

The Yellow God.

Tom Jenkins ran his hand through the gold that lay heaped on the floor of the shack. 'Seems to me, Billy,' he said, slowly, 'that hopin' to find it is better' findin' it.'

Dull glimmers of light from a smoky lantern fell athwart the face of the old miner, rugged, homely, deep-furrowed by time and hardships, and offering a marked contrast, indeed, to the handsome, patrician features of Billy Bailey, his junior partner.

'Findin', Billy, means quittin'. It's an end to the wants an' privations I've known of for nigh twenty years. But, somehow, I've come to like these still old mountains, an' the ring'n' of the pines, an' the river. They've grown like friends, an' I'm never lonesome among 'em. Listen! you can hear 'em now. Maybe it's the last time they'll ever sing for me.'

'We're goin' back to civilization,' continued Tom, unheeding the other's lack of sympathy with his reminiscent mood, 'an' that means separation. I know you like me, Billy. A feller couldn't want a better pardner than you've been for the two year I've known you. But with yer education, an' yer young blood, an' yer ambitions, you ain't my kind in civilization. We can't be the same down there. I couldn't expect it. But I think a powerful deal of you, Billy.—I'

'Oh, come, Tom,' broke in his companion, impatiently, 'you're in the dumps tonight. Take a walk and brace up. Shouldn't you'd look on the bright side of things now. We've worked and starved in these cursed wilds for gold, until at last we've got it. Think of the city's ten thousand pleasures that this stake can buy for us. There's no life in these solitudes. It's there in the crowded streets, and it can be ours when we've got such a god—the god of gold—to see us through.'

Billy laughed gloatingly in anticipation. Then once more he fixed his eyes with a glittering intensity on the yellow heap, which meant for him all that life can mean to a selfish, love-lack nature.

'But it ain't for me,' persisted Tom. 'I'm past them things. If it wa'n't for the hope of findin' the old woman down there in Frisco an' makin' her comfortable, I'd stay. I don't care for the gold after all. I've found it, an' my hungerin' for it's satisfied.'

Billy made no answer. He had long since become resigned to the diversity of their tastes, and tonight he was in no mood for argument. He got out some materials, and began to repair a rent in his coat. Tom rose presently, and dumped the nuggets into a gunny-sack. Then he arranged his blankets for the night.

'Put it away safe, Billy,' he said, jocularly, 'we're already on the edge of civilization, an' must learn to be pertickler.'

'I'll look after it, never fear,' said the other, shortly, 'good-night.'

Billy finished his task, but his mind was still busy with thoughts of the future. He rose and stepped out into the night. At his feet the turbulent river rushed blackly along, its foaming crest gleaming like dull silver in the clear starlight. Behind him towered in silent majesty the rugged, wooded mountains. The air was heavy with the breath of the pines. But Billy saw none of the beauty of the night. The mountains awakened memories of hardships and hopelessness; the river was only a highway to civilization. He lit his pipe, and began to pace up and down the shelving shore.

There was none of the stuff of which heroes are made in Billy Bailey's composition. Had the fates seen fit to continue their kindly beginning, he would probably have developed into one of the horde of whitted sepulchres that so largely made up what the world is pleased to term the respectable of humanity—those who observe the conventions to the letter, indulge every desire with a studied care that wins the approval of men, and dying are respectfully buried and speedily forgotten. On the contrary, fate had preferred giving Billy a chance to prove his mettle. His college career cut short by the melting away of his father's fortune, he awoke one morning to find himself face to face with the world, his wife his only capital.

He remembered to night his struggles to maintain his social position; the slights heaped upon him by erstwhile boon companions; the gradual sinking away of hope, until, with starvation staring him in the face, he had shipped in a vessel bound 'round the Horn.' On his lips were angry phrases for the friends who had failed him; in his heart a resolve some day to retaliate. He recalled his hardships on the Western frontier, his final falling in with old Tom Jenkins, and the hopeless search for gold until a week ago, when the gravel of a dried up mountain stream unexpectedly yielded them their little fortune and ended for him the wretched existence in these solitudes. His future course was plain. Mercilessly he would engage in the war of wealth. His heart must know but one love—the love of gold.

And the stake! it was not so much after all. If he only had Tom's share, too! The thought startled him, and he looked furtively about as though already under surveillance. Well, why not? The old man cared nothing for gold—he had said as much. Why not begin the task of wealth gathering tonight, and double his fortune by a single coup? The skill was all ready for the morrow's journey down the river. He could easily reach North Fork by daylight, and miles of distance would lie between him and Tom before the latter could make the trip across the almost impassable mountain trail. He weakened for a moment as he thought of Tom's almost motherly solicitude—of how throughout their wanderings the big-hearted miner had borne the brunt of the struggle. Even when the treasure was discovered the old man's first words were: 'I'm glad for your sake,

Billy.' Then he asked himself if he, too, was growing sentimental, and tonight of all nights, on the very eve of battle.

He walked back to the house. Tom was fast asleep. The flickering light of the lantern fell slant the corner where he lay, his powerful form half swathed in the tattered blankets, his brawny arms thrown above his head. The face, from which sleep seemed to have smoothed away the deep furrows, mirrored the rugged honesty of his heart. But the touching picture meant nothing to Billy, who watched the sleeper for an instant, and then proceeded to put his cowardly scheme into effect. It was but the work of a few minutes to gather together the things necessary for the short journey down the river, and to secure the treasure for safe transportation. He was thinking of the surprise awaiting Tom who was 'fool enough to believe in human friendship.'

He made a cautious step toward the door of the shack, when a slight noise, real or fancied, caused him to glance back over his shoulder. The next instant the bag of gold crashed to the floor, while Billy sank on his knees as though felled by a blow. Tom was sitting bolt upright in bed, his revolver leveled at Billy's heart.

The two gazed at each other in utter silence. Billy's eyes, fixed with the penetration born of despair, scanned the old man's face, and read there reproach and pity, rather than a thirst for swift revenge. This somewhat reassured him, and he rose to his feet.

'Well,' he said, bluntly, 'what do you intend to do?'

'So,' said Tom, with a long breath, 'I wuz mistook in you, after all. To think that I give you my friendship an' you wa'n't worth it. What be I going to do? What do men usually do when a pardner turns thief?'

'You wouldn't shoot me, Tom?'

'Why not? Men's been killed fer less 'an this an' the world wuz well red of 'em.'

Then it did mean death. As Billy realized this his face turned ashen pale, while a palsy of terror struck through him, rending his bravado mask and revealing him as the pitiable dastard he was. He cowered before the old man, pleading hysterically.

'Oh, spare me, spare me, Tom. You said you cared nothing for gold, while I—I was mad with love of it. It is my god—my heaven—my everything. But take it, take it all—only give me my life—Tom—I—I—can't—die.'

'Git up,' commanded the other, coldly, 'don't make me despise you worse'n I do. What would you do if you wuz in my place? Shoot, wouldn't you? You'd kill me now if you had the chance.'

'But think, Tom, what life means to me; I'm young an'—'

'Think what friendship meant to me; Billy, I'm old.'

In the momentary silence that followed, the pines and the river could be heard singing their old, old song, unheeding of the strife of mortals for a scrap of the treasure they guarded. Tom heard the song and his bitterness seemed to go out with the weird melody. The hand that held the weapon dropped listlessly to his side.

'I'll spar yer life,' he said hoarsely; 'you kin go.'

Billy stood a moment as though he had not heard.

'Yer free. Go!' said Tom.

The boy glanced from the old man to the bag of gold, and then turned slowly toward the doorway.

'Yer better take yer pile now,' said Tom quietly, 'as I reckon you won't be comin' back.'

'Do you mean it?' gasped Billy.

'Certainly; hall's yourn, ain't it? There's only one thief in this camp, an'—it ain't me.'

Tom proceeded to open the bag, and roughly divided the contents.

'You can take the bag,' that goes with your half. As for me,' he added, in a voice that wavered in spite of himself, 'I'll do what I'd 'a' done if you'd 'a' robbed me. I'll say awhile longer with the mountains an' the river. They're uncertain sometimes, an' sometimes dangerous, but most-wise they're better'n men.'

Billy vaguely appreciated the nature of the man with whom he was dealing, yet he felt that such nobleness required some acknowledgment. He spang forward, and tried to grasp the old man's hand.

'No, no—not that!' cried Tom, fiercely. 'Don't touch me. The gold is yourn. Take it and go. But go quickly, Billy—fer I'm only kuman.'—San Francisco Argonaut.

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Practical.

The great Marchesi, like other famous singers, was the recipient of valuable gifts from an admiring public. Many of these were of a perishable nature, and some were rich and rare. One only bore the character of absolute practicality. During a concert tour in Switzerland, there was a concert in which the prima donna was especially brilliant. She sang a varied programme: a song from Handel, an Italian air, some German songs; and, not only through the greatness, but the diversity of her gifts, roused her hearers to a tremendous pitch

of enthusiasm. Many of them crowded up to her when the concert was over, overwhelming her with the profusion of the flowers they brought. After the crowd had dispersed, a bashful looking girl came up, holding a parcel in her hand.

'You delighted me so very much at your last concert,' said she, 'that to-day I should like to express my admiration for you in person. Flowers, however, fade. I therefore beg to offer you a lasting and practical souvenir which will keep me in your memory.'

With these words, she unwrapped a silver soup-ladle, presented it and disappeared.

What does your wife do when she's angry with you? Threaten to return to her parents?'

'Oh, no; she takes revenge by repeating the idiotic things I said to her on our honeymoon.'

Twenty-five dollars would be cheap pay for the cures Dr. Harvey's Southern Pine effects for twenty-five cents.

'It beats me,' mused a country theatre manager. 'This here William Shakespeare wrote the play of Hamlet, in which Ophelia gets drowned, yet he leaves the drowning scene out.'

'It does seem queer,' observed the stage carpenter, with a touch of vanity; 'but maybe he don't know how to make a tank.'



BORN.

Taylorville, to the wife of Mr. Robert Jennings, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 26, to the wife of Mr. E. S. Dover, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 31, to the wife of Mr. Geo. A. Naufts, a son.

Amherst, Aug. 23, to the wife of Mr. Albert Fraser, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 25, to the wife of Mr. Alex. Griseley, a son.

Moncton, Aug. 26, to the wife of Mr. H. W. Martia, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 28, to the wife of Mr. Maugie, a daughter.

Cannar, Aug. 15, to the wife of Mr. Harry Rand, a daughter.

Halifax, to the wife of Mr. George H. Thornton, a daughter.

Fredericton, Aug. 25, to the wife of Isaac Winn, a daughter.

Windor, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. John Cox, a daughter.

Berwick, Aug. 10, to the wife of Mr. J. Willard, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 28, to the wife of Mr. Andrew Muir, a daughter.

Wolfville, Aug. 24, to the wife of Mr. J. F. Herbin, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 23, to the wife of Mr. James Spears, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 22, to the wife of Mr. Eli Archibald, a daughter.

Coxheath, Aug. 20, to the wife of Mr. A. C. Reade, a daughter.

Sydney, Aug. 24, to the wife of Mr. Stephen Tutty, a daughter.

Parssboro, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. A. W. Jackson, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 10, to the wife of King Pettigrew, a son.

Amherst, Aug. 28, to the wife of Mr. Angus McLeod, a son.

Parssboro, Aug. 23, to the wife of Capt. D. W. Mahoney, a son.

Shelburne, Aug. 18, to the wife of Mr. Lemuel Crow, a son.

Elbrook, Aug. 26, to the wife of Mr. Edward Suttie, a son.

Petersville Church, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. J. S. Mahood, a son.

Fredericton, Aug. 24, to the wife of Mr. Andrew Parsons, a son.

Windor, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. John McDon, a daughter.

Lake George, Aug. 14, to the wife of Mr. George A. Diligent, a son.

Diligent River, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. Hallett Canning, a son.

Amherst, Aug. 28, to the wife of Mr. John Purdy, a daughter.

Acadia Mines, Aug. 20, to the wife of Mr. Samuel Park, a daughter.

Fol Village, Aug. 23, to the wife of Henry McLeod, a daughter.

Windor, Aug. 28, to the wife of Mr. John W. Connolly, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Aug. 24, to the wife of Mr. S. S. Whitehurst, a daughter.

Truemanville, Aug. 30, to the wife of Mr. George Smith, a daughter.

Shelburne, Aug. 23, to the wife of Mr. William H. Hunter, a daughter.

Parssboro, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. Clarence Johnson, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 29, to the wife of Mr. Walter S. Davidson, a daughter.

Tusket Wedge, Aug. 28, to the wife of Mr. Vincent Richard, a daughter.

Mytic, Conn., Aug. 25, to the wife of Mr. Herbert Goudy, a daughter.

Dufferin Mines, Aug. 26, to the wife of Mr. John Routledge, a daughter.

Bocabee, Charlotte Co., Aug. 24, to the wife of Mr. Samuel Cammie, a son.

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 22, to the wife of Mr. Geo. F. Hale, a daughter.

South Waterville, Aug. 20, to the wife of Mr. G. Foster, twin daughters.

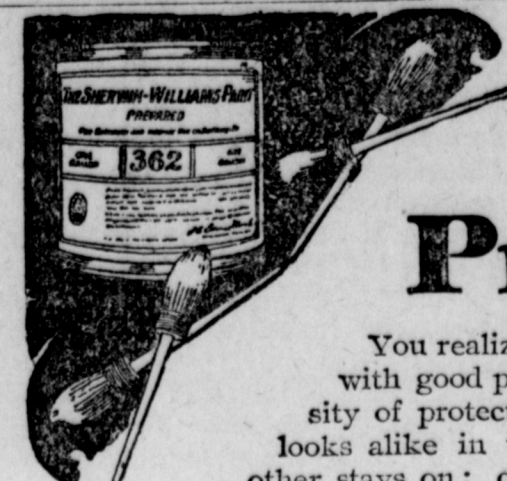
Kelley's Cove, Aug. 28, to the wife of Rev. Mr. J. Stanley Durkee, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Stewiacke, Aug. 31, Charles W. McMakin to L. Blanche Huntley.

Shemogue, by Rev. J. W. Gardner, William H. Hunter to Rachael E. Allen.

Southampton, Aug. 9, by Rev. Jos. Sellers, Hugh Morris to Annie Redpath.



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You realize the necessity of protecting your house with good paint, but you do not realize the necessity of protecting yourself against poor paint. It all looks alike in the can, but one kind comes off, the other stays on; one kind soon looks shabby, the other keeps new. The kind that holds on strongest, looks new longest, is

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STEAMBOATS.

Star Line Steamers

—FOR—
Fredericton.
(Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston

Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John.

Stmr. Olivett will leave Indian town for Gagetown and intermediate landings every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 5 o'clock. Saturday Steamer will leave at 8 o'clock.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after July 7th.

Leave Hampton for Indian town,

Monday at 5:30 a. m.
Tuesday at 3:30 p. m.
Wednesday at 2:00 p. m.
Thursday at 3:30 p. m.
Saturday at 5:30 a. m.

Leave Indian town for Hampton,

Tuesday at 9:00 a. m.
Wednesday at 8:00 a. m.
Thursday at 9:00 a. m.
Saturday at 4:00 p. m.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Aug. 1st, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

DAILY SERVICE.

Lve. St. John at 7:15 a. m., arr. Digby 10:15 a. m.

Lve. Digby at 1:45 p. m., arr. St. John, 4:30 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12:28 p. m.

Lve. Digby 12:40 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:15 p. m.

Lve. Halifax 8:45 a. m., arr. Digby 1:35 p. m.

Lve. Digby 1:45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:45 p. m.

Lve. Yarmouth 9:00 a. m., arr. Digby 11:43 a. m.

Lve. Digby 11:55 a. m., arr. Halifax 5:45 p. m.

Lve. Yarmouth 8:35 a. m., arr. Digby 10:25 a. m.

Lve. Digby 10:30 a. m., arr. Halifax 3:35 p. m.

Lve. Annapolis 7:15 a. m., arr. Digby 8:30 a. m.

Lve. Digby 3:30 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4:00 p. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flyer B express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward,

BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and latest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every MONDAY and THURSDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express train, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4:00 p. m. Unparalleled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Parssboro.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf (clerk, a. j. from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.

G. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 20th June, 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Hampton..... 5.3

Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Fergus and Halifax..... 7.0

Express for Halifax..... 11.5

Express for Sussex..... 11.5

Express for Hampton..... 18.4

Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 18.0

Accommodation for Moncton, Tiuro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 22.0

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 2:30 for Tiuro.

Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Hampton..... 7.15

Express from Sussex..... 8.30

Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 17.00

Express from Halifax..... 17.00

Express from Hampton..... 21.50

Accommodation from Moncton, Monday excepted..... 1.25

Accommodation from Ft. du Chene and Moncton..... 11.25

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R'y.

Fall Excursions

Tickets on sale from St. John, N. B. as follows:

To Ottawa and return at \$17.65 each Sept. 16th to 19th, and at \$11.90 each on Sept. 20th only, all good for return until Sept. 27th.

ALL EXCURSIONS.

To Montreal and return at \$14.15 Sept. 16th to 19th and at \$10 on Sept. 20th only. All good for return until Sept. 27th.

Harvest Excursion to Canadian North West.

August 30th, and Sept. 13th only; good for return within 60 days, at the following rates: