DRUMMER AND DRUMMER.

I.-WAR.

"Why, you're a Yankee, aren't you?" That was what Gladys Clayton, a little southern girl said one morning to a small boy dressed in blue, who upon her approach had half rizen to a sitting posture beside a patch which led both to a spring and a negro cabin, within hailing distance of the spot where the reclining uniformed figure was gazing in open eyed wonder on the vision of juvenile lovelines.

"Yes, I'm a Yank," replied the boy, instinctively saluting. "You can tell that by my blue." Then he paused for a second and said hesitatingly, "Of course you are—are a"-

The boy in blue blushed, and the little maid with a twinkle in her eyes said:

"A little rebel. Do you rurrender?" "Hardly," replied the boy, making an endeavor to take his feet, but falling back until he supported himself upon his elbow. An expression of pain swept over his face which startled the child as she exclaimed in spmpathetic tones:

wounded, and only a boy!" Then as a reassurance, she added: "You needn't be afraid, Yankee boy. I won't hurt you and all the grey soldiers are gone away."

"Where am I?" asked the drummer boy.

"You are on the Clayton plantation, Yankee boy My mother says it is 20 the salary and commission, the house will miles from nowhere and the last place guarantee that your trial trip in the new that was made."

"There's been a big fight," said the boy. "Which licked?"

"Mother says that she reckons they both got all they wanted and then withdrew in good order," answered the girl. "Where is your father?"

"Licking Yankee," was the reply, with a great deal of energy throwh on the words.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed the boy, and then in spite of himself he permitted a groan to escape his lips.

"Ch, dear!" said the girl coming close up to hlm. "Are you hurt much, little Yankee boy?"

For a moment the boy in blue had forgotten bimself as he asked in anxiety: "Please, little girl, have you seen my

drum?" The girl looked up and down the path plied. on either side, and at length she discover-

ed the wreck of the martial instrument. "Here it is, little boy," said the girl with much dignity.

"Thanks, miss," said the soldier bow. "The rebs have shot it full of holes, and its no good. Throw it away."

The girl threw the scattered drum into

the bushes. "What can I do for you?" asked the girl, somewhat perplexed at the situa-

"I'll tell you," replied the boy. "And I want you to do it right quick. I want you to get me out of this 'right smart,' for a scouting party of rebs might come riding this way and capture me-or

"Yankee boy, my mamma would have a fit if she saw you in that blue suit. She hates you all! Let me see-let me

Then she clapped her hands and exclaimed.

have not run away to follow the Yankees. Si will do anything for me. Be as patient as you can while I am gone, for it won't be long."

It was not long that the lad had to wait, but when the people returned with the two colored people he was quite faint and gasped:

"Water!"

"Bring the gourd from the spring!" commanded auntie, who had arrived in advance of her rheumatic husband.

The labors of years and perfect health had given the black woman immense strength, and the drummar boy was little more of a burden to her than an infant.

Gladys ran on ahead to the cabin. Auntie strode on taking such immense steps that her husband in a vain endeavor to keep up, was taken with a fit of coughing and was obliged to take a long rest by the wayside. When he did arrive at the cabin, the boy in blue was snugly hidden away in its privacy and receiving the kind offices of the colored woman who had had many years of experience in nursing.

Now that the wounded drummer boy was made as comfortable as possible, auntie closed the cabin door and said as impressively as is she was reciting one of her best ghost stories:

"You hear me, Miss Gladys, an' you They are quiet and gentle and are not ole man? You both done keep your mouth shut 'bout this 'ere young un. You both all know that the missy at the big house is jest pizen on the Yankees, for all she's a drefful good woman. But for all that we musn't let her know o this little chap a-hidin' 'ere any more than's if 'twas a-hidin' Linkum hisself."

II.—PEACE.

"Lines," said the head of the house to a favorite commercial traveller who had just returned from an extended tour, "de

you know anything of the south?"

"A little," was the reply. "How far south have you been?" "Richmond."

"Ah!" exclaimed the head of the hous 'Long getting there?"

"Pretty near three years." "First time that I ever heard that you

were in the late unpleasantness," returned his employer. "Never heard about your adventures in that line." "Well," interrupted the salesman "you see, I am the only one engaged in the

civil war who is not writing for the maga-"In many battles?" asked the manag-

ing partner. "Yes."

"Wounded?"

"Twice; once in the leg and the other time in the heart." "Recovered from the effects of both

wounds?" "Recovered from the shot in the leg;

the wound in the heart is still open." "Um!" was the final of this running

conversation. The salesman nodded, and then the converse became strictly business. The desire of the firm was concisely this-to renew a southern trade previously held by the house which had been interrupted by the civil war and never regained; "Oh, dear, what a pity! You are never regained because the house had never made an effort to resume business relations with that section.

> "Walter" said the senior partner, becoming familiar "we must win all that trade back again. I not only want the city houses, but those remote plantation stores at the crossroads which carry such big stocks of every lines. And as for section will be no loss to you."

When the day for the salesman's departure for Virginia came, the head of the house at parting said:

"Well, you are advancing on Richmond this time under somewhat different cir-

"Not so very different," interrupted the salesman with a quiet chuckle. I was a drummer then and I'm a drummer

Just at dusk one night he drove up to the store on the Clayton plantation and walking into the establishment announced himself and his business by presenting

his card, as he said: "I want supper, feed and keep for my horse, lodging for myself and will talk

business later.' A young man behind the counter re-

"That'll be all right, Mr. Lines. The proprietor will be here in a moment. Then he ordered a lounging darky to take my son," replied Mr. Tucker. "Don't the horse round to the barn."

The drummer was just going to ask the condition of trade when a woman en-

"Miss Clayton the proprietor," said the clerk, introducing the newcomer. The greeting of the two was so hearty that the clerk almost fell over the count-

"Why, Walter!"

"Why, Gladys!" That clerk was a jewel. He knew his business. He hurried out of the store to feed the drummer's horse.

In inclosing an order for a large bill of goods on the ensuing day, the drummer in a communication to the head of the house wrote:

"I have entirely recovered from that wound of the heart. In Miss Gladys Clayton I have found an old acquaintance "I knon what I'll do. I'll go to old a new woman of the new south, whom I Si, down at the cabin. He and auntie | shall have no trouble in bringing into the are the only ones of all the slaves who Union. At present her mother is rather a hopeless case, but I am quite sure that she, too, will become thoroughly reconstructed in due season."—Charles H Day in Home Magazine.

For Easter or a Yellow Luncheon.

A specially pretty dish for a yellow luncheon and appropriate for Easter is made as follows, according to the New York Tribune: Put a half dozen fresh eggs into cold water and boil twenty minutes; then plunge into cold water. and cut in halves either across or lengthwise, as preferred. Remove the yolks, powder and season with melted butter or creamy mixture to the eggs. If for a relish for supper, put the halves on a bed live stock. of lettuce leaves.

Care for Sheep.

There are no secrets about the best way to care for sheep. The man who owns farm and does not keep sheep, making an excuse for not doing so because they are hard to take care of, is either ignorand of sheep husbandry or simply lazy, says Farm Field and Fireside. Sheep are about the most comfortable animals to take care of that we have about us. very particular about their food if they are kept in good health. They need to be fed regularly and given sound and wholesome food, but the feed need not be of the costiliest kind. Good, bright hay and a small amount of corn will keep them in good shape during the winter, and grass is all they want in summer, al though if there are briers, elders or any other scrubby bushes in their pasture they will eat them up by way of relish. They should be protected from the storms of winter and salted regularly the year through, and for the amount of labor involved they will make better returns than any other kind of stock.

Humorous.

With distended eyes, mouth and ears Tommy Traddles heard his Sunday school teacher tell about Sampson and his long hair, and his wonderful feats of strength, and his weakness after Delilah had shorn him of his leonine locks.

'An' he didn't have no strength at all after he got his hair cut? he asked, increduously.

'No; his strength was in his long hair and when his locks were gone he was powerless,' explained the teacher.

When Tommy came the following Sunday his face was a trifle scratched, and one of his eyes was discolored. He had very little to say, but was evidently doing a great deal of thinking.

'I say, teacher,' he said, at last, 'I don't think much of that Samson story you told us last Sunday.'

'Why not, Tommy?' inquired the teach-

'Oh, you see, Johnny Jones, he's bigger'n me, an, he's Captain of the Young Rovers Football team, an' he wore his hair long. An' him an' me isn't good friends, an' last Tuesday me an' Jimmy Hawkins' an' Bob White-we all caught him alone, an' piled on to him, an' held 'im down, an' cut off all his long hair with ma's scissors.'

'That wasn't at all nice, Tommy,' reproved the teacher; 'but I suppose you were thinking of the story of Sampson?"

'Yes, that was what I was 'thinkin' of.' 'And you thought his strength was in

'Yes'm, that's what I thought.' 'Well, was it?'

'Was it?" Tommy cried disgustedly. 'I met him all alone vesterday. Was it? Now just look at that eye.'

Miss Millon (of uncertain age)—The only thing that worries me is the wedding tour. It will be perfectly horrible to have people know-

Miss Rosebud (viciously)-Oh, don't worry. They'll think you're his mother.

"I guess--!" "Oh, don't guess. You Americans always guess, you know."

"No, I don't know. You Englishmen always know, don't you know?"

Hoax-I invested in a horseless car. riage last week. Joax-Indeed! Then you're right in

the push. Hoax—That's what I am. The baby's getting too big to carry.

"Paw," asked Tommy, "what becomes of a cowboy when he grows up?" "I presume he becomes a horseman,

bother me with foolish questions." "Henderson tells me he means to

name his new boy George." "Old or new style?" "What do you mean?"

"Washington or Dewey?" Guest-What have you got? Waiter-I've got liver, calf's brains,

pig's feet -Guest-I don't want a description of your physical peculiarities. What you have got to eat is what I want to know.

'Women is deceivin,' said the man. 'What's the matter with you?' asked his

'I was thinkin' of the number of times my wife has told me she never would speak to me again.'

"I don't think much of that young Smitkins," the old gentleman observed, rather sharply.

"Never mind, papa," replied the demure young thing, soothingly. "No harm done. I think enough of him for both of us."

Good Horses in Demand.

The most salable animal at the present time is a matured horse-it does not matter whether he is a cart horse or a hunter so long as he is good of his kindand the farmer who has any of such horses to spare is a tortunate individual, seeing that other kinds of stock, particu-When cold, remove the shells carefully larly store cattle and sheep, are making unremunerative prices owing to shortness of keep, total or partial failure of the of the turnip crop and the high price of olive oil, salt, pepper and mustard, add- feeding stuffs. Horses have mouths, too, ing a little mayonnaise. Return this but the trade for them is not crippled in the same way as it is for other kinds of

Monkey and Mirror.

I saw a performing monkey the other day. He went through many tricks very successfull. Toward the end of the performance he was ordered to put on his cocked hat before a hand mirror, which he did. He was next told to set it straight, and he tried on his general's headgear repeatedly at different angles, causing much laughter. When all was over and the organ man, his helpers and two monkeys were preparing to depart, I saw that the "general" had possessed himself of the little mirror and was studying his own countenance with delight! He had placed the glass on top of the barrel organ, and he bent over it again and again, grimacing energetically. He afterwards picked up his mirror and contemplated himself earnestly and contentedly at different angles. His face had been profoundly sad, like the faces of most monkeys I have seen, but now the wrinkles smoothed themselves out, and he nearly smiled. - London Standard.

remarked the girl with the illustrated almanac; 'how it would interfere with pro-

'In what way?' 'Why, we couldn't take time by the

"They call me a grass widow, I suppose,' said the still young and handsome woman, bitterly, 'because I don't wear weeds!'

'No,' replied the envious neighbor, looking around the cheerful apartment, 'it's because you seem to live in clover.'

'They say that D'Auber's pictures of animals are very lifelike.'

"That's a fact. I saw one or two, and they were beastly, sure enough.'

A minister having preached a very long sermon, as was his custom, some hours after asked a gentleman his candid of inion of it, to which the latter remarked dream just as frequently as do norma that "'twas good, but it had spoiled a people. goose worth two of it."

'Suppose that Father Time were bald,' The Blind Never Dream of Seeing

Everybody dreams more or less, but have you ever reflected upon the fact that people who are born blind have only "hearing" drums? In other words, their mental eye se es nothing; they only hear

This interesting point came up before a scientific society the other day, and it was found that of 200 blind persons who had been born without sight and thoes who had become blind before their fifti year never saw th ngs or faces in thetr dreams. On the other hand, of those whose sight was destroyed between the fifth and se enth years some did and some did not see in their dreams, while all those whose eyesight was destroyed after the seventh year had quite as vivie dream visions as seeing people.

Blind persons, it may be observed,

Gentlemen's \$5.00 Watches.

Our line of Gentlemen's Watches at \$5.00 will attract probable buyers. The Cases are Solid Nickel and are dustproof The Movements are

and setting. Every Watch is guar anteed agood timekeeper Sent by Mail post paid on receip of price. Your money back if on ex-amination Watch is not satisfactory

Waltham, stem winding

L. L. SHARPE,

WATCHMAKER AND OPTICIAN, E 25 King Street, St. John, N. B.

THE

WITHOUT CHARGE.

End-of-the-Century

AN EXTRAORDINARILY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

FOR LESS THAN THE

300 PAGE BOOK

PRICE OF ONE PAPER

EIRST, and properly, in making a choice of reading for the home you select your own home paper. However good may be the reading of other papers, there is none that comes home so closely to you as your local weekly. It is to further increase this interest by adding to our lists that the following liberal proposition is made to subscribers. We have been careful to form combinations only where we knew we were touching safe ground and could thoroughly recommend the publications offered. Read carefully every word of this offer for it-means a saving of money to you.

... Che ...

Montreal Daily Herald

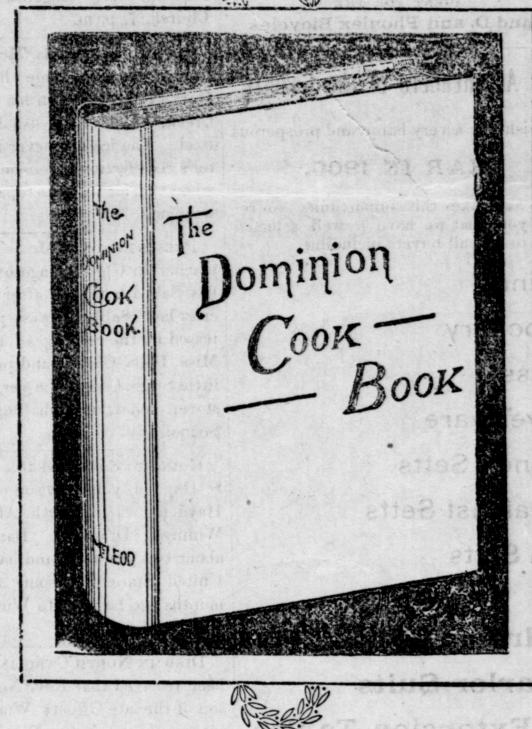
A GREAT METROPOLITAN DAILY

WE are pleased to announce that we have been able to make most extraordinarily liberal arrangements with the publishers of one of the greatest of Canadian dailies-The Montreal Daily Herald.

The Herald has achieved a well-deserved reputation for the remarkable value it gives its readers. It is one of the most enterprising newspapers in the Dominion, and in thousands of home circles is welcomed on account of the great interest it manifests in subjects of special interest to the family. It is admittedly the favorite daily of the women of Canada. To the farmer and business man, it appeals through its accurate market reports and business columns. To the young men, through the attention it bestows on clean, manly sport. To the lover of fiction, through the excellent stories appearing regularly in its columns. To the politician, through the calm and moder-

ate tone of its editorial expressions. The only reason which prompted the publishers of The Herald to make us the offer, which enables us to club the two papers at the extraordinarily low price given below, is their desire to immediately introduce the Daily Herald in large numbers in this neighborhood. The offer they now

make will hold good for a limited time only. It should be mentioned that subscribers to The Herald during the next few months will enjoy to the full the opportunity which that paper is offering to all readers to secure valuable books at merely nominal figures.



The . . . Dominion Cook Book

prompt attention.

* A Copy for Every Subscriber

IN the best sense of the term this is an Ideal Cook Book-ideal in being a practical book-a book which the housewife will want to keep constantly by her side and can depend on, because of the simplicity and reliability of every recipe. Starting with a chapter on soups, naturally the first course, throughout its three hundred pages and over there are to be found more than 1,000 recipes, winding up with an excellent chapter on sick room cookery. Following the cookery section there is a department entitled "The Doctor," in which are recipes selected from eminent aethorities, and which will be found invaluable where the doctor is not readily available. The recipes are numbered throughout the book, and each is prefaced with a list of the ingre-

dients called for by the recipe, rendering it unnecessary for the housewife to read through the entire recipe and make calculation of what is wanted. Size of page is 5 inches by 8 inches, bound in handsome oilcloth covers. It would be a mistake to confuse this book with any paper-bound cook book that would go to pieces in no time.

an Ideal Local Paper, every week, from the present date to January 1, 1901...... \$1 00 THE MONTREAL DAILY HERALD, One Year 3 00

THE DOMINION COOK BOOK, over 300 pages and more than 1,000 recipes, bound substantially in white elcloth... 1 00 \$5 00

Wisdom suggests taking advantage of this offer quickly. If you are now a subscriber to either paper, and your time has not yet expired, by taking advantage of our big offer promptly, your subscription will be extended one year from date of expiry. Everything will go to you at once. The Herald, during the closing months of 1899, will make some wonderfully liberal offers to subscribers. The Cook Book is mailed to you promptly on receipt of order, and coming along Fair Time and Thanksgiving Day, and later Christmas and New Year's, you want this book beside you. Drop into the office the first time you are in town, or, if more convenient, sit down now and write a letter, enclosing amount, and everything will have our

Address all communications to

> Jas. A. Stewart, Gagetown, N B