

A NOVEL DINNER

Did you get all the things down to the Forks, Amos?

Amos Beeman started uneasily. The beam on the broad blade of his steel knife, unconsciously arrested in their ascent, slipped over into his plate.

'Why, ye, I reckon so. 'Thay—I reckon so,' he answered, 'I calculated to fetch them all, rye, this time. There was just a handful of them. I counted them off on my fingers so's not to miss anything.'

He held up one of his big, hairy hands regarded it speculatively. The second finger was not there, and the vacant place in the row suggested a possible difficulty.

Amos looked at Mrs. Aretusha across the castor-bottle. Her round face bore a look of patient resignation. She stirred her tea and took a sip.

'You got the wrong hand again, Amos,' she said, mildly. 'There're five things. You don't tell, 'Thay! Well, then, I skipped one certain. Aint that too bid? It was a mighty unfortunate dispensation that chopped off that finger, and I reckon I'm going to get into scrap on account of it till the end of time. I can never seem to recollect to count things on 'olber hand.'

'Your recollecting machinery always was just a little in need of oiling, you know, Amos.' Mrs. Aretusha remarked, quietly.

Amos fortified himself with several mouthfuls of bears and visibly brightened. 'But I got the prunes, 'Thay, that you were specially hankering for—'

'Ye've 'em out under the wagon seat. But Si Walker said they hadn't any stoned leas ones—hadn't ever had any, nor ever heard of them. I told him I guessed you made a mistake. You on't get for sauce them advertised in the weekly.'

Aretusha Beeman suddenly began to laugh. 'The mow'd be her chair a little way to give herself more room.'

'Amos Azariah Beeman, if you aint the entertainingest man I ever saw!' she gaped, between the convulsions of her ample figure. 'You do best all! What do you 'pose Si Walker thinks of my stoning after prunes without stones in them?'

Amos smiled weakly in sympathy. 'Well, I thought it was a little queerish myself, 'Thay, but I tried to suit you.'

'I've never made my Thanksgiving plum puddings with prunes in them yet, Mrs. Aretusha cautioned. 'I've been accustomed to raisins—'

'Oh! Why, ye?

Mrs. Aretusha moved up to the table again and ladled out a generous sauciful of boiled rice, piling it high with sugar. 'Have some more tea, Amos,' she urged, forgivingly. 'You've no need to fret over the prunes. They'll do for sauce and I guess I can stone a few raisins.'

'I'll help you, 'Thay—I don't forget it.' His good-natured face looked quite contented. The constant habit of recollecting machinery and his absent-mindedness were sources of unfeigned mortification to him. Fortunately for his wife, they possessed a certain power which that of compensating largely for her trials on account of them. Moreover, Mrs. Aretusha was very fond of Amos.

She went about her dishwashing after dinner with the remnants of the large will lurking in her pleasant gray eyes and radiating little wrinkles from their corners.

'I don't know what Amos'll be doing next,' she said aloud to herself. 'He does next, by the way he goes on! When was it—day before yesterday?—no, day before that—he came in right after dinner with the milk-pail full of milk. He looked real depressed and put out. Amos set great store by this last cow. 'Thay, he said, said he, 'I'm dreading afraid she's drying up. Just you look at that for a mess of milk, will you? And I had hard work to get that I was considerably taken back till it came over how it was. 'Well, Amos, I said, 'I don't know's I blame her much. I don't know's any well-regulated cow would want to be milked at high noon. And Amos gave one look at the clock and another one at me, and then set down on the sofa and looked at a crack in the floor. He said afterward he guessed 'twas because we had sponge-cake for dinner, and it reminded him of supper.'

Mrs. Aretusha wiped the plates cautiously and put them away.

'Amos is the entertainingest man!' she said.

It was her habit to talk to herself over her work. 'It let her out,' she said, when she could not find the heart to banter Amos. And not for worlds would Mrs. Aretusha Beeman have talked over his shortcomings with the neighbors. So she made a confidante of herself, and laid many a heavy laugh, and perhaps also a few ashy sighs, over Amos's latest 'ways' as she moved about among her pens and dishes.

To-day, however, there was too much to do to stop long to laugh. There was the rain to be stoned and the currants to sort for the big plum-pudding. Thanksgiving was only four days away, and Mrs. Aretusha's orderly soul allowed no hurrying and hurrying at the last minute. Her puddings were always ready at least two days ahead of time, and tasted all the better for it, too. 'I'll put in an extra handful of plums for the little Emmie and the Dimples. They're master hands for plums, both of them. Children mostly are, I reckon.'

For Eben's folks were coming over to Thanksgiving this year for the first time for several seasons. They had only moved back to Forks Village within the year.

'I declare, I forgot to ask Amos if he called and invited them! I'm afraid he didn't,' Mrs. Aretusha exclaimed, dripping a plum-pudding over the water-cup preparatory to its stoning. She wiped her fingers on her apron and hurried to the door.

'Amos! Amos! Amos!' she called.

'A master man for mixing things, Amos is.' Then she added hastily, as she usually did to her self-communings about Amos, 'But I like him.'

He came in presently, rubbing his hands together. 'It's growing cold, he remarked, 'and looks like snow, too. We'll have sledding for Thanksgiving after all, I guss, 'Thay. There, I'll take hold and help you with the raisins.'

'What did Eben's folks say?' 'Eben's folks? Oh, yes; now what was it Emmeline said? He ran his fingers through his hair thoughtfully. 'Oh! Emmeline didn't say anything, that was it. She said she'd see Eben, and he said—'

'Eben said—'

'Emeline said, and you never told me, Amos Beeman.'

'I forgot to, 'Thay—for a fact I did. I forgot it till this minute. And I tied a pink string on me somewhere, too, a purpose not to forget!'

'Where was the string?' Amos ruffled his hair wildly. 'I aint the least idea. I tied it on somewhere as sure's I'm sitting in this chair.'

'Mebbe you tied it round that missing finger, Mrs. Aretusha said, with mild sarcasm.

'But Amos's bewildered face aroused her ready pity. She reached across the kitchen-table and patted his arm gently.

'There Amos don't you fret. You aint really responsible. There's enough sight worse things than forgetting, in the world. What you tell me about Emeline, now. What's the matter?'

'Sciatica, Eben says. Yes, I know 'twas sciatica, unless 'twas the phthisic.'

'Sciatica, I guss. Emeline aint subject to the phthisic. Is she real sick, Amos?'

'Well, she can't sit up, so that's the end of their coming to Thanksgiving.'

'Aint that too bad? Now aint that too bad, Amos? Poor Mrs. Aretusha's face clouded over dimly. She took out the extra handful of plums for the Dimples and the little Emmie, and carried it back into the pantry.'

'I guss we'll finish stoning the raisins tomorrow,' she said. 'I feel real tired now.'

Amos washed his hands and went into the sitting-room. In a few minutes he put his head in at the kitchen door again and said, cheerfully, 'We might have the young fry over to dinner, 'Thay. I could fetch 'em over in the morning, and back at night.'

'Why, so we might! Amos Beeman, you're a genius! And it would be a real fit to Eben and Emeline, too.'

But it was decided not to say anything about the plan until Thanksgiving morning, to prevent all possibility of disappointing the children. Something might happen of course.

Amos followed his good-humored face through the door, edging in sideways after an original fashion of his own.

'How many of them are there, 'Thay? Over a hundred, going back to his chair by the table.'

'What—children? Mrs. Aretusha wheeled about from the sink and faced him.

Was there ever a man better who didn't know how many grandchildren he had? And when she had taken such pains to keep Amos informed, too, and drilled him in all the little names and childish peculiarities, from young Eben's twin crowns on top of his curly head to the bewitching little 'cracker-pricks' that gave a name to the Dimples!

She had been all over them again and again, and Grandfather Amos had learned them by heart, apparently. He loved the grandbabies heartily, but he would forget about them, to Mrs. Aretusha's keen distress.

To him all children looked very much alike, he averred, and as for numbers, how could anybody count them when they never kept still, and were always getting mixed up together? Sometimes there would be eleven, it seemed, and then again only five or six!

Mrs. Aretusha turned back to her dish-pan. 'But like him, she murmured. 'I like him just as he is.' She washed the knives and raisin plates and set them on the drainer.

'There are five of them, Amos; don't you remember?' she said, quietly. 'There's Eben Junior and Mary Cathern—she's named for Emeline's great-aunt that brought her up—and little Emmie—she's got blue eyes and straight hair—and Amos Azariah—brown eyes, curly hair, and named after you—and the Dimples. She's the baby, with all the dimples and a pug nose.'

Amos listened attentively, checking off the names on his outspread fingers. Fortunately he chose the right hand, and his fingers sufficed.

IT IS THE FACT, Think as You Please

It is not generally known, but it is a fact readily proved by the investigations of science, that the real danger from every kind of inflammation and you have conquered the disease in each case. Inflammation is manifested outwardly by redness, swelling and heat; inwardly by congestion of the blood vessels, and growth of unsound tissue, causing pain, fever, etc.

INFLAMMATION Causes Every Known Disease!

Inflammation of the nervous system embraces the brain, spine, bones and muscles. The breathing organs have many forms of inflammation, such as colds, coughs, pleurisy, bronchitis, etc. The organs of digestion have a multitude of inflammatory troubles. The vital organs form one complete plan mutually dependent, therefore inflammation anywhere is felt throughout the system.

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a whole meal of victuals at once in their lives! Mrs. Aretusha went to the pantry and brought out the chicken-pie.

'Indoor Mrs. Aretusha bustled about the kitchen, getting breakfast. Her soul, too, was appreciative of the joy and thankfulness in the world outside the windows.

But she was very busy. The puddings and pies and cakes were ranged invitingly along the lower pantry shelves, and the turkey, flanked on either side by chicken-pie and spareribs, sat in proud state on the bread-board. She rearranged them at every trip into the pantry, and looked at them with joyful content. How the children would enjoy them!

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Amos listened attentively, checking off the names on his outspread fingers. Fortunately he chose the right hand, and his fingers sufficed.

'Why, ye, so there are—five. Eben and Mary and Emma and the Dimples—He paused in doubt. 'And Amos Azariah.'

'And Amos Azariah?' he said with a pleased face, still saying his lesson. 'I like him just as he is.' She washed the knives and raisin plates and set them on the drainer.

'There are five of them, Amos; don't you remember?' she said, quietly. 'There's Eben Junior and Mary Cathern—she's named for Emeline's great-aunt that brought her up—and little Emmie—she's got blue eyes and straight hair—and Amos Azariah—brown eyes, curly hair, and named after you—and the Dimples. She's the baby, with all the dimples and a pug nose.'

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The enterprising Diamond Dye firm have been obliged to hold over for a few days some thousands of orders before filling them.

This fact should discourage no one, as there will be no disappointments; every order received will be well and truly filled, as steps have been taken to double the staff of hand-writing.

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The whole Combination worth 65 cents, to any address for ten cents. Send small silver coins, or the proper amount in one, two or three cent stamps. Stamps of larger denomination will not be received.

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BORN.

- Truro, Dec. 18, to the wife of T. R. Prince, a son. Dalhousie, Dec. 10, to the wife of Laurence Gault, a son. Brookfield, Dec. 9, to the wife of Amos Duthie, a son. Bridgetown, Dec. 11, to the wife of Mr. Donoghue, a son. Bridgetown, Dec. 11, to the wife of Robert Purdy, a son. Berwick, Dec. 15, to the wife of H. C. Masters, a daughter. Brookfield, Dec. 10, to the wife of H. D. Zupper, a daughter. Barrington, Nov. 27, to the wife of Howard Hitchens a daughter. Bridgetown, Dec. 11, to the wife of Stephen Walter a daughter. Moncton, Dec. 15, to the wife of Emerson Steadman a daughter. Halifax, Dec. 15, to the wife of Charles W. Layton a daughter. Shelburne, Dec. 12, to the wife of Loran Kearnly, a daughter. Halifax, Dec. 1, to the wife of Charles Carmichael, a son. Newport, N. S., Dec. 9, to the wife of James A. Bell, a son. Goswells, Mass., Nov. 16, to the wife of Frank B. McKensie, a son. Cape Breton, N. S., Dec. 5, to the wife of Norman O'Driscoll, a daughter. Mt. Utclock, N. S., Dec. 12, to the wife of Rev. J. M. Utclock, a daughter. Grand Fre., Dec. 1, Nettie May, daughter of Adolphus Whitburn, 16. Bear Covehead, C. B., Dec. 5, Jennie, wife of Donald McDonald, 37. Summerside, Dec. 9, James B., son of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Lunn, 7. St. John, Dec. 11, H. Pickett, child of Alfred A. and Annie Beckwith, 5. Halifax, Dec. 17, Elsie Maud, child of Alonzo and Elsie Beckwith, 4 months. Bridgetown, Dec. 4, Jennie M., daughter of A. B. and Sophia Stevens 6 months. Beach Meadows, Nov. 21, Lorraine E., only daughter of Wm. and Eliza Hays, 10. Dartmouth, Dec. 19, Stella, child of Howard and Sarah Hays, 10. Seaton, Nov. 23, Robert M., son of Alex. McKinnis of Pictou, C. B., 11.

MARRIED.

- Halifax, Dec. 3, Nina C. Young to Nancy Young. Roxbury, Mass., Dec. 4, J. Curtis Oresop to Doris J. Wood. Chester Point, N. S., Nov. 17, Francis M. McKeligh to Agnes Sewall. Truro, Dec. 9, by Rev. H. P. Adams, Moses Foirier to Susan Wright. Antigonish, Dec. 10, by Rev. J. W. Sheppard, H. A. MacKay to Susan Wright. Boston, Dec. 8, by Rev. Scott F. Harshay, Thomas A. Munn to Miss Munn. W. Lee to Belle L. Ross.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 7th September, 1896, the Intercolonial Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Schedule. Includes 'Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax' and 'Express for St. John'.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Arrival Time. Includes 'Express from St. John' and 'Express from Moncton'.

TRAINS WILL DEPART FROM ST. JOHN:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Departure Time. Includes 'Express for St. John' and 'Express for Moncton'.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Christmas and New Year's HOLIDAYS.

Excursion tickets will be on sale as follows: To Teachers and children in Schools and Colleges on presentation of authorized Certificates from Principals, from Dec. 11 to 24; good for return to the point of departure on presentation of their Certificates on Dec. 18 and 19; and to the Public from Dec. 25 to Jan. 1, 1897, all to be good for return until Jan. 7, '97 at

ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP.

Further particulars of Ticket Agents. D. MCNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN, Train Traffic Mgr., Montreal. Dist. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after 22nd Nov, 1896, the Steamer and Trains of this Railway will run as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY. Lve. St. J. at 8 00 a.m., ar St. J. 11 00 a.m. Lve. Digby at 1 00 p.m., ar St. J. 4 00 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6 20 a.m., ar Digby 12 45 p.m. Lve. Digby 1 00 p.m., ar Yarmouth 3 15 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 3 30 a.m., ar Digby 10 45 a.m. Lve. Digby 11 00 a.m., ar St. J. 1 30 p.m. Lve. Annapolis 7 00 a.m., ar Annapolis 4 40 p.m.

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STEAMER "ALPHA."

Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every Tuesday and Friday afternoon. Returns, leave Yarmouth every Monday and Thursday, 10 30 clock p.m. for St. John.

STEAMER "ALPHA."

Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every Tuesday and Friday afternoon. Returns, leave Yarmouth every Monday and Thursday, 10 30 clock p.m. for St. John.

International S. S. Co.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ONE TRIP A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

THURSDAY

COMMENCING December the 26th the Steamship ST. JOHN will leave St. John every THURSDAY morning at 8 o'clock, standard time, for Boston, via Portland and Boston. Returning, will leave Boston Monday at 8 a.m. Freight received daily up to 6 p.m.

O. B. LARSEN, Agent.