boys' stories, for when I can't sleep nights ever and ever so many stories come to me—some of them long ones, that last for three or four nights."

March came.

"Well, Stella, the year you so dreaded has passed," said Aleck one morning.

"Yes, and I begin going to school again on Monday."

Aleck sighed deeply. "I shall miss you dreadfully," he said, "and I shall miss the children."

"But you know I am going to the Normal this time, and in two years, or three at the most, I shall graduate and get a school near home, and then we shall be together again, just as we have been."

"It won't be the same," said Aleck, mournfully; "you will be bound up in your school, and three years is an eternity to wait, anyway."

"It will soon pass," said Stella, hopefully. Then she smiled. "Last year you were the hopeful one, and I was discouraged; do you remember? You said that good might come of my misfortune, and I would not believe it."

"Well, I don't see that any great good has come of it," said Aleck, despondently.

"Why, Aleck! my eyes are all well, I've found my life-work, and we've had a beautiful year together."

"It has brought good to you and it is mean of me to spoil it all with my grumbling—only," he added a little wistfully, "I wish, while it was about it, that it had discovered to me my life-work."

"Perhaps—" began Stella, and then broke off abruptly to go to the door, for she had seen the postman coming. "A letter and a pamphlet both for you," she said returning.

"Patent medicine circulars, probably," said Aleck, wearily. "You can open them and then burn them. I don't want to see them."

Stella opened the envelope and drew out a half sheet of note-paper, and a narrow strip of tinted paper with writing and printing on it. She began reading the note first. There was a puzzled look on her face, which changed to an expression of surprise and then joy.

"O Aleck! Aleck!" she cried. "I guess you do want this burned! Listen!" and then she read:

MR. ALEXANDER GILCHRIST,

Dear Sir:—The three stories which you submitted to us are excellent. We send you by this mail the magazine containing the first one, and the others will appear in due course. We take pleasure in forwarding check for all three, and hope to hear from you again. Yours sincerely, EDITOR "LITTLE FOLKS."

"Oh, let me see it, Stella!—quick!" cried Aleck, in great excitement. "Father must have sent them, mustn't he?—It seems too good to be true. And the checks!—Thirty dollars!—Just think of that, Stella!—Where's the magazine?—hurry!"

Together they read the story, with Aleck's name at the end, and then looked at each other with shining eyes.

"If I can write stories that editors want, and that people like to read, I shall be of some use in the world, after all, shan't I, Stella?" said Aleck. "It would almost reconcile me to being chained to a wheel-chair all my life."

"I don't think there is the least doubt your being able to write," said Stella, confidently. "And as for being of use, you would be that anyway."

"You think your misfortune led to your finding your work in life," said Aleck, thoughtfully; "I almost think it has done the same for me."

"Wasn't it queer," laughed Stella, "that such a little misfortune should have accomplished so much?"—Central Baptist.

THE VOICE OF THE CROW.

It is the voice of the crow! It is heard at intervals all winter—for the crow is loyal to his home—whenever there is a spirit of Thaw (one of our Northern gods) abroad; but it is really a harbinger of spring, when the streams are released, and the clouds are loose and high-sailing, and the wooing south-wind makes all the trees uneasy to take on color and to burst their buds into bloom. On say day when the sun, climbing northward, attacks the frost, and the snow and ice slide with a thunder-rumble off the steep New England farm-house roofs, the crow is abroad calling us to a new life. It is the harshest voice in the whole orchestra of birds, yet it is homelike and sincere, and has in it a note of wild freedom, of indefinite promise. The crow has never yielded to the modern demand for culture, and his "caw" is almost the only thing in civilized life that can take us back to the untamed and primeval nature. He belongs to the forests, to the free buccaneering life we all secretly long for. When we walk in the woods in the spring it is the call of the crow that interprets for us our wild desires. For myself, I confess that he stirs in me more memories and sets me in a more sympathetic thrill with nature than any other of her voices. He is not for me the raven of poetry—the dark-winged symbol of a maiden's hair—nor the ancestral and domestic rook, but the plain New England crow. Perhaps he is the gypsy of our staid region. He is called a thief, because he digs where he has not planted, like a stock-operator, and he is an outlaw with a price on his head; but as I hear his voice on a day when there is a smell of new earth and a wide awakening over the liberated land, I forgive him all the defects of his qualities. When I consider his ways, his military-like discipline, his shrewdness, his contempt of the scarecrows of this world, his refusal to be tamed in our decadent civilization, I am grateful for his example.

There are two charges against the crow; he is despised because he is poor, and he is hated because he is not edible. But many men are as poor as they are inedible. If the crow were not both we should exterminate him. His refusal to be civilized in these respects is his protection. He sets us an example of poverty borne with self-respect, and he shows his wisdom in making his diet so miscellaneous that no one desires to eat him. Even in the matter of diet he is better than the decayed fisheaters of the arctic regions, and I have no doubt he prefers good clean corn when he can get it, and he often risks his life to pull it out of the corn-hills. In fact the crow has character, and we cannot tell what he might not become if he were well fed and decently treated. We may criticise his voice—though I hope its note of wild freedom will never be changed—but I have heard some orchestras which would be improved by the introduction of his "caw." I wish I could sing the crow! No poet has ever done it, not even Walt Whitman, who might have had a surer hold on immortality by singing the crow than by singing himself.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Johnny—"Did they hurt you much at the lodge on Saturday night, papa?" Papa—"No, Johnny; why do you ask?" Johnny—"'Cause, I heard Mr. Johnson say you were half shot."

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Mandy Ann—"Say, 'Rastus, de Waydown furniture store is advertisin' mahogany ladies rockers for $1.57. Yo' got to get me one." "Git you one nuffin. You ain't no mahogany lady; youse ebony."

A CASE OF PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.

BY REV. J. F. COWAN.

"I don't see how we're going to keep them from it, when so many of the neighbors' children play, and especially children of parents who rank high in the membership of our church," said Mrs. Ashton to her husband, in a despondent tone.

"I know. I spoke to Mr. Seaman about that the other day, and told him how Harry was shocked at seeing him play openly in the railway coach. But he only laughed at me, and replied that a boy who was worth anything would be sure to play cards some time or other, and it would be better to teach him at home than let somebody else do it on the sly. He had done that with his boy, and now he felt securely fortified against any sneaking off with the boys."

"But I can't believe that," replied Mrs. Ashton to her husband. "I suppose the best we can do, though, is to try to set him so thoroughly against it that he will resist the temptation even after seeing the practice glossed over with the glamor of respectable associations. Why can't people high in position and business and social standing see that corresponding responsibilities are laid on them not to lend the sanction of wealth to their vices?"

"Why not?" answered Mr. Ashton. "I shall not forbid our boy to play. I shall only say, 'Harry, whenever you can pray over and feel free to come and ask me to have a game with you, then I shall not withhold my consent.' But I'm very much afraid Mr. Seaman is making a great mistake with Fred."

Mr. Seaman was a prominent member of the church, and at the same time an enthusiastic member of a progressive euchre party which met periodically at his own home. He was very liberal with his money in supporting various enterprises of the church, and a thoroughly moral man in his business relations and every day life; and at it was hard to condemn or denounce this thing in him as a heinous offence. He said that Fred was just as innocent in playing a game of euchre, as other children are in playing marbles or three old-cat.

Not long after, Fred was travelling on a steamboat. "Come," accosted a young companion, "you are just the fellow we want. We need another hand to make out a game of cards."

Fred hesitated. So far he had never played away from home. "Will there be any betting?" he asked falteringly.

"Oh, you needn't bother your head about the thing hurting you," assured the young man, who was older than Fred. "We know you are a first rate player, and your father often takes a hand with us on his trips across the lake."

So Fred felt perfectly free to consent, although he was not long in discovering that the game was played quite differently from what he had been taught to play in his father's parlor—that is, with less courtesy and fairness among the players, and for a stake or wager which he was told was only a "bluff," as all those engaged were too gentlemanly to think of winning money.

But when the game was over, he heard a low whispered order given to the waiter, and then it turned out that the stake was to be devoted to the purchase of several bottles of wine.

Again his older companion assured him that it wouldn't be gentlemanly to decline, at least to take a sip with the others. They wouldn't know what to make of such an unsophisticated chap, and he was sure that his father would do the same thing if he were there.

Knowing his father's well-known liberal views in all these matters, Fred reluctantly gave in, and soon felt the excitement of the stimulant in his blood and brain. He had proved himself to be a good player, and every one was praising his skill.

A few years later, he was a student at school. He had been rather prodigal in his expenditure and his quarterly allowance was gone. There was an affair to come off among the young fellows of his set which required money. Down town he knew a place where men staked and won large sums of money by gambling. Why not, just this once, make use of his skill to help himself out of an emergency?

He did so. He won. He was able to make the expenditure which his sense of honor required of him. None of his associates or the faculty knew anything about it. He would have been expelled had it been known. Of course he would never do it again.

But does the tiger taste human blood and then go to a diet of roots and berries? That "once" was repeated again and again, and in less than five years from that time the startling news came home to the ears of his father and mother that Fred Seaman had been shot dead over a gaming table on a river steamboat.

I do not know how bitter were their reflections as they followed him to his grave, but I never hear "progressive euchre" mentioned, but I think, "Ah, yes! that case of Fred Seaman's was 'progressive euchre' in the real and awful sense of the word." It is not its nature to "progress" in any other direction, either, although with all boys it may not reach the same tragic end.—*United Presbyterian.*

WHAT ONE BRIGHT GIRL DID.

An agreeable field for money-making is one which Lilian G—— has found, or rather into which Lilian walked one summer morning. On her way to school she has to pass the house of two very dear old ladies, who lived by themselves and pottered about in a pretty old-fashioned garden. Miss Betsey and Miss Annie were fond of the bright girls who two or three times a day walked past their door on the way to and from their class-rooms, and they had their favorites among them, often stopping Lily, for instance, and giving her a flower or two to fasten into her button-hole.

One morning Lillian observed that Miss Betsey groped a little and felt about with her stick, instead of stepping briskly around the garden as she used to do.

"My sister," Miss Annie confided to her, "is growing blind. We went to Dr. N—— yesterday, and he confirmed our fears. It is a cataract, and it cannot be operated on for a long time. What poor Betsey will do I don't know, for reading has been her great occupation and her one pleasure. I cannot read to her, for it hurts my throat to read aloud."

"Let me come every afternoon, dear Miss Annie," said Lillian. "I'll read to Miss Betsey from four to five every day, and on Saturdays I'll come twice—an hour in the morning and another in the afternoon. I can do it just as easily!"

Miss Annie's face lightened. "You sweet child," she said. "If you will come, and your mother will let you come, Betsey and I will pay you two dollars a week for reading to us both."—From Harper's Round Table.

Whenever you buy or sell, let or hire, make a definite bargain, and never trust to the flattering lie, "We shan't disagree about trifles."

"How did Barnes happen to fail in his late enterprise?" "He called it an 'unprecedented speculation, and it gave his customers the lockjaw."

Trolley motorman (to conductor)—Say, Bill, the old gent behind has just fell off. Conductor—That's all right. He's just paid his fare.

Shortson—Shyson, until now I have never felt obliged to ask you for a loan. Shyson—And strange to say Shortson, until now I have never felt obliged to refuse you.

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Symptoms may be summed up as follows: the nervous system is usually out of condition; there are sharp pains in the heart; it is impossible to take a long and deep breath; the pulse is irregular; there is palpitation; very often a dry irritable cough, and the sufferer is full of gloomy thoughts.

In order to cure heart disease, every one of the symptoms must be forever banished. The medicine to cure must possess the virtues and powers to strengthen the entire nervous system. Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine that can build up and tone the nerves, and give to the life-stream—the blood—that purity and richness that guarantees freedom from all disease. Hundreds of physicians are prescribing Paine's Celery Compound every day for all forms of heart trouble, and their success is marvelous and encouraging.

Those who experience all the awful symptoms of heart disease, those who are brought to the verge of the grave by nervous debility, mental depression, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, liver and kidney affections, find in Paine's Celery Compound a true friend and life-giving agency.

Mrs. E. Rankin, of Courtright, Ont., writes: "With great pleasure I beg to inform you of the good I have received from the use of Paine's Celery Compound. For a number of years I have been in very poor health owing to various causes, and lately I was advised to try your medicine. I used three bottles, and have received a world of good. My severe headaches are completely banished, and the heart disease from which I suffered for thirty years, has almost disappeared, and altogether I am vastly improved. I am fully convinced that Paine's Celery Compound is all that it is recommended to be."

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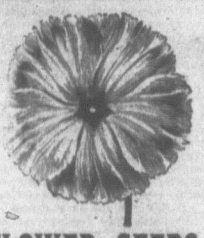

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Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	12.10
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.20
Express for Sussex	16.45

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Moncton at 19.30 o'clock.

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Express from Sussex	8.10
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	12.20
Express from Moncton (daily)	16.30
Express from Halifax	18.50
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