HERE OF THE PASSED TO WASHINGTON OF THE PASSED OF THE

#### A MODEL DAUGHTER.

The meadow was all pearled over with dew; the August sun was distilling sweetness from Abigail Wray's clove-pinks and sweet-williams, and the girl sang gayly at her work, as she put the coffee and hot Graham gems on the table, and nodded to her father coming in from the fields, with his black-ribboned straw hat in his hand. "Well, puss," said the farmer, with a smile, "how did you enjoy yourself last night, listening to this fine new lecturer?" "Oh, so much, father!" cried Abigail. "The hall was crowded, and I don't know whether we all cried or laughed oftenest. Oh, father, she added, "what a grand thing it must be to be able to move people's hearts like that!"

"Humph!" said Elihu Wray. "In my time women used to stay at home and mind the house and look after their children, instead of going tramping around the country giving lectures."

"But Miss Perceval has neither husband

does."

"Then you're not going to become a little old maid for my sake, eh, puss?"

Abigail laughed, shot a roguish glance at him from beneath the dark curtain of her eyebrows, and shook her head.

"All grls marry, tather," she said.

"Your Miss Perceval hasn't got married, it seems."

"Your Miss Perceval hasn't got married, it seems."

"No, father. She can do better."

"Don't you believe that, my girl," said Mr. Wray. "There is no better fortune in all the world than to marry, if you can marry the person you love."

"Getting sentimental?" Abigail asked, clapping her plump hands.
"It ain't sentiment, child. It's common sense, "sturdily maintained Wray.
"Father," abruptly spoke Abigail, "I've often wondered why you did not marry again."

"I'" He looked up in amazement.
"Because," added the girl, "mother never was much of a companion for you. She was always sick and complaining, and she fretted at every little thing, until I used to wonder at your patience with her. Oh, you see, I noticed all these things, child though you thought I was. And she told me once—"

"She checked herself abruptly. Wray

She checked herself abruptly. Wray ooked at her with grave surprise.

"Father, hush!"

Abigail had gone back to her seat behind the tray, where she faced the wide, open door. She could see a figure standing hesitatingly on the threshold; her father was quite oblivious to its presence.

"It's Miss Perceval herself!" cried Abigail, jumping up. "Please walk in, Miss Perceval, I'm so glad to see you. You don't know it, perhaps, but I was one of your listeners last night, and I kept thinking how proud I should be if ever I had a chance to speak to you! Our name is Wray, and I am Abigail. Father, this is Miss Perceval!"

Mr Wray, who had risen from his seat and now stood faring the

Wray, and I am Abigail. Father, this is Miss Perceval."

Mr Wray, who had risen from his seat and now stood facing the unexpected guest, bowed courteously. Few city votary of fashion could have displayed more exquisite courtesy and hospitality than this country lass, in the blue cambric frock, with the simple white ruffling at her neck, as she welcomed the stranger.

"Will you have some of our fresh blueberries?" said Abigail. "I picked them myself, while the dew was on them. And the coffee is quite hot!"

Miss Perceval was a tall, middle-aged woman, with brown hair, slightly threaded with silver, bright, dark eyes and color that varied in her cheek, as she looked from Abigail to her lather.

The Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick uses Wilmont Royal Belfast Ginger Ale and Spa Waters as the only cold drinks at his banquets and dinner

"I—I have lost my way," she hesitated.
"I oughtn't to have attempted to ramble about alone; but I used to know something about this part of the country, and—"

Once more her eyes fell beneath Elihu Wray's searching glance; she laughed uncarily.

She Can't Pay Over \$25 for It, but She'd.

Once more ner eyes feit beneau Finni sweet-williams, and the girl sang gayly at her work, as she put the coffee and hot Graham gems on the table, and noded to her father coming in from the fields, with his black-ribboned straw hat in his hand.

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"Humph!" said Elihu Wray. "In my time women used to stay at home and mind the house and look after their children, instead of going tramping around the country giving lectures."

"But Miss Perceval has neither husband nor children, iather," urged Abigail. "And I don't suppose she has any home to look after."

"Miss Perceval? That's her name, is it?"

"Father, I wish you'd go to hear her!" cried eager Abigail. "I'm sure she'd make you laugh and cry, too! You couldn't help it. She isn't pretty, you see, but she has such an expressive face, with bright.sparkling eyes like a bird?"

"I knew a woman once," slowly uttered Wray, "who took to speechilying in public. Nobody would have though it of her, either—the quietest, shyest like thing in the world. But there, is no accounting for women. I never heard her, but I'm told she made as success of it. Her name was Daggett."

"Father, you'll go with me tonight, won't you?" coaxed Abigail. "Do! Just to please me. I do so want you to hear Miss Perceval. John Tracey—he's on the committee you know—he says they pay her fitty dollars a night. She must have a dead of money laid up. Oh, I wish I had a talent like that!"

"Tut, tt, my little girl!" said the farmer as he sprinkled sugar over his heaping sancer of blueberries. "I don't wish it at all. What should I do if you went lecturing half over the continent and left mehereal alone?"

"But, father, I must leave you some mittee you know—he says they

hand.

"Father, I believe that I can explain this," said she. "Poor mother yielded to temptation and kept back the letter. Here it is. I found it between the leaves of one of her books, and, until now. I never understood what it meant. I see it all, father! Miss Perceval! Father! Father! Remember what I said ten minutes ago! Dear Miss Perceval, he is so good, so true, and I'm ready to make such a model stepdaughter!"

daughter!"

And then she ran out of the room And then she ran out of the room to rescue her pet terrier from the fangs of the butcher's big dog, coming down the road, and when she returned. Miss Perceval sat smiling in the deep window seat, a daisy in her hand, a blush on her cheek.

"Would you really like a step mother, child?" said she.

"I would like father to be happy!" eagerly answered Abigail.

"Then," said Miss Perceval, "I suppose you must have your way!"

And the world at large wondered at this brilliant lecturer marrying a quiet country farmer, and secluding herself in the wilderness. But the world at large did not know how happy she was.

THE SPEED OF INSECTS.

though you thought I was. And she told me nonc—"
She checked herself abruptly. Wray looked at her with grave surprise.

"Told you what, Abigail ?"

"I don't know whether I ought to repeat it, father," said Abigail, coming around to his side and resting her clasped hands lightly on his shoulder. "It was the day before she died; and she told me lots of things, besides, that I did not know. She said she never had any real right to your heart; that you never had cared for her, and that she didn't deserve that you should and that there was another girl—"

"There, puss, there," said the farmer, with a strange quiver in his stern eyelid. "Mother was flighty toward the last. We'll forget those things."

"But, father, if it's Lucia Lee—as I mistrust it is—and if you'd be any happier married to her, I won't make any trouble," pleaded Abigail. "I'll be the best step-daughter in the world; I only want you to be happy, father?"

"Well, it isn't Lucia Lee," said Mr. Wray, laughing, "and if it was, why you'd be crazy, child, to think of getting me into such a scrape at fifty-odd years old."

"Way, laughing, "and if it was, why you'd be crazy, child, to think of getting me into such a scrape at fifty-odd years old."

"Way, laughing, "and if it was, why you'd be crazy, child, to think of getting me into such a scrape at fifty-odd years old."

"Wonler was good which and a thought struck the writer that they had probably been drawn into a sort of towers, whereby they were carried onward the last. We'll his trait; is seemed to be almost mechanical and andosme," urged Abigail.

"Nonsense! There, give me some more coffee. Those lazy fellows in the ten-acre lot will be sure to dawdle away the time until I get back to them. Let's bear a something more about this locturing old maid of yours," he added.

"Father, hush!"

A swarm of these little pests keep pertained fifty and they return to their post of annoyance. But this was the latting they are with the wind they return to their post of annoyance. But the same pertain the same pertai

dow.

To account for this look at the wings of a fly. Each is composed of an upper and lower membrane, between which the blood vessels and respiratory organs ramify so as to form a delicate network for the extended wings. These are used with great quickness, and probably 600 strokes are made per second. This would carry the fly about 25 feet, but a sevenfold velocity can easily be obtained, making 125 feet per second, so that under certain circumstances it can outstrip a race horse.

"When a man makes a large fortune what do people say?" asked the teacher. "That he is tortunate," replied the bright boy. "That's right. Now, when a man fails in business, what do they say?" "That he dddn't advertise."—Paradise Lost.

To a Water-Lily. As idly floated in thy crystal dish,
Nor reck'st the griefs nor joys of changeful it.
It's gilttering triumphs nor disheart'ning stri
Row oft my heart hath framed the ardent wish
That it, like thee, might bask this life away,
Lulled to soft dreams by the sweet roundelsy

Of whip-poor-will, and eke the soft-breathed sigh Of gently crooning, balmy summer breeze, That thro' the glinting leafy en'raid trees Wafts to our care its mournful inliaby; The mists of Lethe then would damp my brow—Fogot each tender glance, each false-lipped vow!—K. O. Tapley, in Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

Kerr Evaporated Vegetables have allowed Miners, Soldiers, and Sailors to enjoy delicious soup when thousands of miles from the fields.

Get Fitted.

The facts relating to Maude's purchase of a fall coat are of a very ordinary nature, and I should not publish them except for their important bearing upon the question whether intellectual faculties will ultimately be developed in woman.

Her well considered and definite desire in regard to a coat took shape as follows in



MAUDE DETECTS A FEW WRINKLES

The scene which followed was very trying to my nerves.

A member of the firm arrived and remarked that he didn't see what he could do about it. Maude told him how he ought to run his business, but I didn't notice that he instituted any immediate reforms. However, when one of the cash girls found Maude's coat among the goods which I had seen piled upon the chair, the member of the firm observed that if it hadn't been found he should have given Maude a new one. Maude was unkind enough to say that this statement would have been worth more before the coat came to light. Then we went out. the presence of the first salesgirl whom we met in Gadaby & Co.'s emporium.

The salesgirl brought half a dozen different styles, diverging in as many different ways from the design of Nature. Maude tried them on, one after the other, and scowled at her image in the mirror not without cause.

'Oh dear," she said, 'It's so hard for a woman with a really good figure to get fitted."

"Oh dear," she said, "It's so nard for a woman with a really good figure to get fitted."

Some scores of women, passing by while she was about it, regarded her contemptuously, and she looked at them as if they were the dregs of society. They were all secretly pleased to observe that one another's skirts didn't hang as they ought. "Isn't she horrid," said Maude to me, meaning the salesgirl. "She's brought me everything but what I asked for." "Remarkable," said I, grimly, "I thought you asked for everything.

SHE LECTURES ON THE DRY GOODS BUSI

cutting department? Oh dear, why don't you get me a hand-mirror? I can't see my back in this awful glass, and I know that that waist is way up between my shoulders. I believe after all, I'll go up to Brownley's."

"The hand-mirror is at the other end of the store," said the salesgirl, "and somebody's using it, but really that fits you like a glove."

"Now go and get that its you like

glove."
"Now go and get that mirror right

When you can get 10 quarts of delicious Vegetable Soup for 15 cents why not use Kerr Evaporated Vegetables instead of bothering with raw ones.

him believe.

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. Don't worry your brain about the man n the moon, but study the man in your you asked for everything.

A thin and nervous little cash-girl snick-

THINGS OF VALUE.

Tact can afford to smile while geniu

K. D, C. is a positive cure for Dyspep-ia or Indigestion in any form.

It takes contact with other people to nake us acquainted with ourselves.

and promotes healthy digestion.

The dog that bays the moon is wiser than the one that bays a bigger dog that is viciously inclined.

K. D. C. is the Greatest Cure of the Age.

Its merits prove its greatness.

One of the hardest things to do is to believe that the man is honest who doesn't look at things as we do.

K. D. C. frees the stomach from poisonous acid and gas, and restores it to healthy ac-

There are people who never give away any milk until after they skim it, and then they want credit for cream.

A FREE Sample package of the Wonder Working K. D. C. mailed to any address. K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S. I find the doing of the will of God leaves no time for disputing about his plans.

—George Macdonald.

K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any case of Dyspepsia or money refunded.

No sagacious wise man will quarrel with his own opportunities by lamenting the abundance of fools in the world.

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!

its Great Merits!

When men grow virtuous in their old age they are merely making a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.—Dean Swift.

K. D. C. The only preparation of the kind in the market and is the Greatest Remedy for all forms of Indigestion.

Everybody has been wrong in his guesses except good women, who never despair of an ideal right.—Emerson to Carlyle.

Thousands of hottles of Puttres's Emul.

Thousands of bottles of Puttner's Emulsion are annually sold in the Maritime Provinces, where it is best known. None out an article of sterling worth could stand this test.

When impudence dons the mask of repartee, it is time for the company to disperse for the night.

An Obio lady was so frightened by a snake that her glossy black hair turned white as snow. It was soon returned to its original color by Hall's Hair Renewer. There are plenty of good fish always in the sea, but thousands of worthy inland people can never get to the seashore.



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As much
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Is to Scothing, Heading, Penetrating. Once used always wanted; and dealers asy 'Cart's sell any other?
EVERY Mother Should have Journous's house for Croun, Golds, Sore Anourns Languager in the Colle, Network Headache, Cute, Bruises, Cramps, Pains Relivers Signmer Compliaine like magic, Soid every where, Frice & cents, 8 bottles, 85 of, Sorton, Edward College, Cart of College Colle

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cruing will leave Bosto same days, at 3.30 a. m., an Portland at 5 p. m., for East

Reed's Point Wharf. C. E. LAECHLER, A WEEK'S HOLIDAY

## BOSTON for \$3.00

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Line of Steambhips offer a grand chance for a
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all the castern bound trains, and Lewis wharf,
Boston, at twelve o'clock every Saturday, on the
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New York. They offer an excellent opportunity of
enjoying a full week's holiday in the Hub of the
Universe, and of returning home in good season to
get back to business duties Monday morning.
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These steamers make the through trip from Boston to Charlottetown, F. E. I.. calling at Halifax and F. Lawkeeburry each way.

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

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The road has lately been placed in fine condition, and the bridges replaced by new ones.

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A Parlor Car runs each way on Express train leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock. Fassengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago leave St. John at 16.36 o'clock, and take Sleeping Car at Moncton. Sleeping Cars are attached to Through Night Express trains between St. John and Halifax.

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The Train due to arrive at St. John from Halfax, at 6.10 o'clock, will not arrive on Sunday morning until 8.30 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec.

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nual

GREAT A Graphic

OUTSIDE How Two Go Appearance Opening Da The Attracti a Dime—Gar

The big she otion, and midst of all t The open day sping last exc ate. The grafathers, and party was a markable mil were a num There wer quently ther about obtaining

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