#### THE MINISTER'S LEAGUE.

The doors were all shut and the shades pulled down as if the old house meant to tongue!"" take a nap. The cat snoozed on the window-ledge outside; even the lilacs nodded sleepily by the porch door as Miss Cynthy 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 Cynthy sniffed disdainfully as she All Gabbleton had had a finger in that settling and "settled" a good many things besides the minister's furniture; but it was now long past the Gabbletonian din-ner-time, and the unwilling housewives and housework was now long past the Gabbletonian din-teeling—" began Mrs. Bumstead "SI and housemothers were obliged to go home and attend to their own business. Miss

Cynthy stayed. peeping from behind the closed blinds in mealy-mouthed when she came here as "Deacon Bimber's folks thought they'd be gave in and gave up till she died unable apt to get along about noon. Mis' Simp- to stand it any longer; and that Mr Gray kins said her husband said the' was a didn't take all his orders from the doctor." a postal in the deacon's box last night-He's middlin' short, when he stands on his boytiptoe, which is a massy to Gabbleton 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 proposed anxiously, craning her long, lean neck out of the window to consult the antiquated timepiece which ticked off the days and months and years know that quartette doesn't stand any in Gabbleton. As there was nobody to nonsense—and the dog took French leave "suppose," she answered her own question, drawing in her head reluctantly.

"The goods come so early anybody'd suppose they'd foller 'em right up! 'Taint but fifteen miles from the deepot 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 specs? Yes, 'tis! And I haint half looked through the blue chist nor the brass-handled seckerterry 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 passeled out to 'em. Wonder if appearance on the premises

things before you got here," explained the sewing circle. It met at Miss Cynthy's, Miss Cynthy, "so you wouldn't have any- being "Ladies' Night," as Kitty Bumstead thing to do but keep things as good as you said; that is, the night when ladies might like a wild beast. He rushed at the walls, in my pocket where lay a small six-shooter found 'em. Folks thinks a good deal of invite their male friends to come and take there were no stairs, grappled at the win- warm and ready. Once, as the drifting looks in a minister's house. I know jest a social cup of tea and pay for it. The af- dow casing when the ladder dropped like and blinding snow broke away up in the the way Mis' Meeker, the last minister's ternoon went in sewing and talking and rotten rope, dropped to the ground and mountain, I saw Canada Joe with his wife used to have everything (I fixed hers setting tables. Everyone was eager for dashed at a fresh one. A little white head bent down in the snow still pushing for her). Of course, any little change you | the evening. ally in the best places. The piano goes there against the wall; Mis' Meeker's alling table cloths "Miss Cynthy is in there have you, precious?" A falling beam of them held up a bottle. They evidently

don't think we need to trouble you any will sav anything. I will!" more! You have been very kind! Now, "We will, Kitty!" cried

"No trouble," said Miss Cynthy, "I'll stay and help you unpack your bedding." "No, thank you," said the minister's

wife again, firmly and sweetly. "Yes, I shall!" persisted Miss Cynthy, parlor, her eyes still wet and shining. exasperatingly. "I shan't leave you till you're all in running order!"

I prefer to do it alone!" At last Miss Cynthy understood. She tion went out of the house in high dudgeon.

road, she saw the "up-an'-a-coming" daughter of the house indignantly fling- advice to "go on." ing open those carefully-closed shutters, to let in the sweet life-giving sunshine, changes in that anciently ordered furni-

pered the Widow Grigson, before the first six months of his pastorate had passed.

"He isn't over and above sound," said the doctor pursing up his lips judicially and swelling with a mysterious air of disapproval. The doctor was a citizen of Kitty, brightly. "Anybody that's got down for a life member!" credit and renown, and as Miss Cynthy's anything good to say about our minister, brother, was in undisputed possession of come and stand with us! Come, now, be deringly. He did not understand. But on your city-addressed envelopes," said a censed her all the more, and Barmann at all the information public and private, honest! Who's on the-minister's side!" pertaining to the new pastor's family. The houses were, unfortunately, adjoining and not all the suggestive reserve of dropped curtains and grass-grown footpath ever discouraged Miss Cynthy's back-door incursions or private prowling expeditions when the family were away.

"They're se-e-cret!" hissed out Mother Minton, between her false teeth. She couldn't help her false teeth, nor the sound they made, but somehow her glittering body that does that. Speaks to me like a they made, but somehow her glittering black eyes and the teeth, and the sibilant sound, all went tegether. It looked "snaky."

"She is snaky, mother!" declared Kit worth saving!" Bumstead, frosting cake that afternoon before she came to the sewing-circle. Everybody grew still suddenly. This from the brilliant scapegrace touched the "She has that creeping, wavy motion of most callous there. her long, slim body, haven't you ever no- "W-w-will ye m-m-make room f-for me Ex.

ticed? And then the venomous way of in the 1-1-line?" demanded a burly fellow, saying things! Oh, mother! I can't think her: 'The poison of asps is under her

"Don't be uncharitable, Kitty, child!"

said her mother, mildly. "Uncharitable!" cried Kitty, "Mamma banged it, while the long, straight village dear, what do they pitch on poor Mr. May, glowingly. Gray so for? Isn't he good and tender and kind to everybody? Isn't he the best friend in the world, when anybody is sick all the rest. or in trouble-just true blue? Doesn't he preach splendidly? You know Dr. Birch himself said so last summer when he came up to visit his mother, and he has a three thousand dollar city church to make his say-so worth something! He has been School when I was sick and dropped out!" went around the house "settling things." thousand dollar city church to make his here a year now, and the last six months has been perfect purgatory.'

"Persecution, mother!" said lively Kitty, out." "Don't mince matters. And the only reason—the beginning and the ending of it all "Time they have in sight," she observed, is that poor Mrs. Gray wasn't quite so a way acquired through years of practice. that broken-hearted Mrs. Meeker, who

"They do complain, you know, of the he couldn't make out exactly what it said. | children," said his mother. "That oldest | man solemnly.

> "Tied some fans to a dog!" laughed Kitty, showing all her dimples, as it she enjoyed the recollection, and would liked wasn't he a comical sight, though! And they were having a rehearsal over at the and went off that piazza in a flash, and into the church, and broke up the rehear-

"Well, it was provoking."

laughing, "but they do say-" they don't expect to step round the parish to say till it is proved. They do say-beany s ryer gait'n that! Two girls and a side this ridiculous fan business, and Netty boy! He'll bear putting down, and the Gray's lawn-tennis, that she plays every girl's got a mighty smart up-an'-a-coming minute that she can in summer, and Mrs. from the corner, with a thump of his cane hind Canada Joe. So far as I could find look for minister's daughter, the biggest Gray's lady-like ways of dressing and for added emphasis. "I don't fellowship out, the robbers were closing in on me. one. The little one looks pindlin'. Dea- minding her own business—they do say with him at all I don't—" con Bimber's folks say they've got money. Mr. Gray has told a lie! Once, long ago, Must have, or they couldn't keep their own in a friendly way he was speaking about team! Land o'massy! Where's a lookin' coming here, and he said at the same time "Fire! help!" glass?" she cried abruptly, breaking off he had a chance to go to Denesford for her critical soliloquy and flying around like twice the money. What does our dear in horror, while the house was emptied in a kitten in a fit, to find a mirror, which she | doctor do, but buy a postage stamp, and | an instant. remembered to have hung up somewheres. write off to the church fathers at Denesford The flames blinded, scorched them, as and I was soon tearing through the storm "Here they be clost to the door! Well, and ask them 'Did they or did they not they ran out. A high night wind was up the hill. Once fairly on my way I I declare it's lucky I looked!" she said, call the Rev. Mr. Gray on such a date for blowing. It wrapped the sleeping house looked back below. Dave English and rubbing hard at a smut-spot on the end of exactly sixteen hundred dollars, and gar- in its hot, red, fearful folds; the inmates Boon Helm were bidding good-bye to two her nose. "I guess I got that in that dusty den-sass!" Of course the answer came got out quickly. The boy, the girl, the mounted cowboys at the ferry-house. Ten old box o' sermons. I'm bound to back in black and white that they didn't. father and mother; the little one, somebody minutes later, as I looked back through know whether he treats us to old ser- He never said they did. He never allowed snatched and hid her in his coat, till the the blinding snow, I saw that these two mons, or whether he thinks it's worth them to make him a formal call. He had cruel flame and smoke had no more chance desperate fellows were following me. while to get up fresh ones. How do money enough, and made up his mind to at her. you do, Mr. Gray?" stepping out on the come here for the good he could do, and piazza, and offering her hand effusive- let some poorer man have that place. And ly as they alighted. "Mis' Gray! How this is his reward. The doctor is riding d'ye do, children!" as with some constraint all over town in his little top-buggy, and

felt as if you wanted to make to be more to "I can't stand it, mother!" said warmhome, you can; but you'll find things gen'- hearted Kitty, rushing out to the supper- clutching, strangling.

"We will, Kitty!" cried two or three, that even moved her mother. "He's been real good to us. Let's tell 'em so!"

hand of each and hurrying them into the

"Please understand me," said the lady, busy tongues hushed and the heads turned "fellowship meeting." with decision, "you are so very kind-but to where the three pretty girls stood, flushed and earnest and asking for atten-

"Hear, hear!" cried Will Tyler, chival-The capsheaf to her indignation was her rously, and the other young fellows took backward glance when fairly out in the up the word and the girls were greeted with an encouraging clapping of hands and

"We are the Minister's League-we three!" said Kitty courageously, though and through the lidless upper windows, her lashes glittered and her lip trembled caught wrathful glimpses of incipient with the effort. "Everybody has had something bad to say about our dear min- of you may remember that I didn't 'stand ister and we think it is our turn. We in line and give in my testimony. I wish That was the beginning of the trouble want to say that we think he is very kind to do it here. If it had not been for my had thrown themselves from their saddles and good and true, and there isn't any- dear pastor-whom may God bless forever!

papa got hurt," said Daisy gratefully.

"Oh, who is there among us, The true and the tried," struck up Will Tyler's beautiful tenor, laughingly; but in an instant after he crossed the little space and stood beside Kitty who rewarded him with the brightest smile she had given anyone that evening. Will had a hard name, but some people thoughthe was worth saving.

"He always has a good word for me," Christian gentleman, as I believe he is. If I ever get to be one it will be because he speaks to me as if he thought I was

pushing up to stand beside him. "I ings as I'd l-l-like to, but he makes it easy for me! He's k-k-kind to the b-b-bottom of his b-b-boots, Mr. Gray is!"

a bit of fire last winter!" confessed Mrs.

"His wife took care of my baby in the diphtheria," said a woman who had lost

"Mine died in her arms!" sobbed a poor mother of seven children. "He helped my brother get ready for college," said a little girl, stepping up.

said a larger one.

"She sewed for me when I got all tired

"She watched with me when my husband

died." "She lent me books." "They took me to ride."

"He got my brother work." "He gave me his coat," said the college boy, who had come in unnoticed. "Took

it right off his back!" "He led my soul to Christ!" said one

'And mine!" "And mine!"

The line was full-broken into many other lines. Almost all the room was standing. Here and there a neutral, wavto have helped her. "Palm-leaves-Oh, ering, stood with the rest, but without speaking. Kitty noticed her mother in the door—tears of strange, mixed emotion spoken against her minister. She had never spoken for him. She came forward now and stood near Kitty.

"Provoking! But he needn't have got about ministers as anybody. I think it's that he skulked around under the hill, as as mad as a bumble-bee over it. The doctor wanted to call 'Police! Murder! Fire! stopped abusing our minister. If he ain't got back into the trail, I knew there was Thieves!" cried Kitty spicily. "You never saw anybody so outrageous. If I'd been dollars don't buy one, and we ought to I was in a fans in a bundle with the advice to keep man and she's a human woman. And I

-won't we-all?" "No!" growled the doctor's deep bass

ppearance on the premises

'We thought we'd take hold and fix they don't look out!"

they don't look out!"

top. there! The roof is going! Are they behind you was fearful!

In this frame of mind Miss Kitty went to all out? Are—they—all—out?"

I had two six-shoot

"Where's my baby?" high, high up-beating back the smoke, moments after, as I crossed and climbed the

ways did. That's the side for the sofy; I talking about asking him to resign and struck him; his toot fell from the ladder. intended to overtake me if they could, and never could bear one strung acrost a cor- Mother Minton telling about Mrs. Gray's Up over his body somebody went, snatchner. And out here in the kitchen you extravagance, and everybody trying to ed the baby, swung himself out and off allow. I urged my ambitious horse to his won't want to change much. The china—" think up something bad about our dear, from the crumbling, crackling walls, the best. But, to my dismay, as I hastened up "Oh, thank you, dear Miss Homans," good minister! I declare, girls, I think fiery ladder. One quick, shuddering leap a narrow pass I found that I was not far said Mrs. Gray, politely. "but I really it's wicked to keep still! It nobody else into the cloth they held for him-singed, burned, bruised, but sate.

The usual evening meeting had no dull touched by the sight of her generous tears, pauses that week. The minister did not have to "occupy the time." One after "Come ahead!" said Kitty, snatching a ed. Nobody could finish what he had to say. Over in the corner a woman sobbed once in the silence. That was Miss Cyn-"Friends, dear people!" she said, speak- thy sitting there beside "Mis' Gray" and at the idea, and striking spurs to my horse, ing up loud and eagerly, so that all the doctor's wife. They were having a I was soon climbing up the gradual slope

for him. It was the doctor.

help and upholding of the minister. Some shouts. "I don't think he's speritooal!" whisered the Widow Grigson, before the first ix months of his pastorate had passed.

body in the town hardly but he has been good to! Isn't that so, girls? You tell!"

'Yes, 'tis!" assented Annie.

-I should be childless. He saved my little girl for me! I haven't much to give," he said, after trying uselessly to get a he said, after trying uselessly to get a "He came to see me every day when steady voice to say it, "but whatever I have is his,—and the Minister's League, or sound.—St. Nicholas.

Walla with my precious burden safe and bare is his,—and the Minister's League, or sound.—St. Nicholas.

Barmann, "We're the Minister's League!" cried | whatever you like to call it, can put me

The minister looked on gratefully, wonfrom every corner of the room, while tears but I had rather a bitter experience bolting the door after him. Wife (at the and sobs gave emphasis, with a unanimous lately, which makes me now write it with door of the cage and armed with a broom-"Amen!"—Transcript Monthly.

Country Fresh Eggs. Guest (at country hotel): What kept you so long? Were you waiting for the hen to lay the egg? Waiter: This was the only egg in the place, and the hen had been sitting on it for a week or more, and we had an awful time to get it away from

A Night of Horror.

Dashaway-The other day I went to an amateur theatrical performance, and then I went home and had a terrible dream. Cleverton—What did you dream?

Dashaway-I dreamt I went to it again.

A RACE WITH ROBBERS.

of anything but Bible words to describe c-c-can't speak for the Lord in the meet- Joaquin Miller Relates an Exciting Ex perience of His Youth.

I was lying ice-bound at Lewiston, Id. T. Men wanted to send money below to "He gave me ten dollars when I hadn't | 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 tound to go. When the storm abated a little the men who kept the ferry across "She sent me over things when I was the Shoshonee river scraped 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 to fill "-Epoch. had a line from the outer world. And meantime the civil war was raging in all its icy morning, after I had mounted my Indianapolis Journal. 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 latter; there was Boone Helm, hung in church-nothing but a rehearsal, but you running down her cheeks. She had never Montana; Cherokee Bill, killed in Millersburg, and also Canada Joe. This last lived with some low Iudians a little way down the river. So when he road ahead "I've always said I wouldn't take sides, of me I was rather glad than otherwise; but I'm going to. 'He that is not with for I felt that he would not go far. I kept me is against me,' and that is just as true watch of him, however. And when I saw

I was in a tight place now and had to the boy I'd have sent him those palm-leaf think how that he's a kind of a human think fast. My first plan was to ride forward and face this man before the others move, right here and now, and I hope came up. But I was really atraid of him. "You set it out well," said her mother, somebody will second the motion, that we It seemed a much easier task to turn and all come over and join this Minister's kill the two rear men and get back to "Yes, mamma," interrupted Kitty, sol- League, as the girls call it, and from this town. But, no! No! All this was abanemnly, "they do say, and that is the awful time forth join hands with our pastor and doned almost as soon as thought of. In part of it. Nobody has got any business strive to uphold and strengthen his hands those days, even the most desperate had instead of weakening of 'em! Won't you certain rights which their surviving friends would enforce.

I was now but a few hundred yards be-But we had ridden over the roughest part "Fire! fire! fire!" rang out in terrified of the road and were within a few miles of between the hero and heroine, says. "He tones from the other side of the garden. the high plateau, so that the wind was tearing past in a gale, and the drifting snow

But the "Rubicon" was now behind. My impetuous horse was plunging in the snow

True, there was nothing criminal in that. "I've g-g-got ner!" cried the stammerer. The two highwaymen had a right to ride "I c-c-can't t-t-talk, but I can d-d-do as beside me if they wished. And Canada quick as anybody.

Joe had Just as good a right ahead of me. But-here! The danger is not over! But to be on a horse deep in the blinding of manner the minister presented his family. He did not understand the shut-up adjures everybody. I'll tell! And I'll tell house is afire! Why didn't anybody see enough. To have a desperado blocking house, the empty wagons or Miss Cynthy's where it will do some good pretty soon, if it was catching? Quick, quick, to the the narrow trail before you with two friends

I had two six-shooters close at hand under the bearskin flap of my saddle-bag The doctor broke out of their hands where the gold was. I kept my left hand head bent down in the snow still pushing on ahead of me at a safe distance. A few moments after, as I crossed and climbed the farther bank of an ugly canyon, the two robbers came close enough to hail me. One of them held up a bottle. They evidently intended to overtake me if they could, and profess to be friendly. This I must not allow. I urged my ambitious horse to his best. But, to my dismay, as I hastened up a narrow pass I found that I was not far behind Canada Joe. This low-browed black fellow was reported to be the worst.

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."—Chifigure showed an instant at a window, on ahead of me at a safe distance. A tew man in all that country. And that was cago Tribune.

saying he was bad indeed. Suddenly, I had a new thought. Why another an eager voice began, broke, ceas- not take to the left, gain the plateau by a new route, and let these bloodthirsty robbers close their net without having me in side. I rose in my saddle with excitement at a gallop. Ah! but I was glad! Gallop! At last a man rose; stood there silent. He could not speak; but they could wait horses! Turning my head suddenly over to realize upon them. Couldn't possibly my shoulder, I saw my two pursuers not a have raised the money any other way."-"Brethren," he said at last, "I want to hundred yards behind me. They shouted! confess my sins. I've treated my pastor I was now on the high plateau and the wickedly. I've tripped up his feet. I've snow was not so deep. Gallop! gallop! hindered his work. I ask his forgiveness gallop! Canada Joe—thank Heaven!—was and I ask yours. There's only one thing away to the right, and fast falling behind. makes me happy to remember. The last Gallop! gallop! gallop! I was gaining thing that ever was done in my house was on the robbers and they knew it. Fainter the formation of a league or club for the and fainter came their curses and their

> And then: Whiz! Crack! Thud! I looked back, and saw that they both and were taking deliberate aim.

> But to no purpose. Not one shot touched me or my horse, and I reached

> > A Swell Chicago Fad.

asking me to drive with him; as he owns | Fliecende Blatter Kalender.

the envelope, had been read Iowa, and thither the note had traveled, coming back after several days, and finally being delivered to the man for whom it was intended."—Chicago Letter.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

"Do not play poker?" "Not now, I have lost even my interest in the game." Java must me 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,
Oft made her English hazey;
She once was heard to murmur, "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

Old Lawyer-"Have you any suits pending this term?" Young Attorney-" No; terrible fury. As I set out that bleak and but I have an overcoat hung up for \$45." An Invitation.—Runaway couple from

Philadelphia (in Camndon)—"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

"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 re-

lation 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 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." 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 juryman 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

black fellow was reported to be the worst ful child. "She's just sick a-sofa."—Chi-

"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 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 .-- Brroklyn Life.

Amy-I see that there is a temale 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. Amythe first station, and finally road into Walla Does it really, Jack? How nice !- Yeno-

Barmann, the lion tamer, came home one night rather the worse for drink, and was soundly rated by his better half. His "It's swell, of course, to write 'Town' unruffled composure on this occasion incare. One of the men I know sent a note stick)—come out of that you coward!-

an awfully stylish turn-out, with footman | A Fort street car which was travelling and all that sort of thing, you may fancy | the northerly end of its route was hailed by I had no engagement to prevent, and a bare headed and excited house wife, who promptly sent him an acceptance of his said to the conductor as the car came to a invitation. Fancy my chargin when the day came and he did not, and my subsequent indignation when several days quick as ever you can!" "What's the came and went with no word from him. matter?" "It's perfectly awful, sir! I It was half a week after the afternoon opened the stair door and a mouse ran appointed for the drive that one morning, about noon, his card was brought of me—a penciled line under his name 'with explanation,' for, as he told me afterward, he was afraid I would not see him. It seems my 'Town,' in fashionable scrawl on | bells and the car rolled on .- Free Press.

# Ayer's Sarsaparilla

### The Best **Blood Medicine**

So say Leading Physicians and Druggists, and their opinion is indorsed by thousands cured by it of Scrofula, Eczema, Erysipelas, and other diseases of the blood.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its reputation by years of valuable service to the community. It is the best."-R. S. Lang, Druggist, 212 Merrimack st., Lowell, Mass. Dr. W. P. Wright, Paw Paw Forc, Cenn., says "In my practice, I invariably prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla for chronic diseases of the blood."

Dr. R. R. Boyle, Third and Oxford sts., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "For two years I have prescribed Ayer's Sarsaparilla in numerous instances, and I find it highly efficacious in the treatment of all disorders of the blood."

L. M. Robinson, Pharmacist, Sabina, O., certifies: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has always been a great seller. My customers think there is no blood-purifier equal to it."

"For many years I was afflicted with scrofulous running sores, which, at last became so bad the doctors advised amputating one of my legs to save my life. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and soon saw an improvement. After using about two dozen bottles the sores were healed. I continue to take a few bottles of this medicine each year, for my blood, and am no longer troubled with sores. I have tried other reputed blood-purifiers, but none does so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."-D. A. Robinson, Neal, Kansas. Don't fail to get

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists. \$1, six \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.



#### 1 CARLOAD ABOVE HIGH-CLASS OIL

"What are they?" "I don't know. 550 BBLS. (now due) to arrive per Sch. Bess & Stella. Although very much superior to any other Oil imported, prices are made as low as any. Send for

J. D. SHATFORD.

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 MONDAY, the 15th day of December next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decre tal Order 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 approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint, in the said cause and in the said Decretal Order as follows:—

Dated the tenth day of September, A. D, 1890. HUGH H. McLEAN, ALLEN & FERGUSON, Referee in Equity.
Plaintiff's Solicitors.
T. B. HANINGTON, Auctioneer.

## 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. WHETSEL), has Removed his Restaurant to the

Old Patterson Stand Opposite the Country Market,

Ice Cream. and has fitted up a First-class, respectable Restaurant, where any one can get a good HOT DINNER from 12 to 3 o'clock, and OYSTERS, FRUIT, PASTRY and ICE CREAM

the Minister's League responded grandly, young Chicago woman, the other day. length took refuge in the lion's cage, after 47 GERMAIN STREET, :: ST. JOHN, N. B.

#### SAINT JOHN Oyster House, NORTH SIDE.

How to Kill an Oyster. Don't drown him deep in vinegar, Or season him at all; 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.

C. H. JACKSON.