

# Their Honeymoon

It was a perfect night. The silver moonlight flooded all the familiar landscape, bathing it in mystic depths of unfathomable brightness and transfiguring all things into a fairy-like beauty. A beautiful night—a night of stars and fleecy cloudlets, and soft odors from a thousand pungent leaves and fragrant flowers distilled by the silent dews.

Olive and Janet had gone upstairs to their little room, and now sat upon the floor beside the low window looking out into the moonlight. On such a night sleep was out of the question for an hour at least, and so they sat, slowly fastening their hair and gradually preparing for bed.

A murmur of familiar voices on the little porch below sounded in their ears and hushed them to silence. They leaned together on the window-sill and listened. The sisters knew the voices well—the dear voices of father and mother. They had come out into the porch before going to bed, and were sitting on the old time-worn bench where looking at the calm, clear night.

The sisters could imagine just how they were sitting, though they could not see them, the dear old mother with her wrinkled hand on her husband's knee and his broad, homely hand covering it, they had seen them so often, "Darby and Joan," Janet called them lovingly.

"Mother," they could hear the old man say, and there was a little tremor in his voice, "it's most fifty years since we were married—do you mind? Next week a Wednesday'll make it fifty years. Mebbe we'd oughter have a golden wedding to kind o' celebrate—what think—mother?"

"'Twould be nice, father," they could hear her answer, "but I guess we hadn't better think of it; 'twould be a awful sight o' bother, an' what with Olive teachin' an' Janet to do all the work with wha little I could help, 'twould make it pretty hard. Guess we hadn't better, father."

"There was a little silence and then the old man spoke again: "Manner," said he, "we didn't never have a weddin' journey nor a honeymoon. Almost seem's if we ought to have 'em now. You know how 'twas—we was poor an' couldn't even afford to go out to Uncle Eben's for a little trip, but settled right down to house-keepin' an' hard work at once, without a bit o' play spell. In all these years we ain't been nowhere to speak of, 'twould be nice to go 'way somewhere now on our wedding four-ty—seem's if 'twould make us feel young 'gain somahow."

"'Twould be nice, father," they could hear the gentle voice murmur, "but guess we hadn't better think of it. Mebbe by the children would think 'twas kind o' childish."

"Mebbe they would, mother," the old man answered quietly, and then there was silence. After a little they went into the house and the girls heard them lock the door and wind the clock, and then all was still. Something glistened in Olive's great dark eyes, and the moonlight touched to crystal clearness a drop upon Janet's fair cheek. The two girls crept into bed and lay talking in low voices for a long time before they went to sleep.

For the next few days there were busy preparations in the old farm house. Mysterious doings were going on all over the house. Mother was bustled off somewhere every day to visit some friend or neighbor in the vicinity, who gladly welcomed the dear kind soul and her perpetual knitting work.

Father and "the boys," stalwart men of twenty-five and thirty, were busy in the field and orchard doing up the fall work. Janet worked away happily all day, and when at four o'clock Olive came home from the little red-painted district schoolhouse, she donned a big apron, put on her thimble and went resolutely to work in her own room upstairs. Evidently something was in the air.

Wednesday morning dawned bright and clear, with that indescribable crispness and sparkle in the air that makes October a royal month.

Olive had asked the trustee for the day and he had granted it willingly; Janet looking like an apple blossom in her pink calico gown and snowy white apron, flitting about the house on light feet, seeming to be everywhere at once.

John and David were wrestling with their Sunday neckties and polishing their boots to the very highest possible shine.

The old folks looked on wistfully, but gently, wondering what all the commotion was about.

Out in the woodshed father confided to mother this piece of news: "Guess the children must be goin' over to Millerville to the county fair. But it does seem kind o' curious they don't speak about it."

"Oh, girls!" was all she could say, as Janet put her into a chair and began to take down her little coil of white hair.

"Dressing the bride," occupied, perhaps, an hour, and when at last the toilet was announced complete, the faded blue eyes behind the gold-bowed glasses saw in the large old-fashioned mirror a sweet and dainty picture—a beautiful-faced old lady with delicate heliotrope nestling among the laces at her throat, and a tiny spray in her hair.

A faint, pink flush of excitement had come to the withered cheeks, which made the old face a sweet history of what it had been in its youthful prime. Olive and Janet kissed her triumphantly.

"Mother, you don't realize how sweet and young you look! you have worn black so long!" and, "Oh, mother, we're going to have a wedding in this house to-day, and you are to be the bride!"

"Fifty years ago to-day," the old bride softly murmured, looking down at the thin circle of gold that she had worn so long, and in her heart a sudden longing sprang up, newly kindled, a quick and strong desire for him who had been her husband all these years.

She looked wistfully toward the door and took a faltering step towards it, but just then it opened, and John and David entered escorting between them proudly the hero of the day attired in a fine new suit of broadcloth, with a festive little posy in his buttonhole and a face beaming with renewed youth and gladness.

The children were forgotten in the quick impulsive embrace that followed, and the long kiss of love and honor and fidelity that had crowned that half century of wedded life.

That was a day never to be forgotten in all the country round. Everybody was there. Not only the old who had grown old with the happy bride and groom, but the middle-aged and strong. A great table had been spread out of doors under the drooping elms that had been slender treelets on that wedding day fifty years ago.

The minister who had married them was long since dead, but his son, a middle-aged dominie, had been procured for the occasion and performed the marriage ceremony with dignity.

Olive and John acted as bridesmaid and groomsmen, looking very happy at the complete success of their innocent conspiracy.

Congratulations and gifts were many. The bridegroom seemed scarcely to need the support of his handsomely engraved gold-headed cane, he felt so young, despite his seventy-two years, and stepped blithely and briskly about among his guests with his slim little wife upon his arm, smiling and happy.

When the dinner was at last over, David pressed something into his father's hand—two tickets for the western city in which his married son lived.

"Your trunk is packed and ready and the train leaves at four o'clock, father," he said with characteristic straightforwardness.

"All you've got to do now is to take your wedding journey and enjoy a six-week's honeymoon at Sam's."

The other children gathered around and laughed gleefully at the bewildered joy of the newly-wedded pair.

"It's what I've wanted to do ever since Sam went West," the old man said quaveringly, and the tears stood in his eyes. The mother only turned and leaned her head upon the shoulder of her tall Olive—and Olive kissed her. There were misty eyes all round and smiling faces as the carriage drove off, amid a generous shower of rice and an old shoe thrown by some one for good luck. And as the guests dispersed after examining to their curiosity's content the array of substantial gifts, the young folks at the farm house congratulated themselves and each other upon the wonderful success of their scheme.

And as the train sped westward over the shining rails, the little old bride sat in quiet happiness at her husband's side and looked at the flying landscape. There was a sweet peace on the dear, wrinkled face, and a light of new, deeper tenderness in the blue eyes behind the glasses.

People noticed how lover-like were the old man's attentions to the little old lady by his side, and some even wondered if this were not possibly the happy ending of some life-long romance. But no one heard him in a low bridegroom leaned and said, in a low voice, "It's been a grand day, Hannah—a day full o' all kinds o' nice surprises, but they ain't nothing makes me feel better than to know that after all we ain't too old for the children."

And the bride made soft response, "That's so, father."

Then there was a long and blessed silence as they journeyed on together "in that new world which is the old," the world for love.

HOW THEY ALWAYS TALK.

Levelhead—Seen Jinks lately?  
Binks—Yes, met him last night in Gingsling's saloon. He was on one of his periodical sprees, and it was very hard to get away from him. Jinks is going down fast.

Levelhead—A few hours afterward—Hello, Jinks!  
Binks—Hello, heard you were with Binks last night?  
Jinks—Yes, met him at Gingsling's last night, and the fellow was so drunk, I had to help him home. Just tell you, Binks has got to reform pretty soon, or he'll be in the gutter.

OLDEST SAILING CRAFT.

The oldest sailing craft in the world is the so-called Gokstad ship, a Viking vessel, which was discovered in a sepulchral mound on the shores of Christialand Fjord. It is 1,000 years old.

Endured by the laborers in the Sicilian Sulphur Mines.

"I don't think there is another spot on earth where such abominable treatment, such fiendish cruelty, is inflicted on the laborer, as in the sulphur mines of Sicily. They are paid barely enough to provide themselves with a scant supply of the coarsest, cheapest food, and a good portion of the time they are in a state of chronic starvation. When I was last there many of the mines were closed, and a Sicilian paper stated that 30,000 people were starving at the mines. The work is of the hardest and most exhausting character. Very few of the mines have hoisting apparatus, and the sulphur ore, sulphur and limestone combined, is brought up from the depths below on the backs of men and boys. Long, sloping, narrow tunnels lead from the surface down to the sulphur beds 200 to 300 feet or more below. Miners dig the stuff out, and it is carried up in stout sacks, or flat baskets. Many of the laborers, especially the boys work naked. On their backs they wear a piece of matting, or something of the sort, held by a string around the neck. This is to protect the flesh from being torn from their bodies by the jarred corners of the ore they carry. No one can imagine a more heart-rending sight than to see the wretched creatures toiling up the long, steep slopes in the mine, with their enormous loads. Every step they take wrings a groan from their tortured frames. Most pitiful to me was the sight of the poor, bent, broken and emaciated old men; mere battered wrecks; and the young lads of 10 and 12 years, who have just begun this life of cruel toil.

"Staggering along under loads full as heavy as a strong man ought to carry the dread old procession winds upward through the narrow drifts and tunnels to the surface, where the ore is piled up in rectangular heaps and paid for by the cubic meter.

"As evidence of the awful severity of the labor, is the fact that a very large percentage of these lads are so badly crippled by the time they reach the age for military service that the conscript officers are forced to reject them. And I assure you that the Italian Government is not overcritical as to the physical condition of the men she sends by the shipload to Massowah to be butchered by the Abyssinians. When the miserable creatures leave the inferno underground and reach the surface they find themselves in a veritable corner of hades. The sulphur is extracted at the mine by roasting it in immense heaps slightly covered with earth, not unlike in form to a charcoal pit. The air is so filled with sulphurous vapors and dust as to almost suffocate one. Not a green thing in sight for the poisonous vapors kill all vegetation. The fierce sun beats down upon one in those verdureless valleys with great fury. On every side there are the hot rocks, acres of impalpable, stifling dust and the vapors from the calcining ore can only be compared to blasts from the infernal region."

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. Consultation FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion. Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS FREE—"The Golden Monitor" (illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Includes postage, 2 cents. Sealed.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No medicine sent. O. D. No. 143 on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of Treatment, FREE.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 143 SHELBY ST., DETROIT, MICH.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 143 SHELBY ST., DETROIT, MICH.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 143 SHELBY ST., DETROIT, MICH.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 143 SHELBY ST., DETROIT, MICH.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 143 SHELBY ST., DETROIT, MICH.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 143 SHELBY ST., DETROIT, MICH.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 143 SHELBY ST., DETROIT, MICH.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 143 SHELBY ST., DETROIT, MICH.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 143 SHELBY ST., DETROIT, MICH.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 143 SHELBY ST., DETROIT, MICH.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 143 SHELBY ST., DETROIT, MICH.

Webster's International Dictionary

The One Great Standard Authority, So writes Hon. D. J. Brewer, Justice U. S. Supreme Court, etc. Send a Postal for Specimen Pages, etc.

THE BEST FOR EVERYBODY BECAUSE

It is easy to find the word wanted. It is easy to ascertain the pronunciation. It is easy to trace the growth of a word. It is easy to learn what a word means.

WEBSTER'S STANDARD. The Toronto Globe says:—The International is rapidly becoming recognized as the most reliable standard dictionary available. In addition to fulfilling the primary function of a dictionary, the International contains a vast amount of general information of great value.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

Pure Blood

Blood first of all; that is the starting point on the road to health. Without it Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Scrofula, Ulcers and Abscesses thrive and increase in the human system. But with pure

circulating freely these diseases cannot long remain. There is nothing to keep them there—no impurities for them to feed on. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies the blood, and drives out all impurities, waste and effete matter more quickly and surely than any other remedy. If you want pure blood and good health take

Burdock Blood Bitters

TO

Farmers, Threshers and Millmen

AT THE BRICK FOUNDRY --WE MAKE--

Furnace Kettles, Power Staw Cutters, Hot Air Furnaces, Shingle Machinery, Band Saws, Emery Machines hand or power; Cresting Farmers' Kettles, Columns, Church Seat Ends, Bed Fasteners, Fencing, Pump-Makers' Supplies, School Desks, Fanning Mill Castings Light Castings and Builders' Supplies, Sole Plates and Points for the different ploughs in use. Castin repairs for Flour and Saw Mills.

--WE REPAIR--

Steam Engines, Horse Powers, Separators, Mowers, Reapers, Circular and Cross-Cut Saws Gummed, Filed and Set. I am prepared to fill orders for wood shingles.

CHARTER SMITH, DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

EDGE PROPERTY FOR SALE IN THE TOWN OF DURHAM.

County of Grey, including a valuable W. Power, Brick dwelling, and many eligible building lots, will be sold in one or more lots. Also lot No. 60, Con. 2, W. G. R. Township of Bentons, 100 acres, adjoining Town plot Durham. Mortgages taken for part purchase money Apply to JAMES EDGE, Edge Hill, P. O. Oct. 2nd.

A. GORDON

Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles, Silver and Flat Ware of all descriptions. Repairing a specialty. Upper Town, Durham.

LADIES! THE LUXURY OF SECURITY IS FOUND IN

Dr. LeRoy's Female Pills.

The only reliable and trustworthy preparation known. Safest, surest and most effective remedy ever discovered for all irregularities of the female system. Sealed circular free. Price \$1 per box of 10 pills, or by mail securely enclosed in a box of 10 pills. LeRoy Pill Co. Victoria St., Toronto, Can.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WELLS, WASHINGTON, D. C. for their \$1.00 prize and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

The Chronicle is the most widely read newspaper published in the County of Grey.

with Hypo- in Consump- ds and All

g Store

le Butter Color, the taste of the finest in Market.

rug Store.

BNER'S AZINE R 1898

AT PROGRAM.

of the Revolution by ary Cabot Lodge, to run the year. (For the first time in art forces and resources ght to bear on the Revolution. e and a corps of artists are 100 paintings and drawings this great work.)

T. Mahan's "The American Revolution," to be illustrated by T. Chapman, the marine Fern, and others.

lson Page's First Long ed Rock—A Chronicle of Re- Mr. Page has devoted the story, and he considers rk. (Illustrated by B. West

ipping, Richard Hard- Joel Chandler Harris, Cable, and others are ment to contribute stories

's "Search-Light Let- to various letters that came ce of his "Reflections of a "and "The Opinions of a

ers" in a new field—Wal- koff, the college man who ler, will tell about his ex- sweat-shop laborers and Chicago. (Illustrated by R. Leigh.)

re, "The Mine," etc., will be "The Conduct of Great Busi- (as were "The Wheat the Newspaper," etc., in '97), us illustrations.

ls' Colleges—like the ar- ndergraduate Life at Harvard, nd Yale," and as richly illus-

eminiscences by Senator has been in public life for

will contribute two serial wings during '98: "A New and "The Seven Ages of Woman."

prospectus for '98 in small pages, printed in two colors, illustrations (cover and decorated Parriah,) will be sent on, postage paid.

YEAR, 25 CENTS A NUMBER. BRINER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

eds You Want!

JEWELRY.

have it in every and every style, set with onds, Pearls, Opals and r stones according to de- and will be found the best and Most Suitable is on the Canadian Market.

yles are the Newest best on the market. You save money by buying our s. It is more pleasing to our store and examine large and complete stock of verware, Watches, cks, Flatware and welry Than to visit a millinery opening.

GORDON, UPPER TOWN.