

I'll boil some fresh eggs for his supper, and I'll make some cocoa. I'll have a nice jug of milk cocoa and a plate of eggs all ready by the time he wakes.

She fetched a saucepan, some milk, and half-a-dozen new-laid eggs. Soon the cocoa was made and poured into a big jug, the eggs just done to a turn were put upon a plate; they were browned, something the colour of a deep nut.

'I could fancy one myself,' thought Hetty; 'I am not going to speak of my hours. Oh, I do wish the pain in my side had got better.'

She pressed her hand to the region of her heart and looked around her. The kitchen was now the picture of comfort—the fire blazed merrily. Hetty had lit a large paraffin lamp and placed it in the centre of the table; it lit up the cosy room, even the beams and the rafters glistened in the strong light; shadows from the fire leapt up and reflected themselves on the sleeper's face.

'He's very white and very still,' thought Hetty; 'maybe he has slept long enough. I think I'll wake him now, for supper's ready.'

Then came a scratching at the window outside, and the faint howl of a dog.

'There's Rover; what's the matter with him? I wish he wouldn't howl like that,' thought the wife. 'I hate dogs that howl. Maybe I had best let him in.'

She ran to the kitchen door, flew down the passage, and opened the door which led into the yard.

'Rover, stop that noise and come along in,' she called.

The great dog shuffled up to her and thrust his head into her hand. She brought him into the kitchen. The moment she did so he sat down on his haunches, threw up his head, and began to howl again.

'Non-sense, Rover, stop that noise,' she said. She struck him a blow on his forehead, he cowered, looked at her sorrowfully, and then tried to lick her hand. She brought him to the fire; he came unwillingly, sinking down at last with his back to the stiff figure on the settle.

'Queer, what's the matter with him?' thought Hetty. 'They say, folks do, that dogs see things we don't; some folks say they see spirits. Aunt would be in a tussle if Rover went on like that. Dear, I am turning nervous; fancy minding the howl of a dog. Well, true, my nerves ain't what they were. Well, cocoa will spoil, and eggs will spoil, and time has come for me to wake Vincent. What a laugh we'll have together when I tell 'im of his long sleep.'

She approached the sofa now, but her steps dragged themselves as she went up to it and bent down over her husband and called his name.

'George!' she said. 'George!' He never moved. She went a little nearer, calling him louder.

'George, George, wake up!' she said. 'Wake George, you've slept for over four hours. Supper is ready. George—cocoa and eggs, your favourite supper. Wake! George, wake!'

The dog howled at the fire.

'Rover, I'll turn you out if you make that noise again,' said Hetty. She went on her knees now by the sleeping man, and shook him. His head moved when she did so and she thought he was about to open his eyes, but when she took her hands away there was not a motion, not a sound.

'What is it?' she said to herself. For the first time a perceptible fear crept into her heart. She bent low and listened for the breathing.

'He do breathe gentle,' she murmured. 'I can scarcely hear; do I hear at all? I think I'll touch a candle.'

In shaking the tapers she had managed to dislodge one of his hands, which had fallen forward over the edge of the settle. She took it up, then she let it fall with a slight scream; it was cold, icy cold!

'Go! Go! Oh, God in heaven! what is it?' muttered the wife.

The real significance of the thing had not yet flashed upon her bewildered brain, but a sick fear was creeping over her. She went for the candle, and bringing it back, held it close to the ashen face. It was not only white, it was gray. The lips were not only faintly open, but not a breath proceeded from them. The figure was already stiff in the icy embrace of death.

Hetty had been death before; its aspect was too much for her. She tried to recognize it again. She felt suddenly forward, putting out the candle as she did so. Her face, almost as white as the face of the dead man, was pressed against his breast. For a brief few moments she was unconscious.

(To be continued.)

A DOCTOR'S ADVENTURE.

'Buckle, sir—Rev. Dr. Buckle,' he said, leaning over the back of the chair before me and grasping my hand heartily.

'Glad to know for someone to talk to, for it seems to me that this journey in interminable.'

'Slow train—bad road,' said my new made friend, throwing his high hat on the back of his head and biting the end of a cigar. 'Oh, I see you smoke. Don't fill your pipe. Take one of these—excellent—made by one of my congregations.'

'I only smoke a pipe,' I said, stretching the truth a little that he might not feel offended. Then I pressed my face against the window and peered out into the dismal country through which we were running. Now we were plunging through lonely stretches of dark woods; now running across wide areas of newly-cleared fields, with here and there a log house rising above the waste of fallen trees, just visible in the half light of the moon which was rising above the mountains a few miles away.

Following us was a white, smooth road that glistened in the moonlight close to the track. Once in awhile we lost it in the darkness of the woods, but as quickly as we emerged into the more open country we could see it at our side again, hugging us close, which I found it was but natural in such a dreary land.

'Fine land, eh?' said Dr. Buckle. 'I don't think, as my third son, a clever lad, it there ever was one, says. It just happens that I know this region pretty well. There! I did you see that place where the road crossed a creek on a wooden bridge. That was where they dropped me.'

'Dropped you? I ventured, inquiringly.

'Pardon me, I thought I had been telling you about it returned the minister, tilting his hat further back on his head. 'What memories the sight of this place engenders. You see, sir, some ten years ago I had

charge in this very locality—at Poleville, five miles down the road. There were two churches, one at the village and the other back in the country some six miles and I alternated between them. The charge was indeed a poor one, but I was a struggling young divine, then with a wife and four little ones to support, and I was glad enough to have a snug parsonage, a salary of \$500 per year and an average of three donation barters per annum. It was the salary question that eventually drove me away from the place—a change for the better, to be sure, as I have now a splendid church in Pookington. By the by, I wish if you ever stop there you would give us a call and see our new pulpit furniture.'

'But your story,' I interrupted, for I saw that he was prone to wander from this subject of his discourse.

'Ah! there was something my tale to speak of pulpits wrappings. Your pardon. The trouble was that fully four-fifths of my salary was paid by two families, both wealthy farmers, the Blunders and the Springhouses. Unfortunately for me these families had been at odds for years over a matter of a line fence. In the west there would have been some lead exchanged, but this is a peaceable country, and so they contented themselves by quarrelling in court and never passing a word elsewhere. To the rule, however, there was one exception—Henry Bunder and Kate Springhouse.'

The doctor was evincing such garrulity that I felt a little uneasy and broke again the thread of his story.

'See here, I think I know the rest. They sang sang in the same choir; they loved; you married them clandestinely; salary cut off; left you a parsonage, \$500 per year and three donation barters.'

'True, true,' said the divine, stoking his long beard, 'but that was not what I was going to tell you about. I proposed to relate the events as they affect me and not the young couple to tell you how the wedding ended where the road crossed the bridge. May I go on?'

'By all means. Your pardon; I believed that I had divined your tale.'

'In general, yes; in detail no. But to continue. I was not aware of this exception until one October night just about ten years ago, when a loud banging at the parsonage door awakened my wife and me from our sleep. At my request Mrs. Buckle went downstairs to see what it was.

'Who is there?' she called through the keyhole.

'John Bunder,' came the answer, 'and he wants Preacher Buckle pretty quick, too.'

'Believing it a matter of importance, my wife hastily called me downstairs to attend to the matter in hand, while she retired. And still more rashly I opened the door and demanded to know what was wanted at such an hour.

'It's John Bunder and Kate Springhouse wants you to marry 'em preacher,' said the big fellow whom I saw stamping to and fro on the porch. 'And you'll have to do it quick.'

'Indeed,' says I, 'and this is a nice hour to wake an honest preacher for such a purpose.'

And then my curiosity getting the better of my discretion I unchained the door and opened wider the crack that I might obtain a good view of the party at the gate.

There were three of them sitting in a light spring wagon, to which were attached two lively mules. In the moonlight I could just discern the small form of Kate Springhouse clad in white, and seated in front beside her burly lover, young Bunder. I realized at once that this wedding was fraught with not a little danger to me, and hence decided to act cautiously.

'I would prefer that you and your friends would go elsewhere,' I said to the man outside. 'For instance, over the mountains to Be the—'

'Before I had finished my objection the girl screamed: "They're coming!" The big fellow on the porch threw his weight against the door with such violence that I, small man as I am, flew backward to the wall with such force as to partially stun me. When I recovered my senses I found my self on the hind seat of the wagon, with my head at each side, and Henry Bunder, his sweetheart clinging to me, before me, madly lashing the mules.

'He has come to,' one of the men whispered.

'Kate Springhouse gave a little scream of joy, which was followed by another of fear, and an involuntary seizure of her lover's arm.

'I hear them,' he said, 'but we will be married before they catch us.'

'As I sat there in that rough, rushing, bounding wagon, halfless, with no protection from the autumn winds other than the light horse blanket my kidnappers had thrown about me, the words of an old sermon of mine came back to me, bringing on less comfort. It was—"Batter is a dry morsel." In that discourse I made a point of the fact that anything is better than nothing; that we are better than no being; that better is a dry morsel than no morsel. Now if you refer back to First Kings 2.'

'Excuse me for interrupting, doctor,' I exclaimed. 'But I shall certainly attend church in Pookington to hear your discourse, but for the present about this elopement.'

'Pardon, pardon,' said the minister, relighting his cigar. 'I was wandering, to be sure. The young people lost no time in explaining what was wanted, and I, realizing that the quicker it was done the closer to home they would have me, was not unwilling to begin. We had by this time struck into the road that we were following, and were swinging along at a steady run. The light wagon swayed to and fro so that I had difficulty in retaining my feet when I stood up to perform the ceremony. The bride and groom remained seated, for the latter was busy with the driving.

'Scarcely had the first words left my mouth when we heard behind us a faint call to stop, and turning I saw a buckboard drawn by two dashing horses, just appearing into view over the brow of the hill a quarter mile behind. I saw the moonlight gleam on something that savoured of guns, and a cold chill crept over my frame.

'It's a!' exclaimed the bride. 'But go ahead, Mr. Buckle. It will do no good to let your teeth chatter.'

'My teeth did chatter, and with cause, for beside the scantiness of my garb, the persons following us fired a gun. I heard the report and ducked, and I am positive that a bullet whistled a few inches above

my head, with that peculiar sound we read so much of in war history. The marriage ceremony is really very short, but performed under such conditions it seemed to me endless. But at length it was done.

'I suppose you will let me off now?' I said, for I could hear clearer than ever the clatter of horses' feet behind us, and knew that our pursuers were closing. I did not want to witness the meeting.

'Not just yet, doctor,' said one of the big fellows at my side. 'The marriage certificate next; and the heaviest signs first.'

'And with that he drew from his pocket the needed paper. Mary Springhouse put her name on the proper place and then young Bunder signed. The rattle of the wheels came louder, but we were in the woods and could not see the pursuers.

'My turn next,' said I, seizing the pencil from the groom.

'Not on your life!' yells the big fellow who held me. 'Heaviest first.'

'And with that he seized the certificate and pencil and witnessed the paper. Then he leaped off behind and disappeared in the woods. We had emerged into the clearing where you saw the bridge when a call to stop came to us again. I dared not look back, but I saw the whip fall on the mules, and they plunged forward with a lightened load, for the second witness had signed and left us. There was a report, and again I seemed to hear the whistling bullet intended for the groom, as a result that caused me to involuntarily start to jump, to find my escape balked, for the bride clung fast to my back.

'Sign the certificate!' she screamed.

'I signed—a very peculiar signature, to be sure, but it satisfied her, and she expressed her satisfaction by giving me a push that sent me flying from the vehicle into the road by the bridge.

'When I regained my senses I was lying in the ditch at the roadside, my feet partially immersed in the waters of the creek. My position was such that my prostrate body could not have been seen from the road, and the pursuers must have driven by the spot, little suspecting that one of the chief and most unwilling actors of the drama lay bleeding within a few feet of them.

'For bleeding I was; my head was badly cut; my back and sides bruised so that every step caused me misery. I listened attentively, but heard no sound of hoofs or wheels, and so determined that the pursuers were now far away. Weary, and almost wounded, I set out for home, five miles back along the dreary road and through these lonely woods. The sun was just rising when I dragged myself up the steps of the parsonage and fell exhausted into the arms of the agonized Mrs. Buckle.'

'Did Henry and Kate get away safely, doctor?' I asked.

'Yes they did,' was the reply. 'That was why I got away too. The little elf created such amity between the two families and myself that they refused to contribute longer to the church. But, as Solomon says in Proverbs 5 and—'

'Punk-ton!' bawled the brakesman, banging the door open.

I did not hear the verse from my companion, for it was lost in the clanging of bells, scrape of breaks and the scull of passengers' feet.

'I've enjoyed meeting you immensely, sir,' said the divine, seizing my hand. 'I hope we will see you at our church if you ever stop here. Good-by.'

And he was gone. I sighed and relighted my pipe.—N. Y. Evening Sun.

BORN.

Halifax, Sept. 26, to the wife of A. F. Ross, a son.

Halifax, Oct. 6, to the wife of L. Doyle, a son.

Sackville, Oct. 4, to the wife of F. G. Rennie, a son.

Halifax, Oct. 4, to the wife of W. F. Delaney, a son.

Gylesboro, Oct. 1, to the wife of J. A. Fulton, a son.

Aylesford, Sept. 8, to the wife of J. A. Fulton, a son.

Halifax, Sept. 20, to the wife of F. E. Etheridge, a son.

Halifax, Oct. 5, to the wife of John E. Ferguson, a son.

Dartmouth, Oct. 7, to the wife of G. C. Bateman, a son.

Middleton, Sept. 23, to the wife of Wm. Ledley, a son.

Halifax, Oct. 11, to the wife of H. L. Chipman, a son.

Liverpool, Sept. 27 to the wife of E. T. Campbell, a son.

Knigsport, Sept. 23, to the wife of Justus Coffin, a son.

Kin sport, Oct. 3, to the wife of Edmond L. Harvey, a son.

Paradise, west, Sept. 18, to the wife Arthur Morse, a son.

Torbrook, Sept. 17, to the wife of Samuel McConnell, a son.

Rochester, Oct. 7, to the wife of Geo. H. Fielding, a son.

Rock, Oct. 5, to the wife of Herbert D. Smith, a daughter.

Halifax, Sept. 30, to the wife of Dr. Kierstead, a daughter.

Sackville, Oct. 10, to the wife of Aubrey Smith, a daughter.

Sydney, Sept. 29, to the wife of Cornelius Hickey, a daughter.

Bridgetown, Sept. 27, to the wife of Robert Sabean, a daughter.

Bridgetown, Sept. 27, to the wife of Burpee Marshall, a daughter.

Dartmouth, Sept. 5, to the wife of D. G. Whidden, a daughter.

Den Settlement, N. B., Oct. 2, to the wife of Hiram Alward, a son.

Salmon River, Sept. 27, to the wife of Patrick Burridge, a son.

Isaac's Harbor, Sept. 28, to the wife of Capt. T. H. Gilpin, a daughter.

East W. gareville, Sept. 14, to the wife of Duncan Reed, a daughter.

Fort Hesketh, Sept. 30, to the wife of Capt. Crisland, a son.

East W. gareville, Sept. 14, to the wife of John T. Norton, of Truro, a son.

At Sea, off the African coast, to the wife of Capt. Everett McDonnell, a son.

Three Brooks, Pictou, N. S., Sept. 16, to the wife of A. H. McKenzie, a daughter.

Seaford, N. S. Oct. 5, W. Gates to Annie Bates.

Caledonia N. S., Sept. 23, John E. Dooliver to Abbie P. Douglas.

Parrishboro, Oct. 6, by Rev. Father Bresnan, Hubert White to Annie Morris.

Fox River, Oct. 6, by Rev. J. Sharp, Roy MacDuggall to L. Hatfield.

Woolville, Sept. 23, by Rev. T. Trotter, William A. Bishop to Emma Eagles.

Truro, Oct. 1, by Rev. A. L. Goggin, Daniel Smith to Christiana B. McLean.

Aylesford, Sept. 23, by Rev. J. M. C. Wade, George H. Kelly to Flora Brown.

Westville, Sept. 5, by Rev. W. L. Parker, O. S. Dienham to Ella M. Keen.

Yarmouth, Oct. 8, by Rev. J. H. Foshey, Herbert. Sydnor to Ellen W. Grant.

Sydney, Sept. 29, by Rev. J. Forbes, James A. Grant to Mrs. D. Campbell.

Stewick, Oct. 6, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, Arthur B. McLean to Esther Dunlop.

Hillsborough, N. S., Sept. 29, by Rev. J. H. West, A. Noos to Sadie Early.

Bridgetown, Sept. 29, by Rev. Henry Howe, George Cummings to Selma Bates.

Fredericton, Sept. 29, by Rev. Mr. Hartley, Geo. Young to Mrs. Susan Grayson.

Middleton, Sept. 23, by Rev. Joseph Gaez, S. W. Barteaux to Louise Stoddard.

Meadowville, Sept. 31, by Rev. J. A. Cairns, K. D. McLean to Laura McConnell.

Barrington, Aug. 5, by Rev. G. L. Gordon, John R. Laid to Ruby E. McBurnis.

Dartmouth, Oct. 7, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, George W. Brush to Martha E. Kaitz.

New Glasgow, Oct. 5, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, Glasgow to Mrs. J. B. Parker.

New Glasgow, Sept. 23, by Rev. A. Rogers, John W. Robertson to Maggie Miller.

New Glasgow, Sept. 29, by Rev. A. Rogers, Edward E. McLeod to Sarah G. Walker.

Plymouth, Oct. 5, by Rev. Wm. Knollin, Ransom C. Allen to George C. Churchill.

Baddeck, Sept. 23, by Rev. D. G. McDonald, William G. Moffat to Mary McLean.

North Salem, Oct. 5, by Rev. John Murray, Harvey A. Creighton to Nora B. Parker.

Paradise, N. S., Sept. 23, by Rev. R. B. Kinlay, S. C. Wilkinson to Jennie England.

River John, Sept. 3, by Rev. G. L. Gordon, Robert E. Mackay to Mary T. Mackay.

Charlottetown, Oct. 7, by Rev. James Thompson, Charles R. Hine to Mary Forrest.

Halifax, Oct. 1, by Rev. Dyson Hagne, Corporal John Appleby to Johanna Fa mer.

Bass River, Sept. 29, by Pastor Clark, Cyrus A. Macdonald to Annie Rogers.

New Anson, Sept. 16, by Rev. G. L. Gordon, John D. Murdoch to Jennie Bell Johnson.

Caledonia Mines, Co. Oct. 6, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, Frederick Lewis to Mary Campbell.

Methene Bay, Sept. 23, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, Methene Bay, N. S. to Zephora Mackie.

Dartmouth, Oct. 7, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, Herbert H. Frizell to Jeannette Willson.

Moncton, Sept. 23, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, Murdoch G. McLeod to Carmichael.

Upper Clements, N. S., Oct. 7, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, Charles A. Hardy to Agnes L. Purdy.

Methene Bay, Sept. 31, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, Essene Zenas Wentzel to Ida Venot.

Folly Village, Oct. 1, by Rev. Wm. Dawson, Gregory T. Light to Cassie Johnson.

Acadia Mines, Sept. 23, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, William D. Scott to Bessie W. Gough.

Acadia Mines, Sept. 23, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, Lord I. Farnam to Minnie L. Gough.

Yarmouth, N. S., Oct. 3, by Rev. H. D. D. Towns, Ernest Krastus Gray to Lillie Hubert.

Hidden, Sept. 23, by Rev. Thomas Cumming, Robert H. Kennedy to Bessie J. Ross.

Pubnico, Harbor, Oct. 7, by Rev. Geo. E. Starvis, Albert Downey Frost to Ada M. Smith.

Tatagouche, Oct. 1, by Rev. Dr. Sedgewick, Wm. A. Campbell to Minnie Sutherland.

North Salem, N. S., Oct. 5, by Rev. John Murray, Harvey A. Creighton to Nora B. Parker.

Hodson, Pictou Co., Sept. 21, by Rev. G. L. Gordon, William McDonald to Mrs. Sabrina Allen.

St. Margarets, Sept. 24, by Rev. F. Pattinade, James Gamboham to Mary Jane Buckley.

Rockland, N. B., Sept. 29, by Rev. J. D. Mackay, Rev. Lewis P. Parker to Anna L. McKeivie.

Jamnia Falls, Mass., Sept. 23, by Rev. A. W. Nelson, Wm. O. Nickerson to Lizzie Bell Morel.

Country Harbours, N. S., by Rev. Dr. Edwards, Frederick B. Byrdie to Melvina Davidson.

London, Ont., Sept. 30, by Rev. Geo. M. Inis, Charles W. Rowley of Yarmouth to Fannie Woodman Smith.

DIED.

Pictou, Oct. 2, Daniel Sills, 81.

Sambro, Oct. 6, Samuel Gray, 55.

Lebanon, Oct. 5, John Delaney, 73.

St. John, Oct. 10, Ann Johnson, 75.

Halifax, Oct. 10, Robert Morton, 45.

Amherst, Oct. 11, Stephen Trent, 82.

St. John, Oct. 13, Peter Campbell, 84.

Truro, Sept. 29, William T. Wilson, 69.

Pouquet River, Oct. 2, Peter McKinnon, Yarmouth, Oct. 4, John S. Archibald, 41.

Brazil Lake Oct. 2, Mrs. Josiah Cann, 78.

Colusa Cal. Sept. 21, Francis C. Cook, 69.

Rossmore, Pictou, Sept. 18, Robert McLeod, 69.

Shubenacadie Oct. 3, Mrs. Mary Ryan, 68.

Port Medway, Sept. 30, Rebecca Brown, 24.

Digby, Oct