

THE MINISTER'S LEAGUE.

The doors were all shut and the shades pulled down as if the old house meant to take a nap. The cat snoozed on the window ledge outside; even the lilacs nodded sleepily by the porch door as Miss Cynthia banged it, while the long, straight village street presented a most uninspiring picture of "still life" with its three or four huddling hens, sunning themselves where the dust was thickest, and an old shoe was lying white and dusty as if it had been thrown for luck after a wedding carriage.

Miss Cynthia sniffed disdaintfully as she went around the house "settling things." All Gableton had had a finger in that settling and "settling" a good many things besides the minister's furniture; but it was now long past the Gabletonian dinner-time, and the unwilling housewives and housemothers were obliged to go home and attend to their own business. Miss Cynthia stayed.

"Time they have in sight," she observed, peeping from behind the closed blinds in a way acquired through years of practice. "Deacon Bimber's folks thought they'd be apt to get along about noon. Miss Simpkins said her husband said it was a postal in the deacon's box last night—he couldn't make out exactly what it said. He's middlin' short, when he stands on his tiptoe, which is a massy to Gableton post-office or he'd read all the postals. You don't s'pose I'd have time to slip over home and get a mouthful before they get here?" she supposed anxiously, craning her long, lean neck out of the window to consult the antiquated timepiece which ticked off the days and months and years in Gableton. As there was nobody to "suppose," she answered her own question, drawing in her head reluctantly.

"The goods come so early anybody'd suppose they'd feller 'em right up!" Taint but fifteen miles from the depot if you come in a hoss'n wagon. They ought to be along, 'less he's one of the dawdlin' sort, which I presume to say—Sakes alive! I believe that's them comin'! Where's my spees? Yes, 'tis! And I haint half looked through the blue chist nor the brass-handled seckertery and I meant to finish counting her sheets an' piller-cases! 'Tis them sure enough. They're turning up the lane. Sozzling along as if they had a little eternity of their own passed out to 'em. Wonder if they don't expect to step round the parish any s'river gain't it? Two girls and a boy! He'll be putting down, and the girls got a mighty smart up-an-a-coming look for minister's daughter, the biggest one. The little one looks pindlin'. Deacon Bimber's folks say they've got money. Must have, or they couldn't keep their own team! Land o' massy! Where's a lookin' glass?" she cried abruptly, breaking off her critical soliloquy and flying around like a kitten in a fit, to find a mirror, which she remembered to have hung up somewhere.

"Here they be close to the door! Well, I declare it's lucky I looked!" she said, rubbing hard at a smut-spot on the end of her nose. "I guess I got that in that dusty old box o' sermons. I'm bound to know whether he treats us to old sermons, or whether he thinks it's worth while to get up fresh ones. How do you do, Mr. Gray?" stepping out on the piazza, and offering her hand effusively as they alighted. "Mis' Gray! How d'ye do, children?" as with some constraint of manner the minister presented his family. He did not understand the shut-up house, the empty wagons or Miss Cynthia's appearance on the premises.

"We thought we'd take hold and fix things before you got here," explained Miss Cynthia, "so you wouldn't have anything to do but keep things as good as you found 'em. Folks thinks a good deal of looks in a minister's house. I know jest the way Mis' Meeker, the last minister's wife used to have everything (I fixed hers for her). Of course, any little change you felt as if you wanted to make to be more to home, you can; but you'll find things generally in the best places. The piano goes there against the wall; Mis' Meeker's always did. That's the side for the sofa; I never could bear one strung across a corner. And out here in the kitchen you won't want to change much. The china—"

A RACE WITH ROBBERS.

Joaquin Miller Relates an Exciting Experience of His Youth.

I was lying ice-bound at Lewiston, Id. T. Men wanted to send money below to their friends or families; merchants, anticipating the tremendous rush, must get letters through the snow to Walla Walla. Would I go? Could I go?

The snow was deep. The trails, over open and monotonous mountains, were drifted full. Could any living man face the drifting snow and find his way to Walla Walla? At first the merchants had tried to hire Indians to undertake the trip and deliver their letters. No one could be found to go. When the storm abated a little the men who kept the ferry across the Shoshone river scurried off the snow, and cutting down the upheaved blocks of ice made it possible to cross with a horse.

At first I meant to carry only letters. But having finally consented to take a little gold for one merchant, I soon found I should lose friends if I did not take gold for others. The result was that I had to take gold worth nearly \$10,000.

A few muffled-up friends came down to the river bank to see me off. It was a great event. For two weeks we had not had a line from the outer world. And meantime the civil war was raging in all its terrible fury. As I set out that bleak and icy morning, after I had mounted my plunging pony, I saw in the crowd several faces that I did not like. There was Dave English, who was hung on that spot with several of his followers, not forty days later; there was Boone Helm, hung in Montana; Cherokee Bill, killed in Millersburg, and also Canada Joe. This last lived with some low Indians a little way down the river. So when he roared ahead of me I was rather glad than otherwise; for I felt that he would not go far. I kept watch of him, however. And when I saw that he skulked around under the hill, as if he were going home, and then finally got back into the trail, I knew there was trouble ahead.

I was in a tight place now and had to think fast. My first plan was to ride forward and face this man before the others came up. But I was really afraid of him. It seemed a much easier task to turn and kill the two rear men and get back to town. But, no! No! All this was abandoned almost as soon as thought of. In those days, even the most desperate had certain rights which their surviving friends would enforce.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

"Do not play poker?" "Not now, I have lost even my interest in the game."

"Java must be a moral place to live in; we never see it advertised except as 'pure Java.'"—Puck.

"This parrot is worth \$500." "What gives it such a tremendous value?" "It can't talk."—Sparks.

Attendant (in railroad waiting-room)—"Say, mister, no going sleep here. This ain't no church."—Life.

"Did you tell your father that I loved you with all my might?" "Yes but he said your mite was too small."—The Jester.

The slang that from her lips fell pat, she made her English lazier; "that Chrysanthemum's a daisy."—Washington Post.

"I don't see how people who make artificial teeth keep out of the poor house."

"Why?" "They have so many mouths to fill."—Epoch.

Old Lawyer—"Have you any suits pending this term?" Young Attorney—"No; but I have an overcoat hung up for \$45." Indianapolis Journal.

An Invitation.—Runaway couple from Philadelphia (in Camden)—"Say, parson, will you join us?" Parson—"Thanks. Don't care if I do."—Texas Siftings.

A Peculiarity of a rooster is this: That though it was a simple chicken on going to roost in the evening, in the morning it always turns to crow.—Philadelphia Times.

Young man (somewhat confused)—"I—I—I came to ask you for your daughter." Old Gentleman—"Then why don't you do so?"—Ex.

"Bragg says the paper he published out west had a wide circulation at one time."

"It did. A cyclone struck his establishment one day."

Small Hopeful—"Is Buffalo Bill any relation to McKinley Bill?" Papa—"No, my son; only Buffalo Bill has a show, and McKinley Bill hasn't."

"So the old gentleman kicked you down the stoop when you called to see his daughter. Did he break anything?" "Yes, he broke our engagement."—Ex.

Fred—"They say Baker has a great deal more get up about him than he used to have." Harry—"Yes, he has to. They have twins at home."—Free Press.

A story at hand, describing a love scene between the hero and heroine, says: "He wooed her with a will." That's a good way, especially if the wooer is old and the will is in her favor.

"I'm feeling very ill again, doctor. Do you think I am going to die?" "My dear madame, compose yourself. That is the last thing in the world that is going to happen to you."—Life.

"Can your little brother talk now?" "Yes. He can say some words real well."

"What are they?" "I don't know. They're words I never heard before."—Harper's Young People.

Mrs. X.—"What is meant by the phrase 'the leaven is working'?" Mr. X.—"It means that the one intelligent jurymen is holding out against the other stubborn eleven."—Chicago Post.

Ethelbert—"Will you grant me one last fond embrace before we part forever?" Winifred—"Cert'nly. If I were you I'd fondly embrace the opportunity to get out before papa comes down."—Judge.

"He is wedded to his art," said Hicks, apropos of Sketchy, the artist. "You're wrong. He pays too much attention to his art to be wedded to it. He is engaged to it," retorted Mrs. Hicks, scornfully.—New York Sun.

"On what ground, Mr. Cautious, do you propose to break our engagement?" "There is no ground, Miss Bellows; that's the trouble. I had supposed, when we became engaged, you owned a large farm."—The Epoch.

"I am sorry to learn your mother is ill," said the sympathizing teacher to the little girl who had come in late. Is she sick abed?" "Not quite," replied the truthful child. "She's just sick a-sofa."—Chicago Tribune.

"I'm very much pressed for money," said the coat in the tailor's shop to the pair of trousers waiting to be lengthened. "Indeed!" returned the pair of trousers. "Well, just at present I confess I am rather short myself!"

"Have you broken off your engagement, old man? What's the matter?" "Well, I was hard up, you see, so I quarreled and had all my presents returned and was able to realize upon them. Couldn't possibly have raised the money any other way."—Harper's Bazar.

Pater (severely)—"My son, this is a disgraceful condition of affairs. This report says you are the last boy in a class of twenty-two. Henry—It might have been worse, father. Pater—I can't see how, Henry—There might have been more boys in the class.—Brooklyn Life.

Amy—I see that there is a female minister in Cincinnati. Now, would you call her a clergyman or a clergywoman? Jack—"Oh! a clergyman. There's no such word as clergywoman. The term 'man,' you know, embraces 'woman,' too. Amy—Does it really, Jack? How nice!—You-wine's News.

Barnum, the lion tamer, came home one night rather the worse for drink, and was soundly raved by his better half. His unruffled composure on this occasion incensed her all the more, and Barnum at length took refuge in the lion's cage, after bolting the door after him. Wife (at the door of the cage and armed with a broomstick)—come out of that you coward!—Fleecede Blatter Kalender.

A Fort street car which was travelling the northerly end of its route was hailed by a bare headed and excited house wife, who said to the conductor as the car came to a stop: "Oh, sir, you and the driver and all the passengers come into my house as quick as ever you can!" "What's the matter?" "It's perfectly awful, sir! I opened the stair door and a mouse ran into the sitting-room and he's there yet. That's my daughter crying in the back yard, and that's the poor baby yelling in the kitchen, and bring your revolver and a club and—!" The conductor rang two bells and the car rolled on.—Free Press.

Don't drown him deep in vinegar, Or season him at all; Don't cover up his shining form With pepper, like a pall; But gently lift him from his shell, And firmly hold your breath, Then with your tongue and teeth Just tickle him to death.

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CARLOAD ABOVE HIGH-CLASS OIL 550 BBLs. (now due) to arrive per ... EQUITY SALE. There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), on the corner of Prince William and Princess Streets, in the City of Saint John, on MONDAY, the 15th day of December next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the 28th day of May, A. D. 1890, in a cause therein pending between W. Watson Allen, Plaintiff, and Thomas P. Davies, Mary E. Davies and John R. Armstrong, Defendants; and by amendment between W. Watson Allen, Plaintiff, and Mary E. Davies and John R. Armstrong, Defendants; with the approval of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint, in the said cause and in the said Decree Order as follows:—

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK, MITCHELL'S CAFE! OYSTERS. DAVID MITCHELL, (successor to Mrs. WATSON'S), has removed his Restaurant to the Old Patterson Stand, Opposite the Country Ice Cream.

SAINT JOHN Oyster House, NO. 5 KING SQUARE, NORTH SIDE. How to Kill an Oyster. Don't drown him deep in vinegar, Or season him at all; Don't cover up his shining form With pepper, like a pall; But gently lift him from his shell, And firmly hold your breath, Then with your tongue and teeth Just tickle him to death.