

THE LOST BRIDE.

There was a great crowd in the hall. Everybody was talking in a high key, and the orchestra in the back parlor was fairly convulsing itself in the throes of a potpourri.

At the top of the stairs was the bride. She was a symphony in lavender. She was not a conventional girl, perhaps, but in the matter of wedding garments she had felt bound to follow precedent, and she had looked so irresistibly charming that nobody who saw her could believe for a moment that a "going away" gown should be anything but lavender.

They made way for her on the stairs, and for the groom, with a tan covered overcoat on his arm, behind her. The women began kissing the bride, who submitted with flushed cheeks and dancing eyes. One or two elderly men near the door came in for a kiss, too.

The station master took a degree of interest in the matter that might look as if he suspected a sentimental side to the case. Presently the telegraph instrument in the station was ticking a message. "I think I can find out whether she is still there," said the station master.

"The answer was now coming over the wire. For a moment the operator's face was inscrutable. Then he looked up quickly. "The station master down there," he said, "fixed it up with the conductor of the midnight, and put her on that train."

midnight train and followed him if she had been supplied with money to buy a ticket. As it was he did not see that she could do anything more than wait for him to come back for her, as she must know that he would.

"The station master down there," he said, "fixed it up with the conductor of the midnight, and put her on that train." Poor Merrill, who pitifully timed every turn, reached the tobacco barn at 5.40. He then put in a straight half hour on the right road, and at the end of this very muddy period heard the low whistle of a locomotive.

"How soon can I follow that train?" he said, as if with some expectation that the station master might have the decency to notify the time-table. The station master looked commiseratingly at him as he replied: "The next train stopping at Pittston is at 5.30."

Merrill sat down on the nearest bench. He could not think. The situation had become absolutely stupefying. He would not be able to reach his wife for over six hours. What would become of her in that dreadful interval? And how could he live during such a ghastly period of waiting?

"I will give you a dollar a mile," said Merrill. Gibbs shook his head. Then he said: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll drive you to Mandy's, and you can get something at Mandy's for the other ten miles. I'll do that for \$25."

"I'll get you there," returned Gibbs. Merrill gave him ten dollars. "The fifteen when we get there," he added. Then the horse began to get lame. Gibbs muttered an oath, stopped the horse, and got out. Merrill saw that he was looking at the hoofs for a stone.

"When we reach the next station?" he asked of the porter. "At twelve, sir," was the answer. Merrill dropped into a seat in grotesque despair. The twenty-five minutes to Silver Hill seemed longer than wait at a table d'hôte.

"Hain't got that hay?" "Th' bay ain't fit," said Giles. He added: "What's it with?" "Ten," said Merrill, "if you'll drive me over in a hurry."

Gibbs disappeared after getting the balance of his money. It was twenty-eight minutes later by Merrill's watch when the second start was made, and it was at the end of the first mile that the second horse stumbled in the wet morning twilight and splintered the shaft of the buggy.

"How do you get to the Pittston station?" "There's a horse car down there," the boy said pointing through a side door. Merrill found the track. The car was not so easy to find. The bob-tail car with a sad horse lobe in sight at the end of seven minutes. That this could be going direct to the station seemed to Merrill too good to be true.

"Yes, I am," gasped Merrill. "Well, she is in here." Merrill found her sleeping on a sofa. Her eyelids were red. As the bridegroom, very wet and splattered with mud, knelt down beside the sofa and took hold of one of her hands the bride awoke with a start, and the pretty telegrapher turned her face away.—Globe Democrat.

A Midnight Alarm. It is almost midnight; it is still and peaceful in the happy home, and every member of the family seems to be enjoying restful sleep. A deep note of danger is heard by the dear mother; she knows its meaning, and quickly hastens to the rescue.

By Schifmann's Asthma Cure. No waiting for results. Its action is immediate, direct and certain. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 of Druggists or by mail. Full package of relief is sent free of charge.

BORN. Moncton, Dec. 7, to the wife of William Wilson, a son. Halifax, Dec. 5, to the wife of C. de W. McDonald, a son.

St. John, Dec. 7, to the wife of Harry L. Guster, a daughter. St. John, Dec. 4, to the wife of W. J. Fitzpatrick, a son.

MARRIED. Amherst, Dec. 1, to the wife of Charles Berringer, a son. Parrboro, Nov. 30, to the wife of Capt. Everett Moore, a son.

Amherst, Dec. 1, to the wife of Lawrence Atkinson, a daughter. Windsor, Nov. 27, to the wife of John Aker, a son. Lower Bay de Vin, Nov. 27, to the wife of Manuel B. Manuel, a daughter.

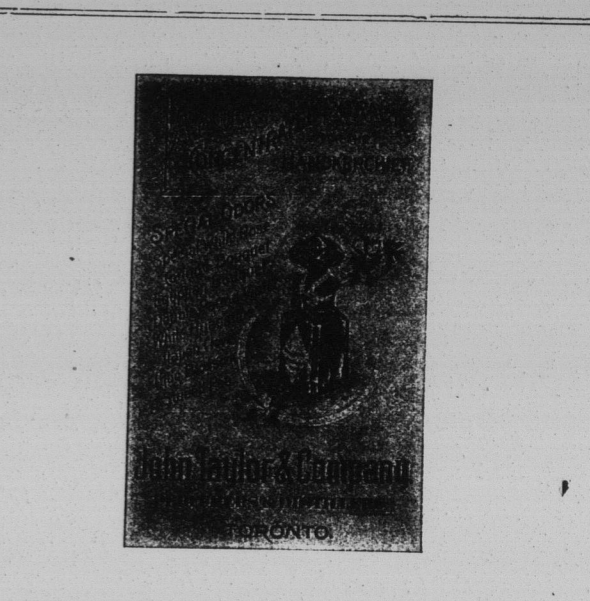
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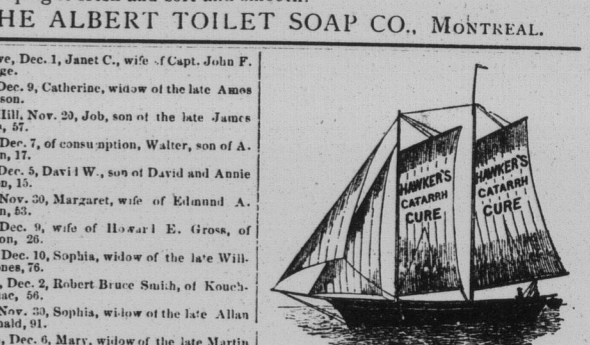
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LET US WHISPER, not because we are ashamed of it, but to avoid hurting anybody's feelings. There is really only one soap for the nursery and that is BABY'S OWN.



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Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, partially cut off, containing various notices and advertisements.