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FPRICES RIGHT.

Then an unusual thing happened. Dom-inic wrote a letter, and Morand went to the

had an appointment as forester in another part of the country—or, should he prefer it, he might remain as Dominic's assistant. Morand hesitated. The old forester, who to-day that one may yet be happy."
"I understood it a little before you die perhaps," said Joseph, smiling.—Ant Hope in Leisure Hours. had guessed the contents of the letter, had

Salome watched both with evident anxiety.

with her, all my courage and all my hope."

and precipitately escaped from the room.

His daughters tried to comfort him, but he shook his head without replying. Mor-

When the young man came back his din-ner had been laid for him only. But Fred-

rika had taken care that all should be quite

omfortable for him, even more so than us

" If I go to that far-off place, will you go

"Wherever you like," said she, simply.

She had hitherto been too busy to think

of love. But when Morand took her in his

arms a deep joy took possession of poor Frederika.

When later the father came home Frede

ika simply said to him: " Morand loves me

"God bless you both," said Dominic, and then he asked: "Do you stay or go?"

The father then thought for a momen

and added: "Yes; we must expect that

ight. You know pretty well what are the

duties of a forester. It is hard for me to

part with both of you, but it is better so."

Salome helped her sister to arrange her wedding dress, silently but energetically.

he seemed to have quaffed in one draught

her bitter cup, to have cut off her right hand

and plucked out her right eye. Salome was

ent on rooting out of her soul a love which,

Joseph was at the wedding. When he

sked for a holiday it was with so dull a

face that his master inquired laughingly

but the bridegroom was not jealous.

The young couple were gone, the forester's cottage had become silent. Once Salome

used to sing at her work, now she worked

without singing. It was with difficulty that she remembered little details of housekeep-

ing, so easy to Frederika.
"I am still stout enough to take care of

lad knew better how to shift for himself."

will be sure to come again?"

and the murmur of waters was heard

"You will walk with me, Salome?" h

sed if they were to be saved. A momen

after Dominic was by Joseph's side. Then

Joseph, in a loud, clear voice, bade the wo

when she saw the raging torrent.

Her father stood by her, show

ing with the torrent.

man come down. She did so, and shrieked

Salome fell on her knees upon the bank

to the brave fellow, who was already fight

"That round stone is not firm! There is

a hole in the bed of the stream! Brave lad!

r-Salome watched and prayed night

owever innocent at first, was innoc

and day.

e wishes me to be his wife."

ual; and she was in the kitchen alone. Mor

nd seized her hands.

Gather ye rosebuds as ye may, Old Time is still a flying; And this same flower that smiles to-day To-morrow will be dying. Frederika, busy preparing dinner, was the only one who took no heed.

Morand met Salome's inquiring eyes. "I The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sconer will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting. am appointed forester to a place fairly well paid, but a long way from here."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1897.

"A long way from here," repeated the old The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer
But being spent, the worse and worse
Time will succeed the former. man. "I begged that favor. I wanted to keep you here; I am not the man I once was; my strength does not come back with the spring; I think she must have taken it away

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry
For having lost but once your prime
You may forever tarry.
—Robert Herrick.

A Famous Old Song.

The Great Gray Rock and the Sea. "Ha, hal your waves cannot cover me!"
Said the Great Gray Rock to the Sea;
And the Summer-wind soothes her effort by,
But the winter comes with its hue and cry,
"Ha, ha, you have covered the Rock!" cries

he, But the Summer again makes the Gray Rock

"Ha, Ha!" says the Rock, But the smiling sea croons quietly.

"Who has changed the face of the Rock, but the Sea? Is your base, Gray Rock, well set and sure? For the lure of the Sea is a subtle lure; "My love is the love of all hearts," breathes

"Oh, I am pliant and sweet,
Vehement, passionate, wild,
My patient, pitiless fingers I wreathe
About you—warm stupors of scent in my
long hair breate—

"I will carry you into my heart," Sea,
"To be in my heart to Eternity,
For that is my love—is the love of the Sea!"
Which is the stronger, the Strong or Sweet?

Ha! the Great Gray Rock has loved the Sea?
Loved the passionate fingers for Life or
Death,
And the whirling hair with its flower-breath,
And the heaving bosom of the Sea;
And he at last in her bosom shall be
Lulled and loved to Eternity.

Ob, the love of the Strong for the Sweet; Oh, the joy of the love of the Sea, And the lull and the rest in her heart that

- Miss Anne Throop in Boston Transcript.

Select Ziterature.

In Alsace.

Salome stood on the bridge which spanne the foaming stream, and gazed dreamily at the mountains beyond, and then at the neadows. Salome's cows were slowly coming homeward. In the pasture she could see her sister, Frederika, making the hay. The girl was not lazy, only dreamy. Presently Salome was by her sister's side. Then

The girls worked on, when Salome's bun-The girl turned surprised there was Morand the young forester. She knew he had come or her father had expected him. Dominic was to teach him forest wave-

"I thought it was Cousin Joseph," cried Salome, with a smile and then Frederika laughed. "We were expecting Cousin Joseph; you know he is shut up for weeks in his factory. Joseph cares less for the grand forest and its wild beauty than he does for gardens and their flowers." "I do not admire his tastes," answered

the sudden thaw. Her father was away Then homeward went the two girls, and She knew Joseph was coming, and she felt, the man followed, and as they passed the window of their little house, there was the she knew not why, glad for that. Then she old mother, and Salome kissed her. Fredehaving loitered so long. He met her and he rika stood a little in the background. She laughed; he had been gathering the first now turned back and sought a new bundle spring flowers, but Salome did not laugh. of hey. Then Morand ran after Frederika and took her bundle and carried it for her. asked. "We may meet your father," and Then the father joined the three young people. Now Frederika, who was the prac-tical sister, went into the house to prepare now chatting, the two went toward the glen.

They reached the stream. Then Joseph

stopped horrified. It was a roaring torr the evening meal. Dominic was not there. The water was tearing down the mountain side. "Come along, Morand," said the old forester; "the soup will get cold, and we must "For the love of God!" cried Salome, "let milk the cows before we go in."

Morand looked in despair; he had never
milked a cow in his life. "I have much to us hurry up. Close by here there is a cottage; a poor woman and her child live in it They will be swept away."

learn," muttered he, piteously. "Supper is waiting," said Frederika. As they hastened on, Salome noticed that Mora cry of distress. Yes, there at the window he saw a woman, a child in her arms, and flowers. They were crocuses. the house was shaking. It would topple "So you like crocuses, M. Morand?"
"I thought you did, Mile. Salome," he over in an instant, and the torrent had to be

So, for a time, Morand lived with the fcrester. The harvest was gathered and there was a good stock of potatoes. The winter was coming along, and a cold one, but the family were prepared to face it. Salome's mother required the girl's constant

Morand watched Frederika from morning till night, engaged in her household cares.

"The time will come," he said, softly, to frosty windows. Salome sat at the foot of

That stupid woman! She clings to him! She will hinder his getting ashore." was able to make a sign to Salome that he the bed, watching her sleeping mother.

"She looks less pale than yesterday,"
thought Salome. "Perhaps father is right; would go straight home with the woman and "Let us hurry back and see that there is she will revive in the spring."

Morand and Frederika were laughing to-

good fire and wine and food!" cried Salome. Meantime Joseph, carrying the child and helping the woman, had succeeded in getting Salome only sat and watched her mother. me first. He had not yet changed h "Take care, my child, take care," the mother feebly murmured, as the listless hand dropped, and over the beloved features came clothes, but he had made up the fire, placed the woman in Father Dominio's armchair, and wrapped the child in a rug, where it lay a solemn, terrible beauty. Salome uttered warming its little feet in the hearth and a sharp cry and lost consciousness.

When she came to herself she was beside ling up at its preserver. Salome stood an instant to watch the pret the kitchen fire, Morand alone sitting near ty sight, then took the child in her arms.

"Go, Joseph; get yourself dried in father's room. You have done enough for one day. not alone when she died!" she heard her Morand at once found the means of sending

"Then will you nurse me?" and he took Morand at once found the means of sending the sad news to Joseph, and Joseph came at once. It was a bitter cold day when the mother was buried in the village graveyard. It was terrible work, making their way Anything you like, if you will only go and change your clothes. through the deep snow. It was Joseph who gave Frederika his hand and Merand sup-

Some months after Joseph and Salome were walking along the banks of the stream. It was Sunday and the little waves seemed singing a Sunday psalm.

"What a transformation!" said Salome, "Why, why," Salome said to herself a thousand times, "did my poor mother bid me 'take care?" since the day when you saved that poor woman and her child! How contented she

is now! This stream is not more changed than her life, poor soul! thanks to you." "And our life, too," said Joseph, ten-

Jas. J Ritchie, Q.C.. BARRISTER,

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AFSolicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia, Annapolis, N. S. 111y

steps crossed the kitchen, the sitting-room and entered the parlor. Kate could see every movement through the open door.

The man hesitated a moment, looked keenly around, and entered a small, dark

and slid the bolt with a quick, nervous click

John Benton shut his thin lips firmly and

cycle was kept, whirled the wheel out into the moonlight and mounted it. She heard faint curses as she passed the parlor windows, but they only increased her

ens I could raise in the lower pen. I've done it faithfully, daddy, indeed I have The moonlight made weird shadows along her pathway, and unseen foes seemed to be The wheat is all harvested, and you said it lurking on every hand, but, with eyes on the

village spires, she sped on.
"Burglars—you don't sayso," cried Constable Eames, when her story was told. "So 'tis, my child, so 'tis. The best crop I've had for years. Not a head broken, and not a straw trampled by them pesky hens. "I'll be ready in a minute—with two men and a dog-and it'll be his last attempt at a

one," Kate went on, slowly drawing her hand from her dress pocket. "Here is the Then she ran up the stairs to awaken her "Yes, but I don't wan't no fooling it

With him a dollar was always a hundred is that?" asked the trembling woman. Kate's face flushed as she said it. "That would cost \$35. They are not the best ones, of course, but good enough for me. The other \$5 will get me a dress like the village "So you'd fool away every cent of that

If you don't know how to take care of it, I'll do it for you, I know where I can let it o it will bring you in \$2.40 a year. Enough ncredulous joy. "'Tain't nobody's else as I know of."

to buy you a pair of shoes, and land knows you wear out lots of shoe leather." "But, father," Kate began, the hot tear epringing to her indignant eyes.
"There ain't no buts about it," returned her father shortly. "I'll put this money your \$40 is just where it will be safe and earning you some- as it ever was."

one of them wheel things." "But, daddy," she took the name again, ride now. Cousin Mary let me learn on

NO. 11.

Kate's Bicycle,

things as them, even for boys, and as for a

girl of mine flying around the country on one

ooked at his daughter Kate.
"But, daddy," Kate always called him

so, "you said if I would keep the hens out

of the wheat field I might have all the chick-

way, said John Benton sharply.

girls wear and "-

ents, and looked even more.
"I've planned on a bicycle all summer,"

was a good crop."

"The more fool she was. You can't have one, and that's all there is about it. Mary will go back next week and then you'll forget this foolishness and be glad that I saved your money for you." So saying he left the ouse, and Kate's money went with him. Yes, Mary would go back in a week, and Kate's days of joy would end. She dashed the indignant tears away and rushed to tell

myself, and I want no assistance," said her father. "It was Morand I wanted, but the Mary the sad news. It was the brightest day of the very dull more," said Mary, consolingly, after listen-ing to Kate's tearful story. "You shall week when Joseph paid his usual visit; he never failed to come early and depart late.

He entered, taciturn and old, arranging have it every moment that you can spare." on his lap the flowers he had gathered in the oo," sobbed Kate

back to his city home. Never once had he exchanged confidence with Salome, yet he felt she understood him. Whether she year at 10 per cent. She, on her side, began to find the time long "Keep on that way and you'll be rich when

between his visits, and each time when you're a woman.' But Kate could not answer. She only thought of the coveted bicycle now beyond when Joseph, stick in hand, took the next "And I've sold the red oxen for \$200. It time his way to the forester's cottage.

was too late to put it into the bank, so there the rocks or filtering through the ground, pocketbook into his wife's lap. "Take good care of it, and, oh, I forgot to tell you that father is sick, and I have got to go there tonight-at once." "When will you be back, John? I hate

Salome stood at the house door, watching to stay alone with that money in the house," aw Joseph. She felt like scolding him for said his wife nervously. had twice as much in the house before and

never have been killed for it," laughed her nusband as he arose to go out. "Halloo, who are you? Something to eat? Of course you can. Here, Jane, give this fellow some victuals, and then you'd better move on, sir, for my woman here is scart of strangers." "Oh, John-you've done it now," faltered his wife. "He was there all the time and knows all about the money, I'm sure."

The tramp received the victuals from Mrs. "How brave and strong is she," thought enton's trembling hand, gave her a few numbled thanks, and went slowly down the

father has gone," moaned the woman. " Perhaps not, mammy, and we'll lock all the doors," returned Kate, bravely; but she had caught a keen glance from beneath the man's shaggy brows, and was not satisfied as she seemed to be.

Soon John Benton drove off, and darkness fell upon the old farmhouse.

To add to the loneliness Mary and her ther, who had been spending the day with another relative, did not return, but sent word that they would remain away all night. "We'll hold the fort, mamsy," said Kate cheerfully. "The doors are all fastened, and the windows—all but the little one in the back room that no one would ever think of. So go to sleep, now, mamsy, it's all

Mrs. Benton was tired with her hard day's work, and her deep breathing soon told that her earthly troubles were forgotten for

mother was asleep.

First she took the pool

the window with a hoarse cry, and the moon-

Suddenly a bush crackled by the garden wall. Kate peered out cautiously and saw the form of a man in the shadow.

the face of the tramp who had left their door but a short time before. She held her breath and listened as he softly tried to raise one window after anoth er, then she sank down with a helpless sob. He had reached the little one in the back

room, and it yielded readily to his touch!
With one glance at her sleeping mother,
and a voiceless prayer for help, Kate darted
noiselessly down the stairs, and hid in the
shadows of the hall.

Kate caught her breath, darted forward, The burglar was a prisoner.
"If the bolt only holds," bres

robbery for one while."

Kate rode slowly back, but was there in

still sleeping mother, and tell her of the dan-ger which she had escaped.

"And your father's money, child—where "In the straw tick, mamsy," laughed Kate nervously. "I took care of that."

John Benton di ot say a word when he heard the story next day. He harnessed his

norse and drove away to the village in hot haste. When he returned a bicycle of the best make occupied the wagon with him. .
"You earned it once, and you didn't get money?" interrupted her father, eying the it," he said as he wheeled it to Katie's side roll of bills with greedy eyes. "Not much." But the second time always fetches it, and "Oh, daddy, is it mine?" cried Kate, with

> laughed her father shortly. "You saved \$200 for me-maybe more. Maybe you saved the lives of my wife and child-so you see you earned it the second time. And your \$40 is just as safe to earn you \$4 a year

> That was all the thanks that Kate could give, but I think John Benton was satisfied. All his ideas about girls and bicycles seem to have been changed greatly, for he never fails to watch Kate, as she flashes by, with a smile upon his grim face.
>
> Perhaps he is thinking of the \$200—Kate

Leslie in Family Herald.

In a communication to The Lancet, Dr. cases have not been large, the results at-tained by its use are characterized as having "Oh, that isn't mine! You're good, but proved satisfactory in a high degree. Several growth and pain in tumors undoubtedly of a cancerous character. Where the nature sistent trial of this method & provery desirable, among other points men-tioned in its favor being that of entire harmlessness and non-interference with any other The oyster shells for this purpose may be conveniently baked in a home oven, and the

> being then reduced to a powder, and as much as will lie on a silver quarter taken once or twice a day in a little warm water or tea.

> calcined white lining of the concave shell

scraped off, the substance thus obtained

The English government is now experi-menting with a gun which will fire 1,000 all the automatic man-slayers ever yet in vented. As with all machine guns, the first weapon will absorb cartridges and emit a chain of bullete as long as it is fed. Experiments made thus far show that on the occasion of a brief, sharp attack, the gun can actually be made to fire eleven shots in a

A very interesting feature of this new gun "Pho, what makes women always cowards?" he returned impatiently, in the same use of cordite. The whole of this substance is expended in pressure, whereas black powof fifty per cent. The experiments with cordite and with the gun referred to show conclusively that cordite is not affected by water, as is gunpowder, and will stand great

G. CHAPIN, JEWELER, OF BURK'S FALLS, SAYS HE IS A NEW MAM SINCE USING THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE
—HIS TESTIMONY IS ENDORSED BY THOUS-

"For years I have been greatly troubled with nervous debility and affection of the kidneys. I believe I tried every proprietary medicine under the sun, but none seemed to give me any relief until I had tried South American Nervine. To my surprise the first bottle gave me great relief. I have persevered in taking it, and can say that I have not felt so well for years. I do heartly recommend this great cure." Sold by S. N. Weare.

nan puzzled a Boston clerk consider ably a few days ago. Her husband is a bank president in Newburyport, says The Boston Record. The national banks receive their bills in sheets of twelve, which are cut after being signed. The generous president gave one of these sheets to his wife, and she na-First she took the pocketbook from the bureau drawer and slipped it between the straw tick and the feather-bed, then sat down near the open window to watch and wait for the welcome daylight.

Slowly the great clock ticked the moments away. A cricket chirped merrily near the chimney, sometimes a nightbird darted by the window with a hoarse cry, and the moon-like the strain of the sheets to his wife, and she naturally started at once for Boston. After making some purchases in one of these sheets to his wife, and she naturally started at once for Boston. After making some purchases in one of these sheets to his wife, and she naturally started at once for Boston. After making some purchases in one of these sheets to his wife, and she naturally started at once for Boston. After making some purchases in one of the large stores she drew the bills out of her pocket-book and calmly said to the clerk: "Lend one your scissors and I-will pay you," thereupon cutting off a bill. The astounded clerk at first refused to receive such money from some purchases in one of the large stores she drew the bills out of her pocket-book and calmly said to the clerk: "Lend one your scissors and I-will pay you," thereupon cutting off a bill. The astounded clerk at first refused to receive such money from some portions of the stores she drew the bills out of her pocket-book and calmly said to the clerk: "Lend one your scissors and I-will pay you," thereupon cutting off a bill. The astounded clerk at first refused to receive such money from some processes and I-will pay you," thereupon cutting off a bill. The astounded clerk at first refused to receive such money from some processes and I-will pay you," thereupon cutting off a bill. The astounded clerk at first refused to receive such money from some processes and I-will pay you," there we have a supplied to the pay you." The pay you will be a supplied to the pay you." The pay you will be a supplied to the pay you." The pay you will be pay you." The pay you will be pay you." The pay you will

Tired, Nervous, Sieepless
Men and women—how gratefully they write
about Hood's Sarsaparilla. Once helpless
and discouraged, having lost all faith in
medicines, now in good health and "able to
do my own work," because Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to enrich and purify the blood
and make the weak strong—this is experience
of a host of people.

Hood's Pills are the best family catharticand liver medicine. Gentle, reliable, sure.

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