

## Counter-thoughts.

"What is the little one thinking about? Very wonderful things, no doubt!"

What are the old folks thinking about? Very wonderful things, no doubt.

A thought like this filled the baby's head (A wonderful baby, and very well read). He gazed at grandpa, and grandma too; And mirrored the pair in his eyes of blue, As side by side they sat there rocking— He with his pipe, and she with her stocking.

And the baby wondered, as well he might, Why old folks always were happy and bright—

And he said in his heart With a blithe little start That showed how gladly he'd act his part: "I'll find some baby, as soon as I can, To stay with me till I'm grown an old man, And, side by side, we'll sit there rocking— With my pipe, and she with her stocking."

—Marry Mapes Dodge, in Century.

## Going Aloft.

One evening a number of old shipmasters met at a social supper, and commenced spinning yarns after the cloth was removed. Among the number was Captain Richard Sutton. At length it came his turn to tell a story or to relate some incident or event in his own life.

"Well, boys," he said, as he rejected the bottle of wine which was at that moment passed to him for the first time. "I will give you a bit of the early part of my ocean life; and it is a very important bit, too, for upon it the whole of my subsequent manhood has been built."

"I was very young when I first went on ship-board, and at fourteen considered myself quite a sailor. When I was eighteen I was shipped on an East Indianman for a long voyage. There were six of us about the same age, and we had about the same duties. The ship—the old 'Lady Dunlop'—was a large one, and our crew was large in proportion, there being fifty-two all told. We 'boys' as were called, messed together, and in all respects were just as separate from the rest of the crew as the officers were. Our captain was a noble-hearted man, but very strict. Of course, we youngsters found plenty of occasion to find fault with him, and very often were his decisions arraigned before our mess and decidedly condemned."

"Now, we boys had learned in the course of our travels to drink our grog as well as any sailors. We could toss off a glass of rum and water with as much grace as anyone, and we claimed the right to do so,—not only as a privilege but as an honor, to which a life upon the ocean entitled us. But even in this respect our captain pretended to differ from us. When we could get on shore, we would invariably indulge in our cups; and not unfrequently would come off, or be brought off, in a state anything but sober. I said 'we,' but there was one of our number who could not be induced to touch a drop of anything intoxicating. His name was Jack Small."

"Now, Jack Small not only himself refrained entirely from drinking, but he used sometimes to ask us to let the stuff alone. He gave that job up, however, for we made such sport of him that he was glad to say no more. But our captain had sharp eyes, and it was not long before he began to show Jack favors which he did not show to us. He would often take Jack on shore with him to spend the night, and such things as that, while we were kept on board the ship. Of course this created a sort of envy on our part, and it ended in a decided ill-will toward poor Jack."

"Now, in truth, Jack was one of the best fellows in the world. He was kind, honest, always ready to lend a helping hand in case of distress, and a true friend as ever lived; only he wouldn't drink with us, that was all. No, that wasn't all. He learned faster than we did, he was a better sailor and knew more about navigation. But this we tried to lay to the captain's paying him the most attention, though we knew better at the time; for we had the privilege of learning just as much as we had a mind to."

"It even got so at length that Jack Small was called upon to take the deck sometimes when the officers were busy, and he used to work out the reckoning at noon as regularly as did the captain. Yet Jack was in our mess, and was a constant eyesore. We were envious of his good fortune, as we called it, and used to seize every opportunity to tease and vex him. But he never got angry in return. Sometimes he would laugh at us, and at others he would so feelingly chide us that we would remain silent for a while."

"At length the idea got into our heads that Jack should drink with us. We talked the matter over in the mess when Jack was absent, and we pledged one another that we should make him drink at the first opportunity. After this determination was taken we treated Jack more kindly, and he was happier than he has been for some time. Once more we laughed and joked

with him in the mess, and he in return, helped us in our navigation."

"We were on our homeward-bound passage by way of Brazil, and our ship stopped at Rio Janeiro, to remain for a week or so. One pleasant morning we six youngsters received permission to go on shore and spend the whole day, and accordingly we rigged up in our best togs and were carried to the landing. Now was our chance, and we put our heads together to see how it should be taken advantage of. Jack's very first desire as soon as he got on shore was to go up and examine the various things of interest in the city, and, to please him, we agreed to go with him if he would go and take dinner with us. He agreed to this at once, and we thought we had him sure. We planned that after dinner we eaten we would have some light, sweet wine brought on, and that we would contrive to get rum enough into what he drank to upset him; for nothing on earth would please us more than to get Jack Small drunk and carry him on board in that shape. Then we fancied that the captain's favoritism would be at an end, and that he would no longer look upon our rival with more preference than upon ourselves. We had the matter all arranged, in the meantime we paid Jack all the attention in our power—so much so that he at length signified a willingness to go anywhere to please us, provided we would not go to any bad place."

"Dinner time came, and a most capital dinner we had. We selected one of the best hotels, for the prices were no higher there than at places of lower repute, and, in fact, not so high; for those low places fleece a sailor most unmercifully. The eatables were dispatched with becoming gusto, and then the dishes were removed, and, at a sign from me, the wine was brought on."

"Ah! what have you here?" asked Jack, betraying some uneasiness at the appearance of glasses and bottles.

"Only a little new wine, I replied, as carelessly as I could. 'Mere juice of the grape.'

"But it's wine, nevertheless," pursued he."

"It isn't wine," said Sam Pratt, who was one of the hardest nuts Old Neptune ever cracked."

"No," chimed in Tim Black; 'it's only a little simple juice. Come, boys, fill up.'

"The glasses were accordingly filled, Sam Pratt performing that duty, and he took care that Jack's glass had a good quantity of sweetened rum in it."

"No," said Jack, as the glass was moved toward him; "if you are going to commence thus, I will keep you company with water, but will not touch wine."

"This was spoken very mildly, yet firmly, and we could see that our plan was about being knocked on the head. We urged him to drink with us, only one glass, if no more; but we could not move him."

"Then let him go!" cried Tim, who had already drunk considerably. In fact, all but Jack had drunk more or less during the forenoon. 'Let him go. We don't want the mean fellow with us.'

"That's it added Sam; 'off he goes. If he's too good to drink with his shipmates, we don't want him.'

"You misunderstood me," said Jack, in a tone of pain. 'I am not too good to drink with you, but I do not wish to drink at all.'

"Too stingy," said I, determined to make him drink. But Jack looked at me so reproachfully as I said this that I wished I had not spoken as I did."

"If you wish to enjoy your wine, messmates," said Small, at the same time rising from his chair, 'you can do so; but I beg you will excuse me. I will pay my share for the expense of the dinner.'

"And for your share of the wine," said Tim, 'for we ordered it for you.'

"No returned Jack, 'I cannot pay for wine.'

"Mean!" cried two or three at a breath."

"No, no, messmates, not mean. I will pay for the whole dinner, for every article you and I have had in the house, save the wine."

"And as he spoke he rang the bell. He asked the waiter who entered what the bill was for the company, without the wine, and after the amount had been stated he took out his purse to pay it, when Sam Pratt, who was our acknowledged leader, caught his arm."

"No, not," said Sam. 'You shall not pay for it, for we will not eat at the expenses of one who will sneak out of a scrape in this way. We want nothing more to do with you unless you will take a glass of wine with us.'

"Very well," said Jack; and I could see that his lips quivered."

"He turned toward the door then, but before he reached it Tim Black ran and caught him, at the same time exclaiming:

"Nay, old boy, you don't go off so. You've commenced, and now you've got to stick it out."

"This was the signal for us to begin again, and once more we tried to urge Jack to drink the wine, and when we found that urging would not do we commenced to abuse and scoff. For awhile the poor fellow seemed inclined to let his anger get the upper of hand, but at length he calmed himself, and, stepped back to his chair, said:

"Shipmates, listen to me for a moment, since matters have come to this pass, I have resolved to tell you what I had meant to keep locked up in my own bosom."

"We had always thought from Jack's manner, there was something peculiar connected with his early life, and we were all attention in a moment."

"My story is short," he continued, and I can tell it in a few words. From my earliest childhood I never knew what it was to have a happy home. My father was a drunkard. Once he had been a good man and a good husband, but rum made a brute of him. I can remember how cold and cheerless was the first winter of my life to which my memory leads my mind. We had no fire, no food no clothes, no joy; no, nothing but misery and woe. My poor mother used to clasp me to her bosom to keep me warm, and once I remember when her very tears froze on my cheek. Oh, how my mother prayed to God for her husband! And I, who could but just prattle learned to pray too. And I used to see that husband and father return to his home, and I remember how my poor mother cried and trembled."

"When I grew older, I had to go out and beg for bread. All cold and shivering, I waded through the deep snow with my clothes in tatters and my freezing feet almost bare; and I saw other children of my own age dressed comfortable, and I knew they were happy for, they laughed and sang as they bounded along toward school. Those boys had sober fathers."

"Time passed on, and I was eight years old; and those had been years of such sorrow and suffering as I pray God I may never again experience. At length, one cold morning in the dead of winter, my father was not at home,—had not been at home all night. My mother sent me to the cavern to see if I could find him. I had not gone half the way when I saw something in the snow by the side of the road. I stopped and a shudder ran through me, for it looked like a human form. I went up to it and turned the head over. It was my father. I laid my hand upon his pale brow, and it was like solid marble. He was dead."

"Poor Jack stopped a moment and wiped his eyes. Not one of us spoke, for we had become too deeply moved. But soon he went on:

"I went to the tavern and told the people there what I had found, and the landlord sent two of his men to carry the frozen body of my father home. O, shipmates, I cannot tell you how my poor mother wept and groaned. She sank down upon her knees and clasped that icy corpse to her beating bosom. She loved her husband through all his errors, and her love was all powerful now. The two men went away and left the body still on the floor. My mother whispered to me to come and kneel by her side. I did so. 'My child,' she said, the big tears rolling down her cheeks, 'you know what has caused all this. This man was once as noble and as happy and true as man can be; but see how he has been stricken down. Promise me, my child, before God and your dead father, and your broken-hearted mother, that you will never touch a drop of the poison that has wrought this misery.'

"I did promise all my mother asked, and that promise has never been broken. My father was buried and some kind neighbors helped us through the winter. When spring came, I could work; and I earned something for my mother. At length I found a chance to ship, and I did so; and every time I go home I have some money for her. Not for the wealth of the whole world would I break the pledge I made that cold morning gave my mother. That is all, shipmates. Let me go now, and you may enjoy yourselves alone, for I do not believe that you will again try to urge the wine cup upon me."

"Jack turned to the door, but Tim Black stopped him."

"Hold on, Jack," cried he, wiping his eyes; 'you shan't go alone. Your mother shall not be happier than mine, for here I promise that, by God's help, she shall never have a drunken son. I will drink no more.'

"Give us your hand, Tim," cried, Sam Pratt; 'I'll go with you.'

"I waited no more, but starting from my chair, joined the other two; and ere long the whole five of us had joined Jack Small in his noble life-plan. We called for pen, ink, and paper, and made Jack Small draw up a pledge. He signed it, and we followed him, and when the deed was done I know we were far happier than we had been for years."

"Toward evening we returned to the ship. There was a frown upon the captain's brow as we came over the side, but when we reported ourselves to him his countenance changed."

"Look here, boys," he said, after he had examined us thoroughly; 'what does this mean?'

"Show him the paper," I whispered."

"Jack had our pledge, and without speaking, he handed it to the captain. He read it, and his face changed its expression several times. At length I saw a tear start to his eye."

"Boys," he said, as he folded up the paper, 'let me keep this; and if you stick to your resolution, you shall never want a friend while I live.'

"We let the captain keep the paper, and when he had put it in his pocket he came and took us in turn by the hand. From that day our prospects brightened. Jack Small no more had our envy, for he took us in hand and taught us navigation, and we were proud of him. On the next voyage we all rated as able seamen, and we left not that noble-hearted captain until we became officers of other ships."

"Jack Small is now one of the best masters in the world, and I believe that the rest of our party are still living, honored and respected men. Three years ago we all met in New York, and not one of us had broken that pledge which we made at the hotel at Rio. Four of us were then commanders of good ships, one was a merchant in New York, and the other was just going out as an American consul to one of the Italian cities on the Mediterranean."

"You know now why I do not drink wine with you, and of course you will not urge it upon me, nor take my refusal as a mark of disrespect."

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY  
The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

## Mind Your Own Business.

"Come, hurry up!" said the second-hand of a clock to the minute-hand: "you'll never get around in time if you don't. See how fast I'm going!" continued the fussy little monitor as it fretted around on its pivot.

"Come, hurry up!" said the minute hand to the hour-hand, utterly oblivious of being addressed by the second-hand. "If you don't be quick you'll never be in at the stroke of one."

"Well, that's just what our young friend there has been saying to you."

At this point the clock pealed forth the hour as the hour-hand continued: "You see we're all in time,—not one of us behind. You take my advice, do your own work in your way, and leave others alone."

Moral,—mind your own business.—Selected.

## The Scold.

There was a little boy of seven years in her family whose business it was to prepare kindling. Sometimes he forgot to prepare it. Seven years isn't a very great while to live in this world, and sometimes people who have lived seven times seven forget things."

This woman who scolded entertains a memory which will abide with her forever. The memory is associated with the words of a dying child uttered in delirium: "Don't scold me, mamma dear, I forgot the kindling, but I'll get it now, and please don't scold me."

The words have burned into her soul. They afford no measure of comfort. She hasn't scolded anybody for years. There is no one to scold.—H. H. Cahoone.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS  
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Can Recommend It. Mr. Enos Bornberry, Tuscarora, writes: "I am pleased to say that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure recommending it."

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and  
"Shorter" Bills.

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Physicians endorse it!  
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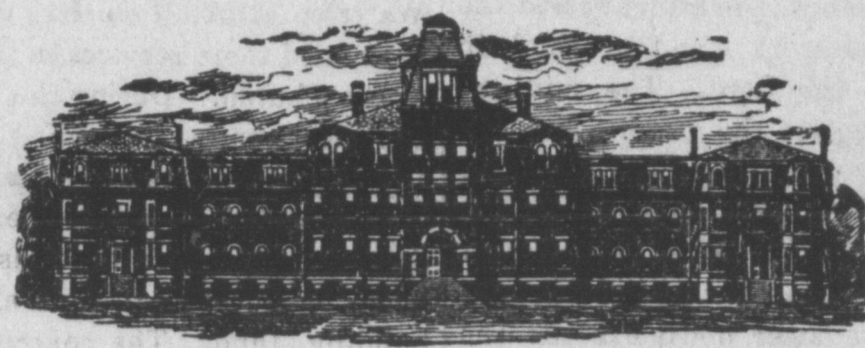
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## Kidney Complaints Yield

To the Power of

**GATES' LIFE OF MAN BITTERS**  
PURIFIES THE BLOOD  
ONLY 50 CTS.

Acadie Mines, N. S., May 6, 1893.

Messrs C. Gates & Son

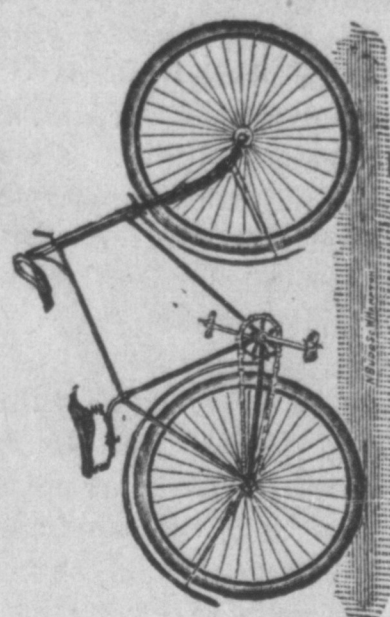
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Believe me, sirs, yours very sincerely  
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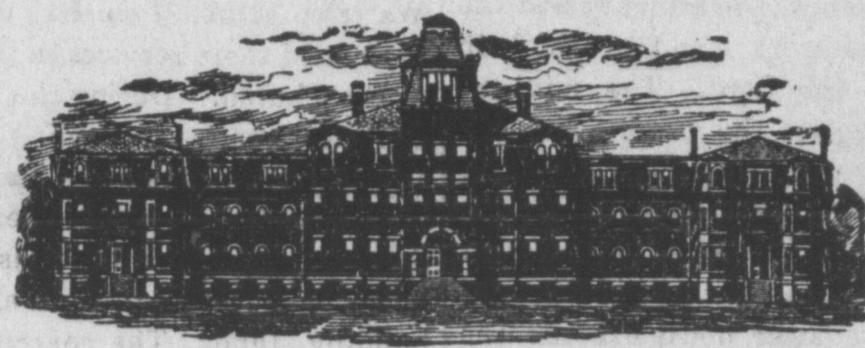
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