

Manas, the Miller.

There was a man from the mountain named Donal once married the daughter of a stinging old couple who lived on the lowlands.

He used to stay and work on his own wee patch of land all the week round till it came to Saturday, and on Saturday evening he went to his wife's father's to spend Sunday with them.

Coming and going he always passed the mill of Manas, the Miller, and Manas, who used to be watching him passing, always noticed and thought it strange, that while he jumped the millrace going to his wife's father's on a Saturday evening, he had always to wade through it coming back. For a little while he noticed this and wondered, and at last he stopped Donal one Monday morning and he asked him to tell him the meaning of it.

'Well, I'll tell you,' says Donal, says he. 'It's this. My old-father-in-law is such a very small eater, that he says grace and blesses himself when I've only got a few pieces out of my meals, so I'm always weak coming back on Monday morning.'

Manas, he thought over this to himself for awhile and then says he: 'Would you mind letting me go with you next Saturday evening? If you do, I promise you that you'll leap the millrace coming back.'

'No, but I'll be glad to have you,' says Donal.

Very well and good. When Saturday evening came, Manas joined Donal and off they both trudged to Donal's father-in-law.

The old man was not too well pleased at seeing Donal bringing a fresh hand, but Manas, he didn't pretend to see this, but made himself as welcome as the flowers in May, and when supper was laid down on Saturday night, Manas gave Donal the nudge, and both of them began to tie their shoes as if they had got loose, and they tied and tied away at their shoes, till the old man had eaten a couple of minutes, and then said grace and finished and got up from the table, thinking they wouldn't have the ill manners to sit down after the meal was over.

But down to the table my brave Manas and Do al sit and eat their hearty skintul. And when the old fellow saw this he was gruff and grumpy enough, and it's little they could get out of him between that and bedtime.

But Manas kept a lively chat going, and told good stories that passed away the night and when bedtime came, and they offered Manas a bed in the room, Manas said no, that there was no place he could sleep, only one, and that was along the fireside.

The old man and the old woman both objected to this, and said they couldn't think of allowing a stranger to sleep there, but all they could say or do wasn't any use and Manas said he couldn't nor wouldn't sleep in any other place, and insisted on lying down there, and lie down there he did in spite of them all, and they all went to their beds.

But though Manas lay down, he was very sure not to let himself go to sleep, and when he was near about two hours lying he hears the room door open easy, and the old woman puts her head out and listens, and Manas he snored as if he hadn't slept for ten days and ten nights before.

When the old woman heard this, she came up on the floor and looked at him, and saw him like as if he was dead asleep. Then she hastened to put a pot of water on the fire and began to make a pot of stir-about for herself and the old man, for this was the way, as Manas had had well suspected, that they used to cheat Donal.

But just in the middle of the cooking of the pot of stir about, doesn't Manas roll over and pretend to waken up. Up he sits and rubs his eyes and looks about him, and looks at the woman and at the pot on the fire.

'Ah,' says he, 'is it here ye are, or is it mornin' with ye?' 'Well no,' says she, 'it isn't mornin' but we have a cow that's not well, and I had to put on a mash on the fire here for it. I'm sorry I wakened ye.'

'O, no, no,' says he, 'you haven't wakened me at all. It's sore ankle I have here,' says he, 'and it troubles me some times at night,' he says, 'and no matter how sound asleep I may be, it wakens me up, and I've got to sit up until I cure it.' says he: 'There's nothing cures it but soot—till I rub plenty of soot out of the chimney to it.'

And Manas takes hold of the tongs, and he begins pulling the soot out of the chimney from above the pot, and for every one piece that fell on the fire, there were five pieces that fell into the pot. And when Manas thought he had the posset well enough spiced with the soot, he raised up a little of the soot from the fire and rubbed his ankle with it.

'And now, says he, 'that's all right, and I'll sleep sound and not waken again till mornin'.'

And he stretched himself out again and began to snore.

The old woman was pretty vexed that she had her night's work spoiled, and she went up to the room to the old man and told him what had happened to the stir-about. He got into a bad rage entirely and asked her was Manas asleep again, and she said he was. Then he ordered her to go down and make an oat scowder and put it on the ashes for him.

She went down and got the oatmeal and made a good scowder, and set it on the ashes and then sat by it for the short while it would be doing.

But she hadn't many minutes on the ashes when Manas let a cry out of him, as if it were in his sleep, and up he jumps and rubs his eyes and looks about him, and when he saw her he said: 'Och! is it there ye are, and I'm glad ye are,' says he, 'because I've a great trouble on me mind that's lying a load over me heart and

wouldn't let me sleep, and I want to relieve me mind to ye,' says Manas, 'an' then I'll sleep hearty and sound all the night after when I get rid of it. So I'll tell you the story,' says he.

So he catches hold of the tongs in his two hands, and as he told the story he would wave about with the points of them in the ashes.

'And,' says he, 'I want to tell you that my father afore he died was a very rich man and owned no end of land. He had three sons, myself, Teddy and Tom, and the three of us were three good hard workers. I always liked Teddy and Tom, but, however, it came out Tom and Teddy hated me, and they never lost a chance of trying to damage me with my father and to turn him against me. He sent Teddy and Tom to school and gave them grand educations, but he only gave me the spade in my fists and sent me out to the fields. And when Teddy and Tom came back from school they were two gentlemen, and used to ride their horses and hunt with their hounds; and me they always made look after the horses and groom them and saddle them and bridle them, and to be there in the yard to meet them when they would come in from their riding and take charge of their horses give them a rubbing down and stable them for them.

'In my own mind I used to think that this wasn't exactly fair or brotherly treatment, but I said nothing, for I liked both Teddy and Tom. And prouder and prouder of them every day got my father, and more and more every day he disliked me, until at long and at last, when he came to die, he liked Teddy and Tom that much, and he liked poor Manas that little, that he drew up his will and divided his land into four parts and left it in this way:

'Now supposin' says Manas, says he, digging the point of the tongs into the scowder, 'supposin' says he, 'there was my father's farm. He cut it across this way,' says he, drawing the tongs through the scowder in one way. Then he cuts across this way,' says he, drawing the tongs through the scowder in the other direction, and that quarter,' says he, tossing away a quarter of the scowder with the point of the tongs, 'he gave to my mother. And that quarter there,' says he, tossing off the other quarter into the dirt, 'he gave to Teddy, and this quarter here, says he, tossing the third quarter, 'he gave to Tom. And this last quarter,' says Manas, says he, digging the point of the tongs right into the heart of the other quarter of the scowder, and lifting it up and looking at it 'that quarter,' says he, he gave to the priest, and he pitched it as far from him down the floor as he could. And there, says he, throwing down the tongs, 'he left poor Manas what he is today—a beggar and an outcast. That man,' says he, 'is me story, and now that I've relieved my mind, I'll sleep sound and well till morning.'

And down he stretches himself by the fireside and begins to snore again.

And the old woman started up to the room and she told the old man what had happened to the scowder and the old fellow got into a mighty rage entirely, and was for getting up and going down to have the life of Manas, for he was starving with the hunger.

But she tried to smooth him down as well as she could. And then he told her to go down to the kitchen and make some thing else for him.

'Oh, it's no use,' says she, 'a-trying to make anything on the fire, for there'll be some other ache coming on that fellow's ankle or some other trouble on his mind and he'll be getting up in the middle of it all to tell me about it. But I'll tell you what I'll do,' says she, 'I'll go out and milk the cow, and give a good jug of sweet milk to drink and that will take the hunger off you till morning.'

He told her to get up quick and do, or she would find him dead of the hunger.

And off she went as quickly as she could and took a jug off the kitchen dresser, and slipped out, leaving Manas snoring loudly in the kitchen.

But when Manas thought she had time to have the jug nearly filled from the cow he slips out to the byre, and as it was dark he talked like the old man: 'And,' says he, 'I'll die with the hunger if you don't hurry with that!'

So she filled out the jug and she reached it to him in the dark and he drank it off and gave her back the empty jug, and went in and lay down.

Then she milked off another jug for herself and drank it, and came slipping in and put the jug easy on the dresser, so as not to waken Manas and went up to the room.

When she came up the old fellow was raging there, says he: 'You might have milked all the cows in the county since, an' me dead with hunger here waitin' on it. Give me my jug of milk,' says he.

'What do you mean, you old blather-skite?' says the old man, says he.

Says she: 'Didn't you come out to the byrne and ask me for the jug of milk there, an' didn't I give it to you, an' didn't you drink it all?'

'Be this this and be that,' says he. 'But this is a nice how-do-you-do. It's that scoundrel,' says he, 'in the kitchen that's tricked ye again. An' be this an' be that,' says he. 'I'm goin' down now an' have his life.'

And when she heard how she had been tricked she was not a bit sorry to let him go and have Manas's life.

But Manas had been listening with his ear to the keyhole to hear what was going on, and when he heard this, and while the man was preparing to go down and take his life, he hauled in a calf and put it lying by the fireside where he had been lying and threw the cover over it.

And when the man came down with the sledge-hammer he went for the place where he knew Manas had been lying, and he struck through the calf's skull, and the calf only just gave one mew and died. And then the old fellow went back to his bed content and the miller went out and off home again.

When the old fellow and his woman got up in the morning early to go and bury the miller, they found the trick he had played on them, and they were in a pretty rage.

But when the breakfast was made this morning, and Donal and all of them sat down, I can tell you the old fellow was in no hurry saying grace, and Donal he got his hearty fill for once in his life anyhow, and so did he at night.

And when Donal was going back for home on Monday morning he leapt the mill race and Manas came out and gave him a cheer. He got Manas's both hands and he shook them right hearty.

And every Monday morning after, for the three years that the old fellow lived, Manas always saw Donal leap the mill-race as easy as a sparrow might hop over a rod.

At the end of three years the old fellow died and Donal went to live on the farm altogether, and there was no friend ever came to see him that was more heartily welcomed than Manas the Miller.

A Town In the Air.

It would undoubtedly be a peculiar sensation to live on top of a mushroom. If the mushroom were of gigantic proportions and were planted so as to overhang the sea, the experience would be very similar to that of living in the town of Anconima, which is three miles south of the Mesa Encantada in Mexico.

The strange mushroom-like rock on which the town stands is a splendid specimen of fantastic erosion, having overhanging sides nearly four hundred feet high. The top of the rock is comparatively level, and is about seventy acres in extent. It is indented with numerous great bays, and is notched with dizzy chasms. The greater portion of it overhangs the sea like an immense mushroom, and the strangest part of the affair is that it has a town on top.

The town belongs to a past civilization. It is one of the most perfect specimens of the pre-historic Pueblan architecture. With inconceivable labor this town in the air was built and fortified for the safety of its inhabitants. It was reached by a mere trail of toe-holes up the stem of the mushroom. The age of the town is not known, but it was already old in 1540, when the first explorers visited it and wrote an account of its wonders.

"Mighty Rich."

A writer in the Outlook describes a ride he once took with an old farmer in a New England village, during which some of the men of the neighborhood came under criticism.

Speaking of a prominent man in the village, I said: 'He is a man of means?' 'Well, sir,' the farmer replied, 'he hasn't got much money, but he's mighty rich.'

'He has a great deal of land then?' I asked.

'No, sir, he hasn't got much land either but he's mighty rich.'

The old farmer, with a pleased smile, observed my puzzled look for a moment, and then explained.

'You see, he hasn't got much money, and he hasn't got much land, but still he is rich, because he never went to bed owing any man a cent in all his life. He lives as he goes; he doesn't owe anything, and isn't afraid of any body; he tells every man the truth, and does his duty by himself, his family and his neighbors; his word is as good as his bond, and every man, woman and child looks up to him and respects him. No, sir, he hasn't got much land, but he's a mighty rich man, because he's got all he wants.'

Red Cheeks

and bright eyes are often, alas, signs of lung disease. Better secure the beauty of true health by using Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam for all lung troubles. 25c. All Druggists.

Did Not Belong The e.

While Willie was sleeping his mother had curled his hair for the first time. As soon as he became awake she lifted him up before the looking glass.

'Oh, mamma!' exclaimed the little fellow quickly, 'let me get down and shake of the shavings.'

BICYCLISTS, young or old, should carry a bottle of Pain-Killer in their saddle bags. It cures cuts and wounds with wonderful quickness. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Reggie—Mummy dear, this is Tommy Jones.

Mother (rather surprised)—Yes, dear; but I've seen Tommy before.

Reggie—But you said yesterday that I was the naughtiest boy you ever saw, so I brought Tommy.

BORN.

Digby, Aug. 20, to the wife of E. Bentley, a daughter.

Digby, Aug. 22, to the wife of Hallett Syda, a daughter.

Amherst, Aug. 14, to the wife of Geo DeMill, a son.

Amherst, Aug. 23, to the wife of Neil McKay, a son.

Turo, Aug. 22, to the wife of Gordon J. Hyman, a son.

Pembroke, Aug. 17, to the wife of Adam Salter, a son.

Yarmouth, Aug. 21, to the wife of Harry R. Moody, a son.

Cumberland, Aug. 16, to the wife of John Stewart, a son.

Sussex, Aug. 25, to the wife of James Hannah, a daughter.

Digby, Aug. 20, to the wife of B. W. Cousins, a daughter.

Kentville, Aug. 21, to the wife of Wm. Webster, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Aug. 20, to the wife of Hector Golden, a daughter.

Cumberland, Aug. 1, to the wife of E. M. Lockwood, a son.

North Sydney, Aug. 22, to the wife of Richard Dooley, a son.

Yarmouth, Aug. 18, to the wife of Capt. George Rodgers, a son.

Northville, Aug. 18, to the wife of Silvanus V. Whitney, a son.

Waterbury, Conn., Aug. 2, to the wife of William McLean, a daughter.

Millbrook, Maine, Aug. 5, to the wife of J. McMahon, a daughter.

Lunenburg, N. S., July 28, to the wife of Dr. R. H. Burrell, a daughter.

Port Medway, Aug. 10, to the wife of Capt. Geo. S. Diggon, a daughter.

Centerville, Kings, Aug. 19, to the wife of J. E. Kinneir, a daughter.

Clark's Harbor, Aug. 1, to the wife of Thomas N. Nickerson, a daughter.

Mount enson, Haunts Co., to the wife of W. F. D. Bremner, of Chatham, a daughter.

Cherry Brook, Aug. 21, by Rev. W. H. Wyse, to Sadie Johnson.

York Co., Aug. 18, by Rev. G. W. Foster, Dell Fugh to Laura Bart.

Fredericton, Aug. 15, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, A. Carr to Blanch Shanks.

Summerside, Aug. 14, by Rev. N. McLaughlin, W. Underhill to Jane Jack.

Georgetown, Aug. 14, by Rev. T. McJougall, A. Bolger to Mary J. Lusk.

Fredericton, Aug. 1, by Rev. F. D. Hartley, James Jones to Gussie Wilkins.

Claiss, Aug. 15, by Rev. W. H. Sherwood, Colin McLeane to Mabel Smith.

Woodstock, Aug. 16, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Wm. Grass to Lizzie Redstone.

Pugwash, Aug. 22, by Rev. A. D. McIntosh, Myles Thompson to Mary Noble.

Malbone Bay, Aug. 15, by Rev. J. Feiggins, C. A. Zink to Maggie B. Siver.

St. John, Aug. 29, by Rev. H. F. Waring, Henry Dallen to Sadie B. Milton.

Norton, Aug. 8, by Rev. Geo. F. Currie, Richard Burgess to Hannah Patton.

Public Head, Aug. 13, by Rev. J. K. West, Ralph Brown to Lettie Hamilton.

Sydney, Aug. 16, by Rev. J. E. Forbes, Angus J. McLeod to Eliza E. Meach.

Fredericton, Aug. 1, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Robert Dykman to Etta Dykman.

New Glasgow, Aug. 21, by Rev. H. R. Grant, R. L. Austin to Hannah Munro.

Campbellton, Aug. 20, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Neil Smith to Margaret Hamilton.

Windsor, Aug. 8, by Rev. J. B. Daggett, Robert McLeane to John A. Ackerman.

Central Waterville, Aug. 5, by Rev. Allan Stairs, J. McFarlane to Mary D. Stairs.

East Pubnico, Aug. 2, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, F. Nickerson to Sophia Blades.

Summerside, Aug. 8, by Rev. N. McLaughlin, G. Thompson to Jennie Boyles.

Richmond, Aug. 9, by Rev. M. W. Brown, Hugh Crosby to Emma M. Denton.

Baddeck, C. B., by Rev. D. McJougall, Robert McKenzie to Mary Nicholson.

York Co., July 25, by Rev. Allan Stairs, James McFarlane to Annetta Anderson.

Fredericton, Aug. 7, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Wm. VanDine to Amelia McNelly.

St. John, N. S., Aug. 16, by Rev. David Long, G. L. Dunham to Ethel A. Allen.

St. John, Aug. 16, by Rev. David Long, John W. Foshay to Alma G. Chapman.

Norfolk Bridge, Aug. 25, by Rev. R. S. Whidden, E. W. Cameron to Maud Jenkins.

Georgetown, Aug. 15, by Rev. A. Herdman, O. W. Graham to Elizabeth Butler.

Shelbourne, July 6, by Rev. J. A. Smith, Umer Greenwood to Mary C. McLean.

Stony Island, Aug. 4, by Rev. John Merrill, Avery L. Powell to Christie Cunningham.

Princeton, Aug. 9, by Rev. F. A. A. Killam, W. H. Main to John M. Bacon.

Fredericton, Aug. 16, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, A. Rainsford to Edith J. Booker.

Milltown, Me., by Rev. M. W. Cerless, Daniel Chambers to Nellie Gray Sherman.

St. John, N.S., by the Rev. H. P. Couperthwaite, John E. Peters to Edith A. Allison.

Glasville, Aug. 21, by Rev. J. K. Bearisto, Robert J. Brewster to Florence Doucherty.

Milton, Queens Co., Aug. 15, by Rev. C. B. Day, Ernest McLeod to Etta A. Geddes.

Annapolis, Aug. 14, by Rev. J. W. Priestwood, Elwin J. Daniels to Susie L. Spicer.

Glasville, Aug. 8, by Rev. J. K. Bearisto, Frank W. Anderson to Margaret B. McBrine.

Dorchester, Mass., Aug. 12, by Rev. Fr. Ronan, Hugh McCarroll to Magdalena McDonald.

Summerside, Aug. 21, by Rev. D. J. G. McDonald, Roderick McDonald to Margaret M. Campbell.

Shag Harbour, Shelbourne Co., July 24, Rev. Wm. Miller.

Guaymas Intervale, Aug. 1, Richard T. Hughes, 7 years.

Lake Stream, Kent county, Aug. 18, Amanda P. Briggs 71.

New Germany, Lunenburg, Aug. 6, Alexander Hughes, 77.

Lorway Mines, Cape Breton, Aug. 18, Annie I. McInnis, 27.

Marbleton, Mass., the only child of Fred and Clara Hunter 8 mos.

North River, St. Ann's, Cape Breton, Aug. 8, Michael Briggitt, 8.

St. John, N. B., Aug. 27th, of Paralysis of the glands, Charles E. son of William J. and Sadie G. Agate, 4 years.

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