

ONE LOVE TOO MANY Or THE FUGITIVE BRIDE By F. W. CHAPPELL

One day in the sweet June weather of the year 186—, she sat in the shadow of her cabin wall, 'laying down the law' to her loving and willful charge. He leaned idly against the rickety doorpost, and looked down upon her with smiling eyes.

CHAPTER II. Young Marshall has been his own master too long to brook much opposition even in the matter of his whims, much less in the indulgence of a serious passion. The old negro, Phibby, tyrannized over him many a time, but the smaller details of life, but neither she nor any other had much actual influence upon his will.

CHAPTER III. Time, none of a midsummer's day; scene, a rude gray porch thickly embowered in wisteria and trumpet creeper, and for dramatic purposes, tall, dark of hair and eyes, with skin pure and well tinted; head small and well set upon a faultless neck; form slender, lithe, and instinct with nervous grace.

CHAPTER IV. The fond mother dreams great dreams of baby's future as she holds the sleeping little one in her arms. But the dream will never come true unless she has given him a strong body and a healthy mind. Children die in hosts, or live to struggle through life feeble of body and dull of mind because the mother was unfit physically and mentally for motherhood.

CHAPTER V. Mrs. Wm. Day's case is one more positive proof of the permanency of the cures this remedy makes. The country is full of dyspepsia cases. They are like locusts—swarming in a night and vanishing in a night.

CHAPTER VI. The picture she made, with the dark leaves and brilliant blossoms swaying about her was one well calculated to fix the eye of even an indifferent observer. Her dress of light, thin material was of a deep orange color, and set off her dark beauty well.

CHAPTER VII. Mrs. Orris Allen, of Downing, Queen Co., Wis., writes: 'I have been in bed for over a year. My baby was born in regard to what your Favorite Prescription has done for me cannot praise it enough. For I have not been well for five years and now, in July, I feel like a baby. Weight 110 pounds, and I was only sick a short time, and since I got up have not had one sick day. I have not had any more trouble since I got up. I was not only surprised myself but all of my friends here are surprised to see me so well.'

AFTER A BATTLE. The Relics and Refuse of Modern War.

BY JULIAN RALPH. (London 'Daily Mail' Correspondence.)

'Even the blooming butterflies are the color of khaki, as Tommy says of locusts. There was an exception to the rule, as was proved by the next living thing I saw. It was a secretary bird—a stately bird holding himself proudly and stalking along with a breast full of snakes. He was black and white, and had many snake-like birds flattered out of our road, and present, I saw ahead of me a swarm of vultures soaring in as thick a cloud as if they had been moths. As I drew nearer I noticed that the bulk of each was not very great. On the ground—where there were two scab wounds—they seemed even larger. They marked the outer edge of the great and horrid field of carnage. Many dead horses lay on the field, and these birds were eating some and perching on the rest.

THE VULTURE FEAST. I am told that a British officer who would not take a pie for his own use will still eat an Albanian or a hungry hound of late, and many a gentle man has looked for me. It is to be thought that our officers feel as I do about this slaughter of horses in this war. Between battles a dozen dead horses of disease seize them, and they have to be buried in the open air. And in battle their legs are snapped off, their bodies torn, and their heads are shattered—and there is nothing to do but to leave them to the scavengers, as the vultures are called. There is no time to bury, to shoot them.

But the anti-cruelty people at home are as they may, there are other things to think of beside humanity in the best of great battles. But of all the pitiful, heartrending sights I have ever seen, none has compared to the sight of a man's hand, and then he'll be off after the other foot. Oh, and I beg pardon, Miss Pointer; I suppose I ought to be more choice in my titles, but when a man is in a dead, downy state, he can't be said to pick and choose. He has to be thrown me over for Marshall's soft speeches, you'll rue the day you did it. Can you think of a single passer-by girl in this neighborhood that has been made by a long war? You needn't think because you are so proud and so handsome that you'll fare different from the rest. He'll burn, and scrape, and beg, and plead until you give in, and then he'll be off after the other foot. Oh, and I beg pardon, Miss Pointer; I suppose I ought to be more choice in my titles, but when a man is in a dead, downy state, he can't be said to pick and choose. He has to be thrown me over for Marshall's soft speeches, you'll rue the day you did it.

HONOR ON HORROR'S HEAD. But the worst horror was to come when I approached close upon the last battle field, only twenty-four hours after the fight at Driefontein. On this field nearly all the horses were yet dead. On the contrary, as I came up beside the dead, I saw a man's hand, and then he'll be off after the other foot. Oh, and I beg pardon, Miss Pointer; I suppose I ought to be more choice in my titles, but when a man is in a dead, downy state, he can't be said to pick and choose. He has to be thrown me over for Marshall's soft speeches, you'll rue the day you did it.

AN ARMY'S BRIC-A-BRAC. Every where, also, blating objects, gleaming like ton-weights of crystal, littered the slovenly face of the earth. They were great army biscuit tins. Cartridge shells, bully beef tins, tattered coats and trousers torn and mangled, and a broken shell and a shot.

A LIFE SENTENCE. Justice seems to work slowly over the border, though it is generally true. Readers of this paper remember reading of the murder of Daniel Murphy by a Toronto son, going on two years ago. The last issue of the Times, Houlton, says:—Daniel Patrick Murphy was sentenced by Chief Justice W. Wells to State prison for life, having been found guilty of the murder of his father. Thus ended one of the most interesting murder cases ever held in an Aroostook court. One year ago he was found guilty. His attorney D.A.H. Powers took the case to the court but the bench failed to set aside the verdict and after one year of sitting the murderer has received his sentence. His attorney fought for his freedom but the evidence was too strong against him.

CANADIANS ON MAJUBA DAY. General Smith-Dorrien's Tribute to our Gallant Troops. Writing to correct some errors in the Bloemfontein Friend's account of the part the Canadians took in compelling (Cronje's) surrender, General Smith-Dorrien says: Bloemfontein, March 17, 1900. To the Editor of the 'Friend': 'Dear Sir,—I have read your account of the Canadians on Majuba Day in your issue of the 14th. It is correct up to a certain point, but the last part of it is quite erroneous. 'In justice to the gallant corps and to

KILLED HIS FATHER, No Advance. Prominent Toronto Man Shot Dead by His 12 Year Old Son.

DEED BELIEVED TO BE A DELIBERATE ONE. The Culprit has Been Placed Under Arrest.

Toronto, May 10th.—Peter McIntyre, one of the most widely known steamboat freight men, and Ontario local agent of the Richleau and Ontario Navigation Co., was shot dead by his twelve year old son this morning at 10 o'clock. He was attending his usual duties in the freight office, Yonge street wharf. It is supposed he had words with the boy, as the latter who had been hanging round the office, stealthily procured a revolver from his father's chest in his private apartment.

Approaching the unfortunate man, the boy shot his father through the heart. Death was instantaneous. Employees of the office were in the office office at the time. 'The boy has been arrested. McIntyre was the father of a large family. Thirteen aldermen had just signed a petition to have him appointed city excise agent. It was to have come up today at the city hall. The murder seems to have been deliberate and premeditated. The boy admits the deed.

Notes From South Africa. Pt. W. J. Raymond, a St. John man with the first Canadian contingent tells how some of the British soldiers were wounded on Majuba day at Paardeberg. He says: Just at the junction a chap named Quinn, from Fredericton, who was lying low, trying to get in a shot, received a ball in his stomach. He was the second man in the trench to be hit, and shortly afterwards Lovitt and Fradham, from up the St. John river, were shot through the sides.

PARSONS PILLS. To Cure Sick Headache. They remove impurities from the stomach and bowels, put up in glass vials. Thirty in a bottle. One dose. Recommended by all the best medical authorities. Sold by all druggists, or sent post free for 25 cents. See 'The Standard' & Co., Boston, Mass.

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