THE OLD BROWN CLOAK.

'I don't know as I've anything to give,' said Farmer Foxglove, looking dubiously around the kitchen. 'Philena, she don't believe in giving much, unless it's through the "Church Benevolent Guide." And Seraphina isn't at home.'

The Widow Waterman gave a little sniff of mingled deprecation and humility.

'Times is very bad with me, Mr. Foxglove,' said she. 'I hain't had no work since August, and there ain't nothin' to eat in the house.'

'You don't tell me!' said the farmer, who was the softest-hearted of men. 'Here, give me your basket! Philena'll say I'm an old fool; but I don't care.'

'There's them as has entertained angels unawares,' whined the widow Waterman, as she sidled into the room; and held out her talon-like fingers to the fire of good pine logs which was crackling and sputtering cheerfully on the hearth.

Anything less akin to the angelic tribe than Mrs. Waterman could scarcely be imagined as she sat there with bedraggled gown, bonnet bent in a one-sided fashion over her eyes, and a gauzy rag of a shawl pulled across her gaunt shoulders.

But Mr. Foxglove, honest man, saw only her poverty and destitution.

With a trepidation not unlike the sensation of a school-boy who robs an orchard for the first time, he went into the buttery and helped himself to half a cold roast fowl, a loaf of rye-bread, a goodly wedge of yellow butter out of a covered stone jar, and three-quartars of a juicy apple-pie.

'It'll keep her for twenty-four hours at least,' he thought.

And then he opened Mrs. Foxglove's especial tin tea-caddy, and filched a handful of the fragrant dried leaves, which he wrapped up in a brown paper and put beside the other viands.

'I dunno what Philena will say,' he thought; 'but there! I ain't made of stunnor yet of cast iron and steel filin's. And I can't standby and see a fellow creetur starve, no matter how shiftless and good-for-nothin' she is.'

And, chancing to notice how thin and inadequate the poor old woman's shawl was, he recklessly took down an old bombazine cloak, originally a bright brown, but now faded in as many streaks as a zebra's hide, which had hung from time immemorial in the back entry.

'There ain't no more use in that old dud,' he thought. And it'll keep the cold out! And if Philena makes a fuss, I'll give her a new blanket shawl!'

Mrs. Waterman went off rejoicing.

And when the first glow of satisfaction had faded out of Farmer Foxglove's soul, a dreadful fear took possession of him.

'What will Philena think?' said he. 'I guess, upon the whole, that I won't say nothin' about it.'

Presently Mrs. Foxglove and Seraphina came home from the weekly meeting of the Society for the Helpers of Heathen in jubilant spirits.

'George Paterson was there,' said Mrs. Foxglove. 'He said he came after his aunt, but it was my belief that he wanted to walk home with Seraphina. Just as if our gal was goin' to keep company with a feller like that, as hasn't got a penny in the world, and works at the saw-mill for a crown a day! Not if I know it.'

'Certainly not,' said the farmer in a conciliatory tone.

But Seraphina only hung down her head, and said nothing 'La, me!' said Mrs. Foxglove from the kitchen. 'What has come to things? Here's the cold chicken and the apple-pie gone!' And the cover off the butter-jar, too!'

'Y—yes,' said the farmer, coughing, I—I got sort of hungry, so I thought I'd jest take a smack.'

'Couldn't you have waited until supper-time?' said Mrs. Foxglove severely.

Her husband was silent. Was it not just possible, he thought, that the recording angel might balance that ready falsehood against his recent act of charity, so that his soul should be none the gainer by the compound transaction? It was so hard always to tell what was right.

'I was calculating on that chicken for supper,' said Mrs. Foxglove. 'Now we shall have to put up with cold boiled pork and mustard. But I don't suppose Nehemiah, you'll want to eat much.'

'No' of course not,' said the poor man, who was voraciously hungry.

'Where's the bombazine cloak, pa?' said Seraphina, after the somewhat frugal supper, as she took down the milking pail. 'It's raining a little and the cows haven't come home from pasture yet.'

'I'll go after them, Phiny,' said the farmer, starting up with alacrity.'

'With your rheumatism? No, indeed,' said Seraphina. 'What can have become of the cloak? I'm sure I left it here this morning.'

'If I had a pair of eyes, I'd use them,' said Mrs. Foxglove, coming to the rescue and viewing the row of empty pegs with an eagle glance. 'Well I declare! Nehemiah,' turning to her husband, 'that comes of leaving you to keep house. You must have gone off and left the door open, and some tramp has got in and robbed us.'

'I did just step out to the wood-pile for some more logs,' said the farmer, thankful for the avenue of escape that was open to him. 'But I wasn't gone long.'

'That's it,' said Mrs. Foxglove, with a tone of conviction; 'That's it! I do wonder at you, Nehemiah. Any four-year-old child would have known better. I shall count all my silver spoons at once.'

The farmer wriggled uneasily in his cushioned rocking-chair.

'I wish old Mrs. Waterman had been in Jerico, before she came here!' he said to himself. 'I wish Philena would stay at home and look after things herself. It will be the last time I ever get caught in that trap!

Meanwhile pretty Serephina, singing softly to herself, folded an old striped shawl around her taper shoulders, and went out to the pastures after the truant company of cows.

Old Tulip's bell was jingling among the silver-stemmed birches on the bleak hill; they were already on the homeward path, but Serephina loitered unnecessarily at the bars, and paused a minute at the foot-bridge that spanned a brawling brook.

All was still and dusk; a certain frosty sweetness was in the autumn air, and the only visible person was a woman farther down the brook, who was dipping out water.

Suddenly there was another step—strong, swift—and full of purpose—grinding down the brittle branches and dead leaves in his progress.

Serephina's eyes brightened; a vivid color rose into her cheeks.

'There he comes, now!' she murmured. 'There comes George!'

To her surprise and dismay, however, the cavalier did not come up the hill, but stayed his steps beside the other woman below.

'He is throwing his arms around her neck' thought indignant Seraphina. 'He is—he is actually kissing her! Are men absolutely without truth and faithfulness in this age of the world? But I don't care! Why should I care? I'm sure it don't matter to me.'

No more meditation, pausing for the cows. Seraphina hurried them home, and finished the milking in less time than it had ever taken before.

She was just carrying in the foaming pail when a tall figure approached.

'Serephina?'

'Pray don't trouble yourself to speak to me, sir,' said Seraphina, with a toss of the head. 'Or, if you do, please call me Miss Foxglove!'

And Seraphina vanished through the kitchen door.

'What's the matter, Phiny?' said her mother, noticing the girl's quick movements and heightened color.

'Nothing, ma,' said Seraphina.

It was getting towards nine o'clock, and Mr. Foxglove had already indulged in one or two surreptitious naps, as his wife read the newspaper aloud in monotonous accents, and Seraphina darned stockings, when there came a knock at the door.

Mrs. Foxglove opened it. There stood the Widow Waterman, with her limp bonnet and inevitable sniff.

'I hope I'm not intruding,' said Mrs. Waterman, 'but here's the brown bombazine clock, Mr. Foxglove, and, humbly thanking you all the same, I'd rather not wear it.'

'Eh?' said Mr. Foxglove in amazement.

'It was very kind of you to give it to me,' went on Mrs. Waterman, to the utter and total discomfiture of the poor farmer, 'but there's some things as human flesh and blood can't bear, and to have Deacon Pullaby's son asking if he could not see me home when I came out of the store, and Mr. Ferdinand Pluff saying was I to be at the dance at Melinda Edward's on Tuesday night, and might he call for me at eight o'clock—well, its rather upsetting. But the worst of it all was when I went to get a little water at the brook—for my hogshead dropped all to pieces that last hot weather we had in September—and as true as you live, a young fellow seized hold of me and was going to kiss me, if I hadn't up and give him a box on the ear. And I believe it's the brown cloak as done it all,' with a meaning glance at Seraphina Foxglove. "So if you would please to take it back, I'll try and get along with my old shawl a spell longer. And the roast chicken was very good, sir,' with a courtesy in the direction of the luckless farmer, 'and that apple-pie couldn't be beat.'

There was a moment's direful silence, and then Mrs. Waterman, seeing no probability of being invited to sit down, sidled out of the room, and betook herself once more to the mysterious silence of the night.

'Well, I declare!' said Mrs. Foxglove.

'Ma, don't scold pa!' said Seraphina, halfway between laughing and crying.

The farmer feebly rubbed his hands.

'I think I'll go to bed,' said he.

And he went. While Seraphina, running out to the well for a pitcher of water, the last thing before shutting the house for the night, had nearly stumbled against poor George Paterson.

'Goodness me! what are you doing here?' said Seraphina.

'I can't go home and sleep, Seraphina, while you are angry with me,' said the poor young fellow, who was very desperately in love. 'What have I done to deserve your coldness?'

Even in the starlight he could see Seraphina's eyes sparkle.

'Nothing,' she answered. 'Except—except that you can't blame me for being jealous when I see you hugging and kissing the Widow Waterman!'

'It was the cloak, Seraphina—the brown cloak, that misled me,' pleaded George. 'I thought of course it was you.'

'Oh, its all very well to talk!' said Seraphina.

And she began to wind up the well chain with great energy.

And Mrs. Foxglove thought that Seraphina had never before been so long in bringing a pitcher of water.

To George Paterson, however, the moments seemed winged, but nevertheless he went home rejoicing.

Seraphina had forgiven him.

MOLASSES.

400 PUNCHEONS Choice Barbadoes Molasses, now landing.

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St. John, N. B., 26th June, 1885.

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THE Subscriber has on hand thirteen (13) new waggons, comprising, Single and Double Piano Single and Double Concord Single Whitechapel etc. They are of the very best material, [style and workmanship, and will be sold at the most reasonable rates. Inspection is invited by parties in need of Waggons, as the lot on hand

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NOTE the stand, opposite Golden Ball, in the store formerly occupied by Patterson, Loggie & s

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100 Barrels Granulated SUGAR.
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20 Boxes Evap. APPLES.
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" 5.25 to 8.00	7	"	"	"	"	
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Miramichi River and Bay

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On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays,

Leave Chatham at 9 o'clock a. m., calling at BLACK BROOK and proceeding direct to ESCUMINAC (Fleiger's.)

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On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays,

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Return Tickets, good from either Nelson, Newcastle, Douglastown or Chatham,

will be sold, SIX FOR THREE DOLLARS, such tickets being good for the steamer "Nelson," which leaves Nelson at 7 and Newcastle at 7.15 (solar time) connecting with the "MIRAMICHI," excursionists from points up-river being returned in the evening to Douglastown, Newcastle and Nelson by one of the Company's boats, free of extra charge.

☞ When the weather is favorable and excursionists so desire, the 'Miramichi' will run out over the Bar to the open Bay to afford those on board the enjoyment of

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