SHORT STORY. | **What John Found.** | COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER.

Recess was nearly over. The boys and girls gathered in the playground outside of the log schoolhouse, but no plays were going on. Most of the boys had their books in their hands and were pouring over them as if to make up for all the idle times in their lives; the girls sat on the woodpile, whispering and looking at the boys with a sort of awe.

The school-house was built just outside of a mountain village in North Carolina. The boys were in butternut, or blue cloth, the girls in a kind of linsey, all of which their mothers had spun and woven.

Outside of the fence was a gang of little negroes, whom the white children ordered about with an air of authority; for poor as they were, their fathers all were slave owners. There was a row of shiny black faces at the top of the fence.

"Gorry! Look at Mas' Will! I tink he get it!"

"Pshaw! G'long, you Victory! Our Mas' Bob's twict as good a scholar. See how he's pokin' into dat book."

The others volunteered no opinions, but shouted.

"Hooray! Which of ye a gwine to be a sojer? Mas' Bob Sevier he gwine! Cunnell Bob Sevier! Hooray!"

Never had there been such a day known in Uncle Job's school.

Bob Sevier, a fair, thin boy, with round blue eyes, sat on the steps, turning over the leaves of his "Historiae Sacrae."

He knew every word and line; but he turned leaf after leaf with his cold shaking fingers.

When the little negroes shouted for "Cunnel Bob!" he felt a lump in his throat choking him. If he should not win! Bob had always been head boy in the school, but during the last month he had worked harder than ever. The cause was this: Judge Peters, who was now Congressman from this district, had paid a visit to the village a few weeks before, and had dropped into the school one morning and made the boys a little speech.

"I was a pupil here," he said. "There is the very desk at which I sat. Uncle Job taught me pretty much all I know. My father could not afford to send me to college, and I am sure neither can your fathers afford to send you there. But I want to give some boy a chance such as I did not have. I have the appointment of a cadet to West Point, and I propose instead of giving it to some rich man's son, that the boy in this school who passes the best examination a month from now shall have it."

This was the speech. It made the boys as wild as if he had put fire into their brains. Not a boy there who did not see himself a colonel in full regimentals, preceded by a brass band, riding up the streets of the village in triumph. They never had done anything but lounge in the sunny, chilly highland hamlet, listening to the interminable stories of the hunters, who came in with peltry, or playing "sisty out" with the little negroes.

John Fremoy, the shabbiest of them all, sat apart from the other boys with his sister Louise.

"Now, Lou, just hear me this page," and he began: "Charlemagne, otherwise Charles the Great, was the son of Pepin the Short, the first of the Carlovingian—Carlovingian—oh, what comes next?"

"Dynasty," prompted Lou.

"And what's the meaning of 'dynasty,' I'd like to know? Such rubbish! I don't understand a word of it. There's no use to try, Lou!"

Lou's eyes filled, and the tears rolled down her flushed cheeks: but John only shut his jaws a little firmer, and fixed his dark eyes on the ground. They were honest, kind eyes, but dull; very different from Bob Sevier's, which glowed like lamps.

"I might as well give up, Lou. Uncle Job says patience and hard work will take any boy through. But there's a difference in boys. Now, Bob Sevier's don't work half as hard over his books as I do; but just look at him. I reckon he could go over the Carlovingians, or any other Vingian, like a trottin' horse."

"Oh, yes, I reckon he could," groaned Lou. "But only think of West Point, Jack! You'd be a gentleman and a soldier, and see the world. And if you don't get it, why then—"

"Then Uncle Bill will set me to ploughing in the fall. He said only this morning, he'd wasted enough money on our schooling, and you and I must be to work to earn our salt."

John took up the book and went at the lesson, with a desperate energy, while Lou sat crying silently.

The children were orphans, and lived with their uncle, a farmer, on Mount Craggy. He was wretchedly poor, like all the other mountaineers, and was, beside, a coarse, hard-natured man.

The school-bell rang.

"It's coming now," said John, as he got up, and shut the book.

"You're powerful on 'rithmetic, Johnny, mind that. Jest you keep up," eagerly whispered Lou, running along beside him.

The boys crowded into the hot little school-room, and the girls followed, excepting Lou, who finally went to the wood-pile again. She knew she should not be missed, and she could not bear to hear John's examination.

The poor little girl had but one friend in the world, her brother. She sat down, her hands shaking as in a chill.

"He'll fail—I know he'll fail," she said, looking up to the sky and talking out loud. "I can't stand it! Oh, Heavenly Father! I can't!"

As with most Southern children, "Heavenly" was real to Lou. Then she began to pray, fast and hard, to this far-away Friend in the sky to help John.

"Oh, dear, only get him over the Latin and them Vingians! He'll manage the arithmetic himself."

She sat there an hour or more, hearing only a droning voice now and then from the open windows.

At last there was a hush. Uncle Job was going to give his decision. The little negroes crowded up to the school-house steps.

Lou stood up and threw her calico sun-bonnet off her head. She did not know what she did. She was stifling with sudden, terrible heat. Her strained eyes were on the door.

Presently she heard Uncle Job's voice in a few brief words. But she did not catch them. They sounded like "John had won—John Fremoy."

Suddenly there was a cheer inside. Then the negroes took it up.

"Bob Sevier! Cunnel Bob! Hooray for Bob!"

Lou sat down and covered her face with her hands. Her brother came to her in a moment.

"Get up, and come along home," he said, roughly.

She caught his arm and patted it.

"Don't you mind it, Johnny," she said. "You kin do lots of things Bob Sevier knows nothin' about," she cried, fiercely.

"No, Bob won it fair," he said, sturdily. "I'm a dunce; I didn't deserve it; that's the worst of it."

His face was colorless, even to his lips, but he showed his disappointment in no other way.

Judge Peters came to the village the next day, heard the report of the examination, sent for Sevier, and promised him the appointment.

He then went out to the farm which he owned, near to Cebel Fremoy's, John's uncle. The boy crept over, toward night, to catch a glimpse of the great man who might have made him happy for life, but had not done it.

He hung miserably about the place until evening, and then set out homeward.

Coming to the edge of Craggy Creek, just where it turned from the mountain, he sat down on the bank, and put his hot feet into the water. To-morrow he was to be set ploughing with the negroes.

"It's all yer fit for," his uncle said. "Ye'd a chance for West Point, an' ye didn't take it. So ye ken kennel with the darkeys for the rest of yer life. I'll feed ye no more."

John sat moodily flinging pebbles into the water, until dusk came on, and an owl began to hoot.

Suddenly the boy stood up, trembling with excitement, holding a stone in his hand up to the fast fading light. It shone with a brilliant lustre, like a great drop of dew in the morning sun. As he moved it, it flashed a blood-red star in his dirty palm. John had heard of the ruby which had once been found in the next gorge.

"It was worth thousands of dollars!" he sobbed, rather than spoke. "I heard Judge Peters tell my uncle there was a corundum on his farm and a ruby is a kind of corundum. I am rich for life."

He sat down breathless, carefully rubbing the brilliant lump in his hand, as Aladdin might have done his lamp. What was West Point to this? Money, beautiful houses, a glimpse of the world, an easy happy life for himself and Lou.

"Poor Lou! I was so cross to her today! I'll go and tell her."

Then he stopped as if some one had struck him. The ruby was not his. He had found it on Judge Peter's land.

The boy sat down again, and for one whole hour the tempter strove with him. If there was one quality strong and dominant in John Fremoy, it was his honesty; but this was a temptation such as seldom comes in the way of any man.

The next morning Judge Peters was mounting his horse to go into the village, when a boy came into the yard. He walked quickly, as if driven from some force behind.

The judge waited, one foot in the stirrup. As long as John Fremoy lived, he remembered, like a sudden, terrible picture, the glaring light of the little, muddy yard, the staring negro boy holding the horse, the portly, kind-looking old man awaiting his approach.

When John reached the judge, he stopped and was silent. He had his little speech all ready, but his tongue was stiff and his throat parched.

"Well, my boy, what is it?" asked the judge, kindly.

John thrust out his hand.

"A ruby, sir. It's worth a great many thousand dollars. I found it on your land."

Judge Peters took the stone and examined it eagerly; then he turned to John and looked at him curiously.

"Why didn't you keep it, if its worth so much?"

"I had a mind to, but it's yours." He turned away.

"Stop, boy, who are you?"

"John Fremoy, sir."

"Oho! Uncle Job spoke of you to me. You are uncommonly quick at figures eh?"

"If I am, I'm a dunce at everything else. If I had not been I might have gone to West Point."

"Ye-es," looking very thoughtfully at John. "Very well, Fremoy, I'm very much pleased with your honesty Good morning!" And the judge rode abruptly away.

He rode directly to Uncle Job's house, and was closeted with him for nearly an hour.—The next day the village was electrified by hearing that Judge Peters was going to take John Fremoy to Annapolis to pass an examination in the engineer's department at the Naval Academy, and that Lou was to be put to school in Raleigh by the same kind friend.

* * * * * * * * *

John Fremoy is now a middle-aged man, ranking high in his profession.

He met Judge Peters about a year ago at his sister's house, for Lou married a planter in Virginia and is a happy wife and mother.

"I have often wondered, judge," he said, "why you befriended me as you did. I certainly was a dunce as far as Latin was concerned, and I am not sure that I am accurate about the Carlovingian dynasty yet."

"Honesty is a rarer quality than good scholarship, and more useful in the world, Fremoy."

"And another question. Is not that the ruby I found, which you wear on your watch-chain?"

"Yes."

"May I look at it closely?"

The judge hesitated, then laughed, and gave it to him.

"Why, it is only colored quartz!" exclaimed Fremoy.

"Yes, but it is more valuable to me than any jewel, for it gave me an honest man for a friend."

The Baird Company's

Wine of Tar Honey and Wild Cherry

A Lubricant to the Throat.
A Tonic to the Vocal Chords.

The Baird Co.'s Wine of Tar, Honey and Wild Cherry is the best remedy for coughs and colds I have ever used.
MARY A. SHAW,
Woodstock, N. B.

COMING OUT OF THE WOODS.

Operations Have Ceased On The Upper St. John---L. W. Wilson Ill.

Grand Falls, March 16.—Miss Carrie Wilson arrived home last night, having been summoned from Boston on account of the serious illness of her father, L. W. Wilson. Miss Wilson is a trained nurse, being a graduate of The Massachusetts General Hospital. L. W. Wilson is one of Grand Falls most prominent citizens. He was taken suddenly ill a few days ago, and is now in a precarious condition, and but slight hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Hugh Warnock is confined to his residence with a severe attack of la grippe.

Operations have ceased in the woods for the winter. Tomorrow, Giberson's crew of eighty men and seventeen span of horses are expected out, and the remainder of Burgess's crews will be out in a few days.

The down freight was stalled in the yard here all day yesterday. The train was a heavy one, and despite every exertion and expedient, the worn-out locomotive could not haul the train from the station yard. Even after the train had been cut in sections, it was impossible for the train to pull out. Finally in the evening, a start was made which proved successful. C. P. R. trains are continually delayed on this division.

The house of commons at London yesterday adopted Premier Balfour's "Guillotine" motion 203 to 129. What is designated as the guillotine motion was introduced in the house of commons March 15, with the purpose of securing the sanctioning of the estimates before the close of the fiscal year, March 31. It is another term for closure.

IT WILL PAY YOU, IF YOU ARE IN BUSINESS TO ADVERTISE IN THE TIMES.

HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Offered By Farmer to Clear His Orchard of Snow.

Young Nova Scotians Going to The West---Skating Party at Canning---Personal Notes.

Kentville, Mar. 16:—A. D. Payzant, Canning, is rapidly recovering from the effects of an operation at the Victoria general hospital, Halifax.

Mrs. Solomon of Kentville has lately received news of the serious illness from consumption of her brother-in-law, Mr. Grocott, of Melrose, Mass., Mr. Grocott is well known in Kings County, his wife being a daughter of James Kennedy of Canning.

A number of the young people of Kings County are joining the Spring exodus to the West. Messrs. Edward Hamilton, and Stanley Fuller of Grand Pre, left last week, the former to return to a home, which he has already established there, and the latter to take up land, with the expectation of making a home. Horace Bentley of Sheffields Mills, leaves next week for Winnipeg, where he already has a position. Misses Sarah and Effie Cox of Canard, start on Thursday next for Winnipeg. Miss Sarah has been for a few years, a teacher in the west, but has resigned her position, and will shortly after arriving at Winnipeg, be one of the principal parties at an important ceremony.

George Chipman of Grand Pre, has returned to his home from Truro, where he has been studying at the Agricultural College.

Miss Florence Hickey, daughter of Rev. David Hickey of Barrington, is visiting friends in Canning.

The young people of Canard were the hosts and hostesses at a very successful skating party in the rink at Canning on Tuesday evening.

The fruit growers of the county are facing a very serious situation this spring In many places, the orchards are completely buried in snow, and the result to the young trees will probably be serious. As the snow melts and settles, the branches are found to be breaking, and the trees themselves splitting from the trunks. The stalks of many of the young trees, are found to be badly bent from the weight of snow against them. An enterprising farmer of Western Kings is reported to have offered one hundred dollars to the person who would clear his orchard of snow, but as yet no one has accepted the contract. Field mice, too, have done some damage, and as the snow is being removed from the trees, the bark has been found to have been badly nibbled. A great amount of labor will be required to save some of the trees from ruin. The Collegiate School at Windsor and the Freshman team of Acadia College, played a fine game of hockey at Windsor on Saturday last. The visitors won by a score of 6-2.

MARRIAGES IN KENT CO.

Two at Mundleville---The Late Percy Ferguson's Funeral.

Harcourt, March 16.—Messrs. L. J. Wathen and Andrew Dale attended court in Richibucto, returning yesterday.

Miss Margaret Curran returned from West Branch yesterday.

The funeral of the late Percy Ferguson was held yesterday, a large concourse of people attending. Several beautiful wreaths and bouquets were sent by loving friends. The remains were interred in the Presbyterian Cemetery, Rev. J. B. Champion officiating. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Robert Smallwood, Ferguson Lamkey, Daniel Armstrong, Robert Howard, Thomas Howard and James Stout, all I. C. R. brakemen.

At Mundleville, Parish of Weldford, on the 8th instant, at the home of the bride's father, Alexander Mundle, Miss Bessie F. Mundle was married to David Warren of Main River. The marriage was witnessed by the immediate friends of the family, and after a sumptuous supper, the couple drove to their new home at Main River. Rev. J. W. Wheeler, Presbyterian, tied the knot.

On Tuesday, 14th inst., at the home of Mr. Willard Irving, Mundleville, Rev. Mr. Wheeler united in marriage, Miss Mary I. Irving, and Mr. Robert B. Mundle, both of Mundleville. There was a large number of friends present, and many handsome and useful gifts were received. The couple will reside at Mundleville.

Health and Comfort
and the very highest class of workmanship and material make the D. & A. corsets the favorites with all discerning women.

We never sacrifice health and comfort to style—we combine them. Our long hip, straight front models are ideal corsets—which accounts for their enormous sale.

Long hip, $1.00 to $3.50
D. & A. No. 232, price $1.50

DOMINION CORSET MFG. COMPANY
QUEBEC TORONTO MONTREAL

SMITH'S BUCHU LITHIA PILLS.

SICK KIDNEYS,

The Bladder, Rheumatism, and the Blood—all these diseases yield at once and are quickly and fully cured. Price only 25 cents a box.

A CURE at the People's Price.

My Kidney book and a Sample Package sent Free to any address.

W. F. SMITH CO.
186 St. James St., Montreal

Wonderful Bladder Cure.

"I take pleasure in informing you that the box of Kidney Pills sent to me three weeks since have been exceedingly helpful. My urine now runs almost normally, and gives me no trouble. I have taken two-thirds of the box, and shall surely recommend them to any with suppression or stoppage of urine."
DR. E. B. GOODALL,
No. 16 Market Sq.,
Portsmouth, N. H.

To cure Constipation, Sick Headache and Biliousness in one night, use Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills. Only 25 cents at dealers.

ALL GENUINE SIGNED W. F. Smith

ABBEY'S

Recommended by the FACULTY

Used by the masses, who, unsolicited, certify to its worth.

Tones the Stomach and Stirs the Liver to healthy action.

Effervescent

Is Nature's Remedy for Tired, Fagged-out and Rundown Men

If taken regularly contributes to the Perfect Health, Makes Life Worth Living.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

SALT.

To Rise Every Morning Fit to Face the World One Needs All One's

VITALITY

A Cold or a Cough is a severe handicap and it spells

DANGER

To Avoid, or Cure, Seek the Best Remedy

George Philps

I. C. R. Ticket Agent and Exchange Broker, St. John, N. B., says: "I was completely cured of influenza cold by a bottle of Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam."

H. A. McKeown

Ex-M. P. P., St. John, N. B., says: "I take great pleasure in stating that I have used Hawker's Tolu and Cherry Balsam for the last eight years and consider it the best cough cure I ever used. I find Hawker's Liver Pills an excellent liver regulator."

Canadian Drug Co., Limited
Sole Proprietors St. John, N. B.