

NOT FOR THE DEAD.

Not for the dead, O Lord, we weep; Untroubled is their rest, and deep; For them why should we mourn or sigh!

For all who 'neath some burden creep, Who sow the wind, the whirlwind reap, Who lonely watch the days go by,

For hearts that bleed while eyes are dry— Forsuch, O Lord, our tears we keep; Not for the dead.

OFF HENDRICK'S LIGHT.

It was a chill, foggy morning in September; the sea rolled in against the rocks in great, sullen, gray waves, seething and hissing over the seaweed; the light looked spectral and ghostly. I turned out the lamp. Far in the east a rosy tint crept into the mist. I went on the iron balcony around the little tower. While I stood there I thought of my dreary life—the only son of a poor fisherman drowned off Seguin light that flickered in the fog miles out to sea.

I grew up in that small village, went to school until I was twelve, then began to fish with the mackerel catchers. Like other lads, I had hopes and ambitions for the future; but mother needed me; so I worked for her. Three years ago—I was 28 now—I was appointed lighthouse-keeper on this peak of land guarding the entrance from the sea of the wide Sheepscot. I remembered, with no pleasure, Kitty Robbins, school-teacher over at the Bay. Mother wanted me to marry her. I—well I only wished to please mother; but, Kitty ought to do better than marry a poor light-keeper.

"Come, dearie; breakfast is ready!" mother's voice called, and I went down to the house connected with the tower by a long, low shed. I look at mother; she is worth a man's best years. A tiny, straight figure, quaint and trim, a black gown, neckerchief as white as snow, a white lace cap over her snowy hair, a pale rose tint on her soft, wrinkled cheek, and eyes as bright and blue as the sea. Women age fast in our bleak life of early toil, and she was 40 when I, the last of five children—all dead but me—was born.

"There's a speck out there like a boat," I said, stooping to kiss her. "Before I go to bed I'll look again. There was a nasty sea last night."

"The Lord pity the sailors at sea!" quavered mother, thinking of that shipwreck off Seguin. She poured my coffee, fidgeted about a while, then went to her bedroom. She came back with her spy-glass.

"I'll just go back, dearie. I like to get the mornin' air from the tower, an' lawd me! ef there should be a poor human creature adrift out there!"

Dear heart! I think of her prayers and long hours of watching nights when great storms roar around our headland, where the mist from the fretted sea is like a furious rain. She came back shortly, trembling with excitement.

"There is something white in the boat, Gideon, like a woman's scarf."

I left my breakfast untasted, running out to the shore with the glass in my hand. The boat tossed and wavered like a live creature on the foam-tipped waves, while in the moaning wind a scart or some loose drapery blew out like a signal of distress. I hurried to launch the big yawl that had weathered many a sea. I was bare-headed and in my shirt-sleeves.

"Here, Gideon; here I be!" There she was—my mother. She had a shawl folded over her shoulders and tied behind; over her cap was fastened a bandanna handkerchief. She held out my cap.

"You are not going," I said, sharply. "Yes I be, son; sum'un's got to steer, as she falls off so, an' sum'un must keep a lookout for'ard." She jumped into the boat, taking the helm in her brown, wrinkled hands. A fine, brave figure. I bent my strength to the oars. It was a wildish pull; for, though the wind blew on shore, it was ebb tide, making a rough, choppy sea. I waded no effort to look ahead, and she kept the boat steady, and so we soon gained on the speck.

We finally reached the speck, and it proved to be an open boat. Mother fastened the painter to it, and I did not turn my head.

The wind freshening, I rowed hastily to the shore. Our landing was a miniature harbor, a tiny cove sheltered from the sea by frowning rocks at either side. Here was smooth water—only a long, glossy roll. I stood up to look at the strange craft. It evidently belonged to a yacht, was dainty and trim, painted white, with *Dolphin* in good letters on the side.

"Mother," I cried hoarsely, "there is a woman in the boat!"

"I know it, but didn't want to distract you out there. Land me on the seaweed. I'll run and get the fire up. The poor creature may yet be alive."

be your people now? Grieving terribly, I well know."

"No," said the stranger, bitterly. "There can be no grief where there is no love."

"She grew well rapidly, and that night came up into the tower to see me light the lamp. She watched a while, and then she said, quietly:

"Out in the dark sea last night I saw that great yellow eye. It gave me courage and faith. I prayed for the first time in many, many years. I was quite content then, but, except for knowing you two good people, I would rather have been dead."

"But you are so young and talk that way," I said awkwardly. "Surely life has not been so hard to you."

"As kind as the light to the little birds," she muttered, as a tiny black object struck with cruel force against the glass. "It has broken my heart. I am not young, Mr. Gideon; I am as old as you, 28. Your mother told me about you. Ah, it is worth all to know her. The only spring of pure water I have known in my desert."

Marie—she would tell us no other name—was at my mother's side always, following her about like a child. Mother seemed bewitched as well. Seeing that Marie was delicate, she made her daily concoctions, petting her like a baby.

So life went on until thanksgiving week, when there was a vacation of a fortnight, and Kitty Robbins came to visit us. The big fisherman, her father, rowed her over, and both he and Kitty, as I saw, looked with suspicion on Marie. When he was gone Kitty came up into the tower, where I was cleaning the lamp.

"Gideon, she isn't a good woman; her hair is bleached," she said. Kitty somehow then looked sallow and homely; her voice rasped me—the sharp nasal tones of most New England women.

"It isn't," I said, coldly. "She has been here since September, and the color is yet good."

"Here all that time? Oh!" muttered Kitty, going down the stairs.

I remembered the tone Kitty said "Oh!" in. A woman is foolish to show bad temper, especially if she is not beautiful. I was so unhappy that fortnight. Before Kitty arrived, mother and Marie came up to the tower every night to sit with me, Marie, like an exquisite picture, in the blue gown, with her roseleaf skin, and her marvellous eyes. After all the years my heart went out to her. Marie! Marie! You were so different, so utterly different, so foreign to my life. You came to us from the sea—the sea that had bereft me, yet given me my bread—you brought me something out of the world barred to me, a simple fisherman. You gave me a soul. Deny it those who dare. I was a clod before you came. I shall never, never be a clod again.

What Kitty Robbins told mother I don't know, but into mother's manner toward Marie a chill crept, the coldness that comes to all good women toward a sister who has fallen. Mrs. Robbins and mother had been life-long friends, and the suspicions Kitty planted in that kind heart lingered. The time passed painfully enough, Marie growing pale and silent, Kitty cold and proud, rarely speaking to the stranger. I was glad to see Robbins come and Kitty go away, and it was only when the boat was out of sight that I remembered that I had not kissed Kitty good-by, and everybody said we were to be married in the spring.

That night a cold, wintry wind howled around the tower, buffeting the wet spray in my face when I opened the door. I stepped out. In the glare of light I saw her—Marie—standing looking at the gloomy sea.

"You will get your death," I said, angrily. "Come in." I dragged her to the fire, chafing her cold little hands. She shivered and coughed.

"I could see through the glass that you and your dear mother had some trouble," she said quietly. "Don't speak, Gideon. You have ink and pens there. Will you write a letter for me?"

"I never could. I had no education. I write like a clown. Do it yourself; or, rather, write no letter. You have said often that you never wanted to leave the island. You have picked out a spot near the cove where you wanted to be buried—that, when dead, you might still know of our coming and going. We have told you how welcome you are, and yet—yet you talk of writing, which I know means to go away."

"Men could never rule me, Gideon, you least of all. You, a child in heart and experience. You dear son, I wish I had a brother like you, a big, strong, bearded man who would protect me. Look at me kindly, Gideon, out of those deep, dark eyes where I can see your honest soul. Pity me. That letter is so repugnant, so dreadful to me, that I wish your kind hand to write it."

So I wrote:

Robert Julian: I am yet alive. Does this world still hold you in its weary coils? At the entrance to the Sheepscot where, wide and blue, with stormy waves and treacherous reefs, it ends its life in the ocean, is a frowning headland and a tower. In Hendrick's Head Light I have been living an enchanted life since September—a princess in a tower. I wait for you.

One day a letter came for Marie, and that night she came to the tower as usual with mother. "Gideon," she said, "read the letter aloud; you and your mother must know the worst of me."

She stood away from mother's chair, holding a tiny hand between her face and the lamp.

port town. He offered me my choice of deaths—he was very kind, you see, for he meant to kill us unseen at first. I begged him to take me out to sea in his yacht, and on some dark, tempestuous night to set me adrift in the boat. Julian did not know that I had seen my husband. I stole away in the afternoon, we set sail, and one night, far beyond Seguin, my husband set me adrift. He intended that the sailors should believe I had gone away in my sleep in the boat. He could buy belief."

"The awful creature!" said my mother. "No, I deserved it," Marie went on drearily. "Then he went back to kill Julian. So my life belongs to the man who was wounded for me—he loves me."

She turned toward the door, but I saw tears in her beautiful eyes. "I have brought shame on your honest roof, betrayed your generous hospitality. Oh, forgive me! My punishment is bitter enough; for I love you, mother. Your good word, your faith and affection, meant more to me than all else in life."

She went quietly down the stairs. Mother had not stirred.

"It's the Lord's will," said mother softly; "it's a skein we can't unravel. She was drove to it by ways that we can't fathom. Gideon," cried mother sharply, "don't you get set agin' her, too. Let's you an' me stem the world's tide an' treat her well. It won't be for long, the sin an' sorrow for her, for there is death writ in her pretty face." I fancied that brave, small figure stemming the world's tide. Pity for a woman from a woman is, alas! so rare, and yet so beautiful. "If Kitty won't come, she needn't, Gideon. She is a good girl, but narrer, an' she couldn't fall. We must try to keep Marie to the end. We fetched her out of the sea; we mustn't let her drown now."

There were tears in my eyes when I bent and kissed my mother.

We could not persuade Marie, and, though I knew she was wrong, I could not condemn her determination to do her duty to the man who had wrecked his life for her. Alas, I envied him with a sullen hate.

The morning of the 20th a neat yacht's boat rowed out to the Light, and a sailor in trim uniform brought a letter to Marie.

"Let him come tonight," she said, sadly. "Is there anchorage in the river near, Gideon?"

"A mile up," I answered shortly. In my wretched sleep—for I tried to lie down—I heard mother and Marie talking brokenly. At last darkness came, and I, who had hid myself all day, went up to the tower. With beating heart I listened—listened for her light footstep on the stairs. At last she came, the golden cloak about her gathering warmth and brightness from the light. She was very pale, her mouth drooping, her beautiful eyes so woefully sad.

"I climbed up, Gideon, every step a pain. They have been my Jacob's ladder, bringing me to heaven and peace. I have been so—almost happy. You will not forget me. When the great yellow eye flames over the sea, you will think of me drifting, drifting in the darkness of sin and regret as I drifted that night. You and your mother will talk of me sometimes, pray for me, pity me." She covered her face, sobbing bitterly.

"Marie! Marie!" I cried; stay with us to the end. You shall not go.

"I must. Oh, the folly of fools who paint sin so fair that we senseless moths fly into its light as a release from trouble! What is there for me but sin to the end? I am a tint on every honest home. Do not deny it; you give me more pain. You must marry the good girl from the Bay, and make her and your mother happy."

"I will not. You try to wring my heart, Marie. You know I love one woman, one woman only in all the world. I will not lie to Kitty to please you. Is that your revenge—to make me love you and then to toss me away for her to take the dregs? Oh, I have heard of women of your world. It is play for them to break a simple heart like mine."

"Bear with me only a moment," she cried, with quivering lips. "You love a guilty woman, forsaken by all the world. Am I then so precious to you? No man would dare marry me, when every day might bring some one who knew. It has been tried, and the woman has always drifted back to sin. There were too many who knew. It was a lifelong battle with assassins. The day of my tribulation—her words, dear, kind heart—'must soon be over. Pity me not—blame me. Say you will make me happy. Don't wring my heart by making me see forever that my coming was a blight—the world will say that—and some day your mother, stung into anger by your misery, will cry curses on me that I shall know in my grave.'" She clutched my rough sleeves in her trembling fingers. "For my sake make the good girl who loves you happy and your mother content. Gideon, I shall not suffer long. See the light through my hand; it looks like a dead hand now."

"Forgive me, forgive me," was all I could say.

"Then, dear friend, your mother has promised me I shall have a resting place out there where the light falls, where you can look down on my grave and pity me. Nights when you are alone my wraith shall come and keep you company."

That night she went away with Julian.

In the spring I married Kitty. I have tried to be good and kind, and she and mother love each other. I myself in the years have won peace of heart from duty faithfully performed, and the self-sacrifice that no one but the martyr knows. There is but one thing more.

It was a foggy night in June, and feverish and weary I walked the balcony to keep awake. I had rowed Kitty over to the Bay that afternoon, as her father was ill. I walked up and down, thinking of her memory—Marie. Behind me was the blur of golden light, before me a thick gray. The sea sobbed and seethed below, while vibrating in the deadened air sounded the solemn tones of the foghorn on far Seguin.

Then it was, framed in an aureole of light, I saw her face. It was far away, where I had first seen the drifting boat. I saw her so distinctly that a great cry rose to my lips: "Marie!"

Mad with eagerness I ran into the tower. Would she come back? Would that slight figure with the wistful face come up the old stairs to bid me once more farewell?

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ashy and wan. I flung myself on my bed and fell into a miserable consciousness that was not sleep or waking. Mother came to me at noon.

"A boat has just landed at the cove, Gideon."

"She has come!" I cried, mad with joy. "She has come again!"

"Ay, lad," trembling. "She has come in her coffin."

With a wild cry I ran to the landing. On the point where a line of fireless breakers marched in storm and sunshine there were four men carrying something. A fifth followed. Mother caught my arm.

"Help me, son; I am old and need you," she said. I stopped and drew her arm through mine. When we reached the point they had lowered the box into the grave, and stood with uncovered heads. The fifth man—and he had a kind, handsome face—came to me.

"I—I wanted to read a prayer," he said brokenly; "but I could not. Will you? From me it is mockery."

I took the book he handed me; but I did not know it then.

"No, no," I sobbed; "I loved her, too."

Then it was my mother who knelt, whitest soul of all I ever knew. Oh, could all sinners, men or women, be sure that such an intercession would go for them to the great Pardoner of all wrecked lives! Could that pity be given to fallen sisters in the life! Oh, mother heart! There is no taint there—only forgiveness and charity.

The sailors shovelled the earth fast to the brink. They seemed superstitiously eager to leave the spot.

"She wished no headstone," said the man whom I intuitively knew to be Julian. "She said you would know." He turned to mother.

"I thank you, madam. May I have at my last rites a prayer like yours. We float lightly to the end that must come; only when we stand by this—a humble mound—do mother words comfort our hearts. Is there anything I could do for you?" he went on, looking at me.

"Nothing from your hand," I cried.

"We both were hurt," he said, slowly; "but I fancy you in the tower have the better part. It—it costs me much to say it. She never loved me; she might have loved you. Farewell!"

He went back to his world. I to the tower. When Kitty returned, mother must have cautioned her, for she has never spoken of the grave to me. I give my duty and affection to my wife. I am sure she does not understand. I am a better husband than most of our men; for she—the woman Kitty hated—taught me, by her gracious presence and gentle ways, the little courtesies of life that mean much to wives and mothers.

At night when the lamp is lit, when into the darkness off Hendrick's Head Light its friendly radiance guides sea-tossed mariners in from the stormy ocean to harbor and home, I give my love and thoughts to a dead woman. I think my mother knows, but something tells me she does not blame me.—*Drake's Magazine.*

Are Your Pullets Laying? This question is often asked at this season by persons keeping hens; and the answer is too often, "No! and suppose they won't lay until eggs get cheap next spring, just my luck." It ought not to be your luck. Pullets hatched in April last should have commenced laying a month ago; while May and June hatches should be laying this month. It is not too late even now, to force the early pullets to laying in a few weeks. The late ones, even as late as July and August can be brought forward, so as to pay well, while eggs bring good prices. Strictly fresh pullets' eggs will probably retail as high as 50 to 60 cents per dozen, in Boston and New York markets, before March 1st, 1889. Mrs. L. J. Wilson, of Northboro, Mass., says: "In past years, I have noticed when my pullets laid at all, they would lay a litter and then, either want to set, or mope around for ten days, often for weeks doing no laying. Last fall and winter there was no interruption of their laying. The results were the best I ever saw in an experience of eighteen years. My thirty pullets were all just six months old, when they commenced laying. I never saw such return of eggs. In just eight weeks after they commenced to lay, the thirty pullets laid 1437 eggs; which I ascribe to the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder, to make hens lay." The new and enlarged edition of the *Farmers' Poultry Guide* contains much information upon this above subject. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass., (the only manufacturers of Sheridan's Powder, to make hens lay) will send a *Guide* postpaid, to any address, for 25 cents in stamps; or two 25 cent packs of Sheridan's Powder and the book for 60 cents, five packs \$1. A large 2½ pound can of the Powder for \$1.20 postpaid and the *Guide* free; six cans \$5, express prepaid. They will send a testimonial circular free to any one.—*Advt.*

Where Stuff is Not Needed. Dressmaker—There doesn't seem to be stuff enough here to make a train three yards long. Society Belle—Dear me! How much more is needed? "About half a yard." "Well, take it off the neck."—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Roland for an Oliver. Commercial Traveller (in a fascinating tone of voice, to pretty waitress)—Steak an' baked potatoes, Mary. Waitress (haughtily)—My name ain't Mary, Cully. Commercial Traveller—Well, don't get mad about it, dear. My name ain't Cully.—*Time.*

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