

A LITTLE COWARD.

"Such a little coward!" The words came floating up to me from a group of children playing under my window and carry me back two years, to the summer I spent in Westonsville and the "little coward" I met there. I had been in practice as a physician for several years, when Aunt Jane, the rich aunt of the Hutchinson family, wrote to invite me to spend a few weeks with her. I was rather amazed at the invitation, as Aunt Jane had never had the slightest affection for me; but the letter was cordial enough to tempt me. "I have three young ladies visiting me," she wrote, "and you may fall in love with any of them, with my consent. They are all well-bred and well-bred, which is more than can be said of most girls nowadays. Serena Maybury is just the woman for a physician's wife, self-possessed, calm, courageous and yet perfectly womanly. She is very handsome, too. Julia Strong is a literary girl and writes for the newspapers. She is pretty, but abstracted, lives in a poetic region above my reach. Susy Markham is scarcely more than a child, eighteen years old, and small as a girl of twelve, fair-haired, blue-eyed, gentle and loving; but will not attract you, as she is the worst little coward I ever saw—screams at a mouse, faints at a mouse, clings to the boat when on the water and gets as white as a ghost if a horse prances. But come and see me and the girls, and stop poisoning patients, saving bones and prancing about sick rooms, for a month at least."

who heard us talking over the lawyer's letter. "I'll run up to the city and arrange to send the boxes to a safe-deposit company," I said. "Do! Go now! You can come back on the five-thirty," said Susy. "I shall not sleep a wink if they stay here. Oh!" and her very lips were white. "If I saw a burglar, I believe I should die!" And looking into her white, terrified face, I believe so too, although Serena said, loftily: "What nonsense you do talk, Susy!" But, Aunt Jane consenting, I went upon my proposed errand, arranged to have the boxes sent for the following day, and was on my way to the depot, when I met an old friend and patient. The ten minutes' chat that followed cost me the loss of the 5.30 train. Not another one stopped at Westonsville, excepting the midnight express, until the next day. Fretting, reproaching myself, I passed the time as I best could until midnight, my heart sinking at the thought of the three lonely ladies at Westonsville. There was but one man on the place, and he slept in a room over the stable. What if any thief attempted to obtain the valuable boxes piled in the hall? Serena could be trusted to be cool and collected; Aunt Jane was not timid; but Susy—poor little Susy!—she would die, she said; and I feared she would. As the train sped on, this thought of Susy's terror became almost maddening; and when, at last, I was at the little wayside station, quarter of a mile from Aunt Jane's, I started on a run for the house. The hall-door stood open, and I heard a sound in the sitting-room that seemed to chill the blood in my veins. Throwing open the door, I saw Susy—little Susy!—clinging to the throat of a man roughly dressed, who held Aunt Jane in a chair, while he tried to shake off Susy's arms, at the same time keeping Aunt Jane down. Serena lay in a dead faint on the floor. "You shall not hurt her!" Susy cried, her slender arms strained to choke the sufferer. "Let go, you wretch! I'll kill you!" One blow on the top of his head from my heavy walking-stick brought the fellow down insensible. Susy dropped her arms and stood white as death, but perfectly calm, facing me. "Can you find me a rope to tie this fellow?" I asked. She nodded, sped away, and returned with a coil of clothes-line. "Listen!" she said, speaking quietly. "There is another one in the china closet, locked in. He is trying to kick the door down. Do you see, this is James!" James was the one man-servant Aunt Jane employed. Tying his firmly, I gave my next attention to Aunt Jane, whose whole face was covered with blood from a wound in the head. Knowing how the sight of blood always sickened Susy, I tried to keep her back, but she said, quietly: "Tell me, please, what you want and how to help you." I sent her for water, rags, laudanum, and while we bound up Aunt Jane's head and restored her to consciousness, Serena came to her senses and sat up, white and shaking. "Oh, Susy, that man will kick the closet door down!" she cried, as the blows from the next room became more violent. It seemed as if he would, and I started to quiet him, when Susy grasped my arm. "Don't open the door!" she said. "There may be more than one man here. You see, we were all sitting up here, hoping you would come on the midnight train, but Aunt Jane had not told James to go to the station because she thought you had rather walk up than have us alone. So I suppose James thought you were gone for all night, and he came in at some time in the evening, and he do not know when, and hid in that china closet. I went to the dining-room in the dark for some water just as he crept in. I could just see him, and that another man was creeping after him, but not out of the closet. I slammed the door, locked it, and ran in here just as James struck dear Aunt Jane on the head and tried to push her down in her chair. Then I flew at him and you came in. But there may be more than one man in the closet. The door is strong, and I will run down to the police station while you take care of Aunt Jane and Serena."

IS MARRIAGE POPULAR?

HOW A BOLD INVESTIGATOR COLLECTED EVIDENCE.

Howard Fielding interviewed a Number of Spinster on the Subject, and is Involved in Breach of Promise Proceedings Amounting to \$300,000.

Maude was sitting at my desk when I entered the room, and the big tears were falling from her eyes upon a manuscript which I had recently prepared. "My dear," said I, in a somewhat acid voice, "you needn't complicate the obscurities of my chirography by crying over that. It was intended to be funny. The facts in that article of mine came from the unmarried women who called on you after your friend Millie Smith's engagement to Tom Harris was announced. I overheard their merry prattle. They all regarded Millie as a designing person whose conduct was altogether reprehensible. They all thought that Tom was a fool. Every one of them had refused at least half a dozen offers from men much more desirable than Tom, though he's young, rich and handsome. Many of them had refused Tom himself, and they were all single from preference and from no other reason whatever. With such evidence as that before me I was able to answer the question 'Is marriage becoming unpopular?' decidedly in the affirmative."

Maude was laughing now. "You dear old goose," she said, "I hadn't read anything but the title of your article. If it contains what you say it does, I should advise you not to print it at all."

I couldn't quite make her out. She seemed to believe that the women I had



"IT WAS INTENDED TO BE FUNNY."

quoted were not wholly sincere, although they were among her most intimate associates. She made so much fun of them that I resolved to supplement their testimony by further investigation.

I made up a list of the names of twelve unmarried women living in the suburban towns. Most of them wrote a little but appeared to be otherwise of sound mind.

I intended to interview these ladies on the subject of marriage, without letting them know that their views were intended for publication. Of course in placing these innocent victims before the public I shall be obliged to provide them with fictitious names.

I skipped over to Morrisania to see Miss Lottie Linden. I introduced the subject of marriage and begged her to tell me calmly what she thought of it, but she immediately branched off to something quite different. She burst into tears, and asked me if I did not think that a deep, strong love was better than money. I was forced to reply that I didn't, if it was a question of running a newspaper with one or the other of them. She said that I was sordid and mercenary and a number of other unpleasant things; in fact, I obtained much valuable information regarding my own character, but very little concerning the question which I was trying to get points on.

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production, they can use it to freeze ice cream. But it didn't do much good. That was over a month ago. Yesterday I was idly turning over my manuscripts in search of something which would pay the gas bill. "Maude," said I, "where is the copy of that article which proves that 'Marriage is Becoming Unpopular.'"



HER FATHER SAVED ME.

suits for breach of promise with broken hearts ranging in value from ten thousand to fifty thousand dollars. The total is a little over \$300,000. I am sorry for these ladies, but this is more money than I can spare. If they win their cases they will have to attach my salary, which will suffice to settle their claims within two or three thousand years.

I turned from these dreary legal documents to my own brilliant discussion of the unpopularity of marriage. It is much more interesting than the laborious composition of the lawyers, and yet theirs seem to be stronger argumentatively.

"I shall not publish this article," said I to Maude; "my conclusions appear to have been hasty." HOWARD FIELDING.

THINGS OF VALUE.

The man born in a cabin may some day name a cabinet.

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The roughest roads are those we have not travelled over.

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

You can't size up an orator by the dimensions of his mouth.

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.

Many handkerchiefs are moistened by sorrows that never occur.

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

In diving to the bottom of pleasure we bring up more gravel than pearls.

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

A bridge should never be condemned until it has been tried by its piers.

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

Women's sweet disposition is always shown by her husband's long hair.

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

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

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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!

The best helps to growth in grace are the ill usage, the affronts and the losses which befall us.—Wesley.

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

When the soul is at ease it may be amused, but a hungry soul wants bread.—Evans.

When you hear a great deal of one side of a story, the other side receives from you a great deal of sympathy.

ARE YOU BILIOUS? THEN USE PARSONS' PILLS. "Best Liver Pill Made" 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. Stomach Inflammation in body or limb, like magic. Cures Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Rheumatic Pains, Neuralgia, Lame Back, Stiff Joints, Strains. Illustrated Book Free. Price, 35 cents; six 52 cts. Sold by Druggists. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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RAILWAYS. Shore Line Ry. Shortest, Quickest and Cheapest Route to St. Stephen, 3 Hours, 15 Minutes. NEW PASSENGER CARS. No Charge for Commercial Travellers' excess Baggage. SATURDAY TRAINS, ONE FARE—GOOD TO RETURN MONDAY. The road has lately been placed in fine condition, and the bridges replaced by new ones. TO TAKE EFFECT MONDAY, SEPT. 7th: TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN: ACCOMMODATION (per ferry), 7.14 a.m. EXPRESS (per ferry), 1.24 p.m. LEAVE ST. STEPHEN: EXPRESS, 7.45 a.m. ACCOMMODATION, 1.30 p.m. ARRIVE ST. JOHN: EXPRESS, 11 a.m. ACCOMMODATION, 6.15 p.m. Eastern Standard Time. Office No. 3 Pugsley Building, Telephone No. 18. Ticket Agents—Geo. Philips, 97 Prince William Street, St. John; J. T. Whitlock, Windsor Hotel, St. Stephen. FRANK J. MCPHRAE, Superintendent. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Popular One Way Parties TO THE PACIFIC COAST! TOURIST SLEEPING CARS leave MONTREAL (Dalhousie Square Station) at 8.40 p.m., Oct. 14, 28; Nov. 11, 25; Dec. 9, 23, 1891. For further particulars enquire of Railway Ticket Agents. D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't, MONTREAL. St. JOHN, N. B. Intercolonial Railway. 1891—Summer Arrangement—1891. ON and after MONDAY, 22nd JUNE, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:— TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.00. Accommodation for Point du Chevre, 11.00. Fast Express for Halifax, 14.00. Fast Express for Quebec, Montreal, and Chicago, 16.25. Night Express for Halifax, 22.30. A Parlor Car runs each way on Express train leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago leave St. John at 15.35 o'clock, and take Sleeping Car at Moncton. Sleeping Cars are attached to Through Night Express trains between St. John and Halifax. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Night Express from Halifax (Monday excepted) 6.10. Fast Express from Halifax, Montreal and Quebec, 11.00. Accommodation from Point du Chevre, 12.55. Day Express from Halifax, 15.30. The train due to arrive at St. John from Halifax at 6.10 o'clock, will not arrive on Sunday morning until 8.30 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec. The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive. All trains run by Eastern Standard Time. RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., 17th June, 1891.