# IRVING BACHELLER

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pegun poundir uv me I see I wan't

most uv us. We're Christians up to a cert'in p'int. Fer one thing, I think if | wigwam was crowded to the doors. a man 'll stan' still an' see himself | The audience had been waiting half an knocked into the nex' world he's a hour for the speaker. The chairman feetle tew good fer this."

argue. For an hour Uncle Eb sat lis-



He had told her that I was coming home with a wooden leg!

tening, unable to get in a word. When at last she left him he came to us, Jook of relief in his face.

"I b'lieve," said he, "if Balaam's ass fied been rode by a woman he never 'd hev spoke."

"Why not?" I inquired. "Never 'd hev hed a chance," Uncle

We were two weeks at home with mother and father and Uncle Eb. It was a delightful season of rest in which Hope and I went over the sloping roads of Faraway and walked in the fields and saw the harvesting. She had appointed Christmas day for our awedding, and I was not to go again to the war, for now my first duty was to my own people. If God prospered me in town, and, though slow to promise, I could see it gave them comfort to know we were to be for them ever a

staff and refuge. And the evening before we came back to town Jed Feary was with us, and Uncle Eb played his flute and light of our childhood.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OR every man he knew loved Mr. Greeley had a ki ness that filled him to the ger tips. When I returns smote me on the breast, an unfi mark of his favor, and doubler "If he ever smites you on the b

McClingan had once said to me the other side, for, man, your fr and there was some truf

He was writing when I Can imsent to the Tribune the ys for notice and sold at auction the staff by Mr. Dana.

you," said the great or as his pen She asked him the for a loan of money. He continueriting, but pres-

sers pocket, coming full of bills. "Take what you nt," said he, holding it toward heand please go, for Whereupon she beiped herself berally and went

Seeing me, Greeley came and shook my harwarmly and praised

"Going dowwn?" he said in a moment, drawn on his big white overcoat. "War along with me, won't

We cross the park, he leading me with tongtrides. As he walked he told how had been suffering from brain few Passing St. Paul's churchyard he ushed the iron pickets with bis bands if to try the feel of them. Many fined to stare at him curiously. He asid me soon if I would care to do a ertain thing for the Tribune, as I aswered him. I waited while he did is errand at a Broadway shop, the we came back to the office. The

putisher was in Mr. Greeley's room. Where's my ham, Dave?" said the entor as he looked at the slab of marhe where the ham had lain.

"Don't know for sure," said the publisher. "It's probably up at the house

of the -- editor by this time." "What did you go an' give it to him for?" drawled Mr. Greeley in a tone of

ham for myself." "I didn't give it to him." said the publisher. "He came and helped himself. Said he supposed it was sent in

prop'ty." said Uncle Eh. "Hain't good | ber. Hone and I thought our last in "The infernal thief!" Mr. Greeley.

swear if I didn't keep my shirt but-

toned tight they'd have that too." The ham was a serious obstacle in the way of my business, and it went over until evening. But that and like incidents made me to know the man as I have never seen him pictured-a boy grown old and gray, pushing the power of manhood with the ardors of youth. I resumed work on the Tribune that

week. My first assignment was a mass meeting in a big temporary structure, then called a wigwam, over in "Fraid's a good deal thet way with Brooklyn. My political life began that day and all by an odd chance. The had been doing his best to kill time, The good lady began to preach and | but had run out of ammunition. He had sat down to wait. An awkward silence had begun. The crowd was stamping and whistling and clapping with impatience. As I walked down the center aisle to the reporters' table they seemed to mistake me for the speaker. Instantly a great uproar began. It grew louder every step I took. began to wonder and then to fear the truth. As I neared the stage the chairman came forward, beckoning to me. I went to the flight of steps leading up to that higher level of distinguished citizens and halted, not knowing just what to do. He came and

> face and damp with perspiration. "what is wour name?" he inquired. "Brower," said I in a whisper. A look of relief came into his face, and I am sure a look of anxiety came into mine. He had taken the center of the stage before I could stop him. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I

leaned over and whispered down at

me. I remember he was red in the

am glad to inform you that General Brower has at last arrived." I remembered then there was a General Brower in the army, who was also

a power in politics. In the storm of applause that fold lowed this announcement I beckone him to the edge of the platform aga I was nearer a condition of me panic than I have ever known "I am not General Brower," his-

"What!" said he in amazems "I am not General Brower said.
"Great heavens" he whiled, covering his mout! with he looking very toughtful, You'll have to make a spech anywe There's no

I could as no way of of it and after a momege hesitaty ascended the platform took off ay overcoat and made peech. Fytunately the issue with whih I had been long famil. I told sem how I had been The sory put the audience in tranumor, and they helped me along very gaerous applause. And so n my oreer in politics, which has hight me more honor than I dewed, although I know it has not en wholly without value to my counsang the songs that had been the de- F. It enabled me to repay in part the when he was sadly in need of friends. remember meeting him in Washing-

> 1872. I was then in congress. "I thank you for what you have done, Brower," said he, "but I tell you I am licked. I shall not carry a single state.

> ton a day of that exciting campaign of

I am going to be slaughtered." He had read his fate and better than he knew. In politics he was a great

CHAPTER XXIX. HE north country lay buried in the snow that Christmas time. Here and there the steam plow had thrown its furrows on either side of the railroad high above the window line. The fences were muffled in long ridges of snow, their stakes showing like pins in a cushion on white velvet. Some of the small trees on the edge of the big timber stood overdrifted to their boughs. on, I hear I have never seen such a glory of the morning as when the sun came up that day we were nearing home and lit the splendor of the hills there in the land I love. The frosty nap of the snow glowed far and near with pulsing glints

of pale sapphire. We came into Hillsborough at noon the day before Christmas. Father and Uncle Eb met us at the depot, and mother stood waving her handkerchief at the door as we drove up. And when we were done with our greetings and were standing, damp eyed, to warm ourselves at the fire Uncle Eb brought his palms together with a loud whack

"Look here, Liz'beth Brower! I want t' hev ye tell me if ye ever see a like-

lier pair o' colts!" a moment she ran her hand down the side of Hope's gown. Then she lifted a fold of the cloth and felt of it

"How much was that a yard?" she asked, a dreamy look in her eyes. "W'y, w'y!" she continued as Hope told her the sum. "Terrible steep, but it does fit splendid! Oughter wear well too! Wish ye'd put that on if ye

"Oh, mother," said Hope, laughing, "I'll wear my blue silk!" "Come, boys an' girls," said Eliza-

the other room." "Beats the world!" said Uncle Eb as we sat down at the table. "Ye do look gran' t' me-ree-markable gran', both uv ye. Tek a premium at any

"Has he won yer affections?" said David, laughing, as he looked over at

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"Affections are a sing'lar kind o'

fer nuthin' 'til ye've gin em away. Then, like as not, they git very valy-

"Good deal that way with money, too," said Elizabeth Brower. "I recollec' when Hope was a leetle bit uv a girl," said Uncle Eb. "She used t' say 'et when she got married she was goin' t' hev us all come t' live with her an' hev her husban' rub my back fer me when it was lame."

"I haven't forgotten it," said Hope, "and if you will all come you will make us happier."

"Good many mouths t' feed," Uncle "I could take in sewing and help

some," said Elizabeth Brower as she There was a little quiver in David's under lip as he looked over at her.

"You ain't able t' do hard work any more, mother," said he, "She won't never hev to nuther," said Uncle Eb. "Don't never pay t' go lookin' fer trouble; it's tew easy t' find, There ain't no sech thing 's trouble 'n, this world 'less ye look fer it. Happ man that likes trouble. Minnit a san stops lookin' fer trouble happins 'll look fer him. Things come part nigh 's ye like 'em here 'n this w'ld, hot er cold er only middlin'. Y can either er cry er fight er meetin'. If ye don't ye erry one ye can fin' fault. I'm o'the lookout fer

happiness. Suits me est some way an' don't hurt my feells a bit."

"Ev'ry day's a and uv a circus day with you Work as and David Dav with you, Holde said David Brower, "allwus nevin" good time. Ye can hev more fur with yerself 'n any man

"Il he as much hereafter es I've mered ain't a-goin' t' fin' no fault," Uacle Eb. "'S a reel splendid Frid God's fixed it up so ev'rybody an hev a good time if they'll only hev it. Once I heard uv a poor man 'at hed a bushel o' corn give tew him. He looked up kind o' sad an' ast if they wouldn't please shell it. Then they tuk it away. God's gin us happiness in the ear, but he ain't a-goin' t' shell it fer us. You an' 'Lizabeth oughter be very happy. Look a' them tew childern!" There came a rap at the door then. David put on his cap and went out

with Uncle Eb. "It's somebody for more money," Elizabeth whispered, her eyes filling. "I know 'tis, or he would have asked him in. We're goin' t' lose our home." Her lips quivered. She covered her

"David ain't well," she continued "Worries night an' day over money matters. Don't say much, but I can see it's allwus on his mind. Woke up in the middle o' the night awhile ago. Found him sittin' by the stove, 'Mother,' he said, 'we can't never go back to farmin'. I've plowed furrows enough t' go 'round the world. Couldn't never go through it ag'in.' 'Well,' said I, 'li you think best we could start over an' see how we git along. I'm willin' t' try it.' 'No, we're too old,' he says. 'Thet's out o' the question. I've been thinkin' what'll we do there with Bill an' Hope if we go t' live with 'em? Don't suppose they'll hev any hosses t' take care uv er any wood t' chop. What we'll hev t' do is more'n I can make out. We can't do nuthin'; we've never learnt

"We've thought that all over," I said. "We may have a place in the country with a big garden."

"Well," said she, "I'm very well if I am over sixty. I can cook an' wash an' mend an' iron just as well as I ever

Uncle Eb came to the door then. "Bill," he said, "I want you an' Hope t' come out here an' look at this young colt o' mine. He's playful 's a kitten." We put on our wraps and went to the stable. Uncle Eb was there alone.

"If ye brought any Crissmus presents," he whispered, 'slip 'em into my han's. I'm goin' t' run the cirkis t'morrow, an' if we don't hev fun a-plenty I'll miss my guess." "I'll lay them out in my room," said

"Be sure an' put the names on 'em," Uncle Eb whispered as Hope went

"What hev ye done with the 'b'ilers?" I inquired.

"Sold 'em," said he, laughing. "Barker never kep' his promise. Heard they'd gone over t' the burg an' was tryin' t' sell more territory. I says t' Dave, 'You let me manage 'em an' I'll put 'em out o' business here 'n this part o' the country.' So I writ out an advertisement fer the paper. Read about this

"'Fer sale. Twelve hundred patented suction wash b'llers. Any one at can't stan' prosperity an' is learnin' t' swear 'll find 'em a great help. If he don't, he's a bigger fool 'n I am. Nuthin' in 'em but tin-that's wuth sum-

thin'. Warranted t' hold water.' "Waal, ye know how that editor talks? "Twan't a day 'fore the head man o' the b'iler business come an' bought 'em. An' the advertisement was never put in. Guess he wan't hankerin' t' hev his business sp'ilt." Uncle Eb was not at the supper table

that evening. "Where's Holden?" said Elizabeth "Dunno," said David, "Goin' after

Santa Claus, he tol' me." "Never see the beat o' that man!" was the remark of Elizabeth as she poured the tea. "Jes' like a boy ev'ry Crissmus time. Been so excited fer a week couldn't hardly contain him-

"Ketched him out 'n the barn t'other day laffin' like a fool," said David. "Thought he was crazy."

We sat by the fire after the supper dishes were put away, talking of all the Christmas days we could remem-

Cures Grip in Two Days,

Faraway best of all, and no wonder, for we had got then the first promise of the great gift that now made us happy. Elizabeth, sitting in her easy chair, told of Christmas in the olden time, when her father had gone to the

war with the British. David sat near me, his face in the firelight, the broad brow wrinkled into furrows and framed in locks of fron gray. He was looking thoughtfully at the fire. Uncle Eb came soos, stamping and shaking the snow out of his great fur coat.

"Col' night," he sold, warming his

Then he carned his coat and cap away, returing shortly with a little

box in his aand. "Jes' thought I'd buy this fer fun," Dummed if I ever see the like uv it Whoa!" he shouted as the cover fley open, releasing a jumping jack. "dicker'n a grasshopper! D'ye ever ee sech a sassy little critter?"

Then he handed it to Elizabeth. "Wish ye merry Christmas, Dave Brower!" said be. "Ain't as merry as I might be," said

"Know what's the matter with ye,"

said Uncle Eb. "Searchin' after trou-



"I give ye back yer son Nehemiah." ble, thet's what ye're doin'; findin' lots uv it right there 'n the fire. Trouble 's goin' t' git mighty scurce 'round here this very selfsame night. Ain't goin' t' be nobody lookin' fer it, thet's why. Fer years ye've been takin' care o' somebody et'll take care o' you long 's ye live, sartin sure. Folks they said ye was fools when ye took 'em in. Man said I was a fool once. Allwus hed a purty fair idee o' myself sence then. When some folks call ye a fool 's ruther good sign ye ain't. Ye've waited a long time fer yer pay. Ain't much

longer t' wait now." There was a little quaver in his voice. We all looked at him in silence. Uncle Eb drew out his wallet with trembling hands, his fine old face lit with a deep emotion. David looked up at him as if he wondered what joke was coming until he saw his excitement.

"Here's twenty thousan' dollars," said Uncle Eb, "a reel, genuwine bank check, jist as good as gold. Here 'tis! A Crissmus present fer you an' Elizabeth. An' may God bless ye both!" David looked up incredulously. Then

he took the bit of paper. A big tear rolled down his cheek. "Why, Holden! What does this

mean?" he asked. "'At the Lord pays his debts," said Uncle Eb. "Read it."

Hope had lighted the lamp. David rose and put on his spectacles. One eyebrow had lifted above the level of the other. He held the check to the lamp light. Elizabeth stood at his el-

"Why, mother!" said he. "Is this from our boy? From Nehemiah? Why, Nehemiah is dead!" he added, looking over his spectacles at Uncle Eb. "Nehemiah is not dead," said the lat-

"Nehemiah not dead!" he repeated, looking down at the draft. They turned it in the light, reading over and over again the happy tidings pinned to one corner of it. Then they

looked into each other's eyes. Elizabeth put her arms about David's neck and laid her head upon his shoulder, and not one of us dare trust himself to speak for a little. Uncle Eb

broke the silence. "Got another present," he said. "'S a good deal better 'n gold er silver"-A knock at the door interrupted him. He swung it open quick. A tall, bearded man came in.

"Mr. Trumbull!" Hope exclaimed, ris-

"David an' Elizabeth Brower," said Uncle Eb, "the dead hes come t' life. I give ye back yer son Nehemiah." Then he swung his cap high above his head, shouting in a loud voice,

"Merry Crissmus, merry Crissmus!" The scene that followed I shall not try to picture. It was so full of happiness that every day of our lives since then has been blessed with it and with a peace that has lightened every sorrow. Of it I can truly say that it passeth all understanding.

"Look here, folks," said Uncle Eb after awhile, as he got his flute, "my feelin's hev been teched hard. If don't hev some jollification I'll bust. Bill Brower, limber up yer leather a

Nehemiah, whom I had known as John Trumbull, sat a long time between his father and mother, holding a hand of each and talking in a low tone, while Hope and I were in the kitchen with Uncle Eb. Now that father and son were side by side we saw how like they were and wondered we had never

"Do you remember," said Nehemiah when we returned, "do you remember when you were a little boy coming one night to the old log house on Bowman's hill with Uncle Eb?" "I remember it very well," I answer-

"That was the first time I ever saw you," he said.

"Why, you are not the night man?" "I was the night man," he answered,



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I stared at him with something el the old familiar thrill that had always come at the mention of him years "He's grown a leetle since then," said

"I thought so the night I carried him off the field at Bull Run," said Nebe-

"Was that you?" I asked eagerly. "It was," he answered. "I came over from Washington that afternoon. Your colonel told me you had been wounded." "Wondered who you were, but I

could not get you to answer. I have to thank you for my life." Hope put her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"Tell us," said she, "how you came to be the night man." He folded his arms and looked down

"Years ago I had a great misfortune,

and began his story.

I was a mere boy at the time. By accident I killed another boy in play. It was an old gun we were playing with, and nobody knew it was loaded. I had often quarreled with the other boy. That is why they thought I had done it on purpose. There was a dance that night. I had got up in the evening, crawled out of the window and stolen away. We were in Rickard's stable. I remember how the people ran out with lanterns. They would have hung mesome of them-or given me the blue beech if a boy friend had not hurried me away. It was a terrible hour. I was stunned. I could say nothing. They drove me to the burg, the boy's father chasing us. I got over into Canada, walked to Montreal and there went to sea. It was foolish, I know, but I was only a boy of fifteen. I took another name. I began a new life. Nehemiah Brower was like one dead. In Frisco I saw Ben Gilman. He had been a schoolmate in Faraway. He put his hand on my shoulder and called me the old name. It was hard to deny it-the hardest thing I ever did. I was homesick. I wanted to ask him about my mother and father and my sister, who was a baby when I left. I would have given my life to talk with him. But I shook my head.

"'No,' I said, 'my name is not Brower. You are mistaken."

"Then I walked away, and Nemy Brower stayed in his grave. "Well, two years later we were cruising from Sidney to Van Dieman's Land. One night there came a big storm. A shipmate was washed away in the dark. We never saw him again. said his real name was Nehemiah Brower, son of David Brower of Faraway, N. Y., U. S. A. I put it there, of course, and the captain wrote a letter to my father about the death of his son. My old self was near done for, and the man Trumbull had a new lease

He paused a moment. His mother put her hand upon his shoulder, with a word of gentle sympathy. Then he

(To be continued.)

convicted and executed myself."

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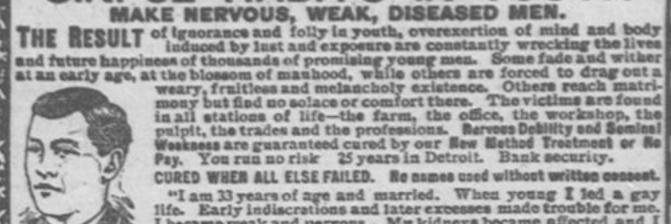
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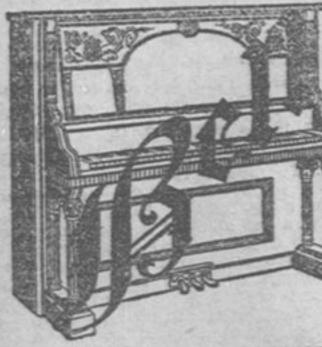
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