

JACOB COPE'S NEW FRIEND.

In the Saturday Evening Post.

The old Kensington Railway Station was wrapped in gloom. It was midnight, and the occasional gas jets simply seemed to bewilder the few passengers who were unfortunate enough to reach Philadelphia by this late train. The public carriages rolled sleepily away, and the street-cars had not yet closely approached the building.

Great brick boiler-works darkened the narrow streets down which a sturdy foot traveller made rapid progress on his homeward way.

He was well in the shadow, and supposed himself to be alone in the square, when he caught the sound of stealthy steps close in his rear. He paid but little attention until quite convinced that the person intended following him, and before coming to a decision he tried various devices. He paused at a corner where a lamp-post stood, and the mysterious walker paused also, at precisely the distance, to avoid being seen. He walked fast; the steps grew quick. He crossed the street, and presently was aware that the footfalls were on the same side. Finally accepting the situation the gentleman stopped in the shadow and awaited his pursuer.

For a moment on one appeared; then a figure crept cautiously onward, and was arrested by the voice of the person just in advance. It was a gentle voice, and belonged to the outline of a tall man somewhat beyond middle life. He wore a broad-brimmed hat of gray beaver, and carried a stout cane with an ivory top. These details came slowly to the knowledge of the stealthy follower as his eye grew accustomed to the dim light.

"Would thee like to join me?" Had a bullet passed beside his cheek the queer fellow could not have been more astonished. He too, wore odd garments, but they were of another class, and at this calm question he staggered and withdrew a little.

"Do not fear," the speaker continued; "I have no intent to harm thee, and should thy way lie in the same direction as mine own, it might be more comfortable to join our steps."

There was no answer, but Jacob Cope's strong eyes detected the marks of the prisoner. He turned back a pace or two.

"I assure thee I shall do thee no harm. It is very chill; I wish thee would come on directly."

There was a slight sound as of an uncertain motion; then, as the friend turned to meet his pursuer, a sudden determination seemed to overcome all scruples, and the man walked on. His posture was always stooping, his eyes strained, as though by much intent watching, and, as they neared each other, Jacob saw that one hand was closed over a rough stone.

"There is thinly clad for this weather."

He got no reply but keeping step with his companion, they went on.

One square, two, were nearly passed, and they seemed to have reached the full limit of civilized darkness when the friend felt a stealthy hand slip within his outer coat. There was a pocket there, and a small sum of money.

Suddenly he stopped, walking, lifted his strong arm, and held it, as in a vise, the thin, trembling fingers, which were already clasp the purse.

"Thee must not do me a wrong," he said quite sternly; then a gentler tone softened the rebuke. "If thee is in want, simply tell me thy needs, and, in so far as I can, will I relieve them; but I cannot possibly allow thee to add one more crime to thy record."

The prisoner was virtually bound; he felt that a tremendous power was present in that stalwart right arm, and his face, even in the dimness, shivered and trembled.

"You won't—won't send me back, will you?" he gasped.

"Send thee,—where?"

"My time was almost up,—it was, truly, but—"

Had thee any good reason to feel that the State would not release thee when the time of service had expired?"

A turn in the street brought a new gleam of light, and Jacob Cope saw his companion more clearly. There was a positive glow of horror on the pale face. He opened and shut his eyes several times, and his words came so quickly that they seemed to choke him.

"The day after to-morrow my time would be out—yes—they said I should be free. Yes, but—no—I swore once that New Year's day I'd be a good man anyway—a good man. Yes, I said to her—a good man then, if I never was no other time—and—"

"Well?" asked Friend Cope encouragingly.

"I couldn't be in prison then, you see."

"Can one not be 'good in prison?'"

"No."

"I think thee is wrong there. If thee had not been 'good' in prison, for the length of thy term, thee could not have been released. All thee needed was a little patience to keep thee 'good' until the day after to-morrow, and then been free. Had thee stayed there, in confinement, I know not where, thee would have been spared doing me the wrong thee just threatened."

A shiver fell heavily to the pavement.

"The New Year has already begun, and thee almost violated thy solemn promise,—to me one,—to be good on that day."

"Has it struck?"

Friend Cope drew out his watch and showed its clear face to his companion.

"Thee sees it is twenty-five minutes since it began."

The weak under jaw of the man dropped.

"I wish I hadn't done it," he said feebly.

"Thee did not do it,—commit the theft,

I mean,—but it was more owing to my vigilance than thy intent."

The poor man stopped. He leaned back against a brick wall and looked into the distance, now becoming visible with more frequent lights. Jacob's heart was touched.

"Has thee great need of money?"

"What can a fellow do without a cent? How is he going to be good, even on New Year's Day, without something to eat and wear?"

"I have thought of that. Tell me thy wants without fear. I will try to aid thee. I am but a servant of my Master."

"Has he got a pile? Can you handle it? Will there be a chance for me to get any?"

"His thought was all of this world."

"I am speaking of my Heavenly Master, and to his service I commend thee."

The prisoner sighed.

"Do you know a place where I can hide over to-morrow,—to day, I mean?"

"Yes."

A new energy possessed him.

"Take me there."

"What will thee do the day after?"

"I don't care," and he laughed sadly.

"But I care."

"You?"

"I care so much that I shall devote myself to helping thee to do right."

A gray cloud came over his face.

"You won't give me back,—my time was almost up,—I swear it was. You won't make me go back again?"

"We will not talk of that just now. First, we are going to make sure that thee has a quiet place to spend the New Year day."

Is thee hungry? How long is it since thee had something to eat?"

The man actually smiled.

"Oh, I can stand it for a while yet if I'm sure you're not a fake and aren't going to give me up—"

"I think I can convince thee at least of my good intent. Will thee come with me?"

He sprang forward from his resting place against the wall, touched the good with a gentle finger, and said in a half whisper:

"Do you want to hear my story?"

"No," came the quick answer. "Thy past is gone; what concerns me is thy future. If thee please we will quicken our pace."

But it was difficult to persuade the poor laggard that an ambush was not prepared for him, and he even shrank from the open door of a comfortable house, where Jacob applied the key.

"There is not afraid?"

Something in the question struck a chord in the culprit's heart; he walked boldly after his host, and was soon seated before the kitchen fire, a goodly portion of food beside him. Then he was left alone.

When Friend Cope returned he had in his arms some well-worn garments, and, as he stood looking down at the empty plate, he said kindly by firmly:

"There is welcome to exchange thy outer clothing for these, but I shall exact three things of thee; first, that those thee remove shall be left in my cellar for thy future use as I may direct; second, that thee will dine with my family today at one o'clock p. m.; third, that thee will afterward comply with a particular request that I shall make. Now tell me what thee wishes to do."

"I am afraid of you,—most afraid, for it seems too good to be true. I'll do it."

It was no new experience for Jacob Cope's family to receive an unannounced guest, and they were already gathered in the dining-room when the stranger was presented.

They spoke of much that interested him, rarely appealing to him or permitting him to think they regarded him otherwise than as one of themselves. And a new impulse had already sprung within his breast, when Jacob led the conversation to the subject of trades, and gradually there escaped a certainty that this wayfarer had once had an excellent position. A cloud fell across his face, only to be lifted by a subsequent suggestion that there were many vacancies in the business world to be filled by the trustworthy.

When they were alone the strange guest asked: "Can a man be trusted who has been in prison?"

"Certainly, if he has there learned the lesson such confinement is intended to teach."

"Teach! What can it teach?"

"Has thee so missed thy lesson? Let me show thee how truly it is helpful sometimes to separate a wrong-doer from the temptation to do wrong,—to give him a chance alone to think over his career, to choose better things, and begin at once to gain the respect of his caretakers. I doubt not thee was quiet and helpful to them."

"I was all of that, but they would not let me off. I had to come out for the New Year. I took a big risk? What would they do if they caught me?"

"They must not 'catch' thee. Thee must go back to them."

The man rose—and made a movement, as if to run; then he slowly sat down again whispering:

"It is New Year's Day."

The friend took a little packet from his pocket.

"Among many," he said, "there is a habit of exchanging small gifts on the first of the year. We have not generally followed the custom, but in this instance I shall

make an exception and ask thee to receive from me a trifle which will, I trust, serve thee in many ways."

The convict unfolded the purse, with its contents, just as he would of taken them at midnight,—by force. His face colored, tears sprang to his eyes, and then the door opened, and Jacob's children trooped in.

There were childish games of a simple fashion, such as had no false ring, and at last John Elbridge felt his tongue loosed, and he took the youngest on his knees, and told them tales of a seafaring life,—his father's own adventures in the far East,—until the twilight fell. His heart was warmed by the care which had secured for him an excellent lodging, and a welcome at this homely but happy hearth.

Far more, too; for, as he rose to depart a kind voice said:

"At nine to-morrow, then, I will go with thee on thy little journey, and, at thy return, thee shall fill a place in our warehouse."

And a childish treble added: "I wish it were the New Year every day."

"So, too, do I," replied the stranger, with a visible struggle to force back his tears.

"Let each day be to us all, my children, the beginning of a year that has higher aims and greater fulfillment than those behind it."

And somewhere from the open door there came the sound of "Amen."

MR. FRANK P. MILLS.

Tells of his Struggle With Kidney Disease.

Got no Relief Till I Used Dodd's Kidney Pills—One Box of This Great Remedy Completely Restored My Health.

ZEALAND, N. B., Feb. 20.—Mr. Frank P. Mills, a well-known, energetic, and popular business man of this town has made public a statement that will have a vastly deeper interest for tens of thousands of people on this continent, than the Spanish-American treaty of peace, or any other event of public importance.

The statement given to the public by Mr. Mills is one that brings hope and gladness to the thousands of unfortunates who are suffering from that modern dragon Kidney Disease, and who have given up all expectation of recovery.

Here it is: "I had for a long time, been a sufferer from Lame Back, and have expended large sums of money for medicines, in my endeavors to regain my health. 'Nothing that I tried gave me the slightest relief. My sufferings were continually becoming more severe, and I had almost given up hope of getting better."

"One day I read in the papers of a man who had been cured of a complaint like mine, by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I decided to try this medicine, which was new to me. 'The first few doses convinced me I had found a cure. I used only one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, but even before I had finished it, every vestige of pain had left me—I was entirely cured. I earnestly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all who suffer as I did."

All that is necessary to prove the strict truth of Mr. Mills' statement, is to try a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Worth Knowing.

Fortune teller—Your future husband will be tall, have dark complexion and be very wealthy.

The caller—Now, tell me another thing. How can I get rid of my present husband?

Is the Enemy of Health and Happiness?

Is the Stomach Sour? Is there Distress after Eating? Is your Appetite Waning? Do you get dizzy? Have you Nausea? Frequent Sick Headache?—for runners of a general break-up. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets dispel all these distressing symptoms. They aid the digestive organs, cure the incipient or the chronic cases. 25 cents.

Reminiscences.—She: "Do you remember that thirty years ago you proposed to me and that I refused you?"

He: "Oh, yes! That's one of the happiest recollections of my youth!"



Pictou, to the wife of R. McConnell, a daughter.

Halifax, Feb. 16, to the wife of C. S. Foster, a son.

Halifax, Feb. 17, to the wife of R. B. Millie, a son.

Halifax, Feb. 18, to the wife of Thos. Notting, a son.

Sp. Inghill, Feb. 10, to the wife of Wm. Matheona, a son.

Parrsboro, Feb. 10, to the wife of J. H. Cameron, a son.

Amherst, Feb. 10, to the wife of J. J. Camfield, a son.

St. John, Feb. 22, to the wife of Dr. W. H. Steeves, a son.

East Mines Station, to the wife of Henry Cavanagh, a son.

Centerville, Feb. 12, to the wife of J. E. Kirsman, a son.

Windsor, Feb. 11, to the wife of M. Ledge Eassor, a son.

Windsor, Feb. 14, to the wife of Wm. Marsden, a son.

Stanley, Feb. 3, to the wife of W. H. Anderson, a daughter.

Moncton, Feb. 20, to the wife of H. H. Ayer, a daughter.

West Pubnico, Feb. 8, to the wife of Albert LeBlanc, a son.

West Pubnico, Feb. 10, to the wife of Eugene D'Entremont, a son.

Clifton, Colchester, Co., to the wife of Rev. Lewis Parker, a son.

Port Paskamudy, Feb. 12, to the wife of Joseph Gossale, a son.

Halifax, Feb. 14, to the wife of Dr. E. A. Kirkpatrick, a son.

Yarmouth, Feb. 15, to the wife of Rev. M. E. Fletcher, a son.

Fredericton, Feb. 17, to the wife of Sterling Thompson, a son.

Victoria Mines, C. B., Feb. 11, to the wife of Wm. Linn, a daughter.

Bridgewater, Feb. 12, to the wife of James A. McLeary, a daughter.

Albert, N. B., Feb. 17, to the wife of Ralph E. Leeman, a daughter.

West Pubnico, Feb. 11, to the wife of George D'Amour, a daughter.

Liscomb Mills, Feb. 16, to the wife of Dr. Lone Cloud, Indian, a boy papoo.

MARRIED.

Oyster Pond, Jeddore, Jan. 20, Isaac Day to Prudence Mitchell.

Sandy Cove, Feb. by Rev. Dr. Morse, Lou's Cosset, to Francetta Frost.

York Co., Feb. 1st by Rev. G. W. Foster, Russell Gills, to Alice Dunphy.

St. John, Feb. 15 by Rev. Dr. Carey, Dr. H. D. Fritz to Ida Isabel Kootes.

Dartmouth, Feb. 14 by Rev. Mr. Stewart, Frank E. Lyster, to Isabelle Story.

West River, Feb. 8 by Rev. J. R. Giff, Charles Fraser, to Annie Prud'homme.

Calgis, Me., Feb. 14 by Rev. S. A. Ender, R. Duceau Smith to Janis Fat.

Springhill, Feb. 11 by Rev. John Gee, John O'Neill to Mrs. Agnes Kent.

Antigonish Co., Feb. 14 by Rev. A. J. MacDonald, John Hutchinson to Emily B. D. Y.

Truro, Feb. 13 by Rev. A. L. Gargie, John T. Ryan to Miss Kate McMillan.

Canso, Feb. 6 by Pastor A. Hocking, J. Almon Hawes and Eunice J. McIsaac.

Springhill, Feb. 8 by Rev. T. D. Irville, Daniel Y. Reicker, to Erna V. Spragg.

Newcastle, Feb. 8 by Rev. P. G. Snow, Mr. Wm. Miller, and Miss Mary M. Giv.

Canso, Feb. 6 by Pastor A. Hocking, H. H. Lindsay Scott and Maud E. Williams.

St. John, Feb. 13 by Rev. H. H. Pittman, Walter Ferguson to Augusta Cusheard.

Mansfield, Mass., Jan. 25 by Rev. E. F. Studley, Joseph E. Stark, to Rosella Johnson.

Pease Lake, Feb. 9 by Rev. W. W. McNairn, Simon Clouston to Lucy Gerrard.

Digby, Feb. 9 by Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Mr. Jessie Halliday and Miss Lillian Pock.

Yarmouth, Feb. 8 by Rev. R. Bambrick, Arthur F. Thompson, to Alice May Robinson.

Stelburn, Feb. 9 by Rev. A. D. Morton, George K. Hines to Mrs. Georgina Crook.

Beaver River, Feb. 6 by Rev. G. M. Schurman, Carey A. Morgan to Abbie M. Henshaw.

Englethorn, Feb. 9 by Rev. M. N. McLeod, Frank N. McLennan, to Annie McKillop.

Newcastle, Feb. 6 by Rev. E. H. Hall, Byron Francis Dyer to Dorothy McKenzie Bowen.

Inverness, Feb. 6 by Rev. A. J. Chisholm, P. F. John H. McKinnon, to Mary McEachern.

St. John, Feb. 8 by Rev. John de Sores, Dr. John Coumb, to Elizabeth Harriet Lynch.

Malone Bay, Jan. 28 by Rev. J. W. Crawford, St. Clair Therapeutics Hill, to Alice Sophia Kedy.

Digby, Feb. 7 by Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Mr. Daniel B. O'Neil, to Miss Cecelia Olivia Sand.

Truro, Feb. 14 by the Ven. Rev. Archdeacon Kaibach, William Glassey to Alice M. Ward.

Charleston, Mass., Jan. 14 by Rev. Chas. Pope, Albert L. Sembrano to Miss Mary A. Maclellan.

Carleton Co., Feb. 8 by Rev. C. T. Philip, assisted by Rev. G. H. Hartley, Maudie Altherton and Haze Walker.

Midford, Feb. 16 by Rev. A. H. Campbell, assisted by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Mr. Raymond Campbell to Mary Ward.

Pictou, Feb. 9, Wm. Everett, 71.

Sussex, Feb. 2, Ellen J. Bear, 80.

Yarmouth, Feb. 16, David Gear, 14.

St. John, Feb. 20, James Hanlin, 95.

St. John, Feb. 16, W. H. Quinn, 62.

Antigonish, Feb. 1, Allan Smith, 86.

Milltown, Feb. 7, Joseph Haley, 23.

Hodder, Feb. 5, William Murray, 55.

St. John, Feb. 20, George McTriart, 73.

St. John, Feb. 16, Wm. Morrison, 73.

North River, Feb. 14, Jane Lynde, 63.

St. Stephen, Feb. 6, Martha Craig, 84.

Inglewood, Feb. 9, Harry Jackson, 24.

Gagetown, Feb. 21, Joseph Rubins, 40.

Iona, Feb. 4, Roderick F. McNeill, 29.

Beaver Bank, Feb. 12, Anne Grove, 86.

Halifax, Feb. 14, Christian I. Kennedy.

Milton, Queens, Feb. 9, John Coops, 74.

Union Centre, Feb. 14, Hector Grant, 80.

Kentville, Feb. 9, Mrs. Wm. Redden, 81.

Lancaster, Feb. 20, Thomas O'Reilly, 65.

North River, Feb. 12, Mary Whidder, 84.

French River, Feb. 5, David Simpson, 60.

Liverpool, Feb. 9, Stephen G. Sperry, 78.

Baddeck River, Feb. 7, John M. Hull, 79.

Halifax, Feb. 14, Mrs. Johanna Burn, 64.

Deerfield, Feb. 11, Mr. Samuel Hilton, 85.

St. John, Feb. 15, William J. Hughes, 83.

Beaver Meadow, Feb. 3, John Forbers, 72.

Morrisville, Feb. 4, John McGillivray, 95.

Yarmouth, Feb. 11, Mrs. Eunice Gray, 86.

Meductic, Feb. 9, Ezekiel Marston, 79.

Nepeska, Feb. 13, Frank W. Sherwood, 23.

Antigonish, Feb. 15, Robert Daley, 71.

Liverpool, Feb. 8, Howard Alex. Munroe, 42.

Stony Island, Feb. 10, Mr. Benjamin Ross, 83.

Oswego, Q. Co., Feb. 9, William H. Tilley, 63.

Hal