

MOTHER LOVE.

The flaming red of the evening sky was paling into violet shadows. Night came upon the earth, over the little village, and the lonely house near its borders.

Dark shadows crept into the low, old-fashioned windows. They painted the white washed ceiling a somber black, and filled with gloom the narrow angles of a room in which an old woman sat bending over her knitting.

Not a sound was heard save the monotonous click, click of the needles, and now the whirr of the clock just before the striking of the hour.

"Eight o'clock! It is night. Before long he will be here."

A sigh relieved the breast of the gray-haired woman. She pushed aside her knitting and set the smoky little oil lamp going. This she placed near the window that the light might greet the wanderer on his home coming, and then took up her knitting again.

Three years had gone by. It was autumn now, and the old woman sat in the self-same place near the big warm stove, waiting for the return of her only son. Yesterday he had been released from the army at the expiration of his term of service. But the night passed, and then a day and another night, and still her son came not. Almost a week went by, full of tedious waiting. One day at noon the postman rode up to the little house in the meadow.

"A letter, Mother Kathrine, a letter from your 'only one'!" he cried. He recognized the stiff, ungainly character of the absent peasant lad.

Mother Kathrine fortified her eyes with her old horn spectacles and bobbed with her letter into the broad strip of the noon-day sun that came streaming through the small window. The wrinkled hands trembled, as she broke the seal. Is he coming home at last? No, not yet!

On the worn-out bench the old woman dropped, clutching the letter which was soon soaked with the tears that rained from her poor old eyes.

No, her lad was not coming! He may never come again. He was locked up in a prison cell because he had killed a man in a drunken brawl.

"Mother," he wrote, "I am innocent. I don't know how it happened!"

Yes, she knew. First a boy's rejoicing, because he was free to go home, then a spell in the tavern over the wine cup—a quarrel, insulting remarks, fierce, angry blows, a knife, and then murder. Yes, she knew!

Three more years to wait! At the end of that time his sentence would have expired. The wrinkled hands resolutely wiped away the tears. Mother Kathrine arose, put on her Sunday bonnet and her friendless mien, and went to see her relations in the village.

She told them, hesitatingly at first, and then glibly enough, that Jano, her only son, had shipped as a sailor on a big man-of-war and was making a trip around the world. The relations listened to her tale with astonishment, and praised the lad's courage. Soon the whole village knew it. The women came and congratulated her, and she, simple woman, turned dissembler in her old days for the love of her son.

Mother love must shield him from disgrace. The villagers must never know that Jano was a murderer. No, nor Katha, his sweetheart, who loved him and had been true to him, counting the days till his return.

In the night, when the villagers slept, Mother Kathrine sat weeping before her Bible, and prayed for Jano, her only son. Another care presented itself to the ever-thoughtful mother heart. Jano must have new clothes when he returns, and money—his savings from his long journey. And she began to save and stint to pile up a little store of silver. Like most women of her age, Mother Kathrine was fond of sugar in her coffee, but from now on she drank it unsweetened. All day and half the night she knitted socks for a large concern in the city, and every week she carried the humble product of her industry to the store for the small, hard-earned pay. Nobody ever saw Mother Kathrine at these things, for nobody must ever know, for Jano's sake.

Thus, the time sped by. Three years—and this was the day that would bring him home. The old woman opened the cupboard and took from within a package of warm, woolen socks, a knitted kersey, a pair of new boots, and a large silk neckerchief. These things she laid out on the white pine table. From under the pillow of her bed she added a coarse linen bag, such as sailors carry, filled with clinking coin. Thirty silver dollars! The little fortune had grown apace, and Mother Kathrine chuckled with glee whenever she thought of her boy's surprise.

Bread and ham, sausage and butter, and a mug of cider made the old pine board look like a Christmas table. Everything was in readiness—Jano could come! On the bench by the stove she sat waiting, straining the half-deaf ears to catch the sound of his footsteps.

It came. The door opened slowly. As if stricken with palsy, the faithful old mother sat glued to her seat. The tall form of a man, stooping as he entered, stood in the moonlight that came with him through the door. Two dark eyes looked into hers out of a white set face.

The mother's arms opened wide.

"Jano!"

With a bound the man knelt at her feet and buried his head in her lap.

Jano, her only son, had returned.

Mother love had banished the penitentiary specter. The villagers welcomed him cordially. The lads who had grown up with him took him to the tavern, and demanded that he tell them of the strange sights he had seen during his long absence. Jano related what he had heard of others say, and what he had read in books. It was like gospel truth to the young men, who had never been twenty miles away from their village. After

the first days of greeting Jano hired out as a farm hand and worked untiringly. In the evening Katha, his sweetheart, came to the little house, and the three sat together and made plans for the future, when Katha and Jano would be man and wife. Soon Jano forgot the ugly past. It seemed like a dream that had high wearied Mother Kathrine and her son to death.

One sultry afternoon Jano came along the dusty turnpike with his rake over his shoulder. Toward him trundled the bent and ragged figure of a man. A tramp, thought Jano, then stopped suddenly, pale as death. The beggar, too, made halt, when he saw Jano.

"Hallo!" cried he, with a sneer, "my mate from No. 7. Don't you know me? Lanky Jake, your old cell-mate?"

"What in God's name do you want here?" stammered Jano.

The beggar laughed. "Picking up what I can get—don't you see?"

Jano put his hand in his pocket and took out a dollar.

"Take that," he said, "and go away. Don't go to the village, and don't tell anyone that you know me!"

The ex-convict pocketed his coin.

"Ashamed to know me, hey?"

"Not that," said Jano, with a shudder.

"But they don't know here that I've been in prison. I'm leading an honest life."

"I'd like to do that myself. Have no fear, I'll not tell 'em. You were good to me in those days!"

He laughed and hobbled away. Jano stood still and looked after him till he disappeared from view.

"The storm has passed," thought Jano and hurried home.

He had scarcely turned when a good-looking young peasant, who had watched the scene between the two, emerged from behind a thicket and hastened after the tramp.

That night in the tavern over glass upon glass of fiery wine and silver coins piled up to the height of five, the handsome young farmer learned from the tramp Jano's secret. He was Jano's rival for the love of Katha, the prettiest girl in the village. The next evening Jano, as was his wont, hastened to Katha at the end of his day's labor, to bring her to his home for the chat under the apple tree, and the walk back through the blooming fields.

This night Jano looked into a pale, distressed face, and eyes, frantic with fear, were riveted upon him.

"Katha!" he said, "You are crying. What troubles you? Katha buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud."

"Katha, tell me, your lover!" He lifted the hands from her face.

"Jano," faltered the trembling lips, "by our love, tell me, is it true, that you have not been around the world, but have been in prison the while?"

Jano was horrified. "Katha—who told you?"

The girl paid no heed to his question. "Is it true Jano?" she reiterated.

"Yes!"

From the finger of her right hand Katha took the little gold band with which she had plighted her troth to him. She threw it at his feet and left him.

"Katha!"

Jano did not rave. The blow stunned him and the loss of the girl seemed small when he thought of his mother.

"Poor mother! You have hungered, and tortured, and stunted yourself for nothing. Tomorrow everyone will yell it into your face that your son is an ex-convict, and your old days will be filled with shame and misery. Poor mother!"

The night was unusually dark, not even the stars came out. The crickets chirruped in the corn to lighten the gloom. The splash of the river was eery and sad, and from away off there came a shrill cry of anguish.

In the dawn of the early morning a little procession wended its way toward the village. Two men carried a stretcher, over which a black cloth was thrown, outlining a human form. Behind the bier strode the miller and the justice.

"I don't know how he got into the mill pond, but when we found him he was stone dead. He must have come down with the current in the river."

"I wonder," said the justice.

"I'm sorry for the old woman," continued the miller. "To be taken from her like this, after waiting so many years for him!"

"Yes, poor old Mother Kathrine!" reiterated the justice.

They reached the little house. "Wait outside," said the justice, "till we break the news to her!"

The sun was on its upward way. The sky was aflame with red. Its reflex lighted the tiny windows, swished over the white pine table, and over the face of old Mother Kathrine, who sat with folded hands in her armchair. The small white head inclined upon the breast. A sweet, peaceful smile hovered around the pale lips only the wide-open eyes were glassy and set.

She had been spared the blow.

A HUNTER'S STORY.

EXPOSURE BROUGHT ON AN ATTACK OF RHEUMATISM.

Nervousness and Stomach Troubles Followed—Sleep at Times was Impossible—Health Again Restored.

From the Amherst, N.S. Sentinel.

The little village of Petitcodiac is situated in the south-easterly part of New Brunswick, on the line of the Intercolonial Railway. Mr. Herbert Yeomans, who resides there, follows the occupation of a hunter and trapper. His occupation requires him to endure a great deal of exposure and hardship, more especially when the snow lies thick and deep on the ground in our cold winters. A few years ago Mr. Yeomans tells our correspondent that he was seized with a severe bilious attack and a complication of diseases, such as sour stomach, sick headache and rheumatism. Mr. Yeomans' largest quantity ever burned in one kiln. This required about a ton of coal. Each pipe rested on its bowl, and the stem was supported by strings of pipe clay placed one upon the other as the kiln became filled; the result was that at least 20 per cent were warped or broken in the kiln.

At the present time the preliminary preparations of the clay are made by men, but the most delicate part is almost entirely entrusted to the hands of women. The pipes are placed in "saggers" to be burned after the Dutch mode, and from 350 to 400 gross in one kiln are not an uncommon quantity. The breakages amount to not more than 1 per cent. One collector has a splendid collection of old clay pipes, the oldest of them, from there trade marks, hailing from Braseley, and being dated as long ago as the year 1600.

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version of the facts are:—I became very ill and suffered the most excruciating pains in my arms, legs and shoulders, so much so that I could not rest in any position. I frequently could not sleep nights, and when I did I awoke with a tired feeling and very much depressed. My appetite was very poor, and if I ate anything at all, no matter how light the food was, it gave me a dull, heavy feeling in my stomach, which would be followed by vomiting. I suffered so intensely with pains in my arms and shoulders that I could scarcely raise my hands to my head. I tried different remedies, but all to no purpose. A neighbor came in one evening and asked, "have you tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" I had not but then determined to try them, and procured a box and before the pills were all gone, I began to improve. This encouraged me to purchase more and in a few weeks the pains in my shoulders and arms were all gone and I was able to get a good night's rest. My appetite came back and the dull, listless feeling left me. I could eat a hearty meal and have no bad after effects and I felt strong and well enough as though I had taken a new lease of life. My old occupation became a pleasure to me and I think nothing of tramping eighteen or twenty miles a day. I know from experience and I fully appreciate the wonderful results of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a safe and sure cure and I would urge all those afflicted with rheumatism or any other ailment, to Pink Pills as they create new vigor, build up the shattered nervous system and make a new being of you. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

WHERE CLAY PIPES ARE MADE.

Braseley, England. Where One Family Has Made Them for 297 Years.

It is difficult to state with any degree of accuracy when tobacco was first introduced into Europe, but it is generally believed that Sir Walter Raleigh took it to England towards the end of the sixteenth century. With the introduction of tobacco came the need of tobacco pipes, as before tobacco smoking began the smoking of herbs and leaves even for medicinal purposes was not at all general. It is stated that at Braseley, in Shropshire, the first clay pipes were made; and although many are made in Glasgow and elsewhere, yet the Braseley clay