

A BOND OF SYMPATHY

Two figures were slowly approaching each other on North Beach. It was low tide, and they were walking as near the water's edge as possible, and were entirely unconscious of each other's presence. Their heads were bent, and now and then they stooped to pick up a bit of sea moss from the waves which came curling up to their feet.

Nearer and nearer they became, and more and more absorbed they became in their occupation. Presently one of them uttered a low exclamation of pleasure and sprang forward to secure a fragile piece of moss which a wave had just deposited on the sand. At the same moment the other started forward also, and then stopped with a dismayed apology.

"I beg your pardon. I—I was not aware of your presence."

The captor of the moss turned quickly. She was an exceedingly pretty girl of twenty-three or four, with a fair, delicate face that was just now flushed from exercise and the unexpected meeting. Before her stood a tall, beardless man who was spectral. In her first embarrassment she scarcely noticed whether he was young or old.

"When I am in search of sea mosses," he said apologetically, "I am pretty apt to be oblivious of everything else. My friends call me a hobbyist. I am glad to discover that I am not the only one here."

A quick look of denial came to her face. "But I am not a hobbyist," she declared, "he told me to look for sea mosses, I am an enthusiast only in the way of business. I sell the mosses."

He looked a little disappointed, but answered courteously.

"The difference is palpable. All hobbyists make their enthusiasm a business, and it cannot be tempered by practical application to much more to their honor. But may I see your prize?"

She handed it to him silently. "Ah! a nitophyllum, and a remarkably good specimen. I have only met with two or three of this variety. You are fortunate. This will bring a good price."

"I do not expect to sell it," she took the specimen and placed it carefully in her collecting box. "I only make up cheap book assortments which the curio stores sell to tourists for souvenirs. I furnish them by the dozen, and rare specimens are worth no more than common ones. Besides, I am making a small collection for my own use in studying, and I like to retain rare plants."

"Yes, I understand," he hesitated a moment as though revolving the propriety of making some request, then looked at frankly.

"I am Professor Barton, of—College," he said, as he took a card from his pocket-book and handed her, "and as I have just observed, am interested in algae. I do not like to lose an opportunity to see what other workers are doing. Would it be presumptuous in me to ask to look at your collection?"

"I shall be very glad to have you call," she answered graciously, "but I warn you that my work is that of an amateurish way. I live on St. Francis street, near the City Gateway. You may ask for Miss Westcott. But excuse me, mother is waiting."

She motioned up the beach to where a slight figure was seated against the dark green of the sea beyond. "Mother generally comes with me," she explained, "as she fastened her collection box and slung it across her shoulders. 'She likes to sit on the rocks and watch the sea. She is not very strong.'"

He accompanied her up the beach and was introduced to the fragile little woman who came slowly to meet them.

"I was getting tired, Alice," she said wistfully, "and thought we had better be going. The boat will be in before long. Professor Barton looked at his watch.

"If you came on the regular excursion boat," he said gravely, "you will have to wait over an hour. But may I have the pleasure of taking you across to St. Augustine? I have a sailboat waiting around the point."

Ms Westcott looked at her daughter, Alice bowed.

"I think we had better accept Professor Barton's offer, mother," she said, gently. "You are tired, and an hour will be a long time to wait."

When they reached the sea wall at St. Augustine, Professor Barton helped the invalid up the stone steps, and then held out his hand to her daughter. The invitation for him to call was repeated, and then the two ladies crossed over and went up Hippolyta street. He lingered a while and finally turned away toward Hotel San Marco.

The next day he was on North Beach again, hunting after sea mosses. But every now and then he found himself looking up, half expecting to see a little, graceful figure coming toward him. And again the next day he was there, and by this time he could hardly have told which he was looking for the more eagerly, sea mosses, or a bright, strong face with dreamy brown eyes.

On the third day he found his way to the little house on St. Francis street. Alice had gone to the Plaza with some of her work, but would soon be back. Mrs. Westcott sat at the window, and then she brought albums and bric-a-brac, and tried to entertain him until her daughter's return.

"Have you always lived here?" he asked, presently.

Her face clouded.

"No, indeed, only two years. The doctor said I must live in a warmer climate, so Alice brought me here. She has just graduated and been offered a good position as teacher, and an opportunity to keep on with her music and drawing. Poor girl! she had to give them all up. But you must excuse an old woman's garrulity, Professor Barton. Alice dislikes to have me talk about her, but she is all I have, and I can't seem to talk about much else. I get blue sometimes, but suppose I ought to be thankful that she is able to make a living with her sea mosses. And after all, St. Augustine is a nice place. I like it ever so much. It is only for Alice I fret."

A brisk step was heard outside, and a smile of rare tenderness drove the shadow from her face.

"It is Alice," she said, lovingly. "I ought never to feel troubled while I have her."

The door opened, and Prof Barton rose as his involuntary acquaintance of North Beach entered, piquant and glowing from her brisk walk. He spent a sudden responsive thrill to her buoyancy as he stepped forward and took her hand.

"I have taken a prompt advantage of your kind invitation," he said smilingly. "That is right. Mother and I have been expecting you."

She went into another room and removed her hat and gloves, and then came back and took a seat by the window. If she had been charming to him on North Beach, she was infinitely more so here in her own home.

He had never known much of women and had felt, in a way, that they were out of his line. He life was a busy one, and it was a life that had little to do with society. But sitting there, gazing into the face of that buoyant, true-hearted woman, he was perfectly conscious that he had never drifted into a condition that had never entered into his plans or even hopes.

He had intended to remain but a short time, and had supposed that her collection would be like that of most amateurs, incomplete and easily examined. But two hours later he was still looking it over, and listening to her explanations and comments. If she had taken it up as a temporary business, she had evidently made a thorough and conscientious study of her work.

"It is one of the most complete and best arranged small collections I have ever met with," he said at last, as he rose to go. "If you are willing to sell I have no doubt but my college will be glad to buy entire."

Her face flushed.

"Yes, I am willing to sell," she said, and he fancied that he could detect suppressed eagerness in her voice. For a moment he wondered if they were in urgent need of money, then dismissed the thought as preposterous.

The next day he called on her again, ostensibly to talk about the collection. But by the end of the week this subject was exhausted, and still he continued to call. One day he would invite her and her mother to accompany him on a sail down Matanzas river, and another time arranged a picnic on Anastasia Island, and again bring a carriage round to the door and insist on driving them along the shell road.

Sometimes Alice would look at him questioning, with a slight flush on her face, and then apparently dismiss the matter from her mind. They were both interested in the same subject, and that was enough to make friends of enthusiastic hobbyists.

But whether she was unconscious or not, her mother was keenly alive to the situation. At first she was restless and disturbed, but gradually her anxiety gave place to contemplative, tremulous satisfaction. The more she saw of this big simple-hearted man the more she liked him. No one who looked into his clear, honest eyes could doubt that it would be well with the one who trusted her happiness to his keeping.

One afternoon he hurried into the little sitting-room with an open telegram in his hand.

"Just came," he exclaimed, "and tells me that I must start North tomorrow and be gone two months. I rushed over here as soon as I read it. There is something that must be settled before I go."

"About the collection," asked Alice.

"What collection? Oh—er—no; something more important than that, Alice—here Mrs. Westcott rose hurriedly and started to leave the room, but he neither seemed to know or care for her presence,—"my darling! I cannot wait until I come back. Will you be my wife?"

She laughed a little, flushed, caught her breath, and then drew back.

"Do you realize what a burden you are asking for—John?" she asked.

"Yes, the sweetest one ever granted to man. Your mother will be just as well off with two to care for as with one. I have an orange grove on India river, and we will live there winters and go North summers. My brave darling, say yes."

And Alice looked into his eager eyes and said "yes."

LIFE OF A DRUGGIST.

He is Expected to Know a Little of Every Thing.

"It might seem to the superficial observer that the life of a druggist was exceedingly monotonous," said a drug clerk, "but from the time that a young man begins his studies in the College of Pharmacy to that day when he is the master of a business of his own, he is likely to get some views of and experiences with many phases of life. Just sit down here and I will spin you a yarn of some of the things that came to me in my early days. My first work as a drug clerk was in the Italian quarter. I had been studying only three months, and was not allowed to put up prescriptions alone. I had to sleep over the store, and attend those who might come in the night. This was thrusting a great deal of responsibility upon my youth and inexperience; for night calls generally represent emergency cases, people who are taken suddenly and violently ill, or have taken poison."

"It was a tough neighborhood. The Italian women used to bring their sick babies into the store and want us not alone to sell them the medicine that the child was in need of, but to prescribe for it as well. One time I assisted at a minor surgical operation. One afternoon three men, under the influence of liquor, came into the store. One of the men had a bad cut running from the base of his thumb nearly up to his wrist, which required about three stitches. There was another clerk on duty with me that afternoon. We told the man that he should go to a doctor. He answered: 'Doctor for that? Nixey. What's de matter with you puttin' de stitches in yourself? Go ahead.' We would not, but he insisted. So we got some black thread which we kept to sew on an occasional button, waxed it, and took the three stitches with it. The fellow never flinched, and the wound healed up beautifully."

"The night bell is supposed to be for cases of emergency. But you would be surprised at the liberal construction some people put on extreme cases. I remember having been called up by a man who wanted

a bottle of ink. I gave him the ink, when he said, 'I say, Doc, lend me a pencil, and I'll send it back in the morning.' The most angelic man is apt to become exasperated when he is rung up, travels a long hall and stairs to find a man waiting at the door for a postage stamp.

"The boy in your fashionable hotel, who always gives the right man the right coat, or 'la', or cane, has been much written about. But I know a young man who serves behind a soda fountain counter in a store that does an immense business in that line the year round who is equally wonderful. My attention was first called to his talent in this way: I went into the store one cold day a few years ago and asked for a drink of hot malted milk. I emphasized my order by saying: 'Be sure that it is hot; red hot.' Well, I got my drink, and it was very hot and nice. It was fully two months before I was in that neighborhood again. When I stepped up to the counter the young man gave me a quick scrutinizing look and said: 'Red hot?' This was no accident, for I afterward learned that of the hundreds, I think it would be safe to say thousands, of customers that the young man has during the year, he not alone remembers their favorite drink, but he remembers whether they like it sweet, or tart, or medium. And he also remembers the peculiar name by which his customers ask for their favorite beverage."

"Then there is a great deal of discretion and tact and good judgement required. Many, many times the druggist gets a prescription in which he is sure that the doctor has made a mistake, and that there is a dangerous amount of some drug, some poisonous drug. It then becomes necessary to get the customer to have the medicine sent home. This gives the druggist time to call the doctor up on the telephone and ask further instructions about his prescription. If the customer is willing to allow you to send his medicine home all goes well. But sometimes he is in a great hurry, the patient is very ill—there are many things that will cause him to insist upon having the medicine at once. Of course, you cannot give it to him. No more can you tell him the reason."

"A fashionable neighborhood often sends in very small orders. A few days ago a lady wrote a note to me asking me to send something by the bearer for her baby's carache, something that she could use in a syringe, and to send a glass syringe. She sent fifteen cents with which to pay for the medicine and the glass syringe. In a cheap neighborhood this might be expected. But you see the houses are all good for blocks around. It is curious how a druggist can follow the course of a disease when he makes up the medicines from start to finish. I frequently make up my mind as to the fatal or happy termination of a disease by the prescriptions the doctors writes. It is funny, too, how much people take a druggist into family secrets—almost as fully as the doctor or the confessor. And you are supposed to know all about the diseases of cats, dogs, and canaries."—New York Tribune.

WAYS OF OSTRICHES.

When They Come In to the World They Bring Their Appetites With Them.

Lovers of choice poultry may be pleased to learn that Mr. Edward Schmid has succeeded in his efforts to produce young ostriches in Washington by artificial incubation. His first attempt with four eggs obtained from the Norwalk ostrich farm, at Norwalk, southern California, failed because of the infertility of the eggs. As a setting of ostrich eggs is an expensive investment—the four costing \$25, with express additional—it was a serious disappointment. Three of these eggs were put in an incubator. The fourth was placed under a hen on a farm in Maryland. Like the others it proved infertile. But when the manager of the Norwalk farm was told that the eggs, after remaining in the incubator twenty days, were absolutely clear, with no air cell forming, he knew they were infertile and at his own expense replaced them with four more, which were packed with every refinement of caution and in due time reached Washington.

Three of the eggs were placed in a Prairie State incubator of the smallest size made, having a capacity of 100 hens' eggs, May 7, and the second trial began. With this second setting the results were better. A week ago Wednesday two curious looking ornithological specimens emerged from the huge three pound ivory-surfaed shells.

As Mr. Cugler, who has charge of the incubators, had sealed the door of the machine in which the ostrich eggs were, and covered the glass in order to prevent the accidents likely to happen from meddling children and quite as meddlesome adults, the young ostriches made their arrival almost unknown. They came in the night, and when first seen had dried out and were making their presence known by pecking vigorously against the glass. The third egg proved infertile; the fourth is out in the country, and it is not yet known whether it hatched or not.

The young ostriches begin life with a prodigious appetite, and have been growing like young Ekin ducks, which double their weight every seven or eight days. They began at once to eat Canada peas, stale bread, sliced turnips, green cabbage, Kaffir corn, and ground bone, and to drink pints and pints of water and quarts and quarts of milk. Besides these articles of diet, they show an avidity for limestone grit and the plaster on the wall. They were put in a pen that had been made for dogs, ranged along a brick wall, and they set to work pecking at the mortar as if it was candy.

The young ostriches are certainly queer-looking birds. They are of the South African variety, and at maturity, it all goes well with them, should be six feet tall and may be eight. They are now about the size of a big Brahma rooster and must weigh eight or nine pounds. They are of a dirty brown color, their down being rough and prickly and showing little promise of the beautiful plumage which they are destined to wear at some future day. Their heads are flat and snailish in shape; the eyes bright and inquisitive; the bill thick and powerful; the whole set on a long, slender, striped neck. But their legs and feet are their most marvellous possessions. They are thick jointed as a young colt's and will some time be powerful, either for locomotion or combat. There are but two toes on the feet, one as big as a man's thumb, the other smaller.

They are restless creatures, forever striding up and down their pen, pecking at the wall or the floor or at each other. They are not at all ill-tempered, and can be easily caught and handled, if it were well to do so. They seem fond of each other, and stand often with their heads across each other's back, in a sort of bird-like embrace.

Mr. Schmid is anxious to raise these newcomers, and is taking every possible care of them. Thus far they have not been on exhibition even to the many naturalists who frequent his place. It is said by those who are familiar with ostrich farming that they will thrive in the climate and latitude of Washington. They do not necessarily require a sub-tropical climate, and in California are provided usually with no better shelter in winter than ordinary cattle sheds. In Washington Mr. Schmid expects to provide something warmer.

He has bought still another clutch of eggs, and is going to try and produce a good sized flock of birds before he is through with the interesting experiments.

The annual yield of plumes from a mature bird is two to four pounds, and they are worth from \$5 to \$100 a pound, according to quality. The average price for undressed African feathers is \$50 a pound. The full-grown bird is valued according to its productiveness in feathers, and it is hard to buy one for less than \$200 to \$300. Young ostriches are also valuable as breeders, a female laying thirty to forty eggs in a season. The usual life of the ostrich is about thirty years.—Washington Star.

BORN.

Halifax, July 11, to the wife of Dr. G. H. Fleck, a son.

Dorchester, July 10, to the wife of R. P. Foster, a son.

Tusket, July 2, to the wife of Lorenz Sweeney, a son.

Halifax, July 11, to the wife of William Barry, a daughter.

Digby, July 5, to the wife of Capt. Ansel Snow, a daughter.

Amherst, July 10, to the wife of Frank E. Page, a daughter.

Truro, July 9, to the wife of Brantford Grath, a daughter.

St. John, July 9, to the wife of W. A. Simonds, a daughter.

Buctonche, July 1, to the wife of A. McNairn, a daughter.

Bridgetown, July 1, to the wife of P. A. McGregor, a daughter.

Digby, July 8, to the wife of George S. Nickerson, a daughter.

Gabarus, July 1, to the wife of Lewis W. McKelvey, a son.

Tusket Wedge, June 15, to the wife of Freeman Pothier, a daughter.

Somerville, N. S., June 19, to the wife of Frank Nickerson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Kington, N. S., June 20, John Banks to Mary Crocker.

Truro, July 9, by Rev. Dr. Hearty, William Haley to Mary Smith.

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DEARBORN & CO.,

WHOLESALE AGENTS

Woodstock, June 23, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Miles Harris to Ida Boyd.

New Ross, June 24, by Rev. C. White, Charles Hill to Effie Venot.

Mahone Bay, July 6, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, Henry Grant to Dolie Croft.

Advocate, July 8, by Rev. L. A. Cooney, Joseph Bowden to Rosa Spicer.

St. John, July 14, by Rev. W. Estough, Edward R. Taylor to Annie L. Ellis.

Roxbury, July 11, by Rev. H. J. White, George W. Spurr to Alice M. Crosby.

Summerside, June 26, by Rev. W. H. Robinson, Samuel Smith to Ruth Day.

Antigonish, July 7, by Rev. Hugh Gillis, Simon Grant to Mary E. Hanshan.

Halifax, July 10, by Rev. H. H. Pitman, Alexander McInnis to Naomi Boutilier.

Chatham, July 9, by Rev. Jos. McCoy, Sydney Boucher to Harriet Williston.

Worcester, Mass., July 8, Clarence A. Sanders of N. S., to Charlotte E. Wilder.

Doaktown, June 20, by Rev. M. P. King, William Harris to Catherine Campbell.

Marystown, July 1, by Rev. F. D. Davidson, William Hildout to Ella Cain.

Dartmouth, July 1, by Rev. Wm. Rees, John E. Walker to Jessie B. Thomason.

Blaine, Me., June 18, by Rev. J. P. Halliwell, Rev. Wm. H. Milne to Della E. Curtis.

Westville, June 20, by Rev. R. Cumming, Thomas J. Halliday to Charlotte Gordon.

Woodstock, July 5, by Rev. D. Chapman, William C. Jones to Elizabeth K. Lindsay.

Hampden, July 8, by Rev. T. Dickenson, Willie J. Kennedy to Katie M. Stephenson.

Banister Road, July 8, by Rev. Joseph Crandall, Charles Marshall to Alice Carter.

Woodstock, July 1, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, H. Elmer Gaudin to Lottie Hayton.

Paspheg, July 8, by Rev. J. M. Sutherland, Archibald Dobson to Emma Wildman.

Windsor, June 20, by Rev. Avery Shaw, Winfield S. Braden to Mary E. McCann.

Chatham, July 8, by Rev. Dr. McKay, William J. McMahon to Linda J. Robertson.

Roxbury, June 11, by Rev. H. J. White, George W. Spurr to Alice M. Crosby.

St. Martins, July 2, by Rev. W. J. Thompson, Charles Sweet to Mary Ann McLeod.

Bath, N. S., June 24, by Rev. G. A. Giberson, Burd Archibald to Matilla Johnston.

Summerside, July 2, by Rev. W. H. Robinson, William J. Harris to Margaret Shaw.

Rockland, W. B., June 30, by Rev. H. D. Worden, William H. Drake to Ethel M. Nevins.

Springfield, N. S., July 6, by Rev. Josiah Webb, John Chittick to Mrs. Louisa Burgoyne.

Westville, June 26, by Rev. R. Cumming, John William Workman to Alice May Graham.

Little River, N. S., July 2, by Rev. J. F. Foley, Rev. A. M. Thompson to Ida M. Ogilvie.

Liverpool, N. S., July 8, by Rev. A. W. M. Harley, Roderick McGill to Carrie M. Wetmore.

Pembroke, N. S., July 8, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, James F. Lewis to Miriam Allan.

New Canada, July 8, by Rev. D. W. Crandall, Edith Woodworth to Elsie Sampson, all of Lunenburg.

Woodstock, July 7, by Rev. James Whiteside, Thomas Herbert Manz to Barbara A. Stevenson.

Cheverie, July 8, by Rev. Wm. Ryan, and Rev. J. G. Angwin, Rev. W. M. Ryan to Bertha Burgess.

Tobique River, N. S., July 18, by Rev. E. C. Jenks, George Edward Rigwell to Addie E. Reed.

Fort Fairfield, Me., June 27, by L. H. Barker, Daniel A. Hill to Hilda M. Shaw, all of New Brunswick.

DIED.

St. John, July 12, John Neill, 78.

Jones, July 7, John Colwell, 82.

Amherst, July 13, William Niles, 25.

Lunenburg, June 25, John Myra, 25.

Halifax, July 12, Francis McKay, 80.

Lynn Mass, June 29, Edith West, 30.

Antigonish, July 8, John McLean, 82.

Halifax, July 11, Lorenz Sweeney, 55.

Antigonish, July 8, John McLean, 82.

Pubnico Head, July 6, George Seeley.

Brooklyn, July 6, Amos H. Pitman, 66.

Pubnico Head, July 6, George Seeley.

Brooklyn, July 6, Edward Erenshau, 37.

Halifax, July 9, Thomas H. Anderson, 34.

Tremont, June 17, Laura B. McGregor, 25.

Meadowdale, June 17, William Crocker, 17.

Port Lorne N. S., July 7, Baron Charlton, 50.

Newfoundland, July 2, Frederick Wicker, 75.

Pictou, July 11, Mrs. Alexander Murdoch, 80.

Granville Centre, July 6, Bernard Calnek, 74.

South Haddow, June 24, William Phalen, 75.

Halifax, July 14, William B. McSweeney, 48.

Windsor, Carleton Co., June 29, Robert Glass.

Lakeville, N. S., July 4, Donald McDonald, 75.

Clasham, July 4, Jane E. widow of John Bell.

Marshalltown, June 25, Mrs. Mary Crosby, 61.

Montreal, July 11, Eva wife of Isaac Harris, 64.

Marshalltown, June 25, Mrs. Mary Donahue, 82.

North West Bay, N. S., July 3, John Pashen, 80.

Chester, May 3, Elizabeth, wife of David Smith, 72.

Red Head, July 12, Annie, wife of John L. Bean, 78.

Casey Cape, July 11, by drowning, Theodore Casey, 24.

Halifax, July 8, Amelia, widow of George Barron, 74.

Lakeville, Antigonish, July 4, Donald McDonald, 75.

Carlisle, June 11, Maudie, daughter of the late W