

THE TWO BROTHERS.

In Palestine, long years ago—
Where Kedron's sparkling waters flow
Across their sands of gold,
Above the sunny plain,
Two brothers once—as one—'tis said,
A field of golden grain.

And when the autumn days had come,
And all the shocks and sheaves
Stood waiting for the harvest home,
The elder brother said one night
"I'm stronger than Saul,
My younger brother, 'tis but right
That I should give him all
These sheaves upon the plain
We own together. So
I'll put with his my stack of grain
And he will never know it."

Scarcely had he left the sheaves of wheat
Which quietly there came
Across the field with stealthy feet,
On errand just the same,
The younger lad, who said, "I see
My brother Simon's need
Is greater far than mine,"
Hath wife and child to feed
And so to him I'll give my sheaves—
It is but right, I know—
And he will never think who leaves
These wheat stacks on his row!"

Next morning, when the brothers twain
Began to count their store,
Behold! each found his stacks of grain
To number as before!
"Why, how is this?" in great surprise
"Each to himself then said
"I'll watch to-night, and see who tries
These tricks when I'm abroad!"
And so, half-way across the plain
They met—each with a sheaf
With shocks and sheaves of golden grain
To swell his brother's store!"

Good Saul and Simon! Would to-day
Many brothers might be found
Who seek each other's good away
And in kind deeds abound!

THREE RUNAWAYS.

Our acquaintance with Indian Bill
was of brief duration, and ended as
suddenly as it began, but it left a strong
impression on the memory of
good many other folks—especially as
far as I am concerned, at least.

Back of the village where I lived was
a wooded ravine of considerable extent,
known as Indian Hollow. On one
side of it was an abandoned stone quarry,
and the little frame shed in which
the tools used to be kept still remained
standing among high weeds and bushes.
One crisp September afternoon as I
was walking through the woods, I
saw a man in a blue coat and
the rickety tool-house in chase of a rabbit,
a hideous voice commanded us to halt.
We turned back and timidly ap-
proached the owner of the voice, who
was looking on the grass in front of
the shed. I can see him plainly now—a
short thick-set man, with a mottled red
mustache, purplish cheeks covered with
a stubby growth of hair, and twinkling
blue eyes; the other was missing
entirely. He wore high boots, coarse
and grubby clothes, and a broad
slovenly hat was pulled carelessly over his
forehead.

This queer-looking object had so fasci-
nating a smile and a voice of such
seductive powers that we three boys
were soon seated at his feet, talking as
though we had known him all our lives.
I suppose he must have been a
tramp; though we were far from thinking
so then. His name was a very
peculiar one—William Jones—but he
modestly begged us to call him Indian
Bill, because it sounded more natural.
The latter title, he informed us, had
been bestowed upon him by countless
admirers of his in the West, and he
of whom he had said at the risk of
his own life in terrible combat with
Indians. One desperate tale of daring
followed another until our hearts burned
with a fierce desire to go West and slay
Indians by the score. With idolatrous
admiration we listened to him as he
recounted these stories, leaning against
the door of the shanty, and occasionally
wetting his lips with an old tomato-can
full of spring water.

"Why don't you go out there again?"
asked I. "I don't care how
you stand it in this mean old country,
after having such times."

Indian Bill sighed, and tugged re-
flexively at his mustache.
"You're right, lad," he said. "This
here Eastern country don't agree with
me. I ought to be back home now be-
cause I'm captain of a band called the
"Indian Killers," and they can't go on
no raiding expeditions without me.
I say I come to be here is just this:
I made a pilgrimage East to see my
old home, what I left when I was an
innocent kid twelve years old. Weeds
were grown all over the place, and the
old folks were lyin' in the churchyard.
I scattered flowers on the grave and
"come away."

Here he paused to wipe a tear from
his eye, and we almost wept ourselves
to behold such emotion in this blood-
thirsty Indian fighter.
"I bought a ticket for Arizona,"
and started on the cars," he resumed; "but
as the train was passing through a town,
the sight of a wooden Indian in front of
a cigar-store made me so crazy to get
away from the pent-up car that I jumped
off at the next station, and out across the
country until I come to this party place.
It reminds me some of the West, and I
reckon I'll stay here a few days till I
can brace up enough to board the cars
again. I like your company. You
chaps have the stuff in you to make good
Indian fighters."

We beamed with pleasure at this,
and after a long pull at the tomato-can,
Indian Bill resumed: "Say, have you
any bread and butter and cold meat,
and chickens, and ham, and coffee, and
rice? I'm in a fix about grub, because I
have nothing less than a five-hundred-dollar
bill, and I know that ain't to be changed
around this neighborhood."

We opened our eyes at the mention of
such wealth, and unanimously agreed
that changing the bill in the village was
out of the question.
"I think I can bring you something to
eat," spoke up Zeb Harmon.
"So can I," exclaimed I, "and I'll
be the same words left my own lips."

Indian Bill smiled gratefully. "Much
obeyed, here," he said. "Tomorrow

will do. I have grub enough for over
night. Bring as much as you can, and
I will pay you well as soon as I get this
bill changed. Don't tell any one that I
am here, though. Keep that to your-
selves, for the people know it, they'd
come crowding to see me, and, being of
a modest disposition, I wouldn't like
that."

We gave the required promise, and
after lingering about for a while in
hopes of being offered a glimpse of the
five-hundred-dollar bill, we bade our
friend good-night, and trudged home-
wards, vaguely realizing that a broader
vista of life had opened before the six-
teen summers which each of us had
seen.

Thus began our acquaintance with
Indian Bill, and to what end it led may
be briefly told. During the next four
days we paid frequent visits to the old
toolshed, taking with us gifts of food
which, I confess with shame, were plun-
dered from the family pantries, giving
rise to a belief in the village that sneak-
thieves were about. We intended to
confess to our parents at some future
time, and this served as a sort of balm to
our consciences.

Indian Bill slept on a heap of straw
in the toolshed, and cooked his meals
—many of which we shared—on a
stone fireplace outside. There was no
fire in his tales of daring, and he spent
hours stretched at his feet, listening
with the keenest delight to narrations
that made our hair fairly stand erect.
On the fourth day of our acquaintance
he made a proposition which at first
startled us, but which we soon learned
that we should accompany him to the
Wild West and join the Indian Killers.

"You chaps will make plucky fighters,"
he said, "and I'll wager that you'll
be next in rank to me afore you've been
members of the band a year. Your
parents will be sorry at first when they
find you've run away, but they'll forgive you
quick enough when you come back
grown-up men, and with your pockets
full of money."

Indian Bill talked in this strain until
we were quite won over, and had eagerly
agreed to accompany him.
"We must start to-night," he said.
"I've wasted too much time in this
village already. How much money
can you chaps get, and what kind of
weapons?"

"I have fifteen dollars in a tin bank,"
exclaimed I. "I can easily break it
open. I can get a pistol, too."
"I can't get any money, but I can
bring a rifle," said Zeb. "It cost forty
dollars, and I promised to give it to
me, anyhow, when I grow up, so it's
the same as mine."

I promised to contribute a ten-dollar
gold piece which I had saved for
Christmas, and which I was allowed
to keep in my bureau drawer on con-
dition of not spending it; and our com-
bined resources seemed to satisfy Indian
Bill.

"I guess that will do," he said. "You
see, we'll have plenty of money when
we reach a big town where I can
change my note. Then I'll buy you
lads a fine outfit. Meet me here at
dark to-night, and we'll start westward
on the first freight train that passes the
watering tank back here on the rail-
road. They always stop here a minute
or two."

Well, the end of it was that we agreed
to everything, and I for one had a hard
time to keep my excitement under con-
trol at the supper table that evening.
When the meal was over I possessed
myself of the ten-dollar gold piece, and
slipping out of the house unperceived,
joined my companions on the edge of
the village. Zeb had his rifle, and I
had his \$5, and a brand new revolver.
Not one of us realized the sinful and
foolish thing we were about to do, or
dreamed of the bitter consequences
that would result from our folly. We
stilled the kind of conscience and our
regrets at running away from kind
homes, by thinking of the grand life
we were going to lead in the West, killing
Indians by the score and acquiring
wealth and renown.

Somewhat soberly we struck over the
field to Posing Hollow, where the
Indian Bill waiting for us. By a few
judicious words he put us in good spirits,
and, climbing the hill beyond the quarry,
we headed for the railroad, five miles
away. It was a crisp September evening,
and the moon was shining brightly on
the fields and on the golden pumpkins in
the furrows.

The watering-tank was reached just
as a long freight train slackened speed
and came to a halt. Indian Bill
approached with a great rattling
centre, and managed to pass the sliding
door open.

"It's empty," he muttered. "Lots
of room inside. Up with you, now!"
One after another we climbed in, and
our companions followed, closing the door
behind them.

"Lie down in your corner," he directed,
"and make pillows of your coats. You
may sleep all night and I'll waken you
in the morning."
On a long walk had tired us, and we
offered no objection. Side by side we
stretched ourselves on the hard floor, and
almost before the car started we were
sound asleep. I don't remember much
after that, though I think I was awake
once or twice. Finally a sudden jolt
knocked my head roughly against the
side of the car, and I sat up, very cold
and very indignant. I did not remem-
ber for an instant where I was, and then
the truth flashed upon me.

"Is that you, Will?" cried Zeb's
voice; and then I saw the face of
Indian Bill, and he was grinning out
at me.

The truth was only too plain. We
knew that Indian Bill deceived us from
the very beginning, and that his sole
object was robbery. He must have been
a wandering tramp with a plausible
tongue, and now as the result of our
folly and credulity, we were being
whipped away from home, locked
up in a freight car, and without a cent
of money between us. Visions of paren-
tal wrath tended to make us still more
miserable, and for a while the tears
came freely.

"We can't do anything to help our-
selves," said I, plucking up a little
courage. "We must wait as patiently
as possible until the train reaches the
end of its journey."

"I may stop at some station before
long," said I. "That is the way Indian
Bill got off. He was surely in the car
when it started."

"Yes," assented Zeb, "that's true. If
the train stops we will yell and kick as
loud as we can."

But the train did not stop, though we
consoled ourselves with the constant
hope that it would. For hour after hour
we chafed at the delay, and as the night
fell, our matches were soon gone, and
then we remained in utter darkness,
wondering how our folly was destined to
end. At last we fell asleep again from
exhaustion, and knew no more.

We awoke to find the train still moving
on, and the sunlight streaming through
the crevices of the door.

We shouted with all our might, and
stamped our feet on the floor. Presently
we heard footsteps and voices outside.
People shined lanterns into the car, and
a crowd of men came in. We were
shoved back, and a crowd of wonder-
ing faces confronted us. We tried to
explain matters to a blue-coated officer
who promptly collared us and dragged us
out, but he sternly ordered us to be
quiet. On leaving the car we were sur-
prised to find ourselves in a big town
which stretched on both sides of the
railroad. The policeman ignominiously
conducted us through the main street.

People looked at us with scorn, and
a noisy crowd followed in our rear.
At last we reached a somber stone
building and entered. We were taken
to an inner room, where, after a long
wait, we were allowed to tell our story
to a judge sitting at a desk. He
rattled. He crossed-questioned us
pretty closely and then said, "I have no
alternative but to lock you up until you
can communicate with your parents. By
your own admission you are run-
aways, and I can't get any money, but I
can bring a rifle," said Zeb. "It cost forty
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The Stars Unnumberable.

A reader says, "I am thankful for the
pointing out recently of even a few of
the heavenly bodies to be seen," and he
then asks in evident surprise: "Was not
the editor of the Orange Judd Farmer
'way off' in saying there are only about
a thousand stars visible in the heavens
on the bright evenings now—when we
have any such? I thought the stars were
innumerable." If the reader has ordi-
nary eyesight, it will be difficult for him
to see clearly over about two thousand
stars above the horizon. They are more
plentiful at some other times in the year,
especially when the "milky way" is over
us. The number is very deceptive. In
the mind's eye divide the sky into sec-
tions and count the stars you can see
without a telescope. You will on adding
up all seen in the different sections or
parts hardly find two thousand in the
clearest night. But now turn towards
the heavens a telescope of even moderate
power, and the stars in any part of the
sky will be next to uncountable if not
known as the "milky way" from so close a
photographic picture which can be exam-
ined at leisure under a high power mi-
croscope, and thus examine many stars
which even the strong telescope does not
reveal. Why, the stars thus found, which
were before hidden to a space less than
four times the apparent diameter of the
moon, number over sixty thousand.

Take a silver twenty-five cent piece by
its edges between the thumb and finger,
and hold it out at arm's length. That
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Marriage in Russia.

"In almost all Russia," says a recent
issue of *L'Espresso*, "marriages are brought
about by means of a woman mediator,
known as the 'bride's friend' or 'bride's
choice' is made the *svakha* puts on her
best 'bib and tucker,' and proceeds to
the home of the future bride. She
makes her entrance in as dignified a
fashion as possible, and the bride's friend
begins to speak of various things
which seemingly have little relation to
marriage."

"She says, for instance: 'Where there
is no snow it is difficult to follow tracks,
and today snow has fallen and it is easy
to find the way to a marriage.' The
bride's friend then proceeds to the point
of withdrawal from the place. If the
negotiations end desirably the suitor
takes courage to visit the girl, to be-
come better acquainted with her and
her surroundings."

"In some provinces, for instance in
the government of Volga, this visit of
examination on the part of the suitor
becomes an elaborate ceremony. The
family of the bridegroom, under the
leadership of the mediator, proceed to
the house of the bride. The mediator,
without much ado, commands the bride
to appear. If the visitors are satisfied
with the talent of the girl for weaving
they ask her to walk about the room to
show them the shawl. The bride, prospec-
tive, or rather possible, bride and groom
are then placed side by side to see
whether they are mated as to height.
If one of the young persons happens to
fall short of the proper length of body
there is always great hilarity among
the members of the two families."

"In almost all the so-called 'Great
Russia,' the surrender of the bride as-
sumes, in a way, the character of a sale.
The money and objects of various kinds
which the groom intends to present to
the parents of the girl are the subject of
long discussion."

"We can consider the affair closed,"
asks, for instance, the father of the suitor.
"I am agreed," comes the answer.
"How much will you give me in cash?"
"Fifteen rubles," is the reply.

"That is no money at all. I received
twenty rubles when my oldest daughter
was married, and the times were hard."
"I shall add a fur mantle," comes the
reply.

"Keep your mantle. My daughter
has one."

"Thus the conversation proceeds until
the marriage terms are settled. But the
customs at the marriage are equally
queer. A few days before the wedding
the bride is taken to her room by her
friends and companions. The soap used at
the time is a present from the bridegroom.
The bathing sponge, through which rib-
bons are passed, is carried on a long pole
in front of the bride. The young woman
enters the church on the day of the wed-
ding the aisle in a mad race. There is
a tradition that whichever one places
the foot first on the cloth in front of the
altar is to be master of the house."

"In some parts of the country it is
still the custom to invite a sorcerer to
the wedding ceremonies for the purpose
of driving away all evil spirits. The
sorcerer is treated with the greatest re-
spect. At table he is served first.
"Among other things there are queer
customs at the wedding dinner. When
the wine is passed around each guest
tastes the beverage and cries out that it
is bitter. This is the signal for the new-
ly married couple to embrace one an-
other. In some governments the young
wife is obliged to pull off her husband's
boots in the presence of the guests, as
proof that he is master. A whip—
placed there purposely—falls from the
boot, and the husband strikes the wife
with it three times. After this greeting
he kisses her. The Russian peasant
values his wife for her economical prop-
erties."

AN EVERY-DAY HYMN.

In every heart are faith and hope,
Which God to man has given;
And charity, that precious gem,
Which makes of earth a heaven.

Our God has made a perfect law,
A guide and every one,
To Him we'll trust our future life,
And let His will be done.

All narrow creeds are made by man
A source of war and strife;
I'll keep the law that Christ has given,
And live a peaceful life.

—Benjamin H. Field.

The Coffee Plant.

Perhaps no article of household com-
pensation has ever been so universally
popular as the little berry contained in
the capsule of the coffee plant.

Denounced as a slow poison by many
of the medical luminaries of the last
century, and rejected by many ecclesi-
astical exiles of the present day, it has
nevertheless, ever since the Moham-
medan Muffis vented their imprecations
upon it, more than three hundred years
ago, maintained a steady progress toward
general acceptance. It is said by some
writers that "up to the eighteenth cen-
tury, all the coffee that was consumed
in Europe came from Arabia." It was
brought by way of Egypt and Syria; and
the Pachas of these Turkish provinces
acted as the most exclusive duties. It
was then that Europeans began to think
of another route to Arabia. The Hol-
landers were the first to begin the traffic
in the Red Sea, taking their cargoes at
Mocha. They were soon followed by
the English and French. But they
could not bear the thought of being de-
pendent upon the exacting Arabians for
the article which was becoming of such
necessity and repute.

Van Horn, the first president of the
Dutch East India Company, succeeded in ob-
taining the exclusive rights to the coffee
ports of Batavia in 1602, where they
thrived to perfection. One of these
plants was sent in 1710 to Amsterdam
and planted in the botanical garden of
that city, where it flourished. An off-
shoot of the same plant was trans-
ported to the Netherlands in 1716. Its
introduction into Martinique was
effected by a French sea captain in
1720. From thence it spread through
the islands of the west, in the Spanish
colonies, in western Africa, and in Cen-
tral and India. I have not found the
exact date of its introduction into Brazil,
but Rio de Janeiro is said to be the
largest coffee mart in the world. It is
commonly understood that coffee cul-
ture was first introduced into Brazil in
1714. Turkey and the United States are
undoubtedly the greatest coffee-drinking
nations in the world. France, also, is
a very large consumer of the article.
The French people are noted for their
skill in preparing it as an excellent
beverage.

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have, that makes one human being
superior to another.—Louis M. Alcott.

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general usefulness and adaptability.
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tion, they have always maintained
their popularity as a family medi-
cine, being in greater demand now
than ever before. They are put up
both in vials and boxes, and whether
for home use or travel, Ayer's Pills
are preferable to any other. Have
you ever tried them?

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TUESDAY and FRIDAY Mornings
for Eastport and Portland, making
close connections at Portland
with B. & M. Railroad, due
in Boston at 11 a. m.

Connections at Eastport with Steamer for St.
Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

Through first and second-class tickets can be
purchased and baggage checked through from all
connecting stations at Portland, and on board
City of Monticello between St. John, Digby,
and Annapolis. Also, freight billed through at ex-
tremely low rates.

C. E. LACHELIER,
Agent, St. John, N. B.

J. R. COYLE,
Manager, Portland.

Intercolonial Railway.

1892 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1892

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 27th day of
JUNE, 1892, the Train of the Railway will
run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN—
Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.00
Express for Halifax, 7.15
Express for St. John, 7.30
Express for St. John, 7.45
Express for St. John, 8.00
Express for St. John, 8.15
Express for St. John, 8.30
Express for St. John, 8.45
Express for St. John, 9.00
Express for St. John, 9.15
Express for St. John, 9.30
Express for St. John, 9.45
Express for St. John, 10.00
Express for St. John, 10.15
Express for St. John, 10.30
Express for St. John, 10.45
Express for St. John, 11.00
Express for St. John, 11.15
Express for St. John, 11.30
Express for St. John, 11.45
Express for St. John, 12.00
Express for St. John, 12.15
Express for St. John, 12.30
Express for St. John,