

Miss Desire Prim's Will.

The old have many a whim without knowing it, and view as entirely reasonable what younger people find verging upon the absurd.

Miss Gertrude Firestone, aged forty, closed her lips firmly and looked severely at her niece, Nannie Harrod.

Nannie returned no answer, and Miss Firestone continued vigorously: 'It is nothing but a foolish whim on Miss Desire Prim's part. Why, the little that she has is of no earthly account, and from what I can hear, her will is an elaborate as if she had millions to leave.'

'I have remembered her in my will,' timidly confided the old woman to a neighbor, 'but I assure you I was almost afraid to do so. I really was.'

Now the neighbor did not mean to betray Miss Desire's confidence, but she, unfortunately, had a husband who loved a joke, and when he heard from his wife that the poorest woman in the village had remembered the richest in her will, he had to share his news with an equally-minded friend, and after that confidence the news had plain sailing.

Nannie sighed. 'I wish I had a whim,' she thought. 'She is so uncomfortable to live with!'

Now there was no reason why Miss Firestone should declaim and pour out vials of wrath because Miss Desire Prim saw fit to make a will; but having begun at an early age to face the world with a frown, she had kept on, till now the least thing that displeased her roused her temper.

However, it reached the one most interested long after it had been discussed by everybody else.

It was just three months from the date of Miss Firestone's expression of disgust over Miss Desire's folly in making a will when she learned that she was one of the poor old woman's legatees.

As it happened, Miss Firestone heard the news from Nannie with a stare of astonishment, but she uttered no word. She really had a heart, and it was touched. In fancy she saw the timid old woman, who always colored at meeting her and visibly trembled in embarrassment.

She had seen the interior of Miss Desire's small and forlorn house, and now it rose before her. There was not a thing in it that was not worn to shabbiness and beyond; and one of those things, or perhaps some article of Miss Firestone's share. She found herself idly wondering what it would be, but never a word came to her mind about the whimsies of age.

Miss Firestone had had a hard life. Her struggles to keep what was rightfully hers from tricky men who, because she was a woman, thought she might easily be cheated, her untiring and successful toil to up her fortunes by economy and thrift had made her apparently unfeeling.

Nannie watched her uneasily. 'Don't you think it was lovely in her, aunt?' she finally ventured.

'What? What?' responded Miss Firestone, rousing herself. Then, comprehending, she answered, 'Oh yes, yes, lovely enough' and left the room.

Her niece looked after her doubtfully. 'Well, I'm glad I told her, anyway,' she said. 'I don't believe she will do anything to hurt Miss Desire's feelings, after all.'

The next day Miss Prim and Miss Firestone met in the street. Miss Firestone saw the frail old figure a block away, coming slowly, and her eyes softened. Nearer the two drew together, and as they passed each other Miss Firestone said good morning so pleasantly that Miss Desire forgot to blush and tremble, and went her way in a flutter of pleased excitement.

'She little thinks,' said Miss Desire to herself, 'that I have remembered her in my will. I'm glad I did. She isn't so cross, after all.'

The man who delivered a load of wood that afternoon at Miss Firestone's might not have agreed with Miss Prim in regard to Miss Firestone's crossness, for he had brought scant measure and poor wood, and he was compelled to take a lower price than he had asked.

One day Miss Firestone remonstrated with her. 'You're wearing yourself out, Miss Prim,' she said. 'You ought not to do it.' And on that speech Miss Prim was happy a week. 'Tis plain,' she said to herself, 'that she's never yet got an inkling that I've remembered her in my will. I've read that those that are remembered in wills are not so overcautious about those that remember 'em. I'm sure she's a great deal better woman than most folks give her credit for.'

It was a week later that Nannie chanced to be making candy. 'Did you know that some old people are as fond of sweets as children, aunt?' she asked.

'No,' responded Miss Firestone, with a look of interest, seeing which Nannie went on: 'Miss Desire said to me not long ago, 'I'd be a dreadfully extravagant woman if I could, my dear.' 'Would you?' I said.

'Yes,' she answered, 'I would. If I could afford it I would actually buy a box of candy.' Then she laughed and asked, 'Do you think that's dreadfully foolish of me, Nannie? I've always had such a dread of getting foolish. Some old people do, you know,' and she looked at me wistfully.

'No, I answered. 'I like candy myself. I often make it.' 'Do you?' she cried. 'Then that relieves my mind. For nobody would call you foolish, Nannie, and you certainly are grown up.'

The girl hesitated, and then said, half timidly, 'Would you object, auntie, to my taking a box of this to Miss Desire?' Miss Firestone looked thoughtful. 'I do not object,' she answered, stillly. 'You may take it to her, certainly, if you wish.'

'O auntie, if you could only have seen her!' exclaimed Nannie, when she returned after leaving the box. 'No little child could have been more delighted. She asked me if you ever ate candy, and when I told her you did, such a look of satisfaction came over her face! "I can eat it now with a clear conscience," she said, "and not be afraid of my mind's trailing me. I guess nobody in this village would think your aunt's mind was failing."

Miss Firestone smiled, but said nothing. She was a notable cook, and suddenly a strong temptation came to her to make one of her famous cream pies for Miss Desire; but she did not immediately yield to it.

'It is I who am growing foolish,' she told herself. 'Why, I never did such a thing in my life as to make a pie or anything else and take it to some one!' Nevertheless, she could not help dwelling upon what her niece had told her about Miss Desire's delight over the candy. At last the temptation triumphed, and such a pie as even Miss Firestone had never made before was sent to Miss Prim by Nannie.

'For me?' exclaimed Miss Desire in trembling tones, as she removed the snowy napkin that covered it. 'For me! I've thought for some time, my dear, that your aunt was one of the good women of this village, and now I know she's the best.'

The pie had long been eaten, although the memory of it still dwelt in the hearts of giver and recipient. Miss Desire had grown still more feeble. She even noticed it herself.

'It won't be long now till she comes into what I've left her,' whispered the old woman. 'I most wish I'd left it all to her instead of just my mother's picture; but then may be it wouldn't have been fair to the rest of the legatees. One hadn't ought to show partiality, especially in a will, when a body's getting ready to leave this world; but there's n'er a one of the other legatees been so good to me as she has. Time and again she has warned me against doing too much work. And then that splendid pie! And yet I know she hasn't an inkling that I've remembered her in my will.'

It was fall of the year now, and chilly. Miss Desire's chimney was old and unsafe. She made up a good fire in her stove and sat down to gaze away the evening beside it, and an hour later the house with all its little furniture was gone.

A neighbor had taken Miss Desire in for the night, and the poor old woman lay softly weeping in her bed and saying to herself, 'everything's gone! And she'll never know how much I thought of her nor how I'd remembered her in my will, for I can't tell her now; and there's that splendid pie!'

Miss Firestone happened to be out of town and did not return for a week, and the first thing she heard was that Miss Prim had lost everything and was going to the poorhouse.

'Indeed, she's not!' declared Miss Firestone with decision. 'She's coming home with me!' 'I s'pose you expect the town to pay for her board?' said the rudest woman of the village.

'I do not,' returned Miss Firestone, calmly. And now the failure of Miss Prim's physical powers seemed arrested. For Miss Firestone never did anything by halves, and the poor old woman was beautifully dressed and well taken care of. Five years she lived, and every year Miss Firestone's disposition to battle lessened, and she looked out upon the world with more lenient eyes.

FOOLED THE HENS ALL RIGHT. Silas Wass's Scheme for Doubling the Production of Eggs.

Until three weeks ago Silas Wass of Beddington, Maine, believed he had made the greatest discovery of the age. Mr Wass draws a pension. As his quarterly allowance does not supply all his needs he tries to make a little money by raising eggs for the Boston market. His expenses are so great that he finds little profit in the eggs.

He calculated that if every one of his hens laid 100 eggs a year he would come out even, and that every egg more than 100 was clear profit. He had read a great deal about the 200-egg producing hen in the poultry papers that he took and had spent more money than he could afford to get the right breed, but the best hen he had been able to procure would not yield more than 125 eggs a year.

But his studies and experiments had not been in vain. He observed, among other things, that the really good hens always went to their nests to lay as soon as they hopped from the roosts in the morning when the days were twenty four hours long, she would no doubt keep up the practice it she lived on a planet where the days were one-half so long. Therefore he went to work to change the length of the day.

A hen is a stupid creature that mistakes any kind of darkness for night. A flock has been known to go to roost at midday during a total eclipse of the sun. Hence, he reasoned that if he could have a short night made to order along about noon the hens would take it for the real thing and would conduct business to conform to the new conditions.

The next time Wass went to Bangor to ship his eggs he brought home a great roll of curtain stuff, which was made up into heavy shades and hung on patent rollers in front of the windows in the roosting pens of his fowls. After the hens had had their breakfast one morning and most of the active ones had laid their eggs Wass began to pull down the shades, letting them drop by degrees. In fifteen minutes the hens were crooning to themselves and going to roost. As soon as all were quiet Wass drew the curtains to the floor and let them remain for half an hour.

Then he walked along the pens and let in a ray of light that set the roosters to crowing. As the curtains went up by degrees and the bright light filled the pens the hens flew down and ran to their feeding troughs for breakfast. When they had been fed and watered most of them mounted aloft to the nest boxes and squatted down to lay.

'I was making money hand over fist,' said Wass, 'and was getting ready to sell county and State rights for the use of my great discovery when my hens began to shed their feathers and stopped laying. It was cold weather, and a lot of them died before new feathers could grow, because hens do not shed their feathers in the winter when left in a state of nature. The ones that lived grew stiff and dumpy, so they could hardly move about. They seemed to have caught the rheumatism.'

'When I killed one to cook for the minister the meat was so tough that nobody could eat it. Then I woke up to the fact that my hens were dying from old age. They had been living two days to my one, and were worn out and old by the time they had ceased to be pullets. I was sorry things turned out that way, because I had made the greatest discovery the world has ever seen. It fooled the hens, sure enough but when I tried to honeyfogle old nature I met my match and had to give in.'

Patriotism Versus Pounds. Uncle Silas Penniwise had never seen Boston harbor before.

'This is the place, I s'pose,' he said, gazing out over its blue waters, crowded with shipping, 'where our Revolutionary forefathers threw that tea overboard.'

'Yes,' responded his city nephew, his eye kindling. 'I don't wonder it stirs you to the depths to look at the scene of that historic event. It marked an epoch in the world's history which no patriotic American can recall without a thrill of pride.'

'Ye-es,' replied Uncle Silas, musingly. 'I—I wonder how much the fellers lost who owned that tea.'

The Land of Chestnuts. The home of chestnuts is in France,

where an enthusiastic admirer declares that they are 'as common as beans in Boston.' On such an extensive scale are they cultivated that one factory in Lyons handles over twenty-five million pounds every year. The 'marron' are of course the great luxury, but among the poorer classes the smaller chestnuts, or 'chataignes' are eaten.

The United States consul at Lyons, John C. Covert, visited a large chestnut factory which employs two hundred and fifty women and girls. The chestnuts are peeled and boiled and placed for three days in

a vanilla syrup; then they are drained, coated thinly with vanilla, and prepared for shipment.

Mr. Covert is anxious that America should go extensively into chestnut-growing, and believes that as sugar is fifty per cent cheaper here than in France, the candied product would soon undersell the French article.

However, as marron trees do not yield profitably till they are ten years old, Mr. Covert admits that there is no immediate prospect of a reduction in the price of the candied nuts.

Special's.

The girl at the stationery counter was talking to the girl from the necktie counter.

'I told him, I says, "Now look here, I says, "what's the use," I says, "of talking unless you've got something to say?" I says, "I don't like to hear a man shootin' off his mouth." I says, "just to hear himself talk," I says. "Some people, I says, are built that way," I says and they'll stand and gab at you," I says, "till they talk the arm of you," I says, and after they got through, I says, "you don't know what they've been gabbin' about, I says. "I ain't got any use," I says, "for those kind of people," I says. "And what's more," I says, "I ain't afraid to tell 'em so," I says.

'What did he say to that?' 'He didn't say anything—the slob! I didn't give him a chance.'

To Break up a Cold

All you require is a little sugar, a glass of hot water, thirty drops of Nerviline. Take it hot. In the morning you will wake up without a cold. Nerviline is good for other things—such as toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For pains inside and pains outside Nerviline is simply marvellous. Druggists sell it.

The Awful English Language.

The personality of Sammy Snaggs is vouched for by the Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph. Sammy has a thirst for information which sometimes worries his father, as the conversation quoted will show.

'Papa.' 'Can't answer any questions now, Sammy. I'm busy.' 'Only one, papa.' 'Well, go ahead.' 'What is a bakery?' 'A place where baking is done. You ought to know that.'

'Then is a place where voting is done a votary?' 'Eat what you like.—Gwe the digestive organs some work to do. These functions need exercise as much as any part of the human anatomy, but if they're delicate, give them the aid that Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets afford and you can eat anything that's wholesome and palatable—Go in a box, 35 cents.—S'

BORN.

- Farraboro, March 1, to the wife of B. Dyas a son. Hants, March 6, to the wife of W. Burgess, a son. Annapolis, Feb. 27, to the wife of Hamilton, a son. Farmington, March 5, to the wife of A. Parker, a son. Halifax, March 8, to the wife of J. Whitman, a son. Yarmouth, March 8, to the wife of R. McDonald, a son. Shubenacadie, March 4, to the wife of W. Neil, a son. Kentville, March 3, to the wife of W. Graham, a son. Colchester, March 3, to the wife of J. Sutherland, a son. Lunenburg, March 9, to the wife of A. Cross, a son. Lunenburg, March 6, to the wife of T. Ernst, a son. Kings, March 9, to the wife of John Ray, a daughter. Berwick, March 8, to the wife of J. Woodworth, a son. Kings, March 3, to the wife of Wm. Lockhart, a son. Yarmouth, March 8, to the wife of G. Burton, a son. Pleasantville, March 11, to the wife of A. Hushgh, a son. Colchester, March 3, to the wife of Silas Johnson, a son. Point du Chene, March 12, to the wife of J. Gillard, a son. Campbellton, March 12, to the wife of C. Miller, a daughter. Pictou, March 7, to the wife of W. Bickers, a daughter. Farraboro, March 8, to the wife of B. Tucker, a daughter. Lewiston, March 3, to the wife of L. Moore, a daughter. Halifax, Feb. 18, to the wife of Geo. Fenney, a daughter. Halifax, March 3, to the wife of John O'Leary, a daughter. Halifax, March 7, to the wife of H. Hartling, a daughter. Shubenacadie, March 13, to the wife of D. Suide, a daughter. Colchester, March 4, to the wife of W. Matheson, a daughter. Colchester, March 5, to the wife of H. McCully, a daughter. Lunenburg, March 11, to the wife of J. Cruise, a daughter. Westfield, March 5, to the wife of J. Brown, a daughter. New Glasgow, March 5, to the wife of Y. Campbell, a son. Shubenacadie, March 7, to the wife of Geo. Miller a daughter. Shubenacadie, March 7, to the wife of Wm. Miller, a daughter. Farraboro, March 8, to the wife of Capt. Newcomb a daughter. Lunenburg, March 10, to the wife of E. Daughine, a daughter. Salt Springs, March 3, to the wife of Rev. A. Deacon, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Mahone, Mar. 6, Ruben Deal to Alice M. Bangil. Truro, Mar. 13, David Lawson to Lillie Murray. Chatham, Mar. 14, John White to Nettie Ferguson. Queens, Co., Mar. 2, Morton Wile to Maud Smith. Boston, Jan. 30, Daniel D. Sinclair to Katherine F. Ross.

- Havana, Cuba, Jan. 31, Lily K. McCurdy to Chas. Carr. Sydney, Feb. 21, Samuel E. Brockman to Sarah Dane. Sydney, Mar. 2, William Grantmyre to Teresa McLean. Cumberland, Co., Mar. 4, Bertha Vickery to Albert York. Sydney, Mar. 2, John M. Langley to Hattie Richardson. Stellarton, Feb. 22, James M. Wright to Jennie Dunbar. Boston, Jan. 30, Wm. B. McGray to Josephine M. Vidtor. Lunenburg, Mar. 6, James Heister to Blanche Whynot. Woodstock, Mar. 10, James McElmon to Minnie M. Inzer. Farraboro, Feb. 7, Walter Howard to Gertrude Harrison. Digby, Mar. 2, Steadman S. Walters to Laura Eisenbaur. Chatham, Mar. 12, Thos. P. Pugsley to Mary H. H. Russell. Lunenburg, Mar. 6, Eldridge Spindler to Annie Eisenbaur. Long River, Mar. 5, John A. Campbell to Barbara Bernard. Liverpool, N. S., Mar. 12, Frank R. Jonah to Laura Winters. Campbellton, Mass., Mar. 20, Robert B. Dowling to Mary Brown. Stellarton, Mar. 5, Thomas A. McDonald to Lottie M. Sutherland. Burnside, Colchester, Mar. 7, James Graham to Christy Graham. Everett, Mass., Feb. 27, Minnie McFadden to Duncun McKezic.

DIED.

- Truro, Mar. 15, Robert Bell, 16. Boston, Mar. 7, John S. Macleod. Mahone, Mar. 9, Alfred Lane. Truro, Mar. 15, Louise Carter, 79. Halifax, Mar. 13, Frank Sievers, 19. Norwalk, Mar. 13, Elizabeth Frapp. Halifax, Mar. 13, Archibald Fraser, 1. Lowville, Mar. 3, J. B. Dickie, 70. Halifax, Mar. 15, Catherine Mulkern. Black Rock, Mar. 8, Mrs. Caleb White. Morcton, Feb. 21, Joseph A. Kilam, 51. Sprinchill, Feb. 14, Isabella Fraser, 84. Yarmouth, Mar. 9, Abram Colwell, 83. Halifax, Mar. 14, Charlotte Kitchin, 93. Annapolis, Mar. 3, Mrs. E. D. Cooney, 62. Chatham, Mar. 15, William McLean, 84. Acadia Mines, Mar. 10, Mrs. A. J. Gough. Grand Bank, Mar. 6, Henry Williams, 23. Halifax, Mar. 16, Martha McFarlane 68. Summerside, Mar. 14, John Cadmore, 56. Merigomish, Mar. 1, Mrs. John Forbes 70. Scutport, Mar. 9, Capt. John Asward, 73. Campbellton, Mar. 7, Mrs. Peter Keefe, 57. Charlottetown, Mar. 14, Martin O'Shea, 73. Pettoodiac, Mar. 17, George F. Compts, 73. Philadelphia, Mar. 9, Isabelle Bates, 83. Halifax, Mar. 14, William H. Blackadar, 83. Amherst Point, Mar. 19, Gordon Forrest, 84. Linkletter Road, Mar. 8, Mrs. Isaac Jeffrey. Indian Road, Mar. 4, John M. McDonald, 56. Pettoodiac, Mar. 15, William O. Cochrane, 21. Grand Digue, Mar. 4, Mrs. Pelagie Potier, 91. Crapaud, Mar. 8, Isabella wife of W. Imman, 83. Charlottetown, Mar. 11, Mrs. S. R. Stumbles, 51. Moncton, Mar. 17, Margaret McDonald, 9 mos. Halifax, Mar. 8, Mrs. wife of C. F. Meistar, 72. New Glasgow, Mar. 6, Capt. Robert McIntosh, 67. Rosindale, Mass., Mar. 3, Mrs. Catherine Harvey, 59. Yarmouth, Mar. 11, Ann widow of John Lovitt, 90. Campbellton, Mar. 9, Jane wife of Charles Murray. Yarmouth, Mar. 13, Fannie wife of Wm. Chase, 51. Hants Co., Mar. 8, Maggie wife of Archibald Blois. South Maliland, Mar. 11, Emma wife of C. I. White 63. Hillston, Mar. 6, Rebecca widow of the late Charles Osborne. Springfield, Mar. 4, Flora widow of the late Ronald Macleod. North Tryon, Mar. 9, Eliza widow of the late James Muirhead, 65. St. Margarets Bay, Eng, Feb. 23, Susan wife of Rev. I. G. Stevens, 54.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC LOW RATE.... Settlers' Excursion BRITISH COLUMBIA AND PACIFIC COAST POINTS.

One way second class tickets good to start on Tuesdays March 22nd, 19th, 26th, April 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd, 30th, 1901. RATE FROM ST. JOHN, N. B. To Nelson, Trail, Rossland, Greenwood, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Wash., \$53

Intercolonial Railway On and after MONDAY Mar. 11th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax... 7:00 Express for Halifax and Pictou... 12:15 Express for Sussex... 16:30 Express for Quebec and Montreal... 17:00 Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney... 22:15

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Sussex... 8:30 Express from Quebec and Montreal... 12:40 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene... 18:00 Express from Halifax and Campbellton... 19:15 Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton... 24:45 *Daily, except Monday. All trains are run by Eastern Standard, time Twenty-four hours notation. D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager Moncton, N. B., March 5, 1901. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.