

A Delayed Wedding.

The parish of my grandfather, who saw a minister in the West many years ago, included almost an entire county. Some times he would ride thirty miles to attend a wedding or funeral, and occasionally queer adventures befall him.

"One time in the month of September, —he was rather addicted to telling this story—I had agreed to marry Mary Hiller to John Bean, and the wedding was to take place at the Hiller farmhouse, about five miles from where I lived. My saddle-horse was lame on the day set for the wedding, but a walk of five miles was nothing to me, and I started on a beautiful September evening, soon after eating my five o'clock supper. I could easily walk the distance in an hour and a half,—the wedding was set for eight o'clock—and I sauntered along leisurely, enjoying my walk.

"When I was opposite the farmhouse of my friend Mr. Gay, about a mile from my destination, I felt thirsty, and as I knew there was a well of fine, cold water back of the house, with a hospitable dipper hanging on one side of the curb for passers-by, I turned into the yard. The closed doors and windows of the house indicated, as I rightly guessed, that the Gays had all gone to the wedding at the Hillers' place.

"I had lowered the bucket and was about to draw it up, when I heard a sinister growl behind me, and turned to see Mr. Gay's brindled bull-dog deliberately approaching and showing all his teeth.

"Now I have always had a peculiar and perhaps morbid fear of savage dogs. I think I should have been less afraid of a panther or a tiger than of the dog which was then eyeing me malevolently, and yet with a sort of calm glee, as if he had me just where he wanted me, and would take his time in choosing a good bite.

"I knew him to be so cross that he was always kept chained in the daytime, and not loosed until the last thing at night. When I left the road to get a drink, I had taken it for granted that he was chained, as usual at so early an hour; but he had been loosed to protect the place during the absence of the family.

"Obviously the dog regarded me with suspicion. That he had not made up his mind as to my character would have been evident to me, I suppose, had I not been too much frightened to interpret correctly the fact that he had not at once attacked me. With calm words I might have propitiated him, but when I saw him apparently eager to be at me with those sharp teeth, I uttered an exclamation of terror, let go of the well-ropes and looked widely about for a place of refuge.

"There was a fence about ten feet from the well, and a small hen house just beyond the fence. I think I reached that fence at a single bound; another leap carried me over it. The door of the hen-house was open, and I cashed into it just as the dog came over the fence, now with out any doubt that my designs were reprehensible. He leaped against the door as I closed it; then I stood inside with my back against it, gasping in panic.

"The hen-house was so low that I could hardly stand erect, and some forty chickens that had gone to roost there were wildly excited by my sudden entrance. One old hen, with a tall brood of downy chickens, assailed me valorously and pecked viciously at my legs. A huge old rooster gallantly joined the sputtering hen in her attack. The air of the little place was stifling, and the fluttering of the chickens now filled it with choking dust. If the dog had not been growling ominously outside I should not have braved the atmosphere of that interior for a minute; but rather than come out to his wide jaws, I would have domiciled myself permanently in the hen house.

"Before long the valiant hen concluded that a creature so unresisting as I could not be dangerous to her brood. She retired, with the sympathetic rooster in close attendance, and the noise and the dust within soon subsided. After a while I hoped, from the silence of the dog, that he had had forgotten about my intrusion or concluded that I had escaped, when I opened the door finger's breath and peeped out, there he was lying down on guard.

"Get out!" I said; but instead he tried to get in. He fairly threw himself against the door clawing at it in a silent rage so appalling that my blood ran cold.

"The hens became uneasy again at the sound of his burglarious attempts, which he maintained with such pertinacity, such resolute, quiet industry, that I watched the door with increasing terror, in momentary expectation of seeing his toe-nails coming through the wood. And from this remorseless attempt to devour a clergyman he did

not desist until the time for the wedding had passed.

"Half an hour more went by. With the dog apparently tired out, I began to think of the wedding party. There was the Hillers and the Beans and all the good people be thinking about me.

"I became so angry at the dog that I felt in my pocket for the big jack-knife I usually carried. I opened it with a sense that the circumstances would justify even a minister in sanguinary courses. But when I again opened the door a crack and saw the dog's eyeballs shining in the darkness, I concluded that it would be undignified to get any nearer to his teeth.

"Just then he started me worse than ever by barking loudly. Trembling I put my back against the door again and then I heard heavy footsteps approaching. Next came a rough, loud voice:

"Keep still there, Bull!"

"The dog obeyed, evidently recognizing some one who had a right to enter the yard. I knew that it was not Mr Gay who had spoken, but called out:

"Hello, there! Who are you?"

"I would say who was I if I was you exclaimed the man and then I remembered Mr Gay's big German farm hand.

"Will you call off that dog please?" I said.

"No, I will not call off dot dog, please. He was a goat dog to catch a chicken teef like you was?"

"I am not a chicken thief!" I said, indignantly.

"Ach, no!" was the jeering reply. "A man in a chicken house by ten o'clock at night is neler a chicken teef—neter! You vas yosst mekin' a call on der hens! Vell, you may call mit dem unel Meester Gay is come. You vatch bein, Bull!"

"See here!" I called out, as the man moved away. "You know me. I am a minister of the gospel, and I am on my way to Mr. Hiller's house to marry his daughter. I stopped to get a drink, and this dog chased me in here. I know Mr. Gay well. I beg of you to call that dog away and let me come out."

"The farm hand seemed impressed by my words, for he said, after a moment's reflection:

"You vas dot minister vot did not come to marry dose poor young people tonight?"

"Yes."

"Vell, it's too bad Bull vas not eat you all up. A minister vot blay such a mean bradgidal shoke on beoples!"

"But the dog chased me in here. That's how it happened. I wouldn't have disappointed the party for fifty dollars—or five hundred, either. Don't you remember the time I helped you and Mr. Gay to get in the hay when a storm was coming on?"

"Donner un blitzen—you vas dot goot liddle minister vot look so scarred like one sheep, and all de same worked so goot dot day! Get away out of dot, Bull!"

"The dog was loath to go, but the German drove him away and I stepped out. Big Hans grasped my hand in the friendliest manner, and then burst out laughing as he held up his lantern and stared at me.

"My, my!" he cried. "If dem two young beoples vas see you now dey might forgive dot bradgidal shoke."

"What did they do about the wedding?" I asked.

"Don't do nodings, but send men ebery ways looking for you. Most of dem took glubs."

"And are the young people there yet?"

"Dey vas dwenty minutes ago, ven I come away. All dancing like crazy."

"Then put a saddle on one of Mr. Gay's horses for me."

"Vell!" That was all he said, but it expressed his enormous amazement that he had not previously entertained the idea that I might go and marry the young couple after all. The wedding was late, and the story of my adventure added not a little to the merriment of the occasion."

MISSISSIPPI'S NEW AFRICA.

The Negro Population of the State Gathering in the Yazoo Delta.

A new exodus of negroes from the hills of Mississippi to the swamps or Yazoo delta has begun. The delta planters have been sending agents into the country to persuade negro families to remove to the Delta and are meeting with great success, every planter bringing in from five to twenty-five families. The result is that a great deal of new land is being opened for cultivation and cotton acreage of the delta will be increased next year.

the south which made a bid for negro immigration, and it got all it wanted. On the other hand, the hill countries suffered from the movement. The negro laborers left, selling their possessions for whatever they would bring, and undergoing any privation to get to this promised land. So damaging did the exodus become at one time that the white hill farmers who saw their labor slipping away took energetic steps to stop the emigration and the land agents who were booming it were warned out of the country.

Most of the negroes in the first exodus bought their own land. There were large bodies of so-called swamp lands held by the railroads and the big lumber companies which they were very eager to sell to the negro. As a matter of fact the immigrants fared well. The population of the delta is composed of about eight or nine negroes to one white and the negroes have enjoyed peace and prosperity far beyond the lot of their brethren of other parts of the South.

The immigration has been steady ever since, but not so great as in earlier days largely because of the lower price of cotton. The boom in cotton this year has started it anew and the chances are that 50,000 or 60,000 negroes will move from central and southern Mississippi into the Yazoo delta.

There are indications that in time Mississippi's entire negro population will be concentrated in the Yazoo delta. By the last census the fourteen counties had increased in population during the decade from 207,651 to 264,341, or 27.4 per cent. This increase is much greater than that of the rest of the State and is due almost entirely to the negroes who have removed from the hills down to the alluvial lands.

Of the population of the delta not more than 40,000 are whites, while more than four-fifths, or 214,000, are negroes rising to fifteen to one. In the last decade the population of Sunflower county, which is in the very heart of the Yazoo delta, increased 71.4 per cent and that of Quitman county 65.4 per cent., owing to negro immigration from the hills.

While the alluvial lands of the delta are being filled with negroes, the pine-lands of Southern Mississippi are increasing even more rapidly with white immigrants from other states. The twenty southern counties show an increase during the decade from 310,264 to 420,251 inhabitants, an increase of 38.7 per cent. That part of the state is rapidly getting whiter, thanks to immigration from the south and west and the development of its lumber industries.

The rest of Mississippi, the central, northern and eastern sections, show an increase of only 12.3 per cent, during the decade, owing to the fact that they are being drained of negroes.

If the present exodus of negroes to the Yazoo delta continues it is only a question of time when the bulk of the colored people of the state will be concentrated there, and when the rest of the Mississippi will be white. Previous to the movement the negroes were scattered over the entire state and there were very few counties which boasted of a white majority. Now probably a majority of the counties are white.

The movement is almost entirely within the state and has been to the great advantage of the negroes. Those who have found a haven of refuge in the Yazoo delta are in better condition in all respects than formerly, while the loss of negro labor in the hill countries has taught the planters to be more considerate of their colored folk if they wish to keep them.

A Familiar Falsehood.

When a customer seeks to purchase some well known, widely advertised, standard article, and the dealer tries to sell him something else claiming the offered substitute to be "just as good," that dealer is guilty of flagrant falsehood.

weights and cheats, but in some cases may be dangerous poisons.

When the dealer says "just as good," ask yourself "just as good" for whom? You will find in the answer to that question the motive of substitution, which is the extra profit paid the dealer by the sale of the substitutes and imitations of standard wares. Practically the dealer says, when practicing the gentle art of substitution "This is 'just as good' for you, because it is a great deal more profitable for me, and anything is good enough for you which increases my profits."

A Mean Advantage.

"He takes a mean advantage of me," said the ward worker in metropolitan politics.

"In what way?"

"He abuses me in language containing so many long words that when I have got through looking up their meaning I am too tired to get back at him."

The Main Thing.

"Now," said the architect, "where do you want the drawing room located?"

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Nurich.

"What's that for? I couldn't draw a blamed thing if I tried!"

"I hope," replied the architect somewhat earnestly, "that you can at least draw a check."

Proof to the Contrary.

With a howl of agony the capitalist, who had just turned out the gas preparatory to retiring to rest, sat down on the carpeted floor and pulled something out of the sole of his bare foot.

"And yet," he groaned, "they call me a tacks dodger!"

"Why," the old inhabitants asked the ancient prophet in surprise, "do you build the Ark?"

The Patriarch Noah drew his sleeve across his brow and took a new grip on the adze. "Sh h h!" he said. "It's coming on to rain and my wife has got a new rainy-day costume. I don't intend to take any chances."

He turned doggedly to his labor.

Salt Rheum Cured Quick.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures Salt Rheum and all itching or burning skin diseases in a day. One application gives almost instant relief. For Itching, Blind, or Bleeding Piles it stands without a peer. Cures in three to six nights. 35 cents.—151

The Soubrette—They say Miss Tight-stays doesn't sympathize with the White Rats.

Miss Waiteleigh (understudy)—How could she be expected to, the old cat?

Miserable Folks could trace both state of mind and body to some one or other form of stomach disorder. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablet is a "vest pocket" remedy that nature provides and that medical science has proved a wonder in preventing and curing stomach ailments. If you've a symptom of distress in your stomach test the Pineapple cure. 35 cents.—152

BORN.

Kings, Feb. 14, to the wife of James Eye, a son.

Truro, Feb. 25, to the wife of T. Churchill, a son.

Amherst, Feb. 23, to the wife of W. Moran, a son.

Kings, Feb. 25, to the wife of Harry Millet, a son.

Halifax, Feb. 27, to the wife of L. Doyle, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Feb. 26, to the wife of J. McMellon, a son.

Amherst, Feb. 23, to the wife of John O'Neill, a son.

Amherst, Feb. 23, to the wife of Harry Black, a son.

Amherst, Feb. 23, to the wife of Robt. Milner, a son.

Truro, Feb. 23, to the wife of Fred Anderson, a son.

Dartmouth, Feb. 24, to the wife of James Warner, a son.

Bridgewater, Feb. 24, to the wife of F. Kemp, a daughter.

Hants, Feb. 16, to the wife of Joseph Miller, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Feb. 17, to the wife of Aubrey Potter, a daughter.

Halifax, Feb. 24, to the wife of Alfred Costley, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Feb. 24, to the wife of S. Arenburg, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Feb. 20, to the wife of Nathan Oicle, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Feb. 24, to the wife of Joseph Ra'use, twin girls.

Lunenburg, Feb. 21, to the wife of Annis Wambach, a son.

MARRIED.

Campbellton, Feb. 18, Joseph LePage to Leonie Cyr Campbellton, Feb. 18, Peter Ouellet to Charlotte Michaud.

Eureka, Cal., Feb. 4, Rev Henry Marcotte to Nora Nickerson.

Truro, Feb. 20, by Rev R M Jost, James Howell to Martha E. Tupper.

Halifax, Feb. 21, by Rev Dr Heartz, John Clargue to Catherine Evans.

Hants Co., Feb. 27, by Rev H F Zwicker, James Ross to Sadie Manual.

Yarmouth, Feb. 23, by Rev D W Johnson, James Bethel to Cassie Watt.

Woodstock, Feb. 27, by Rev Thomas Todd, Todd Ritchie to Reita Grant.

Boston, Jan. 30, by Rev J M Foster, Daniel Sinclair to Katherine Ross.

Guy'sboro, Feb. 21, by Rev G Howcroft, Joseph J Scott to Una S Engleard.

Lunenburg, Feb. 27, by Rev H B Smith, Norman A Osborne to Susie J Dunn.

Springhill, Feb. 11, by Rev W J Doody, Adam S Gillet to Georgian Landry.

Lunenburg, Feb. 20, by Rev J Rogers, Joseph N Smith to Emily May Gaetz.

Annapolis, Feb. 27, by Rev J S Coffin, Frederick H Durland to Maude C Berry.

Digby, Feb. 27, by Rev F H Beals, Frederick B Saunders to Ethel L Sproule.

Tatamagouche, Feb. 13, by Rev Dr Sedgwick, Joseph Palmer to Nellie McLeod.

Lansdowne, Pa., Dec. 29, by Rev F J Markee, Richard Donnelly to Lillian Moore.

Truro, Feb. 27, by Archdeacon of Nova Scotia, John B Hession to Eliza A Chisholm.

Sydney, Feb. 18, by Rev J F Forbes, Malcolm McKinnon to Mary A McPherson.

Truro, Feb. 28, by Rev J W Falconer, Theodore A Crossman to Sarah C Robinson.

Gabarus, C.B., Feb. 19, by Rev W Purvis, John C Harris to Christy Ann Munroe.

Springhill, Feb. 11, by Rev W J Doody, Patrick McGuire to Elizabeth Minahan.

Springhill, Feb. 9, by Rev J W Bancroft, William Taylor to Mary May Mountain.

Boston, Feb. 18, by Rev A D McKlenon, John M Durland to Margaret E Macdon.

Mulgrave, Feb. 25, by Rev G Howcroft, Daniel S Fraser to Catherine Dorrington.

Newcastle, Feb. 14, by Rev J D Murray, Donald McTavish to Penelope Anderson.

Vernon River, Feb. 8, by Rev Dr Doyle, Daniel Maccahern to Laura Macdonald.

Georgetown, Feb. 27, by Rev A W Herdman, Francis LeLachar to Katie Macdonald.

Upper Musquodoboit, Feb. 27, by Rev F Thompson, Alexander Clarke to Iva A Fisher.

Logisville, Feb. 14, by Rev A W Lewis, Dwight L McDonald to Elizabeth McInnis.

Charlottetown, Feb. 27, by Rev T F Fullerton, Ambrose Ferguson to Leta J Ferguson.

Leipzig, Germany, Feb. 22, by Rev G W Maxwell, Harry Gordon Rogers to Emma Dick.

DIED.

Halifax, James DeMone, 52

Boston, Feb. 2 Estella Goodwin,

Hebron, Feb. 18, Jacob Phillips, 67.

Amherst, Feb. 21, Mrs Sarah Feck.

Halifax, Feb. 27, Harlan Fulton, 63.

Earlton, Jan. 27, Nancy McKay, 80.

Halifax, Feb. 27, Janet Spencer, 74.

Halifax, Mrs Rosanna McNevin, 87.

Selma, Feb. 21, Alonzo Bennett, 43.

Little River, Feb. 9, Arthur Parday.

Sweet, Idaho, Jan. 10, Gay Silver, 70.

Halifax, Feb. 22, Eben zer Sparks 62.

Murray River, Jan. 23, John McLeod.

Sau Antonio, Jan. 19, George Wymas.

Springhill, Feb. 16, Isabella Fraser, 84.

Mahone Bay, Feb. 20, Jacob Ernst, 92.

Halifax, Feb. 20, Margaret Gallant, 88.

Westville, Feb. 12, Hugh Falconer, 78.

Searletown, Feb. 26, Christopher Smith.

Portland, Me., Feb. 28, Olive Fisher, 82.

Glassville, Feb. 12, Hector Mcintosh, 64.

Halifax, Feb. 24, Phineas L Chesley, 68.

Lawrence, Mass., Feb. 22, Jennie Dean.

New Annap, Feb. 22, Gavin Bell, sr., 61.

Needham, Mass., Feb. 23, Arthur Bennett.

Lynn, Mass., Feb. 22, Olive Churchhill, 22.

Brockton, Ma., Feb. 20, Mattie May Kent.

Boston, Feb. 22, Mrs. James Hamilton, 56.

Etouham, Mass., Feb. 17, Della Frost, 61.

Kingsburg, Feb. 21, Sylvanus Mosher, 85.

Brookside, Feb. 27, Lena May Clifford, 21.

Dartmouth, N. S., Feb. 18, John Winslow, 75.

Pugwash River, Feb. 16, Hugh Cameron, 37.

Dorchester, Mass., Feb. 19, Annie Cameron.

Toronto, March 1, Harriet Hansard Chandler.

Halifax, March 1, Aubrey Hubley, 3 months.

Cole Harbor, March 1, Wm Settle, 19 months.

San Francisco, Feb. 22, James G. Hunter, 66.

West Pucwash, Feb. 22, Miss Simon Fraser, 74.

Lower Selma, Hants, Feb. 21, John Crowe, 75.

Charlottetown, B. C., Jan. 25, Capt. J. Crowley.

Halifax, Feb. 23, Frederick Clarke, 14 months.

North Cambridge, Feb. 25, Lucina A Donnelly.

Tignish, Feb. 23, Mary wife of Edward O'Brien.

Tatamagouche, 25 Feb., Mrs. Robert Cooper, 84.

Mount Uniacke, Feb. 26, Rev. J. B. Uniacke, 61.

Dartmouth, Feb. 25, Richard J. King, 4 months.

Windsor Junction, Feb. 24, Patrick Heslian, 41.

Kennetcook Corner, Feb. 27, John W. Eitinger, 71.

Springfield, C. B., Feb. 14, John Henry McDonald 3 months.

Springfield, Mass., Feb. 23, George T MacMillan, 71.

Boston, Feb. 14, Margaret wife of John Fitzpatrick 26.

Denver, Colorado, Feb. 26, Major Wright Pooley, 24.

Bible Hill, Truro, Feb. 22, Hattie G. Connolly, 22.

Great Village, Colchester, Feb. 5, Allen McKim, 81.

Halifax, March 1, Joanna wife of David Silverthorne, 72.

RAILROADS.

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LOW RATE.....

Settlers' Excursions

To Colorado, Utah, Montana, Kootenay and Pacific Coast POINTS.

One way Second Class Tickets good going on February 19th, 26th, March 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th, April 2nd, 9th, 16 h, 23rd, 30th, 1901.

For particulars of rates, train service, etc., write to

A. J. HEATH,
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St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

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.....16.40

Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.05

Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22.13

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Montreal.

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.....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. FOTTINGER,
Gen. Manager
MONCTON, N. B., Nov. 26, 1900.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.