

NAN'S CONQUEST.

Mr. Edward Carpenter was described by the gossip of Snowville as a "crusty old bachelor, too hateful to live," having refused, for some twenty-five or thirty years, to yield to the fascinations of maid or widow.

Unprejudiced eyes would have seen that Mr. Carpenter was yet on the bright side of fifty, that his features were fine, his eyes large and expressive, and the form that he clothed in mean, shabby garments was erect and vigorous.

Who first called Mr. Carpenter "Old Snap-em-up," from the short, cross speech he bestowed upon children, was never clearly proved.

Nan was a tiny creature—blue-eyed, fair-haired, and to see her draw up her childish stature to its full height and flash contempt from her baby face was really something wonderful.

Who first called Mr. Carpenter "Old Snap-em-up," from the short, cross speech he bestowed upon children, was never clearly proved.

Still it was rather startling to the proprietor of the title, when sauntering through the woods, just at dusk one summer evening, to find a wee cold hand slipped into his own, and to hear a pitiful voice say: "Please, Old Snap-em-up, take Nan home; Nan's lost!"

He looked down. A baby face, red with weeping, purple with berry-stains, but beautiful with its large brown eyes and rosy lips, looked up at him.

"Oh, Mrs. Carroll, come! come! Old Snap-em-up is a-killin' o' your Nan! You can hear a-screamin' way down the road!"

The mother flew to the rescue. Already there was a crowd around the house, and everybody talking at once.

"Oh, Mrs. Carroll, come! come! Old Snap-em-up is a-killin' o' your Nan! You can hear a-screamin' way down the road!"

"Yes, I found her! Here she is, and I wish people would look after their own brats, and not let them run wild all over town."

How could the mother's thanks be gracious after such a speech as that?

But she did not fail to give her timid acknowledgment of his kindness, her great, blue eyes misty with tears, and her little white hands trembling as they were stretched out to take her one treasure.

"You know I am teaching all day," she said, in apology, "and I must leave Nan with Jane, or I cannot earn enough to feed her."

A grunt was the answer to this, and Mr. Carpenter strode homeward frowning heavily, like the woman-hater he was known to be.

How could Mrs. Carroll know that just such baby blue eyes as hers had desolated his life, just such a wee rosy mouth spoken false vows and broken faith?

But Nan remembered the gentle touch, the sympathetic voice long after that naughty chicky was entirely lost. She was a thorough gypsy, always wandering away in spite of Jane's vigilance, and was as independent as a boy, perfectly fearless and full of resource.

Snowville's Main street was the magnet that was most powerful; and when Jane, at the hours when Mrs. Carroll might be expected, went in search of Nan, she was usually found lost in admiration at the window of one of the five shops that comprised the mercantile enterprise of Snowville.

It was three weeks after he met her in the woods, that Mr. Carpenter, walking up Main street, felt again a tiny hand in his, and looked down upon Nan's yellow curls and big, brown eyes.

"Good morning," said Nan, politely. "No answer, but a scowl, yet the little hand still nestled closely. Presently, still walking beside her friend by election of one, Nan said:

"I'm prett' well, I thank you," as in reproachful reminder that her greeting had not been answered. The tone said:

"If you are too rude to inquire how I am, I am polite enough to tell you."

"Still no answer, and the heavy beard hid the quivering lips. Then the little hand gave a strong pull, and the baby voice said imperiously:

"Candy!" "Candy?" said the bewildered bachelor, stopping, obedient to the pull.

"Candy! Nan wants some!" and the wee finger was extended to a tempting row of molasses candy pans in the window of the only cake and candy store in Snowville.

A silver piece was put in the rosy palm by Mr. Carpenter, amazed at himself and hoping nobody was looking. But Nan was still holding fast to his hand.

"You come, too?" "No, no," he said hastily; "get your candy and run home!" And gently disengaging himself, he hurried off.

But a silver piece bought more candy than Nan had ever before possessed, a great sticky parcel her baby hands could scarcely grasp. Eager to show her prize, and to share it, she ran quickly down the lane leading to Mr. Carpenter's house, and, reaching it, thumped on the door with all the strength of her baby fist.

Jonathan Stubbs was out, and nobody came. Nan pounded till she was tired, and then her restless eyes spied a little round window, wide open.

It was such a small window that burglary could find no entrance there; but it was over a water-but, and under the butt was a bench.

How Nan scaled the water-but, and wriggled in at the window, without losing the precious parcel of candy, must ever remain a mystery.

But she dropped through, on the floor of a wide hallway, and looked about her.

Door after door yielded to her sticky grasp; and at last Mr. Carpenter's started to see, right before him, Nan's little figure and tiny hands holding a great parcel of sticky sweetness.

"See!" cried the baby voice, in glad triumph; "Nan got all that. Nan's brought you some!"

Would anybody in Snowville have believed it if he had seen Nan perched on the bachelor's knee, forcing bits of candy between his lips, prattling happily, and receiving such gentle caresses as won her baby heart forever?

Nobody saw them, the strong man and the little child, as they exchanged kisses. Nobody heard them as they talked freely of nursery experience, and gave each other views of the merits of "stupid dollies that can't talk, and nice, dear little chummies and kitties that play."

Day after day Nan wriggled through the little window, missed only by Jane, and coming home before the weary little mother completed her daily round of teaching.

Snowville began to wonder "what had come to Mr. Carpenter." The rough, shaggy beard gave way to a pair of silky whiskers, that didn't scratch Nan's face when he kissed her.

The shabby clothes were replaced by a suit of chevrol, because Nan turned up her dainty nose at the fringe on the trousers and the grease on the coat.

While linen took the place of gray flannel, Nan's request to "look like the picture," after discovering a photograph taken years before.

Nobody guessed how the baby fingers were tearing away the crust a woman's treachery had spread over a tender, generous heart, and letting in the sunshine of protecting love.

Jonathan guessed, but Jonathan was mute.

It was winter weather, when one morning Mrs. Carroll, who was giving a music-lesson, was startled by a boy who rushed into her pupil's room, crying:

"Oh, Mrs. Carroll, come! come! Old Snap-em-up is a-killin' o' your Nan! You can hear a-screamin' way down the road!"

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"Oh, Mrs. Carroll, come! come! Old Snap-em-up is a-killin' o' your Nan! You can hear a-screamin' way down the road!"

"Oh, come to Nan! Oh, mamma! Come!" And then the wordless screams of childish fear and agony. No mother could long endure them, and in answer to her frenzied appeals, two men forced the door.

The first object that greeted them was old Jonathan, gagged, and bound fast to one of the hall chairs. Hurrying on, guided by Nan's cries, they opened the door of the room where Mr. Carpenter spent most of his life.

The master of the house lay on the floor, senseless, bleeding, and, kneeling by him, Nan was screaming with terror.

Gentle hands lifted him; a doctor was hastily summoned, and life came back, very faint and fluttering.

But there was a smile for Nan as the injured man's eyes rested upon her. She had clung to him so desperately that no one had the heart to force her away, and it was Mrs. Carroll who dexterly assisted the doctor as he bandaged and patched up the sorely wounded man.

Investigation proved that Mr. Carpenter had been robbed of a large sum of money drawn from the bank the day before, and it was in a vain endeavor to fight three men at once that he was stabbed and felled by a blow upon the head.

Many long weeks he lay upon his bed, and Nan perched herself beside him. Mrs. Carroll had to take her away to her meals and bed, and when she came for her how could she come empty-handed?

Jonathan, as the never could make such jellies and broths as the widow brought, and with which Nan fed the invalid. And if another little hand steadied the baby's grasp of the spoon, there was no word of objection spoken.

The feminine comforts except in take the place of Jonathan's well-meant but clumsy advice, who could blame the womanly pity that suggested them?

The doctor said the injuries were fatal, and no one in Snowville was inclined to blame Mrs. Carroll's ministrations to a dying man.

But for once medical judgment was at fault. June roses were blooming when the calls were reversed, and Mr. Carpenter began to visit Mrs. Carroll, though Nan still crept through the round window.

There was a wedding in October, blue eyes being true eyes this time, and love-eyes made in heartfelt serenity.

But Mrs. Carpenter laughingly declares her husband was Nan's conquest, and only married her that he might give Nan a father's love and care.

The Cowardly Elephant. Sir Samuel Baker, who knows the elephant well, says that in his opinion he is overrated.

"He can be educated to perform certain acts, but he would never volunteer his services. There is no elephant that I ever saw," writes Sir Samuel, "who would spontaneously interfere to save his master from drowning or from attack.

An enemy might assassinate you at the feet of your favorite elephant, but he would never attempt to interfere in your defence; he would probably run away, or remain impassive, unless guided and instructed by his mahout."

Sir Samuel Baker further tells of an elephant which, having found fruit beneath a tree, looked up at the laden boughs, and then retiring for a few feet, rammed his great hollow brow against the stem and shook down a plentiful shower of the coveted fruit.

Sagacious old fellow! With all his great size and strength and cleverness—for he is a wonderfully clever fellow—the elephant is mighty timid at times.

Moolah Bux, a magnificent animal, was the proud bearer of Sir Samuel when his men were driving a bill for a tiger which was supposed to be concealed in the long grass.

Half hidden in the jungle, elephant and sportsman waited breathlessly. Suddenly a hare emerged, raced toward them, and ran its tail upright almost between the elephant's legs.

THE FIRST YEAR OF MARRIAGE.

The Happiest Time in the Life of a Married Couple. The first year in the new home—ah, there is no year like it; for though others may be happier, the early freshness is gone.

Home, I say; for the young married people should always if possible have a home of their own in preference to lodgings.

Every divinity should have a temple, and spousal love as much as any. Otherwise the first associations of the life will be bald, and mean; the husband will have no house to rule, and the wife no household to manage, and there will be a tendency for shoes to get down at the heels, and things generally to be in a crumpled and loose condition.

No matter how tiny the house is; that it is the first, makes it a palace. No matter if you are a little cramped in money matters, if there is reason to expect you won't be able to pay the rent, it is an immense gain to be compelled to economize; for rich as we may become afterwards, habits of wholesome thrift never quite leave us.

The furniture may be scanty, and some of it old; but a clean chintz makes common things pretty, and the dullest of rooms is set off by some of the bright nicknacks that come in so plentifully among the bridal spoils.

Resist, if you start with counting your want there is nothing to wish for, and no pleasure in adding to your possessions. George Eliot has a subtle remark about the "best society, where no one makes an invidious display of anything in particular, and the advantages of the world are taken with that high-bred depreciation which follows from being accustomed to them."

Not much fear of that here! No doubt there will be pictures and photographs, the hanging of which takes at least a day, occasions considerable discussion, and perhaps involves the first serious divergence of opinion.

If there is a garden, and one good tree, of course a lover's seat will be placed there. On each side of the fireplace there will be an easy chair, with a table to it, for the inevitable teacup, the newspaper, the work, perhaps even a book for reading aloud.

For in an early and an enthusiastic period of married life there is often a good deal of reading aloud—liable, it must be added, to drop into total disuse after a short experience. The husband's voice is usually found to have been sufficiently tried during the day to make further exertion undesirable.

The wife consoles herself by feeling that now she can choose her own books, and on the whole prefers that her husband does speak it should be conversation. The first year! As we look back at it, over a vista of intervening memories, a tender dew steals over the heap, while we thank God for all that has been given, and all that has been spared.

When we think, too, of what He has pulled us through, our praise is not unmixed with wonder.

"Reverie is dead; but love is more than in the summers that are flown. For myself with these few words To something greater than before."

It was a time of mutual enlightenment and discovery, the fitting of everything into its proper place, the learning always, everywhere in its true measure. Sometimes the wind was in the east, and the air was keen; sometimes the sun was lost, and in a moist atmosphere all was chilly and depressing.

Tastes and antipathies were one by one discovered, favorite authors compared, pet theories perhaps roughly handled; now and then candor had a brusque way of expressing itself, and admiration paused to criticize where once it adored.

But true love can stand a great deal more than this, and only be the better for it. So far from disturbing it, and being, and when she came for her how could she come empty-handed?

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Half hidden in the jungle, elephant and sportsman waited breathlessly. Suddenly a hare emerged, raced toward them, and ran its tail upright almost between the elephant's legs.

This was too much for the mighty Moolah's nerves. He fairly bolted with sudden terror as the little harmless puss dashed beneath him.

K. D. C. is a positive cure for Dyspepsia or Indigestion in any form.

THINGS OF VALUE.

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K. D. C. is the Greatest Cure of the Age. Its merits prove its greatness. The enormous amount of interior work which is thrown on the market in all directions is one of the marvels of the time.—Nineteenth Century.

K. D. C. frees the stomach from poisonous acid and gas, and restores it to healthy action. As Lord Lytton once expressed it in the ablest story he ever wrote, "every accident is a providence, and before a providence snaps every human will."—Spectator.

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K. D. C. has proved itself to be the Greatest Cure of the Age. Try it! Test it. Prove it for yourself and be convinced of its Great Merits!

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K. D. C. positively cures the worst cases of Dyspepsia and Indigestion. Ask your druggist for it, or send direct to K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

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On the Rhine of America. STAR LINE. FOR FREDERICTON, ETC.

A STEAMER of this line will leave St. John, N. B., North End, every morning (Sunday excepted) for the Celestial city at 9 a. m.

Fredericton at 5 a. m. Fare, \$1. Steamers of this line connect with steamer Florenceville and railways for up river countries.

Return tickets, to return same day or by Saturday night steamer, Oak Point, 40c.; Hampstead, 50c.

On the Romantic Blue. Belle Bay steamer, Springfield, will leave St. John, North End, for the above place every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12.30 p. m., calling at all way landings; returning on alternate days.

G. F. BAIRD, J. E. PORTER.

New York, Maine, and New Brunswick STEAMSHIP CO.

ST. JOHN AND NEW YORK.

THE S. S. "WINTHROP" of this line will resume Weekly Service between St. John and New York as follows:

Leave New York, Pier 49, E. R., on SATURDAYS, at 6.00 p. m., for Eastport and St. John; and Leave St. John (New York Pier, North End), on TUESDAYS, at 3.00 p. m., for Eastport and New York.

The "WINTHROP" having been overhauled during the winter, now offers first-class accommodation for Passengers and Freight.

For further information apply to H. D. McLEOD, THOMP & SON, Agents, St. John.

F. H. SMITH & CO., Gen. Manager, 11 and 19 William Street, New York.

Or at the Office in the Company's Warehouse, New York Pier, North End.

St. John, N. B., March 2nd, 1891.

WINTER SAILINGS. BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO'Y. (Limited).

S. S. "CITY of Monticello." ROBERT FLEMING, Commander.

WILL, on and after MONDAY, the 2nd day of November, sail from the Company's pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 7.30 local time, for Digby, and Annapolis, returning same days sailing from Annapolis upon arrival of the morning Express from Halifax, calling at Digby.

These sailings will continue until further notice. HOWARD D. THOMP, President.

STEAMERS.

Steamer Clifton. COMMENCING the 1st October, this Steamer will leave Indiantown Wharf at 3 o'clock, p. m., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

International Steamship Co. AUTUMN EXCURSIONS. Boston and Portland \$5.00 ROUND TRIP \$5.00

COMMENCING SEPT. 16th, Tickets will be issued to OCT. 31st, inclusive, good to return 12 days from date of issue. Tickets on sale only at the office of the Company, Reed's Point Wharf.

Eastport and Return the following day, at \$1.00. 10-19-91 C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

International Steamship Co. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING Nov. 2, the 8 steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 7.25, standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days, at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 8 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer for Saint Andrews, Calais and Saint Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

A WEEK'S HOLIDAY BOSTON for \$3.00

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Intercolonial Railway. 1891—Winter Arrangement—1892

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 19th day of October, 1891, the trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.05 (excepted Monday); Accommodation for Point de Chene, 12.20; Fast Express for Halifax, 14.20; Express for Sussex, 15.20; Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, 16.55

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.05 o'clock and Halifax at 7.15 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago leave St. John at 16.55 o'clock, and take Sleeping Car at Montreal.

The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 16.55 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 15.00 o'clock Sunday evening.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex, 5.30; Fast Express from Quebec and Montreal (excepted Monday), 9.25; Accommodation from Point de Chene, 12.20; Day Express from Halifax, 14.20; Fast Express from Halifax, 15.20

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity and heated by