YALLER JOE

"Yes, sirree! I should say I do remember it, That was the first and last steamboat seen here."

Ever sine my arrival in the "Mountain City" I had been overhearing obscure references to "the year the steamboat came West Virginia hill upon the narrow winding Monongahela, with its shimmering riples and shallow pools, I could discern no indications of steamboat navigation. So I had appealed to Mr. Ephraim Coulson, one of the oldest inhabitants of the place.

"It was during slavery times," he continued, "and I ain't ashamed to own it now, if I was afraid to then, that many's the poor black runaway I've helped to steer toward Canada. The underground railroad ran through this country before ever the Baltimore and Ohio was built. There wasn't a bridg across the river then, and the bloodhounds lost the trail on the other bank. We took good care that they didn't pick it up again easily on this. It's mighty hard to get the scent, even of an under a load of hay, grain., or tanbark. The next station was over on the edge of

Pennsylvania. "It was close to midnight of a bitter cold day in December, when I was awakened by a tap, tap, tap, at my bedroom window. I wasn't very long scouting the yard; for we had to move swiftly and stealthily. Joe Heckathorn, the sheriff, whistle rang upon my ears again with such was a Dred Scott man. and had an eye loud reverberations that I sprang to my like a lynx for refugees.

but the worn-out shadow of a yellow boy that I found shivering under the lilac bushes was the raggedest, hungriest, gaunttorlorn piece of human flesh I ever sighted. He rolled up the whites of his eyes in a ghasily way, and his teeth chattered together like the cogs in a cornsheller as he moaned : 'Fo' de Lawd's sake, Massa! give | friend to be. Yaller Joe suffla' t' eat, an' a wa'm place t' lay, 'fore he done drap dead!'

"I was very long getting Mr. Yellow to fill him up, though that last was a big | shoct. Still I set my teeth together and | Voice.

"When he had thawed before the hot crawled out on his face, and he dropped my earlier experience on the Ohio river, I worshiped me if I hadn't stopped him.

"The question was, how to get him off town! my hands. It was dangerous to keep him, with Joe Heckathorn and his fellows prowling around the premises of every one susto send him on. Two or three times I noticed some of Joe Heckathorn's men poultry box uncovered and the lid ripped on a shoe box.

"About the first of January it began to rain so hard as to look like a general break-up. Every hillside stream poured a rampant torrent into the river. Soon the solid sheet of ice which had bridged her since Joe crawled ashore dripping, began to bulge. This gave me a light heart, for I had a fine ratt of timber in the mouth of the West Fork, which I expected to send down the river as soon as the ice was out of the Tygarts Valley, the other fork of the Monongahela, which tegins here. might be able to smuggle Joe aboard and keep him hidden in the cabin until we

"The river kept on rising until the ice her smoke stacks. tepan to go out with a boom and a crash. I set my men at work tightening the couplings of the raft, provisioning the cabin, and making everything ready to swing out.

his horse to pass the time of day. After swapping some remarks about the weather, the state of the water, and the time we expected to start. he dismounted and saunthough he wanted to take a peep inside. me. ! I threw it open wide just to bluff him if unconcerned as I looked.

"Just as he entered, he stealthy beckored to me by a motion of his thumb. I tollowed and closed the door behind us. going to try to run a nigger down the

"I looked Squire Reynolds square in the eye and answered: 'I'm much obliged | there. to you, equire, not saying whether Joe

"The Equire winked at me as he said: "There's no negro here. I've done my

duty.'
"I made up my mind to do the best I dence: but I must fool Joe Heckathorn. So I went straight ahead getting the raft business I had in the world. About eleven | hopes. o'clock, my son Jim and I sneaked down and cut up a good deal on the way.

"By miduight I was back and had hitched up the team. Joe was packed in a box of poultry with air-holes bored in the botriver road as though I might be going to boomed over the waters. Barnsville to mill. I built some on the hope that Joe Heckathorne would wait till daylight to pounce on the raft.

'Yellow Joe seemed in a dauncey sort | debbil!' " a mood when we started. He declared he '''' 'Keep right on praying, Joe,' I tried had 'heard de debbil roarin' troo de cane to reassured him, 'and you will be saved an' sets them all on the ten. It was just superstition as an egg of meat.

to the river's edge and is almost level. The lighted it. Grasping the burning torch quick or I'll drill you. Old as you be, I thaw had left a bottom of hard ice which | in my hand I waved it up and down in | don't take no chances.' lower' I began-

"Fo' de Lawd's sake!' interrupted muf- her? fled tones from the depths of the wagon, 'dere go de roarin' debbil again, Marse. It's a bad sign!"

was out of the question. To think of fighting was folly. They would search the wag. bank, and over went wagon and all into

teeth chattering in the box just as they had | volley. the night I found him under the lilac bushes. Suddenly he moaned out again: 'Dere

de big debbil roar agin!" "I effectually silenced him by remarking aloud: 'Those chickens are all supin my mind, my ear caught another low He had fainted from fright. hoarse roar in the distance ahead. I was quickly diverted from this by sounds of horses' feet behind us. Then my attention deep bass notes of the steamboat whistle. What puzzled me was the fact that it sounded so much nearer than Morgantown. I was thinking so hard over this, wondering if Captain Wood was on her, that I I recognized Captain Wood standing on actually forgot the danger behind until, the hurricane deck, tendin; over the rail. suddenly, from the top of the hill, the hootbeats of a half-dczen horses broke with startling distinctness upon my ears. They could not be more than a mile away.

"I struck my horses with the whip. They sprang into a brisk trot. I lashed old Virginia negro, when he's tucked away them into a run. The wagon rattled and creaked over the road at a furious rate. I drove for a mile or more at this mad pace, until shouts and pistol-shots behind announced that the noise of the waggon wheels on the icy road had betrayed me. Then calling myself an everlasting fool, I just as the bellowing of the steamboat feet and strained my hearing to locate the "Well, I'd seen many a sorry specimen, | sound. Could it be possible that the boat was heard so plainly from Morgantown? Oc-but no; I put the last thought away from me as unworthy of being entertained. est, homesickest, worst scared and most | Morgantown was the recogniz d head of navigation, and no steamboat had ever as. cended the river higher. Captain Wood coulun't be near enough to help me, tearless anti-slavery man that I knew my old

"Nearer and nearer came the tlundering cavalcade behind. I could almost begin to distinguish voices and imagine I Joe under shelter, and finding something heard commands to halt and threats to

drove on. "Once more that dull heavy boom of the fire, something like a smile of gratitude | dupl-x whistle of the boat! Surely, with upon his knees and actually would have | could not be mistaken as to the distance. That boat must be miles above Morgan-

"I didn't know why I sail this, but before the words were fairly out of my mouth | some breathless. Joe threw up his hands and gave a shriek of terror that caused me to follow the direction of his horrified gaza. Around the son back some two weeks ago.' bend of the river, not half a mile below, I

"Glory Hallelujah! I shouted. " Oh Massa! de big roarin debbil!' ex-

claimed Joe in the same breath. Ore day while we were putting in the the lash to the horses and we flew down the rings on his horns, he was maybe a-comin' finishing licks, Squire Reynolds pulled in road at a rattling gait. It meant a race sixty. He seemed like he had plenty of now. Yes, sir; as sure as you're alive, Morgantown packet puffing up the river | we cashes him at his figger. Of course, as fast as her paddle-wheels could carry we all never asks his name none, as askin' tered over toward the door of the cabin as her. She couldn't come fast enough for names an' lookin' at the brands on a hoss is the ten along of the stack of blues. Chero-

Le was suspicious. But I wasn't half as the pursuing party half an instant. Then down; but he allows he's called 'Old Bill all. they fired a volley from their revolvers Gentry' to the boys, an' he an' Faro Nell and dashed forward. A bullet struck the are particler friendly. wagon. Others rattled against the rocks. It seemed as though it was all up with us, a layin' in the shade. He knows every-"Look-a-here,' he said in a cautious even though help was so near. But sud- thing, too; all about books an' things all whisper, that made my heart stand still a denly they halted again. There were over the world. He was a-tellin' me, too, second, 'Joe Heckathorn has sworn out sounds of heavy falls and cries and curses. as how he had a daughter like me that papers for you. He suspects that you are Their horses had stumbled over the sacks died 'way back some'ers about when I was of oats in the road.

down in front of the sacks and pulled Joe an' white ha'rd.'

"The people on the boat seemed to have | Nell likes him he's all right." Heckathorn is right or wrong about the heard the shooting, and took it for a signal negro. I guess he'll have to call around of distress or danger ahead, for just at right,' says Cherokee. and see for himself.' I put a little extra that instant the headlight was turned on, stress on the word 'negro.' That was one and I heard the pilot signal for more an' by second drink time in the evenin' steam. The furnace doors flashed open, every one was movin' about, an', as it throwing a fierce glare over the water, and happens, quite a band was in the Red pretty soon the smoke-stacks began to Light; some a-drinking an' exchangin' of spit out steady streams of fire which lighted views, an' some a-buckin' the various up the skies and glowed in an internal games which was goin' wide open all round. could for Yellow Joe and trust to Provi- way against the dense volumes of black smoke in the background. I felt a fierce Faro Nell, who loted a heap more on joy in the spectacle, but its territying | Cherokee than on any of us-seemed like, ready, just as though that was the only effects upon Joe like to have upset all my from a little girl, she'd give a pony for a

with a figure between us wrapped in a cold touched my hand and, turning, I be- game was goin' plenty lively when along blanket, the dog following. They snuffed held poor Joe so paralyzed with supersti- comes old Gentry. Cherokee takes a look prevent his falling. As I did so, a jet of steam shot up in the illuminated space, and "Where you done been all the day?" tom and through the wagon bed- I piled | both the horses and the negro became fran- says Nell to the old man. 'I ain't seen on sacks of oats, and started down the tic, as the deafening roar of the whistle

"Good Lawd! good Lawd! good Lawd!"

pocket, and catching up an armful of shooter at Gentry an' says: "Below the mill, the road comes down straw from the bottom of the wagon, made good wheeling. I had driven about | front of me. I trembled for fear the pilot

whistled so close to my ear that the con- "'Let us get a word in gents,' says I will, without respect of favor or friendcussion almost deatened me. The next Cherokee, plenty ca'm, 'an' don't no one ship, love or gain, consanguinity or affin-I had that instant caught a different sound instant my off horse was hit in the flank set in his stack unless he's got a hand. I ity, envy or malice, execute the laws of in the rear. What was I to do? A race and plunged so violently forward that the does business yere my way, an' I'm shorely this isle, and between party and party as

gon to the last straw. I could hear Joe's the roaring flood, followed by another

"I threw my left arm around Joe and sprang clear of the sinking vehicle, the blanket in which he had been wrapped man's gun, while Boggs gets Gentry's. slipping off his shoulders. The icy waters 'Who's Wolfville entertainin' yere, I'd like closed over us with a gurgle and a swirl. | to know?" pose to be dead. If I hear one of them when I came up, sputtering, I saw that the current would carry us to the boat, if up." Looking down from the top of a I'll shoot straight into the middle of the I could keep Joe from drowning us both. box.' But as I was turning matters over But to my relief he became limp and quiet. "'Head off the team! Save them! I

heard Joe Heckathorn command. "I had all I wanted to do for a few mowas again turned from our pursurers by the ments to keep our chins above water, but before our pursuers turned their attention from rescuing the struggling team, we were near enough to catch the rope thrown us from the boat, and were dragged aboard.

> 'For God's sake,' I gasped, 'steam ahead!' " 'Is that you, Ephraim?' he exclaimed, in astonishment, and then he rushed down the companion-way to my side, and the situation was hurriedly explained. Joe and I were dressed in dry clothing and tucked away in warm berths, while the boat churned the water again for the head of

'You'd better believe there was considerable excitement when she steamed up whatever.' to the foot of what is now Bridge street. Hundreds of people had never seen such quieted the foaming horses down to a trot, a spectacle before, and she looked as uncanny to their eyes as she had to Joe's. The citizens flocked to the river bank with a brass band, when they realized what an event had occured in their history. They wanted to giva Captain Wood a public reception, but he had a pressing reason for staying only long enough to put me ashore. He left saying that the next time he came up he would throw open his saloons for inspection.

"But the 'next time' never came. A steamboat has never been seen again in these waters, and it looks to me as though the power which rules above had some other business for her here that night, than simply to make the experiment.

"That was in '59; the year the steambost came up."-F. Cowan in N. Y.

JACKS UP, ON EIGHTS

"It was a hot day in June," said the old cattleman as he thoughtfully read the maker's name on his sombrero, "an' while not possessin' one o' these yere heat gauges "Scarcely knowing why, I sprang up to say ackerate, I'm allowin' it was ridin wound the reins around the end of the seat | hard on jest sech weather as this. The and scrambling backward began to tumble | Tucson mail was in, an' a band of us was pected of anti slavery sympathies. But the sacks of oats over the end board. It at the postoffice a-makin' of demands for it was a great deal more risky to attempt | was warm work. Ithreweff my overcoat. letters, when in comes Cherokee Hall. I worked like a roustabout until I had the lookin' some moody, an' sets himself down

"Finally Cherokee said: 'I ain't aimin spying around, which made me fear they off, leaving only the front tier of sacks.

'Finally Cherokee said: 'I ain't aimin to invest Wolfville in no superstitious fears, was more dead than alive, 'they are after but I jest chronicles as a current event how us! But God helping us you shall escape. I was settin' into a little poker last night Climb up here on the seat and get yourself | an' three times straight I picks up "the limbered up. You may have to run; pos- | hand the dead man held"-jacks up, on eights, an' it win every time. "Who all lose it?" asks Dan Boggs,

> ... Why,' says Cherokee, it's every time that old long horn as comes in from Tuc-

" 'Yes says Boggs, a gettin' mighty decaught a long gleam of ruddy light upon | cided, 'an' you can bet your saddle an' the water and distinctly heard the 'cough! throw the pony in, death is fixin' its sights cough! cough!' of the steamboat's exhaust | for him right now. It's shorely a-warmin,' pipes, with occasional lurid streams from an' I'm glad a whole it ain't none of the boys, that's all.'

"You see, this yere stranger who Cherokee alludes at, comes over from Tucson a little while before this. He has long "Not heeding the boy's terror, I put white ha'r an' beard, an' jedgin' from his money, an' we takes it he's all right. His there was a Pittsburg. Brownsville and leavin' Tucson showed he had sense, so speshful roode in the West, an' shows your "Somebody else was surprised. I heard bringin' up, an' frequent your bringin' if the ten wasn't loser an' Cherokee gets it

"'Talkin' to him,' says Nell, 'as just like a yearlin'. He teels a heap bad about it | Star. "I took courage again and dropped yet, and I gets so sorry for him, so old "An' you may gamble,' says Boggs, 'if

" 'It Nell likes him that makes him all

Cherokee was a sittin' behind his box an' smile from Cherokee-was a sittin' up at "I heard a frightened gasp; something his shoulder on the lookout stool. The tious fear that I was afraid he would die on at him and seems worried a little, thinkin', the spot. I threw my arms around him to no donbt, of them 'hands the dead man

you none since yesterday.' "'Why, I gets tired an' done up a lot, settin' agin' Cherokee last night,' says the Jee muttered in a paroxysm of terror. old man, 'an' so I jesl prowls down in my 'Save, save, save, from de big roarin' blankets an' sleeps some 'till about an

hour ago.'

" 'Put your hands up-put them up

"At the first word Nell comes down off two miles and was we inning to feel in | would not understand it as a signal to land; her stool like a small landslide, while pretty good spirits, when my ears caught a but my heart gave a jump when I heard Cherokee brings a gun to the front in a familiar sound. 'If we were twenty miles | three strokes of his bell, ordering the en- flash. The old man was right up with the gines reversed. Could we get aboard of procession, too, an' stood th'ar with his

no mistake or the next census'll count one

"'What you all aimin' to celebrate, any how? says Ja:k Moore, gettin' the big

"'I'm a Wells-Fargo detective,' says the big man, 'and this yere,' a-pointin' to old Gentry, 'is Jim Yates, the biggest holdup an' stage robber between here an' Frisco. That old Tarrapia 'll stop a stage like a young one would a clock, jest to see what's into it. He's the man I was pastin' up the notice for this mornin'.'

"'He's a liar.' says the old man, a-gettin' uglier every minute. 'Give up our six shooters an' turn us loose, an' if I don't lance the roof of his lyin' mouth with the front eight of my gun, l'il cash in for a hoss thief or anything else you say.' "'What do you say, Enright?' says

Moore; 'let's give 'em their gatlins's an' let them lope. I've got money as says the Wells-Fargo bill paster can't take this yers old Cimmaron a little bit.' ". Which I trails in,' says Boggs, 'with

a few chips on the same card.' "No,' says Enright, 'it this yere old man's a-rustlin' the mails, we can't know it too quick. Wolfville is a straight camp, an' don't back no criminal plays; none

"So Enright calls a meetin' of the stranglers, of which he was head, and we all goes over to the New York store to talk brac. it over. Before we done pow-wowstwo minutes up comes old Monte, the stage driver, all dust an' cuss words, an' allows he's been stood up out by the Cow springs six hours before, an' is out the mail bag

seemed to cripple down a whole lot. "Gentry, says Peets, after a minute. walking over to him, 'I hears you tell Nell you was sleepin' all day. Jest take this yere company to your budwer an' let's see how it looks some.

an' the Adams Company's box. We all

looked at old man Gentry, an' he shorely

"'The turn's agin' me,' said the old man, an' I lose. I'll cut it short for you all an' tell you right off the reel; I held up the stage this afternoon myself.'

"'This yere's straight goods. I takes it, says Enright, 'an' our dooty's plain. Go over to the corral an' get a lariat, Moore.' "Don't let Enright hang the old man, Cherokee,' says Nell, beginnin' to cry. Please don't let 'em hang him.'

"'This holdin' a gun on your friends ain't no picnic,' says Cherokee, flushin' up an' then turnin' paler than ever, 'but your is the way we does. I'll make them a talk an' you run over to the corral an' bring the best hoss you see saddled. I'll still be talkin' when you comes back, an' you creep up an' whisper to the oll man to Halifax, Aug. 20, to the wife of Thomas Watchern, make a jump for the pony while I cover the deal with my six shocter. It they get him, they'll get him in the smoke. It's playin' it low on Enright an' Peets an' the

rest, but I'll do it for you, Nell.' "So Cherokee says to the girl 'good-by' an' squares himself for what he knows will be a desperate play, an' from which it's goin' to be some unusual it he comes out alive. Then he begins to talk, an' Nell makes a quiet little break for the corral. But no hoss was ever needed, for Cherokee didn't talk a minute, when all at once the old man tips off his chair in a pleptic fi'. A 'pleptic fit is very permiscus an' tryin,' an' when he comes to himself he was camped just this side of the dead line an' could only whisper.

"'Come yere,' he says, a-motionin' to Cherokee; 'there's a stack of blues where I sets it on the ten open, which you sin't turned for yet. Take everything I got an' put it with it. It it lose, it's yours, of course; if it win, give it to the little girl.'

"This was all he says, an' he dies the very next second on the list. There was over \$2,000 in his warbags, an' we all possesses ourse'fs of it mighty prompt an' goes over to the Red Light an' puts it on kee goes on with the deal, an' I'm blessed

"But I won't win agin' a dead man," says Cherokee, an' gives it to Nell, who wasn't so superstitious.

"Do you mind,' said Boggs, as we all takes a drink after, 'as how I prophesied this yere the minute I hears Cherokee atellin' about his "jicks on eights"—the hand the dead man held?" "-Washington

Old Parr's Possible Age.

One of the last services Dean Stanley did for Westminister Abbey was to cause the almost effaced inscription over the celebrated Old t'arr's grave to be recut. It is as follows: "The Parr of ye County of Salop. Borne in A. D. 1483. He lived in ye reigns of Ten Princes, viz: K. Edw. 4, K. Edw. 5, K. Rich. 3, K. Hen. 7, K. Hen. 8, K. Edw 6, Q. Ma., Q. Eliz., K. Ja. & K. Charles. Aged 152 yeares, and was Bar-

ied here Novemb. 15, 1635." The "old countess of Desmond," who is said to have died at the age of 140, is mentioned by Lord Bacon, Archbishop Usher and Sir William Temple. The first assures us that. "She did dentige (renew her teeth) twice or thrice, casting her own teeth, and others coming in their place."-Chamber's Journal.

Don't Give it a Thought.

"Owing to your not having screens in your car-windows," said the traveller, "I got a cinder in my eye the other day, and it has cost me \$10 to get it out. I want to know what you propose to do about it." "Nothing, my dear sir," said railway official. "We have no use for the cinder and you are perfectly welcome to it. On a strict construction of facts, you did Merigomish, Aug. 27, by Rev. A. Campbell, Fred get off with our property-the cinder of brake eber sence sundown.' But I knew yet. Letting the horses rear and plunge then in comes the big man who was postin' course, was not yours—but we do not care those Southern darkies were all as tull of as they would, I found a match in my of the notice former, and points a six- to make trouble for you in so small a matter. Pray do not give the incident a moment's thought."

A Curious Oath,

The following curious oath was until recently administered in the courts of Isle of Man; "By this book, and by the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works her?

"Bang! bang! rang out the cracks of the pistols over our shoulders. A bali was clean strain, he was.

"Bang! bang! bang! rang out the cracks his while beard a-curlin' like a cat's. He heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights, I do swear that TOLD OF BAR HARBOR.

Its Natural History and Also an Account of the Intabitants

Bar Harbor is the capital of Mt. Desert, which is an island several miles in diameter and several feet high. It is entirely surrounded by water and inhabited by millionaires, who derive a scanty subsistence from its sterile soil by yachting, driving and golfing.

The island abounds in rocks, drives, salt water and girls.

The principal products are morning calls, alternoon teas, dinner and dancer. When not attending to the cultivation of these staples the inhabitants are occupied in driving up and down to see that none of the scenery-to which they are much attached-has got away during the night.

Mt. Desert was discovered several years ago-before the Christian Science eraby Frenchmen, who looked over the menu, and finding nothing there within their means, gave their names to several dishes, and left the island to be rediscovered by the hardy race of millionaires who still sub-

The dwellings of this curious and interesting people are called cottages, and are constructed of bricks, mortar and bric-a-

The millionaire is exceedingly industrious during the summer season, attending most assiduously to the arduous social duties or functions by which he supports existence, and from which he rarely allows bimself to be diverted by any considerations of enjoyment or recreation.

The female of the species is deciduous, shedding its plumage frequently-sometimes as often as five or six times in a single day-the teathers generally becoming more and more briliant as the day advances .- Lite.

BORN.

Halifax, Aug. 30, to the wife of E. M. Studd, a son. Halifax, Aug. 23, to the wife of H. W. Tully, a son. Margaretville, Aug. 19, to the wife L. Fales, a sor. Truro, Aug. 30, to the wife of C. L. Millen, a daugl-

Truro, Aug. 30, to the wife of David Hay, a daugh-Yarmouth, Aug. 25, to the wife of Thomas Gear a Torbrook, Aug. 19, to the wife of Robt. Neily, a word goes with me, Nell. Now, this yere | Parrsboro, Aug. 18, to the wife of Dr. F. A. Rand, a Alma, Aug. 27, to the wife of Wm. Rommel, New Miras, Aug. 28, to the wife of Harry R. Fitch,

> Truro, Aug. 23, to the wife of Dr. H. V. Kent, a Lunenburg, Aug. 20, to the wife of Frank Hall, a Middletor, Aug. 19, to the wife of Dr. Sponagle, a

> Waterside, Aug. 24, to the wife of Loran Martin, a Woodstock, Aug. 28, to the wife of H. N. Payson, a daughter. Lakeville, Aug. 22, to the wife of Freeman Morton a daughter. Morse Road, N. S., Aug. 16, to the wife of Charles

Taylor, a sor. Canning, N. S., Aug. 25, to the wife of Samuel Bire ow, a son. Camero Mills, Aug. 22, to the wife of W. G. Cam ron, a son. Smitt field, N. S., Aug. 24, to the wife of Stephen Pratt. a daughter.

estcock, Aug. 24, to the wife of Cap. Bedford Tower, a daughter. Horton Landing, Aur. 2), to the wife of S. L. Mc Mullen, a daughter. St. Louis, N. S., Aug. 25, to the wife of Councillor

Fort Lawrence, Aug. 21, to the wife of George Cnapmar, a daughte: Gerrish Valley, Aug. 19, to the wife of George T. McLellan, a daughter. Portland, Me., Aug. 18. to the wife of William T. Haley, .ormerly of N. B., of a sor. Athens, Ga., Aug. 25, to the wife of Rev. Dr. Young formerly of Wolfville N. S., a daughter.

MARRIED.

Martins, Aug. 29, William King to Addie Davidson. Kent, Aug. 18, by Rev. S. E. Sprague, Willard Smith to Martha Scott. Westport, Aug. 14, by Rev. H. E. Cooke, David Welch to Minnie Titus.

Brighton, Aug. 17, by Rev. C. M. Tyler, St. Clair Perry to Lalia Marshall. Shubenacadie, Aug. 22, by Rev. J. Shipperly, John Carey to Lydia Dimock. Thorburn, Aug. 19, by Rev. Dr. McLeod, Neil Mc Donald to Mary Fraser.

Glace Bay, Aug. 6, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, William J. Miles to Eveline Lee. Truco, Aug. 7, by Rev. John Robbins, George A. Douglas to Maggie Cline. Dartmouth, Aug 31, by Rev. D. Latherr, Henry

Nashwaaksis, Aug. 21, by Rev. Mr. Coldsten, Harry A. Estey to Louise Staples. Skiff Lake, Aug. 21, by Rev. Harry Harrison, Fred J. McBride to Mabel Strong. Margaretville, Aug. 21, by Rev. Jos. Gates, C. L. Dodge to L. Jean Lander's.

Westport Aug. 22, by Rev. H. E. Cooke, Alfred L. Kelly to Esther Buckman. Newcastle, Aug. 22, by Rev. James Crisp, James W. Loggie to Grace B. Ross. New Glasgow, Aug. 19, by Rev. A. Boggs, George W. Curnen to Mary C. Ford.

Parrsboro, Aug. 28, by Rev. H. K. McLear, Sanford McKeil to Alice Fowler. Trure, Aug. 14, by Rev. Jas. McLean, Arthur A. Barry to Bertha Jane Taylor.

Marysville, Aug. 28, by Rev. J. T. Parsons, Harry G. Phelps to Mary U. Wnite. Milford, Aug. 28. by Rev. A. P. Dickie, Archibald McInnis to Doreas E. Brown. North River, Aug. 28, by Rev. J. H. Chase, J. A. Hughes to Mary Alice Blair.

Marysville, Aug. 28, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, Walter C. Brown to Rachel C. Banks. Canard, Aug. 7, by Rev. C. H. Martell, Alfred P. Wheaton to Jennie M. Beach. Truro, Aug. 22, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, John Thomas to Mrs. Jessie Calder. Lepreau. Aug. 14 by Rev. Hull Spike, Hugh E. Chittick to Margaret A. Shaw.

Chatham, Aug. 30, by Rev. N. McKay, R. Stanley Murray to Nina Maud Benson. W. Smith to Catherine C. Dunn. Scotch Village, N. S., Aug. 21, by Rev. Wm. Leer, Leonard Harvey to Annie Lyon. Dartmouth, Aug. 29, by Rev. Thomas Stewart, Joseph T. Shireff to Lena Troop. South Alton, Aug, 20, by Rev. H. S. Erb. Exery Jones to Mrs. Edward Whiting.

Sydney Mines, Aug. 12. by Rev. D. MacMillar, John Scott to Maggie McDonald. Trure, Aug. 27, by Rev. T. B. Layton, Frank George to Florence Mary Geddis. Richmond. Aug. 29, by Elder F. W. Blackmer, Byron R. Wilson to Ella L. Wilson. Lunenburg, Aug. 22, by Rev. James L Batty, Charles W. Nelson to Nellie Heisler.

Scotsburn, N. S., Aug. 22. by Rev. J. W. Fraser, Daniel Murray to Elizabeth McKay. Yarmouth, Aug. 29, by Rev. J. Atkin Greenless, Allan McAskill to Anabel McKenzie. Woodstock, Aug. 21, by Rev. James Whiteside, James N. McBride to Olive G. Martin. St. Stephen, Aug. 7, by Rev. Howard Sprague, William A. West to Gertie M. Johnson.

Barrington, Aug. 9, by Rev. Mr. Halliday, Rev. George T. Young to Mary Porter Bain.

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HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3.000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

Chester, Aug, 28, by Rev. D. Fiske, Charles Herbert Kilpatrick to Alice Maude McCain. Richmond, Aug. 28, by Ven. Archdeacon Neales Greenwich Hil', N. S. Aug. 28. by Rev. A. T. Hig-

gins, Charies W. Clarke to May Bishop. Woodstock, Aug. 20, by Rev. C. T. Philips, William E. Kingston to Maggie May Murph Greenwich Hill, Aug. 28, by Rev. T. A. n. Le, Charles W. Clark to Mary Adelaide Bisney.

Molunt Hone, N. B. Aug. 14, by Rev. J. D. Freeman, R. v. Frederick B. Seeleye to Minnie M. Hallet.

Pleasant Valley, N. S., Aug. 21, by Rev. F. J. Pentelow, Ernest E. Stonehous: to Emma M.

DIED.

St. John, Sept. 3. John Teif. Maitland, Aug. 22, Adam Roy, 60. Dorchester. Aug. 23, Walter Dobson. Pictou, Aug. 24. Andrew Murray, 41. Halifax, Aug. 27, Jessie Chandler, 17. Freeport, Aug. 16, Mrs. James Hains. Halifax, Aug. 26, Edward A. Neal, 25. St. John, Sept. 2, Samuel Doughty, 54. Grand Pre, Aug. 23, John Lawrence, 84. Halifax, Aug. 25, Charlotte Carter, 25. Halifax, Aug. 23, Daniel Mc Tiernan, 26. Beverly, Mass. Aug. 21, Eunice Gayton. St. John, Sept. 2 Frank McCullough, 26. Windsor, Aug. 25, W. Walter Rickard, 54. Shag Harbor, Aug. 13, Seth Kendrick, 91. St. Marys. N. B , Aug, 7, John Doon, 50. St. Johr, Sept. 2, Frank McCullough, 26. St. John, Sept. 2, Walter G. Hamilton, 43. Belleville, Aug. 14, Mrs. Francoise Muise. Shag Harboro, Aug. 13, Seth Kendrick, 91. St. John, Aug. 30, Hugh McLean M. D. 54. Elmsville, Aug. 19, Mary A. Achesor. 90. Waweig. Aug. 14, Ethel Bryant, 18 months. Hamsville, Aug. 26, John H. Lounsbury, 42. Caledonia, Aug. 23, Georgia F. Harlow, 20. Newcastle, Aug. 19, James L. McClann, 21 Tatamagouche, Aug. 21, Daniel Barclay, 57. Smith's Cove, Aug. 28, Charles T. Potter, 69. Halifax, Aug. 39, Lila II, wife of Fred Hartt. Fredericton, Aug. 6, Mrs. Margaret Niles, 66. Milltown, Aug. 4, Lillian, May Irvine, 8 months. South Brock, N. S., Aug. 16, John N. Smith, 7. St. Andrews, Aug, 19, Mrs. George Eggleton, 70. Moncton, Aug. 29, Minnie, wife of W. H. Price, 36. Can erbury, Aug. 24, James Wesley Dickson, 54. Annapoli, Aug. 16, Althea, wife of Erias Piggot, 51. Lower Newcastle, Aug. 19, James L. McManr, 25. West Branch, N.S., Aug. 21, Walter Stonehouse, Halifax, Sept. 1. Charlotte, wife of John Redmond,

Everett, Mass., Aug. 26, Mrs. J. Brutcher of N. S,

Yarmouth, Ang. 20, Martha, wi'e of Calvin Rogers San Diego, Aug, 23, Melbourne E. Marshall of N.

Gibson. Aug. 28, Gladys Louise Davidson, 5 St. John, Aug. 29, Julia E. wife of Munson J. Wat-Joggins Mines, Aug. 22, Grace, child of Philip Mel-Halitax, Aug. 29, Margaret, widow of John Flem-

Rochester, Aug. 26, Philip Neville, formerly of Watertown. Mass. Aug. 10, John Ross of Pictor, St. John, Aug. 29, Margaret E. wife of John W. Hampton, N. .., Aug. 19. Melissa, wife of Charles

Brookly, N. Y., Aug. 12, Annie E. wife of Louis Woodstock, Aug. 10, John McFarlane of St.

Liverpoo', Aug. 18, Lottie, daughter of William and Ella Mason, 9. McKenzie Corner, Aug. 22, Sarah, wife of Gage

Montgomery, 54. Lower Granville, Aug. 19, Mary C. wife of Capt. Davia Covert, 68. Humphrey's Siding. Sept. 1, Jane, widow of Heze-

Moncton, Aug. 20, Jean, child of Frank and Mary Truro. Aug. 27, Albert C. child of Albert and Fflie Fye, 7 months. Moncton, Sept. 1, Charles, third son of Thomas and Alena Williams, I4.

Houghton, Mich, Aug. 6, Archibald McFarlane of St. Andrews, N. B., 54. Halifax, Aug. 28. Eva A, child of Joseph and Priscilla Manuel, 5 months. Rothesay, Aug. 30, Annie A. Elliot, daughter of the late Jacob V. Troop.

of Thomas Farnsworth, 75 Fairville, Aug. 30, Mrs. Ellen Haggarty, wife of the late Chas Haggarty, 82. Dartmouth, Aug. 26, Emma, daughter of Mary and the :ate Edward Burchill, 16 Marshy Hope, N. S., Aug. 19, Margaret, only child of John and Elizabeth Baxter.

Stonv Beach, Aug. 10, Phoebe Farnsworth, widow

Halifax, Sept 1, Elizabeth Gladney, child of Henry and Elenora Fuller, 5 months. Monctor, Aug. 27, Della M. infant daughter of C. A. and Annie Godsoe, 5 months Tatamagouche, Aug. 24, Dimock, son of Thomas and Minnie Heughen, 18 months. Monetor, Aug. 28, Martha E. infant daughter of

Malone Bay, Aug. 27, William Bruce, son of Rev. J. W. and Lottie Craw.ord, 13 months.

Robt. and Annie Gourley, 4 months.

