THE ADVANCE.

One of the leading Local and Family Newspapers in Northern Ontario. Published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1.00 per annum in advance; $1.50 if not paid at the end of 1½ years. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up; and no subscriptions taken for less than one year, except when special arrangements for shorter periods are made with the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES, &c.

Casual advertisements, 8 cents per 1st insertion and 3 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Transient advertisements to be paid for when ordered. Advertisements without special directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

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THE BRIDE OF A DAY.

A New Jersey Girl's Pathetic Marriage—Wedded to a Lover Who was Dying.

A New York despatch says: The *Times* publishes an interesting story of a deathbed fulfilment of a betrothal. The marriage of Eva M. Hasbrouck to George Ryerson Skinner had been counted upon as one of the social events of the winter in Hackensack, N.J. It was to have taken place early in the new year, and the girls who were invited have been hurrying up their dressmakers in anticipation of it. In less than a week all plans have been upset. The marriage ceremony took place under singularly pathetic circumstances Monday afternoon, and last night the young husband was in his coffin.

George Skinner was little more than a boy when his father, Judge William Skinner, went to Hackensack from Sussex county some years ago. But he was nearly 26 years old when he died, and had grown up to be a very popular young man. About three years ago, when it was announced that he was going to marry Eva Hasbrouck, daughter of the late Dr. Charles Hasbrouck, everybody who knew them said that it was a very fitting and excellent match. Young Skinner had established himself in the drug business there, and the prospects for the future looked bright. Last Tuesday evening George Skinner left his store feeling unwell. Dr. Burdett, who was called the next morning, found him suffering from pleurisy, but the illness was not considered serious, and no change was made in the arrangements for the wedding. On Sunday night the young man's disease took a sudden and rapid change for the worse, and Drs. Burdett and St. John agreed in consultation that he was dangerously ill from typhoid pneumonia. When they called to see him on Monday morning, he said: "Doctor, am I going to get better nor not? Tell me. I am prepared to hear the worst."

"George," answered Dr. Burdett, "you are going to die."

"Shall I live two days?" inquired the young man anxiously. The doctor gravely shook his head.

"One day—12 hours, then?" he asked, as the physician continued to respond in the negative.

"Six hours?" he said, quite startled at finding death so near.

"Possibly," answered the doctor.

When the physicians had gone and the news had been broken to the family young Skinner sent for his betrothed. In a little while the Rev. Charles T. Anderson, pastor of the Hackensack Presbyterian Church, was called into the sick room to perform a marriage ceremony. The young man was too weak to sit up, so Eva Hasbrouck sat on the bedside and held his hand while the minister read the service. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner and Mrs. Hasbrouck were in the room. It was a very affecting scene, but the young man so soon to pass away was the most tranquil and resigned of all. He noticed that the clock struck 1 just as the ceremony was finished. The patient revived a little after the marriage, but it only served to make his swift decline after nightfall the more noticeable. Early yesterday morning, before Eva Skinner had been a wife eighteen hours, her husband died in her arms. The pathetic romance is the talk of the town. It was a case of pure love, and the deathbed marriage was mutually desired.

CORPSE IN A CASK.

A Millionaire's Body Preserved in Rum and Buried in a Cask.

A Chicago despatch says: Two weeks ago the widow of Walter Newberry died in Paris, leaving a large fortune, over $3,000,000 of which, by Mr. Newberry's will, goes to the establishment of a public library in Chicago. Mr. Newberry died at sea in 1867. To-day is published a story which has caused a sensation among the late millionaire's friends and acquaintances, as the secret, if it is truly told, has been perfectly kept up to this time. In November, 1867, Mr. Newberry sailed for Havre to join his family, who were in Paris. The friendly intercourse usual among ocean travellers was not at all to his taste. He was always austere and taciturn on shore, and he chose to remain so at sea, repelling every offer of friendship, or even of acquaintanceship. He was recognized by a gentleman from New York, who knew him by reputation, and did not care under such unpromising circumstances to force his acquaintance further. In such surroundings, an alien in the midst of his own people, Mr. Newberry sickened and died. He escaped the usual burial of those dying at sea by the interference of the New York man who knew him, and who assured the captain that the dead man's relatives would meet any expense incurred in keeping the body. A cask of Meaford rum that formed a part of the cargo was brought into requisition. Mr. Newberry's body was placed in the cask, and of course was preserved in the alcoholic liquid. When the cargo was discharged the cask was refilled by the New York man to Mr. Newberry's friends in Chicago. Mrs. Newberry was then in Paris, a fact of which the gentleman referred to was ignorant. The cask left for America on the next steamer, and in due time arrived at Chicago on a freight train over the Michigan Central Railroad. The friends who had been notified by the New York man of the shipment of the body took charge of the cask on its arrival and had it carted to Greenland Cemetery on a dray. A grave was dug and the cask still containing Mr. Newberry's body was put into it and covered up and it still remains there.

Another American Defaulter.

A Clinton, Mo., despatch says: Silas E. Cheek, a prominent real estate loan agent here, is said to be a defaulter for over $100,000. The utmost confidence had been placed in his integrity until lately, and the banks had given him credit far beyond his means, and honored his drafts for large amounts. About two weeks ago F. C. Nichols, of Bridgeport, Conn., arrived in Clinton to look after a mortgage on property belonging to O. B. Jones. He discovered the name on the mortgage to be fictitious, and the mortgage a forgery. Cheek had forged the name of the recorder to the bogus mortgage, and had defrauded him out of $7,300. To save himself Cheek gave a deed on trust on his property for the amount, and the same day gave another deed of trust to save friends who had advanced him money. He then left for Canada, and has not been heard from since.

Claims He Married When Drunk.

A New York despatch says: Minnie Clark, a notorious woman of this city, brought suit in the Supreme Court against Hercules L. Kittson, son of Commodore Kittson, of St. Paul, for alimony, claiming to be his wife, he having married her April 24th last when he was drunk. Young Kittson, who resides with his family at the Windsor Hotel, denies all knowledge of any ceremony, and his father claims he was not of age at the time mentioned. Judge Donohue refused to permit the plaintiff's counsel to reply to Kittson's story as told in court. He reserved his decision. The woman is one of the best known of her class in the city.

Parson John Jasper, the famous colored preacher of Richmond, claims that he has recently been solicited to go to England on a lecture tour, and that a man offered him $400 to deliver his great sermon on "The Sun Do Move" in a Northern city. Prof. Johnson, the famous lecturer, of this city, is also reported to have a big offer to go lecturing on his sublime themes in Europe. Perhaps he, too, will move.

A correspondent writes that all eastern dogs have a maniacal hatred of white men, and that the Burmese dogs are in advance of all others in this respect.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

British Columbia Mongolians Given Notice that They Must Go Within Sixty Days.

A Victoria (B.C.) despatch says: The Knights of Labor last week passed a resolution to the effect that the Chinese should be given sixty days to leave the country. Exactly how this was to be carried out is not explained. A valuable commentary on the working of the Chinese Restriction Act in California is the evidence lately given by a Chinaman in San Francisco against Moy, late official interpreter. Moy is said to have cleared from $400 to $500 on every Chinese woman imported into the State. The women are brought in for purposes of prostitution in the guise of wives of Chinese residents in the State, and Moy used to allege as a reason for his high charges that he had to divide his plunder with the authorities. There is said to be in existence a syndicate of Chinamen for the purpose of trading in false certificates, who are secured against the danger of their proceedings being divulged by the terror felt for the Highbinders to whom they belong. The Governor of Washington Territory ascribes the recent attacks on the Chinese within his jurisdiction to the influx of Celestials from British Columbia. Many, no doubt, slip across the border on the mainland. How far smuggling of Chinamen and opium from this port is carried on it is impossible to say. No doubt there is a good deal of it, though the captures are seldom heard of.

TO TRAP THE GENTILES.

How the Mormons Tried to Get Even with the Outsiders.

A Salt Lake despatch says: The trial of B. Y. Hampton, charged with conspiracy, commenced before Judge Zane. Hampton is a city officer and a prominent saint, charged with entering into a conspiracy to establish houses of ill-repute for the purpose of entrapping Federal officers and Gentiles. The only witness examined was Mrs. Field, one of the women. She testified that she had entered into a contract with Hampton, that he furnished a house for her, and that the police promised her she should not be arrested for running the place in the city. The police paid her rent, and reserved one room in the house for the spotters. Hampton paid her $400 altogether. He took her past Governor Murray's house in a buggy, pointed out his residence, and told her to call on the Governor and try to get him to call on her. Hampton promised her $300 if she got the Governor. Hampton and his associates told her that they wanted to get the names of these Gentiles, so they could take them off the juries in polygamy trials. They wanted to entrap the Governor in order to get polygamists out of the penitentiary. The trial is exciting great interest, and is attended by the Governor, the Mayor of the city, and other officials.

TROUBLE IN THE CHURCH.

Quarrel Between Detroit Poles and their Pastor.

A last (Friday) night's despatch says: The trouble at St. Albertus' Polish Church has broken out again. A large number of people assembled this morning at the church, but found the doors locked. They waited till about 9 o'clock, when it was determined to wait upon Bishop Borgess with their grievances. A procession was formed, which numbered 5,000 people. When they reached the episcopal residence, on Washington avenue, they rang the door bell two or three times, but no response was made. After waiting some time they learned that the bishop, who was preparing to go to St. Joseph's Church when they arrived, had gone out by the rear door and been driven away. They formed again and marched back to the Polish quarter. On their way back they tried to enter St. Joseph's Church, but were refused admission. The crowd was orderly this morning, but serious trouble is expected soon. They seem determined to have possession of their church, in which worship is interdicted on account of the recent riots.

Mark Twain's Difficulties in Becoming a Confederate.

In his paper in the December "Century," "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed," Mark Twain says: "Out West there was a good deal of confusion in men's minds during the first months of the great trouble—a good deal of unsettledness, of leaning first this way, then that, then the other way. It was hard for us to get our bearings. I call to mind an instance of this. I was piloting on the Mississippi when the news came that South Carolina had gone out of the Union on the 20th of December, 1860. My pilot-mate was a New Yorker. He was strong for the Union; so was I. But he would not listen to me with any patience; my loyalty was smirched, to his eye, because my father had owned slaves. I said, in palliation of this dark fact, that I had heard my father say, some years before he died, that slavery was a great wrong, and that he would free the solitary negro he then owned if he could think it right to give away the property of the family when he was so straitened in means. My mate retorted that a mere impulse was nothing—anybody could pretend to a good impulse; and went on decrying my Unionism and libelling my ancestry. A month later the secession atmosphere had considerably thickened on the Lower Mississippi, and I became a rebel; so did he. We were together in New Orleans, the 26th of January, when Louisiana went out of the Union. He did his full share of the rebel shouting, but was bitterly opposed to letting me do mine. He said that I came of bad stock—of a father who had been willing to set slaves free. In the following summer he was piloting a Federal gun-boat and shouting for the Union again, and I was in the Confederate army. I held his note for some borrowed money. He was one of the most upright men I ever knew; but he repudiated that note with hesitation, because I was a rebel, and the son of a man who owned slaves."

Gold Dust for Drinks.

A California paper tells this mining story of 30 years ago: In those times Lower Springs swarmed with miners, all making money "hand over fist." Rows of sacks containing gold dust stood under Swasey's bar counter, each sack labelled with the owner's name, and whenever the owner of the sack wanted to stand treat for the crowd—and that was frequently—the sack was brought out and a pinch of dust taken for each drink. This was the way of making change in those days, as coin smaller than $50 slugs and $20 gold pieces was hard to get at. As a matter of course, the miners, in their careless way of handling their purses, often scattered considerable of the stuff on the floor, where it went through the crack. Well, Uncle Billy Howell, then a young man, thought of this one day after the old store had been torn down, and went and scraped up and panned out the "top dirt" over the spot where the building had stood, and in one afternoon cleaned up $1,100.

A Peep at Venus.

Anybody who wishes to take a peep at another world than ours has only to look at the planet Venus, which now shines brilliantly in the southwest after sundown. Venus is of nearly the same size as the earth, and astronomers think it may possibly bear life not altogether unlike that upon the surface of our own planet. Yet, at the distance of some 60,000,000 miles, its huge bulk appears reduced to the dimensions of a star, reflecting the sunlight to us like a pellicle of silver. We inhabit a wonderful world, but our world belongs to a still more wonderful family of worlds.

TILDY ANN:

A Christmas Story of To-day.

By Patience Stapleton.)

Where the ocean kisses the rugged Maine coast are many capes, narrow points of land like long fingers pointing out to sea. Sometimes these capes round and form nearly land-locked basins, or, again, they are just the strip of earth and gray rock, with restless breakers roaring on either side. Cushman's Cape incloses almost a land-locked basin. In this quiet little harbor the small sailboats of the fishermen lie at anchor. On the high bluffs of the shore from which the cape extends are the homes of the fishermen. Their houses are one-storied, with big chimneys in the middle of the roof and small windows. Some dwellings are whitewashed and have picket-fences, but most of them are gray like the rocks, and seem to be set at random all over the ledges. On the bluff, near the narrow outlet of the harbor into the sea, stands a neat, white cottage, with green blinds and whitewashed fence; near it are a few stunted pines, and the remains of a flower bed—dry stalks and dead leaves—this chilly December day.

It is Christmas Eve at the Cape. There is no snow, but the wind blowing from the ocean is a breath from the Arctic Sea. All the houses have columns of smoke pouring from their wide-mouthed chimneys, and all the little windows throw cheerful red gleams over the frosty ground, and some near the harbor, long slanting beams out on the quiet water. The fishing-boats lie motionless at anchor; their bare, ropeless masts make them look like the naked, leafless trees inland. Away out on the edge of the Cape is a beacon—crossed sticks of wood like a huge X—and this has a weird look in the moonlight. The breakers are rolling on either side of the Cape with a long, lazy plash; they are calmer by the entrance to the harbor, as if respecting all sailors abroad such a night, and desiring to make their homeward way easy and safe.

In all the lighted homes is Christmas cheer and comfort. There is no church for miles around the Cape, but Christmas is as holy. They are poor, these honest fishermen, and money is scarce, for they barter mostly with their fish; yet in each home there is some simple gift, given with love and good wishes. The children are asleep now in sloping-roofed attic chambers, curled up in warm feather beds, dreaming of Santa Claus, their quiet breathing echoing the sobbing of the sea.

Far out at sea, beyond the beacon at the end of the Cape, is a white speck. The moon is full to-night, and the breakers are tipped with molten silver; even the sail catches the beautiful light, and then the boat comes into view, sailing up a broad beam of silver like a shining pathway into heaven.

"Thar h'ain't no light in your house, Enoch."

The speaker, a short, broad old man, with bronzed face, wiry white beard and hair, and bright blue eyes, that seem to have caught and kept the color of the sea, holds the tiller with one hand, while with the other he points to the white house on the cliff. A second figure is in the bow of the boat tending the jib-sheet. A tall, broad-shouldered man, stooping a little, with big feet and hands. His clothes are patched clumsily, but neat and clean, and his whole appearance is that of a man without womankind.

"I kno't, Sile," he said, patiently. He was a man born to suffer, but to bear with noble silence; it was in his face, his eyes, his very shoulders.

"Don't ye never wish, now," said Sile, kindly, "that ye'd sorter made up ter Malindy Rollins? Likely gal an' good housekeeper—single yit, Enoch," with a sly twinkle.

"I only keered for her—for her," said Enoch, dreamily.

"Keered for her!" repeated Sile, testily. "Tildy Ann Mattocks. What did she do? run off and left ye—w'an't married three month, gone five year. You h'ain't husband nor widderer, but is wrecked like; I've seen sich hulks on the shores afore. What's goin' ter 'come of ye, Enoch? 'Taint naterel ye can live this life allus; that ye'll allus be waitin' fur her. What's come of her? she goin' off with that Pert Billings—a bad lot. Ye can't think arter Tildy Ann hed bin livin' in Boston an' all the disgrace of her runnin' off she'd come back here to the Cape ter be pinted at and shamed?"

"Oh, Sile," groaned the other, "hush, hush, you hurt me so!"

"Hurt ye; yes, but what good will's do? Look at that empty house, dead like. Look to the t'other, them lights. My own house thar. 'Tain't so fine as your'n, maybe, but I know under that gray roof is a kind woman waitin' for me; my old wife, Enoch, an' the children thar, an' my gal, my yeller-haired Marthy, who'll crawl up in my lap an' snuggle her head under my beard an' ask 'bout Santy Claus. Lord bless her sweet heart; for'erd thar in the locker is a doll for her, yaller-haired an' blue-eyed like herself. She'll open her eyes ter-morrer. Ye might have a home like that, Enoch, an' childrun; thar's laws ter free ye——"

"Sile, don't say no more," said Enoch. "I can't bear it nohow. Listen. It's born in me, I s'pose, to love her and only her. You know what my childhood was. Father and mother always a-quarreling, and neither of them cared for me; saving money was all they thought on. When ten year ago—I was only 20—they was drowned coming in by the pint right in sight of home, I was so upset by being in peace I couldn't understand it; I was lonely like, too. 'Bout then Amos Mattocks come back home; he lived off the Cape twenty-five year, but he come home to die; poor he was, and the ruined old house there didn't harf shelter him from the cold, so I gave him a home with me. I know folks said it was ridiculous, but it was a new life for me. He was a gentleman with larnin', and he taught me sum'at outsider this"—with a wave of his long arm to the Cape they were nearing. "I know his daughter was wild, but when he came she was only 12, and spoiled, mebbe, but no harm in her; like a bird singing all day, as light-hearted and gay. Not like the childrun here, which grow grave and old early by work and poverty. When he died he left her to me; she hadn't no relashuns, so I kep' her. I loved her, Sile, as a child; I didn't know it was another kind, till folks come to me arter her father died and said it was scandalous her being to my house, and they told her, so you know she went up inland to work for the Perkinses. Her slavin' in a kitchen with her little hands and slender shoulders! Then I went to her and offered her my home. She come to me, like a little frightened bird, and hid her head on my shoulder. I took her home—home——" He struggled with a sob. "We was married. I knowed when we come inter my lonesome home, she clinging to my arm, that it warn't the love for a child I had for her, but a man's love for his wife. Those three months were heaven, Sile; such a faithful little wife, my Tildy Ann." He broke down and buried his head on his arm. Sile coughed.

"I know how it was, Enoch, I see all this, but I see better nor you Pert Billings when she come, flauntin' her fine Boston clothes and turnin' the gal's head, an' leadin' her astray."

"I don't think she knowed at all what life meant," said Enoch, rising and lowering the jib. They had come through the narrow passage into the basin during the last remark of the old man. He left Sile then at the wharf and walked up to his desolate home. He did not light the lamp, but heaped wood on the fire and let the moonlight and firelight mingle in the room. His door was never locked—she might come. Every time he entered the house, it was with a flush of hope that quickly, turned to weary disappointment. He looked about the room; the neat carpet, the Franklin stove with its brass andirons the vases, the pictures, the pretty paper on the wall, all bought to please her, and there in the corner the melodeon—she could play and sing—and he had purchased this for her that very day five years before, when she ran away and left him. He sat down by the fire; his big Newfoundland dog, after the raptures of greeting him, lay by his side; his Maltese cat—Tildy's kitten, now staid and old—curled up in the cozy chair that always stood opposite waiting for her mistress.

"Five years ago this Christmas Eve, Frolic," he said to the dog, who looked at him with big, affectionate eyes—"you were a little pup then; she was so fond of pets, she named you Frolic, you are sober enough now—I come home from B—— in my boat, bringing a dress for her, a blue one; it seemed pretty to me. I went into the bedroom there and hid so I'd hear what she said in her surprise. She come in with the Billings girl—the organ hadn't come then—it come (sadly) the next day, when she was gone. 'He's got this for my Chris'mus,' my little girl says; 'is's pretty, Pert.' 'Pretty,' says the other, a big, bold girl, with an evil face; 'it's cheap and cottony, everything here is cheap, you're a slave to a common fisherman.' I didn't hear no more. I closed my ears. Oh, if I had known! They went out then, and never come back, Frolic. If I had only knowed, if I had only suspected then, I might have saved her. A year after they went it was, somehow I heered she was sick—I had hunted Bostin all over for her in vain. I hadn't much money then, so I sold the boat and sent it all to the Billings woman for my little girl. That was the larst. They'd gone from Bostin, and this is a big, lone world for a fisherman to travel in. Frolic, I've bought no other boat, for I've felt I might need it for her, and all I arn I save till the time come I'm sent for. Mebbe," he went on hopefully, "she might come back, and then we'd have the new boat, and she and I would christen it together. We'd sail by moonlight out at sea and up the river and she would sing for me like she used to, sounding so sweet over the waves and echoing on the wooded shores. Never a Chris'mus sence," he went on, after a pause, "but I've bought her a dress, not cheap, but ones that cost more money than would keep fam'lies here four months. I don't feel it sinful; to beautiful women like her all those fine things belong by right; it's like docking a canary in a sparrer's feathers, putting humbly gowns on her. I'd like to think, Frolic, if I was drowned at sea, as I know I shall be, it being in the blood, all my folks never having land burial, that she'll find them gowns and know I thought on her and loved her till the larst."

A timid knock startled him then. The wind had come up with the tide and was moaning drearily about the house. He crossed the room and tremblingly opened the door. A tall woman with a flapping cloak. He drew back with that oft-recurring sense of misery and disappointment. Only Malindy Rollins.

"Come in," he said, hospitably, "it's a wild night for you to be out."

She followed him into the room and sat down by the fire, a fine, large woman, with a kindly, sensible face. She laid off her shawl and hood, and he placed them on the sofa.

"I've been out ter Marm Billings's," said Malindy, panting a little; "it's awful windy. She's mighty sick, and can't live long, and Lord knows where Pert is and her marm a-beggin' and prayin' for her to come—" Malindy stopped suddenly, Pert Billings could scarcely be a pleasant topic to Enoch Stetson.

"I'm sorry for the poor mother," said Enoch; and then they went on to talk of other things, of the hard times, Malindy's school the coming week, of old people dead and young people to be married.

"I was so chilled I had to come in and warm myself," said Malindy, shyly. "I do hope folks won't talk."

"Why should they?" said Enoch, slowly; "we are such old friends, Malindy." He gently pressed her hand. "I will never forget your kindness five years ago when I lay here like a dead man. You know my love for her, Malindy, as nobody else does; you have been kind when the rest of the folks here called me crazy and a fool."

"I've read of love like yourn in books," sighed Malindy.

Just then Frolic rose to his feet, his hair erect, his eyes glaring.

"Merciful heaven, does he see a ghost" cried Malindy.

"A ghost!" repeated Enoch, white as snow. The dog crouched by the door barking madly. Enoch rushed out into the night. The wind blew furiously, the sea, lashed to a foam, was seething and boiling like a caldron, the moon was veiled with angry clouds that, torn and ragged, blew rapidly across the sky. A puff of wind put out the light Malindy was holding in the open door. The dog disappeared in the darkness and Enoch followed blindly. Hark! What was that! Above all the roar of wind and sea, a wailing cry. Enoch kept close to the dog and they both halted on the brink of the sea swept cliff, the dog howling or snuffing queerly on the frosty ground. For a moment, then, the moon came out from behind the clouds and Enoch saw something lying on the seaweed-covered rocks below. Oh, for light to guide him down that terrible cliff! Oh, for strength to reach that something so far below! Slowly, tortuously, he let himself down, clinging to the stunted bushes, to rocks, to seaweed.

The waves are greater now. The frothing, seething line of water that follows a receding breaker creeps nearer, nearer! Each round billow, more majestic, more frightful, thunders upon the rocks, booms under the tide-worn caverns, and where it flung spray on a white face, now a fringe of foam touches and clings to soft golden hair, to a quiet, passive hand. In an instant a wave shall come mightier than all and will crash on that face, and with treacherous, resistless grasp carry away a body off the slimy, slippery rocks, out to sea, to sport with it and fling it hither and thither.

A deafening roar, a reverberating crash! Boom, boom into the caverns below; swish swish, hissing over the seaweed, then swift, swift, balked of its prey, back to the depths below.

The white face is not there; it is close to a rough coat, close to a faithful heart.

He had no fear, she was with him, held close to his loving breast. The jealous sea could not separate them now. Above is the frowning cliff they cannot climb, before them the murderous sea, waiting to take them. There is no escape. His home is far from the rest of the Cape, the sea is coming higher every moment. She is unconscious, perhaps dead; better so. Still he has her at last—they can lie in the same grave. He is as far from the sea as he can get now, and the furious waves drench him every moment. He is becoming chill and numb, but he clings to her and holds her close, bracing his feet between rocks that crush him savagely when lifted by the incoming breakers.

"Halloo!" sounds a voice from above. His dog barks.

"Halloo!" Enoch answers, his voice so hoarse and strange, he does not realize that it is his. He is so far under the edge of the cliff he cannot see above. Then something falls down—it hits his arm—a rock, and tied to it a rope. He tries the rope—it seems stout—there is no time to waste. She moans then, for a wave strikes her face; he ties her to the rope steadily and strongly, facing the waves. Clinging to her, he cries: "Ready!" and slowly, with infinite difficulty, the rope goes on, up over the cliff. If it should break, if she should fall! He utters such a prayer as a strong soul prays. The dog barks, "All right!" floats down from above, then wave upon wave comes beating, crashing; confused and crushed by the awful force, Enoch gives up his hold—he is sliding down the rocks, drawn by the undertow; something strikes him, in a last, drowning grasp he clutches it, praying for her, thinking of her. God be thanked, the noblest, best, the bravest of all the Stetsons shall not find a resting-place in the cruel sea!

When he realizes where he is he only thinks of her—how he was drawn up he does not know; but on the cliff, by the light of a feeble lantern, he sees Malindy Rollins, bareheaded, draggled and weeping, with torn and bleeding hands; at his side his frantic dog; standing apart, half hidden by the tree to which the rope is tied, a shrinking, childish figure. He goes to it; she is alive.

"She helped me drag you up," pants Malindy; 'she came to life when she heارn me yell to ye. Arter I'd hauled her up I didn't a got you up, don't seem to me, for I was clean tuckered out, but she took holt and she seemed to be given more'n man's strength to do it. It was love as gives it to her, I'm set to b'lieve."

Generous Malindy, there were bitter tears now in your big, kind eyes.

"I am not worthy, Enoch, Enoch," sobs the dear-remembered voice, but he does not heed; he catches the child's figure in his arms and rushes to his home. The fire burns brightly (they have suffered years of agony in so short a time), the lamp, relit, beams a cheerful welcome. He lays her on the sofa, stroking her hair, it can't be my girl-wife! The dog and Malindy came in, but stand respectfully apart.

"I have suffered so," Tildy sobs. "I went with her; we worked in a factory, so hard, so terribly hard. She tried to make me go to the dances and all. I went to a few. Once I met a horrible drunken woman in the street, led by a policeman. I was with Pert; we was dressed up like Pert does. When I shuddered the awful woman turned to me and cried: 'You'll come to this! You'll come to this!' Hush, let me talk, Enoch; tell you all. I ran away then from Pert. I never saw her again. I went away off in the country and worked so hard—such a long, lonely time—but I dared not come back. Once I met a sailor from here—he used to know me. He told me you had sold your boat, and all for me, and Pert had kept the money and lied to you, and he said folks thought you'd get a divorce from me and marry Malindy Rollins—"

"Hush, hush," groaned Enoch.

"I will speak, dear, this once. So I worked on till I had two hundred dollars. Here they are," taking, with trembling hands, a little faded purse wet with sea water. "Look—all that money." He caught the little thin hands in his and covered them with kisses. "I'll go back, I said, and leave the money and a little note telling him that I loved him all the time, and my heart is broken. Then I will go away and never be heard of any more. So I came, Enoch, walking so many weary miles, and I looked in the window and saw you and Malindy sitting here by the fire. You took her hand, and then I thought you were married to her, and I got wild and despirit. I ran out to the cliff and jumped over, and then I knew nothing more till I heard her say you was down on the rocks, near the awful sea, and I seemed to be given the strength to bring you up.

She sank back with a shuddering little cry. He gathered her in his arms and laid her cheek close to his.

"You'd better git some dry clothes on, you two," said Malindy, with an attempt at joviality that her tear-wet face belied. "You're wet as drowded rats. As for me, Tildy Ann, I'm an old maid, born to be one, and it does me a hesp o' good to see ye in your old place, and the hull town'll say so, too. I wouldn't merry Enoch Stetson nohow, grate humbly thing." (Malindy's voice choked now. She did not know how funny she could be). "Sure his heart's give to you, so it would be wuss'n livin' with a dead man. Good-night to ye."

The door slammed, but they did not heed. A new life had opened for them. Christmas cheer and content would reign for ever in their hearts.

"You forgive me," she said, looking at him with yearning eyes.

"My sweet girl-wife, with her pale face, her little, thin hands. Forgive her—Love cannot be angry. In heaven there's nuthin' to forgive, and heven is come to me now, the better for all the lonesome waiting."

Over the ledges, her long cloak flapping, went Malindy Rollins. They had forgotten her, she had forgotten herself in her joy for them; no one remembered she was a heroine.

She started with a sigh when her bedridden mother called:

"Merry Chris'mus, Malindy. It's mornin', dearie. Ye must be cold an' tired stayin' the long night away."

"Merry Chris'mus," she answered vaguely; then brightly: "Merry Chris'mus to ye, and meny of 'em, and to all on arth, and to him; but he's got his beyant all the wishing. Enoch Stetson's wife has come home, mother."

The American Vice of Hurry.

(Harper's Bazar.

Even making allowance for the fact that the invisible fraction of every day is left out of the report as trivial and momentary, it is still plain that no other people were ever so corroded with the vice of hurry as we contemporary Americans. It is not business men only, lawyers, editors, mechanics, nor business women, mothers of families, writers, teachers, journalists, artists and artisans, who thus wear themselves out by rapidity of motion. It is the ornamental classes also who are beaten thin in this daily attrition. It is the maids and matrons who must dress three or four times a day, be seen at this tea and that dinner and the other reception; who must not neglect the practice for the piano club or the harmonic society, or omit the ride, or drive, or theatre party, or shopping, or calls of condolence, or the races, or the day's notes of courtesy, or the scores of calls, or the picture exhibition, or the books from the library. The babe begins life with this inherited nervous excitement, the school child hurries through its tasks, advanced pupils, boys and girls, work with a feverish haste that ambition and emulation encourage, and so the business and pleasure of mature existence are entered upon with powers wrought to a high pitch, and with a sense of the inadequacy of time that keys them still higher. It is easy to see how we are all incited, persuaded, compelled to do too much from the first moment of conscious existence to the last. But how we are to help it is a much more troublesome matter to settle. Where everybody runs, no sane person can afford to walk, lest he seem insane. The time has come, however, when people must be persuaded to walk, or drop out of the ranks altogether. Statistics show an increase in the number of deaths from apoplexy, paralysis, and diseases of the heart, and in the number of cases of brain deterioration, incident to the rush and strain of daily life, that point a very alarming moral.

During the last fifty years Mohammedanism has made great strides on the west coast of Africa, whence it is striking back into the interior, and the prediction is freely made that ere long the Christian missionaries will have to reckon with it rather than with paganism. The Mandingo merchants are the most sedulous and successful agents in disseminating the religion of the Prophet.

Rev. Joshua Fraser has been deposed from the ministry by the Kingston Presbytery.

The Old Hielan'man's Prayer.

O Lord! what are we in Thy sicht this nicht!—a wheen puir easle-ostes. Gie us a blessin' this se time; it's no aften we bother You. Gie us a wee wark and big wages, an' a' new breed and cheese like Ben Nevis, an' whusky like Loch Long. Gie us bull's pork, sheep's beef, an' calf's mutton, an' a new-born egg till better meats be ready. Send a blessin' doon the lum, and bless the kail pat, an' the Duke o' Argyle, the Lord God o' the Hielans. Build a big wa' atween us an' the diel, an' a far bigger ane atween us an' the wild Erishmen, and put broken bottles on't. Amen.

A False Friend.

"I've lost all faith in human nature," sighed a West Shore conductor to his wife as he substituted citizen's dress for blue and gold. "You know what warm friends Smith and I have been for so many years."

"Yes," said the lady.

"Well, he was a passenger on my train to-day for the first time, and I'll be hanged if he didn't buy a ticket of the agent. So much for friendship."—*New York Sun.*

History Repeats Itself,

And perhaps in the distant future when the ages have grown old and move with slow and failing steps down the corridors of time—when the adjuncts and appliances that now make life endurable are forgotten, how gladly will the people hail the re-discovery of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the great and only sure pop corn cure of this age. Without a rival for efficacy or painless action, certain in every case and yet perfectly harmless to every other part, surely its loss would be felt in future ages as keenly as its value is now appreciated by all in this. Try Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure and safe. N. C. Polson & etc., Kingston, proprietors.

The Lord's Prayer in Chinese is as follows: Goa foo doi hen ieah, goon gee men seng, Gey gwok lem gak. Gey gi ak seng, doy e gooy doi hen yen. Goa di seah Swi jee leang. Yen got si goa, men goa d jee foo. Gooey goa men foo goa jeah, you 'm boo owe goa e you o ak. Noi gehik goa tohoot e ok, goy gok eeah, koon yah, weng yah, gi gooey gey seon gep ai si. Ah mang.

"Man's work's from sun to sun;
Woman's work is never done."

Work is a necessity to all; but, upon how many, women especially, does it fall with the burden of the "last straw," and this, because their peculiarly delicate constitutions are so liable to functional derangement. We cannot lessen your toil, ladies, but we can make it easier for you, by making you stronger and better able to do it. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will relieve you of nervous and other weakness, and all the many ills peculiar to your sex.

The Law and Order League of Cincinnati, having exhausted all other means to close the theatres on Sunday, have asked the Mayor to revoke the license of those managers refusing to do so. The Mayor will give his answer during the week.

Joy in Every Drop.

This may be truly said of Polson's NERVILINE, the greatest pain remedy of the age. It brings comfort to the weary sufferer when failure has attended the use of every known remedy. Nerviline is an absolute cure for all kinds of pain, internal, external, or local. Purchase a 10 cent sample bottle and try this great remedy, Nerviline, nerve pain cure. Don't forget the name. At any drug store.

We are glad to hear there is a "Life Saving Bureau" in this country. When a man gets up in the dark and wrestles with a