PROGRESS, HOLIDAY EDITION. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14.

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF THE DEAD.

By the hut of the peasant where poverty weeps, And nigh to the towers of the king, Close, close to the cradle where infancy sleeps, And joy loves to linger and sing. Lies a garden of light full of heaven's perfume, Where never a teardrop is shed, And the rose and the lily are over in bloom-'Tis the beautiful land of the dead.

Each moment of life a messenger comes And beckons man over the way; Through the heart sobs of women and rolling o drums. The army of mortals obey. Few lips that have kissed not a motionless brow, A face from each fireside has fled. But we know that our loved ones are watching us In the beautiful land of the dead.

Not a charm that we knew 'ere the boundary was crossed. And we stood in the valley alone; Not a trait that we prize in our darlings is lost. They have fairer and lovelier grown; As the lilies burst forth when the shadows of night Into bondage at daybreak are led, So they bask in the glow by the pillar of light, In the beautiful land of the dead.

O, the dead, our dead, our beautiful dead ! Are close to the heart of eternity wed; When the last deed is done and the last word is said,

We will meet in the beautiful land of the dead.



The new house was at best but a modest little structure, but Mayne viewed the plac- and his blood seemed turning to ice. He felt ing of each shingle and the driving of each that he must make a herculean struggle nail with profound satisfaction. In the for life or perish of the awful, deadly cold. sparsely settled neighborhood, where "dug He ventured from the door, only to be outs" and "shacks" predominated, a whirled from his feet by the force of the "frame" house, even though small and blast. As he struggled blindly to his feet unpretending, was a structure of no mean he felt that it would be death to attempt to importance. When it became known that Jack Mayne intended to plaster the "front his way about in the darkness of the blindroom," it was pretty thoroughly agreed that reckless extravagance characterized discover the doorway he had left. His Mayne's house building.

Except in the fashioning of the skeleton of the house and the framing of the door and window casings, the young settler had done most of the work himself, perhaps not exactly as a master mechanic would awful cold did not speedily moderate. have done it, but in a way that gratified himself exceedingly.

the little "front room," he whistled so where he knew the tool box to be, and exloudly that the tune reached Dock and tracting an awl he thrust his arm down Jinny, the sturdy mouse-colored mules. through the snow again and slowly For a moment they ceased the pleasant scratched some word on the floor. Demon Bill Henderson, bending over her in the

thundering away before the gusts that followed every now and then. "The buckboard's pretty small for three of us," Mayne went on half aloud, "but his prosperity.

then Bessie is not very big and I can hold her on my lap." The puff of wind that rounded the corner just then ended in a wail as mournful almost as the cry of a tiny lost child.

Jaggs, the cat, descended from his nail keg and scudded away to the "dugout." The mules ceased to devour the fodder, and after a glance at the northwestern sky shuffled off to the stable.

"Only a few more days now," Mayne mused. "Only a few more. Then Bessie will be my wife, and we will make this new house the happiest in the county-yes, in the whole state! Poor girl, her path through life has not been a pleasant one, but God helping me it shall be in the future !"

There was a stronger and more icy gust snow, driven along at race-horse speed, and doorless house the wind rushed with prairie road. the speed of a hurricane, driving the hissing snow clear through the rooms, half

filling them. Mayne made his way to the open door. The snow was speeding by and the dark-ness was so impenetrable that he could not

see the door frame at either side as he grasped it. Already he felt half numbed reach the dugout. It was only by feeling ing wall of snow that Mayne was able to veins seemed clogged with ice. His extremities lost the painful, freezing sensation. It seemed as if a red-hot dagger was being thrust again and again into his heart. He felt that death was near if the

Then he forgot himself and thought only of Bessie. There in the darkness he dug Just now, as he hammered away, lathing down in the snow beneath the window sill operation of stuffing themselves with fingers seemed clutching at his heart, and darkness, found that the blow had rendered

the prairie. Other tumble-weeds went stream till the rapidity of his words kept time to the rapid hoof beats of the ponies. The sole subject of his conversation was Jack Mayne, his struggles and the dawn of

"Poor Jack! the girl said softly, "How long and how bravely he has waited and worked !"

"Yas," answered Bill, "An', if I don't miss my figger, somebody else has waited the true form of baptism, they wished, on an' worked, too, somebody not nigh so strong an' able to fight the world as Mayne !" It would have been better if Bill Henderson had paid more attention to the horizon and less to the girl at his slde.

A jack rabbit darted by toward the southeast with prodigious leaps. A gopher sat erect on the little mound at the entrance of his burrow and gazed for a moment off to the northwest and then disappeared head foremost in his underground retreat. To the northwest, where the earth and sky seemed to meet, a narrow white line was visible. The ponies snuffed the air criticof wind. Then of a sudden it seemed as ally, and then dashed away as if urged on if the light of day was blotted out. With by a blow. Aroused, Bill Henderson looked purpose, and after baptism, if you desire a dull hissing rush the blizzard came, and at the coming storm, and his grinning mouth with its impenetrable wall of powdered closed. The white line, wider and longer, palian fold." extended a little above the horizon now, seemed to efface every particle of light and warmth. The air was deathly cold almost creasing in size. Urged on now by blows, in an instant, and through the windowless the little mustangs fairly flew along the

> Up, up rose the clouds, a black mass above and angry white below. "Blizzard !" Bill answered through his

clenched teeth in reply to the girl's look of anxious inquiry. "Got to git to Hi John-son's 'fore hit gits us !"

Hi Johnson's claim shanty seemed little more than a speck far ahead. The wind came in sharp, icy puffs, and at each the mustangs leaped forward with all the vigor of their sturdy bodies.

Perhaps the girl realized but little of her danger, for beyond a slight paleness she showed no symptoms of terror.

With the speed of a prairie fire the blizzard came on, shutting out with its wall of impenetrable white the landscape as it came. There was no need to urge the mustangs onward, for they ran at the top of their speed. Hi Johnson's shanty was much nearer. Then, with a hissing shriek, the blizzard was upon them, shutting out the world in an instant. The next moment the ponies swerved abruptly from the road. The wheels on the side toward the storm struck the hillock of a badger's burrow, bounded up, and the hurricane overturned the light buckboard in an instant. The wild mustangs dashed away, dragging the vehicle with them. The girl uttered no

SAID TO BE TRUE.

Why a Baptist Minister Refused to Baptize the Ladies.

The following is a true story, and 1s well worth printing : Two young ladies of this city were desirous of joining one of the prominent Episcopalian churches, but as they had been taught that immersion was joining themselves to the church, to be baptized in that manner. They stated their wishes to the pastor, and he expressed himself entirely willing to administer the ordinance in that form, but as there were no conveniences in the church edifice for the purpose, it would be necessary to go outside-to the frog pond on the Common, or the pretty lakelet in the Public Garden. They looked upon this proposal with horror. They could not think of it, could not think of making such a spectacle of themselves.

"Then," said the genial pastor, "you had better go to a Baptist church for the it, you will be received into the Episco-

The ladies were delighted with the suggestion, and, as soon as convenient, called upon a prominent Baptist pastor and made known their wish to be baptized.

"Certainly," replied the pastor, "but there are certain preliminaries to be gone through before baptism. certain preparations to be made. It is a solemn ordinance, one not to be lightly submitted to, and, by the way, it appears to me strange that you have not previously consulted me, that the preparations so necessary-" "Oh ! we are already prepared," said the young ladies.

"Already prepared ?"

"Yes; we do not intend to become members of your church; we only want to be baptized, as we believe immersion to be the proper form of baptism. We are going to join the Episcopalian church " "Oh ! that's it," said the pastor, rising; then permit me to inform you, my dear young ladies, that we do not wash Episcopalian sheep here.-Boston Courier.

PSYCHOLOGY BAFFLED.

The Power of the Human Eye Not Always to be Relied Upon.

"Did you ever try the power of magnetism as expressed through the eye?" asked a friend of mine at the theatre recently. "It's interesting. I've been developing the faculty of late and have great fun over it. Last week as I sat over there on the side aisle of the parquet circle I saw several sound as her head struck the earth, and rows of chairs ahead of me a young lady of my acquaintance. She was sitting so that she would have to turn clear around to lock at me, and I thought it a good chance to test my power. I called the attention of my companion to her and said : 'Now watch me make her look around.' Then I concentrated my gaze on the back of her bonnet and my mind on the idea of controlling her action. By and by she began to look around the house rather nervously, glanc-ing everywhere, and then she turned clear around and looked straight into my eyes. I met her afterward and told her about it, and she told me that she didn't know what caused her to do so unusual a thing. Now there's an acquaintance of mine down there in the paraquet-that man slouched down in his seat with gray hair and a bald spot-see me make him look around." My friend knitted his brows and looked at the balk spot intently for five minutes without making it wince. Then he frowned ominously and his gaze grew more piercing. Still no effect. After fifteen minutes of this he gave it up. saying the man never had a mind anyway. At the close of the performance the usher went down and awakened the man with the bald spot. He had been asleep-Chicago Times.

A Bolted Door

May keep out tramps and burglars, but not Asthina, Bronchitis, Colds, Coughs, and Croup. The best protection against these unwelcome intruders is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. With a bottle of this far-famed preparation at hand, Throat and Lung Troubles may be checked and

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John Meyer, Florence, W. Va., says : "I have used all your medicines, and keep them constantly in my house. I think Ayer's Cherry Peotoral saved my life some years ago.

D. M. Bryant, M. D., Chicopee Falls, Mass., writes : "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved remarkably good in croup, ordinary colds, and whooping cough, and is invaluable as a family medicine."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.



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"ALL RAIL LINE " TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.

Commencing October 17, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at

[†]6.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland. Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON. †7.00 a. m .- Aecommodation for St. Stephen and termediate points.

3.00 p. m.-Fast Express for Houlton and Wood-stock, and, via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ot-tawa, Toronto and the West. CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL.

14,45 p. m.-Express for Fredericton and inter-

18.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houl ton, Woodstock, Presque Isle. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM

Montreal, \$8.30 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car at-

Bangor at †6.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached. †12.20, 7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Vanceboro at 11.15, 10.55 a. m.; †12.10, †5.15 p. m. Woodstock at †6.00, †11.00 a. m.; †1.30, †8.20

.m. Houlton at †6.00, †10.55 a.m.; †12.15, †8.30 p.m. St. Stephen at †9.20, †11.30 a.m.; †3.15, †10.20 p.m. St. Andrews at †6.45 a. m. Fredericton at †6.20, †11.20 a. m.; †3.20 p. m. Arriving in St. John at ¶5.45, †9.05 a. m.; †2.10,

7.10, †10.20 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. t8.00 a. m. for Fairville.

†.430 p. m.-Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. ‡Daily except Saturday. ¶Daily except Monday. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent.



EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

O^N and after THURSDAY, Oct 3, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows :

LEAVE St. John at 1 p. m., and Carleton at 1.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and inter-mediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p.m.; St. Stephen, 6 p. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m., St. George, 9.50 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.25 p. m., St. John at 12.45 p. m.

FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 fbs.—not large in bulk— will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER STREET, up to 5 p.m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p.m.

BAGGAGE will be received and defivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance.

W. A. LAMB, Manager. St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889.

"roughness" at the fodder stack, and little spurts of colored light were shooting her insensible. Taking the slight figure in answered with unmusical, braying cry.

Every now and then Mayne would pause in his nailings to caress the head of Jaggs, the gray cat, who, enthroned upon an inverted nail keg, solemnly watched the placing of each lath and nail.

and I, Jaggs, but there is a brighter day fell again. just before us." Bill Her

The cat uttered a satisfied hum as if of assent.

Then Mayne sat himself down on the window sill and thought. The world had not always dealt kindly with Jack Mayne. As a boy he had been obliged to make his way unaided, and the fruits of his continued struggles had nearly all been disappointments.

Then Bessie Hamlin came into his lifelittle Bessie, who was certain that there away flung himself with acrobatic ease on was no one in this world who could compare to the seat of the buckboard. Executing a with Jack Mayne.

But Mayne had not a dollar ta share with the girl, and Bessie was portionless, living on her salary as a school teacher. So nowhere before them could they see a prospect that they could take each other for better or for worse without the worse largely predominating.

Then Jack Mayne departed for the west, mop of hair. resolved on the border to make a home for Bessie.

For nearly two years the struggle was no easy one, and often Mayne was only kept | the girl's musical voice. from complete discouragement by the thoughts of little Bessie Hamlin.

Especially bitter was the struggle of the hands the sod corn turned out badly. A fire guard, neglected through ignorance of its necessity, allowed a prairie fire to deconstructing such dwellings, gave him the ague which nearly shook his life out before he got rid of it. His one come have a structure and around the corner they galloped, Bill grinning delightedly and the girl clinging to the side of the seat with all the power of her small hands he got rid of it. His one cow, bought on time, partook to freely of buckeyes and died. Finally, the unexpected appearance of a cyclone necessitated the purchase of material and the erection of a new stable. And so it went on till Mayne was nigh to give up in despair.

Now there was a change.

Since the ground was no longer sod, the yield of corn was bountiful, and that of grain not a whit behind. More sod had been broken and produced an abundance of fodder. The sturdy, mouse-colored mules had been bought instead of hired, as before. Last of all, the dugout was being discarded for the new house. In another year or two Jack Mayne would pass through his season of trial and be one of the many border farmers on the high road to prosperity.

The day had been lowering ever since its dawn, and there was a chill in the air that would have rendered continued inaction in "W'y, that thar gal-I mean the lady-the windowless and doorless house rather Mayne's ben expectin'? Told me yistidy faint chill in the air. Then, as he ceased hain't you ?"

before his sight. His head roared so with- his arms, Bill dashed forward through the in that the hiss and rush of the blizzard storm. It he could but keep the proper were shut out from his hearing.

Bessie, his Bessie, was dying in the snow. clogged his footsteps, and more than once Hardly conscious now of anything but the "Jaggs," Mayne said, as the cat purred idea that Bessie was in deadly peril, he with grave content beneath the grateful dashed out into the blizzard. Soon he stroking, "we've gone through trials, you stumbled and fell, slowly rose, and then

> Bill Henderson, the mail carrier had just finished tying the rusty pouch securely on to the buckboard, when the landlord of the little hotel opposite the post-office appeared at his door.

"Oh, Bill! he called.

Bill answered with a sonorous "Wal !" "Come yere a minute 'fore you start." "All right !"

Then Bill untied the little hog-backed Texas ponies, and as they started to dash half circle he brought the almost unbroken snow had drifted but little, and here in the ponies to a halt before the little hotel. The darkness Bill Henderson laid the unconlandlord appeared on the porch, bearing a neat traveling bag and followed by a girlish figure. At sight of her Bill Henderson that was there. doffed his broad-flop hat with as much alacrity as if the lady had expressed an im-perative desire to behold his uncombed

"Howdy, ma'am ! he roared with a polite grin.

"You carry passengers, I believe," spoke

"You bet--I mean yes ma'am !" Bill stammered.

In a few moments it was arranged that gully. first year. Planted by inexperienced the girl should take passage on the mail carrier's buckboard.

Soon, with a loud Gid dap ! and a louder pop of the blacksnake whip, the team of stroy several rods of fence and a haystack. half-wind mustangs were started. Down the street and around the corner they

Presently Bill noticed this, and he pulled up the team so sharply that the girl was softly against the cold hand that for a little nearly unseated and the mustangs kicked while hung over the side of the bed and up the dust at a great rate.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," Bill said. "Don't 'low yer usen to this yere sort uv drivin'."

"I confess I am not," the girl answered, rather faintly, although she smiled, as if to show that she had not been afraid.

"That's what I 'lowed," roared Bill, de-lighted at his acumen in discovering the girl's inexperience.

"You are certain you know where Jack Mayne lives?" the girl asked presently. "You bet yer life—I mean certain I do.

Know his claim like a book." A red ray of intelligence presently illu-

minated Bill's face. "Air you the one? he asked, abruptly.

"What one? came the girl's puzzled counter question.

uncomfortable. But Mayne, busy with to keep an eye open fer a lady what would his work and happy thoughts, did not even come over in a few days. 'Lowed he'd notice the weather. He hammered away come over with me an' meet her. If your tive. never heeding the lowering skies or the the one yer sorter givin' him a s'prise,

direction there was a chance that he might A voice seemed roaring in his ears that reach Hi Johnson's claim. The snow he fell only to rise and struggle onward. The awful cold seemed piercing his body like a knife.

> Then he stumbled headlong into a little gully, und for a moment lay still with a queer ringing in his head.

He struggled to his feet in spite of the pain in his ankle that caused him to groan aloud. In spite of it all he again lifted the unconscious girl in his arms and struggled forward, only to fall in the gully again. Half trozen and with a sprained ankle, her weight was more than he could bear. At that point the gully made an abrupt curve and the waters in freshet time had washed against the bank till it had been worn away at its base and a little overhanging roof of sod was left. Beneath this the

Half an hour later he staggered against Hi Johnson's door, and when it was opened fell into the room and lay still on the floor. Whisky speedily restored him to something like consciousness and he told the story. In spite of the darkness and the deadly cold a little band of searchers, consisting of Hi Johnson, his two sturdy sons and Bill Henderson, set out to hunt for the girl who lay beneath the overhanging side of the

Next morning after the force of the storm was past, and as far as the eye could reach the prairie was one vast sea of white, they found her-dead. The pure white snow was all about her like a counterpane tucked by a mother's loving hands.

The searchers found Jack Mayne's body a few rods from the new house. When they laid him out, stiff and stark, on the bed in the dugout, Jaggs, the cat, rubbed that had never before failed to respond to the pet's caresses.

The dead girl was laid beside her lover. Bill Henderson's eyes were dim with tears as he said gently :

"Pore things! They waited so long for each other, but their waitin' is over now.' When the warm Chinook wind had melted the snow in the new house, there was plainly visible, where Jack Mayne had scratched it on the floor, the word :

BESSIE.

...... Saturday Night.

A Point in Boston Etiquette'

It is always well to be instructed in matters of social etiquette, and the remark which Mrs. A., one of the leaders of Boston society was overheard making to a young friend recently is admirably instruc-

"Do you know Mr. S. ?" somebody

What About Fat Missionaries?

Professor Carl Lumholtz, whose Among Cannibals is just ready, has been delivering lectures in Boston recently. While in Lon-don he was "interviewed" by the Pall Mall 1889. Gazette. This is what he said about the the preferences of the Cannibals for different kinds of human flesh: "I gathered that white man was no good-too salty. Chinaman was not half bad. He fed on rice, and had a tender vegetable flavor about him, like a mealy cauliflower. But of all varieties there was nothing so sweet as a native baby -so sweet, so juicy, so fat, so tender. Old men and women were naturally tough and sinewy. And the favorite parts were the thigh and flesh of the hand."--Ex.

Your wasted cheeks may have all the plumpness and bloom of health through your use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This timehonored remedy still leads the van. It improves digestion, purifies the blood, and invigorates the system. Give it a trial.

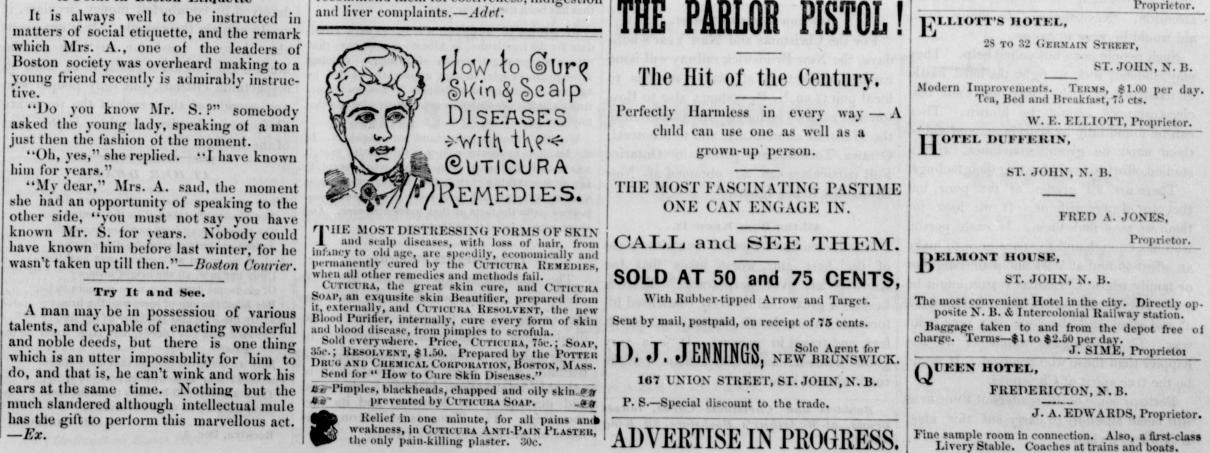
Judging by Him.

Guest (angrily)-Look-a-here, landlord, I'm heartily sick of the way you do business here. Didn't you ever have a gentleman stop with you before?

Landlord (gazing at him searchingly)-Hum! Are you a gentleman? Guest (more angrily)—Of course! Landlord (decidedly)—Then I never

did.-N. Y. Sun. The harsh, drastic purgatives, once deemed so indispensable, have given place to milder and more skilfully prepared laxatives ; hence the great and growing demand for Ayer's Pills. Physicians everywhere

recommend them for costiveness, indigestion and liver complaints.-Advt.





COUES



Proprietor.

his work and sat on the sill of the sashless window, his thoughts went swiftly back to little Bessie Hamlin in the Eastern home.

"The money I sent ought to have reached her by this time," he mused, "and in a few days I'll get a letter telling me when to expect her. Then I'll post Preacher Hicks when to be on hand, and I'll send out a general invitation for the neighbors to be present at the wedding. After the sup-per old man Byers with his fiddle will begin operations, and we'll give them such a jollification as they have not had for many a long day. I'll go over to Adams-ville on Bill Henderson's mail buckboard and meet Bessie."

A smart burst of wind with an unaccustomed keenness whirled around the corner with a dismal little whistle and sent a

"Yes, I am the one," the girl answered, pensively, "and I am giving him a surprise. I hope it will be a pleasant one."

"You bet hit-I mean course hit will !" roared Bill, with a great grin. "Pleasant? Wall, I reckon! W'en he was a tellin' me 'bout yer comin' his face lit up with a happy sort uv a light that told me more than his words did 'bout you. He didn't say so, but I 'low thar'll be a weddin' over that-a-way soon, eh?"

Bill, delighted at his own powers of preception, grinned hugely and smote his knee with a sounding whack. There was a soft light in the girl's eyes

and a little flush on her cheek as she

answered quietly :

"Perhaps." Delighted at having an appreciative listdetached tumble weed rolling off across ener, Bill talked on in a steady vocal -Ex.

asked the young lady, speaking of a man just then the fashion of the moment. "Oh, yes," she replied. "I have known him for years." "My dear," Mrs. A. said, the moment

she had an opportunity of speaking to the

ears at the same time. Nothing but the much slandered although intellectual mule has the gift to perform this marvellous act.