POOR DOCUMENT

THE ALBERT STAR, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 12, 1894.

"O, I t'ank yey so fur tellin' me dis

"Dar, dar, don't greebe; I'll try, et

By Welthyn Western.

meeting and enthusiasm and religious fervor ran high, although the preache

had not yet arrived

'Oh, Jim, my darling boy" she mur- of his motherless children.

be a man now, and oh, I hate to tink her "Mammy, dear."

Barrer's speakin' now."

Loud "Hallelujahs" and "Amens'

Then just as Mammy, seeing only wrong. He surely can't be your Jim." of colored people and quite a consid- Jim, thinking only of Jim, having re- Mammy went away without further rose, shrugged himself, as though knew it was Jim. undertone or a girl's subdued giggle shaking off the preacher's earnest, un- When the jailer went in to see his Jim, my long-los' Jim.

> through the crowd. Mammy gave a little entreating cry

group near the edge of the pulpit. flung themselves upon her. Only an instant he waited, then frowned and get to you but couldn't."

course laugh, edging around upon his elbow and peering out from beneath elbow and peering out from beneath the other, promptly struck out at him. but the other, promptly struck out at him. douch hat that was There was a scuffle, a few quick blows; bitterly, hoplessly. It had all been me an' dey wun'nt buy me?" pulled down to the bridge of his brows. then the stranger pulled backward by given up long ago. He supposed her In her cagerness her hand was on face! It was a wicked face and sin's traces half a dozen hands, with a powerful dead. showed bold and hideous lines upon effort flung off his opponents and Little by little the jailer now got How the man trembled!

his jaw; his whole expression one of for her to do but take her little charges him of his mother; contempt of his thin' bout dat, fur I got dat burn two showed a strange procession that had evil bravado. "How d'yey know yoo! home, and then they hung about her fellows, as degraded and ignorant as yeahs fo'de wah, fightin' a fire wen a already passed the house, a hurrying be dyar?" he sneered again, dragging in their childish sympathy and pleaded himself; 'twas a brief thing to tell, burnin' boad fell on my face. Yo'se business-like crowd, but weirdly still his chin up from the palm of his hand for her to spend the night and would the sorrowful story of the sin-stamped got hole de wrong felleh, Mammy." to its edge, thus spreading his coarse not let her go. So Mammy, though years. What he could remember of mouth and making the brutish face all feeling that she would rather be alone, his early life coincided entirely with intentively regarding him. There terrified and quiet. Then, breathless tion of the soft, wrinkled cheeks and patted | I pity your poor Mammy and I And yet she doubted. fear. Two little yellow-haired girls, the trembling hands. How strange it pity you too," said the jailer. "Her

when her freedom came, analmy has sorbed in this evil-eyed stranger among the flock. He turned toward them when the child cried out and gave her a good view of his face. Upon her own was a strange mingling of grief and was extranger mingling of grief and was extranger mingling of grief and was extranger mingling of grief and when the child cried out and gave her a good view of his face. Upon her own was passed in her former master's key move one pride bad-been a contract of the mindle strength of the murderer's eyes. Some wild thing seemed leaping into said 'twuz cur'ts how much we would then flapfing of the murderer's eyes. Some wild thing seemed leaping into said 'twuz cur'ts how much we would then flapfing of the murderer's eyes. Some wild thing seemed leaping into said 'twuz cur'ts how much we would then flapfing of the murderer's eyes. Some wild thing seemed leaping into said 'twuz cur'ts how much we would then flapfing of the murderer's eyes. Some wild thing seemed leaping into said 'twuz cur'ts how much we would then flapfing of the murderer's eyes. Some wild thing seemed leaping into said 'twuz cur'ts how much we would then flapfing of the murderer's eyes. Some wild thing seemed leaping into said 'twuz cur'ts how much we would then flapfing of the murderer's eyes. Some wild thing seemed leaping into said 'twuz cur'ts how much we would then flapfing of the murderer's eyes. Some wild thing seemed leaping into said 'twuz cur'ts he do burn lek dis on h' jaw. Folkes sudden flapfing of the murderer's eyes. Some wild thing seemed leaping into said 'twuz cur'ts he do burn lek dis on h' jaw. Folkes sudden flapfing of the murderer's eyes. Some wild thing seemed leaping into said 'twuz cur'ts he do won't would then flapfing of the murderer's eyes. Some wild thing seemed leaping into said 'twuz cur'ts he do burn lek dis on h' jaw. Folkes sudden flapfing of the murderer's eyes. Some wild thing seemed leaping into said 'twuz cur'ts he do won't would the do this. Was a do the murderer's eyes. Some wild thing seemed le home, the companion and confidante temptuous stoicism against the nigger.

has a bad face. Your Jim was a boy, my hardly saw these palegirls, scarcely ther, ole man, yo're not to let on a "He died, Mammy. But he used to a good, loving boy. You have always told us so, Mammy."

"Yais, honey, yais." There was a choking in Mamma's voice. "But be'd her own; she heard a boy's voice call about dis PII say voire lyin."

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"He died, Manimy. But he used to hope o' fin'in his Mammy wend e wah was ober an' he talk so much 'bout was choking in Mamma's voice. "But he'd her own; she heard a boy's voice call about dis, I'll say yo're lyin'."

What makes you think its Jim?" whis- oh! papa, he killed Mr. Pierce, he shot saved him even from his degredation; fit! We brek deir lines at las' an' w should come to this unhappy end. cribes him, the murderer, and it must misery.

But he such a terribly bad man!" asier'n any- struck to the heart. Her Jim! A mur- I'm going to do yes dat." ce mammy past; but a man's coarse fingers seemed pretty quick. I must ask you for my an' gripping her throat; a man's heavy sake, if not for your own, to give up to

now I has foun' bim bit, dis, my po' tones and lowering brows were mock- that idea. I hate to have a prisoner is a minit. Praps hell know hey manithrough the crowd into the jail and mother's wing."

should be Jim—he was Jim—how could there; I think they mean mischief, As Mammy came hurrying trembling The door opened and the jailer en-

she let him go without a word? She though probably there will be no out through the jail yard she saw, with a tered. "I reckon you'll have to go ouldn't, her poor boy.

"Oh, Mammy, please do take us any good, Mammy, if your dear old had dispersed. The jailer conducted "Mus' I go? I'd lek to yher mo' o' heart does pity him. He's too far gove her at once to the prisoner's cell. The my boy. Dis yher ain't my Jim, but

progress for sometime, but Mammy, night, but I couldn't get to speak to usually so devoutly attentive, had not him. Oh, please let me see my po' heard a word. The preacher had al- boy. I'se got to speak to him dis time. ready aroused both himself and his If I cud only had foun' him las' night,

unintelligible, hortation. There were groans from mighty strange things come to light What a tenderness there was upon his I'll try to do somet'ing fur yey some overcome by the sense of their here. You shall see him by n'by; it's own hard features! Was he giving way tell 'em how good yo' wuz to Jim a sins and fervent "Praise de Lord" from | too early now. It's against the rules | after all? others. The speaker was vigorously to let visitors in before 10 o'clock and "Well, Mammy;" how softly the mopping the perspiration from his it isn't exactly regular for people to out his hands, in a breathless, silent jailed, but I'll get you in. Come after Wat's dis ail about plea to his people. Presently someone a while, 'long about 11 and you shall

erable sprinkling of whites. The leased herself from the children, start- parley. She would wait; haln't she my heart is broke to see yo' lek dis, meny scrapes fo' dis an'

attracted attention, or a child wailed comfortable words, twitched down his prisoner he began to question the man "Yais, I.m Jim, fur dat's my name,

turned and pushed his hat back from don't yey, arfter I'm strung up? Why ghos'; 'sides'—a struggling, harsh his forehead with a quick look in her di'nt yo, bring yey note book 'long'" direction. What sweet voice from the "No," said the jailer pityingly, "I'm Mammy watched him in despair, the sorry for you poor old Mammy. There put in de ground. Yo's med a mistake mighty hard to lie to her." while she struggled nervously to loosen was a woman here a bit ago who says

the rugged negro features; his eyes passed quickly beyond the congregation him the story of liberty; the reunrestrained dissipations of latter life;

"Hush'e, honey," came the response.

"Hush'e, honey," came the response.

Yet it was no new thing for these to be her comforters, for Mammy's sorrow, case mightily and I don't mind telling though never before showing this hope.

"Well, den. I breve I use' to know quite improbable; she would not worry.

"Well, den. I breve I use' to know quite improbable; she would not worry. What a sweet old face it was, with less bitterness, had been longer than help. Everybody loves Mammy Brad vo' Jim." And he went on hurriedly It was perhaps some crowd of tired out its frame of white wool! The eyes their lives. Twenty years before, when don and they'll deal a little gentler in response to the agony of petition in merry-makers. looked out softly kind from beneath Mammy's little son had been separated with you for her sake. But it's hard Mammy's face. "We got 'quainted in back into the little room and stood at

which was familiar to the jailer.

They were more clear cut than the mulatto complexion would warrant children alike held in tender admirasishe so pious and good. It's worse than he was little, an' dat wus de name he wooded place on the outskirts of the one to expect. But her caresses were given absent-mindedly. She was ab. When her freedom came, Mammy had The jailer was silenced by the agen wen he went to de fight. An' he parations.

temptuous stoicism against the buffetings of any fate? A second, an it was all settled.

"Well see nee'nt fin' me. I'm not dark east."

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"Well see nee'nt fin' me. I'm not dark east."

"Well see nee'nt fin' me. I'm not dark east." mured to herself; "dis cudn't be my Jim."

When the nurse came to take them away, they pleaded for Mammy to put them to bed. "Won't you, Mammy?"

When the nurse came to take them away, they pleaded for Mammy to put them to bed. "Won't you, Mammy?"

Well. see nee'nt fin' me. I'm not dark eyes!

"But. Mammy," he went on more five min. Jim."

The older girl overheard. "Why, Mammy," slipping an arm up around Mammy," slipping an arm up around "Yes, darlin's," said Mammy, "but she's my po' ole moder, dat's clear softly, "yo' mus'n expec' to fin' him.

"Well see nee'nt fin' me. I'm not dark eyes!

them to burry. Oh! if they waite five minutes, he must give way. Ho dear his life, this miserable thing the she's my po' ole moder, dat's clear softly, "yo' mus'n expec' to fin' him. her, "of course that couldn't be Jim. hurry, now, or yo'l not be up to see 'nuff. If I cud only see her. I mem- Yo' won' ober see yor Jim in dis he loathed and scorned, how dear to Of course not," with an almost tearful insistence. "He is a wicked man; he each hand she passed out. Poor Man-tuk me from her, curse 'em! Luk to tell it!

To won a see yor sim in the worl?" How tenderly he was trying 'well, then, fellows, all ready, "cried a voice.

The man turned his back to his ober. He died fightin' fur freedom. ob it so, but he might be a bad no 'count man. I reckon 'twuz low-down folks' dren were up carly next morning. As How he would like to find his mother! Dey turn us out o' camp arly in de

expressed his astonishment and dismay man angrily, with an oath. "I haint The man put up his own unsteadily child, "don't speak to him, Mammy.

child, "don't speak to him, Mammy.

The diraction of the peak to him, Mammy.

The day of the peak to h

heavy door swung open. The man he done tole me 'bout Jim. Dey use' we wud 'sturb de meetin'. Listen, Brer "Oh, Mr. Dean," cried Mammy, "he's turned toward his visitors. Mammy, to know each urrer, an' Jim wuz a my son, my long los' boy. He is Jim! with a cry of helpless sorrow and hun- good boy an' lubbed his mammy allus In truth, the meeting had been in I saw him at de camp-meetin' las' gry metner love, sprang forward with an' he died in de wah." She turned again to the pris-

an's face. He knew her instantly. see him here, but I'se proud o' him How exactly that look of despairing now, an' I can stan' it fur de litt "There, there, Mammy, don't take grief was like the one he remembered while wats left. An' yo' wuz his fren n gradually sink- from the congregation followed his ex- on so. I can't believe it's possible, but when they had been forced apart. I wish I cud do somet'ing fur ye

me an' I'll beg 'em to gib yo' nurre from those harsh lips! Won't po' fur my sake, jes' ez if I wu vo' mus' hab med some mistake. yo' po' ole heart-broken maming

noder? Oh, my po' boy! yo' mus' ve'y likely. I reckon dey'll fix me dis nember me caint vo' Jim? I'se time. Dar. don't cry; p'raps l'll get but vo' member how yey old moder soun'. Nebber min' me.' he led her, sobbing away.

out in alarm and fretfulness, but these hat and elbowed his way roughly of his history, but was abruptly an I'm los' like enuff; I'se been los' a looking toward the door, long after good bit from ev'ting wats wort' keep- she had gone. He pressed his hand "See here, old fellah, yo' nee'nt try in' to, but I 'low I'se not yor Jim. to get anything out o' me. Yey want | Yais, I member 'zactly how my moder an interestin' paragra' fur a paper, look, an' yo' caint be har, 'lest yo're a her, till she gets to heaben. An' I little laugh-"yo're not brack 'nuff, hope dey'll mek' her happy dar' eben fur her ghos'. My ole moder's spite on it. I reckon I did right w sorry for you, after all, or rather I'm | dead, Mammy, long ago. I seed her | wid dat story, but somehow it

who could have told her that the recamp-meeting last night; she tried to Something tells me yor my Jim, Jim's daring courage in battle was a encling tells me yor my Jim, Jim's daring courage in battle was no arrive of a STUDIO, passed on. Just at the edge of the The man remembered that faint ain't gen'ty eeived. An' dat sear on bloody contest no fairy tale. call that reached him, which he had yo' face I member wen me boy got ed limbs of a devout brother upon his concluded a delusion. A softened burned dar. Don' yo' recollec' libin' her little home. She had no lam A mulatto near by folling at half knees before a bench. He recovered look lighted his hard features. All in de big house wen yo' was little (dey but the moonlight, shifting dinity himself with a curse and kicked the through his wicked and wonted life was specially good to us), an' little through the uncertain clouds, fell into know yo will?" he questioned, with a warfare as reverent in worship, sprang him. At first he had tried to find her; an' use to play wid yo'; an' don' yo' crying a little, softly and tenderly course laugh, edging around upon his up, and, catching the angry glances of for years he had followed every clue, member dat time wen eviting jes went. But, oh! how proud she was of the

his arm, her face lifted close to his. The moon was behind a cloud. Sl went and stood at the window, lifting

deeper set than is common with his tion out into the darkness. Oh! such pressed bitterness of boyhood; the yo' twant so. I neber wuz tuk away thanking God. By and by she thought rom my mammy. She died. An' she heard voices and footsteps. Suc Poor Mammy, there was nothing left his hatred of the class that had robbed dat sear, I'se shor yo' don' know no denly the moon came out clearly an and mysterious in the night's silend Mammy drew back slightly, still Mammy watched them for a mor yielded to her pets, as usual. The chil- the history of Mammy and her boy, was disappointment in her face, but a with dread, she started to the door of relief in her heart. But the moon was gone again, and al

"But look yher, Mammy, yo' say shifting winds struck her face. Could whose white faces looked saint-like in was to see quiet, cherry-hearted Mam- heart is just broken; she has looked yor boy had a sear lek mine, an' yo' it be they had taken out the murderer the dim light, were chinging to an old my with such a despairing trouble in for you so long and thought of you so was tuk apart wen her wuz a little But, no, surely not; everything had much. But it'll be a good thing for fellch, say 'bout six yeah ole, an' yo' been quiet in the town during the day

well-shaped brows. The features seem- from her by sale, the children's grand- on her; it's the very hardest thing de wah. We wuz in de same reg'ment. the window and looked out into the ed to have been refined by suffering. father, old Colonel Braddon, had there could be for; right here where He called himself Jim Clayton, caze quiet dark and prayed. hed 'long o' his Mammy, so he tuk it town. There were hasty, horrible pre-

frens. But he didn't lib to see de wah

Jim swung up and out to the shudder Good Work and Sati what bought him, an' widout his Mammy came down stairs, she heard There was yet some one who cared mawnin'. De enemy dey hed mek a mammy to hulp him and raise him up to be good he might—come to wicked—

"And, papa, the paper says he broke"

"And, paper says he broke"

"And, pa into Mr. Pierce's house and Mr. Pierce he was taken away. Oh! if he had an' we reckon it gwine be easy, sho "Is he like your Jim, Mammy? woke up and they had a struggle and, found her yesterday, she might have 'nuff, but lor! how doze critters done pered the child, wretched that all the him. Isn't it awful, and Mr. Pierce but now it was too late. There is hoo-ep squar thu'em, an' wat yo' tink! hopeful dreams which she shared with was such a good, kind man and all the little more left for him anyway. He Doze fellehe by torn right roun' in

Mammy about the long-looked-for Jim negroes loved him. And papa, it des may save her this later, this last dey tracks and petch into us agen How could Mammy's Jim be other be that wicked looking man that was "See here, my man, it's sort o' 'em. But Jim-we wuz side an' side than noble and true and good? And at the camp-meeting last night, the decent of you to try to save your -he wuz ten'in right to business, an' this coarse-faced disturber of the meet- one Mammy thought was Jim. Oh! it Mammy from sorrow, but you'll give jes mekin' be muskit dance from one ing! Oh, no, no!

"Oh, chile, chile, I feef it in my soul.

He looks lek him sumbow, do he look so bold and carles: an dat sear on his cheek, I 'member de day he burned hiself dyar; 'twas a drefful sore. O, my! They have caught him and put in the looks and carles and the same cards are same cards and the same cards and the same cards are same cards and the same cards and the same cards are same cards and the same cards and the same cards are same cards and the same cards and the same cards are same cards and the same cards and the same cards are same cards and the same cards a he's lek Jim. I cain't tell you how I him in jail and there was an awful long lost boy, there's a right smart observed with the jail after he was taken and chance that'll quiet 'em. Everbody dar dey were moe'ly at de tep o' de to me; yo cain't 'ceive a moder. But, they think he will be lynched. O, papa, oh! he's so diffint, so changed. Dey 'bused him an' med him ugly; he waz was sure that man is her Jim. And her boy since the war. I 'low it'd tackle 'em. I toted him off to one be a noble thing to do, but you're side, for de fightic, wuz jes 'bout obe

as a peart Poor Mammy sat now upon the learn, an' lower stairs in the hall, utterly still, "Shut up. Did yo' yher wat I said?" an' he only lib a few minits, but hey learn, an' lower stairs in the hall, utterly still, "Shut up. Did yo' yher wat I said?" las, words woz be at hey Manmy, an thing. But I cur'nt cher tink o' him derer! The little dark boyish hands "You can't do it. I tell you," drop- Mannoy her free lom, wharev' she 'zactly dis way. I reckoned he wud were loosed from hers now; there were alus be kin' o' lokin an' waitin' tur no more voices or visions from the lynched, in my opinion. And that Memor way & Many but O, what ing her. She rose presently, still in a taken from me. Everything is quiet look towards hers. Was there still a

umy was numbnesss of horror and dread, and now tolerably, but I wouldn't be a shadow of disbelief? No, that had all slipped out silently. She went direct- bit surprised if they come after you vanished in a flori of fond memories "Oh, Mammy, don't, don't," pleaded by to the jail. Although so early, peothe little girls. Let's go home. Please ple were already gathered in little I can for you, and I reckon the Sheriff murmured. groups, excitedly talking of the murintends to get you out of here, but he Presently she lifted her hands s, but I der and bitterly denouncing the crim- is so slow in getting started at any- higher and laid one against either mus' speak to Jim 'not. Jos yey wait lind. Mammy finally made her way thing. You better get under your check and drew them down, with Leave Sallsbury

asked to see the prisoner. The jailer "Wull yo' quit dat?" demanded the coaled that great discolored scar.

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