PROGRESS SATURDAY: JUNE 30.

For bitter bread and wine made salt with tears The wanderer lavished all his golden store, And waking dreamed he passed through plenteous

Until he dreamed no more.

Then, weak and weary, but himself, he saw Surroundings speaking Famine gaunt and grim, And such bright scenes as Memory's pencils draw Rose up in mind to him.

"Though here I want, my father's servants feast! To him I'll go and all my sins condemn. And own, 'I am less worthy than the least: Make me as one of them!"

E'en as he went, the father's arms he met; And ere his piteous tale was quite begun, In his own office he by Love was set-No servant, but a son!

Our Father! all Thy gifts were misapplied; Fainting and friendless in far lands we roam; Yet in Thy house we may be satisfied: Oh, guide our footsteps home!

-W. L. S. ONE NIGHT.

"There's the shotgun, Molly, and here's my revolver. Both loaded." "Yes, Tom." "Now, mind, child, there isn't one chance in ten thousand that there will be a soul near you. If I thought there was, Molly, I wouldn't leave you. You understand that?"

"Yes, Tom." "If any one does come, it will be a neighbor or a neighbor's boy. The bandits and desperadoes have all joined travelling shows. If you don't go scaring yourself to death, you will be all right."

"Yes, Tom. "But there's a lot of moral support in a shooting-iron, and maybe you'll feel a little safer with these.'

He stooped to kiss her, feeling her lips tremble a little as he touched them. But she smiled as she raised her head, and her good-by was quite steady.
"Plucky little thing," he said to himself,

as he rode down the trail at a long, swinging lope.

At fourteen Mary Allison's mother died. Then her father, with broken health and spirits, gathered up the wreck of his for- done. tunes and went away to the green wilderness of a Kansas ranch, leaving the girl in an Eastern school. Tom's college course being at an end, he went with his father, and presently found himself making a profitable business of sheep to the remembered rhythm of Greek and Latin classics. When, four years later, Miss Allison had been properly graduated with much ceremony and white muslin, her father, too, had ing. "joined the majority," and she found Tom perienced head to his small household.

That was in July, and on that radiant September afternoon, Tom found himself imperatively called to the nearest town twenty miles away. The woman who ruled the kitchen had taken herself over the creek to "visit her kinfolks," and the herders were all at the ends of the earth with their flocks, when Tom sank out of

self as far as she could see.

The simply built house had the New England requisite of space within, and the southwestern necessity of deep porches without. Somehow the empty rooms had all kinds of echoes inhabiting them, now that the exorcising manly presence was re-moved. Miss Allison made her afternoon toilet, and took her sewing-chair and workbasket out to a shady corner.

It was easier to dream than to sew. Truth to tell, Miss Allison had no special vocation for employment for the sake of work. She sat now with slender brown hands clasped behind her head, and drifted on a tide of aimless fancies.

Over her arched a wide sky of tender, cloudless blue. Out to the bounding ring of the horizon swept the world of green. From sky-edge to sky-edge a full tide of Summer sunshine seemed to rise and tall in great fire-heated billows as the south wind surged across the space. There were no shadows, but the soft glare did not blind nor scorch. And before she knew it she

was fast asleep. She awoke with a sudden start, broad awake after a most unaccustomed fashion. All her senses came back to her instantly. The whole wide heaven was aglow with moment: "The eastern train passes at four sunset, an unbroken, unflecked arch of o'clock. It's only a signal-station, and color fading down through every tender there will be nobody there. I'll take you tint to the cool gray of the short twilight. She took it all in at a single glance, and against the glory a man's figure standing black and motionless.

She was on her feet at once. Not a neighbor nor a neighbor's boy; somebody coatless, bare-headed, with white, drawn face, and a helpless arm swung in a bloodstained bandage.

The moral support of Tom's armory was quite out of reach in the house. That the man was already wounded—that he looked as if the merest push of her unarmed hand would be too much for him, did not matter. Such an appearance in the heart of that calm loneliness was not to be accounted for in any ordinary fashion. He might be the climax of any dreadful sequence of events. If Miss Allison had reasoned, she would have found herself afraid of what had happened, rather than of what might

"What do you want?" She came forward a step to say it, and tried not to let her heart choke her voice.

The figure put up one weak, appealing hand, uttered an inarticulate sound, and dropped forward, face down, on the grass. Miss Allison looked about her a minute. All the little flashy pools in the prairie caught the reflection from above, and shone red in the gathering gloom about them. A slender new moon and a single great white star hung calm in the fading glow. She saw it all, and saw herself alone with that prostrate figure lying black before

She went towards him over the grass. in an adventure. He neither spoke nor stirred. She gathered back her dress and touched him with her foot. It was an involuntary, half-untake your revolver?" glancing towards it conscious gesture; but the woman in her

stored consciousness.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked, crisply.

He looked up at her, standing straight and tall in her white dress.

"I've eaten nothing for 48 hours," he said quietly. Speech and voice were clear and soft. Miss Allison found herself conscious of a glimmer of friendly interest.

"Can you get into the house?" with matter-of-fact coolness; "I will find you something to eat."

He raised himself weakly as she went away. Miss Allison, looking up presently from her struggles with the cooking-stove fire, found him standing in the doorway regarding her out of hollow, sunken eyes. She had lighted a lamp, and Tom's revolver lay within reach.

A faint smile crossed the man's pale lips. Miss Allison saw it, and a little flash of temper sent color and light into her cheeks | said. and eyes.

"I need accounting for?" answering the

"You do, certainly," sharply. "There's bread and a glass of wine beside you. Drink it and lie down till this coffee boils." He obeyed her. When Miss Allison went to him presently with her coffee, she found him asleep. And from the wounded

arm a dark stream dripped slowly. Miss Allison set down her tray, and turned faint and sick. Then she roused him gently. "Look at your arm. What is the mat-

ter with it?" "I have been shot," drowsily. "It is bleeding again. Can you-get me falling off into unconsciousness, half sleep, half stupor.

"Oh, dear!" desperately. "He's going to bleed to death! You must wake up!" seizing his shoulder, and speaking with a ring in her clear voice.

He opened his eyes again.

"I will help you bandage your arm."
The apron that she had tied over her white dress was in strips, and she was hand. bending over him, her hands not quite steady, her face pale. There was blood on her hands and gown before the work was

"I am very sorry," looking up depre-catingly. He had long-lashed, womanish certainly not ruffianly nor coarse.

She poured his coffee and cut his food. A man with one hand is not expected to be expert with a knife and fork; but he ate and drank with a refinement that made his home. evident eagerness more marked and touch-

living in a precarious fashion at the hands behind a table, with her revolver lying in perate character, and behind a pair of thorof a native housekeeper, and enthusiastic- her lap, watched him closely. All at once oughly broken, swift-paced horses, with ally glad to welcome even this very inex- a conclusion flashed on her mind and took Tom's revolver really loaded beside her, her breath away.

> him, her lips apart, her eyes very wide He laid down his knife and fork, and

looked at her silently. And then the inconsequent woman's logic sight behind the low prairie swells. Miss from justice, certainly; but there he was in Allison had the whole green world to her-hungry—wounded and—interesting. And, somehow, the Allison blood had a trick of taking the losing side. She

> rose impulsively. "They are after you," she said, in a half whisper. "The whole community is search-

"I know it," despondently. "I have been in the brush for two days. Somebody gave me this," touching his arm. "I was starved out, worn out, and came here

"Finish your supper," abruptly. Then she went away, and on the porch paced steadily up and down for ten good minutes in the starlight. Through the open window she could watch her visitor, and she had her revolver firmly clutched. He had finished his meal when she went

"I don't know anything about you," she said, severely. "I don't want to. You are a young man, and you do not look as if you were entirely hardened in crime. I am going to give you another chance. I don't know whether I am doing right or wrong," breaking down in her moral tone. "I don't care?" She stopped, and caught her breath. Then she hurried on, forgetting everything, woman fashion, in the excitement of the down in time for it, and that will give you six good hours of sleep. Tom isn't coming home, and you can have his clothes."

She opened the door of a small room behind her-an orderly, half-filled storeroom. "You can stay here. Nobody will come; and if they do, I—I am armed!" valiantly giving the information as a warning as well

She stood speechless, motionless, an awful, helpless terror clutching her heart. He obeyed her speechlessly. He heard the lock click as he stretched himself on the couch that waited him. And in two minutes

he was asleep. It did not seem much more than that time before he woke, to find her standing

beside him. "Here are Tom's clothes. You have ten minutes to get dressed. . I've ripped the

coat-sleeve, you see; and there's a travel-ling-shawl. The horses are ready."

She was waiting for him as he came out.
A slight, dark-clad figure; a white face, with wide, shining eyes and resolute, firmly set lips. After all, being clad with a semblance of order and decency, he was not such a desperate-looking character.

There was more hot coffee.
"Come," she said, curtly, as he put down

He paused at the door. "Who harnessed?"

"I did." "And you are going alone?" Quite alone.

"And coming back alone?" "Yes."

She was whiter than ever, and her eyes filled with tears as she looked up at him. Anything less like a heroine never figured

as it lay on the table.

stranger lay gasping feebly, but with re- the discovery of Tom's blunder. His face was in strong relief as, with one hand, he did his work slowly and awkwardly.

"You are sure you can use it?" Somehow there seemed a curious change in their relations.

The swift ponies knew the firm little hands holding the reins. The trail was smooth as a floor, and the five miles vanished behind them. In the clear darkness of the west burned a low, red light.

"There's your train. The station is just ahead. I shall wait here till I see that you get away." It was the first word that had been spoken.

She pulled her horses down to a walk. "I hope," forcing herself to improve the occasion, "that you won't do it again." "Get caught for a horse-thief?" pleasant-

"I certainly shall try to avoid it." It did not sound penitent. Miss Allison experienced a revulsion of feeling. "You had better get down here," she

He alighted slowly and with difficulty. Then he turned towards her, and she saw his face pale in the shadow of Tom's slouched hat.

"I do not want you to think that I do not know that you are saving my life, and that not one woman in a thousand would have had the nerve to do what you have done." There was no question of earnestness in his voice now.

"I hope you'll mend your ways then." "Will you tell me your name?" not heed-

ing her speech.

"Mary Allison." "Thank you." He turned and took a few steps away. "Excuse me," diffiden ly, forgetting his abandoned character. He was at her side again. "Have you-have you"-desperately- "any money?"

"Very little"—quietly. "Take this, then," dropping a purse into his hand. "And I wish you'd tell me," with a sudden impulse, "did you take the horse?"

"Upon my word, no." She bent towards him.

"Good-by," putting out a bare white He took it with frank earnestness, held it a brief minute, and then the darkness swal-

lowed him up. Miss Allison sat and waited. The low rumble grew more and more distinct—the red light came sliding towards her out of eyes, and his face, if not handsome, was the gloom with an awful unswerving certainty in its advance. She saw the pause-

the signaling swing of the conductor's lantern as the scarce checked motion began again, and turned her horse's head towards If Miss Allison lives a hundred years, she will never forget that drive. Now that she Not a word was spoken. Miss Allison, was tree from the companionship of a desand not one chance in ten thousand of

"You are one of the horse thieves?" she wanting it, she was frightened. The air said, slowly. She was leaning towards was full of starshine; in the east a faint white glow just indicated the coming dawn. The awfulness of the night oppressed her beyond endurance. She cried all the way home, sobbing convulsively while she unharnessed her ponies and restored everyasserted itself. The man was a fugitive thing to order; after which, with her cold from justice, certainly; but there he was in little feet in the stove-oven, she drank a cup of still hot coffee, and then went to bed and to sleep, where Tom found her at nine

o'clock the next morning. A month later Tom wanted that coat and hat, and failing to find them, raised the usual masculine whirlwind about their disappear-

"Molly Allison, you're responsible! If the country produced image-venders, I should say you had been making a trade!" She shook her head, but with the color

mounting in her face. "Tramps!" he said, accusingly; and poor Molly shuddered to think how much, much worse it really was. "You wouldn't like it, I dare say, if I should go encouraging pauperism with your frocks and things," he grumbled, trying to reconcile himself to another garment.

He came back from the station with

"Visitors coming, Molly."

"Who and when?" "Rob McKenzie. You don't know Rob. He was a classmate of mine. He's coming next week to spy out the land. I haven't heard of him since I came out here."

Rob McKenzie, alighting at the small, sunny signal station one day in the next week, found a stylish apparition in white dress and pretty garden hat waiting on the platform.

"You are Mr. McKenzie?" a pleasant voice said. "I am Mary Allison. Tom sprained his ankle last night and couldn't

Mr. McKenzie seemed rather a quiet young man. Miss Allison drove her ponies and chattered away in the unrestrained delight of having a stranger to talk with-or rather to-and some one fresh from the good times that seemed doubly good in recollection.

"I suppose everybody here shoots more or less. Are you an expert with firearms, Miss Allison?

They were sitting within-doors in the slight chill of the October evening. Tom answered for her.

"Molly says she can, but I don't believe it. An awful little coward is Molly." "Is she?" quietly. "I shouldn't think

Somebody opened a door incautiously, and in the strong draft the light went out. It was McKenzie who relighted it, and in the faint glow as he bent over the rekindled lamp his face came out with an odd effect against the dark background.

McKenzie turned towards her as the lamp flamed up. She was staring at him with wide eyes full of perplexity.

"Oh, my!" in a gasp from Molly's cor-

yet?" he asked, irrelevantly. "Why? A private grudge against any "One likes to see all the peculiar iusti-

tutions of the country. Do you ever hang horse-thieves, for instance?" "We don't always catch them," drily. "Did you ever miss a coat and hat,

"Molly gave them to a tramp," in slow wonder at his companion's drift. And then, catching his sister's blank face,

us for. I dodged the mob and took to the timber. I never knew what became of the other man."

"I suspect he is the one I helped out of the state the night I left you alone, Molly."

Some weeks later Rob McKenzie was going through the ceremony of fitting a diamond solitaire on Miss Allison's lefthand index finger.

"Oh, the beauty! Where did you get "I brought it with me," coolly.

"Upon my word. Rob McKenzie! And you took this for granted?" "I made up my mind one night in September, between here and the Mississippi River, that I would marry Molly Allison if I could get her, and I did my best."-Pleas-

Sawdust Turning Into Soil.

ant Hours.

Did any of the Timberman readers ever make a study of sawdust turning into soil? Donbtless many have, in some measure, given the idea a passing thought, but have not watched the action of nature in resolving back again into its original elements the capital she had lent out over a thousand years ago, to build up the stock in trade of a pine tree. The study is one of engrossing interest, and its results are well worthy of a brief notice in these columns. Twentyfive years ago, East Saginaw, Mich., was a scattering hamlet, built here and there among and along the edges of swamps and bayous, bordering the Saginaw river. The sawdust and debris of the mills were used to fill up these inequalities, more for the purpose of getting rid of the annoying accumulations, than from any well defined knowledge of the value of such material, or its possible use as a future soil. From year to year the work went on. The swamps and bayous were filled up, and soil was spread on top of the sawdust of variable thicknesses, from sixteen inches to two feet. Strange as it may seem there was no settling of the ground, and heavy buildings were erected upon the soil thus made. These buildings are the best in the city, and show no cracked walls. Sewers are dug through what was formerly a bed of sawdust, and while traces of the original material can yet be found, still there is a clear evidence of the transformation process going on, beheld in each shovel of matter thrown out. It would be difficult to fully and clearly explain this process. It looks as though the exudations rising up from beneath the overlying debris are continually acting as distilling elements, by which the granules of sawdust gather to themselves earth incrustations, and finally become a homogeneous conglomeration of original soil, without undergoing action of decomposition. This hypothesis may not be any clearer than mud, but it is certain that one of the finest and most substantial cities in Michigan, rests secure today on a bed of sawdust, which latter has resolved itself into its original elements within a quarter of a century. Can any one account for this? - The Timberman, Chicago.

"WHO GIVES THE BIRDS THEIR SONGES ?"

Who gives the birdes their songes, The sunne his light and heat,— Who watches o'er them day and night, And findes them foode to eat:

Who gave us our first breath,
And power of heavenlie thought?
He, who upholds us everie hour,
In doing what He ought. What has He e'er withheld,

While we, not fullie satisfyed, His will have ofte withstood. And yet, how patientlie
He waits from day to day,
And tenderlie supplies our wants,
In His parental way.

That was for our best good?

And yet, how ofte His love
Is banish'd from the mind,
When memorie betrays her trust,—
Then thanks He cannot finde. Ah, this must not be see!
We'll live another life
Of happiness, in doing good,
And living free from strife,

And, with true gratitude,
For everie blessing given;
So earth itselfe may soone be changed And be a part of heaven:

When sweetest songes of birdes, Uniting with our praise, In glorious sunshine of the morn, Make glad our coming days.

-Old Poem. What a Mistake!

A careful examination would convince any one that two-thirds of all the people in New England have been or are now afflicted with catarrh of the nose and throat.

No doubt more than half of those persons have tried every blood purifier they have seen, with the erroneous idea that catarrh is a constitutional disease and must be purged out of the blood.

Why, a greater mistake was never made! Stop for a moment and think or ask any reputable physician what common catarrh is, and what causes it, and the answer can be only this. "It is an irritation or inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nose and throat, caused by neglected colds, damp, piercing irritable winds, foreign matter in the air which is poisonous to some persons and not to others; just as the bite of certain insects is a poisoned torture to some and has no unpleasant effect upon others." The reason for this is found in the different structure of the outer skin and bodies. Some people have chapped hands and chill-blains and others are never so afflicted be-

Therefore stop dosing. It is not blood purifiers you want, but good wholesome food, the plainer the better, then "keep your feet dry and warm, your head cool it is the best and brightest paper in Canit wide eyes full of perplexity.

"Are you civilized beyond lynch law plication, (Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is plication) (Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is p the best we know), to allay the inflammation, cleanse the surface, heal the sores, and your catarrh will disappear like magic. We do not say never to return, because you may cure a severe cold and in three months catch another equally bad, so with catarrh and bronchial trouble. Exposure may bring it on again. We learned more about treating catarrh from the wrapper around a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, than we ever knew. Certainly this reacted spontaneously. In an instant she was on her knees beside him, touching the cold hand and forehead.

"He has fainted!" she said aloud, quite in Miss Allison. Her wits were at hand in an emergency.

"Tom was mistaken. See," showing her the empty chambers.

There was the faintest light in the room, carefully screened from outside observation. She had sunk back in her chair at hand done their appointed work. The

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