WAITING.

Waiting in pain, and yet 'tis best to wait, For waiting lends a zest to all we win, And brings attainment with a fullness in-Like wine of grapes that come to ripeness late. We chafe at dull delay and chide the fate Whose shuttles seem athwart our hopes to spin The tissues of defeat. Then we begin To gauge the good we seem to miss-how great.

Not half divine the first faint glimpse of land To eyes which have not ached with cheated watch And hearts which have not prayed against despair. Wild storms and baffling calms make dear the

Of Doubt's dark sea, and, landing, first we catch The infinite joy of safe possession there.

-William C. Richards.

DODSON

Among the Red Knobs of the Tennessee Among the Red Knobs of the Tennessee
Valley, the people are mostly of the poorer
class of small farmers. Along the railroad
a "Red Knobber" is known by the purple
hue of his boots, usually well stained by
the hematitic dust of his patrimonial acres.
Lying at the foot of the Chilhowee Mountains, the reserve the procky fortnesses behind them

Little Mart Dodson had peddled "wild-cat whiskey" from the time he became able to take a three-gallon keg along the country road after dark. He had been arrested, bound over before commissioners, tried, released or condemned so many times that the varied phases of Federal justice or leniency had long lost the spice of novelty, under a monotoneous conviction of their.

Baird and her daughter had returned to Chattanooga.

Little Mart felt disappointed. Tho 1gh he realized the nature of the social gulf between them too well to hope to mingle much with people like the Bairds, yet he wished to see Agnes once more, and tell how her kind words and sweet smile had made another man of him.

He seemed work in the log camps in the ried himself into the grave. Mamma and under a monotnnous conviction of their

her daughter from Chattanooga to board at Bairds.

yet out of her teens, when not reading to or waiting upon her mother, found herself at some loss to pass the time. There was The contrast between her graceful, stylish
too, of the most endearing earthly nature, involving some change of name and other agreeable future possibilities. — Balou's and though warned against the danger of getting lost, ventured further and further with feminine perversity, until one day she found herself in that unenviable predicament.

Solate in long rambles over the mountains, and the solate in the mountains, and the solate in the mountains, and the solate in the solat

A thunder-cloud had veiled the sun, the blue sky was vanishing, and the very depths of the mountain seemed to moan softly, as though the earth was feverish and in dread. Agnes stood at the juncture of several winding ravines, all equally wild and misleading, with great forest trees frowning over her, and without a definite idea as to he was

what air the matter?"

The sound of any human voice was welcome in that solitude. Turning, she saw before her a short, stout, freckle-faced young man, having a sack swung over his shoulder with a keg in each end of it. In a few hurried words she explained who she

was, and that she was lost.

"Yo're a good three mile from the Widder Green's," he said, "'n' I was a-goin'

left to herself—and soon came upon a trail | interest." slower. But at this juncture a sudden

"Oh, to be sure; you are the person put the whiskey in mamma's bottle."

"Wal, now, miss, I'd be a purty tool ter own up ter sech as that," he returned with, however, a very knowing look. "I suppose you are afraid of detection;

yet you need not fear me. But don't you wish you were in some nicer business? Have you ever thought of the whiskey brings upon people?"

Mart could not say that he had, yet for the first time he felt a vague shame of his occupation, but said:

"You have advertised for a type-writer," she said; "I would like to apply for the resition."

"Yes, but I would rather make it any other way than by breaking the laws to sell people that which injures them."

The manager still gazed at her curiously, but he only asked:

"How long have you worked at type-"
Jones Somehow Mart felt that the usual arguments in favor of moonshining would not have much effect on this refined, delicate

girl, whose presence now beamed upon him almost like some angelic presence from an-Still they chatted on, he with a growing sense of discomfort and inferiority, and yet But let me ask you a rather strange question.

ly assumed a new and astounding phase in the light of her sweet presence and kindly the error of his moonshining ways?"

deal of trouble. Silver dollars were tempting, but he declined taking it, saying:
"I reck'n I kin erbleege people ef I am a

"I reck'n I kin erbleege people et I am a moonshiner."

"Never mind," she said, with a reassuring smile, "you must take it just to please me. Perhaps it will help you a little in getting better employment."

The next day Little Mart returned for his sack and keeps reflecting deeply. After

tains, the rocky fastnesses behind them were long the congenial sphere of the Moonshiner's hidden toil and trouble.

Two months later, after his release from jail, he came home, only to learn that Mrs.

Baird and her daughter had returned to jail, he came home, only to learn that Mrs. Baird and her daughter had returned to

He secured work in the log camps in the mountains, and a few weeks thereafter went I are quite poor now tyranny and general futility as related to mountains, and a few weeks thereafter went moonshining in general and Little Mart in down to Chattanooga on a large raft of logs.

Hawk Cliff, a ragged spur of the Chilhowees, where a mineral spring or two bubbled out from beneath the precipices.

Mrs. Baird needed some pure whiskey for medicinal purposes. Following the instructions of the "Widder Green," with whom they board, Agnes, the daughter of the former, lett a bottle and some money one night in a cleft of a large rock, called the "Devil's Anvil." On going back the next morning, she found the money gone and the bottle filled with "mount in dew."

"Little Mart air al'ways up ter time,"

Bairds.

He dressed himself in his best suit of homespun jeans, and soon found the house from the directions given him by the Widow Green. The imposing brick front and the aristocratic neatness of the surroundings rather daunted him, but he resolutely knocked on the door regardless of the polished bell handle and boldly asked of the trim colored housemaid, who at length came, if he might see Miss Agnes, explaining also that "She 'n' her mother knowd only a few years ago. Such was the case, however, and it only remains to say that she obtained the position and that Little

"Little Mart air al'ways up ter time," said the Widow Green. "He gits to that thar rock every Chuesday night, ez regular follow her, and at once ushered him into

no one to dress for or flirt with, and the ly-garbed figure and Little Mart's awkward Monthly Magazine. country folk, ever suspicious of social supe-riority, were shy and evasive. She sought as he stood clumsily holding his broadsolace in long rambles over the mountains, brimmed wool hat. was. as one of the

"Oh yes, you wish to see my father. He never transacts business at the house; you will find him at the office. Margaret," to the servant, "show this-gentleman to the

Then she coolly turned away, and before Little Mart fairly knew what he was about he was walking down the street with his thoughts in a whirl and a dull pain at his her proper course.
"Wal, miss, air ye sure 'nuff lost, or heart. At the corner a gentleman stopped

"Why, you are Mart Dodson, are you not? This is fortunate, as you happen to be the very man I was wishing to see."

The speaker was the father of Agnes Baird, whom Mart had seen once or twice when Mrs. Baird and her daughter were at Hawks Cliff. Mr, Baird was largely interested in the new iron industries then develder Green's," he said, "'n' I was a-goin' the yuther way."

Agnes instantly suggested a pecuniary inducement as a reason for guiding her home, but the young fellow looked at the clouds and said, hurriedly:

"You jest weit home a said, "'n' I was a-goin' oping throughout East Tennessee; and after dragging our half-reluctant hero into an office nearly as luxurious in its appointments as the parlor from which he had been so unceremoniously dismissed, the former said to him:

"You jest wait hyur a minute."

Then he disappeared round a huge bowlder before Agnes could remonstrate. In two minutes he reappeared, minus his sack two minutes he reappeared minus his sack two minutes have been investigating some of the iron deposits of the Red Knobs, particularly near Hawks Cliff, and and kegs, with the remark:

"Now, miss, we mus' hurry ter git ter the Hangin' Rock afore that shower wets land to Tellico will render some land there They plunged into a wild gorge—the very one Agnes would not have taken if a lump sum, or give you \$5,000 for a half

that wound here and there among the rigdes, over rocks, through shadowy laurel brakes and across according to the stupefied with wonder. Yet amid the turbrakes and across according to the stupefied with wonder. The rain approached, and the guide kept increasing his speed until Agnes, panting and stumbling, was about to ask him to go slower. But at this impeture a guide with wonder. Yet amid the turmoil of his emotions came the thought that, if this were so, he would at last have the time and means to make a gentleman of himself, so that people would not want to himself, so that people would not want to turn him him out of doors for looking like the clod he felt himself to be at present.

slower. But at this juncture a sudden turn round a beetling crag brought them out on a rocky platform, fronting the valley lying along the foot of the mountain.

Overhead the cliffs projected, so that they were sheltered from the drops already falling. The young man brought her a drink from a spring near by, and she sat down to survey in security the solid wall of gray rain now sweeping over the distant knobs and up the intervening valley.

"I don't believe I know your name," she remarked, as he stood awkwardly gazing at her as upon a new revelation in the line of feminine loveliness.

"I'm Little Mart," he replied.

"Oh, to be sure; you are the person put the whiskey in mamma's bottle."

turn him him out of doors for looking like the clod he felt himself to be at present.

There was some further talk, when Little Mart took his leave, promising to go immediately home, see his mother, look around a little and let Mr. Baird know. His native shrewdness did not altogether forsake him. If there was a fortune in their poor, worn-out farm, Little Mart determined that the Dodsons should have their share of it. He could then go off, get an education, see and mingle with the world, and if he ever returned show Agnes that he was really worthy of her first friendly interest in him, and when she ignored him at her own home she had done her better self, as well as him, an injustice.

The new manager of the great Tellica company was in his private office. A lady

entered, and he looked up from his morning paper, then inquired briefly:

"Well, ma'am, what can I do for you?"

The lady pushed aside her veil. The manager looked at her closely, then rose and offered her a chair. He was short and

writing?"

"I have only just learned it at the commercial school," she replied, hesitatingly.

"School type-writing, like school telegraphy, doesn't always answer so well without some actual business practice.

remonstrances.

The rain at length ceased, and they soon arrived at the Widow Green's. Agnes, at the doorstep, offered him a silver dollar, saying she knew she had put him to a good he still retains his red hair and freckles."

She now colored vividly under another remembrance, as she said naively, yet with some embarrassment:

The next day Little Mart returned for his sack and kegs, reflecting deeply. After getting them he went to the Hanging Rock, and there kindled a fire with chestnut bark on the very spot where Agnes had sat and talked to him. Then he placed the sack and empty kegs thereon and grimly watched them turn to ashes. As at last he turned away he muttered:

"Me 'n' mother hev got to git our livin' implanted unconsciously by you, never left."

"Me 'n' mother hev got to git our livin' implanted unconsciously by you, never left."

again blushed slightly. Then continuing,

"Your father also made me the first money offer for my mother's little farm,

"You have your revenge?" she said, sadly, "Papa failed, and gradually worried himself into the grave. Mamma and

down to Chattanooga on a large raft of logs.
Having then an idle day on his hands, he
er daughter from Chattanooga to board at

Same Cliff a proceed and Chille of the Cliff a procedure of the Cliff and the Cliff He dressed himself in his best suit of to yourself, sent me off to study, sharpened

she obtained the position and that Little Mart—now Mr. Dodson to every one—remaided such a good friend to her under as clock-wuk."

There was no society in a social sense at Hawk Cliff, and Agnes, a lively girl not yet out of her teens, when not reading to

"NOT AT HOME."

Denounced as a Trickster and Cheat, but Declines Suppression.

Very few of the phrases current in society life have been made the subject of so much pulpit and chnrch parlor eloquence as the expression which heads this paragraph, says the Toronto Saturday Night. The latter, however, holds its own bravely, and in the language of the ring comes up smiling at the end of every round. "Not at Home" has been denounced as

a liar, a trickster and a cheat, but "Not at Home" declines to be suppressed, and holds up its much abused head as high as

Its uncompromising opponents denounce it unceasingly at our street corners, in our meeting places, and occasionally flirt with it at home. Another portion of the com-munity charitably alludes to it as a neces-sary evil. Then, again, there are others, and their number is legion, who stoutly contend that there is no deception in the matter. "Not at Home" is not used in its material sense, nor is it accepted as such by him or her to whom it is addressed. The expression is intended to convey the fact that the one called upon is not receiving at that particular moment. Whether from absence, or being otherwise engaged, or from personal disinclination to receive the caller does not enter into considerathe caller, does not enter into considera-tion, and this being the case, supporters of the phrase contend that the element of offence being withdrawn, the phrase is per-fectly permissible. They further claim, and with much show of reason, that the litand with much show of reason, that the literal truth in many cases would be too positively brutal to be endured, and of the two evils, if "Not at Home" is to be eonsidered an evil, they decidedly prefer to choose the lesser. The question has always been a disputed one, although it must be admitted that its supporters have generally the better of the argument. But be this as it may, there are few of us, endorsers of it or otherwise, but have had occasion at one otherwise, but have had occasion at one time or another in our lives to be thankful to the forgotten, but frequently honored, inventor of "Not at Home."

Cruelty to Father.

One of Jones' peculiarities is never to admit that he is feeling well. No matter what species of suffering you are undergo-ing, the form his sympathy invariably takes crowd to get to their seats in the train, in

sick to go down to his supper. So it was sent up to his room by Mrs. Jones, who had prepared it herself. Among other delicacies were six new laid eggs, boiled to suit him. One of the childred stayed with him and watched the egg-eating with interest. As Jones took vp the sixth and last egg, the little fellow reached out his hand. "Let me have it, pape." spite of their ostentatiously absent and indifferent manner, every one gave them a second look. The bride observed this and was much annoyed, for she could not see why they should attract attention, But the mystery was solved when the attentive porter, who showed them to their seats whispered to Augustus:

"Shall I brush de lady off, sah? Dere's rice on her coat!"—Evening Sun.

"Let me have it, pape."

Jones glared at the child, then he said

"Take it, eat it, unnatural child, and let your poor sick father starve!" Tommy ate the egg.

Presence of Mind.

Jones had been spending the evening with a friend at the house of one of the latter's lady acquaintances.
"What did you think of our hostess?" asked his friend, as they were coming

"I had never seen her before," replied Jones, who never allowed himself to be taken at a disadvantage; "but she must have changed greatly.

No Doubt of It. "Is that a man or a woman out there in the water?" asked Merritt. "A man, of course," replied Cobwigger. "How do you know?"

withal strangely fascinated. He was ignorant and superficially coarse, yet he knew that at heart he desired to act right and be honest, only right and honesty had sudden-



"A BIG OFFER."

A man walking up Broadway, below John street, Wednesday afternoon, on the east side, stopped suddenly on the lower side of John street and looked toward the top of the tall Western Union building diagonally across the street. across the street. Several other persons seeing him looking upward, stopped also. Soon a crowd had gathered on the corner.

The crowd saw a man standing in an open window in the operating room leaning far out and gesticulating with both hands. "The man's crazy!" said one in the crowd.

"It's fire." said a little excitable man;

ms arms up and down rhythmically, not noticing the attention he had attracted. The most observing man in the crowd below noticed that the man in the window looked down toward the sidewalk opposite the Western Union building, and following the tip they saw a man who seemed to imitate the motions of the man in the window.

"What's the matter with the men!" ejaculated a bank official who had stopped

and studied the situation for a minute. "If you understand telegraphy," said a young man in a slouch hat who had quietly watched the proceeding, "you wouldn't ask. That chap in the window is telegraphing to his friend in the street. If you watch him closely you will see that he holds his right hand over his left hand, and that he occasionally touches his left with his right hand. Sometimes he keeps his left hand on his right hand for a brief space of time, and sometimes he barely brings his hands together. When his hands merely touch a dot is produced according to the Morse

system, and when he permits them to remain together for a period it is a dash."
"What is he saying to his friend?" inquired the interested official. "The conversation began in this way," said the telegrapher: 'W-h-e-n w-i-l-l y-o-u

g-e-t o-v-e-r t-h-a-t s-p-r-e-e a-n-d c-o-m-e t-o w-o-r-k?'

'and what did the man say in reply?"
"W-h-e-n I g-e-t g-o-o-d a-n-d "Dear me!" said the good old man, ap-

the man in the window saying now?" "C-h-e-e-s-e i-t! T-h-e o-l-d d-u-f-f-e-r w-i-t-h g-r-a-y G-a-l-w-a-y-s i-s o-n-t-o

the top of the Western Union building the man disappeared, and the window was slammed down.—Sun.

One of this year's October crop of brides was just starting forth upon her bridal journey. Every precaution had been taken to conceal the fact that she was a bride. She wore a plain, black dress and a black hat. Neither her gloves nor her boots were glaringly new and unwrinkled. Much pains had been taken with the groom. The new silk hat on which his affections were set was sent away from him and he was forced to start in his last year's Derby and carry his things in and old and battered valise.

"I don't think, Augustus," said the bride complacently as they drove to the station, "that we could possibly attract the least remark. Nobody would notice me, and you positively look quite shabby."

Augustus did not seem so elated at this

assurance as he was expected to be, but the bride went on cheerfully:

make the valise very prominent. it looks so dingy. Put it where it's right in the way of my feet, and don't seem to notice. And be sure not to help me off with my jacket, but let me manage the best I can by myself. And oh! you'd better go right out and buy a newspaper and read it attentively. Don't forget now!"

Augustus promised to remember all these

spite of their ostentatiously absent and in-

He Was Conscientious.

Editor-You say you wish this poem to appear in my paper anonymously?
Would be contributor—Yes; I don't want

Why not?

Because I am conscientious about this matter. I don't want an unjust suspicion to fall upon some innocent person.

She Was Sorry.

HORSE BLANKETS,

Fat Widow-Doctor, I want you to anwer my question candidly. Doctor—Certainly, my dear madame.
Well, am I in love, or have I only got
fatty degeneration of the heart?

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The Old Gentlemen Had them Interpreted-What He Heard.

HE KNEW THE SIGNS.

"He's going to jump out!" said another.
"I'll bet a dollar that there's a murder and he's trying to call the police !" said a

'why don't some one send out an alarm?" Meanwhile the man in the window moved his arms up and down rhythmically, not no-

"Is that so?" said the old gentleman,

parently much distressed. "And what is

As the old gentleman raised his eyes to

The Porter Gave Her Away.

"Now when we get in the train you must

any name to it. Then I can't publish it.

Emma (to her intended)-Just think, Charlie, Judge Soandso proposed to me

Charlie—What did you say to him?
I told that him I was very sorry, but that was already engaged.

What Ailed Hannah.

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