

THE SIN WAS EXPIATED.

Farmer Leslie sat smoking in his doorway in the most contented frame of mind possible to a man, for he was at that moment basking in the warm sunshine of prosperity. It gave him a great content, but it was purely an animal content, no chord of his higher nature was touched. As far as the eye could see, the hills and the flocks on the hills were his. The excellent woman attending to his corporeal comfort within the dwelling, was his. The bright girl sewing at the upper window, and the handsome boy galloping along the valley on his new pony, were his children. The great barn filled with harvested grain was his. He did not look up and claim the sky, but all else about him was of value as a part of his domain. "Me and mine," was the refrain of his song.

At that moment something came around the corner of the house that did not belong to him, and it gave him a shock—a very disagreeable thrill, that was mostly disgust and no quality of fear in it. The something was a tramp. The name is synonymous with obliquity, and this specimen did not belie the name. He shivered in the sunlight as it he had the ague. His rags stood out like splinters of distress, telling of a long friction with time. His limbs had that flaccid, relaxed motion which is typical of the drunken vagabond. His eyes were bloodshot. The only redeeming features were his voice, which was musical and pathetic, and his manner, which was that of a man who had not always tramped the thoroughfares of the world.

"Sir," he said, touching the rim of a despoiled hat, "will you be so kind as to give me a bite to eat—I am very hungry?" One would suppose that sitting there in the sunlight of his own happiness, Farmer Leslie, the prosperous man, would have given a generous meal to this off-scouring of humanity—but he did nothing of the kind.

"He off," he said, "or I will set the dog on you."

"I will work," began the tramp.

"Oh, you will? I don't need your help. I have men to work for me, not such cattle as you."

"Ah, it cut to the quick, as he intended it should. The tramp made a savage spring forward, and a look of vindictive rage crossed his features—then he stopped, swung around and walked away.

"Cattle!" He flung the word out with bitterness. "You're right, friend, only—cattle that are made in God's image, and human!"

"So the fellow had a schooling was all the comment the farmer made. He did not see a humanitarian episode that was transacted at his back door when his good wife, who had overheard the dialogue, handed out some bread and meat to the tramp.

No, Farmer Leslie knew nothing of that. He was watching a speck far down in the valley that was a whole world to him, his boy galloping about from farm-house to farm-house, where his playfellows lived, showing them his new possession, the pony his father had given him for a birthday present.

Farmer Leslie did have soft spots in his heart, but, as I have said, no further thought to the wretched, disheartened man he had repulsed. He did not stop to gently scan his brother man, and he did not believe that to step aside is human. So he put the object out of his mind and gave himself up to the contemplation of pleasant things.

The tramp lay on the side of a hill far enough from the house to be unrecognizable, and ate Mrs. Leslie's bounty in a semi-savage mood. These were not his real table manners—he had not forgotten them, but if each mouthful he devoured had been the head of an enemy, he could not have been more ghoulish or vicious. Every few moments he would burst into anathemas of speech:

"Cattle! Curse him! What is he? I'd like to make him suffer—yes, I would. Oh, I could be happy just to see that man in my place."

He lay and watched the man he hated, but he divided his attention. His bloodshot, agonized eyes were fixed now on the barn that had cost the farmer so many thousands of dollars, and was the pride of the surrounding country. The fellow writhed with impatience.

"I hope he'll read the writing on the wall, and recognize the tramp's hand. I hope he'll—ha—it's working!"

He saw a thin spiral of smoke rising like a crooked finger from the roof of the barn. The farmer, sitting now with his back turned, did not see it.

The tramp watched it and smiled as Cain might have smiled when he slew Abel. He gesticulated fiercely, as if to sustain himself in some awful deed; then another look came into his face, as he saw a boy ride gaily up to the barn, turn his horse loose, and, carrying the saddle on his arm, disappear inside.

One, two, three minutes passed. Nothing had changed except the aspect of that thin spiral of smoke. It was now a column, cut off from the roof by a blaze that the sunlight shielded.

Farmer Leslie was asleep in his chair. The tramp rose to his feet. His expression and the evil purpose that had possessed him turned to a look of disreputable virtue. His form expanded and grew taller, but he stood as if rooted to the hills.

Farmer Leslie was aroused now. His wife and daughter were running here and there, shrieking fire, and he was wildly calling for help, to which summons his men working in the field responded. But there was no help that could save the smoldering mass, and no man that could enter that fiery furnace.

"Let it burn!" shouted the farmer. "Thank God, we are all here!"

At that moment his eye fell on his son's pony grazing in the field near by.

"Alfred," he shouted—"is he in the house? Where is Alfred?"

A man darted past him and disappeared in that seething mass of flame and smoke. The group paid no attention to him, but ran distractedly about, calling the name of the boy who was the pride of their lives.

Then there was a cry from within, a smothered cry, taken up and re-echoed by those outside as they recognized his voice.

"It is my boy! Let me go to him!" shouted Farmer Leslie, struggling in the hands of his men. "I will save him or perish with him!"

But they could see the shadow of a man who walked like Shadrach of old in the fiery furnace, but unlike him there was the

smell of fire on his garments, and if the Savior of men walked with him, their eyes were hidden that they could not see. He carried a burden that he had covered with his tattered coat. The fire fought for him and wound his long tendrils about his forehead. He was literally blazing when he gathered up the last remnant of his strength, and threw his burden to those who met him half way. Then there was a roar and a crash, and never had a man a more magnificent funeral pyre than this would have made. But he stumbled just outside, and a fallen beam pinned him to the earth.

"He saved me, father—I was asleep, and he just caught me up in his arms and ran with me, and, oh, father, you will give him money and clothes, and he, shall have my pony, and everything."

"Yes, yes, please God I will make a man of him," said the farmer as he bent anxiously over the tramp, who, blind and broken, was coming back to consciousness.

"Father—mother," he murmured, "are you—you—both—here? Take—my—hand."

Mrs. Leslie and her husband sank sobbing on their knees, and each took a hand of the poor outcast.

"It's—getting—light," he said, "I—must—get—up." He tried to rise, but the effort was useless. His poor head refused to move.

"I know," he said in a clear voice, "it's the—boy. Is—he—safe?"

"Safe, and it is you who saved him. Live, my friend, that we may show you how grateful we are," said the farmer, suddenly humanized.

"Yes—I—saved him—and lost—myself! Perhaps God will know, and take this into account. Forgive me."

"What! For saving my life death agony, 'No!'" There was a brief death agony, then a look of peace as his latest breath drifted with the words: "I would have been a murderer if I had let him die in the flames—that—my—hand—kindled!"—

Detroit Free Press.

PIERRE AND BAPTISTE.

I once knew two industrious mechanics named Pierre and Baptiste. They dwelt in a ramshackle tenement at Saint aux Beloeil, where each had a dozen children to support, besides their wives; who it is given to us nominally acquainted with that goodly art associated with charwomen.

Pierre and Baptiste were hard workers. They worked far into the night, and occasionally, the thin mists of dawn had begun to break on the narrow city pavements before their labour would cease. No one could truthfully say that theirs was not a hard earned pillow. Sometimes they did not toil in vain. It depended largely upon the police.

It was early one November that this horny handed pair planned the burglary of a certain safe located in a wholesale establishment in St. Mark street. On the particular evening that Pierre and Baptiste hid upon for the deed, the head bookkeeper had been having a wrangle with his accounts.

"I can't make head or tail of this," he declared to his employer, the senior member of the firm, "yet I am convinced every thing must be right. An error of several hundred dollars had been carried over from each daily footing, but the monthly sales end or ends I'm blessed if I can find out."

The fact was that the monthly sales had been unaccountably mislaid, and a page of the balance sheet upward of an hour in casting by both the entries of himself and his subordinates after the establishment had closed its doors for the day.

Then he went home to supper, determined to return and locate the deficit if he didn't get a wink of sleep until morning. Bookkeepers it must be borne in mind, have highly sensitive organisms, which are susceptible to the smallest atom reflecting upon their probity or skill. At 8.30 the bookkeeper returned and commenced anew his critical calculations. He worked precisely three hours and a half; at the end of which period he suddenly clapped his hand to his forehead and exclaimed:

"Idiot! Why haven't you looked in the safe for a missing sheet? Ten chances to one they have been improperly numbered?"

He turned over the pages of the balance on his desk, and, sure enough the usual numerical mark or designation in the upper left hand corner which should follow eleven was missing. Page twelve, in all likelihood, had slipped in some remote corner of the safe.

The safe is a large one, partially receding into the wall, and containing all the papers, documents and several day receipts in cash and drafts of the firm.

The head bookkeeper, in his efforts at unearthing the lost page of the cash balance, was obliged to intrude his entire person into the safe. Fearful lest the candle he held should attract attention from the street, showing out as it did against the black recesses of the safe, upon entering he drew the door slightly ajar.

As he stepped in the tail of his coat caught on an angle of the huge riveted lock; the massive gate swung to as if it weighed no more than a pound, and the bookkeeper was a prisoner.

He heard the resonant click—that was all. His head went out.

The bookkeeper at the outset lost his presence of mind. He fought like a caged animal. He first exerted almost superhuman strength against the four sides of the iron tomb. Then his body collapsed, and, not for an instant losing consciousness, he found himself sitting in a partially upright posture, unable to so much as stir a muscle.

It was almost at the same moment, although hours seemed to have passed, that the drum of his ear, now abnormally sensitive, was almost split into fragments. A frightful monotonous clangor rent the interior of the safe.

The bookkeeper used to observe afterward that a single second's deviation of characteristic thought and he would have gone mad. Stronger minds in a parallel situation would have indeed collapsed. But a weaker man can never confront the inevitable, but clings more stubbornly to hope. They are only weak individuals who, in the act of drowning, catch at straws.

As the bookkeeper felt himself gradually growing faint for want of air to breathe, his revived hope led him to deliberately crash his fist into the woodwork with which the interior of the safe was fitted, in secret fashion, one drawer being built above another. This gave him a few additional cubic feet of air.

As may have been conjectured, the noise which smote the bookkeeper's ear was that of a drill. Although acutely discerned within, the sound was practically smothered on the outside of the vault.

At one end of the drill was a cavity, rapidly growing larger, in one of the steel panels. At its other end was a heavy, warty fist, part of the anatomy of Baptiste, the industrious mechanic. Baptiste held the drill while his comrade, Pierre, pounded it in.

Soon the two burglars became aware that some sort of animal commotion was going on within the safe. It nearly drove them into convulsions of astonishment. Baptiste was so startled that he dropped the drill.

"It is a ghost," he said.

Baptiste was for throwing up the job un-

compromisingly on the spot, but this proposal met with obstacles. His fellow-workman, who was of stiffer courage, rejected it with scorn, as savoring too much of the superstitious. Pierre had a large family to support, he argued. He spoke frankly. They could not afford to throw away the opportunities of providence. To his friend an co-laborer, the burden of his remarks was:

"Lache! Go on! You make me tired wizer yer ghosts an' de jigs. Let's not have no beast foolin'—see? De job is commence. Allons!"

The upshot of this was that both Pierre and Baptiste went back to work. At the third crack of the drill Pierre crossed himself and said:

"Baptiste, dere's a man in dat safe!"

Both men grew pale as death at the very suggestion. Baptiste, for instance, was so frightened he couldn't utter a syllable. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. However, Pierre, as usual, was the first to recover. He applied his ear, first to the lock and then to the drill hole.

"He is dere!" he cried, yet not so loud as to be heard on the sidewalk. To this there came a faint response—a very faint sound indeed; it sounded as if it were a mile away.

"For God's sake give me air! I am locked in here. Try and burst open the safe!"

The two burglars did not stop to talk, but went at once to work as if their own lives depended on the result, instead of the life of the mysterious occupant of the vault. In less than four minutes they had a hole, somewhat smaller than the business end of a collar button, knocked into the panel of the vault.

Then Pierre and Baptiste paused to wipe the sweat from their brows. The man inside breathed.

It was now that the pair began to muse on the denouement. Could this be a member of the firm or an employee? This hypothesis jeopardized the success of the night's adventure, unless, when they had permitted the prisoner to emerge, they bound and gagged him into silence.

On the other hand, this course would have an ugly look. If he resisted it might mean murder in the end; whereas, if they did not let him out at all, they would stand no chance of profiting by the pecuniary contents of the safe. Besides, as the man could scarcely live thus until morning, they would be responsible for his taking off.

These were not comforting reflections, but there was still another and a better in reserve. What if, after all, the man were himself a felon? Might he not be a companion crib-cracker? In that case they would merely have to divide the spoils.

"Hey, in dere," cried Pierre, suddenly struck with an idea. "What is the combination hot de safe?"

"Fifteen—three—seventy-three!" came back in sepulchral tones.

It was evidently growing harder and harder to draw breath through the tiny aperture.

Thus it transpired that at the expiration of fifteen seconds the lock of the vault gave back the same resonant click it had rendered eight minutes previously. Thanks to the timely advent of Pierre and Baptiste, it opened as lightly, as airily and as decisively as if it had closed 480 seconds before on the unhappy accountant.

The head bookkeeper gasped once or twice, but without any assistance stepped out into the free air. He was very pale and his dress was much rent and disordered when his feet touched the floor. But this pallor quickly made way for a red flush at perceiving the two burglars with the implements of their profession strewn around them.

Meanwhile Pierre and Baptiste themselves stood transfixed by the sheer novelty of the situation.

Without any kind of speech or warning, or without making any attempt at bravado, the bookkeeper walked deliberately to his desk and rang an electric call for the police. Simultaneously it seemed, for so rapid and quiet was the action, he opened a drawer, and took out a small revolver and covered both burglars with fatal precision. As he did so he uttered these remarkable words:

"Gentlemen, would indeed be the basest of men if I did not feel profoundly grateful for the service you have just rendered me. I shall always regard you as my right minded man should regard those who have saved his life with imminent peril to themselves, or which is just the same, to his life. Any demand in reason you shall make of me I shall make an effort to perform—but my duty to my employers I regard as paramount. I have accumulated a little money, and with it I propose to engage the best counsel in your defense, which is certainly marked by mitigating circumstances. If, on the other hand, you are convicted—"

Here the officers of justice entered, having broken open the door with a crash.

Show That Hurts Others.

A growing fashion is most inconvenient and expensive. That is the habit of taking a maid to the country with one, it one is going to a hotel or boarding house. Of course, if there are children in the family, the need is apparent. But if the said family consists of strong, well young women, there is no earthly requirement that calls for the maid. She stands behind her mistress' chair in the dining-room, accompanies her to the beach, etc. This fact causes discontent among all the other mistresses and maids of course. Those of the house expect extra fees from the unaccompanied ladies, who have to have service from them, and the same ladies feel mean, and poor and forlorn—for no reason but some silly women's folly.

A "Gentleman" German Band.

The "little German band" was lucky that happened to play under the windows of a house in a fashionable neighborhood the other afternoon, when Mrs. B. was "at home." They were a fair specimen of their kind—blaring and noisy, yet correct in their time and altogether in movement from long practice. The butler started out to drive them away, for they interrupted the music within, but Mrs. B. ordered him to invite them in. A happy thought struck her.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said, five minutes later, "a party of our friends have consented to give an imitation of a street band. I now have the pleasure of introducing them." Then the six members of the organization filed awkwardly into place and played a piece. The audience delightedly declared that the mimicry was perfect, especially the make-up of the players, who were recalled half-a-dozen times.

"Would you take them for anything but genuine street stragglers?" was asked of a belle.

"Indeed, yes," she confidently replied; "they're clever in their mimicry; but one can always tell gentlemen, no matter how disguised. I'm dying to find out who they are."

Acknowledging its Receipt.

An actor, now famous, but whose first appearance on the boards was by no means encouraging, possesses the rare power of expressing any difficult situation in a memorable sentence. He was very young when he made his debut, and as his acting was a complete failure, he soon found himself the unlucky victim of ridicule. The audience were wont to express their opinion in a very substantial manner, and the unfortunate actor's cranium was made the target for various missiles, one of which was a good-sized cabbage. As the cabbage fell on the stage, the actor picked it up and stepped forward to the footlights. He raised his hand to command silence, and when his tormentors paused, he exclaimed, pointing to the cabbage—"Ladies and gentlemen, I thought to please you with my acting, but I confess I did not expect that anyone in the audience would lose his head over it."

Peculiar Marriage Customs.

Siam looks so largely on the public vision that special interest is being taken in the customs of the people who dwell there. One of the most curious is that each year is named after an animal, and only certain animals are allowed to intermarry. A person born in the year of the elephant, for instance, cannot marry a person born in the year of the tiger, neither may the lion mate with the lamb.

The law imposes dire penalties upon all who give false ages, or who represent that they are gay gazelles, when, in fact, they are mischievous monkeys; and therefore it is a law which would not be welcome in Western lands.

BORN.

Truro, to the wife of J. D. McKay, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 27, to the wife of Dr. Chisholm, a son.

Digby, Aug. 31, to the wife of D. Dakin, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 28, to the wife of Arthur E. Swan, a son.

Milton, Aug. 26, to the wife of J. I. Phinney, a son.

Wentworth, N. S. Aug. 17, to the wife of S. Little, a son.

North Sydney, Aug. 28, to the wife of John Allen, a son.

Yarmouth, Aug. 28, to the wife of A. M. Hatfield, a son.

Digby, July 29, to the wife of Timothy O'Connell, a son.

Purdy, Aug. 26, to the wife of T. W. Foreham, a son.

Truro, Aug. 26, to the wife of Conductor A. Vance, a son.

Parishboro, Aug. 19, to the wife of Charles Russell, a son.

Parishboro, Aug. 22, to the wife of Robert Newcomb, a son.

Wentworth, Aug. 28, to the wife of William Roach, a son.

Halifax, N. B. to the wife of Wm. C. McLaughlin, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 28, to the wife of C. J. Francis, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 26, to the wife of W. McDonald, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 26, to the wife of John F. Kelly, a daughter.

Sydney, Aug. 28, to the wife of Albert Flehr, a daughter.

St. John, Aug. 1, to the wife of A. E. Whelpley, a daughter.

Woolville, Aug. 28, to the wife of L. E. Duncanson, a daughter.

Bridgetown, Aug. 28, to the wife of Charles Rance, a daughter.

New Glasgow, Sept. 3, to the wife of Fred A. Bowman, a son.

Lumsden, Aug. 23, to the wife of Willard Fillmore, a son.

New Glasgow, Aug. 27, to the wife of Raymond Dand, a son.

Middle Sackville, Aug. 29, to the wife of Peter White, a son.

Landdowne, N. S. Aug. 30, to the wife of David McFarlane, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 22, to the wife of George F. Cunningham, a daughter.

Georgetown, P. E. I. Aug. 23, to the wife of D. A. McKinnon, a son.

Grand Manan, Aug. 26, to the wife of Frank Ingalls, a daughter.

Kingsport, N. S. Aug. 11, to the wife of Edward Viner, a daughter.

Wentworth, N. S. Aug. 18, to the wife of Hibbert Parker, a daughter.

Grand Manan, N. B. Aug. 18, to the wife of Geo. Wilson, a daughter.

Middle Sackville, Aug. 24, to the wife of Jacob Legere, a daughter.

Upper Sackville, N. S. Aug. 14, to the wife of Robert Parker, a daughter.

Grand Manan, N. B. Aug. 18, to the wife of George Watson, a daughter.

Barrington, N. S. Aug. 23, to the wife of Capt. U. H. Lyon, a daughter.

Barrington, N. S. Aug. 26, to the wife of Thos. Hopkins, a daughter.

Upper Canada, N. S. Aug. 27, to the wife of Walter E. Eaton, a daughter.

Loch Lomond, C. B. Aug. 29, to the wife of William Chisholm, a son.

Esquimaux, Aug. 26, to the wife of Luther W. Lewis, two daughters.

MARRIED.

Yarmouth, Aug. 24, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, J. W. Clark to Julia Kilian.

St. John, Sept. 4, by Rev. A. E. Chapman, Jas. B. Whelpley to Mary Cass.

St. Stephen, Aug. 18, by Rev. W. Penna, Sheridan O'Brien to Ida Stanhope.

St. John, Sept. 5, by Rev. J. Desjardis, Arthur M. Howe to Grace Hamilton.

St. George, Aug. 24, by Rev. R. E. Smith, Levi Goodell to Elizabeth Jack.

St. Stephen, Aug. 28, by Rev. W. Penna, Charles F. Griffin to Ida M. Morrison.

St. John, Sept. 4, by Rev. Mr. McNeil, John S. Currie to Agnes E. Weidman.

St. John, Aug. 29, by Rev. S. Howard, Rev. Frank Fizzle to Annie L. Hieple.

Halifax, Aug. 30, by Rev. A. Hockin, Howard H. Hubley to Nellie A. Phillips.

Fredericton, Aug. 25, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, James C. Roberts to Martha Jarvis.

Halifax, Aug. 31, by Rev. F. M. Webster, Henry Jollimore to Mary Stratten.

Berwick, Aug. 29, by Rev. John Craig, John W. Margeson to Mrs. H. L. Chute.

Stanley, N. B. Aug. 24, by Rev. A. B. Murray, James Boyd to Sarah E. Howe.

Antigonish, Aug. 25, by Bishop Cameron, Capt. J. D. McNeil to Katie J. Hartigan.

St. John, Aug. 30, by Rev. Mr. Fullerton, Dr. J. S. Bagnall to Matilda B. Hyndman.

Lakelse, N. S. Aug. 30, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, Walter Hilt to George Corbett.

Halifax, Aug. 30, by Rev. Charles Abbot, Lemuel Parrott to Margaret J. Graydon.

Yarmouth, Aug. 30, by Rev. Dr. Cartright, Jos. S. Raymond to Nellie A. Dahlgren.

Amherst, Aug. 24, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Frederick L. Rogers to Florence P. Rogers.

Yarmouth, Aug. 25, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Ed. win Morine to Matilda Dolliver.

St. John, Aug. 23, by Rev. I. N. Parker, Frederic McDonald to Grace Sutherland.

Halifax, Aug. 31, by Rev. Allan Simpson, John W. McDonald to Maggie McDonald.

Gagetown, Aug. 29, by Rev. W. E. Johnston, Geo. W. Ritchie to Annie L. Filmore.

Chatham, Aug. 25, by Rev. Joseph McCoy, Stephen McDonald to Isabel E. Williston.

Canning, N. S. Aug. 26, by Rev. E. A. Crowell, James Beazanton to Martha Hiltz.

Sary's Road, N. S. Aug. 22, by Rev. J. E. Jackson, David Thompson to Mary Cousens.

Truro, N. S. Aug. 29, by Rev. J. D. McGilvray, Edwin R. Stewart to Jennie Yutill.