

means to restore Prue to health. The day the steamer was expected to arrive he went up to the city, saying to Prue, as he bid her good bye, I will bring him back with me.

He never brought him back. There was a message instead, awaiting him, stating that Owen Rainsford had died on the day before the vessel arrived.

How he reached home he never knew. Ashen pale he groped his way into the great sunny room where Priscilla stood anxiously awaiting for him.

He is dead, groaned the deacon. It is my fault, I have killed my little lamb. For a moment the room seemed to reel around as Priscilla Bassett's steady nerves deserted her. Then she spoke up bravely:—

Zadok, no earthly power could have saved our Prudence, even if she had her lover, for she never was strong. What you did you thought was for the best, and she will never blame you.

Somehow there came to the poor broken heart of the deacon a ray of comfort at these words. With trembling steps he followed Priscilla up the stairs to where his darling lay.

As they entered the room, Prue turned her eyes expectantly toward the door. Is he coming? she asked softly. Shall I see him soon?

The deacon could not answer, but with a great sob dropped down on his knees by the little white bed and buried his face in his hands.

Miss Priscilla looked at the wan, wistful face and a mist came over her eyes.

Yes, dear, she softly answered, gently you will see him very soon.

A glad, contented look came into the violet eyes. Then Prue slipped her cold little hand like a snowflake into the great brown one of her father.

Prue, he grasped, will you forgive me? I thought I was doing it for your good. But it was all—all a dreadful—mistake.

Why, father, she answered in tender tones, you have always been good to me.

Don't, don't, my darling, he groaned, in despair. Then he tried to pray, but the prayers that he could deliver so promptly in meeting failed him, and his lips refused to move.

The shadow on the wall grew deeper. The white eyelids fell lower, till the lashes almost swept the cheek. Miss Priscilla looked despairingly at the deacon, but no words came.

Suddenly there rose to Cousin Alice the remembrance of something Owen Rainsford had sung the night before Prue went home. She softly commenced to sing, while her tears were falling:

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith one, "and coming—
Be at rest."

Such a happy look came over Prue's face and the thin hand clasped more tightly that of her father.

Then there fell a silence in the room. Outside the bees were humming and the birds were twittering in a slow sleepy fashion. Nearer and nearer crept the shadow on the wall as the sun went down. But another shadow had entered the room, a still, unseen presence, and quietly, with a smile on her lips, tired little Prue lay at rest.

MISCELLANEOUS

GOLD IN DIFFERENT FORMS.

Peculiarities in the form of gold taken from mining districts often gave a name to the locality. Chunk Canyon, Slug Gulch and Specimen Ravine are examples.

A canyon in El Dorado county is called String Canyon. This is said to be on account of the very singular form of the gold dust found in that region. Much of it resembles pieces of wire, one and two inches in length, and some of it is as fine as a thread.

Observations of the form of their dust often led miners to make very valuable discoveries. All gold, as well known, originally came from quartz it is very irregular in form. Every rich ravine and canyon had a gold-bearing quartz vein, whose wearing away by the element had loosened the precious metal to be washed down by the water along the gravel and sand.

When gold has been washed far from its source the attrition causes it to become fine and smooth. As the miner approaches the feeding quartz vein the gold becomes coarser and more shaggy till suddenly the pay gives out entirely. Then it is certain that a rich quartz ledge is in the vicinity, and in this manner veins have been struck that have yielded many thousands of dollars in a few weeks.

Gold dust buying in the mining towns was a very profitable business in the early days of California. What was called black sand composed principally of iron, was always mingled to a greater or less degree with the dust when it was brought to the buyer. This had to be blown out, and often the finest particles of gold were blown out with it.

Thus in an office where a large quantity of dust was bought much of the fine gold would be scattered around the room. The dustings of a buyer's counter and sweepings of his floor were often worth hundreds of dollars a month. Some-

times the buyers were suspected of cheating in a more illegitimate manner by slowly appropriating some of the gold while they were shaking it around and examining it in the blow-pans.

A TOUGH GOOSE.—Mr N Vickary, the well-known taxidermist, of Lynn, tells a story of the old colored man John Johnson, a celebrated Lynn character. John happened into the shop one day just after Mr Vickary had been skinning a large bald eagle. Thinking to have a little sport, Mr V asked John if he would like a nice goose for his dinner the next day.

I thank you a hundred million times of you gib me de goose, deed I will, John exclaimed; and in due time the skinless body of the eagle was wrapped in a newspaper, and Johnson started off with it under his arm, still volubly expressing his gratitude.

About a week after Mr V met Johnson on Unson street, and asked him how he liked the goose he had given him.

Dat goose, said Johnson, showing his ivories. Dat war de toughest goose. I's declar dat mus' have been fader to all the ganders. I biled dat goose, an' I perbiled him, den I biled him again, dut I declar dat ar wuz the chew-inist bird me an de ole woman ever seed.

After telling him that there must have been some mistake in his method of cooking, they parted, till one day, as a large snowy owl was in preparation for stuffing, and Johnson happened to be going by, Mr V called him to come in. Johnson came hobbling in, when Mr V asked him if he did not want another goose, pointing to the owl lying on the bench with its skin drawn over its head.

Johnson looked suspiciously from Mr V to the bird, and scratching his woolly pate, remarked: See here, boss, of tain't no trouble, I's like to see de feet on dat goose afore I carries him to de ole woman.

THE ROMANCE OF AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.—A young lady went to an office the other day, and, as there was no girl in the time, sat down to wait for one. She is a Jefferson avenue belle and leads the gay procession in society circles; she is also a good daughter and model housekeeper, taking all the care of a large establishment off her mother's ageing shoulders.

As she sat and waited in the intelligence office a gentleman whom she knew came in to get a girl; she had met him at a social reception a few nights previous, he in full evening dress, she in a costume of pink silk and Spanish lace, with roses in her hair. He had whispered sweet words of admiration to her, and she had blushed beneath his too ardent gaze. It was only a rehearsal of that foolish old play, 'Love's Young Dream,' but it had left pleasant memories with both.

She could not help showing she was glad to meet him again, and half rose. But he passed her to speak to the woman at the desk, who supplied 'help' to domestic Macedonia.

My brother's family are in need of a girl, Mrs. —. Can you send one up there to-day?

No, sur, said the woman stolidly, tha' an't one in now.

Why won't this one do? asked the gentleman curtly, turning upon the young lady who in her plain walking dress and veiled turban sat trembling with apprehension.

La, now, she an't no girl, said the mistress of the intelligence office but the customer paid no attention to her.

See here, miss, or Mrs. what's your name? he asked abruptly, can you do general house-work, wash, iron and cook? If you can and are worth your salt, you can get a place—d'ye hear?

The girl shrunk hastily from his extended hand, and he asked:

Are you a German or Swede. Because if you can't speak English, we don't want you. What's the matter with you? Ain't deaf and dumb, are you?

By this time the indignant girl had collected her wits, and, rising from her chair, she walked out, leaving him staring after her.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU DO SO.—An absent-minded Congressman once lost the vote of an entire family by his carelessness. He had a way of saying, I would be glad to have you do so, and one day a constituent, with his family, paid his respects.

The Congressman was busy, and after some talk the visitor said:

We will remain in the city several days.

I should be glad to have you do so, replied the member of Congress as he fumbled a pile of papers on his desk.

We will come in and see you every now and then, chirped the visitor's wife.

I should be very glad to have you do so, said the Congressman.

And bring around our other little boy you haven't seen, suggested the husband.

I should be very glad to have you do so, still said the Congressman.

Then they rose.

Well, Mr. Blank, said the visitor extending his hand, we must tell you good-bye and go back to the hotel.

I should be very glad to have you do

so, said the Congressman, and he wondered for a week what made his visitors leave so abruptly.

WAS IT A BOY OR A GIRL?—Mrs. Mulcahy—Good mornin'!

Mrs. O'Hollihan—Good mornin, Mrs. Mulcahy.

Mrs. Mulcahy—An how's the ould man Mrs. O'Hollihan?

Mrs. O'Hollihan—Och, purty wull, thankee, Mrs. Mulcahy, but dhrank agin lasht night, though.

Mrs. Mulcahy—Och, dear, dear. The poor man!

Mrs. O'Hollihan—Did you hear the news about the increase in Mrs. McCarthys family, Mrs. Mulcahy?

Mrs. Mulcahy—Of did not, Waz it a bye or or gurrull?

Mrs. O'Hollihan—'Twaz nayther.

Mrs. Mulcahy—Nayther?

Mrs. O'Hollihan—Nayther; twaz twins!

Mrs. Mulcahy—Wull, wull, wull!

WELL NAMED.—Balston, the grocer, calls upon Juckles, and, while in the drawing room, Juckles' little boy comes in and says:

You ain't got a bird like we have, (pointing at a cage.)

Balston: That's a fact, my little man.

Boy: His name uster be Jim till we guntre trade with you an' since than pa has been callin' him Balston.

Balston: Ah, and why does he do that?

Boy: Pa says he calls the bird Balston because he's always got such a big bill. Funny, ain't it?

Balston says that it is very funny, but he knows that when the next monthly account is made out somebody is going to suffer.

DETERMINED TO SELL SOMETHING.

'Anything in my line you want to-day, ma'am? I've got most anything you want, lik'ly, from a carraway seed to a wrench for a sewing machine. Beads from Jerusalem, and the last instantaneous Photograph of Langtry in the act of eating a slap-jack made in her own car.

No! I don't want anything, and I don't see why you have the impudence to ring the bell and tell the girl you want to see the mistress of the house when all you've to say is a lot of stuff about your old clumby stuff. I don't want it. And she looked as though she meant every word of it.

The man put his hand in his side pocket—a very deep one—and produced a handful of beads.

There's something you won't find, madam, this side of the Pyramids—antique, very. Observe these imitations of a goldfish's head—they are supposed to contain a charm. Real beauties. Now a string or two of those beads would give your child a dressy look—tone—and as for the price, I'll put it so low you'll take a string for every child you've got in the house.

There's no children here! Never was a child in the house—what do you mean to insinuate—

Well, then, perhaps you would prefer these. I've just a little the neatest thing out, in the shape of a clothes-fastener. The cyclone never blew that could loosen its grip on a line. You might hang a ton on one of them, but the beauty of the invention is its adaptability to bed-clothes in cold weather. Say you want to tack yourself in—to bag yourself, so to speak. You take the clothes so—nip 'em that way, then slip in between the blankets—just undressing yourself, of course. It's just as useful to an old person as to people with a lot of babies they want to pin in.

You—you impudent—

And here's something that knocks the clothes pin into Central Africa. You see this—it looks like a thimble. It's just as innocent looking. So it is, but by slipping this band or ring up to the tip of the finger—so—it unlooses these little points like spurs. They slide right out. Just imagine one of them in a man's hair. Ouch! Gimmine! Or caressing his cheek! I call it the Husband Hustler. It's calculated to move the oldest man. I'm going to improve it. I'm going to fix it on the toes of ladies shoes, and it'll tickle more husbands—

How dare you! the woman exclaimed. Somebody's told you I'm a single woman, and you come here to insult me!

That reminds me, madam, Ovid's Art of Love is just the thing for you. New edition—Diamond edition. I'll put it at—

What the figure was she never knew. All the intruder knew was that something hit him just about the time the door closed on him. He walked away muttering, Some people don't know what they want.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

No one has too much poetry, too much hope, or faith, or aspiration. Most people have far too little. What they have, however, is usually the best part of them. Their ideals are higher than their actuals. In this lies one secret of all our moral progress. Men conceive of a far better life than they are living, of nobler conduct, of higher

thoughts, of purer feelings. These conceptions beckon them onward and upward, and lead them to tread paths of virtue that were once impossible.

Like flakes of snow, that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one to another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

The thorough grasp of a subject in its wholeness is needed to fit one to teach efficiently even its elementary parts, and the sympathy needed in the teacher is not only of nearness in point of ability or knowledge to his pupils, but that also which comes from a wide comprehension of the whole field, with faculty to reach into the learner's mind, giving him the power to apply the one to the other in the most effective way.

Those who have gone from you, you leave. Those who departed loving you, love you still, and you love them always. They are not really gone, those dear hearts and true, they are only gone into the next room, and you will probably get up and follow them, and yonder doors will close upon you, and you will be no more seen.

The facial expression of jealousy is old age, in however young a face it may be cast. Jealousy preys upon and kills the heart. So jealous men are not only unhappy, but broken hearted, and live short lives. The preventive of jealousy is diversion of mind toward useful and unselfish work.

Impacticable theories grow out of thought without labor. The man who wishes to reform the world must bear a part in the world's interest and occupations. He must do his share in the labor of the world as it is, or he cannot hope in any degree to make the world what it should be.

To love the public, to study universal good, and to promote the interest of the whole world, as far as lies within our power, is the height of goodness, and makes the temper which we call divine.

SHE WAS INSULTED.—Mrs. Mulrooney you are charged with assault on Mrs. McGinnis; what have you to say.

Truth an' faith, you worship, I was goin-down Perril sthreet paycable an' quoite whin I met Mrs. Mugginty.

Good mornin' Mrs. Mugginty, sez I.

Good mornin' kindly, sez she.

Where wor ye? sez I.

Down at the Fulton Market below, sez she.

Pfat hev ye in the bashket? sez I.

Fish, sez she.

It sh smells, sez I.

Ye lie, sez she.

With that I dbrun off an' hit her as welt for spakin' such an unmannerly word to a Mulrooney from Bally-nahiniskin: bad cess to her.

EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES IN TEXAS.

Mr. H Wol writes to us as follows:—The following announcement, sent me by a friend in Texas, may interest you as throwing some light on the dangers of journalism in that country. It was pinned on to the door of the Record office. If suitable, kindly publish. I am, sir, your obedient servant, H Wol.

The proprietor of the Sunken Valley Daily Record regrets to have to announce to his subscribers that the paper will not be issued to-day, owing to the sudden decease of the editor, Mr. E J L Coker. Mr. Coker was sitting in his office yesterday, engaged in his editorial duties, when Col. Ralph MacGee suddenly burst into his room, and addressing Mr. Coker as You pie-bald dog-wallopper, demanded to know what he meant by alluding to him (Col. MacGee) as a whiskey-absorbing, poison-purveying importation from Dublin, in last Friday's issue of the Record. Without giving Mr. Coker time to reply he fired four shots at him from his six-shooter the last of which struck Mr. Coker in the mouth, killing him instantly.

Under ordinary circumstances the proprietor would have no hesitation in characterizing this as a dastardly and unprovoked outrage on a defenceless man, but as Col. MacGee has since called at the Record office, and in the handsomest manner possible offered, to serve any doggerel paper spoiler on the staff in the same way, he feels loath to criticise too harshly the rash act of a man evidently labouring under a strong sense of injury. The proprietor has arranged with a gentleman (16st. 4lb, from down East) who will in future undertake the editorship of the Record, and who hopes by a moderate but firm use of the revolver to cement and bind those bonds of mutual respect and esteem which have so long existed between the Record and its subscribers. The charge for announcing births, marriages and shooting parties remains as heretofore.

To-day is a king in disguise. To-day always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of an uniform experience, that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank to-days.

If you would make the most of life, forget yourself in some interest outside yourself; do not drift, but steer; do with your might what your hands find to do; and trust in God and your own soul.

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AUGUST 14.

NEW GOODS

—AT—

John J. Weddall's,

Silk Plushes,

DRESS GOODS,

Jacket Cloths,

CORSETS,

HOOP SKIRTS

BUSTLES.

JOHN J. WEDBALL

SOMETHING

ALL WANT.

A good fitting suit of clothes is what everyone wants, and there is no reason why they should not have it.

Thos. W. Smith is now receiving his fall stock of Cloths, consisting of the very best makes, and the latest designs; and his genial Cutter Mr. James A. Robinson, being ably assisted by Mr. C. E. Collins, a first-class Pressman, is willing to warrant every garment made in this establishment in both fit and workmanship, unsurpassed by any other establishment in the trade. We solicit an inspection of our stock, which will be shown by the affable Messrs. E. McGarrigle and W. J. Crewdson, who will be delighted to show the goods, and take orders. With such a genial and competent staff of aids, the subscriber feels assured, that everyone who favors him with a call, will receive every attention, and be kindly treated, whether they leave their orders or otherwise.

We have always in stock the best and cheapest line of gents' furnishing goods; men's and boys' fur and felt hard and soft hats, very cheap also.

The balance of our trunks and valises we are selling regardless of cost, in order to clear them out.

The balance of men's and boys' boots and shoes are being cleared out at a sacrifice.

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NOW IS THE TIME to secure some elegant premiums, absolutely free. Equal in appearance to solid gold. Full particulars & 50 lovely Chromo Cards, with name, 10c. & this slip.

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400 PER CENT PROFIT, to an agent of either sex, selling a grand box of New Goods, sent by return mail for 25c. or 3 three-cent stamps. Costly samples and Illus. Novelty Catalog, 5c. and this slip.

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