

THE SECOND MRS. TIDMARSH.

By Ethelyn Leslie Huston.

When the first Mrs. Tidmarsh died, she died so with the same air of meek apology which characterized her actions in life.

Now there are men who would appreciate wives of Mrs. Tidmarsh's kind, men who would pet them and protect them and love them with an exceeding great love, just because of their sweet and gentle natures.

But that sort of men usually marry the drum major type of woman, who rule them with a rod of iron and make their lives a burden generally.

Tidmarsh was a church deacon, an honest and upright workman and a home body. He would lead the prayer meetings and exhort his hearers to remember the teachings of the Good Book, and then he would take his silent little wife and silent little children home and they would not draw full breath or speak in their natural voice till he had gone to the store next morning.

Mrs. Tidmarsh looked at the two little faces pressed close to her pillow with wistful eyes when she came.

After the funeral the children were brought out for about a year, and then the neighbors began to speak knowingly about the deacon's attentions to Mrs. Spink.

Mrs. Spink was a widow of means, a large nose and a will. She received the attentions of the deacon with a noncommittal air, then suddenly announced that the wedding day had been settled.

The wedding took place at the comfortable residence of the bride, where the groom took up his residence, it being convenient to the store.

The children are tired after their journey, and they feel strange and would be better at home and in bed early, said Mrs. Tidmarsh, looking with inscrutable gray eyes at the two little faces turned shrinking toward the deacon.

"They will not be alone, for I intend staying with them. And I insist that they go to bed early," said Mrs. Tidmarsh, in a level voice, that was new and yet strangely familiar in the deacon's ears.

These level tones he had used with crushing result during the six years he had ruled the first Mrs. Tidmarsh, and they came back to him now with something of photographic effect.

"That—but they'll be alone—and I insist, besides—"

"They will not be alone, for I intend staying with them. And I insist that they go to bed early," said Mrs. Tidmarsh, in a level voice, that was new and yet strangely familiar in the deacon's ears.

"Now, chickabiddies, come here," she said, in a voice that the deacon would not have recognized. And she leaned forward and drew the shy-looking little girl, with her dead mother's timid blue eyes, up on her lap, while the quiet boy, with the gravely wondering face, took the stool she motioned him to at her knee.

The blue-eyed girl found two arms in neat gingham gently folded around her, and, with the quick instinct of children, the little golden head went back against the angular shoulder and the face was lifted to be kissed.

"Bless you, my hairin'," murmured the grim woman as the thin lips pressed the little face. "You will try to love your new mother, won't you? And we will be just splendid friends. Tomorrow I will show you eight little chicks, as yellow as your curls, and three kitties—and a dog for you, Willie," she added, drawing the boy's hand up into hers.

"A dog—for my very own?" exclaimed the boy—the grave, old head swept from his face as he leaned eagerly forward on her knees.

"For your very own," added Mrs. Tidmarsh. "And I know where there are some wheels, and I think we can coax the hired man to fix up a wagon, so that you can harness up your dog and take Tiddie-kies here, for a ride."

There were two long "oh's" of breathless delight, and the children clasped their hands and looked at each other. Then suddenly the delight faded from the boy's face and he glanced nervously toward the door.

"But father—he won't let me keep him. He says dogs eat as much as a man," he said, in a lowered voice. He was older than the girl, and he remembered.

"Oh, I'll fix it with father," said Mrs. Tidmarsh, cheerfully, and there was a look in her eye that meant many things for the deacon.

The next day Mr. Tidmarsh filed his protests and was routed foot and horse. Mrs. Tidmarsh never raised her voice above a certain tone. It was always even and calm. Her arguments were as quiet and unexciting as sharp shooting at long range.

Mr. Tidmarsh was not such a bad sort of a man when properly managed. When he felt the steel between his teeth, and knew it would be kept there by a woman who knew him thoroughly, who appreciated his good qualities and was not afraid of him in the least, he settled down and became quite possible in domestic life.

The neighbors came, and were satisfied. They said "well, well," and "I never did," and regarded Mr. Tidmarsh with new interest while they inquired the price of bling.

Mrs. Tidmarsh loved her rumps and thought of the blue-eyed mother asleep under the daisies and the six long years of bullying. And she smiled her grim little smile as the deacon's ob turned into the drive and shed violently when Willie and his Newfoundland laud really past his nose and plunged noisily up the steps.

For the masses, not the classes, Bentley's Liniment is the family medicine chest. Price 10c and 25c.

Doctor's fees are often stigmatized as robbery. A nice usage, perhaps, would call them pillage.—Detroit Journal.

Wanted—A case of headache that Kumort Headache Powders will not cure in ten minutes. Price 10c.

It is dreadful how people misuse the words "lawfully" and "unlawfully."

For Dandruff rub the head well with Bentley's Liniment.

"I've known what's the matter with me," said the amateur auctioneer, explaining it afterward. "I didn't talk enough."—Chicago Tribune.

She—"That man is still looking at your picture."

The artist—"Yes; he's a critic. The longer he looks the worse he'll roast it."

Kisses. With little kisses I shut your eyes; I would not have them seeing and wiser. For could I choose, I would have you be blind over as now, when you look on me.

A kiss for an errand in each dear ear; And now when I speak you can only hear. The heart of my heart's heart laugh and cry.

A kiss on your mouth; and it bears no charm. Not the foolish words it is suited by.

To bring you to good, to keep you from harm; It has no mission; yet let it be: The rest were for you; but this is for me!



Advertisement for Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, featuring an illustration of a person and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

Their Golden Wedding.

Monday being the 50th anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chamberlain, a large number of their relatives and friends from this city drove out in teams to celebrate the event and join with the neighbors in giving them a good time.

Early in the evening Rev. Mr. Daniels presided at the assembly, accompanied by a quartet of soloists.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chamberlain: We, your relatives and friends assembled here this evening, feel that we cannot but have this opportunity pass without tendering to you our hearty congratulations on the attainment of your fiftieth year of wedded life.

It is a privilege for all your friends to be permitted to look back upon the past, and to see the path that has led you to this auspicious occasion; but we are sure that although not present with us in body, that they are all tonight with us in spirit, and desire to congratulate you on reaching this jubilee of your married life.

Forty years is a long period of time, and forty years of wedded life is a long and happy one. This world of vicissitudes and changes leaves its mark on many happy homes in the period of time which we are celebrating.

We desire to present you with a slight token of our love and esteem, and ask you to accept it as a memento of our love and regard toward you, and as a fitting emblem of the anniversary we are now celebrating.

We are all wishing you many more years of health and prosperity, and hope that your latter days may be brightened and beautified by the strong and enduring love that after the trials and tribulations of this world will pass that we will all hope around that family altar parting is unknown.

Yours in the Bond of Love, Mr. and Mrs. J. Chamberlain, New York. Mr. and Mrs. K. T. Bayly, St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Chamberlain, Sr., St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Chamberlain, Jr., do Dec. and Mrs. St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Purdy, St. John. Mr. and Mrs. A. Hoyt, St. John. Mrs. J. A. Johnston, B. Harbour, Me. Mrs. J. A. Johnston, B. Harbour, Me. Mrs. A. Sharp, Boston.

Miss Ada Chamberlain, St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Johnston. Mr. Chamberlain heartily thanked all for their kindness for remembering him and his youthful bride, and asked all to enjoy themselves to their utmost content.

The party from the city arrived home at 3 p. m., well pleased with their outing and enjoyable time spent.

Former Congressman Boutelle. Boston, May 21.—Former Congressman Charles A. Boutelle, of Bangor, Me., died today at the McLean Asylum, Waverly, Mass.

Mr. Boutelle had been at the institution more than a year for treatment on account of brain trouble. Death occurred at 1 o'clock p. m., and was due primarily to pneumonia which developed last Sunday. Mr. Boutelle's daughter, Grace, who has been at the head of the household since her mother's death in 1892, was at the bedside today, having been summoned from Bangor a few days ago.

Mr. Boutelle was 62 years of age. Two daughters, besides Miss Grace, survive him, one being Miss Annie and the other Mrs. Wm. W. Palmer, of Bangor. Mr. Boutelle's illness dates from Dec. 21, 1899, when he was seized by a fit of unconsciousness while at a hotel in this city. The doctors pronounced his illness a case of the brain.

Later the former congressman was taken to his home in Bangor, but on the succeeding Monday he was brought to Boston on the midnight train and taken to the McLean asylum at Waverly, where he has since remained. His mental condition is stated, had improved considerably.

Her Day at Home. "Mary," said the mistress of the prospect, "I notice you have an engaged card." "Sure," answered the girl with paragonable pride.

JURY FINDS MILLIDGEVILLE DEATHS FRIDAY WERE DUE TO ACCIDENT.

Recommended Government Inspection of Mills, Boilers and Chimneys—The Evidence Given at Yesterday's Session.

The inquiry into the death of the three men at Jewett's mill Friday last was resumed yesterday afternoon at Mr. C. McCuskey's boarding house, near the scene of the disaster. The first witness was Robert Logan, a mill laborer. He had been in the Jewett mill for 20 years. He told of the falling of the chimney by Mr. Tilley some 10 years ago and Mr. Mellidy re-lined the chimney about five years ago.

To the jury—He thought that the last time it was lined part of the old lining at the bottom was left in. The chimney was examined last spring. Mr. Price, the mill owner, decided the mill could run for a time. Part of the lining left on the Monday previous to the accident. It came from near the top on the northern side.

Mr. Price and the engineer of the mill examined the chimney and decided to stage it from the outside. Witnesses described the building of the staging, which was the same as had been done on previous occasions when repairs were made. He thought Mr. Price a practical workman and everything in connection with the staging was as strongly built as possible.

The staging was completed Thursday afternoon and work in the chimney began Friday morning. After dinner the lowering of the lining was commenced and Price acted witness for two pieces of planks. Witnesses did not know what these pieces of plank were for. Price and McCuskey went to the top of the chimney at 1 o'clock. At the bottom of the chimney were Engineer Codner, Chas. Wilson and Joseph Nesbitt.

The gear used for handling the material was a screw driven by a hand crank. The gear used for handling the material was a screw driven by a hand crank. The gear used for handling the material was a screw driven by a hand crank.

Witness saw his son-in-law, the Thursday night before the accident. He said he saw the pressure air work at the mill and he said it was a good safe staging. He had come home for a pair of goggles to protect his eyes when taking out the lining of the chimney.

To Mr. Jewett—Deceased's wife said that her husband told her that when he got the lining out he had a bad way to get it out and by wearing goggles he would save himself from being blinded. He would have to keep his mouth closed and breathe through his hands.

Joseph Nesbitt, a mill laborer, was called and said he had been employed at the mill for about nine years. At the time of the accident he was aiding Mr. Logan at the winch. He corroborated Mr. Logan's evidence. He had no fear of the pressure air work at the mill and he was told to run. His legs were partly covered by the bricks.

Wm. Irvine was the next witness and said he was the tier at the mill. He was working in a blacksmith shop near by and heard the noise and went to the place where the chimney fell. He saw the pieces for bodies and helped take Price out of the ruins. He had been in the employ of the Jewetts for about 34 years.

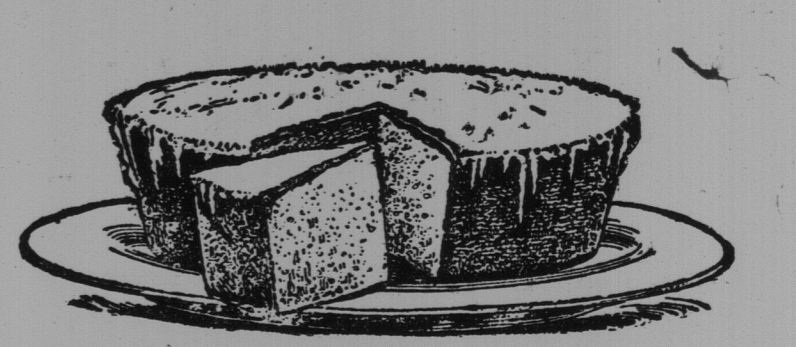
Wm. McCuskey said he was engaged with Mr. Jewett as a piler and had charge of the yard. He was in the employ for 32 or 33 years. He did not see the chimney fall. He has worked with Moses, Tilley, Mellidy and Price. He worked in the chimney that fell 12 years ago, and was the lining out for Mr. Tilley and built the staging. When he repaired the chimney 12 years ago there were bulges in the chimney and he was one of the men who worked on it.

Henry Codner, who was injured by the falling chimney, was called and said he was the engineer in Jewett's mill for about 22 years. Regarding the repairing of the chimney, witness corroborated the statements made by former witnesses. Witness generally aided the chimneys and furnaces every spring. He examined the chimney last spring and found that it needed repairs. He consulted with Mr. Jewett, who said there was about two months' work for the mill, sawing, and did not advise any large repairs. Witness saw Mr. Price and both went in the chimney and Mr. Price then made some repairs which he thought would do for a time. Witness corroborated Mr. Logan's evidence regarding the building of the staging and the accident. Price on Wednesday said that there was no trouble or danger in taking the lining out of the chimney and the man who was helping, being George McCuskey, was a good man.

To Mr. Jewett—After the two pieces of plank were sent up to Mr. Price just previous to the accident he heard a noise like a hammering.

Evidence. The court adjourned at 6 o'clock and resumed at 7 o'clock, when Charles McLaughlin was called. He has been employed with Mr. Jewett for 24 years. He was employed near the chimney at the time of the accident. He saw the chimney fall and he saw the men who were in the chimney at the time of the accident.

Benedictine to the amount of 1,081,000 bottles was manufactured at the Peapack monastery last year.



ROYAL Baking Powder is indispensable to the preparation of the finest cake, hot-breads, rolls and muffins.

Housekeepers are sometimes importuned to buy other powders because they are "cheap." Housekeepers should stop and think. If such powders are lower priced, are they not inferior? Is it economy to spoil your digestion to save a few pennies?

Alum is used in some baking powders and in most of the so-called phosphate powders, because it is cheap, and makes a cheaper powder. But alum is a corrosive poison which, taken in food, acts injuriously upon the stomach, liver and kidneys.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

Beneath this Western fable there lies a graceful conceit—St. George is a Christian spiritually armed. The hideous monster represents the Devil, who seeks to poison the streams of grace and devour the virgin soul.

Champion Book Agent. Missouri Woman Holds the Record—Sold to Russell Sage.

A Missouri woman is the champion book canvasser. In the last 10 years she has collected on her order blanks the autographs of 16,000 persons, including presidents, vice-presidents, supreme court justices, senators and congressmen and governors and ex-governors of 33 states.

When asked how she managed to get the financier for a subscriber she says she just asked him, and gives no further details, except that she didn't find him the crusty, parsimonious person he was generally supposed to be.

Mrs. C. Dimwoody Smith is the name of the book canvasser who vanquished Mr. Sage. Her great-grandfather was a colonial governor of Virginia and her father a graduate of West Point. Ten years ago her husband died, leaving her with two small children, a boy and a girl, and scant resources to face the world.

In the Middle Ages was perpetrated a legend of the martyr, of an allegorical nature, wherein a prince, a knight, together with a more profitable occupation, all readers of Hone's Every Day Book.



Good News Continues. San Francisco, May 22.—Mrs. McKinley has passed another comfortable day. Secretary Clayton said to the Associated Press tonight that she continues to improve and is now doing nicely.

Suburbanism. After June 10th the Canadian Pacific express train from St. John at 6:00 p. m. local time will stop at Grand Bay, Bannockburn, Ballentines, Westfield Beach, Ligon and Welsford.

Don't forget the two specials from St. John at 10 a. m. Victoria Day, 24th. A special train will make your arrangements.