

THE CHIGNECTO POST
EVERY THURSDAY.
\$1.25 per Annum, or \$1.00 in Advance
PLAIN AND FANCY PRINTING
OF ALL KINDS
Promptly Executed at Lowest Rates
ADVERTISEMENTS
Inserted at very Lowest Rates.
E. WOODWORTH, Manager.



CHIGNECTO POST.

Deserve Success and you shall Command it.

VOL. 18.-NO. 17.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 903.

Nails, Tacks and Brads.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CUT NAILS;

ALL KINDS OF

Shoe Nails, Tacks & Brads.

Office, Warehouse and Manufactory:

Georges Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

HOTELS.

AMHERST HOTEL,

AMHERST, N. S.

GEO. McFARLANE, PROPRIETOR.

ENTIRELY renovated and newly furnished.

Good rooms, good table, and good attendance.

From 10 to 12 o'clock, express train, June 17

Clifton House,

74 PRINCE & 143 GERMAIN STREETS,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A. N. Peters, Proprietor.

Telephone Communication, Reached by Steam

throughout.

THE QUEEN HOTEL,

HALIFAX, N. S.

VISITORS to Halifax will find the QUEEN

Hotel the best place to stay in the city.

Start throughout with all modern improvements.

Good rooms, good table, and good attendance.

From 10 to 12 o'clock, express train, June 17

Intercolonial Railway.

1887 SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS 1887

On and after Monday, June 13th, 1887,

the trains will run daily (Sunday excepted)

as follows:

WILL LEAVE SACKVILLE.

Express for Halifax, Pictou and Miramichi, 7:30

Express for Miramichi, Pictou and Halifax, 8:40

Express for St. John, 9:40

Express for St. John and Quebec, 10:40

Express for St. John, 11:40

Express for St. John and Quebec, 12:40

Express for St. John, 1:40

Express for St. John and Quebec, 2:40

Express for St. John, 3:40

Express for St. John and Quebec, 4:40

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Life in Old Times.

One of the most remarkable ever

made that all times are good

when they are old. For there was

never yet an age in which people

did not think that their fathers were

better off than they. Regrets for

the so-called good old times are per-

haps more frequent than hitherto-

fore, owing to the quick and radical

changes that science has accomplish-

ed during the last half century.

One of our English contemporaries,

apparently disgusted with the too-

common complaint concerning pres-

ent evils, has sought to comfort its

readers by picturing the conditions

of life as endured a few centuries

ago. We reprint below portions of

the article in question: "The

stricken stepped out of his mud and

hove into a muddy street, and this at

a time when the Moor at one corner

of Europe and the Florentine at the

other were enjoying the advantage

of a polished capital. The un-

happy streets appeared a gutter

running down the centre, into which

muck was thrown from the windows,

and through the narrow lanes came

strings of pack horses to make them

still more dangerous. There was an

absence of all due means of clean-

liness and health. Here and there

hung at night a few oil lights. In

the houses the smoke from the char-

coal fire escaped through a hole in

the roof, since chimneys for private

rooms did not come into use until

the fourteenth century, and were not

common until Elizabeth's reign. Can-

dles were dear—nearly 2d. a

piece—that is, five cents of our

money. At last Amyot, the French

translator of Plutarch, had to read

by the light of the candle in the

street. Men could not afford to

read in their rooms after dark. The

dining halls were strewn with

rushes into which all sort of as-

sanities were thrown, and after about

a century the streets became un-
derstandable, and there was, or ought to have been,
a general cleaning. The sweating
sickness of Tudor times, like other
plagues, was largely due to the filthy
mode of living."

The Late Dr. Kennedy.

(Montreal Witness.)

The Rev. Dr. David Kennedy,

Principal of the Wesleyan

College, died of typhoid fever on

Sunday morning last after an illness

of ten days.

A native of Western Ontario, Dr.

Kennedy was the descendant of

Christian settlers, who had in-

fluenced the last, dying, at

the age of forty-eight years of

usefulness with the words on his

lips—"I die in the faith of my

father." He entered the ministry in

1864, and after a year of study

at the Wesleyan Theological Sem-

inary at Andover, Mass., he was

ordained at Huntingdon and else-

where, entered upon educational

work at Mount Allison University,

N. B. In 1884, the authorities of

Stunsted College secured his val-

uable services for that institution.

Under his wise and able adminis-

tration the College has made very

marked progress, and his death is

felt to be a serious blow to the

institution.

The funeral services were con-

ducted by the Rev. A. B. Chambers,

pastor of the Stunsted Methodist

Church, on Tuesday, and a very

large number were present, includ-

ing all the students of the institu-

tion. Suitable addresses were de-

livered by the Rev. Professor Shaw

of Montreal, and others. The last

words of the deceased were beau-

tifully represented in laurel leaves,

the church being decorated for the

occasion by the residents of Stun-

sted College. He leaves a wife and

two daughters. He leaves a wife

and one daughter to mourn his

loss. A brother, a doctor in

New York, was present at the

funeral.

Salvation Army Notes.

The Charlottetown Examiner says:

Miss L. L. L. who was for some

time stationed on the island as a

cadet of the Salvation Army, has

lately severed her connection with

the institution. She now manages

the musical part of the services in

Rev. Mr. Savage's Gospel Tent.

Capt. Armstrong of the Salvation

Army, formerly in charge of the

Kentville corps, was convicted at

New Glasgow, N. S., recently for

assault on R. Simpson. The cap-

tivity was confirmed.

The Carleton Sentinel is inclined

to think that it is a reasonable ob-

jection to the street parade meth-

ods of the Salvation Army, that

their noisy demonstrations may,

frequently and to the detriment of

the British army, and is meeting

with a satisfactory measure of suc-

cess. The shipments made this

season have met with the warm-

est approval of the Imperial au-

thority, and Col. Goodie is now

virtually at liberty to buy all the

horses that are offered within the

prices named, that meet with his

approval.

It has been decided to arm the

whole of the Austro-Hungarian

regulars and militia before 1891

with Mannlicher repeating rifles.

The number required will be 1,200,000,

and the cost will be \$18,000,000.

Preparations are being made on

a scale of unparalleled magnificence

for the celebration of the Pope's

jubilee, which will commence next

month.

Gladstone says that "Wales is

the most Protestant country in the

whole world."

WOMEN'S COLUMN.

Conducted by Members of Sackville W. C. T. U.

Essay on Tobacco Smoking.

At the meeting of Blainville and

Rattray Y. M. C. A. on night, Mr.

James Thompson read an essay on

"Tobacco." He gave a short sketch

of its history, nature and effect.

Tobacco, he said, contains a deadly

poison, the evil effects of which those

who use it cannot avoid. The fore-

most men among cricketers, orsmen,

athletes, marksmen, runners, walk-

ers and billiard players condemn tobacco

as antagonistic to cool and steady

nerves. Professors of rhetoric and

vocal culture condemn tobacco, be-

cause it spoils the voice. Tobacco

smoking puts the heart out of its

regular action, and in the case of ex-

cessive smokers tends to heart disease.

The essayist spoke against tobacco

as a poison. Professors of rhetoric and

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The Little Stranger.

"The boy is like you," said the father, and proudly and tenderly smiled. "Why, no, he's like you," cried the mother, and laughed as she fondled her child. "His hair is like yours and the sunshin, Naught else is so bright," he replied. "His eyes have your very expression, The color of yours, too," she cried. "His mouth, dear, you cannot deny it, Each dimple, each curve is your own. 'His firm little chin and his forehead Are due to his father's alone." "Ah, well, dear!" he said as he kissed her. "We'll love him the better, the elf, That each in his face sees the other, And each fails to recognize self!"

Justice Field Would Not Sign.

(San Francisco Chronicle.) A rather spare old gentleman, with thin greyish whiskers, and wearing a pair of highly polished spectacles, leaned over the counter in the Southern Pacific Company's up-town ticket office Monday morning and asked for a round trip ticket to Portland. "Thirty dollars," promptly responded the clerk. The passenger laid the gold on the counter and the clerk pulled the ticket out of the case and handed it toward him with a well-naked pen. "Sign there, please," "I beg your pardon." "No, sir, I refuse. There is no law in the United States compelling me to sign a railroad ticket. There is your money. Give me the ticket." The somewhat ruffled agent looked at the passenger and then at the ticket, but did not touch the money. "What is your name, sir," he asked, at length. "Stephen J. Field," was the reply. Then it dawned upon the clerk that the dazed mind of the young man behind the counter that he was talking to one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. He quietly stamped the unsigned ticket, handed it to the passenger with a subdued air, and as he put the money into the pocket of his vest, observed by the bystanders to be in a very redemptive mood.

The Editor Rebuked.

It is difficult to realize that our own geese are not necessarily swans. He was a young man who, as the saying goes, had had "manuscript rejected by all the best magazines in the country," but the slight had cured him of too often, and he retailed. In an evil hour an editor sent back one of his longest poems, the receipt of which the author acknowledged by the following letter: "Sir, I have received your poem, and I solemnly declare that I won't ever send you a line from my pen as long as I live. I should like to have you realize that I know just what editor's offices are made out of—nothing but parsimony, bribery, and corruption. Comptant judges have read that poem and there ain't a sole in town that won't tell you it goes ahead of anything I ever done. I scorn the whole lot of you. If I had a pocket full of money I guess my poems would get read and printed, too. This is all I've got to say except that when my name is known, and you beg me on your benighted knees to write for your miserable little paper I'll scorn you then as I do now."

For Sale and To Let.

THE Steam Tannery and Machinery owned by the Frederick Leather Company, King St., Frederic, Md. Terms easy. Apply to M. RICHIE, May 18, 1887.

Valuable Farm and Marsh For Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale his Farm at Second Westcott, containing about 200 acres of land, a part in a good state of cultivation, on which is a well-finished house, two good barns and other buildings. Also, 7 acres of Marsh, part of which part Broadfield, situated on West Marsh. aug24 61 CHARLES DOO.

FOR SALE.

THE PREMISES occupied by the subscriber in Sackville, consisting of House, with Outbuildings attached. The buildings are in all good repair. Good Tank in Cellar, Fire, and other nice Shade Trees around the Grounds. Location one of the best in town, being within a few minutes' walk of Railway Depot, Post Office and Institutions. For further particulars apply to CLARA PURDY, Sackville, August 23, 1887.

To Rent.

THE house and grounds formerly the residence of the late Reuben Chase, Esq., Upper Sackville. There is a vegetable garden and flower garden. The house is commodious and comfortable, with good barn and outbuildings. Also a number of good hens for sale. Possession given immediately. Apply to MRS. REUBEN CHASE, Upper Sackville, Sackville, April 18, 1887.

House and Lot For Sale or to Let.

THIS desirable property formerly owned by Alex. Johnston, is situated at Upper Sackville, convenient to School, Church, Store and Post Office, and is very pleasant locality. The house is new and very convenient; Outbuildings are in good repair. There is also a Blacksmith Shop and Carpenter Shop on the premises, and plenty of good water. Terms very favorable. Apply to CHARLES FAWCETT, Sackville, N. B.

For Sale.

THE PREMISES occupied by me in Sackville, consisting of a Dwelling House, Shop, Office, Outbuildings and Wharf. The location is one of the most convenient and desirable in town, and only a few minutes' walk from Churches, School House or Station. If not sold within a short time, the Shop, with Office, suitable for any kind of business, can be let separately. Title undoubted. Apply to T. A. WELLING, Sackville, May 20th, 1887.

SUMMER GOODS!

WE HAVE NOW THE Best Assortment of Dress Muslins

We Have Ever Shown.

PRINTED INDIA LINENS, NEW LAMA CLOTHS, CASHMERE FINISHE PRINTS, WORKED SPOTTED MUSLINS, FRENCH MUSLINS, FRENCH SATENS, CHAMBRAYS, ZEPHYRS.

EMBROIDERED DRESSES.

Special Reductions in PRINT COTTONS For Next Thirty Days.

\$300 Pieces to Select From.

Silk and Lisle Gloves, Dents' Kid Gloves. Children's and Ladies' Hosiery.

The Largest Stock and LOWEST Prices in Amherst.

F. A. WILSON.

NEW SPRING GOODS

CHAPMAN BROTHERS, AMHERST.

5 Cases London and New York Hats and Helmets, 4 Cases Cloths and Tweeds,

Half a Car Load of Trunks and Valises.

PRICES LOW. ASSORTMENT COMPLETE.

1 Case Rubber Coats and Umbrellas.

CHAPMAN BROTHERS.

RHODES, CURRY & CO., AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA.

Manufacturers and Builders.

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS, WOOD, METALS, MOULDINGS, ETC.

SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders' Materials.

Send for Estimates.

Spring Trade.

NEW GOODS.

WHITE COTTONS, every grade and price; WHITE SHEETINGS; GREY SHEETINGS; PILLOW COTTONS, plain and circular; COTTONADES, plain and checked; 7, 8, 9 and 10 oz. White Ducks; GIBSON GREY COTTONS; Gingham, Check, and Shirtings, every quality; SHAKER FLANNELS in white, colored and fancy.

New Goods in all Departments.

5,000 PIECES of newest styles in English Prints. Patterns selected and printed especially to my order.

These prints are expected to arrive during this month.

Every attention paid to orders by mail.

A. EVERITT.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS WAREHOUSE, 91, 93 and 96 Germain Street, and THE KING BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the closed avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions at the same time. Corrects Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Putrefaction of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

JUST RECEIVED.

WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK—Oakum, Tar, Pitch, Herring Nets, Rope, Oil Cloths.

WHITE LEAD, (Warranted), Drop Black and other Paints, Rolled and Raw Oils, best quality of VARNISHES, in Japan, Furniture, Oak Gearing, Rubbing, and best Finishing. A full stock of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Ready-Made Clothing, Hats and Caps.

WALL PAPERS, House Furniture in Bedroom Suites, &c. To arrive: Timothy, Clover, and Garden SEEDS.

We respectfully invite inspection.

E. C. GOODEN & CO. Baie Verte, April 12th, 1887.

TELEPHONES!

HAVING entered upon the manufacture of all forms of TELEPHONIC APPARATUS we are prepared to make arrangements for installing Telephone Exchanges. We will also furnish instruments for private lines.

Our new Telephone embodies improvements never before introduced (all of which are thoroughly protected), and articulates with a power and distinctness never before attained. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

A. R. BLISS, Manuf. of all forms of Electrical Apparatus.

Money to Loan.

THE subscribers are prepared to loan money on good security at reasonable rates.

POWELL & BENNETT, Sackville, July 15, 1886.

MONCTON SUGAR

JUST RECEIVED: 74 bbls. Yellow Extra C. Granulated. A. J. BABANG & CO.

In The Library.

Without a chill, drizzling rain, Dripped gently on the window-pane In listless fashion. Within a warm, delicious heat With tender grace, And with common passion.

A book, uncut lay on her knees, She scanned the cover, ill at ease And strangely silent; While to her brow, where blushes vied, A consciousness of love denied Each hazel eye lent.

A curl lay caddled on her cheek, Where dimples played at hide and seek With tender grace, And I enguiled in silly gloom Strode up and down the quiet room With nervous paces.

She muttered something half aloud; I nearer drew until I bowed Above her shoulder. Her hair just brushed my trembling lips, I wanted me to be a real girl?— And then I told her.

—Dewitt Stearns in Judge.

Jack's Venture.

"I'll go and try my fortune with Uncle Robert," said Jack. "Bess and Maria failed because he could not stand girls with such fine ideas; but I won't trouble him that way. The old fellow is all right if one only stirs him up in the right way."

"My child," said the gentle Mrs. Raymond, "I do not like to hear you speak in that boyish, rude manner. I fear your uncle would have less patience with you than with your sisters. No, he does not intend to forgive me for marrying against his wishes, and we will make no further advances."

"Oh, yes, we will, dearie!" and Jack's face beamed with the thought of the mother's shoulder cooingly. "Do, do let me try to win the obstinate old—well, there, then—then to win our honored relative to a proper sense of his obligations towards his only sister and her interesting family. How will that do, now? Mother, don't shake your head so; it's no use. Why did you give me a boy's name and bring me up on tops and marbles if you want me to be a real girl?"

"It was your father's wish, you know, dear. He was so grievously disappointed that he had no son. But Jacqueline is not a boy's name," and Mrs. Raymond shook her head smilingly at her wayward daughter.

Robert Doran sat cowering beside a dull, spiritless fire one bright spring morning. His room was dusty and disorderly, though the furniture was good, and even comfortable. He looked gloomy and discontented, as if the wealth that showed itself in the handsome surroundings brought no pleasure to its owner. Perhaps he was thinking of the sister who had once in a while come to him in his home, and wished that his pride would let him beg her to come back and care for him in his dreary old age.

A tap at the door aroused him. He went to the door, and in surprise, for his servants never came unsummoned. The door opened slowly and a bright face peeped in.

"It's Jack Raymond, at your service, uncle," and in a jaunty, some girl walked, and stood before him. "Derby," guileless of any trimming save the simple masculine band.

"Why, I didn't know my sister had a son!" exclaimed the old gentleman, his wrinkled face showing something very like satisfaction as he looked at the new-comer.

"She hasn't," said Jack, with dancing eyes; "but it isn't my fault. I do my best. I'm awfully sorry I'm not a boy, uncle, if it would please you, but let me stay awhile, and you'll see what a first-class substitute I am—removing her hat and bowing with easy grace. "But, dear me! how dull it is here! I fear you want a good stirring up."

"Indeed I'll not," replied coolly. "He's been none so good a master to me that I should risk myself in the dark for him."

"Then watch him while I go," implored Jack. "Do not leave him or he'll die." "He's been down to the village once on an errand for her uncle, and knew she could find her way, but it was so different now, at night. Brave Jack for going! But how her heart fluttered and her limbs trembled with fear as she hastened on through the starlight.

The way seemed interminable, but at last the few lights which yet burned in the village shone out close at hand, and one part of her journey was over.

Chesney was one of the most unfortunate villages, with houses so painfully similar that a stranger might well wonder how each inhabitant knew his own home. Little wonder, then, that Jack, after much uncertain pausing before various doors, should at last decide upon the wrong one.

"She rapped gently, then, listened. A footfall sounded on the pavement, a hand was on the gate, and—yep! the steps were coming toward her, swiftly, certainly."

"She drew herself close to the side of the porch, almost fainting with terror, when a hand outstretched toward her arm, and a voice exclaimed, 'Who are you? Speak! Who comes so late to my door?'"

Gathering her courage with one last effort, Jack faintly replied, "I want Dr. Robbins. My uncle Doran is very ill at Glenside."

"And you have come alone from Glenside, poor child?" the voice inquired.

"Yes, sir," she said, impatiently. "But you are the doctor? Will you hurry? Uncle may be dying now, I have been so long in coming."

give her mother, what happy days they would see! He had sent once for her two sisters to spend a week at Glenside—a step toward reconciliation, which her mother had hailed with thankful joy. But before the week was out he sent them both home, saying he could not stand their fine airs; that, since his sister had chosen to bring up her family to such idle habits, he would have nothing more to do with them.

The one longing of the old man's heart had been for a son to bear his name. That hope disappointed in the early death of his son, he had gradually grown into the selfish, gloomy man Jack found him this fair spring morning.

There was something in her bright boyish face that fascinated him; and now, with a warmth that surprised himself, he said—"Stay if you like, my child. It's a dull place within doors; but there are flowers and sunshine."

It was so much kinder than Jack had dared hope, that she could have cried for joy. "Oh, you dear uncle!" she said; and kissed his wrinkled face with an honest heartiness that he was quick to feel.

"There, then," he said, impatiently, as if ashamed of the unwonted softness he had shown. "Go and tell your mother that you're going to stay, and that she must give you a room and see to your meals. Do not be afraid if she's cross, he added, somewhat anxiously; "she does not like trouble or worry."

"I won't," said Jack, as she ran off. Half an hour later she looked in the door again, saying, "Come to lunch, Uncle Robert. Yes" (as he turned at her in amazement), "I know cook always brought you just what she liked up here because she did not want you down stairs. There has been a skirmish, but it's all right now. Come for my sake, please."

Mr. Doran drew his dressing gown more closely around him, and followed Jack down into the little breakfast room, which she had chosen because it was so much pleasanter than the great oak parlour. He looked at her with a most disapproving eye.

A most tempting lunch was spread upon the round table, and flowers were intermingled with the dishes in profusion. It was pretty to see the air with which she led her uncle to his seat, and took her own opposite him, almost forgetting—in her eagerness to serve him—to satisfy the demands of her own healthy young appetite.

"Did you do all this?" Mr. Doran asked, with some curiosity. "No," replied Jack, blushing, "she wanted to take you up some smoky soup, and because I said no, she wouldn't do anything else, so I did it myself. Don't you like it at all?" and she looked anxiously at him.

"You are not like your sisters," he said, not replying to her question. "Oh, no!" and Jack shook her head somewhat dejectedly. "They are very accomplished—real young ladies, you know. But then, I can cook and sew, and do things that they can't."

"But I do not want a cook and a house maid," said Mr. Doran. "If you had only tasted the soup!" "Child!" cried Mr. Doran, suddenly catching at her hand. "I'm a disappointed, heart-broken old man. If you could only love me a little!"

"I do, Uncle Robert; I do, truly!" said Jack. And she meant it; for her warm heart had gone out at once to the lonely old man, so unhappy in the midst of his wealth; and she comforted him now, in the best way she knew, with loving words that, as he was, he felt were honest and true.

"I fear master be-again to die; he was never so gentle afore," said Jack a week later.

That very night Mr. Doran was taken suddenly and violently ill. Jack heard his cries, and, having no one to his assistance, found him suffering intensely.

"You must go for the doctor, cook; there's no one else to go," said Jack. "Indeed I'll not," replied coolly. "He's been none so good a master to me that I should risk myself in the dark for him."

"Then watch him while I go," implored Jack. "Do not leave him or he'll die." "He's been down to the village once on an errand for her uncle, and knew she could find her way, but it was so different now, at night. Brave Jack for going! But how her heart fluttered and her limbs trembled with fear as she hastened on through the starlight.

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"Yes, sir," she said, impatiently. "But you are the doctor? Will you hurry? Uncle may be dying now, I have been so long in coming."

The poor girl had hurried till she was almost exhausted, and stood leaning, breathless and panting, against the door.

"The doctor lives two houses beyond. Shall I go with you, and call him?"

But there was no response, for poor Jack, who had never in his life done anything so womanish, fainted quickly away.

She was only dimly conscious of being lifted in strong arms that held her close, and of being rapidly driven over a rough road, and at last finding herself lying on her own bed at Glenside, with a gray-haired gentleman bending over her. She started up, pale and anxious.

"How is uncle?" she cried. "I must go to him."

"No, no, child. Lie still; he is better," the doctor said. "Well, then, tell me all about it. Who was it, and how did I get home?"

The doctor knew what she meant. "You were at the minister's door, and he (coming home from visiting his sick wife) carried you, when you fainted, to my house; and I drove you both over here. Now, drink this; then, if you feel able, you may go to your uncle—he wishes to see you."

Jack obediently swallowed the strengthening potion, then smoothed out the tangled curls, with her hands and without stopping to look in her mirror, hastened to her uncle's room. He was not alone, for by his bedside sat a grave, pleasant-faced young gentleman who looked at her with kindly, smiling eyes. She gave him with a hasty glance, for her uncle's hand was outstretched to her and she ran to take it.

"And this is the brave girl who went to the minister's door?" he asked. "I know all about it. I would have died if the doctor had not come so soon. You saved me. What reward can I give you, child?"

"Forgive my mother," whispered Jack, softly.

Mr. Doran's face brightened. "I was sure you would say that!" he cried. "Jack, dear, I have forgiven her already, and as soon as it is morning the minister is going for her. Do you think she will forgive me and come? She must come and stay, for I can never let you go, Jack—dear, brave Jack! You have taught me a lesson."

And he drew the blushing, happy face down and kissed it with a father's tenderness. There were tears in the bright eyes when she looked up. For the second time within a few hours Jack forgot her feelings and was crying. But the tears and blushes gave a softness and charm to her face that made it wonderfully attractive to Malcolm Boyd, the young minister; and she looked so sweet and lovable and womanly that he could not resist the inclination to take her to his heart.

"She will be a woman worth the having," he thought; and then and there resolved to win her for his own.

Jack had meant to make some pretty speech to the minister, to thank him for helping her; but she had only remembered now how she felt his arms around her in the starlight, and blushing, she hung her head in silence.

It was two months ago. She smiles now when she thinks of it, for she is no longer shy with the minister. Can you guess why? Mr. Doran is building a beautiful little parsonage close by the village church, and rumor says that when it is completed, Jack will go there as the minister's bride. Perhaps it is so, for she is growing so quiet and womanly that her happy mother (who is renewing her own youth in beautiful Glenside) says that God has blessed the deed of Jack's venture.

—N. Y. Journal.

The Popular Science Monthly for September, 1887.

"The Popular Science Monthly" for September gives the leading place to David A. Wells' third article on "The Economic Disturbances since 1873," which proves the most important and interesting of the series so far. Under the heading, "Sleep and its Counterparts," which proves the most important and interesting of the series so far. Under the heading, "Sleep and its Counterparts," which proves the most important and interesting of the series so far. Under the heading, "Sleep and its Counterparts," which proves the most important and interesting of the series so far.

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