cre's plenty of work to do in the world, or those who incline to do it, d Satan can still find mischief enough or those who idle through it.

o dress and to visit, to dance and to ride, Is not the whole of life's mission, seek out the poor in the by-ways of life, And help improve their condition.

Arise and go forth to the Master's work, Nor waste time in idle pleasure; a record is kept, and the work we do Is paid for, measure for measure. Housekeeper.

MUST MARRY MONEY.

Montmorency Crane had been brought up to believe that he was to "come into his property" when his majority was attained. But, on the morning of that eventful day, his mother had revealed to him, in a long and serious interview, that his "property" existed nowhere but in his own imagination.

"I have done everything for the best," Mra Crane had said in conclusion. "Instead of seraping and pinching to save you a few pitiful thousands, I have, on the contrary, brought you up with the most expensive habits, and to associate with only the richest people. I have not spared any pains to turn you out a gentleman; in fact, the last of my ready money has gone for your initiation at the Howling Exclusives' Club, and so set you up with your horse and trap, with just sufficient in reserve to pay your expenses at Saratoga for the

trap, with just sufficient in reserve to pay your expenses at Saratoga for the summer. I have kept back absolutely nothing for myself, and now have only my small annuity to live on, which, as you know, less with me. It is true that I have acceutomed you to look forward to a brilliant future, but that future now depends entirely on yourself."

Montmorency moved uneasily.

"But what do you expect me to do?" he asked after a short pause.

"You must marry money, of course," was his mother's reply.

Montmorency changed color, and while he played with his eye-glass in a helpless sort of way, a vision of pretty Jennie, the lodging-house keeper's daughter, down the street, rose suddenly before him.

"But suppose—I should prefer—er—going into business?" he ventured, ten-

going into business?" he ventured, tentatively.

"That would never do, Montmorency!" Mrs. Crane said decisively.

"You haven't brains for anything in the world but to be a gentleman! You are all Crane, my dear boy; and there never was such a fool about money matters, as your poor dear father!"

Late that same afternoon, as Montmorency drove in his neat turnout dewn the street, he was still revolving in his mind all that his mother had said during that fateful interview; and he could not help acknowledging a certain justice in her conclusions. Indeed, he was in so deep a study that he forgot to look up at Jennie's window until after he had passed by. Then glancing back over his shoulder and catching sight of her pretty, smilling face, he groaned in the anguish of his spirit.

But by evening, when he gave a din-

come East on purpose to marry their only child to a gentleman, and they don't care what it costs them. You can't afford to be too particular, and the girl has style and spirit. Besides, a wife always rises to the rank of her husband. Montmorency, your path lies clear before you. Just do as I tell you, and as soon as you get things settled I shall go home with an easy mind."

Notwithstanding that Montmorency had come of age, he apparently had no will apart from his mother's; and having followed her instructions to the letter, it was not long before he found himself the accepted suitor of the hand-some Edna Barlow of Chicago.

But in spite of his envisible position as prospective son-in-law to one of the richest men of the West, Montmorency, was low spirited and miserable; and his avoldance of his former associates gave color to the story that was generally circulated, that "Monty has been caught by a couple of old schemers for their handsome daughter."

For all Montmorency knew, his fair

handsome daugnter.

For all Montmorency knew, his fair fances might be a charming young woman; but somehow—poor fellow!—he had never felt quite at his case in her reseases when the day whe had possessed. presence since the day she had passively allowed him to slip the brilliant solitaire. allowed him to slip the brilliant solitaire, still unpaid for, upon the slim third finger of her small left hand.

One afternoon, however, it chanced that the two were sitting alone together side by side, and Montmorency was emboldened to let his arm alip down from the back of the sofa upon which it had been resting, and encircling her slender waist, he bent forward to press a lover-like salute.

and encircling her slender waist, he bent forward to press a lover-like salute upon the tempting cheek.

The first attempt at gallantry was met by a sudden and stinging repulse. With the vigorous box which fell upon his ear it seemed, for a moment, that the room had turned upside down. Then, as things righted themselves and his scattered wits returned, Montmorency saw his fiancee erect before him, with angry eyes and fiaming face.

"Don't dare to touch me! Do you hear?" she cried. "Oh, I hate you! I hate you! What shall I do?"

"You hate me." Montmorency echoed, in a slow, puzzled way, "and yet you're going to marry me! Why, what does it all mean?"

Her slim fingers were interlacing nervously.

morency stepped forward, and with an elegant air of importance and satisfaction, he placed the hand of his beautiful betrothed into that of the other fel-

and—and—you may kiss me now,

and—and—and—you may kiss me now, if you like!"

"It's awfully hard on the dear old people," she continued regretfully, after the short pause caused by Montmorency's now permitted salute. "But they can't help forgiving their only child by and by, for, after all, their greatest desire was for my happiness. Only they wanted to see it accomplished in their own way, and they couldn't believe that I'd never be happy with any one but John, the dearest fellow in all the world," smiling up at the radiant bridegroom, "though I must say, Montmorency, you do come next!"

John's outburst of hearty gratitude was cut short by Montmorency's observation that train-time was fast approaching. So, having seated them in the dog cart side by side, Montmorency sprang up in the groom's place behind, and they drove away gayly to the near est railroad station.

At the very last minute Edna slipped something into Montmorency's hand.
"I'm so happy, I almost forgot it." she said, "but here it is, and I'm sure you'll want it again very soon for—you know whom!"

The train came rushing down its iron

whom!"
The train came rushing down its iron pathway, paused a moment, and then rolled on its way, carrying into their new life these two so newly bound together for better or for worse, and Montmorency was left standing on the platmorency was left standing on the platform, twirling a sparkling ring between his fingers; while, with a peculiar smile upon his lips, he thought of the jeweler's unpaid bill and of how he had deliberately thrown away his golden "opportunity," and had thereby shattered his mother's fondest hopes.

* * * * *

The storm which broke with the discovery of Edna's runaway marriage with her old Western lover was an unpleased to the control of ant one to weather, even although her parents never dreamed of the part which Montmorency had played in their daughter's elopement. His position, now, at best, was an awkward one, and he was glad to make his exit from the

scene at Saratoga as speedily as possible. But at home he found it even worse, for there he had to face his mother's bitter disappointment, and her constant lamentations and reproaches made his life wice while.

say our poor dear father!"

Late that same afternoon, as Montmorency drove in his neat turnout dewn the street, he was still revolving in his mind all that his mother had said during that fateful interview; and he could not help acknowledging a certain justice in her conclusions. Indeed, he was in so deep a study that he forgot to look up at Jeunie's window until after he had passed by. Then glancing back over his shoulder and catching sight of her pretty, smiling face, he groaned in the anguish of his spirit.

But by evening, when he gave a dinner to a party of his intimates at the club, in honor of the occasion, he had himself so well in hand that he was able to respond to their toasts with even a feeble show of wit, and to dodge their most searching questions relative to his "property" and his future plans.

"You see, boys, I really haven't decided anything yet," he said at last, with a fine assumption of candor, "except that I shall spend my summer in Saratoga."

"Without his mother's assistance, Montmorency would never have been able to make his choice among all the rich and pretty girls he met at the spring. But Mrs. Crane was too wise to let her son run the risk of a refusal, and soon she had settled upon a handsome and spirited young woman from the west.

"There's your opportunity, Montmotency," she said. "Pork-packers, with enormous wealth? The old people are good-hearted, but common. They have come East on purpose to marry their only child to a gentleman, and they don't care what it costs them. You can't affect itself to his limited capabilities.

clerk in a fashionable drygoods shop, which was the only position which offered itself to his limited capabilities when Montmorency set out to fight the battle of life for Jennie's support and his own, she felt that, though the ocean rolled between them, she could never hold up her head again.

Egyptian figures found on obelisks mounted on two-wheeled vehicles show the Pharaohs had some idea of the velo-

THE LOOSE SHOE Tis the voice of the farrier,
I hear him complain:
"That shoe has come off,
I must nail it again.

A LEAP-YEAR STORY.

"Weldon Park, Eloise!" said Mr. Luttrell, as the carriage in which he and his daughter had been driven from Fontenoy entered a broad avenue leading to a stately mansion. Eloise looked with languid interest at the house, the broad sweep of lawn, the grand trees, representing the estate of Frank Weldon. "Yes, papa," she said quietly. "I re-

"Yes, papa." she said quietly. "I remember the place quite well, although I was only about twelve years old when we were here last, I suppose the lady on the porch is Mrs. Weldon."

"Yes—yes—and Frank is there too. Dear me, Eloise. I wish you would not look as if you were half asleep."

Thus admodished, Eloise sat more erect, and put some animation into her greeting as the carriage, stopped at the foot of the flight of broad steps leading to the porch, where Mrs. Weldon and her son waited to welcome their guests. It had been understood in the families It had been understood in the families of Weldon and Luttrell for years that Frank and Eloise would one day unite Frank and Eloise would one day unite the fortunes and estates by a marriage. The young people did not consider them-selves to be formally betrothed, but when old Mr. Weldon died and left his chum and life-long friend Mr. Luttrell as one of the trustees for the property his son would inherit when he came of age, he certainly expected Eloise would reign at Weldon Park when Mrs. Wel-don, Frank's mother, died; and when

interesting the said, half defined the second section of the secti

country church, where a good-looking young stranger from the west was awaiting them with hardly repressed impatience.

A hurried, ecstatic conversation followed, and then the trio hastened up the aisle together to where the forewarned minister, with his witnesses, stood in readiness.

The marriage service was begun, and at the question: "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" Mont-

are not be nervous."

"Does he suffer much?"

"Not physically, but I think he does mentally. He was ambitious and an enthusiast in his profession. It was hard to be cut short in what promised to be an unusually successful career."

"Very hard," said Eloise, with a great sigh. It is as bad as being a woman with no great object to live for "

Frank loosed slightly bewildered, but made no reply. Eloise had never contided to him the longings of her heart to be a great artist or a great singer, nor the weary disgust to her that it was to know she must be only a fashionable young lady, with plenty of money of her own and a fortune of her father's in prospect.

"I cannot even be Lady Bountiful," thought this disgusted young lady, "for there are no very poor people about aere that I know of, and p.pa would not let me go near them if there were." But Frank's account of his uncle roused her interest, and she longed to let him know how keenly she sympathized with him.

It was not easy to break through his

reserve, but certainly no better opportunities could be found than those afforded by a summer sojourn in the same country-house; and scarcely knowing how the intimacy commenced, Doctor Gerrish and Eloise became friends. friends.

Eloise would have indignantly denied the possibility of her flattering any one, and yet there was the most delicate flattery in her respectful deference to Doctor Gerrish's opinions, her habit of turning to him for sympathy in her opinions, her evident pleasure in his society. She sang his favorite songs and wore his favorite colors; and when he would talk to her of his pursuits, his book in progress, she felt a strange sense of elation at being thought worthy of his confidence.

his confidence.

Alterations were being made at Luttrell Place, where Mr. Luttrell talked of
establishing himself for the future; but
they were not urged forward very rapidiy. The house and grounds beionged to
Eloise, being a portion of her mother's
property bequeathed to her; and Mr.
Luttrell often spoke of going abroad
again, as if the settling down at Luttrell Place was not entirely decided
upon. his confidence.

"It is as well to have the place in order," he told Eloise. "You and Frank may object to living here, you know, though Mrs. Weldon would be a model without here. mother-in-law. And Eloise had answered only by a burning blush and drooping eyes. More than once she had met any refer ence to that tacit engagement in the same way, but Mr. Luttrell had asked

no questions.

In the fall they went to their own home, and Frank became a daily visitor, while there was seldom a week passed when Eloise did not drive over in her pony-carriage to call on Mrs. Weldon. She was unlike the calm, self-possessed woman who had returned from Europe, in those days. She was restless and pre-occupdays. She was restless and pre-occuped, neglecting her usual pursuits, and often shutting herself up in her room for hours tegether, coming out with red eyes and pale cheeks, but never speaking of the problem of the

eyes and pale cheeks, but never speaking of illness or sorrow.

Christmas came, and there was a ball at Weldon Park, which would be followed, it was understood, by a similar entertainment at Luttrell Place on New Year's Eve. It was between these two festivities that Mrs. Weldon came, one day, to visit Eloise.

The dear little woman was terribly troubled and took her grief to headquarters. Quite by accident, she had discovered that her crippled brother had given his heart to the beautiful girl who had so gently won his confidence, and had so gently won his confidence, and he hopelessness of his attachment was appalling to his warm heart. I sister. It was the strangest thing to ask, but she did ask Eloise to stay away from Weldon Park until after her marriage.

"Then my brother and I will go abroad until he is himself again." she said, "and I know you will keep-his secret. You will never let him know I betrayed his will never let him know I betrayed his confidence, Eloise?" she pleaded.
"I will never let him know."
"He feels the fact of his poverty and his deformity so keenly," said Mrs. Weldon, "that he would never dream of speaking of his love; but he has a true, noble heart, and it will not be easy for him to conquer the passion he feels. Poor Stephen! He has had a hard life."
Eloise echoed the sigh, but made no

comment, and Mrs. Weldon departed, only half satisfied with herself. She might have been less so had she heard a question Eloise asked Frank a few hours later. They were discussing the ball in prospect, when Eloise said:

"Frank, don't you think this farce of our engagement had better end? You will never care half as much for me as

frightened look as the guests swept up the staircase to the rooms prepared for them, and Frank, as soon as they were out of hearing, broke into a boyish laughter. Nearly five years older than Eloise he looked younger, being blonde and boyish, while she was brunette and stately. It think in her heart of hearts Eloise rather despised his merry, light hearted nature, but she never expressed any such opinions.

When the guests joined mother and son in the drawing-room before dinner they were both surprised to meet a gentleman who was introduced by Mrs. Weldon, as "my brother, Doctor Gerrish," and to find this member of the family a cripple and invalid. He was a tall, elight-built man, of thirty-seven or eight, with a delicate, refined face, and with one shoulder deformed while there was a decided halt in his gait. Shrinking evidently from notice, he yet made an effort to aid in entertaining his sister's guests, and conversed in a low sweet voice, almost womanly in its delicate modulations.

It was not until the next day that Frank, sauntering through the garden with Eloise, spoke of his uncle.

"No." he said, in answer to her question, "he did not live here before you went abroad. He was practicing medicine then in Boston, but he was injured by a fall, and he lost his property in some unfortunate investments; so mother infortunate investments; so mother infortuna

as much as 20 pounds, and they are cut into dishes and cups. Tons of them are cine then in Boston, but he was injured by a fall, and he lost his property in some unfortunate investments; so mother insisted upon his coming here, to take care of her while I was in Europe. Since then, it has been easy to persuade him to stay. He enjoys the seclusion, and he is a close student, contributing largely to medical literature, though he has ceased to practice. He cannot trust his nerves since his accident, and a doctor dare not be nervous."

In the was in Jured by as an unit of the was and cups. Tons of them are crushed to make emery and a kind of sandpaper called garnet paper. At Ruby mountain in Colorado is a remarkable deposit of sach great crystals of garnet, which, being included in a soft matrix, usually come out perfect in the dishes and cups. Tons of them are crushed to make emery and a kind of sandpaper called garnet paper. At Ruby mountain in Colorado is a remarkable deposit of sach great crystals of garnet, which, being included in a soft matrix, usually come out perfect in the dishes and cups. Tons of them are crushed to make emery and a kind of sandpaper called garnet paper. At Ruby mountain in Colorado is a remarkable deposit of sach great crystals of garnet, which, being included in a soft matrix, usually come out perfect in the deposit of sach great crystals of garnet, which, being included in a soft matrix, usually come out perfect in the deposit of sach great crystals of garnet, which, being included in a soft matrix, usually come out perfect in the dishes and cups. Tons of them are Emeralds, rubies and sapphires are found only in North Carolina and Montana. The Montana sapphires, dug from the gravel bars of the Missouri river,

They had reached that stage of the ngagement where she felt free to amuse herself by exploring his pockets. It so happened that he had forgotten to take out the ticket for his watch, and when she found that she immediately wanted "I cannot even be Lady Bountiful," to know what it was. "That," said he, with as much dignity as he could command, "is a souvenir of the World's fair."—Indianapolis Journal.

Lead Pencil Wood. Most persons know that the wood of the Province the best lead pencils is from a form of the American red cedar. The best for the purpose is said to belong to the variety known as Juniperus Virginiana, variety Bermudiana. This form of red cedar seems to have its home on the Island of Bermuda, it being the only tree found on the island. It is supposed originally to have been started from seed of our common red cedar brought to the island by birds, or in some other way, and that the continual force of circumstances, different from those under which our red cedar exists, has caused it to change in some respects its character. The same form is, how Bermuda by birds, as in the first instance. It is said that Mr. Faber, whose name is inseparably connected with the best class of lead pencils, has growing thirteen acres of this kind of cedar, from which he expects in the future to raise enough wood for his pencils without importing it from the new world.—

Meehan's Monthly. Origin of Longfellow's "Evangeline." In his biography of his brother Samuel Longfellow gives this account of the oriolly, who had been the recte church in South Boston. At dinner Conolly said that he had been trying in vain to interest Hawthorne to write a story upon an incident which had been related to him by a parishioner of his Mrs. Haliburton. It was a story of a young Acadian maiden, who at the dispersion of her people by the English troops had exile, and at last they met in a hospital where the lover lay dying. Mr. Longfellow was touched by the story, especi ally by the constancy of its heroine, and said to his friend, "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem," and Hawthorne consented. Out of this grew "Evangeline," whose heroine was at first called Gabrielle. -New York Tribune.

Molly: I read a chapter in the Bible this morning, papa.

Mr. Surplice (much pleased): Didyou, my dear? That's nice. What was it all about?

Molly (slowly): Well, it was mostly all begets.—Judge. Sincere Flattery. "I don't know why my watch will not go," said Mr. Staylong, offering a covers

Perhaps it is because the preceden has been established," suggested sne wearily.—Truth. A Good Team. Penelope-Don't you see the advan-

tage? Richley-No; I do not. Penelope—Why, you know how to make money and I know how to spend it. What a team we'd make! OPPORTUNITY.

The rising sun with golden light
The birth of day leckres;
But ere we think, the solemn night
Steals o'er us unawares. So thus when man is in his prime And honors o'er him shower, Along will come old Father Time And wilt him as a flower. A lesson then for me and you As on through life we speed; Now is the only time to do— Take warning then and heed. "Another day" may never come

Nor opportunity,
And this day's work when it is done
May be the last for me.

-Percy Smith, in Ram's Horn. Aberdeen Hotel. The building known as the Muirhead stone hous

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gin of 'Evangeline': Mr. Hawthorne came one day to dine at Craigie House, bringing with him his friend, H. L. Con-

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been separated from her betrothed lover; they sought each other for years in their Our stores at Chatham and Newcastle present a regular parorama of Toys, Nic-Nacks, Notions, Japanese Goods, Silk Handkerchiefs, Mantle, Chair and Table Drapes, and goods suitable for Xmas presents, such as children dream about, ladies delight to select from and men purchase in order to make one and all happy and content this holiday time. We are opening this week a new lot of Ladies Dress Goods, Coats, Jackets and Furs, Boys Youths and Mens Clothing, Fur Caps and Gloves. Our prices

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for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous de-REDECTA WILEISON, of Brownsvalley, Indiana General seath American Medicine Co.:

To the Great South American Medicine Co.:

DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the s. omach and nerves. I tried every medicine I could hear of, but nothing done me any appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tone and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottless of it I must say that I am surprised at its wonderful powers to cure the stomach and general nervota system. If everyone, he we when we will be to supply the demand.

J. A. HARDER, Ex-Tross. Montgomery Co.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA. Crawfordsville, Ind., June 22, 1887.

My daughter, eleven years old, was severely a cicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half botues of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is "be greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.

State of Indiana, | Sec. | John T. Mish. State of Indiana,
Montgomery County, } 88:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.

CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Publica INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA. The Great South American Nervine Tonic

Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy everdiscovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility off the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incal-culable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the one and only one great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

WONGETHI CUTATIVE DOWERS OF the SOUTH AMERICAN NETVINE TORIC.

HARRIET E. HALL of Waynetown, Ind., says:

"I owe my life to the Great South American Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic-improved meso much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I can not recommend it too highly."

No remedy compares with South American Mercian Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spliting up blood; am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I begin the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."

No remedy compares with South American Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spliting up blood; am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I begin the Nervine Tonic, and continued to the first stages of consumption, and inheritance handed down through several generations. I begin the Nervine Tonic in the first stages of consumption, and inheritance handed down through several generations. I begin the Nervine Tonic in the first stages of consumption, and inheritance handed down through several generations. I begin the Nervine Tonic in the first stages of consumption, and inheritance handed down through several generations. I begin the Nervine Tonic in the first stages of consumption, and inheritance handed down through several generations. I begin the nervine Tonic in the first stages of consumption, and inheritance handed down through the first stages. can not recommend it too highly."

No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all compares with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus Dance. Its powers to build up no what and the properties of the fail of the strenge. It cures the old, the young, and the middle aged. It is a great friend to the failed of the fail of the fai

Covered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Combrany, and we will send, sealed, by return mall. Fullsealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, a stamps. Address The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada, Solid in Chatham, by

Maple, Yellow Bil'Cil dilu Dood, which he will dispose of in carload lots or more at at SMELT SHOOKS.

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CHATHAM, N. B.