

## MALCOLM'S IDEAL.

"She must be tall, Bab; she must be graceful as a willow branch, with eyes of midnight darkness, classic features, hair like the raven's wing."

Bab, who was stirring cake, looked up at the deep window-seat that separated the old-fashioned kitchen from the garden beyond. Seated there, swinging one foot idly, sat Malcolm Hoyt, describing the future Mrs. Malcolm as she existed in his youthful imagination.

"Well?" Barbara said, presently, after a glance from the tall boyish figure and frank, handsome face, to a small mirror that reflected hair of burnished bronze, the true auburn and numerous freckles. "Well? Tall, dark, classically featured. Any other perfections?"

"Accomplished, of course. She must dance like a sylph, sing like a nightingale, draw, play on the piano—"

"Make cake?" suggested Bab, vigorously stirring her batter.

"Why, no—Mrs. Hoyt will not need to make cake, I think. Not but what it is very jolly to know how," he added, hastily, "but Mrs. Clark might resent any invasion of her special department."

"Yes, I see," said Bab, dryly. "You don't want your wife to be a kitchen-maid."

Malcolm blushed furiously; he was not quite twenty-one, and had not forgotten how to blush.

"I don't mean that at all," he said, and then laughing heartily, added, "don't you think we are talking considerable nonsense, Bab?"

"I don't know," said Bab, slowly. "You say your father wants you to marry, and as you are in quest of a wife, you might as well have some idea of what you would prefer."

"Just like choosing a necktie," said Malcolm, "though I think I should feel more interest in the necktie. By the way, what is your ideal, Bab?"

"I haven't considered," said Bab, bending her face low over the pan into which she was pouring the cake.

"Nonsense!" said Malcolm. "As if a girl ever lived to be eighteen without an ideal."

Then Bab violated the truth with a daring voice, and bright eyes, for she said:

"My ideal doesn't sit on kitchen window-sills and talk nonsense, at any rate."

"You don't know what you might do under sufficient provocation," said Malcolm, teasingly. "I have seen Steve Hale look longingly at my perch within the last ten minutes."

"Stephen Hale!" cried Bab, scornfully, and lifted the pan to carry it to the room beyond, where the fire was lighted in summer.

Her heart was swelling with indignation. She was only a farmer's daughter, she told herself, and Malcolm Hoyt was heir to a magnificent estate and fortune, college bred, and could marry in aristocratic circles. But to think she could look at Stephen Hale, her father's "help," a man who could not read! It was insulting, little Barbara thought, and she took an unreasonably long time to adjust the cake-pan on the oven-bars, and pile on fresh wood in the stove.

"Good-bye!" shouted a cheery voice, presently. "I'm off to the post-office, but I'm coming to tea to eat some of that cake."

"I've a great mind to scorch it," thought Bab, spitefully. "I would, too, if it wasn't father's favorite."

"I do believe she is fond of Steve," thought Malcolm, as he swung himself into the saddle. "She blushed as red as a peony when I mentioned him. I suppose it would be what my father calls a suitable match, but she's a thousand times too good for him. Why, she's as good a Latin scholar as half our college fellows, and she sings so beautiful, that it is a burning shame she has nothing but a concertina to accompany her voice." Then his reverie took another turn, and he thought: "I wonder if father is ill?"

It was the nineteenth century, and Malcolm was an only child, denied no indulgence from his infancy, but he never thought of his father as the "governor" or the "old man." His mother was but a memory, for when he was five years old, her golden-haired beauty was hidden under the daisies. He liked to think his great, blue eyes and crisp, blonde curls were like those in his mother's portrait, but imagination was more potent than actual memory in recalling her.

"I wonder if father really is ill!" he thought, jogging along slowly. "He seems so anxious to have me settled. And that means married. He seems to think I will weary of the dear old home, if I have no family ties to bind me there."

And then fancy painted again that exquisite, graceful and accomplished being he had endeavored to describe to Barbara. It was odd that even with this mental vision before him he thought what a home Bab would make of the stately pile that was to be his inheritance.

"There is not much that is home-like about it now," he thinks, "for Mrs. Clark is too old to fuss much, and I imagine the servants have it all their own way. But Bab's little trim figure and red hair would lighten up those big gloomy rooms."

A week later, he is on his way to New York, to visit his aunt, to see society, and, by his father's express wish, to find a wife.

Heart-whole, fancy free, he mingles with the guests who gather at Mrs. Markham's, his aunt's; escorts his pretty cousin Mabel to opera, theatre, concert; dances gracefully with one belle, takes another out to supper, makes himself agreeable with a third on a sleighing party, escorts a fourth for a promenade, and so on—sixth, seventh, eighth, numbers indefinite, coming under his care *pro tem.*, but not one stirring his heart as Bab's cordial greeting did when he returned from college.

Bab! There is scarcely a frolic of his lonely childhood that is not associated with Bab. How many times has her mother called him in from snow-ball fighting or coasting frolic, to eat crisp, hot doughnuts or gingerbread! How many candy-pulls has he had with Bab at one end of the sweet, sticky mass and himself at the other!

Bab is not his ideal. That was tall, stately, brunette! Bab is short, merry, brown-eyed and with hair of burnished bronze that Malcolm irreverently calls red! And then, although there is no foolish pride about Malcolm, he has certainly moved in more cultivated and refined social circles than Barbara ever saw. He wonders

how Bab would look in clouds of tulle, her round white arms circled by bracelets, her glorious hair starred with gems, and mentally decides that she would look "jolly!"

A letter from home reached him in the middle of November.

"DEAR MR. MALCOLM: I think I ought to write you about your pa. He won't complain, and he ain't to say sick, but he's pining, and very weak. Barbara Croft is here every day, reads to him, sings for him, plays chess and brings him all sorts of good things she cooks to please his appetite. She's the best girl in the world, I think, but she ain't like your pa's own. He frets for you, though he won't say so, and I think, Mr. Malcolm, if you'll excuse the liberty of my saying so, the time is coming when you will be glad if you come home to cheer him."

"Your obedient servant," "MARY CLARKE."

"My dear old dad!" thought Malcolm, tearing down stairs with the letter in his hand. "He is sick! I was afraid he was last summer, and here I've been fooling away for months while he has been fretting for me!"

His remorse was deeper than his neglect warranted, but he loved his father, the ever-indulgent friend of his life, his one tie in the dear old home. And so, making graceful apologies to his aunt, he started at once for Deerfield.

Mr. Hoyt was in the library when he drove up to the door, and through the window Malcolm could see the ruddy light from the gate, the deep arm-chair, the figure of his father reclining there. But, pausing on the porch, he saw more. He saw that the dear face was hollow-eyed, haggard, fearfully changed. He saw a trim little figure bending lovingly over the sick man, coaxing him to eat the dainty luncheon on the table beside him. And he saw Bab more than once draw back to hide quivering lips and eyes filled with tears.

"How good she is," Malcolm thought, "to leave her bright home, to comfort a lonely old man." And he stepped softly, not to disturb the pretty scene, and went to the back door to send Mrs. Clarke to give notice of his arrival.

He was disappointed when he went in to find his father alone, but he forgot all else in his sorrow at finding such a change in him.

"Why have you not sent for me before?" he asked, reproachfully.

"I knew you were enjoying your visit, my dear boy. Your letters were like gleams of sunshine; Bab read them over and over to me, but I would not let any one write but myself, for fear of troubling you."

"But you were lonely?"

"Yes, very lonely, though Barbara has been very kind. She is the gentlest of nurses, the most patient of companions," then, a little wistfully: "Have you no news for me, Malcolm?"

"None but what I have written!"

"I so wish to see you settled in your home, before—I mean, soon."

"Married! But if I failed to find my ideal?"

"Ah, we all fail in that."

"But, father, you would not have me marry without love?"

"Never!"

"I saw nobody I loved in New York."

"But, nearer home?"

"Your tea is ready, Mr. Malcolm," said Mrs. Clarke at the door, and Malcolm obeyed the summons.

The subject was not renewed as father and son sat far into the night conversing. There were many matters needing supervision, and again Malcolm approached himself that all the care of the estate had fallen upon his father's feeble hands while he was pleasure-seeking.

"But I will never leave him again," he said to himself as he assisted his father to his bed-room.

A whole week passed busily, and there came a few days of warm weather, such as November finds often in her dreary weeks. Barbara was in the garden, walking up and down, thinking.

Of what? Of Mrs. Clarke's announcement a whole week before that had sent her skurrying home like a frightened rabbit. Was Malcolm so engrossed with his ideal that he had not even one hour for his old playmate? It hurt her to think so, and she missed, too, the daily care she had voluntarily assumed during his absence.

"I do believe I am blue!" she thought, pettishly. "What will happen next?"

What happened next was a crunching of gravel under quick feet, and a voice saying:

"Bab, I have come to see why you have deserted my father."

It was so sudden that Bab crimsoned as she replied:

"He does not need me, now that you are at home."

"He asks for you every hour. But, Bab, I did not come only on filial duty. I came to say somebody else needs you, long, for you, loves you! Bab, darling, won't you come to the old home for life?"

She could only answer by sly blushes, by veiling the soft, brown eyes to hide their happiness. But Malcolm was satisfied; and when she asked, presently: "But your ideal, Malcolm?" he answered triumphantly:

"She is here in my arms, Bab—my first and only true love."

A Good Deer Story.

Last Sunday C. Sweeters and the writer were driving up the Water Canon, and as we turned a bend we saw a doe and a young fawn drinking from the stone ditch. At our approach the animals were startled, and in attempting to turn and run the poor little fawn lost its balance and fell into the ditch. As many of our readers know, the water runs very swiftly and in great volume up there, and, of course, the fawn was carried down stream. The mother deer seemed to lose all fear of us, and ran along the edge of the ditch trying to reach her offspring with her head. Suddenly she ran ahead of the floating fawn for some little distance. She plunged into the ditch with her head down stream and her hindquarters toward the fawn. She braced her fore feet firmly in the crevices of the rocks to resist the rush of water. In a second the fawn was washed up on its mother's back, and it instinctively clasped her neck with its fore legs. The doe then sprang from the ditch with the fawn on her back. She lay down, and the baby deer rolled to the ground in an utterly exhausted condition. We were now not more than 30 feet from the animals, but the mother, seemingly unconscious of our presence, licked and fondled her offspring for a few minutes until it rose to its feet, and the doe and fawn then trotted off up the mountain.—*Banning Herald.*

## HOW AUTHORS WRITE BOOKS.

Some Work Hard, Others Don't—An Author's Delightful Souvenir.

The methods adopted by various authors who have not won renown in the field of literature are as widely different as are the nature of their production. Dickens loved best to work at night, when all was quiet, and, like Walter Scott, he was a tremendous worker. Thackeray's method was as erratic as his genius, while Anthony Trollope, as he himself confesses in his autobiography, produced a certain amount of matter every day, whether it had to be done quietly at his desk or amid the turmoil of busier scenes.

B. L. Farison goes about with a notebook in his pocket and, being a stenographer, takes any number of notes in his daily rambles through London. His notebook is never out of his reach by day or night, and he sometimes wakes up at night and makes entries in it.

Of American writers William Dean Howells is probably the most energetic, although during recent years he has not worked so hard as in the past. His facility for hard work is the result of his newspaper training. Eugene Field, the Chicago poet, writes on tinted paper with colored inks. He also works hard and touches upon all subjects with equal brilliancy. Clarence E. Steadman, after the day is over in Wall street, goes to his study in Fourteenth street and begins his literary labors. Two Brooklyn writers whose methods are somewhat similar are Laura Jean Libbey and Harlan D. Halsey, the author of the "Old Sleuth" stories. Both work in the morning and turn out a great deal of matter.

But it is the writer of the sumptuous holiday books whose methods are to be described. The writer will have forty or fifty agents in all parts of the country on the lookout for material bearing upon the subject he has on hand, principally in securing old prints and engravings to serve as illustrations. The latter class of writers are interesting, and their methods of gathering the materials for their works are, to say the least, peculiar.

The author first decides upon his subject. In this he will be greatly influenced, if not entirely so, by the rare prints and engravings he may have on hand or which are easy of access. Suppose, for instance, he should decide to write a history of the New York stage. The material for the letter-press is not hard to obtain, but just think of the wonderful scope he has in the matter of illustration! In such a work the picture of every prominent player who has ever appeared before the public in New York may be properly introduced, as well as those of prominent playwrights, facsimiles of the programmes of noted performances and the thousand and one things that are part and parcel of the history of the drama.

Take Forrest, for example. To fully illustrate a sketch of the great American tragedian it will be necessary to have a good picture of him in every character he appeared. Here is where the trouble comes in, for it would be by no means an easy matter to obtain such a series. But what does our author do? He hires him straightway to a dealer in old books and prints and explains his wants. If the dealer hasn't what he wants he communicates with others in the same business in this and other cities, and even abroad. These men keep a lookout for anything of the kind that may come under their notice. No expense is spared, and sometimes a valuable book is purchased simply for a single picture which it contains. Pictures, of course come to the author in other ways—from friends and people who may feel an interest in his work.

Authors have different ways of doing their work. Some prepare their manuscript and then start on the hunt for pictures. Others do not put pen to paper before they have collected all the prints necessary for the purpose of illustration. Each of these methods has its own advantages, but a great many writers incline to a course between these two extremes.

When the artists have done with the original pictures and returned them to the author, and the letter press has been prepared, the author is afforded an opportunity to prepare a delightful souvenir of his work. He takes the original pictures and has them imbedded on a thick sheet of paper, the same size as the pages of his book. A loose volume of the latter is then taken and the pictures distributed through it. The whole is then bound together in one or two sumptuous volumes.

Each one of these pictures has a little history of its own, known only to the author himself. This one may recall a charming trip abroad, another pleasant memories of an old friend, while a third may revive no touch of sentiment at all, but rather the thought of how outrageously swindled he was when he purchased it.—*Mail and Express.*

The Identity of Mrs. Grundy.

Every one knows what Mrs. Grundy says or will say about everything. Every one fears what Mrs. Grundy thinks or will think. But who knows who Mrs. Grundy is? What was her origin, and when did she make her debut in the society whose mentor she is in all things from cards to weddings and divorces? We find that this mythical embodiment of our neighbor's opinions was introduced to the world as a personage in a drama called *Speed the Plough*, written and presented in the first year of the present century by one Thomas Morton. She was not in the play a grand lady of fashion; she was rather "the wife of a prosperous farmer, for whom his neighbor enviously says, 'the sun seems to shine on purpose.'"

The play made no impression from a literary point of view. Thomas Morton is a forgotten dramatist. No one ever hears of *Speed the Plough*. But Mrs. Grundy is now, as in the play, the personification of the consensus of public opinion, and has attained immortal fame.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Shake of the Hand.

Those learned in palmistry and kindred sciences tell us that when we grasp a so to speak boneless hand, a hand which appears to crumple up in your own, a hand with no apparent vitality in it, to beware of its owner, and that the soft and firm to the touch hand is only possessed by an honest man. They also assert that a thick, hard hand is a sure sign of obstinacy and conceit in its owner. They tell you that long-fingered, double-jointed people cannot be sincere if they try.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

What is this "Melissa" we Hear so Much About?

Melissa proofed coats or other garments are just what the inventors and manufacturers claim them to be, neither more nor less. They are both rainproof, porous and odorless, therefore perfectly healthful and comfortable. They are common sense garments and should be treated in a common sense manner. Although rainproof, they are not waterproof in the sense that a water cushion or bottle made of rubber is waterproof. Being porous, water can be forced through them either by pressure or by squeezing with the fingers. If they were absolutely waterproof, they would be absolutely air-tight and therefore no better than rubber. *Herein lies the peculiar value of the invention.* Sensible people do not buy rainproof garments for the purpose of forcing water through them or carrying water in them, neither do they take shelter under a water-spout, nor sit in a pool for pleasure. They buy rainproof garments to wear for the purpose of protecting themselves from the weather, and a Melissa coat or mantle will effectually protect the wearer for many hours in a heavy rain or snow-storm. Melissa has a peculiar water-repellent property which prevents water when falling in the form of rain or snow on a garment from penetrating the cloth, and the true way to test the utility of a Melissa garment is not by pouring a stream of water on it from a watering can, but by wearing it in a rainstorm. The result will be found eminently satisfactory. Continued exposure to the weather will not impair in the slightest degree the rainproof quality of Melissa. It is fixed and permanent. These garments, thoroughly well made from fine materials, are now on the counters of first-class dealers throughout the whole country.

K. D. C. is a positive cure for Dyspepsia or Indigestion in any form.

Avarice is the vice of declining years.—George Bancroft.

K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any case of Indigestion, even of long standing.

Parachute jumping is not a business that tends to elevate a man.

K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any case of Dyspepsia or money refunded.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his image.—Goethe.

K. D. C. relieves distress after eating and promotes healthy digestion.

That which is everybody's business is nobody's business.—Izaak Walton.

K. D. C. is the Greatest Cure of the Age. Its merits prove its greatness.

The office that seeks the man hasn't much of a salary attached to it.

K. D. C. frees the stomach from poisonous acid and gas, and restores it to healthy action.

What a man cannot believe can never at bottom be of true interest to him.—Carlyle.

A FREE Sample package of the Wonder Working K. D. C. mailed to any address. K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

If your would abolish avarice, you must abolish the parent of it, luxury.—Cicero.

K. D. C. The only preparation of the kind in the market and is the Greatest Remedy for all forms of Indigestion.

No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and happiest of men.—Lanford.

K. D. C. has proved itself to be the Greatest Cure of the Age. Try it! Test it. Prove it for yourself and be convinced of its Great Merits!

Business is the rub of life, perverts our aims, casts off the bias, and leaves us wide and short of the intended mark.—Congreve.

K. D. C. positively cures the worst cases of Dyspepsia and Indigestion. Ask your druggist for it, or send direct to K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

A social life which worships money and pursues social distinctions as its aim is, in spirit and fact, an aristocracy.—J. G. Holland.

A Relic of the Days of Columbus.

When Columbus was made a prisoner in San Domingo the governor who arrested him feared there might be an attempt at rescue. So he trained a big gun on the entrance of the citadel, or castle, in which Columbus was confined. That cannon has lain in the same place ever since until now, when Mr. Ober, a World's Fair representative, recovered it, and with the permission of the governor of San Domingo, brought it to the United States. It has been shipped to chief of construction Burnham in order that he may use it in some way in ornamenting the exposition grounds.

ARE YOU BILIOUS?

THEN USE

PARSON'S PILLS.

"Best Liver Pill Made"

Positively cure BILIOUSNESS and SICK HEADACHE, all Liver and Bowel Complaints. Put up in Glass Vials, 24 pills in a bottle, one a dose. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find great benefit from using them. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for stamps. 25 cents; five bottles \$1.00. Full particulars free. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., 25 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment.

UNLIKE ANY OTHER

For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL USE.

ORIGINATED By an Old Family Physician.

Dropped on Sugar, Children Love to take it for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Cramps, Pains.

Stops Inflammation in body or limb, like magic. Cures Coughs, Asthma, Catarrhs, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Neuralgia, Pains, Rheumatism, Laminae, Stiff Joints, Strains, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, etc. Price, 25 cents; five bottles \$1.00. Sold by J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

## STEAMERS.

**Steamer Clifton.**  
COMMENCING the 1st October, this Steamer will leave Indiantown Wharf at 3 o'clock, p. m., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

International Steamship Co.  
AUTUMN EXCURSIONS  
—TO—  
Boston and Portland  
\$5.00 ROUND TRIP \$5.00

COMMENCING SEPT. 16th, Tickets will be issued to OCT. 20th, inclusive, good to return 12 days from date of issue. Tickets on sale only at the office of the Company, Reed's Point Wharf.

Eastport and Return the following day, at \$1.00.

10-19-31 C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

International Steamship Co.  
FALL ARRANGEMENT.  
THREE TRIPS A WEEK  
FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING Sept. 16, the 8-camers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings, at 7.25, standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days, at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

On Wednesday's Trip the Steamers will not call at Portland.

Connections at Eastport with steamer for Saint Andrews, Calais and Saint Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

Reed's Point Wharf. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

A WEEK'S HOLIDAY  
—TO—  
BOSTON for \$3.00

THE Boston, Halifax, and Prince Edward Island Line of Steamships offer a grand chance for a pleasant and rapid sea trip from the Nova Scotia capital to Boston, leaving the wharf at Halifax at 4 o'clock every Saturday afternoon, after the arrival of all the eastern bound trains, and Lewis' wharf, Boston, at two o'clock every Saturday, on the arrival of all the morning expresses from Maine and New York. They offer an excellent opportunity of enjoying a full week's holiday in the Hub of the Universe, and of returning home in good season to get back to business duties Monday morning.

The palatial **STATE OF INDIANA**, 2,500 tons, commanded by Capt. Doane, is the largest, handsomest fitted, and best sea-going boat on the route. She has first-class passenger accommodation for 200, and cabin room for as many more. The old reliable and popular

**CARROL**, 1,400 tons, commanded by Capt. Brown, is, without doubt, the most widely-known passenger carrying steamship plying between New England and the provinces.

These steamers make the through trip from Boston to Charlottetown, P. E. I., calling at Halifax and Port Hawkesbury each way.

The marvelously low rate (\$3) from Halifax to Boston is the cheapest of any of the lines running out of Boston, and the accommodation by the B. H. and P. E. I. steamers is unexcelled.

For freight or passage, apply to JAS. F. PHILAN & SON, R. B. GARDNER, Mail Agents, Lewis Wharf (Eastside) Boston. Halifax, N. S. Cicero.

K. D. C. The only preparation of the kind in the market and is the Greatest Remedy for all forms of Indigestion.

No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and happiest of men.—Lanford.

K. D. C. has proved itself to be the Greatest Cure of the Age. Try it! Test it. Prove it for yourself and be convinced of its Great Merits!

Business is the rub of life, perverts our aims, casts off the bias, and leaves us wide and short of the intended mark.—Congreve.

K. D. C. positively cures the worst cases of Dyspepsia and Indigestion. Ask your druggist for it, or send direct to K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

A social life which worships money and pursues social distinctions as its aim is, in spirit and fact, an aristocracy.—J. G. Holland.

A Relic of the Days of Columbus.

When Columbus was made a prisoner in San Domingo the governor who arrested him feared there might be an attempt at rescue. So he trained a big gun on the entrance of the citadel, or castle, in which Columbus was confined. That cannon has lain in the same place ever since until now, when Mr. Ober, a World's Fair representative, recovered it, and with the permission of the governor of San Domingo, brought it to the United States. It has been shipped to chief of construction Burnham in order that he may use it in some way in ornamenting the exposition grounds.

ARE YOU BILIOUS?

THEN USE

PARSON'S PILLS.

"Best Liver Pill Made"

Positively cure BILIOUSNESS and SICK HEADACHE, all Liver and Bowel Complaints. Put up in Glass Vials, 24 pills in a bottle, one a dose. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find great benefit from using them. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for stamps. 25 cents; five bottles \$1.00. Full particulars free. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., 25 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment.

UNLIKE ANY OTHER

For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL USE.

ORIGINATED By an Old Family Physician.

Dropped on Sugar, Children Love to take it for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Cramps, Pains.

Stops Inflammation in body or limb, like magic. Cures Coughs, Asthma, Catarrhs, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Neuralgia, Pains, Rheumatism, Laminae, Stiff Joints, Strains, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, etc. Price, 25 cents; five bottles \$1.00. Sold by J. S