

The Bright Days.

The bright days—they are coming, no matter what they say;
Beneath the snows of winter dreams the violet of May;
And sometime—in the future, in the golden years to be,
There'll be blossoms in the desert and the streams 'll sing to sea.

The bright days—they are coming; there's a twinkling of the light
In the starry shadows on the starry brow of night.

And some time—in the future, when the clouds have faded far,
The sun will greet the morning and the night will claim a star.
The bright days—they are coming; in the cities, in the deserts,
There's a whisper of the music from the morning's golden bells.
And sometime—in the future, when the skies are bending blue,
There'll be angels at the windows and they'll kiss their hands to you!

✱ Music and Matrimony. ✱

'I am sure there can be no harm in it, mamma.'

Maria's cheek was slightly flushed as she spoke the words, and something that was almost a tear gave a humid softness to her hazel eyes. She was a slight, delicate young girl, slender and willowy in her figure, and with a complexion that was transparently pale, save when some sudden emotion sent the crimson tide over its surface. Her dress of deep mourning was plain, and even coarse in its detail; but there was womanly taste down to the very arrangement of its somber folds.

'Harm! of course there is no harm,' sighed Mrs. Cooper, mechanically raising her handkerchief to her eyes. 'But who would ever have supposed that Harry Cooper's daughter would be reduced to giving music lessons, and to advertise for pupils in the daily papers? If your poor, dear papa had but lived!'

'Mr. mamma, only listen!' said Maria, talking up the paper. 'It is nothing so very terrible, after all. Wanted, a few pupils on the piano, at moderate prices. Apply by letter to M. C.,—street.' You see, mamma, I have only given the initials of my name.'

'It is just as degrading!' sighed Mrs. Cooper.

'I do not see any degradation,' pleaded Maria, earnestly. 'Since it has become necessary for me to earn our daily bread, where is the harm of availing myself of one of the accomplishments on which so much money has been expended? Indeed, mamma, I feel quite proud to think I can make my knowledge of music serviceable.'

'Just like you Maria—you never had the least bit of aristocratic blood in you!'

'Maria, who had been gazing listlessly out of the window, suddenly sprang up at this moment.

'Mercy on us child! what's the matter?'

'It's the postman, mamma—he is coming here! Perhaps my advertisement may have been answered—who knows? This is the second day of its insertion, you know.'

'She ran lightly down-stairs, and opened the door before the red-armed servant-maid had got fairly across the kitchen threshold.

'M—C—?' said the postman, inquiringly, as he sorted a note from his neatly-tied packets.

Maria caught the letter and ran up to her mother's room with it, her eyes sparkling with animation.

'A real, veritable answer, mamma—my first pupil! What do you think now? See, I am to go to Fifth Avenue this afternoon at 3 o'clock to give three lessons a week. The writer wishes to know if I consider three dollars a lesson enough. Enough! Why, mamma, I feel rich! Isn't it splendid?'

'Who is it?' languidly questioned the mother.

'The letter is signed C. Harvey—probably some lady who wishes her little girl to attain a knowledge of music, mamma. That is quite encouraging.'

Mrs. Cooper, however, only heaved a deep sigh, and stitched industriously away at her sewing, with an ominous shake of her head.

As the hour-hand of the little gilded clock—one of the few relics they had ventured to preserve of more prosperous days—jumped toward the figure three, Maria arranged her pretty hair with even more care than she usually bestowed and donned bonnet and shawl, to set forth on her mission.

'Good-by, mamma.'

'Good-by, Maria. I only hope you'll not be disappointed.'

It was a little discouraging to Maria to have cold water sprinkled on her buoyant hopes in this sort of way, much as she was accustomed to her mother's ready views of life; but she bit her cherry-red lips violently, and winked back the tears that sprang to her eyes, trying to remember that she was no longer little Miss Cooper, but a dignified music mistress.

She rang the bell at No.—Fifth Avenue, a handsome house, with a vestibule paved with mosaic marble,

'I wish to see Mrs. Harvey.'

'Mrs. Harvey?' repeated the servant with a puzzled air.

Maria handed him the letter.

'You see I call on business,' she said, quietly. 'I presume I am expected?'

The man, a gray haired, respectable-looking old servant, glanced from the letter to the young lady and back again, in some astonishment. However, he returned the letter with a bow.

'What name shall I give, ma'am?'

'No name; announce me as the music-teacher, if you please.'

She followed the man through a wide hall to a door, which he threw open with the words:

'The music-teacher, sir.'

It was a large, handsome room, elegantly decorated with pictures and crimson window-hangings. At the further end stood a grand piano, closed however, and on a sofa beyond sat a gentleman of about thirty, reading. He was dark and handsome, with black hair and a bronzed complexion, like that of a man who had spent many years in foreign countries. As

Maria entered he rose with rather a perplexed expression of countenance.

'May I inquire what has procured me this honor?'

Maria blushed, stammered, and at length succeeded in faltering out the words: 'I am sorry to interrupt you, sir, but I called to give a music lesson, according to appointment. Will you please introduce me to my pupil?'

'You are—'

'I am the person, sir, who advertised under the initials M. C.'

The gentleman's turn for embarrassment had come now, it seemed, for he colored scarlet up to the very roots of his hair.

'I thought—I understood—that M. C. was a man?'

'No, sir,' faltered Maria; 'but I assure you I can produce the very best testimonials of my ability to teach music. If you will summon my pupil—'

Mr. Harvey laughed and looked even more embarrassed than before.

'There are misunderstandings all round,' he said; 'at least, it would seem so. The truth is—I hope it will make no difference, but—well, I may as well speak out at once—I am the pupil.'

'You, sir?'

Maria stood dismayed, her soft, hazel eyes fixed wonderingly on the tall six-footer who towered above her, as he stood leaning against the mantel-piece.

'The fact is,' said he, speaking rapidly, to cover this embarrassment, 'my life has nearly all been spent in India, and now, on my return, I am anxious to acquire some of the accomplishments, which I have always coveted. And—But you are weeping!'

It was too true. The disappointment had been too keen for Maria's self control, and the tears had begun to drop noiselessly on her bonnet ribbon. She brushed them nervously away.

'It is nothing,' she faltered; 'only the disappointment. We are poor, and had so counted on a music scholar, and—'

Poor little Maria! she fairly broke down here, and hid her face behind her crape veil.

'But I do not see why we should both be disappointed, I in a teacher and you in a pupil,' said the gentleman, earnestly. 'Of course, you will not care to come here to give an old bachelor his lessons, but is there any good reason why an old bachelor shouldn't come to your residence? I assure you I'm ready to be convinced that you will make an excellent teacher.'

Maria smiled through her tears. There was something very ridiculous in the idea of that stalwart, handsome fellow calling himself an old bachelor.

'May I come?' persisted he, as he moved toward the door.

'I will see if mamma considers it proper, she said.

'I should like to state the question to mamma myself,' said the gentleman. 'May I not accompany you home, and—perhaps—take my first lesson?'

Maria was half uncertain whether she was doing right or wrong, but the bright, frank eyes of the stranger pleaded so fully in his behalf; so she said, a little ungraciously: 'Yes, if you choose.'

Mrs. Cooper was considerably astonished to see her daughter return with red eyes and a tall escort, but after mature deliberation, she decided that Mr. Harvey might, with propriety, receive lessons from her daughter; provided that she presided over the piano. And so—

But what is the use of spinning a story into endless length when our whole purpose will be answered precisely as well by a peep into the handsome drawing-room in Fifth Avenue, about three years subsequently.

A bright fire glowed in the grate, and beside the window sat Mrs. Cooper, stately as ever, with a baby grandson crowing on her knee, and making vain snatches at her gold spectacles. Mr. Harvey was at his writing table, busily engaged in letter-writing. The door opened, and a pretty, hazel-eyed young wife came in—our old friend Maria.

'Harry, I want to cut a pattern,' she said, taking an old newspaper from one of the compartments of the open desk. 'May I have this paper? It is about the right size.'

He looked up into her brilliant eyes with arch tenderness.

'My love, I would rather give you almost anything else in my possession.'

'Why?' she asked leaning over his shoulder, as he untold the rescued paper and glanced eagerly over it.

'Because, dearest, if it hadn't been for this paper, I should never have had the sweetest wife in the world.'

And he pointed smilingly to the tiny little advertisement in an obscure corner: 'Wanted, a few pupils on the piano, at moderate prices. Apply by letter to M. C. No.—street.'

LIFE ON HORSEBACK.

A Race of People who are More at Home on Horseback.

When Darwin asked a gaucho of the pampas why he did not work, the reply was, 'I cannot, I am too poor!' The great naturalist was astonished, but according to a recent article by Mr. Cunningham Graham, the reply of the gaucho was a perfectly natural one. Mr. Graham says:

The man had no horses. A gaucho never worked except on horseback. On horseback, no matter if seventy years of age, he always appeared young. On foot he waddled like an alligator. Whether herding sheep or cattle, marching, hunting, drawing water from a well, the gaucho was always on horseback. He even drew a net on horseback, or churned butter by galloping about with a hide bag of milk tied to the end of a lasso.

He lived on horseback, climbing when a child on to the back of an old horse, putting his little bare toes on the animal's knees and scrambling like a monkey to his seat.

On the march he slept on horseback, never falling off. In death, too, he was often on horseback. Not seldom has a horse been found straying about with his rider, the hand that guided dead, but the sinewy legs maintaining the wild horseman seated in the saddle as in life.

The beggars, what few of them existed, begged on horseback, extending a silent hand as you passed by them. In an alarm at night every one ran to his horse, and mounting, was ready for what might betide.

A paternal government sentenced murderers, horse-thieves and other miscreants, not to death, but to serve so many years with infantry. Miserable enough that infantry sometimes was, and those who served in it were comparable as to fortune with the Christian captives who, in the middle ages, rowed in Turkish galleys.

Instant Relief From Pain.

The great pain caused by a burn, scald or wound is instantly relieved by an application of "Quickcure." Its healing qualities are marvellous, as it destroys the microbes which usually enter where the skin is broken and cause inflammation and retard healing.

BORN.

Amherst, Nov. 7, to the wife of Frank Smith, a son.
Salem, Nov. 9, to the wife of Thomas Amos, a son.
Westport, Nov. 4, to the wife of Arthur Pugh a son.

Sydney, Nov. 11, to the wife of Robt. Howard a son.
Chatham, Nov. 14, to the wife of John Ross, a son.
Springhill, Nov. 10, to the wife of Samuel Terris, a son.

Amherst, Nov. 13, to the wife of Charles Patton, a son.
Moncton, N. B., Nov. 8, to the wife of Fred Walsh, a son.

Fredericton, Nov. 16, to the wife of Adj. Creighton, a son.
Port Clyde, Oct. 26, to Capt. and Mrs. A. L. Cox, a son.

Springhill, Nov. 12, to the wife of Walter Mardech, a son.
Leamington, Nov. 15, to the wife of John Hunter, a daughter.

Springhill, Nov. 15, to the wife of John Hayes, a daughter.
St. John, Nov. 22, to the wife of Mr. Wilbur, a daughter.

Wolfeville, Nov. 8, to the wife of A. V. Rand, a daughter.
Westport, Nov. 2, to the wife of Freeman Garron, a daughter.

Sydney, Oct. 27, to the wife of Louis McKenna, a daughter.
Sydney, Nov. 3, to the wife of Jas. McKenna, a daughter.

Sydney, Nov. 15, to the wife of B. Alkinson, a daughter.
Halifax, Nov. 16, to the wife of L. F. A. Barlow, a daughter.

Amherst, Nov. 17, to the wife of Amos Lowther, a daughter.
Richibucto, Nov. 15, to the wife of Wm. Curwin, a daughter.

Westville, Nov. 15, to Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McQuarrie, a son.
Economy Point, Nov. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Hill, a son.

Fredericton, Nov. 14, to the wife of Arthur Thompson, a son.
Dartmouth, Nov. 10, to the wife of Harry Watson, a daughter.

Westport, Nov. 3, to the wife of Charles Thompson a daughter.
Canning, Oct. 29, to Rev. A. B. and Mrs. Higgins, a daughter.

Amherst, Nov. 10, to the wife of Bernard A. Black a daughter.
Greenwood, Kings Co., Nov. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Small, a son.

Greenwood, Kings Co., Nov. 5, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Magee, a son.
Westville, Nov. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Strann G. Robertson, a son.

Alma, Albert Co., Nov. 2, to the wife of John I. Seaman, a daughter.
Central Grove, Digby Co., Nov. 3, to the wife of Joseph H. Stanton, a son.

Centreville, Kings Co., Nov. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Murphy to Jennie Spicer, a daughter.
Astoria, Long Island City, Nov. 14, to the wife of Dr. A. J. Anderson, a daughter.

Shore Cottage, Tatamagouche, Nov. 5, to the wife of William Campbell, a daughter.

MARRIED.

River Hbert, Oct. 7, Herbert Mills to Abbey Miller.

Kingston, Nov. 8, by Rev. Mr. Fraser, Wm. Ross to Mattie Graham.

Pictou, Nov. 18, by Rev. Robert Murray, Gavin H. Grant to Mary Murray.

Halifax, Nov. 17, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, Wm. H. Wise to Frances Lucas.

New Salem, Nov. 6, by Rev. D. F. Porter, James Murphy to Jennie Spicer.

Halifax, Nov. 17, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, Thos. McVraith to Mrs. Ada Linn.

Sydney, C. B., Nov. 9, by Rev. W. G. Lane, Agass Young to Emma A. Hackett.

St. John, Nov. 17, by Rev. W. W. Rainnie, Samuel Day to Mary Helen Weyman.

Oxford, Nov. 8, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Lyde Cochran to Rose Smith M. D.

Truro, Nov. 17, by Rev. G. R. Martell, Louis Prince to Lizzie Dalrymple.

Mahone Bay, Nov. 10, by Pastor E. A. Allaby, Eos Young to Olive Hubly.

Boston, by the Rev. Chas. R. Thompson, Lewis D. Thorpe to Alice I. Messenger.

Middleton, Nov. 16, by Rev. E. E. Locke, Owen P. Congdon, to Idella S. Nally.

East Frodoville, Nov. 14, by Rev. D. Fiske, W. W. Boyer to Jennie L. Basum.

St. John, Nov. 18, by Rev. A. D. Dewdney, Wm. Thompson to Emma Stockford.

Parashoro, Nov. 8, by Rev. E. H. Howe, William Denmore to Catherine Lagiere.

Canning, Nov. 9, by Rev. A. B. Higgins, Joseph N. Blenheim to Bertha Porter.

Eastport, Oct. 24, by Rev. T. A. Haddon, Herman A. Mathews to Nettie Clark.

Acadia Mines, Nov. 15, by Rev. J. B. Heal, J. Douglas Holiday to Roena Jobb.

Stellarton, Nov. 15, by Rev. Gerd Murphy, Francis Driscoll to Helena Maloney.

Boston, Nov. 11, by Rev. Mr. Rankin, Mr. Stanley Morrell to Miss Jeannette Fum.

Pembroke, Nov. 10, by Ven. Archdeacon Neales, Warren C. Bull to Rhoda L. Shaw.

Acadia Mines, Nov. 15, by Rev. J. B. Heal, J. Douglas Holiday to Roena Jobb.

Halifax, Nov. 16, by Rev. H. H. McPherson, Alfred E. Currie to Florence M. Dow.

Clyde River, Nov. 8, by Rev. A. Williamson, Donald A. McKelvey to Edna May Gibson.

Mahone Bay, June 23, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, Zenas Thomas and Sabina Weagle.

Bear River, N. S., Nov. 12, by Rev. John Craig, J. Harold Levitt to Florrie M. Hardwick.

Upper Canada, Nov. 17, by Rev. C. H. Martell, Henry C. Hutchins to Annie Rand.

St. Stephen, Nov. 17, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Edgar W. Thompson to Carrie O. Barker.

Wallace, Nov. 11, by Rev. J. Astbury, Dr. Elisha D. Roach, to Florence Maud Charman.

Acadia Mines Nov. 14, by Rev. O. N. Chipman, Henry M. Carson and Sarah Bezonson.

Summersville, Nov. 10, by Rev. W. H. Eddy, Wm. J. Collins to Doris M. Warner.

Lower Argyle, Nov. 10, by Rev. M. W. Brown, Milton M. Wheeler to Jessie McLaren.

Lockport, Nov. 9, by Rev. A. F. Brown, James Parker Harlow to Lillian Ainsley Allen.

Lower Argyle, Nov. 10, by Rev. M. W. Brown, Milton M. Wheeler to Jessie McLaren.

Halifax, Nov. 16, by Rev. Mr. Stomonts, Alex. W. Coorod and Mrs. Florence D. Johnson.

Central Economy, Oct. 4, by Rev. Andrew Gray, John Langille to Annie Jane McKenzie.

Yarmouth, Nov. 15, by Rev. J. W. Shepherdson, Mr. Judson Crocker to Miss Maud Cook.

Arnsopolis Royal, Nov. 7, by Rev. G. J. C. White, Dehert L. Kempton to Lizzie B. Beeler.

Upper Musquodoboit, Nov. 11, by Rev. F. W. Tuominen and Mrs. Florence D. Johnson.

Sandy Cove, Nov. 1, by Rev. Dr. Morse, Mr. Frederick Trask to Miss Gertrude Denton.

New Prospect, N. v., 17, by Rev. H. K. MacLean, Hugh Robinson Berry to Sarah Macaloney.

Mahone Bay, Nov. 13, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, John A. Zuck and Ellen Slaught-White.

Souris, P. E. I., Nov. 10, by Rev. James R. McKay, Wm. H. Underhay to Emily E. Leslie.

Waterbury, Nov. 16, by Rev. A. Gollmer, Edward Collier Lockett to Bella Jane Wiggins.

Statenagouche, Nov. 16, by Rev. Dr. Sedgewick, Mr. Smith Oslow to Mary Isabel Cassioy.

Malden, Oct. 27, by Rev. E. H. Hughes, Mr. Arthus Fischer to Miss Adelaide Sensibau.

Stellarton, Nov. 14, by Rev. Father William McDonald, Edward Blackadder to Ella May McDonald.

Newton Centre, Mass., Oct. 27, by Rev. E. Y. Munro, D. D., Marchant Clarke to Mattie Harrington.

Tiverton, Nov. 10, by Rev. L. G. Tingley assisted by Rev. H. A. DeVoe, Howard Ossinger, to Myra P. Walker.

DIED.

Halifax, Wm. D. Fisher 87.

Moncton, Mrs. Martha White.

St. John, Nov. 13, Jean Knox, 69.

Truro Nov. 16, William Henry, 61.

Colchester, Oct. 17, John Irving, 65.

St. John, Nov. 21, Daniel Hayes, 61.

St. John, Nov. 17, Joseph Totten, 78.

St. John, Nov. 17, Kate Sugrue, 17.

Colchester, Oct. 17, John Irving, 65.

Westchester, Nov. 14, Mrs. Naylor.

Milford, Nov. 10, James Russell, 79.

Parashoro, Nov. 14, Mrs. Winters, 49.

Newport, Oct. 28, John W. Miller, 28.

Brenton, July 29, William Doane, 878.

Northampton, Nov. 8, Wm. T. Ives, 65.

Lethbridge, Nov. 1, Edwin Thomson, 31.

East Pubnico, Nov. 8, Nathaniel Larkin, 31.

Springhill, Nov. 16, Daniel McSweeney, 13.

Montanna, Oct. 30, D. C. Archibald, 66.

St. John, Nov. 19, Timothy O'Brien, 24.

Windsor, Nov. 12, Ephraim Rutherford, 61.

Spa Springs, Oct. 23, Isabel Darling, 63.

Moncton, Nov. 10, Mrs. Robert Scott, 27.

Truro, Nov. 16, William Henry Killer, 64.

Maitland, Nov. 10, Margaret Kennedy, 78.

Sand Beach, Nov. 14, Geo. W. Wyman, 37.

Landstown, Sept. 27, Alexander Ross, 82.

Margaree, Nov. 12, Maggie McDonald, 10.

Sherbrooke, Nov. 3, John A. McDonald, 76.

Moncton, Nov. 9, Mrs