

Continued from first page.

I got no further, for at that moment the girl started and turned around, and turned upon me a timid, wondering face that made my heart give a queer throb, and I couldn't take my eyes off her.

'Hush!' she said shortly, holding up her hand; and I saw that it was as thin and transparent as if she had been ill.

'My name's Smith,' I said, taking out a screw driver. 'My machine; how does it go? Thought I'd come and see.'

Her face lit up in a moment, and she came forward eagerly.

'I'm so glad you've come,' she said. 'I can't quite manage this.'

She pointed to the thread-regulator, and the next minute I was showing her how it was too tight, and somehow, in a gentle timid way, the little witch quite got over me, and I stopped there two hours helping her, till her eyes sparkled with delight, as she found how easily she could make the needle go in and out of hard material.

'Do you think you can do it now?' I said.

'Oh, yes, I think so; I am so glad you came.'

'So am I,' says I gruffly. 'It will make it all the easier for you to make the money to pay for it.'

'And I will work so hard, she said earnestly.

'That you will, my dear,' I said in spite of myself, for something in me. 'She been ill long?' I said, nodding toward her mother.

'Months,' she said with tears starting brightly. 'I shall earn enough with this to get her good medicines and things she can fancy; and as I looked to her something in me said:

'God bless you, my dear! I hope you will,' and the next minute I was going down stairs calling myself a fool.

They thought I didn't know at home, but I did; there was the wife going over and over to the Bennet's place; and all sorts of nice things were made and taken there; I often used to see them talking about it. I took no notice; and that artful scoundrel, my boy Luke, used to pay the half crown every week out of his own pocket, and after going to fetch it from the widow.

And all the time I told myself I didn't like it for I could see that Luke was changed, and always thinking of that girl—a girl not half good enough for him I remember when I was poor and I used to speak harshly to the wife and Luke, and feel very bitter.

At last there came an afternoon when I knew there was something wrong. The wife had gone out directly after dinner, saying she was going to see a sick woman—I knew who it was, bless you!—and Luke was fidgeting about, not himself, and at last he took his hat and went out.

'They might have confided in me,' I said bitterly, but all the time I knew that I wouldn't let them. 'They'll be spending money—throwing it away. I know they've spent pounds on them already.' At last I got in such a way, that I called down our foreman, left him in charge, took my hat, and went after them.

Everything was quiet in Bennet's place for a couple of dirty, dejected looking women, one who was in arrears to me, had sent the children that played in the court right away because of the noise, and was keeping guard so that they could not come back.

I went up stairs softly, and all was very quiet, only as I got nearer to the room I could hear a bitter wailing cry, and then I opened the door and went in.

Luke was there, standing with his head bent by the sewing machine; the wife sat in a chair, and on her knees, with her face buried in the wife's lap, was the poor girl, crying as if her little heart would break; while on the bed, with all the look of pain gone out of her face, lay the widow, gone to meet her husband, where pain and sorrow are no more.

I couldn't see very plainly, for there was a mist before my eyes; but I know Luke flushed up as he took a step forward, as if to protect the girl, and the wife looked at me in a frightened way.

But there was no need, for something that wasn't me spoke, and that in a gentle way, as I stepped forward, raised the girl up, and kissed the pretty face before laying her helpless head upon my shoulder and smoothing her brown hair.

'Mother,' says that something from within me, 'I think there is room in the nest at home for this poor, forsaken little bird. Luke, my boy, you will go and fetch a cab. Mother, will you see what is wanted here?'

My boy gave a sob as he caught my hand in his, and the next moment he did what he did not do for years—kissed me on the cheek—before running out of the room, leaving me with my darling nestling on my breast.

I said 'my darling,' for she has been the sunshine of our home ever since—a pale, wintry sunshine while the sorrow was fresh, but spring and summer now.

Why, bless her! look at her. I've felt ashamed sometimes to think that she, a lady of birth, should come down to such a life; making me—well, no, it's us now, for Luke's partner—no end of money by her clever ways. But she's happy, thinking her husband, that is to be, the finest fellow under the sun; and let me tell you here's many a gentleman well so well off as my boy will be, even if the money has all come out of a queer trade.

## MISCELLANEOUS

REV. SAM JONES.

MORE SAYINGS OF THE CELEBRATED REVIVALIST.

I despise theology and botany, but I love religion and flowers.

More people will be damned on account of their money than for anything else.

The natural tendency of sins is to take all the brakes off a man's moral nature and turn him loose on the down grade to hell.

Hell is the center of gravity for wickedness; heaven is the center of gravity for righteousness. This is the lineage of damnation and the lineage of salvation.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are marching 60,000 strong, annually, down into drunkards' graves and into a drunkards' hell. God holds the Christian people of this city accountable for all of this blood and crime and death and hell. My God come down upon this city and tear the grave clothes from the body of this death and hell.

In a town in Georgia a number of girls married men to reform them, and now the town is full of little whip-poor-wills.

Whiskey is a good thing in its place; but its place is in hell. If I go there I will drink all I can get; but I won't drink a drop of it here.

The difference between the devil and the penitentiary is, the penitentiary works you hard and boards you, but the devil puts you to the meanest, dirtiest jobs in the world and makes you board yourself.

Religion is a beautiful casket, which we show to our friends in our character; and when its secret spring is touched heaven and eternal life open out to us.

A white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.

It is just as natural for God to love everything within the range of his heart as it is for the sun to shine on everything within the range of his light. The sun shines on the dead tree and the blooming rose alike; and God loves the good and bad alike, because his nature is love.

The gospel is a line of wagon shops on the way to heaven. I rolled my old broken-down humanity under the wagon shop of the cross, and in a few minutes I was fixed up from tongue to coupling pole. And I rolled out, but I didn't get a mile before down went a wheel. I looked up the roadside and saw a shop, and the wagonmaker said, 'Bring your wagon here and I will fix it up.' I didn't go two miles before smash went an axle. Then I broke the tongue; and from the breaking and mending I don't think that by this time I have even a linchpin left of the wagon I started with.

It is absolutely impossible for a man to practice successfully a fraud upon his immortality. If you are a good man, you know it; if you are a bad man you know it. God breaks the silence of eternity to bring you face to face with what you are, who you are, and whither you are going.

**DRAINING A CELLAR.**—Occasionally people are obliged to live over wet cellars, for the reason that there is no fall for a drain, or the expense seems too great, or the landlord won't drain. We were once thus situated. Every freshet that came, the cellar would be a foot or more deep with water, which had to be bailed up and carried out by hand. Disliking to move, as our own house was nearly completed, we finally hit on the following plan which worked to a charm: In the lowest corner, or where the water came in most, we sank an old rain barrel, perhaps a foot below the level of the cellar bottom, slanting away the earth pretty well about the top of the barrel; then, commencing at the opposite corner of the cellar, with a hoe, we hollowed out a drain close to the cellar wall, making it slightly deeper, as we proceeded, so as to give it the proper fall into the barrel. We did the other two sides of the cellar in the same way, and henceforth the water coming in at the sides of the cellar followed the drain into the barrel, thus giving a dry cellar bottom, much more wholesome to live over. The water was as clear as crystal, and was used for washing vegetables, dishes, &c.

**TREATMENT FOR AN UNSIGHTLY MANTEL.**—A correspondent of The Art Amateur has an objectionable whitish marble mantel, with an unsightly brass register to admit furnace heat—not an uncommon grievance—and asks the editor what she is to do with it to make it harmonize with the surroundings in general, and the walnut woodwork of the room in particular. The following advice is given: 'Have the objectionable marble painted with a mixture of dark green paint and broze power. This will produce a metallic appearance, similar in color to an antique bronze and will harmonize well with the walnut. Before the surface is quite dry, a little broze power can be dusted on here and there to break up the even finish; or, the same effect can be produced with the brush while the work is in progress. Any good painter could do this simple job for you.'

A Minneapolis clergyman preached a sermon last Sunday on the subject 'Shall we Toboggan?' or 'The relations of amusements to the Church.' In the course of his discourse he said: 'I believe in tobogganing and recommend it without reserve to man, woman and child. People who live in large cities are systematically injuring their bodies because they are too lazy to take suitable exercise. Physically, Americans are egregious sinners, and I shall now preach a sermon on the salvation of the body. The average business man of a city like New York or Chicago (and the same will be true of Minneapolis in years to come) goes from his house to his office in a horse car, breathes bad air both ways and takes most of his exercise in swallowing strong coffee and smoking tobacco.

Now, God does not like to see this style of men, but this is the type of manhood our modern civilization is tending to produce. If fresh, vigorous blood did not continually pour into our cities from the country, we should soon be a race of walking mummies. Therefore, I welcome any craze that will drag the people out of their homes, workshops, and counting houses. Our health is poor by reason of our double-windowed determination to keep out the cold. I regard the present tobogganing mania a godsend to the American people. I hope it has come to stay. Tobogganing stirs the blood, and sends a tingle through the entire body. By the time a man has reached the end of the slide and drawn his toboggan back again, he is in a warm and physically hilarious condition. He feels his youth coming back, and seized with an intense yearning to lift up his voice and make a joyful noise of some sort.

**TREASURE EXPOSED BY A SQUIRREL.**—Bradley, the prospector, who discovered the new mining camp in Esmeralda, formerly known as Lake District, but now changed to Hawthorne, gives the following account of how he found the rich gold-bearing vein on which the La Panta and other claims are located, through the merest chance. The La Panta ledge is what is known as a 'blind ledge,' there being no surface croppings to indicate the existence of a mineral bearing vein at the point where it is located.

In passing along the side of the hill Bradley's attention was attracted by a mass of decomposed quartz mingled with dirt that had been scratched out by ground squirrels in digging holes in the side of the hill, which was fairly honey-combed with them. He collected some of the quartz, crushed it in a mortar and horned it out, getting a fine prospect in gold. This led him to search for the vein whence the decomposed quartz had been excavated, which he found by following the squirrel holes, which extended close to the rim of the vein, or gold-bearing ledge, one claim on which has been disposed of for \$35,000. Had it not been for the excavations of the whiskered little rodents the gold-bearing vein that is attracting so many prospectors and mining men to Esmeralda might have remained hidden for countless centuries.

Scientific men have been perplexed for many years over the phenomenon of a certain well at Yakutsk, Siberia. A Russian merchant in 1828 began to dig the well, but he gave up the task three years later, when he had dug down 30 feet and was still in solidly frozen soil. Then the Russian Academy of Sciences dug away at the well for months, but stopped when it had reached a depth of 382 feet, when the ground was still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the academy had the temperature of the excavation carefully taken at various depths, and from these data it was estimated that the ground was frozen to a depth of 612 feet. Although the pole of the greatest cold is in this province of Yakutsk, not even the terrible severity of the Siberian winters could freeze the ground to a depth of 600 feet. Geologists have decided that the frozen valley of the lower Lena is a formation of the glacial period. They believe, in short, that it froze solidly then and never since had a chance to thaw out.

**IT PAYS TO BE MANLY.**—This is what Alfred Stanley said to a boy standing idly in front of a store, who jeered at his manly appearance. Alfred spoke and would have walked quietly on, but the boy said, 'It does, eh? How much a week? Something in the tone made Alfred stop. 'I am paid every day, and every hour, and really every minute,' he replied. 'Come now, no fooling.' 'I am truly paid,' said Alfred seriously; 'and I invest capital in a place where it is safe. I can never lose it.' The boy's attempt at railery fell before Alfred's earnest face and manner, and he listened with something more of respect than he had shown in a long time, as Alfred continued, 'I am not paid in dollars and cents; they won't last for ever, you know. My pay is the trust of my friends, the knowledge that no honest deed ever dies, and the promise that the pure in heart shall see God.' It was only a seed by the wayside; but who shall say that it was lost.

**THE BRIGHT SIDE.**—'Dressmaking has its humorous side as well as anything else,' remarked a little black-eyed dressmaker on North Clark street. 'There is the thin woman who will dress in snaky stripes, the scrawny girl who insists on a decolete gown, the matron of embonpoint who pleads for flounces to the waist, the match-like maiden who wants a torturingly tight bodice, and the fluffy-puffy little body who wants gathers. But I never give in to them,' she continued, with a snap in her eyes; 'I think too much of the human race. I believe we all have one duty toward humanity. Mine is to keep women from committing artistic suicide. The little idiots come into my parlor, look at a fashion-plate, discover the picture of a lady in green gloves holding her fingers as if they were covered with molasses-candy, and decide that they want a dress like hers. Now, there are nineteen chances out of twenty that the dress was never meant for her at all. If they think so much of a dress why don't they make as tudy of it? There is a certain rich lady here, with the face of a madonna, who come to me last week with goods for a plaid dress! I wouldn't make it for her. Madame,' I said, 'you must dress in gray silk.' I had my way. There wasn't a bit of trimming on that dress—nothing but draperies—and she looked like a goddess. Then another mistake is the universal adoption of a color because it is announced to be fashionable, regardless of the fact that the majority of the wearers are making perfect guys of themselves. Heliotrope is a point in question. There is a young bride on State street who came home from Europe last week with a dress of heliotrope. Her skin is as dark as a Spaniard's and her hair and eyes are jet black. She would have been magnificent in dark reds or a cloud of black lace—but heliotrope! and the little dressmaker nearly died in esthetic pain.

**A WANT SUPPLIED.**—A farmer from the romantic region of the Chenango valley was being shaved in a barber-shop on Chatham street the other day, when some one spoke to one of the barbers and called him 'Count.'

'What! what's that?' exclaimed the farmer as he sat up on end, with the lather over his face. 'Have you a Count here?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Is he alive?'

'O, yes.'

'French or Italian?'

'Italian.'

'By George! but I want him! Here, you, Count—are you married?'

'No, sir.'

'Good agin! Want to be spliced?'

'Maybe I like to.'

'Of course you do! I've got a gal nineteen years old, who is crazy to marry an Italian Count. She's a handsome, healthy, good-natured, and I'll give her \$10,000 as a dowry. What d'ye say?'

'I'll see about it.'

'Good! Go on with your shaving, and arter I'm scraped I'll have a talk with you. Woosh! Aunt Jerusha, but I'm in luck! Saves me trottin' that gal clear over to Italy, and we get a husband for her who is both a Count and a barber! Scrope me off quick!'

**HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL, ETC.**—An old maid at least seventy years of age was helped into a chair in the office of a New York police justice. She was very much excited.

'Do I understand you to say that you think your pocket was picked by a young man who sat alongside of you in a Third Avenue car?' asked the justice.

'Yes, I'm sure of it. He squeezed me up in the corner so that I could scarcely breathe, and he kept smiling at me, and smiling at me, as if he knew me.'

'Why did you perwit him to do that? Why did you not complain to the conductor?' asked the justice.

'I—'

'Out with it.'

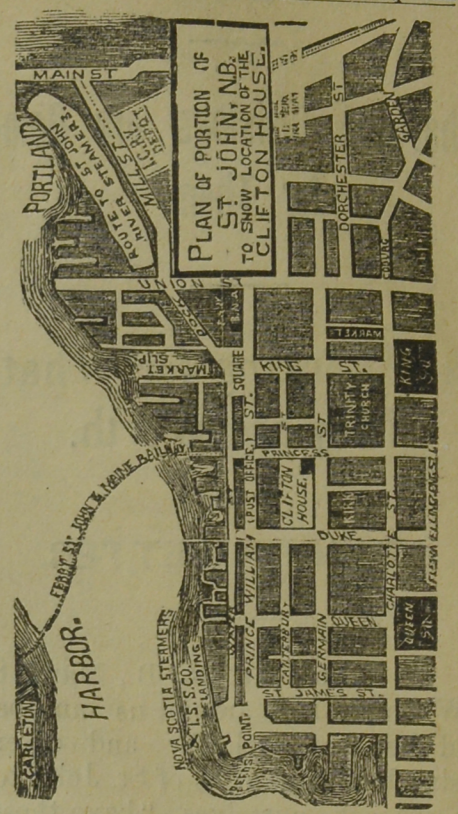
'I thought prehaps he was—he was—'

'Was what?'

'Going to propose to me.'

A case of mistaken identity amused a Chicago court the other day. A colored prisoner about 16 years old appeared before the judge on the charge of stealing a pie. 'Take off your cap,' said the judge. 'What for?' asked the prisoner, who made no effort to remove the red woolen cap from the kinky hair. 'What for? You are in court. Take off your hat.'

'I don't have ter,' said the prisoner, and the exasperated judge turned to the supposed father of the culprit. 'Is that your son?' 'No,' said the man with an appreciative grin. 'I guess she ain't nobody's son.'



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LEAVE FREDERICTON. EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.20 A. M.—Express for St. John.  
8.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction connecting there with train for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.  
10.50 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with train for Bangor and points West and for St. Stephen, St. Andrew's Houlton and Woodstock and St. John.  
3.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

10.20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and St. John.  
2.40 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Bangor, and points West, and from St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.  
5.50 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. Stephen, St. Andrew's, Houlton Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and all points North.  
7.30 P. M.—Express from St. John.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.50 A. M.—For Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4.20 P. M.—From Woodstock and points North.  
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