

RHYMING RUBE.

The first time I saw 'Rhyming Rube' was in rather startling circumstances. I had just begun the fall term of the Stone Ridge district school. Although the month was October, the weather was so mild that, one afternoon during the second week of the term, I had all the windows of the little schoolroom open.

I was showing a dull boy by my desk how to solve a problem in fractions, when a little cry from one of the girls sitting on the east side of the room caused me to look up, and I saw a man's head thrust in at the window.

He had a grin on his face, which was not as clean as it might have been, and his old slouch hat was hanging on the back of his head. When he caught my eye he bobbed his head in a way that caused his hat to slip down over his back to the ground. He had beautiful large blue eyes, with a singularly childlike look in them, and they twinkled merrily when he said:

"Here you be, Teachin', I see. Learn em' to write, and also to read, For that's the learnin' that they need."

Some of the children giggled at this and the older boys and girls smiled in a way that convinced me the man was not a stranger to them.

Glancing round the room, the man said: "Fix your looks on your books, And not on me whom you often see."

The man then walked round to the open door of the schoolroom. Coming up to my desk, he made a low bow and extended his hand, saying as he did so:

"The hand of a friend I offer thee, An honest hand, though poor I be."

The irritation I had felt at this interruption of the work of the school died away when I looked into the man's sparkling blue eyes and saw the look of real friendliness in his face. I gave him a chair and asked him to sit down. He bowed and said:

"Thank you, sir; and so I will, And until noon I will keep still."

He kept his word, and sat perfectly still, looking about the room with a childlike smile on his face.

It was evident that the man was feeble minded, and this was all the more sorrowful because of the fact that he was of magnificent physique. He was full six feet three in height, and splendidly proportioned. I have rarely seen a finer looking man. When the noon hour came the boys and girls crowded round him familiarly. He went out to play ball with some of the boys, and Hetty Larkin, one of the large girls, told me about him.

"He isn't all here," said Hetty, tapping her brow significantly. "But there isn't a bit of harm in him. He always speaks in rhymes, and that is why he is called Rhyming Rube, although his real name is Reuben Tilley. He lives with his poor old mother, but he spends most of his time in running round here and there. He and his mother live in that little red house down by the ferry across the river. His mother has a pension and she has a cow and chickens, and she and Rube together have a little garden. Rube could get work among the farmers and earn a good deal, but he is such a restless creature that he can never be depended upon. He will drop his scythe or his hoe right in the field and start off as if some one were after him. He doesn't even stop for the wages that may be due him, and he has no more idea of the value of money than a baby has. You need not be surprised if he gets up after school begins and gives us a speech in rhyme, and then darts out of the house and is off like the wind."

That was just what Rube did do. He came into the house with the boys and girls at the close of the noon intermission, and sat very still for nearly an hour. I was hearing a recitation in grammar when Rube suddenly rose to his feet, stepped upon the platform, bowed to me and then to the school, and said:

"Boys and girls, hearken to me, I am very much pleased with what I see. You must mind your teacher, kind and true, And do the thing he wants you to do. I like his looks, and he seems to know, That he's here for work and not for show, He's not very strong, if my eyes are true, But he's all right here, and that will do."

Rhyming Rube tapped his own brow as he uttered the last line, and then rambled on for fully five minutes in jingling rhyme, urging the boys and girls to

"Learn to be good and learn to be wise, Work and study and tell no lies."

When he had completed his harangue, he bowed low and went out of the open door without another word.

I boarded with Mrs. Tarley, an elderly and garrulous woman, and when I told her about my visit from Rube, she said:

"Poor Rube! There isn't a mite of harm about him, not a bit, but it's a dreadful pity that he hasn't sense enough to make any use of that great body of his. He's as strong as an ox and as useless as a child. He never has been much different from what he is now, only he seems to grow more childlike as he grows older. The best way to get along with him is to treat him as if he were a child. He can and does get awful mad, childlike as he looks in his face and as he acts. And with all that great strength of his, a body has to handle him carefully when he gets riled. The boys used to tease him a good deal, but they don't dare to very much now because his temper is more uncertain than it used to be, and they've been afraid of skerry of him ever since he picked Henry Dixon up and roused him head first into a bar'l of lem'nade at a picnic last summer. When they pulled Henry out all dripping with lem'nade, Rube says:

"Lay him out on the grass to dry, He'll sassa me no more when I pass by. Other boys take warning by the fate of Hen, Or they'll get dicked as he has been."

Rhyming Rube came often to the school, and we became good friends. The children were so accustomed to his presence that

they paid little attention to him, and he did not greatly hinder the work of the school. Sometimes he remained until the close of school in the evening, and we would walk home together. I had given him a knife and several other little presents, and his gratitude was boundless. He would do anything that I asked him to do, and he sang my praises in many and varying rhymes.

I had incurred the displeasure of a gang of three or four roughs in the neighborhood by ordering them to leave the schoolhouse one night when we were having a spelling-match that they seemed bent on breaking up. The directors of the district had been present, and they had supported me in the position I had taken, and the roughs had been compelled to leave the house. They had vowed revenge, and I had been told that it would be well to be on my guard, for they would probably try to play some trick upon me or work me some real injury.

I had been ill during nearly all of the past summer, and I had never been very strong. Consequently, I would have been no match for even one of the roughs; but I knew them to be a gang of bullies, and I was not very much afraid of them. It was, however, the part of wisdom to avoid them if I could.

Rhyming Rube came to the school one dull November afternoon, and remained until the close of the session. The boy whom I had engaged to sweep and clean the schoolhouse during the term was ill that week, and I did the sweeping myself. Rube helped me, and when the house was in order we started for home. My board-place was about a quarter of a mile from Rube's home, and we would part company at the river. It was nearly dark when we came to the strip of timber near the bank. As we entered it, a rabbit ran across the road and Rube darted after the animal while I went on my way. A moment later I rounded a curve of the road and found myself on the river-bank. There stood Joe Long, Lyme Rogers and Clem Anson, the three fellows I had ordered from the schoolhouse. They were evidently waiting for me, for when they saw me Lyme said:

"Here he is, boys!"

"What do you want of me?" I asked, facing them and putting on as bold a front as possible.

"We want to give you a good ducking in the river and something worse afterward!" replied Joe.

Before I could make any reply to this, Rube came running out from the thick timber back of me. He had heard what Joe Long had said, for he cried out:

"You do, hey? Back, teacher! Out of the way!"

Before the mischief-makers could recover from their surprise, Rube bore down upon them and grabbed Lyme and Joe each by the collar. They were within ten feet of the water, and the next instant they went over the steep bank into the river. Clem had taken to the woods, but had tripped on a snag and had sprawled at full length on the ground. Before he could get upon his feet Rube had him by the collar, and was shaking him until I interfered because of the seeming danger that Clem's neck would be dislocated.

Dragging the frightened and pleading bully to the water, Rube lifted him into the air as easily as if he had been a child and sent him headlong into the icy water, saying as he did so:

"Into the water, you rascals three! There's the place you deserve to be!"

Three times the roughs climbed up the riverbank, and three times Rube caught and flung each of them back, while he called out wild and jeering rhymes, and worked himself up to such a frenzy of excitement that it was with difficulty that I at last prevailed on him to allow the chilled and frightened trio to come out of the river. Joe Long was fairly blubbering with pain and freight, and he shrieked with fear when Rube seized a big club and threatened to 'maul' all three of them. They ran through the woods, while I clung to Rube to keep him from following them.

"Well may you run, ye cowards three! Well may ye run in fear from me!"

shouted Rube. None of the fleeing trio made any reply, and I walked all the way to his home with Rube, fearing that he would follow the boys and do them some lasting injury.

From that time forth Rhyming Rube made himself my body-guard. Every evening he appeared at the schoolhouse to escort me home, and sometimes he came to my boarding house to walk to school with me in the morning. I met my assailants several times during the winter on Saturdays when Rube was not with me, but they made no attempt to molest me. Indeed, they treated me with great politeness, having in mind, perhaps, some of the fearful threats Rube made every time he saw them, regarding what would happen if they caused me any trouble. Poor Rube followed me to the station when I was leaving for my home at the close of the term of school, and his last words were:

"Farewell, dear teacher, true and kind, I'll always have you in my mind. And wherever you go and wherever you be I hope you'll sometimes think of me."

I have thought often of him, but I have never seen him.

Wild Animals, and Catnip.

A curious investigator and a few sprigs of catnip led to an amusing scene at the Zoo in Central Park, New York, recently.

The tigers and the puma scornfully refused to notice the herb when it was presented to them by the keeper, but the lion, the lionesses and the big leopard were boisterous in their manifestations of pleasure.

The lion planted a foot upon it, smelled it, licked it, sprawled upon it, and tossed it about in ways unbecoming his kingly dignity. The leopard picked it up in her huge paw, took long and ecstatic sniff

and rolled over and over upon it in the exuberance of her delight. In her efforts to apply it to the upper part of her head, she performed acrobatic feats of an astonishing kind.

From his experiment, the investigator was satisfied that love of catnip is not confined to the domestic branch of the cat family.

THE KIND OF WIFE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWELVE.

Moreover, I have a notion that when the due time comes he will choose for himself. So he should. I remember having very mighty and strong convictions on that point myself.

My dear father used to say to me, and it was about all he did say on the matter, 'Son Tom, when you see anyone half as good as your mother, propose to her at once.' This advice I propose to pass on to the generation following.

What will my dear boy's disposition ripen into? What will be his calling in life? These and other questions must be answered ere I can discuss this matter to any purpose whatsoever.

Should he become, in answer to many hopes, a minister of the gospel, he will need such a one for partner as might not have been essential to him in another vocation. In any case, the matter is best in God's hands. 'The wife I should choose for my son' is the one he selects. Such ought to be for the best, for 'A prudent wife is from the Lord.'

Respect And Supreme

Affection The Basis.

By JOSEPH COCK.

What sort of a woman would I advise my son to marry? Just such a woman as I married myself! It might be, however, that my son would not closely resemble myself, and in that case I should insist that his preferences ought to be different from his father's. But the supreme rule for marriage is to make the basis of it only a supreme affection. This should be tested not only by love at first sight, but perhaps by years of acquaintance, many sided, thorough, and of cumulative effect in the growth of regard of the deathless kind. Will two souls grow apart from each other? This, with younger people, is a question that can be answered, it may be, by years of manifold experience. Let acquaintance be somewhat prolonged and engagement short between those who would not find a misleading reticence an ambush for surprises after marriage. But there are exceptions to even this rule, for Shakespeare says of two souls that were exquisitely matched:

At the first glance they have changed eyes. If this exchange of eyes is unforced, spontaneous, permanent, it is the Divine summons to marriage, and nothing else is equally authoritative within the holy of holies of the heart, early or late. Such a summons usually comes to a man or woman but once in that brief gleam which we call life. Health, beauty, accomplishments are important, but respect and a supreme affection that will bear all tests are indispensable and commanding prerequisites of a happy marriage. The base of the pillar of a right marriage must be confidence, respect, unshaken as to the foundations of the world, but the superstructure must reach beyond the stars.

Thoroughly happy marriages are only those of which the shrewd instinct of human affection and passion has caused it to be proverbial to say that they were certainly made in heaven.

But this is a holy mystery into which even the angels look and forever and always find it unfathomable.

Curious Lamps.

A fiery lamp has the charm of novelty. It hails from the West Indies and is quite a pretentious affair, being eighteen inches high and built in three stories. It is made of wicker and bamboo cages, with little doors.

In these cages fireflies are imprisoned, and are cared for and fed. The lamp is one of a collection brought together at the National Museum in Washington by Mr. Walter Hough.

The collection includes lamps of all ages, from those of ancient nations to lamps of today. There are old English lanterns there that would delight the heart of the collector of curios.

Among the Chinese lamps are those made of bamboo and used to light alleyways. They are the illuminators that so often lead to conflagrations. Eskimo lamps, old fashioned olive oil lamps, and Japanese lanterns suspended from sticks add to the interest of the collection.

Profoundly Impressed.

'There's no use of talkin,' said Broncho Bob, 'this eastern education is splendid.'

'Have you visited any of our public schools?'

'Yes, an they are fine. That scheme of

havin all the children hold up their hands every time the teacher speaks to 'em is great. It gives 'em practical trainin, fur the real battle of life, in which knowin when to throw up both hands an doin it in a hurry may mean much.'

Small For Its Age.

Pat called as usual one morning at the Cow and Pail for his threepennyworth of whiskey, when the following conversation ensued between the landlady and himself:

Pat—This be good whiskey, mum?

Lady—Yes, Pat. Can you guess the age of it?

Pat—No, mum.

Landlady—Well, it's 30 years old.

Pat (eyeing the threepennyworth)—Oim a-thinkin it be mighty small for its age, mum.

Merely Matters of Opinion.

A woman cannot be truly happy unless she has something to worry about, even if it is nothing more than a lapdog.

When a man is 20, he feels that the whole world is resting on his shoulders. When he is 40, he begins to suspect that it may be standing on his chest.

The wisest man may be fooled, but only a fool can be fooled in the same way twice.

His Reincarnation.

Is it de truth dat de legislatur' gone en pass a law ter tax dogs? asked the old colored citizen.

'Yes; it's a fact.'

'Well, sub, dat bein de case, heah's one nigger dat's teetotally ruint! Dey's seven dogs en one mule in my family.'

BORN.

Moncton, Jan. 14, to the wife of R. Sharp, a son.
Salem, Jan. 13, to the wife of Wm. Handy, a son.
Hants, Jan. 12, to the wife of E. Lunn, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Jan. 8, to the wife of H. Pettis, a daughter.
Kentville, Jan. 13, to the wife of J. Lloyd, a daughter.
Rockville, Jan. 10, to the wife of Stanley Ricker, a son.
Bellevue, Jan. 13, to the wife of Peter Babine, a son.
Annapolis, Dec. 20, to the wife of W. McMillan, a son.
Clarence, Jan. 13, to the wife of Avard Wilson, a son.
Rockingham, Jan. 14, to the wife of C. Tremaine, a son.
Sydney, Dec. 7, to the wife of Frank Creighton, a son.
Annapolis, Jan. 16, to the wife of R. Douglas, a son.
Clark's Harbor, Jan. 1, to the wife of R. Maxwell, a son.
West Paradise, Jan. 4, to the wife of Stanley Moore, a son.
Lunenburg, Dec. 26, to the wife of Stephen Hirtle, a son.
Colchester, Jan. 11, to the wife of Jas. McDonald, a son.
Shelburne, Dec. 29, to the wife of Howland White, a son.
Yarmouth, Jan. 13, to the wife of Capt. Hilton, a daughter.
Westport, Jan. 6, to the wife of Robert Laloeley, a daughter.
Kings, Jan. 7, to the wife of Jetham McDonald, a daughter.
Truro, Jan. 10, to the wife of J. McIntosh, a daughter.
Springhill, Jan. 3, to the wife of John Laurance, a daughter.
New Annapolis, Dec. 16, to the wife of Geo. Wilton, a daughter.
New Annapolis, Dec. 21, to the wife of Norman Studen, a son.
Yarmouth, Dec. 29, to the wife of Thomas Aikins, a son.
South Farmington, Jan. 2, to the wife of W. Phinney, a son.
Yarmouth, Jan. 16, to the wife of Monie Surrette, a daughter.
Mt. Hanley, Jan. 3, to the wife of Anthony Slocumb, a daughter.
Windsor, Jan. 8, to the wife of Arthur Pemberton, a daughter.
New Glasgow, Jan. 9, to the wife of Wm. Reeves, a daughter.
North Sydney, Jan. 2, to the wife of Hector McDougall, a son.
Washington, Dec. 24, to the wife of John Ransweller, a daughter.
New Ross Road, Dec. 23, to the wife of H. Lockhart, a daughter.
Aldersville, Nov. 24, to the wife of Michael Turbitt, a daughter.
Annapolis, Jan. 4, to the wife of Walter McCormick, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Point Cross, Paul LeBlanc to Mary Ann Poirrier.
Point Cross, C. B. Thomas F. Desvaux to Elsie A. Cohn.
Point Cross, C. B. Philip J. LeBlanc to Anastasia Poirrier.
Summerside, by Rev F. W. Harlow, Robert Bell to Maud Robblee.
Moncton, Jan. 16, by Rev Gideon Swim, John Duke to Hannah Robblee.
Truro, Dec. 26, by Rev A. B. McLean, John Gordon to Mary Jane McKay.
Truro, Jan. 10, by Rev P. M. McDonald, Kate Kauford to Homer McNutt.
Yarmouth, Jan. 16, by Rev W. F. Parker, John C. Rhyao to Grace Boyd.
Bridgewater, Jan. 10, by Rev H. Burgess, John Mosher to Ada Winfield.
Chignecto, Jan. 14, by Rev R. McArthur, Stiles Vance to Susie Freeman.
Tusket Wedge, Jan. 18, by Rev Fr. Foley, Elize Coteau to Lucy LeBlanc.
Amherst, Jan. 10, by Rev A. W. Nicolson, Stanley Crowell to Annie Elderkin.
Millard, Jan. 16, by Rev A. B. Dickie, Maynard T. Ettinger to Blanche Miller.
Frisar's Head, Jan. 8, by Rev T. Richard, Leonie Chasson to Julia LeBlanc.
Yarmouth, Jan. 12, by Rev David Price, Samuel Higby Jr. to Annie Hilton.
Cheticamp, C. B. Jan. 8, by Rev P. Fiset, Thomas Gaudin to Mary Desvaux.
Rockport, Jan. 9, by Rev B. H. Thomas, Arthur E. Thurston to Elize B. Tower.
Sanford, Jan. 13, by Rev C. S. Hilyard, George Beveridge to Mrs. Mary Bowery.
Tusket Wedge, Jan. 9, by Rev Fr. Foley, Alpha Pothier to Georgina Richard.
Tusket Wedge, Jan. 10, by Rev Fr. Foley, Joshua LeBlanc to Mrs. Sarah Pothier.
Halifax, Jan. 16, by Rev J. S. Sutherland, Tupper Constance to Agnes McDonald.
Yarmouth, Jan. 10, by Elder Wm. Halliday, Bernard Brenton to Minnie Allen.
Sydney Mines, Jan. 8, by Rev D. MacMillan, William Ferguson to Ella Vicare.
Springhill, Jan. 9, by Rev David Wright, Albert Edward Ward to Susan Anderson.

Fairville, Jan. 9, by Rev A. McLean Sinclair, William Macleod to Maggie Munroe.
Eagle Head, Queens, Jan. 2, by Rev G. H. Butler, Nathan W. Wolfe to Adah Leslie.
Margaree, C. B. Jan. 8, by Rev A. E. Mombourquette, Daniel Chasson to Anne Chasson.
New Glasgow, Jan. 7, by Rev Anderson Rogers, Walter A. Weir to Mary A. Cameron.
Port William, Jan. 15, by Rev Father Holden, J. Wilfred Ryan to Olivia Violet McKay.
South River Lake, Jan. 9, by Rev A. J. Macdonald, John A. McKinnon to Helen M. Grant.
Margaree, C. B. Jan. 8, by Rev A. E. Mombourquette, Charles Chasson to Felicie Chasson.

DIED.

Economy, Jan. 4, J. W. Moore, 76.
Yarmouth, Jan. 6, Clayton Goodwin.
Leamington, Jan. 14, Capt. Mills, 74.
Yarmouth, Dec. 10, John O. Earle, 84.
California, Jan. 4, Wm. T. Smith, 60.
Pictou, Jan. 8, Elizabeth McLean, 99.
Lunenburg, Jan. 13, Mrs. John Sarty.
Truro, Jan. 11, Mr. Hugh W. Lane, 63.
Lower Seaboard, Dec. 27, John Cox, 63.
North Sydney, Jan. 1, Joseph Sutter, 82.
Bridgewater, Jan. 11, Joshua Wynot, 63.
South Mattland, Jan. 10, Nancy White, 61.
Miller's Creek, Dec. 24, John A. Miller, 71.
Leamington, Jan. 12, Barnabus Hunter, 64.
Tusket Wedge, Jan. 10, Mrs. Jervais Pothier.
Oxford, Jan. 1, Mary Florine MacKintosh, 16.
Yarmouth, Jan. 12, Francis Kirkland Dowell, 53.
Halifax, Jan. 13, Francis Kirkland Dowell, 53.
Port La Tour, Dec. 10, Benjamin S. Crowell, 52.
Lower Stewiacke, Dec. 20, John McNutt, 73.
Colchester, Jan. 12, Leah, wife of Geo. Hill, 69.
St. John, Jan. 9, Mary Elizabeth Whetzel, 22.
Westmorland Point, Jan. 10, Joshua Etter, 85.
Bathurst, N. B., Jan. 14, Mrs. Ann McNamara, 92.
Rockingham, Jan. 14, Frederick V. Tremaine, 56.
Port Hood, Jan. 5, Hugh, son of John Cameron, 23.
Salmon Mass., Jan. 9, Mr. John Horton Killam, 40.
Pictou, Dec. 7, James W. son of David McLean, 24.
Herring Cove, Jan. 15, Wm., son of Joseph Reyno, 24.
Halifax, Jan. 16, Annie E., daughter of Thomas Davis.
Truro, Jan. 12, Howard, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 10, Theophilus Chamberlain, 79.
Indian Harbor, Jan. 10, Jones, widow of John Allen, 65.
Boston, Mass., Jan. 1, Gertrude, wife of Geo. McKnight, 22.
Hantsport, Jan. 4, Susan, widow of Capt. James Lawrence, 75.
Moncton, Jan. 12, Mary, beloved wife of Charles H. C. Pisset, 73.
Falmouth, Jan. 11, Elizabeth, widow of the late Amos Davison, 82.
Gavelton, Jan. 8, infant son of Norman and Caroline Gavel, 1 month.
Windsor, Jan. 1, Roland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Houshron, 8 months.
Amherst, Jan. 12, Mary Gladness, daughter of Herbert Robb, 3 years.
Yarmouth, Jan. 11, Eugene Haestia, son of Deborah and Howard Kenney, 2 years.
Sharon, Mass., Jan. 10, Carl Leslie, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Carlson French, 8 months.

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On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax.....7.20
Express for Halifax and Pictou.....12.15
Express for Sussex.....12.45
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.05
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22.15
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

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.....16.45
Express from Halifax and Campbellton.....17.15
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. F. FOTTINGER,
Gen. Manager
Moncton, N. B., Nov. 26, 1900.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.