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THE SECRET OF THE BROOK.

The great sea called me, and I came
From the far hillside, bleak and brown;
And many grateful blessings meet The twinkle of my silver feet As I pass singing, singing, down. The happy birds my waters drink,

The mosses grow so velvet green
If I but touch them; at my brink, The pastured cattle stand and—think,
And life is still a shifting scene.

I spend my wealth for others' good, And thus, in turn, their best I take; The wind delights with every mood, Sun, storm or quiet o'er me brood, And each a newer charm doth make,

My errand will not let me stay
In any spot, though fair it be;
Even while you watch I slip away,
By day and night, by night and day, To add my ripple to the sea, Which even needs a brook like me.

A PAINTER'S WIFE. A

She often sat to Williot; he liked her expression and the Italian tone in her color. Moreover, he grew interested in her from certain words and hints she let fall. She was a devout Catholic, but admitted she had not always been so. One day Williot led her on step by step to tell her story, and how she had

become devout. They were discussing matrimony in the abstract, and she appeared so conversant with the law between man and wife that he asked her how she knew it. "How did I come to know the law?"

said she. "Well, because you see I was brought up behind the scenes-born in the property room of a provincial theatre, and educated to emerge gracefully from pantomime pies or gigantic rosebuds as a diminutive fairy. With this refined birth and training I learned many things not generally imparted to children. At any rate, very early I knew that a man could legally chastise his wife, so long as he never struck her with a stick thicker than your little finger. I knew this, I say, because I heard it explained by the lawyers when my father was sent to jail for having beaten my mother with something a good deal thicker than the prescribed dimensions permitted."

Williot smiled and suggested that that edifying spectacle had apparently not deterred her from taking a husband her-

"No," she answered, "and I was only seventeen when I did marry." "How did that come about?"

"Because I was a self-willed young fool, and I thought I loved the other self-willed young fool, who was our assistant scene painter. I was playing general utility in the theatre, and he was painting general utility, as you might

"Did you love him then?" interposed "Yes, I say so, but I got to hate him as well. Love and hate seemed ever to go hand in hand with me all through. First one was uppermost, then the other. A contradictory violent-tempered young wretch I was. I never tried to control my passions-I'd never been taught.

My mother always said I never had a heart; perhaps she was right." "Tell me, why did you hate your hus-"Because I found he had a stronger will than I had, and because he grew to be more savage and morose as he got on in his profession, oddly enough. Because, too, he was as artful as he was handsome; and he knew the law better than my father. He never struck me with a stick at all, thick or thin, but

once, and that once settled the business, but I shall come to that presently. Yes, he was a clever fellow, too, in his art. He gave up scene-painting and painted pictures instead that sold at high prices. He used to make me sit as his model thing. You may wonder that I didn't run away from him long before I did. The truth is I was afraid of him. He cowed the very life out of me. At one time he made a lot of money, but he go abroad to avoid creditors.

"We went to Rome, and lived there several years. In those days an artist could live there very cheaply, as we did, but still he got into debt again, and for months he was afraid to show himself | fore a divine law.—George Eliot. by daylight. You can guess how we carried on, and if you can't it won't matter, and so, as I've told you so much, I'll come to that last scene between us, which, as I say, settled the business. seemed to be quick at languages, and picked up a good smattering of Italian, and being still pretty he made me sit as a model for other painters in order sometimes to get food. He even went so far, and I didn't mind, as to make me go and wait in the Piazza di Spagna, on hire with the native models. At first they were inclined to resent Sig. Inglese's intrusion on their domain, but they were good-natured people and put up with me after awhile.

"He was in hiding at that time, and I had to go to and from home with the greatest care, so as not to betray our whereabouts. My training on the stage, and then as a model, made me pretty nimble at disguises and wearing strange dresses, and when I went on hire to the

"We lived in a curious half-ruined place, part of what had once been the chapel of a Benedictine monastery. We hired it of a kindly old monk for a song, but no one else lived in the buildingwe were there quite alone. I forget exactly where it was, but it was outside the city, on the edge of the Campagna. We had a small room where he painted, with part of it divided by a curtain where we slept. At the foot of the short stone stair leading up to this apartment from the outer door, another stone stair led down to a sort of vault or crypt, lighted up by a barred window. At the end of this were the remains of a little shrine, with a dilapidated figure of the Virgin, and on one side, against the wall, a stone bench. It was what he called a picturesque bit, and he made a

study of it.

"About this time-it was Christmas -a notorious brigand chisf had been captured, and was brought to Rome, secured hand and foot, amidst tremendous excitement. It gave my husband an idea for a subject: 'The Wounded Brigand in Hiding.' He depicted the man lying with head bound up, etc., in this crypt, with the wife kneeling before the shrine with up-stretched arms and clasped hands in the attitude of supplication. The background was all there to his hand without stirring out of doors, and I, of course, had to sit or kneel as the praying wife. Without exception it was the most trying, tiring attitude I had ever assumed. My knees and back lost all sensation, and the uplifted arms simply seemed to go dead after half an hour. Why didn't I rest? you will ask. Because I daren't till he gave me leave. The crosses of our fortunes had turned him into a regular savage, and he was at his worst while painting this picture. For hours he kept me kneeling there day after day. Once I grew faint, but luckily just then he said: 'You can rest,' so he didn't know it. Another time when my hands and arms were all pins and needles, I pleaded for a pause. He refused it. I went on. Then I couldn't help saying a little. He swore at me. I steadied myself. At last, without any warning or will of mine, my arms dropped on

"'You've ruined my work, you devil!" he cried, 'just at a most critical point, when I was finishing your left hand. Up again instantly or I'll be the death of you,' and he roughly placed me in the

old attitude. happened. I couldn't help it. Again he rose, and this time he struck me viothicker than his finger. This was the first time he'd ever struck me-badly as he'd behaved, and it was the last. I never loved him after that. No, kind heaven never gave me the chance, for after the blow I did faint, and when I recovered I was lying where I fell. He had not even lifted me from the ground. No, but he had stretched himself at full length upon the stone bench, and was

"Escape was my first thought-re-

sound asleep.

venge the second—and as I stood up. the second overwhelmed the first. Noiselessly I crept to where lay, amidst many studio properties, the brigand's poignard. Often I had dreamt of this, and had seen it glitter in my hand, but in the dreams opportunity was wanted. Now, both were realities. I would use them mercilessly. Night was coming | to do or leave off doin' things. Now on. I could escape under its cover. Whither to fly, or how to live afterwards, I gave these things no thought as I stood with the weapon raised above his naked throat. Did I lack courage? No, sincerely no. What, then. made me suddenly pause and listen? Footsteps? Yes, faint and distant on the Nair. road, running near our abode. Alone, they would not have deterred me, but above them rose upon the stillness a chant-a chant from some religious procession, pilgrims probably, passing to-wards the city to do homage at the shrine of the Holy Bambino in the church of Ara Coeli, for it was not Christmas Eve? The sounds came

ly impressive. religion and its emotions, it was odd to restrain him, buthow, when I came to Rome, a faint suggestion of something akin to them had gradually stolen into my being. I think the music in the churches did it, and ly. many times I would have gone in to listen, perhaps to pray, had I known how, and had I dared. My husband was a scoffer.

"The singers approached until I could almost hear some of the Latin words. It seemed miraculous even to myself that they should affect me as they were doing. I strained my ears to catch the prayer. Strange it would have been at fellow toward home. He said our horse any moment that it should have so fascinated me, but now most of all strange when my blood was red-hot with fury and passion; and when revenge for all my wrongs was lying within my grasp! Was it intercession from above, an intercession for his life? It struck me so at the moment! Only later did I see. perhaps, that it was an intercession on my behalf also, but at the time I never thought of this, and I spared him. I paused no longer. Turning my back resolutely on the temptation. I stole away up the stairs, softly, softly out under the stars now beginning to twinkle in their myriads. I followed the procession, and mixed amongst the little crowd of villagers also following.

"That night I sought the old monk, our padrone, and I told him my story. He was moved, and said the Blessed Virgin had performed a miracle and had girls." taken me to her bosom, heretic though I was, for she saw in me a soul to be saved. I now know he was right.

"By his aid I concealed myself from my husband, but there was no need to do so long. The saints, their names be praised, had yet another blessing in store for me. They had not only rescued me from the commission of a dreadful crime but they spared me its necessity. Three days later the good old monk went to our rooms, and found-yes! found-my husband still stretched as in sleep upon the stone bench as I left him, but he was in the sleep from which there is no waking.

"The story is still cited as a miracle, and, although it is a long time since it happened, the few good Catholics among often, and I hated that more than any- the painters still use me by preference looked defiant. as their model on its account. Seed Thoughts.

An American elm will live under favorable circumstances 300 years, a macouldn't keep it, and finally we had to | ple 500 years. But a first-class scandal will live several eons. Some that originated in early Egypt are still iiving and in good health.-Christian Work.

The higher life begins for us as soon as we renounce our own will to bow be Dost thou love life? Then waste not time, for time is the stuff that life is made of .- Franklin.

IN A STREET CAR. But a feeble, bent old lady,

With a faded, wrinkled face. Who along the car peered dimly To obtain a vacant place; Yet, as if with pulse electric, Instantly upon his feet Every man arose to give her

With a smile his empty seat. Kindly glances rested on her; Kindly hands were ready there To support her should she need it. For her soft and snowy hair Seemed an aureole of glory

To those care-encumbered men-As the mother love within them Woke to consciousness again. Ah, there's nothing half so holy

In this world of sin and woe As the love that blessed our childhood In the years of Long Ago; And a common chord of feeling Linked together man with man When the thought of home and mother Through that crowd of strangers ran-

SELIM'S MEMORY.

The McNair girls had company, Cadence and Ruth Wheeler, two blueeyed maids wi'lint white locks. Cadence was so named by a fond reother, who detected music in the firstborn baby lamentations-music appreciated by the mother alone.

A number of articles were needed in the McNair household, which somebody must get in Lewisvale. Home duties claimed Julie and Marie

McNair-not strawberry-hulling or peashelling-real, practical, necessary lamp-filling, some baking for next day's league picnic, and the churning-three gallons of sour cream must speedily be him, since he still responds to the fire

"I cannot drive to town," laughed Julie. "That golden butter must be churned. Horrid work!" "Buzzy is so-well, Buzzy is only a little boy, I can't send him shopping," sighed Mrs. McNair.

Thoughtful Mr. McNair said: "Why not Caddie Wheeler? Caddie isn's timid. Selim is a trusty animal, work's well in the girls' phaeton. "Oh, father, you dear!" cried Julie, joyously. "Three cheers! Ruthy get your bonnet; Caddie, I'll show you how to hold the lines and guide, Father, you may get to your work. I can hitch up. You girls need not be one mite afraid. Selim is just the kindest, smartest old horse, goes around all the bad places. You'll have nothing to do, only

too, just where to go." "Laws, now," said the hired man. "I do wonder, Buzzy, if your pop's goin' to let them strange girls hev Selim and drive to the city 'thout comp'ny?" "Philip, Selim's gentle as a dog. They've been to the city a dozen times.

avoid the crowded streets. You know,

Selim likes to pace along slow." "Did you ever see him run to a fire?" inquired Philip. Fire? Umph, Selim hasn't been in the fire service the last eight years. He By placing the hat upon the water, rim was only in the service two years," said down, with the arm around it, pressing it

Buzzy, conclusively. "I don't care. He was one in a fire team. He was disciplined every day. Desiccated milk began to attract account tion more than half a century ago. It was my lap, and I fell forward, my chin on He was young and learned his lesson by then called lactoline, and, according to action of the region of nine the altar. With a big oath he rose furi- heart. He will never forget it either. Neither folks nor horses can quite unlearn things that's most second nature. milk. The modern condensed milk is an Selim is a beauty, gentle and obedient, improvement upon this earlier product. but he can't be trusted in the city. He's been tested. A gentleman in the city has been obtained so far in France from wanted him bad for a family carriage horse, them fire signals start him agoin'.

"Ho! ho! I see," laughed Buzzy. the average price of the other animals lently across the back and shoulders "Wouldn't it be fun to see old Selim sold. with his mahl stick, which was no clip it?"

"It wouldn't be fun for the girls." "I don't want harm to come to them. I thought, Philip, you said discipline was so helpful.'

"I did," curtly replied Philip. "But it makes Selim unreliable." "Selim's a good horse-biddable too." "I don't understand you, Philip. I do not believe even a fire gong will wake up that sleek, fat. lazy fellow. The girls will drive home in safety," said

"If I really feared anything would happen 'em, I should have warned your pop. I say there's a risk that Selim 'll hear the fire alarm, catch sight of the hose carts and fire teams, an' mind his own past trainin'. A horse isn't supposed to know when to quit obeyin' signals. Boys may lear when s'pose you tell your pop to come here.' The noon lunch was eaten. Two o'clock and the Wheeler girls were not in sight. Julie kept watch at the attic window, looking far down the road. "If an accident has happened Selim is not to blame," stoutly declared Mr. Mc-

"They're coming up the hill," cried Julie, rushing down the stairs. "Selim must have poked dreadfully. "Did you have a pleasant drive, dear?" inquired Mrs. McNair.

Two girls hastily jumped from the "The hateful, mean old thing!" cried Ruth Wheeler, two tears standing in nearer. Full, strong, melodious-deep. her eyes. "The pig-headed creature. He just would go. I could neither turn "Stranger that I had ever been to nor guide him. A gentleman attempted

> "Did Salem run, Cadence?" inquired Mr. McNair. "Run? He galloped-galloped mad-

"Did he spill you out?" timidly inquired Marie. "No," replied Cadence, "only it was so ridiculous-two girls in a phaeton galloping to a fire down on the level. following the hose carts. I pulled on the lines, but the faster the firemen drove the faster Selim ran. A gentleman assisted us in turning the infatuated old had certainly once been in the fire service and we really must not be too severe on the faithful, spirited old

Julie laughed merrily. The Wheeler girls laughed. Mr. McNair laughed, too. Selim stood in the harness, docile

"I had forgotten that Selim was once in the fire service. I had no thought of this happening. Girls, it is my fault. My good fellow, you are a faithful old horse, but you can't be trusted in the future in the girls' phaeton when they drive to town. Buzzy, take Selim to the barn," said Mr. McNair. "It has happened just as you said, Phillip. Selim hasn't forgotten. I think Ruth Wheeler will not trust him again. Old fellow, you'll not get future treats, lumps of sugar an' petting from the

"When the girls have thought a bit I think they'll not cherish a grudge THE STOCK CONSISTS OF against the horse. They'll understand he did his best in his way. Buzzy, s'pose you an' me always fell into the line when duty calls-" "Whoa, Selim! You are impatient

for your dinner," said Buzzy, holding out temptingly a ripe June apple. "You'n me aren't fond of work. There now, take the apple. Phillip, I detest hateful, everyday chores. I do sometimes make a fuss when the girls find extra errands for me to do. A boy needs time for play. I'm not a shirk; Julie calls me one sometimes. When I'm older I'll work for all the family. You'll see." Buzzy thrust his hands in his pockets, held up his head and

"You'll improve by an' by-by an' "Yes, and I'm tired of being called careless, idle an' thoughtless. Julie need not call me 'Tad Hoober, junior,' I shall not grow up like him. I do want fun and a good time now. I mean SHAVING PARLOR

"Buzzy boy," said Phillip, "you have every help to grow into such a man as John McNair. If I were you I'd begin now, checkin' an' holdin' in my faults. Every good man will tell you he has Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, had to discipline himself. I'd take special pains to learn good ways-the ways of pleasantness-the ways one never desires to unlearn. Nobody is ever too old to cease to do evil, learn to do well, but old habits cling like Spanish

On the following day the league picnic in the McNair grove was a happy Selim, in the phaeton shafts, stood

quietly beside a maple tree, Julie Mc-Nair holding the lines. "Dr. Love is coming our way with little Bess," said Marie. "Cadence," whispered Ruth Wheeler,

"it is our friend." Dr. Love had not forgotten. twinkle gleamed in his brown eyes. "We-we did not expect to see you REASONABLE PRICES. again, sir," stammered Cadence. "We are grateful to you."

"The old fellow gave you no more surprises?" said the doctor. girls in a phaeton trying to keep up with the hose carts?" laughed Ruth

"No; but wasn't it dreadful-two COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES "Selim is a lovely horse for the country," Julie eagerly declared.

"He certainly doesn't forget. horse is a wonderful creature. One of the world's famous military men who understood men and horses said: 'A horse craves kind words-a little kindly expressed sympathy from men."" Buzzy was quite proud that Selim attracted general notice. Compliments, sweets and loving pats were lavished upon the handsome, sleek-coated horse. Selim yet makes frequent trips to Lewisvale. The ladies do not drive signals. Selim evidently is in spirit one of the hook and ladder company, disdaining to be retired from active ser-

Buzzy is earnestly striving to learn newer, better ways. Julie does not now call him "Tad Hoober, Junior."-Edith Alger.

SCRAPS OF SCIENCE.

Iron rusts more rapidly in wet than in dry weather because it has, or seems to have, a better affinity for oxygen when the latter is combined with hydrogen. Prof. Bonney says that a fall of fifteen to twenty degrees Fahrenheit in the average temperature would be sufficient to account for all known glaciation in the

The temperature of the earth advances one degree for every fifty-one feet of descent. It is st pp sed that at a distance of thirty miles below the surface metals and rocks are at white heat. It is interesting to note that while the

death rate among children has been perceptibly lessened, that among adults has increased. Nineteen-century progress and research protects the life at one end, only to overtax and snap it off suddenly at the

It is not generally known that when a person falls into the water a common felt hat can be made use of as a life preserver. slightly to the breast, it will bear a man up for hours.

counts of the period, an addition of nine parts of water would reduce it to fresh Serum for the treatment of diphtheria old hack horses. The French government now proposes to give the Pasteur institute "Ten minutes later the same thing Selim had to find a home in the country, condemned as no longer fit for the French cavalry service, the price to be paid being

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FOR IND'TON INDIANTOWN BRANCH. FOR BLEVLE Ar. Chatham Junction, EXPRESS. 3.40 a. m.

4 25 " 11.20 " The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time, The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop whea signalled at the following flag Station-Nelson, Derby Siding, Upper Nelson Boom, Chelmstord, Frey Rapi is, Upper Blackville, Blissfield Carrol's, McNamee's, Ludlow, Astle Crossing, Clearwater, Portage Road, Forbes' siding, Upper Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manzer's Siding, Penniac.

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Consumption of the Lungs,

Boils and Carbuncles.

Catarrh of the Lungs,

Liver Complaint,

Chronic Diarrhœa,

Nervousness. Broken Constitution. Nervous Prostration, Debility of Old Age, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Nervous Headache. Sick Headache, Heartburn and Sour Stomach, Female Weakness. Weight and Tenderness in Stomach. Nervous Chills, Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Weakness of Extremities and

Nervous Choking. Hot Flashes, Palpitation of the Heart, Mental Despondency. Sleeplessness,

St. Vitus' Dance. Nervousness of Females. Nervousness of Old Age. Neuralgia, Pains in the Heart, Pains in the Back.

Failing Health,

Delicate and Scrofulous Children, Summer Complaint of Infants. All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nervine Tonic.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the

essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous de-CRAWFORDSTILLE. IND., Aug. 20, '86. REBECCA WILKINSON, cl Brownsvalley, Ind., DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I says: "I had been in a distressed condition for have suffered for many years with a very serious three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the disease of the somach and nerves. I tried every Stomach, Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, until my medicine I could hear of, but nothing done me health was gone. I had been doctoring conany appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottles of it I must say that I am sur- good than any \$50 worth of doctoring I ever prised at its wonderful powers to cure the stom- did in my life. I would ad- w weakly per-

ach and general nervois system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.

J. A. HARDEE, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA. CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887.

My daughter, eleven years old, was severely a dicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause. State of Indiana, Montgomery County, \} ss:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887. CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Publica INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nervine Tonic Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the one and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: | Mrs. Ella A. Bratton, of New Ross, Indiana,

"I owe my life to the Great South American Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach. Indigestion.

Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shatthe effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shat-Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered tered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I can not recommend it too highly."

I tered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting up blood; am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."

No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all compare with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon; if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeka and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.

Large 16 ounce Bottle, \$1.00. EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED. SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON CHATHAM, N. B.