

enough to undertake the maintenance of two people who are practically of no use to him?"

"It is impossible to say. His nature may blossom out under a fruitifying shower of gold."

"Possibly, as you say, Dick, when you utterly disbelieve something. After all, Jamie Tulloch is very good looking and not ill-natured. Indeed he has an air of great kindness sometimes. I shall deal gently with Jamie. It must be six o'clock, Dick."

Travers looked at his watch. "Five minutes to six," he said; "come along—come and smother your favored kinsman with sweets."

"Am I not sweet to you, too, Dick?"

"Yes; deucedly sweet!" returned Travers with a grim look. "I did not know that you had grown in worldly wisdom as well as grace, Kate. I am not sure that I quite understand you, but I am pretty sure you will not reveal your elf if it is not your good pleasure." They rose and strolled eastward to keep their tryst.

(To be Continued)

HOMAGE TO BRAVERY.

Two Good Stories of the War Times of a Generation Ago.

The Rev. Robert Wilson of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Charleston, says:

"In 1883 I met in Richmond a Col. McCoy of Pennsylvania, who had been a gallant wearer of the blue. We got quite chummy over a 'mixed wood' camp fire, and wishing to put him at his ease, I told him the story of Kershaw's magnificent reconnaissance at Fredericksburg, which can never be to often repeated. An orderly had arrived in haste with a command for Gen. Kershaw to have Lee's army reconnoitred at all hazards from a knoll which was swept by the fire at the sharpshooters of both armies. Every bush and tree had been cut away by the storm of bullets, and it looked like certain death to the man who should attempt it. Camely singing his field glass, and turning over his command to the next officer in rank, Joseph B. Kershaw rode slowly up to the death trap into which he would not send any other man. The sight of his heroic action as he sat amid the whistling minies, sweeping the opposing ranks with his glass, was too much for the chivalry of the Yankee commander, and the order went down the Federal line, 'Cease firing on that officer.' The rifles became silent, the reconnaissance was finished, and raising his cap in acknowledgment, Gen. Kershaw quietly rode back at a walk, unharmed."

"It was a splendid incident," remarked Col. McCoy, "but I can cap it with a personal experience of the chivalrous disposition of your men. I was on Gen. Meade's staff near Richmond, and one morning, with the General at our head, we rode down to take a look over the river. As we turned sharply out of the bushes and came out on the bank, we found ourselves in point blank range of a confederate picket drawn up on the other side. A volley would have emptied every saddle, for we were entirely at their mercy, but it would have been murder, for they could not cross and capture us. Recognizing Gen. Meade, the commander of the detachment ordered his men into line, and they presented arms. We raised our caps in grateful acknowledgment, rode slowly back into the bushes, and as soon as we were fairly out of sight, put spurs to our horses and scudded back to the camp as if the devil was after us."

AN INVALID SIX YEARS

First Few Doses Gave Great Relief.

EFFECTS A CURE.

Words of a Grateful Wife and Mother.

Under recent date, Mrs. R. Armstrong of Onondaga, Ont., writes: "I have suffered for over six years with nervous prostration, weakness, indigestion and dyspepsia, and have had several doctors attending me. I have taken a number of proprietary medicines, but found very little relief from any of them. I was influenced to give South American Nerve and I must confess that it has done me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken, or medical treatment of whatever kind received. From the first few doses I found great relief. In all I had taken six bottles, and can truthfully say that South American Nerve is the one medicine that has effected a cure in my case. It would be strange if I did not cheerfully recommend it to all who have suffered as I have." Would the thousands of suffering women in all parts of this Dominion be relieved of all this trouble?—then seek South American Nerve. To the discouraged mother it will give quick relief, and return to her the much desired health and strength. Working immediately upon the nerve centres, as science has demonstrated, it cannot fail to cure. In this important respect it differs altogether from every other medicine—it is not any mere experiment to use it.

He Was Suspicious.

"Pardner," said Darringer Dan, "you'll excuse me, but I'll have to quit you. I ain't a playin' no more poker this evenin'."

"But you have a lot of chips yet," remarked the young man from the east.

"I know it. And I'm goin' ter cash 'em in, too. You look like a tenderfoot, an' ye talk like one. But I've heard o' people that got buncooned and brought gold bricks even if they read the newspapers, an' o' ter of knowed better."

"I really don't quite follow you."

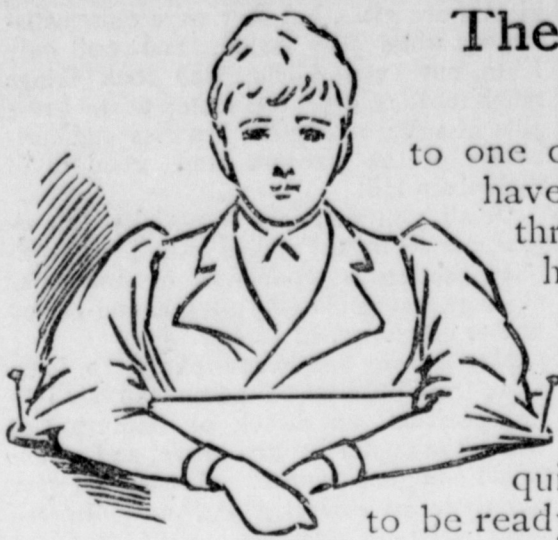
"I had four nine spo's a little while ago."

"Did you?"

"Sartin'! An' ye didn't do a thing but say ye'd say out. Then I had a flush an' ye said the same. I got four kings an' an ace, an' ye laid down per hand ez u'ual."

"That was remarkable."

"Remarkable! don't seem ter quite cover the ground fur me. Pardner, I don't say yer workin' one o' these here Keontgen ray cuffs on me. All I say is that I ain't spavin' no more poker this evenin'!"—Washington Star.



The woman pinned down

to one or two uses of Pearline will have to be talked to. Why is she throwing away all the gain and help that she can get from it in other ways? If you have proved to yourself that Pearline washes clothes, for instance, in the easiest, quickest, safest way, you ought to be ready to believe that Pearline is the best for washing and cleaning everything. That's the truth, anyway. Try it and see. Into every drop of water that's to be used for cleansing anything, put some Pearline.

Millions NOW USE Pearline

SAIRY'S WAY.

The great, red disk of the September sun was setting slowly from sight behind the mountains which hemmed in the small village of Montclair.

That day had been hot, but with the early twilight a blue haze stretched from hill to hill, a cool canopy across the lazy little town, enveloping in its misty softness an old red farm house, whose architecture bore evidence of generations ago.

A straggling ray penetrated the wood-bine, clambering and trailing about the kitchen window, with its autumn tinted foliage, bringing out in vivid clearness the figures of two women, evidently sisters, from their strong resemblance.

The elder was tearing bits of colored cloth into strips, which she rolled into balls.

The last finished, she threw it into the basket with a jerk, casting on her sister a look which betokened a brewing storm.

The other, all unconscious, counted over and over, from an old pewter sugar bowl, bits of coin, mostly pennies, touching them with a childish tenderness, and often stopping to polish a bit of silver with her sleeve.

Her hair was of the yellow whiteness an Auburn tint always leaves, and would have given the impression of an aged woman had it not been for the fair smoothness of skin and the absence of wrinkles about the eyes and mouth.

The lips wore a sensitive droop at the corners, and there was a lack of strength about the chin.

There was a daintiness about the bent form which the elder did not possess, although their gowns were of the same piece of calico and their alpaca aprons of the same pattern.

Still, there was a difference which the elder recognized and scorned as an indication of weakness.

"She's just like mother!" said she with a jerk of her square shoulders. "For the Lord's sake, Lyddy, how many more times do you go on to count that bit of money over! You act as if you expected it to grow!"

"Wish 't it would," said Lyddy, absently.

"Seems as if we would never get enough for that melodeon."

The elder arose and walked quickly toward the cupboard; the lines of her determined mouth set firmly as if to repress something disagreeable.

Taking down a pan of eggs from an upper shelf, she packed them, one by one, in a basket of dry bran.

This done she carried it into the kitchen where Lyddy stood, bemoaned for the walk to the great hotel half a mile above them on the mountain, which they supplied with eggs during the season.

"You needn't fret, Sairy, if I don't get back before 8; it's hard climb'n' over them rocks, and I ain't as nimble as I was," said Lyddy in an apologetic tone.

"You needn't hurry," said the other.

She stood in the door and watched her sister down the path, her purple skirt almost the hue of the wild asters she brushed against as she walked, until the mist enveloped her and she looked like a specter in the distance.

"Just like mother!" said Sairy again as she entered the house. "Ailus was flighty; fighting after suthin' or other; it's been a melodeon ever since mother died, and hers went to pay the funeral expenses."

She sank into a chair and sat idly thinking for a time.

"Poor Lyddy, she ain't like me. I can git along with foldin' clothes, but she allus seems to crave 'em so."

A gay group sat on the hotel veranda enjoying the fresh breeze which swept down from the snow-tipped mountain.

The season was at an end, and many were thinking with regret of the long day of pleasure so soon to be exchanged for the restraints of the city.

This last week had fair to be one of excitement, for they had decided to join in the annual coaching parade, and were already making plans.

Mrs. Gilman's English trap and the Coleman buckboard were to carry as many of the younger set as possible, but there still remained an overflow who were anxious to take part, and for these a collection was in progress to defray the expenses of the public tally-ho.

Mr. Coleman passed about the hat, into which the silver bell with the unquenching generosity a pleasure excursion always elicits. The General tossed a gold piece toward the hat, missing his aim, and it fell with a musical click on the stone floor.

then rolled out of sight. There was an immediate rush and scramble; every one looked and hunted, but no bit of gold.

Then the music struck up, and they turned, one and all, to the big dining room, which had been cleared for dancing.

"We'll leave that until morning," said the general; "it cannot be far off."

There is nothing like a string orchestra to render the delightful German waltzes, and nothing like rarified mountain air to add a wonderful sweetness and strength to the tones.

On a rock, in the deepest shadow, sat a woman swaying to and fro in rhythmic time to the music.

Once she spoke. "It's most as good as a melodeon."

After a while she arose to go, stepping carefully in the dark; a step or two brought her in the light, and there, directly in her path, lay a bit of something bright.

She stooped quickly and picked it up hurrying involuntarily toward the hotel steps.

Half way across the veranda the music again burst forth, wailing and crying. She paused irresolutely a moment, a deep flush spreading slowly over her face, and a frightened look crept into her eyes. The thin fingers closed about the gold. Eagerly retracing her steps, Lyddy stumbled over the rocky road through the darkness to the old red house.

Sunrise found Sairy stepping softly about the kitchen with an anxious gaze, for Lyddy was in and lay upon the haircloth sofa in the best room, two bright spots burning in either cheek.

The afternoon found Lyddy no better.

Sairy carried the eggs to the hotel herself, while Lyddy was sleeping. Coming back she overtook a neighbor driving home.

"Good afternoon! Can you give me a lift? Lyddy's sick," she said simply.

"Climb right in! 'Taint often anyone gets a chance to do you folks a favor," was the hearty response.

Jolting over the rocks was not conducive to conversation; nevertheless, Sairy heard more news in the short ride than she had listened to in a month.

"They're goin' to hev a big time up to the hotel," he announced, as she was climbing over the wheels at her own gate.

"A parade in coaches; took up a collection to hire my big wagon; the general, he gave 'em a clean ten dollar gold piece, and durned if it didn't roll out'n his hand and get lost; so I got left on hiring my rig."

"Crisper'n' watercresses, and about es bitin'!" he continued, as Sairy thanked him and entered the house.

She counted the eggs more carefully. "I will spare that," she said decidedly. "I can get along without my meat while Lyddy's sick; she won't know."

Taking a crisp dollar bill from the small amount, she crept stealthily into the cupboard and reached up for the pewter sugar bowl.

"Poor Lyddy!" she said wistfully.

"I wish it was more; but won't she be surprised!"

She peered into the depths of the bowl; something gleamed and glistened on top. She brought it to the window and looked in carefully this time. She stood quite still, almost petrified under the force of her discovery.

Walking softly into the darkened kitchen, she sat down in the darkest corner, and throwing her apron over her head cried like a child.

A little later she appeared before Lyddy, her old hat drawn well over her eyes.

"Goin' out?" queried she in surprise.

"Yes, Lyddy; I'm goin' up to the hotel. 'Pears they lost some money there last night, and I found it; I've got to take it back, you know."

"Of course," said Lyddy faintly.

She stopped suddenly and plucked a kiss on Lyddy's forehead as tenderly as if it were her baby's, and went out on her mission.

"Poor Lyddy's jest like her mother!" she soliloquized. "She's jist got to have things."

ONE DOG GUARDS ANOTHER'S BODY

A Singular Instance of Brutal Consideration in Misfortune.

A touching exhibition of brute affection and fidelity was witnessed last evening by many persons on Smithfield street. For five hours a terrier watched the body of a dead pug, driving away every person who attempted to approach.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a Birmingham car ran over and killed a dun-colored pug dog on Smithfield street near Virgin alley. The tragedy was seen by a small frowzy terrier, who ran up to the dead and bleeding body and smelled it. He uttered a plaintive whine or two, and then lay down on the pavement beside it. Another car came rattling along and drove the terrier to one side. He continued his watching at a distance.

When any person crossed the street near the body, the terrier flew at him and barked viciously. He made no attempt to bite any one, but showed his teeth. As soon as the intruder turned away, the terrier ceased his barking and lay down again on the pavement. Part of the time he sat on the sidewalk, but he was instantly in the street if any man, woman, or child came within six feet of the carcass. Bootblacks and newboys approached the dead body closely for the purpose of aggravating the terrier, and he chased some of them several rods.

All attempts to coax him away were unavailing. Now and then he ran out into the street, smelled at the body, and dropped a tear. He had several narrow escapes from passing cars. The stranger incident occurred about 6 o'clock. A passing wagon touched the dead dog and threw it across the car rail. The terrier instantly darted forth, seized the body, and dragged a foot away from the rail. It must have been that he desired to protect the body from further mutilation. Many persons who witnessed the act were astonished.

During all the evening the sidewalks on both sides of the street were lined with men and boys, watching the peculiar proceeding. Some of the City Hall men feared that the faithful terrier would molest himself. Inspector McKelvey hired two bootblacks to end the affair. One of them teased the terrier and enticed him some distance away, when the other boy snatched up the carcass and ran with it down Virgin alley. The terrier returned, and for half an hour searched up and down the street. At last he gave up, and sadly trotted off Virgin alley toward Grant street.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Specifics Cure The Sick.

Ask your druggist for the specific you need, get well and strong for a quarter. It is a small investment but means much to you. Manual of all Diseases mailed free.

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HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL

"THE PILE OINTMENT."

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Hemorrhoids; Itching, Swelling, and Pain of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

PRICE, 50 CTS. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CTS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

BORN.

Halifax, April 22, to the wife of Wm. Campbell, a son.

Hampton, April 22, to the wife of S. G. Braman, a son.

St. John, May 3, to the wife of James J. Gillies, a son.

Moncton, April 23, to the wife of Valentine Legere, a son.

Parishville, April 23, to the wife of Thomas Welton, a son.

Milton, April 19, to the wife of George O. Dexter, a son.

St. Stephen, April 18, to the wife of T. Carl Ketchum, a son.

Shubenacadie, April 20, to the wife of Mr. Stallard, a son.

Truro, April 22, to the wife of Alex. Stewart, a son.

Truro, April 23, to the wife of C. H. Beattie, a daughter.

Halifax, April 25, to the wife of Guy C. Hart, a daughter.

Truro, April 24, to the wife of Noah Barrett, a daughter.

Yarmouth, April 20, to the wife of L. H. Wheaton, a daughter.

Milton, April 20, to the wife of Freeman Moulson, a son.

Woodville, Hants Co., to the wife of Thomas Fryer, a daughter.

Passadena, Mar. 17, to the wife of Weymouth Croer, a son.

East Gore, N. S., April 17, to the wife of Archibald Blois, a son.

Central Argyle, April 10, to the wife of Richard Owen, a son.

Parishville, April 27, to the wife of Elkanah Phinney, Jr., a daughter.

Shag Harbor, April 24, to the wife of Wm. Rodger, a son.

Port Greenville, April 29, to the wife of Harvey Hatfield, a daughter.

Diligent River, April 23, to the wife of William Lamb, a daughter.

Wentworth, April 17, to the wife of Thomas E. Wilson, a daughter.

Upper Stewiacke, April 17, to the wife of William Thorpe, a daughter.

Halfway River, April 29, to the wife of Joseph Brooks, a daughter.

Port Greenville, April 27, to the wife of William C. Hatfield, a daughter.

New Annapolis, April 24, to the wife of D. M. Langley, a son.

Geneva, Ill., April 12, to the wife of A. H. Moore, formerly of N. S., a son.

Macias, Seal Island, April 22, to the wife of Charles F. Seely, a daughter.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISE SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO.

WHOLESALE AGENTS

Annapolis, April 15, by Rev. J. Strothard, G. C. Dukeshire to Zilpha M. Dexter.

Hantsport, April 22, by Rev. D. E. Hatt, Capt. Charles Hunter to Mary Parker.

Shelburne, April 18, by Rev. C. A. Sabies, Richard E. Ham, to Clara M. Boyd.

Westville, April 17, by Rev. W. Nightingale, John Patterson to Mary Dale Darroch.

Middle Marquodobolt, April 24, by Rev. E. Smith, Edward Cameron to Essie Myers.

Port Elgin, N. B., April 22, by Rev. C. P. Wilson, Harold Spence to Mary A. Baxter.

Acadia Mines, April 22, by Rev. J. B. Hesli, George Samuel Johnson to Lillie Rashon.

Pembroke, N. S., April 10, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, William O. Porter to Emma Doane.

Guyboro, April 13, by Rev. J. W. Gardner, Frederick A. Henderson to Jane Gillis.

West Pubnico, April 23, by Rev. L. E. Duchesneau, Louis T. E. Amiro to Lizzie Amiro.

Rockville, N. S., April 23, by Rev. D. O. Mackay, B. Parker Dodge to Barbara L. Toulson.

Tatamagouche, April 22, by Rev. Dr. Sedgewick, Alexander Sutherland to Annie Ballie.

Beach Meadows, April 19, by Rev. G. W. Ball, Edward C. Gardner to Annie S. Wentzell.

Parishville, April 29, by Rev. J. T. Bessan, Edward M. Hartnett to Margaret McAleese.

Milton, N. S., April 16, by Rev. H. Spence Baker, Joseph F. Patten to Mrs. Elmore Rawling.

St. Margaret's Bay, April 12, by Rev. L. Amor, Frederick W. Dunlop to Grace W. Faxon.

West La Have Ferry, Feb. 18, by Rev. J. Gee, Captain Dawson Ross to Sophie E. Bochner.

East Pubnico, April 26, by Rev. G. E. Sturges, Freeman J. Larkin to Mrs. Caroline Atkins.

Jessey City, April 18, by Rev. D. B. Halloran, John H. Vandercuer to Minnie Downing formerly of Truro.

Seattle, U. S. A., Mar. 18, by Rev. John P. Ludlow, Rev. John A. Fraser of Pictou, N. S. to Grace M. Jones.

Halifax, April 28, John Dunn, 68.

Canso, April 18, John Flaherty, 62.

Shelburne, April 29, Ellen Harding.

Bristol, April 17, Capt. Thos. Day, 75.

Joliveau, April 16, Ralph Dobson, 80.

St. John, May 2, Bernard Higgins, 70.

Tracy N. B., April 15, John Boone, 80.

St. John, April 20, David S. Curry, 70.

Blackville, April 21, Ida Washburn, 42.

Napan, April 23, Hazen B. Embree, 20.

Yarmouth, April 17, Thomas Sullivan, 63.

Halifax, May 1, William J. Chisholm, 31.

Milton, April 20, Mrs. Delaney Bain, 36.

New Minas, April 20, Caleb Forsythe, 80.

Baillie, April 22, Mrs. James Millican, 44.

Lyzarfield, April 19, John A. Robinson, 48.

Lynnfield, April 20, James A. Johnson, 30.

Shediac, April 29, Mrs. John Atkinson, 42.

St. Stephen, April 17, May R. Webber, 33.

Churchville, April 14, Daniel McDonald, 69.

Jordans Bay, N. S., April 14, William Yean.

New Germany, April 22, Edward Drew, 75.

Ohio, N. S., April 29, Benjamin Pittman, 73.

Lower Truro, April 17, Mrs. Anna Blair, 77.

Lower Jemseg, N. B., April 20, James Bates, 75.

Boston Highlands, April 17, Maud J. Roberts, 6.

Tower Hill, April 16, Mrs. Nellie Davidson, 97.

West Pubnico, April 23, Robert D'Entremont, 27.

Liverpool, April 26, Albert Henson, M. P. 55.

Montreal, April 15, William A. Earle of N. S., 38.

Washington, April 8, Ella wife of W. R. Wells, 31.

Kilkeny Lake, N. S., April 18, Donald Lynk, 48.

Caledonia, N. S., April 15, John L. Hattie, 60.

Weymouth, C. B., April 17, Nell Carmichael, 81.

Salem, Mass., April 18, Howard Rogers of N. S., 31.

St. John, April 28, Charles V. son of C. J. Fisher.

Middleboro Mass., April 20, Dr. G. W. Copeland.

Halifax, April 29, Elizabeth, widow of John Leary, 70.

West Green Harbor, April 13, George J. Williams, 22.