

saw him alone. Stanmore and Lady Stanmore had gone over to Hurst to call on Lady Probyn, but Belle had made no offer to accompany them. Indeed, Stanmore had given her to understand that it was better that she should not go. The slightest excitement was strictly forbidden to poor Sir Dick, whose condition was still precarious, and whose mother's anxiety still more than great. She had watched him day and night since that terrible day when she believed her agonized prayer had been heard, and that some Holy voice had sent her to his aid. That dearest gift, his life, had been spared to her, and to that all else was nought. She knew that his young beauty was gone; that the comely features, that had been her pride, were scarred and maimed. But what mattered it? His hand still lay in hers; his eyes still met her gaze; and oh! what tears and prayers had been poured forth for his sake, that the unlucky infatuation which had spoiled his life might pass away.

And other prayers, too, were offered up daily, for the young man struck down in his prime. When Amy Trelawney had first heard from her father that Dick Probyn had shot himself, the violent emotion that she could not hide, first told the Vicar the secret which his daughter had so long hidden in her heart. She grew deadly pale; she tottered back; her breath came in gasps, and all words failed her.

"We hope he will live," said the Vicar, trying to speak composedly, when he saw Amy's terrible agitation. Not a word did he insinuate of what was his own belief, that Dick's wound was self-inflicted; this idea was always spared to her.

"It was an accident," Mr. Trelawney told her, and an accident Amy ever believed it to be. But she, too, soon knew that Dick Probyn was disgraced for life, and that the face she had loved to look on, the face that lay pictured in her heart, was spoiled and marred. But this very knowledge only drew her nearer to him, for true love ever grows closer in times of suffering and pain. Daily she went up to the Hall, and Lady Probyn marked the signs of great anxiety written on her face. It grew pale and thin, and beneath her pathetic grey eyes were shadows that had never been there before. On the breath of one beloved life these two women seemed to live. He was their one thought, and yet the idea of Amy Trelawney never once crossed Dick Probyn's mind!

But the memory of another woman only too often did. His mad action, his days and nights of fever and pain, had not driven the love of Belle from his heart. It was the utter hopelessness of this that retarded his recovery. It seemed to him, as he lay on his sick-bed, that he had nothing to live for. And yet he felt sorry for his mother, and would sometimes steal his wayward hand into hers, and look at her with his blue, sunken eyes.

He had been a little brighter the day when Stanmore and Lady Stanmore had driven over to Hurst, to see Lady Probyn and had left Belle at home. It was a languorous day early in August, and at the Court, Belle was sitting at an open window, looking dreamily out on the park. She had an open book in her hand, but the hand that held it had fallen idly on her lap, and her thoughts were far away. Suddenly a flash came to her cheeks, and her breath came quick. She had heard the bell at the chit-chatting ring in the still air, and her heart seemed to tell her who had rung it.

Somehow she had expected that Hugh Gilbert would come. All the morning this foreboding instinct had been in her mind. She knew who it was now before she heard his footstep; before the servant had announced his name.

"I thought you would come to day," she said, softly as she rose and put her hand in his.

"I felt that I must come," he answered, "and I am happy to find you at home."

"Stanmore and Lady Stanmore have driven over to Hurst to inquire after poor Sir Dick Probyn," went on Belle; "and I have been trying to read. But I have not been very industrious," she added, smiling.

"It is not a day to be industrious," said Gilbert, going to the open window by which Belle had been sitting. "How fresh and green it looks outside. And have you water over there?"

"Yes, quite a big lake; a lake where I nearly lost my life."

"Lost your life?" asked Gilbert, turning round and looking at her.

"Yes," answered Belle slowly; "I will tell you about it some other time."

"Come outside, and tell me now."

"Would you like to go into the grounds?"

"If you would I will ring for my hat?"

"Let me ring," said Gilbert.

The hat was quickly brought, and the two went out together, and walked in silence past the bright flower-beds to the more sheltered part of the grounds. There under the shadow of the great trees they stood by the margin of the lake, and watched the waterfowl, who were half-startled by their presence.

"Now tell me how you nearly lost your life?" by-and-by asked Gilbert.

Belle hesitated.

"It is a long story," she said, rather falteringly; "perhaps I should not tell you—and yet I should like you to know the truth. Let us sit down here by the boat-house, and I will try to find courage."

(To be continued.)

German Justice.

A little girl of Metz, 14 year old, has recently been condemned to eight days imprisonment for having insulted the German emperor. The insult consisted in writing a private letter to one of her little friends, in which there was something disrespectful to his majesty. It is said that such sentences are common in Alsace-Lorraine.

Relieved.

"Oh doctor," said the mother. "I'm glad you have come! We have just had such a scare! We thought at first that Tommy had swallowed a half sovereign."

"And you found out that he hadn't?" replied the doctor.

"Yes; it was only a half-penny."

Lawyer (in will case).—Were you acquainted with the deceased?

Witness.—Yes, sir.

Lawyer.—Did she exhibit any signs of insanity?

Witness (promptly).—Yes, sir; she never went to a bargain sale.

AMONG THE PINES.

Bessie Graham wondered what was to become of the farm if something was not done to mend matters. She had grown from babyhood to girlhood in her country home, and had there been content. Childhood is sometimes insensible to the touch of poverty. Now that she was entering young womanhood, she could no longer deceive herself. Her father had never been an able manager; for years he had suffered affairs to become more complicated, and debts to accumulate, so that the farm which had once yielded a good income did not now support its owners. The only abundance upon the farm was its number of pine trees. Lately they lifted their heads, each one trying to outstrip the other. Bessie would look at them and sigh. It cotton would only thrive like them, she thought, things would be different. No body cared whether or not they grew, and that fact seemed to fill them with a determination to show what they could do. The cotton was worked and watched; then, suddenly heavy rains would fall until a second deluge seemed at hand; the crop would thus often result in a failure. The more rain the pines drank the brighter would gladden their green needles, and the sweeter would be their aroma.

The negroes, tired of working for wages which were slow in coming, had mostly left the farm. The deserted little cabins, with decayed and broken sheds, added to the thriftless appearance of the whole scene.

For several years Bessie had racked her brain in search of a remedy for the trouble that was visible on all sides. This problem still remained unsolved. Never had she spent a night of her nineteen years outside the rough walls of her home. Her parents were by no means ignorant people; though for many years they had been almost cut off from the outer world in their quiet home, still they did not undervalue the advantages of an education. Their attempts to instruct their only child, however, were made in such a desultory manner that the poor girl only knew enough to cause her to wish to know more. Friends had none, outside of her home. Occasionally her father allowed her to drive with him to the nearest village, ten miles away. She knew some of the storekeepers and their families there, but her visits were so few that the acquaintance remained slight. Only one event of any particular interest to her had ever varied the monotony of her life; that had happened just four months before.

Their home was in the extreme southern portion of Georgia, so close to the borders of the Land of Flowers that one could almost catch a whiff of the perfume of the orange blossoms.

One day Mr. Graham had paid his usual visit to the village for his scanty weekly supplies. Bessie, her tasks finished, watched for him from the rude steps of the front veranda, so that she might call to her mother at his approach. Then supper would be placed upon the table while the horse was being taken from the shafts.

Soon she heard the wagon wheels as they crushed over the heavy sand. To her surprise her father was not alone. In the bottom of the wagon reclined a young man, whose style of dress proclaimed that he was not a native of those parts. By Mr. Graham's side sat an elderly lady, whose face was thin and worn, as if from weary months of suffering. Upon her cheeks was a glow which health had no hand in giving, the signet of a fatal disease. The girl hesitated a moment before going forward, glancing with a disconcerted expression at her shabby, patched gown; then her innate politeness asserted itself, and she descended the steps and met the wagon.

"Bessie, I have brought you some visitors," said her father. "Let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Marshall and her son."

The introduction was acknowledged, and the strong young arms were lifted to help the elderly lady from the high seat.

While Bessie was making the invalid comfortable in a spare bedroom, Mr. Graham was telling his wife, in the kitchen about the strangers.

Mr. Marshall and his mother were en route from Philadelphia to Florida for the benefit of the latter's health. Finding that she was very much fatigued at the village of J—, they had decided to stop over to rest for a few days. Mr. Graham saw them at the station, and of him they had inquired concerning board in a quiet place. He was so touched by the worn-out expression of the invalid that he had proposed taking them to his home among the pines. The offer had been gladly accepted.

The Marshalls extended their sojourn longer than at first they had expected. For a few days the invalid had been quite prostrated from the effects of her journey; then she rallied for a while, and was able to walk about. The days developed into weeks, and still they tarried.

Meanwhile Bessie was enjoying the break in the monotony of her life. She delighted in waiting on Mrs. Marshall, and made herself quite indispensable to her comfort. She learned much from the old lady and her son about the outside world; but this knowledge, instead of bringing happiness,

only made her desire, with all the intensity of an ardent nature, to lead a broader life. John Marshall readily guessed the poverty of the family which Bessie's pride would not allow her to reveal. Being very much interested in her desire to cultivate her mind, he determined that he would assist her. A promise of books and papers to be sent her when he and his mother should reach St. Augustine made her almost happy. In her secluded home the sight even of a newspaper was indeed rare!

The Marshalls, after a five weeks' sojourn at the farm, departed for Florida. The shabby home seemed doubly dull now to the young girl, deprived of the care and company of her recent guests. Her parents did not fully share her feelings. Mr. Graham was kept busy in planning those things which he was seldom able to accomplish. Mrs. Graham, worn out with years of drudgery, cared only to get through each day's task. Bessie, feeling the uselessness of all, seldom spoke to either parents concerning her intense longing to force her life and theirs into a stronger, healthier current.

All during the four months since the Marshalls' departure John had kept his promise; and books, magazines and papers had found their way to her, always directed in the bold, firm handwriting she had grown to know so well. Otherwise he had never written to her.

But now, in early March, as she went to meet her father returning from the village, he said, handing her a package of papers and magazines: "Here's something for you, Bess. I guess the Marshalls are home, for these are postmarked Philadelphia."

"Thank you, papa," she answered, eagerly seizing the outstretched bundle. "I am so glad to get something new to read."

Laden with her treasures, she walked on a little way and seated herself under a clump of pines whose pungent odor seemed to belong to the atmosphere. The book and papers were a treat which held Bessie's close attention for hours. She had just finished a short article on North Carolina which told of the interests pursued by the inhabitants of that State, particularly mentioning turpentine.

At last, tired of reading, she threw the books aside, and, putting her clasped hands back of her head, she leaned against a tree and gave herself up to thought. The old unsolved problem took possession of her. What could she do to make life easier for her parents and herself? At times in this life there come answers to problems when such answers are totally unexpected. Carelessly Bessie's eyes fell on a pine whose trunk had been deeply cut some weeks before by little black Pete. It was his duty to provide stove work for his mother, Chloe, the cook. Bessie remembered the day he started to cut down this identical tree. His mother had called him from his work. On his return he proceeded to cut elsewhere, forgetting that he had decreed and begun the destruction of another tree. The pine, slightly marred, had thus been spared.

Bessie noted that its sap had oozed out of the big cut until a quantity had collected in the hollow. Suddenly her face brightened, and she eagerly bent forward. Here, all around her, extending for miles, was plenty of material! Why should she not undertake turpentine farming? She had just been reading about its being done in North Carolina. Why not here? She knew so little concerning her State that she was not aware of the fact that North Carolinians and others were beginning, even then, to seek new fields in Georgia for the industry. She was quite eager to find her father, to plead with him for permission and help to put her scheme into execution.

The result was that in a few weeks arrangements were completed to turn the farm into one for the manufacture of turpentine. Mr. Graham mortgaged his land for six hundred dollars. The name of a young man in North Carolina, who was perfectly familiar with the turpentine business, had been given him by a friend, who advised that he should be engaged as manager.

Bessie wrote to Mr. Ellis, who had been mentioned for the position of manager. He agreed to take charge for a half interest in the profits.

The lapse of a few months brought quite a change to the quiet farm. The still was erected with its huge boiler and iron pipes. Numbers of negroes were employed, and their brawny arms made quick work of scarring deeply many trees, so that the sap could be dipped up from the incisions and placed in the boiler. The vapor arising from it ran through the pipes, and collected into another vessel. This was the turpentine, which was packed into barrels. The residuum in the boiler was rosin, which was also valuable.

The venture proved a brilliant success. Bessie was very happy when in two years time the mortgage was paid off, and the business was progressing successfully.

One night, near the still, the negroes were having a bonfire made from useless scraps of rosin, which rapidly accumulated. As the glutinous stuff touched the fire, a lurid blaze was kindled, which leaped and roared in its might. It threw great flashes of brightness around, which seemed to play

hide-and-seek with the shadows. What a weird, pretty picture it made! At least so thought John Marshall, who had just been driven from the village, and attracted by the blaze, was approaching it. Dusky figures flitted about, adding fuel to the flames, while others, recumbent upon the ground, sang the sweet old melody of Swanee river. Bessie, with the firelight drawing out the tints of her sunny brown hair, stood just behind the group, with her father and Mr. Ellis near by. The girl's eyes were suddenly lifted, and she saw her friend whose kindness for several years had given her so much pleasure, and had indirectly been the means of her present prosperity.

At the sound of Bessie's exclamation, Mr. Graham came forward, and a warm welcome was given to the unexpected guest.

"Your mother?" Bessie asked falteringly. "She died while we were in Florida," he answered, gravely. "I thought it best to let her body rest for a while under the sod of that fair land. But now I am returning to bear to our distant home what was once my dear mother. On my way there I felt as if I could not pass through J— without stopping over to see my Southern friends."

Again John Marshall lingered at the farm. When he left it was with the promise that when he should come southward it would be on a gladder mission. Then he would take back with him to his home the noble girl whom he had found among the pines.—The Independent.

A MOTHER'S THANKS.

SHE TELLS WHAT PINK PILLS DID FOR HER CHILD.

Suffered From St. Vitus' Dance—Lost the Use of Her Right Side and Almost Lost the Power of Speech—Cured in a Few Weeks.

At the discoveries made in medicine in this great age of progress none have done more to alleviate human suffering than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We suppose there is not a hamlet in this broad land in which the remarkable healing power of this favorite medicine has not been put to the test and proved triumphant.

It is a great medicine and the good it has accomplished can only be faintly estimated. There are many in Ayler who speak of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in terms of praise, and among them is the family of Mr. John Smith, the well-known blacksmith and wheelwright. Having heard that his daughter, Miss Minnie, had been



cured of St. Vitus' dance by the use of Pink Pills, the Gazette called upon Mr. Smith to learn the particulars. Upon mentioning the matter to him he expressed pleasure in making the facts public, if it was thought that they would benefit any one else, and remarked that he thought Mrs. Smith could probably give the particulars better than himself.

Mrs. Smith said that about a year ago Minnie was attacked with St. Vitus' dance, of a rather severe nature, and a number of medicines were tried, but without any effect upon the trouble. An electric battery was also used but had no beneficial effect. The trouble appeared to be getting more severe, and finally Minnie was obliged to discontinue going to school, having lost the power of her right side. Her speech was also so much affected it was with difficulty she could be understood. She was out of school for about six months and all this time she was undergoing treatment, which however, proved ineffective. One day Mrs. Smith saw in the Gazette the particulars of a case of St. Vitus' dance cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and determined to try them with Minnie. By the time two boxes were used Minnie was sensible of a great improvement in her daughter's condition and after the use of four more boxes was satisfied that Minnie was completely cured, as no symptoms of the trouble remained. This was about the end of June last, and since that time their has not been the slightest recurrence of the dread disease. While Minnie was taking the pills her weight increased, and her general health was much improved. Mrs. Smith also said that her younger daughter showed symptoms of the same trouble, but the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills speedily dissipated it.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered with a confidence that they are the only perfect and unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer and when given a fair trial disease and suffering must vanish. They make rich, red blood and cure when other medicines fail. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents a box or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and refuse trashy substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

BORN.

Amherst, June 6, to the wife of Wm. Seaman, a son.

Dartmouth, June 8, to the wife of A. F. Curtis, a son.

Sydney, May 31, to the wife of James Gallivan, a son.

Truro, June 3, to the wife of Charles Armstrong, a son.

Dawson, N. B., June 9, to the wife of Alonzo Josiah, a son.

West Chester, June 9, to the wife of Allan Rushton, a son.

Dawson, May 28, to the wife of Hacen Josiah, a daughter.

Dalhousie, June 7, to the wife of Albert Durland, a daughter.

Summersville, May 24, to the wife of D. F. Fuller, a daughter.

Woodville, May 31, to the wife of Elephanta Eagler, a daughter.

Caledonia, N. S., June 9, to the wife of T. A. Bowen, a daughter.

Springhill, June 8, to the wife of Daniel Matheson, 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

Reading, Mass., May 31, to the wife of Elias B. Currier, a son.

Burlington, N. S., June 4, to the wife of Clark Ogilvie, a son.

Yarmouth, June 11, to the wife of Herman Wetmore, a daughter.

Southville, P. S., May 23, to the wife of Charles White, a daughter.

Caledonia, N. S., June 9, to the wife of T. A. Bowen, a daughter.

North Brookfield, June 9, to the wife of Maurice Harlow, a daughter.

Dike Village, N. S., May 26, to the wife of Sherman Belcher, a son.

MARRIED.

St. John, June 9, by Rev. Dr. Carey, David Hudson to Rose Elliott.

Napran, N. S., June 9, by Rev. Mr. Evans, Albert Smith to Nettie Higge.

Harrisville, June 10, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Arthur Hill to Bessie Hopper.

Wolville, June 9, by Rev. A. Cohoon, Jason Russell to Louie A. Knowles.

St. George, June 10, by Rev. A. H. Lavers, Joseph E. McGeer to Mary Stacey.

Beaver River, June 5, by Rev. A. B. Higgins, Wm. E. Adams to Geneva Smith.

St. George, June 8, by Rev. A. H. Lavers, Charles E. Craig to Hannah Deware.

Liverpool, June 11, by Rev. J. E. Donkin, Colin McLeod to Ella May Conrod.

Newburyport, June 8, by Rev. S. P. Mills, William O. Briggs to Mrs. J. A. Barry.

Bathurst, June 8, by Rev. S. J. Crumley, Edward L. Watts to Emma E. Hutton.

St. Stephen, May 27, by Rev. Howard Sprague, Isaac Stewart to Sarah Stewart.

St. John, June 10, by Rev. Canon DeVeber, J. J. Rowan to Sarah A. Armstrong.

Dearfield, June 9, by Rev. E. P. Coldwell, Aaron C. Porter to Josephine Roberts.

Yarmouth, June 3, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Edmund A. Smith to Helena May Moore.

Gavelton, F. B., June 3, by Rev. A. W. Currie, Hardie Gevel to Bernice Laskie.

Liverpool, June 4, by Rev. J. E. Donkin, John Henry Wagner to Eva Minnick.

St. John, June 15, by Rev. J. deSoyres, Robert B. Travis to Elizabeth Puddington.

St. Stephen, May 11, by Rev. Dr. McKenzie, Arthur C. Carlow to Melba Morrison.

Malabar, June 4, by Rev. G. R. Martell, John Temple to Mrs. Martha Hensinger.

Windsor, June 11, by Rev. J. L. Davidson, Charles Bruce Scott to Janet E. Jameson.

Roxbury, Mass., June 9, by Rev. Jas. Feeney, Patrick McKenna to Rose E. Madden.

Petersville, June 10, by Rev. W. B. Armstrong, Albert M. Corbett to Ada I. Hamilton.

Roxbury, Mass., May 29, by Rev. G. L. Robinson, Joseph McChesney to Laura B. Cameron.

Mal. Hanley, Annapolis Co., June 3, by Rev. E. E. Locke, Willis Ratuse to Ella M. Slocumb.

Boston, May 31, by Rev. R. McKenzie James Bateman to Mattie McKenzie all of Cape Breton.

Central New Annan, June 10, by Rev. G. L. Gordon, Welford H. Graham to Marion D. McIntosh.

St. Mary's church, St. John, by the Rev. W. O. Raymond, Henry A. Wheaton to Annie C. McAlary, both of Kingston, King's Co.

Albany, West Australia, June 6, Margaret M. daughter of Dr. L. W. Bailey of Fredericton to Harriet E. West of Cornwall, England.

DIED.

Pictou, June 6, Norman Logan, 55.

Halifax, June 8, Margaret Brown, 56.

Black Point, May 31, Alex Perry, 24.

Windsor, June 3, Joseph McNeil, 62.

Pictou June 7, Mrs. Samuel King, 48.

Pictou, June 7, Mary Belle Clarke, 28.

Pictou, June 8, Mrs. John Rankine, 85.

Newtownville, June 8, William Irwin, 72.

Round Bay, N. S., Whyman Hagar, 38.

Bear River, June 6, William Miller, 57.

Grand Lake, June 12, Daniel Isenro, 47.

Acadia, June 7, Joseph B. Campbell, 47.

Lyndfield, May 30, Frank Denmore, 39.

Campbell, May 18, Alfred E. Mitchell, 35.

Melmonish, June 6, Daniel Simpson, 88.

St. Stephen, May 16, Mrs. J. McGuire, 78.

St. David, June 2, James W. Sherman, 34.

Little Ridge, May 26, Thomas Eastman, 71.

Windsor, June 9, Elizabeth A. Murdoch, 91.

St. John, June 6, Mrs. R. P. Saunders, 62.

St. Stephen, May 21, William P. Libbey, 74.

W. Head, C. L., June 1, Wm. Nickerson, 53.

Pictou Landing, June 2, James McPherson, 86.

Campobello, May 23, Mrs. Margaret Phillips, 24.

Grand Manan, May 14, Mrs. John McDonald, 56.

Amherst, June 9, Sarah, wife of Wm. Seaman, 27.

Church Hill, N. S., June 6, Robert McConnell, 58.

Danvers Mass., June 3, Ellen, wife of James Wilson.

St. John, June 13, Mary, wife of John McInerney.

St. John, June 9, Annie, wife of Richard McDonald, 45.

Milltown, N. B., May 24, Ellen Gertrude Miles, 14 months.

Upper Port La Tour May 28, Charles Hubbert, 20 months.

Mosher River, N. S., June 8, Robert McManus of Moncton.

Beverly Mass., May 31, Alice, wife of John F. Cunningham.

Latties Brook, N. S., May 27, Mary