

## A LUCKY MISTAKE.

Within a month after Fort Sumter was fired on, two young men from Pennsylvania enlisted in the Union army. These young men were twins, Tom and I. We were very much alike in size, feature, voice and manner—everything, indeed, and the only persons who could tell which was Tom and which was I were the twins themselves. We did not join the same branch of the army; Tom enlisted in the cavalry, while I joined the secret service.

After the investment of Vicksburg, and when the Union forces were each day digging nearer the city, I was sent to make an inspection of the Confederate fortifications.

I succeeded in passing the Confederate lines and entered the city of Vicksburg, where, dressed in civilian's clothes, I was reasonably free from suspicion. But it took me a full day before I secured the desired knowledge, and started back towards the Union lines under cover of darkness.

I passed the guards safely, and was, perhaps, a third of the way to camp, when I heard a sharp "Halt! Who goes there?" accompanied by the click of cocking weapons.

Escape was out of the question, and a moment later I was a prisoner.

"Which camp do you belong to?" queried the leader of the men who had captured me.

"Neither," I answered, "but I am staying at Vicksburg."

"How came you so far from the lines tonight?"

"I was just wandering around, and thought I would go on until I reached the outer guard," I answered.

"This is very strange—if true," said my questioner, turning to his comrades, "but probably it is all a lie." Then to me: "We will just take you into camp and sift that yarn of yours."

The yarn sifted so poorly that I was convicted as a spy and sentenced to death.

One day after my conviction some young ladies of the city visited the prison where the Yankees were confined, some to see the strange animals of the north, who they believed had "horns and hoofs like an elephant," as one of the young women expressed it; others to leave flowers or fruit for the unhappy prisoners. The number of the latter class was small.

As a condemned spy I was an object of especial hatred or commiseration, according to the feelings of the fair visitors.

"Is he really a spy?" asked one young girl of gushing class and age.

"Yes," answered the guard, "he is a genuine Yankee spy."

"Oh, isn't it awful?" said the girl. "How can you tell? He doesn't look like a spy, and if you hadn't told me, I should say he was real nice."

"You can't tell anything by looks," replied the guard. "Some of the brightest and handsomest men in the service are spies."

My attention was soon attracted to three young ladies who were distributing handsome little bouquets to some of the prisoners whom they appeared to know, and I was surprised to see the horrified stare which followed the younger girl's first glance at me. She looked a second time, searchingly, her face pale and startled, then turned away with her companions.

The next day she came back again, bringing flowers, and I had a chance to watch her for some moments. She brought me a small bouquet, and when handing it to me accompanied it by a glance apparently full of meaning, and yet utterly bewildering and untranslatable.

"Surely," I thought, "I have never seen her before. Not a look or question or movement is familiar, and yet she appears to recognize me." The mere thought on the subject the deeper and blinder was my mystification, the more surprising the action of my beautiful friend.

I watched my charming mystery builder until she left the prison, then turned to the bouquet she had given me. I gave it a close examination. Hidden among the leaves of the paper being almost as delicate as the tissues of the flower leaves. The note said:

"DEAR TOM.—I was so startled and horror-struck to see you yesterday that I almost betrayed the fact that I recognized you. Fortunately I did not, and now I will try to help you. Examine carefully everything I bring. It may have something useful. Agnes is already ill, and I have not dared to tell her."

Evidently the young lady thought I was somebody else.

A guard came to my cell after she left and said:

"I saw you were one of the favored ones today."

"Yes," I replied; "who is the lady?"

"Miss Murfree—Mabel Murfree."

"Her home is in Vicksburg, I presume?"

"No," Judge Murfree, her father, lived outside, and his plantation was for several weeks in possession of the Yankees. Finally, he came here to be in a safe place, and brought his daughters along."

The next day Miss Murfree came again, and when she reached my cell she handed another bouquet.

I waited until I was free from observation, then examined my bouquet. In the hollow stalks of the flowers was a very small file, a slender but strong steel bar with sharp point, and a little platinum bottle of hydrofluoric acid. The flowers had been carefully sealed up at the bottom to prevent their contents from falling out. Besides the tools for escape was this note:

"DEAR TOM.—To-morrow I will try and find out the password from a young officer who visits us."

"MABEL."

I awaited the result of her effort with painful interest, and when she came the following day and gave me the usual bouquet I found the following note:

"My DEAR TOM.—The password to-night is 'Cartridge.' If you get out, go to the corner this side of the flagstaff which you can see from your window, and give a low whistle. A colored man will come from the basement of the tall building on the right and address you as 'Massa Tom.' Follow him and I think you will be safe. May God help you to escape!"

"MABEL."

The night proved an auspicious one for my purpose. It was very dark, and a heavy thunder storm shook the old gaol, so that no amount of filing or prising could be heard. With the acid and the tools I made short work of the bars across my window and of the irons which fettered my limbs.

I squeezed through the window and dropped to the ground.

I had not gone far when a guard called out sharply, "Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend," I answered.

"Give me the countersign."

"Cartridge."

"Pass on!"

On reaching the corner I whistled softly, and in answer a negro came up and said interrogatively: "Massa Tom?"

"Yes," I replied.

He threw a long cloak over my shoulders and started up the street at a sharp gait.

I followed him perhaps half a mile, when he stopped before a plain brick house, unlocked the door, and bade me enter. I had scarcely glanced round the dimly-lighted hall before the mysterious "Mabel," accompanied by a young lady taller and darker than herself, hurriedly entered from an adjoining room. They had evidently been waiting for me.

I only heard my benefactors say, "Oh, Tom. Thank heaven!" before her companion, with a wholly glad and hysterical cry, threw her arms about my neck and showered tears and kisses upon me in most embarrassing profusion.

I was utterly dumfounded. Finally, collecting my thoughts, I turned from the excited and half-crying woman I held in my arms to the one I partially knew, and said:

"My dear Miss Murfree, you have saved my life, and I am bound, as an honorable man, to tell you that you have made a strange mistake in thinking you knew me."

"Mistake!" gasped the young lady who had so passionately caressed me. "Mistake! What do you mean? Are you not Tom Atherton?"

"Not quite," I answered, "but if you thought I was he, the mistake is not a very bad one. I am his twin brother, Ned."

The surprise and confusion which had overwhelmed me were transferred to the young ladies, and for a moment we all simply stared at each other. Then Mabel laughed and said:

"And so you are that wonderful brother of whom Tom used to tell us?"

"Yes, fortunately," I answered.

"And you stood there and let me kiss you without saying a word," Agnes (I found out afterwards she was Agnes) said reproachfully.

"You didn't give me time to object, even if I had wished to," was my perfectly truthful reply.

"I don't know but that it is so," she assented. "But, Mabel, what shall we do with him?"

"I am entirely in your hands, and will do whatever you wish," I said. "If my being here will endanger you in any way I will try and get through the lines tonight."

"You will be much safer here," Mabel said. "We owe it to you to do whatever we can for you."

"Owe it to me?" I said. "For what?"

"For your brother's sake. He saved my sister's life and protected our property from destruction and us from insult. He is the best and truest man that ever lived, and we cannot do too much for his brother."

I was compelled to keep a dark retreat only a part of the time, and several hours each day were spent with Judge Murfree or his daughters.

Mabel Murfree had saved my life, and the gratitude I felt was perhaps enhanced by the fact that she was a rarely beautiful woman.

After weary weeks of siege the city was captured and the soldiers of Grant and Sherman entered in triumph, and I was free.

When the time came for me to go, having said good-bye to Judge Murfree, I went to the parlour to see Mabel and Agnes, feeling how hard, how very hard it was to say farewell, and when I saw Mabel dressed in pure white, with white flowers in her beautiful hair, her cheeks flushed with excitement and her deep blue eyes unwontedly bright, the duty was not made any easier.

"Agnes is writing a letter to Tom for you to deliver," she said, as I entered the room. "She will be down in a few moments."

"I am quite willing to wait," I replied, "and indeed, I am sorry that I must go at all. I do not expect to ever again find such friends as I have found here."

"You must thank your brother for them," Mabel answered.

"Miss Murfree, Mabel, you wish to rob your act of saving my life of any personal significance. You do not want me to be misled by the gift of my poor life to ask for that which can make it valuable. I refuse to be warned. I love you, Mabel—love you madly, hopelessly—love you as I never thought to love anyone, and while I dare not hope you will return my love, I could not leave you without speaking. Forgive me if I have pained you, but it was impossible for me to go away without telling my love, and you will at least be fortunate in the fact that an opportunity will not soon occur for you to be troubled again by one whose love was stronger than his fear of offending."

Tears trickled through the long dark lashes, then, half smiling through her tears, she lifted her brave, clear eyes to mine and said:

"And what if I insist on your remaining to repeat your offence?"—*It Bits.*

That's the Way!

Just a little every day, That's the way, Seeds in darkness swell and grow, Tiny blades pushed through the snow, Never any flower of May Leaps to blossom in a burst, Slowly—slowly—at the first, That's the way!

Just a little every day, That's the way! Children learn to read and write, Bit by bit, and mite by mite, Never any one, I say, Leaps to knowledge and its power, Slowly—slowly—hour by hour, That's the way!

Just a little every day, That's the way!—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Economy is Wealth.

In the practice of this most inestimable principle we would recommend you to ask your furnisher to supply you with a combination overcoat and waterproof known as the Rigby.

In addition to the above very practical recommendation, we would draw your attention to the fact that these garments are porous and therefore sanitary in the highest degree, once tried you will accept no other, avoid that clammy feeling always experienced after a rain, (if wearing a Rubber or Mackintosh coat) by providing yourself with a Rigby at once.

## AYER'S Hair Vigor

Restores faded, thin, and gray hair to its original color, texture, and abundance; prevents it from falling out, checks tendency to baldness, and promotes a new and vigorous growth. A clean, safe, elegant, and economical hair-dressing.

## Everywhere Popular

"Nine months after having the typhoid fever, my head was perfectly bald. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and before I had used half a bottle, the hair began to grow. Two more bottles brought out as good a head of hair as ever I had. On my recommendation, my brother William Craig made use of Ayer's Hair Vigor with the same good results."—Stephen Craig, 832 Charlotte St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

## WEAKNESSES OF BIG BRAINS. Light Spots in the Characters of People Famous for Their Strength.

All great people have had their follies, which is another way of saying that all have had their weak points. Tycho Brahe, the great astronomer, had a terrible fear of hares and foxes. If by any chance he saw one, it mattered not whether it was dead or alive, he grew pale and his legs trembled under him.

The great Dr. Johnson, with all his philosophy, was not without a superstition. He was very careful not to enter a room with his left foot foremost; if by any chance he did so he would immediately step back and re-enter with his right foot foremost.

He was terribly afraid of death, too, and would not suffer it to be mentioned in his presence.

Julius Caesar, to whom the shouts of thousands of the enemy were but sweet music, was mortally afraid of the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get under ground to escape the dreadful noise.

Queen Elizabeth, despite her bloody nature, trembled at the sound of the word "death"; and Talleyrand shivered and changed color at the same word.

Marshal Saxe, who loved to look upon the ranks of opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat.

Peter the Great could scarcely be persuaded to cross a bridge, and whenever he placed his foot on one he would scream in terror. Like the great man that he was, he tried to overcome this weakness, but he was never able to do so. And Byron would never help any one to salt at table; nor would he be helped himself, and if any salt were spilled he would immediately get up and leave.

THINGS OF VALUE.

As we must account for every idle word, so we must for every idle silence.—Benjamin Franklin.

Do you know that K. D. C. will relieve and cure your indigestion more quickly and effectually than any other remedy on the market. Try K. D. C.

If the women who look much into mirrors, reflect as much as the mirrors do, they might look into them less.

K. D. C. has cured Dyspepsia, who thought they were dying. See testimonials. Free sample to any address. K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

There is a paradox in pride; it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.—Colton.

Is your food like lead on your stomach? Take K. D. C. It acts like magic on the stomach, and is guaranteed to cure every form of indigestion or dyspepsia.

He is a wise man who does not grieve for the things which he has not, but rejoices for those which he has.—Epictetus.

K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any form of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. A free sample package mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

If a man look sharply and attentively, he shall see Fortune, for though she be blind, yet she is not invisible.—Bacon.

Positive proof that K. D. C. is the Greatest Known Cure for Dyspepsia can be had by examining the testimonials from a grateful people. Send for copies. Cure speedy and permanent.

Wit is the rarest quality to be met with among people of education, and the most common among the uneducated.—Hazlitt.

PELEE ISLAND CO.'S Grape Juice is invaluable for sickness and as a tonic is unequalled. It is recommended by Physicians, being pure unadulterated juice of the grape. Our agent E. G. Scovil, Tea importer and liquor merchant No 62 Union St.—can supply our Brands of Grape Juice by the case of one dozen, or on draught.

As riches and honor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool, but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.—Lord Bruyere.

Worth its weight in gold. Any rational man would prefer sound health to many times his weight in gold. An unhealthy stomach is the origin of half the diseases known to humanity. K. D. C. is offered you with the guarantee to make the stomach do its proper work. Six packages guaranteed to cure the worst case of indigestion or dyspepsia or money refunded.

Work is the grand cure for all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind.—honest work, which you intend getting done.—Carlyle.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gentle—I sprained my leg so badly that I had to be driven home in a carriage. I immediately applied MINARD'S LINIMENT freely and in 48 hours could use my leg again as well as ever.

JOSHUA WYNAUGHT.

That string on your finger means "Bring home a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT."

To speak highly of one with whom we are intimate is a species of egotism. Our modesty, as well as our jealousy, teaches us caution on this subject.—Hazlitt.

## Wilmot Spa Spring Co.-Ltd.

A delicious Table Water, highly medicinal, recommended by medical men in its plain aerated state, or in the form of the delicious Royal Belfast Ginger Ale, and Lemonade made from these waters.

Are you troubled with weak Kidneys, Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Skin troubles? Try nature's cure either in shape of Wilmot Spa Ginger Ale, Lemonade or Natural water.

"I have no doubt the water is quite as valuable as those of the Poland Springs, if not more so. I know that some of its effects are very marked on the system."

Sgd. EDWARD FARRELL, M. D.

Halifax, N. S.

The remedial virtues of the Wilmot Spa Waters is not unknown to me, and I have already had occasion to recommend them to some of my patients.

T. TRENNMAN, M. D.

Halifax, N. S.

Sir.—I can confidently recommend the Wilmot Spa Spring water as a most valuable and agreeable aperient. For Constipation, Biliousness and Rheumatism it is invaluable, and in Kidney and Bladder trouble I have had most satisfactory results in the use of it. And all patients who have used it speak highly of it and have obtained great benefit from the use of it.

H. B. WEBSTER, M. D.

Kentville, N. S.

Today I leave this place for my home in Calais, Me. I have been drinking the Spa water for nearly three weeks. When I came here I weighed 126 lbs. and I now weigh 137 lbs. I am satisfied the water has been the principal cause of my improvement."

Sgd. D. K. CHASE.

Calais, Me. U. S.

"I have derived great satisfaction and benefit from the barrel of water. I now drink it every day of my life, and the only thing that troubles me is to know how I am to get on without it."

Sgd. J. W. LONGLEY.

Att'y General.

Wilmot Spa Water has been known for fifty years as beneficial in Stomach, Bowel, Kidney, Rheumatism and Skin troubles. It is a delicious table water.

The delicious Ginger Ale, Lemonade and Club Soda and other beverages made by J. B. Cochrane, late of Belfast, Ireland, for the Wilmot Spa Co.'y is made from these waters. All leading Druggists, Grocers, Hotel, and Wine Merchants.

Headquarters—KENTVILLE, N. S. Shipping Depot—MIDDLETON, N. S.  
ST. JOHN DEPOT, No. 1 North Market Wharf. Telephone 596.

## A Fortune in a Guitar.

A short time ago, Louis Uhlmann lost his only surviving relative, an old uncle, a street-singer who lived in the Cite Jeanne d'Arc, Paris. The entire succession consisted of a guitar and a few old clothes, which latter the nephew disposed of there and then. Though not much of a musician, he kept the instrument, with which he gave serenades at the neighbouring wine-taverns. During one of them a quarrel arose between the musician and a customer, who, in a fit of rage, snatched the instrument out of his hands and broke it on his head. A couple of policemen were sent for and marched off the contending parties to the Commissaire in the Rue Jeanne d'Arc.

During the explanation that ensued, one of the clerks, while examining the broken guitar which had been the cause of the quarrel, noticed that it contained a bundle of papers, which he pulled out. They were bonds, payable to bearer, representing a value close upon 12,000 francs, which Uhlmann's uncle, of miserly proclivities, had hoarded up in that strange receptacle.

Talking About the Weather.

With a spitter, spatter, sputter, With a gurgling in the gutter, And a rattle, rattle, tinkle on the shingle and the pane;

With a misty, murky, mizziness, Settling down to steady business, Comes the dreary, drowsy, drooling of the dripping, dropping rain.

With a sizzle, sozzle, sizzle, Buttoned upward to the muzzle The weedy, wading warbler drags his rubbers from the mud.

While the dizzy, dodging, dancing, Of the un-bur-eila prancing, Drives a man to lurid longings for some other fellow's blood.

Oh, the breezy brooks may babble, And the gentle poet dabbie, In his verdant, vernal verses and fond memories they bring.

But no earthly rhyme or reason Makes believe in such a season That this wispy-waspy weather is a cloudy ghost of spring!

—Chicago News.

Passengers are recommended by the Canadian Pacific Ry. to purchase their tickets via ST. JOHN and the SHORE LINE, as Colonial Cars will be in waiting in St. John for their conveyance.

D. MCNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agt., MONTREAL. ST. JOHN, N. B.

## Intercolonial Railway.

After Oct. 19, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:05; for Point du Chene, 10:30; for Halifax, 14:05; for Sussex, 16:30; for Quebec and Montreal, 16:55.

Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8:45; from Quebec and Montreal (excepted Monday), 9:25; from Point du Chene, 12:55; from Halifax, 19:20; from Halifax, 22:30.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y.

Summer Arrangements.

On and after Monday 18th Jan, 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8:00 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12:00 p.m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:00 p.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 5:45 p.m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1:20 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 5:20 p.m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7:30 a.m., arrive at Yarmouth 12:35 p.m.

CONNECTIONS.—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway; at Digby with Steamer City of Monticello to and from St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 150 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

J. BRUNNELL, General Superintendent, Yarmouth, N. S.

McKinney's Night Dispensary.

TO THE PEOPLE.—Please notice that I have removed my Drug Store to the corner opposite the old stand on Charlotte and St. James streets, where I also reside now, and will be prepared to fill prescriptions orders all night and all day, giving the same my personal attention. Customers during the night will please note Electric Bell on shop door which communicates with my residence.

JAMES MCKINNEY, Druggist.

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, 10 and 20 each. Believed to be the greatest benefit from using them. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for stamps; 25 cents; five bottles \$1.00. Full particulars free. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 82 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, Croup, Croup, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Rheumatic Pains, Neuralgia, Lame Back, Stiff Joints, Strains, Illustrated Book free. Price, 50 cents; six \$2.50. Sold by Druggists. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.



effect in driving out various forms of disease. Bathing in the waters has cured numbers of rheumatic affections and eczema has vanished before their touch."

Acadian Recorder (Sept. 1887.) Halifax.

"A clear delicious table drinking water is the Wilmot Spa Water, yet it cures many forms of stubborn diseases; witness certificates; send for pamphlet."

To the Wilmot Spa Spring Co. (Ltd.):

GENTLEMEN.—In the spring of 1