

A FAIR WORLDLING.

The little Quaker community of Hillsboro had been invaded by two worldlings that Summer, which had so disturbed its wonted quietness that Brother Cox had been forced to lament more than once. "Alas that this should be! The days of our peace had gone."

Brother Cox felt the trouble more than the other members of the community, for he knew that he was partly responsible for it. To think that his nephew, his only brother's son, should come out to Hillsboro, and in these few short months raise such a commotion among the people!

But there was a redeeming virtue in the young man which Brother Cox dwelt upon with a feeling of relief. Before the saucy face and blue eyes of Ella Stratton were seen in Hillsboro, Jack Cox was as quiet and demure as the most conservative Quaker.

True, he only attended meetings once a week, and then it was generally out of respect for his uncle but he never entered into the gay life which had since shocked the sensibilities of the Quakers.

Naturally, Brother Cox took a personal dislike to the new tenants of the deserted cottage on the outskirts of the village, and he could scarcely conceal his disapproval of the young girl's actions. He felt convinced that she was at the bottom of all the trouble.

Her snowy dress, pink cheeks, blue eyes and rippling laughter suggested the world too strong for the Quakers to enjoy.

"She belongs to the world," Brother Cox said, one day, as he passed her. "She has no right out here among our peaceful people. It will be well for us when she leaves."

They were only summer tenants, and consisted simply of Mr. Stratton, her daughter, and two servants. They did not exhibit much wealth or finery, but to the plain Quakers, their dress and general appearance seemed altogether out of propriety.

Then the way Ella laughed and tramped over the fields on foot or rode on horseback shocked the good housewives. Jack Cox had known the family in the city, and he soon joined Ella in these rides and walks.

It was from such a simple beginning that the trouble arose. The old enlacement of woman had led the young man astray, and he was soon looked upon as being as great a sinner as the fair temptress.

The two were practically ostracized in the community, and the upright Quakers passed them with only a nod and a simple word of greeting. Ella only wondered, but Jack shrugged his shoulders.

Brother Cox was inclined to be more lenient than the others. His fields stretched nearly out to the cottage of the Strattons, and he would often stop in his work to glance at the red house. One day he paused in his labors and looked up to discover the bright face of Ella Stratton. She was leaning on the fence which separated the two grounds.

"Don't you get tired of work, Mr. Cox?" she asked, in a sweet voice. "I do, dreadfully, and you are older than I am."

The good Quaker straightened himself up to his full six feet. He was still a fine-looking man of fifty, with gray locks, a calm, noble face and dark eyes.

"Work keeps us from mischief," he answered, seriously.

"I know that, and I suppose you think I ought to be at work now, and not standing here to bother you," she replied.

"It would be better for you," was the rather unexpected reply.

The girl's cheeks colored a little at the ungallant words, but she asked demurely. "Do you think I am so very wicked?"

"Ye are of the world and worldly-minded, I cannot judge thee, but thy actions have not my approval."

"Oh, what did I do that you don't like?" she asked in a penitent voice. "You know I've been brought up so, and how could I know what to do?"

True, mused Brother Cox, wiping his brow. "The sin is not so much yours as those who have brought thee up."

"Then mamma and papa must be wicked?" was the quick question. "I won't believe that, for they have always been so good to me; mamma is and papa was before he died."

"Well, child, ye can't blame them," Brother Cox said, consolingly, noticing the distress of his young visitor.

"Whom can I blame, then? Is it my grandmother and grandfather, or their grandmothers and grandfathers?"

"Isn't the question; ye can do better now."

"Oh, I would like to do better—so much! Will you tell me how? I should so much like to have you for I like you."

This was said in so artless and innocent a tone that it went straight home to the man's heart. As he walked away from the place five minutes later he recalled the look which accompanied the words. Such a face, such eyes, mouth, and expression, and Brother Cox should be forgiven for thinking of them again and then again. He never knew before how pretty and winning the "Stratton girl" was.

"If she was only of our belief and number," he muttered to himself. "But I might try and make her one. She is not yet lost to wickedness. She wants to learn, I'll teach her."

After that the old hedge proved a regular trying-place for the two. Ella found plenty of excuses for going out to the fields, and Brother Cox cultivated the field near that fence oftener than elsewhere. The weeds persisted in cropping up on the west side of the field, and he felt bound to keep them under control.

One day Ella brought some lemonade out to him, carrying it in a small silver pitcher. It was some of her own manufacture, and the day was so warm that it was very refreshing.

"Oh, Mr. Cox, I have some lemonade for you," she said as she hurried over the field. "I hope you like lemonade. I made it myself, and you look so hot and tired out here in the sun that I had to bring you a drink."

Brother Cox did drink, and smacked his lips. It was so kind of her to think of him and while he talked he admired her bright face and manners.

Could any man look upon such a vision of beauty and not feel his pulse beat faster? Cold and dutiful as the Quaker was, there was still much vitality of youth in his strong frame.

After all, he was only a man, and the

rights of nature soon broke through all barriers of sect. He loved the beautiful girl who had helped him to lemonade.

Was he too old for such a bright girl to look upon with favor? He had been called the handsomest man of the community before he courted his dead wife, and he was sure that he still possessed some of the requisites of a lover. But she was a girl of the world, and not accustomed to the prosaic life of the Quakers. Would she be content to live in his large, gloomy house, and try to make it bright and comfortable for him?

He could teach her the way of his sect, and give her a fine home. He would gradually draw her away from the ways of evil, and centre her mind upon thoughts of love, charity and religion.

"She may be frail now, but the sturdy oak was but once a sapling," he said. "She can learn and grow."

He trod the floor of his old home with a lighter and firmer step. The bareness of the old-fashioned rooms impressed him with a sense of dissatisfaction. They would have to be refurnished and brightened. The flowers and vines around the house needed cultivation and pruning, and even the outside of the house would need a new coat of paint.

"I've thought of doing this before," Brother Cox muttered, "and it may be done now."

There were improvements about the yard, the gardens and the outbuildings which were readily suggested to his critical eyes. He made notes of these things, and resolved to make a complete transformation.

"She has been brought up in the ways of the city, and she would not like to come to a gloomy house. It will be just as well to improve things a little at first. She can't grow into our ways at once."

The golden harvest of the autumn was approaching. The crops nodded obedience to the reapers on every side. The autumn colors suggested peace and quietness in the Quaker community after the toilsome days of summer.

Brother Cox stood by the hedge separating his fields from the garden surrounding the tenant's cottage.

The day's work had been finished, and the faint shadows suggested the approach of twilight. Ella Stratton, with a meek, demure face, was standing before him.

"I feel that I have become so much better this Summer," she said. "You know why; you have been so good to me, and have taught me so much."

"You should not say that, for it might make me vain. Such a sin should not come to me at my age."

"Why, you are not old, Mr. Cox."

There was a thrill of pleasure in the sturdy frame, and it seemed to straighten more exactly than ever.

"Then my errand here will be made easier for me. Ye know that I have come here for a purpose. Ye have guessed it?"

"Yes, Mr. Cox, I have," was the quick reply, while the face flushed beautifully.

This must be the way of the world, he thought, for the girl to make such advances. It was so different in the community.

"I would have spoken to thee before, but I wished to know thee better. That's why I've spent so many hours at this fence talking to thee."

"Oh, how kind of you! I wanted to know you better, too. I thought probably you would dislike me. I was so different from you—and wicked."

"But ye are learning our ways, and ye are very apt. Ye can be very good, and there is nothing like having a protector."

"And such a good protector as I shall have," she said, with a look of admiration at him.

"Ye are kind to say so. The Coxes have always been good to their wives and families."

"I know that, for I love them; I believe that I love the whole family. I never enjoyed a summer so much as this one in Hillsboro."

It was so graceful for her to say it. He felt that she made his wooing easy.

How remarkable that she had divined his feelings all along!

"Then ye think that I will suit thee?" he asked, in a voice that was almost rapturous. "Ye have studied me enough at this fence?"

"Yes; I know I shall like you; I knew it from the first. Everybody thought that you were so cold and stern that you couldn't love any one, but I knew differently. I liked you then, and now I love you."

She kissed his brawny hand impulsively, her warm lips sending a delicious thrill through him.

This was not an old man's courting, but a young woman's, and though strange to Brother Cox, it had a sweetness that drowned all thoughts of wrong.

"She's a frail little thing," he thought, but she's loving and she's good. She only needs some one to train her."

"But ye know I'm old, and sometimes cross," he said deprecatingly. "I am past 50."

"That is not very old; and I like old men; and you have such a manly form, and beautiful hair and ways. I shall always be proud of you."

Flushed with his success, he felt that he could be plainer, and he continued: "Ye know I'm strict in my living, not approving fripperies and gay life. That should repel thee."

"Oh, no! Jack told me all about that at first. He said you were strict, but that you had a loving heart beneath it all. He always got along well with you, and he knew that I would."

Jack, Jack! Had he known of it all? Had he been putting her up to this strange wooing, laughing in his sleeve at his uncle's sentiment?

The girl continued rapidly: "He wanted to speak to you first and tell you all. He knew that you would disapprove of our match but I told him not to tell you, I would first win your friendship, and then your love. I would meet you every day, and I could make you like me by Autumn then he could tell you. I didn't know as I could marry him if you didn't give your consent, but when I found how nice and good you were I felt that it was all right."

A shadow seemed to settle over the landscape. Everything appeared dark. Night must be approaching, and a man's eyes at 50 are not quite as good as at 25.

Brother Cox heard the voice of the girl, but it all seemed so strange. He had no thought of Jack.

"Are you going now? Oh, yes, it is getting dark! I didn't realize that it was so late. I must go back to the house, too."

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"Are you going now? Oh, yes, it is getting dark! I didn't realize that it was so late. I must go back to the house, too."

The dew is on the grass. Good night. Jack and I will always love you—always."

He felt the pressure of the warm lips on his hand again, but they did not send a thrill through him as before.

It certainly was dark walking across the field, and several times Brother Cox stopped to find his way. It was strange that he should get lost in the fields which he had tilled and cultivated for forty years. When he reached the house he felt tired, and he rested on the front piazza before entering the large dining-room. He seemed dazed and uncomfortable. The painters and carpenters had left their tools around, reminding him of the improvements he was having made in his home. They seemed a mockery now.

He entered the house, and walked across the strong floors. Then he strolled toward the dining-room.

"Jack, Jack, where are ye? I want to see thee. Come here! I know all—everything. She has told me, and ye have my approval. I'm getting the house fixed up, and ye must come here and live."

"Is it really true, uncle? You are as good as you are handsome, uncle. Ella always said you were."

"Ye must live here every Summer, and come and see me as often as you can in Winter."

"We will, uncle."

MEDICAL INSTINCTS IN ANIMALS.

Dogs, Cats and Cows Have Been Observed With Advantage by Physicians.

Animals get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek dark, airy places, drink water and sometimes plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite, says the Philadelphia Record, it eats that species of grass known as dog's grass, which acts as an emetic and purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows when ill seek out certain herbs. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps as far as possible in the sun. The warrior ants have regularly organized ambulances. Latrines and the antennae of an ant and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted in their mouths. When an animal has a wounded leg or an arm hanging on it completes the amputation by means of its teeth. A dog being stung on the muzzle by a viper was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. This animal eventually recovered. A terrier hurt its right eye. It remained under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although it habitually kept close to the fire. It adopted a general treatment—rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in licking the upper surface of the paw, which it applied to the wounded eye. Animals suffering from traumatic fever treat themselves by the continued application of cold water, which M. Delauney considers to be more certain than any of the other methods. In view of these interesting facts we are, he thinks, forced to admit that hygiene and therapeutics as practiced by animals may, in the interests of physiology, be studied with advantage. Many physicians have been keen observers of animals, their diseases and the methods adopted by them in their instinct to cure themselves, and have availed themselves of the knowledge so brought under their observation in their practice.

BORN.

Sussex, March 19, to the wife of Murray Huestis, a son.

Truro, March 13, to the wife of Thomas Tibbitts, a son.

Windsor, March 14, to the wife of Edgar Faulkner, a son.

Martock, March 9, to the wife of Mark Trenholm, a son.

Sackville, March 8, to the wife of Edward Payzant, a son.

Ludlow, N. B., to the wife of Percival Hovey, a daughter.

Windsor, March 11, to the wife of John Mont, a daughter.

Halifax, March 19, to the wife of E. Canavan, a daughter.

Sussex, March 15, to the wife of Charles Brown, a daughter.

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Digby, March 13, to the wife of Captain Ansel Snow, a daughter.

Moncton, March 18, to the wife of Hilaire Cormier, a daughter.

Bellefleur, March 14, to the wife of Reuben Dodge, a daughter.

Milton, March 21, to the wife of Charles McLean, a daughter.

Dartmouth, March 12, to the wife of Donald Sutherland, a son.

Hastings, March 6, to the wife of Roger W. Chapman, a son.

Woodstock, March 24, to the wife of R. E. Guy Smith, a son.

East Gore, N. S., March 18, to the wife of Thomas Fen, a son.

North Sydney, C. B., March 9, to the wife of W. Morgan, a son.

Central Onslow, N. S., March 17, to the wife of E. Dickson, a son.

Parrsboro, March 13, to the wife of Patrick McLaughlin, a son.

Upper Kent, N. B., March 17, to the wife of Seth C. Salmon, a son.

Berwick, N. S., March 15, to the wife of H. A. Sweet, a daughter.

Gaspereaux, N. S., March 7, to the wife of Watson Miner, a daughter.

Hebron, N. S., March 6, to the wife of George Baddeck, C. B., March 3, to the wife of Joseph McLean, a daughter.

Middle Sackville, Feb. 28, to the wife of Edward Letette, a daughter.

Douglas, N. B., March 29, to the wife of Charles McAdam, a daughter.

Central Grove, N. S., March 13, to the wife of George Delaney, a son.

Mosher's River, N. S., March 6, to the wife of Rev. McLeod Harvey, a son.

MARRIED.

Truro, by Rev. A. Logan, Daniel Gray to Annie Crawford.

St. John, March 8, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, Frank St. John to Bertha Byers.

Karaj, N. B., March 8, by Rev. George Howard, Scott to Abina B. Helms.

Oronogo, March 12, by Rev. S. J. Perry, Arthur Wood to Bertha Parsons.

Lunenburg, March 13, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Malan Conrad to Ellen Herman.

Elgin, March, by Rev. E. Ramsay, Havelock Brantall to Kate Bustard.

Wickham, March 7, by Rev. C. B. Lewis, Thomas H. DeLong to Eunice Day.

Sydney, March 14, by Archdeacon Smith, John B. Ruderham to Martha Ball.

Kingsport, March 14, by Rev. Edwin Crowell, John DeWolfe to Maggie Warner.

Upper Wickham, March 10, by Rev. G. A. Giberson, Allan McLean to Rita Drake.

Halifax, March 16, by Rev. J. F. Duxan, Jacob Fader to Margaret E. Blakie.

Beech Hill, N. B., March 8, by Rev. I. B. Colwell, John L. Lutes to Jennie Shaw.

Middle Sackville, by Rev. W. H. Warren, Millidge Babcock to Annie E. Robinson.

Chatham, March 20, by Rev. N. McKay, John McLeod to Margaret E. Perley.

Pugwash, March 14, by Rev. A. W. Bent, John W. Flynn to Maggie Bella Mackay.

St. John, March 21, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Howard L. Peters to Emma McCutcheon.

Woodstock, March 14, by Rev. A. F. Baker, George A. Schofield to Maud P. Mallory.

Sussex, March 21, by Rev. J. James Gray, Oliver Eadie to Mrs. Rhoda A. Dunbar.

Windsor, March 13, by Rev. P. A. McEwan, George Harvie to Tillie McLeilan.

Clyde River, March 14, by Rev. J. Valentine, Warren Wilkie to Annie A. Davis.

Waterford, March 21, by Rev. J. S. Sutherland, Edward Parle to Emeline Crothers.

Milford, N. S., March 13, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Jonathan Langille to Linda J. Kerr.

Moncton, March 4, by Rev. W. H. DeWares, J. Carter to Martha Whitman.

Foreston, N. B., Feb. 27, by Rev. D. E. Brooks, Asa A. Brooks to Maggie E. Bigger.

Cookville, March 20, by Rev. T. D. Hart, Captain William McKenna to Marie Watson.

Fredericton, March 19, by Rev. G. G. Roberts, James E. Laphore to Ethel J. Pallen.

Springhill, March 13, by Rev. David Wright, Daniel A. Richardson to Rebecca M. Simpson.

Dartmouth, March 14, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, John J. Colbath to Annie L. Nangle.

Campbellton, March 20, by Rev. W. C. Matthews, George W. Brazier to Mrs. Annie Kruse.

New Richmond, March 13, by Rev. G. F. Kinnear, William Hudson Woodman to Lucy J. Woodman.

Clark's Harbor, March 13, by Rev. W. Miller, Augustine Nickerson to Florence Duncan.

Upper Cumberland Bay, Feb. 28, by Rev. William J. Clements, Jassongre to Angeline Wasson.

Jacksonville, March 17, by Rev. J. H. Kearney, John J. Colbath to Mrs. Annie J. Anderson.

New Richmond, March 3, by Rev. G. F. Kinnear, William Hudson Woodman to Lucy J. Woodman.

Urbania, N. S., March 21, by Rev. T. Chalmers, Jack, Dennison Smith to Maggie C. McQuarrie.

DIED.

Deerfield, March 12, Moses Vickery.

Tusket, March 13, Jacob Servant, 78.

Wicklow, March 19, James Dross, 85.

Windsor, March 19, John Cox, 87.

St. John, March 24, Michael Kelly, 76.

Amherst, March 22, W. H. Rogers, 72.

St. John, March 24, John O'Connor, 63.

St. John, March 16, Thomas Hector, 86.

Pictou, March 17, Robert Matheson, 49.

St. John, March 24, William Macdonald, 72.

St. John, March 21, James Hamilton, 42.

Jeddore, March 20, George Faulkner, 70.

Rothsay, March 21, Charles Wasson, 86.

Halifax, March 24, James Henderson, 82.

St. John, March 24, Thomas Heffernan, 85.

Hartland, March 18, Isaac H