

The Herald and News

Minnie's Bracelet.

The present which Minnie's mamma had given her for her birthday was a beautiful gold bracelet.

Minnie had long wished to possess a bracelet, but her mother said she did not like to see little girls wearing them, and Minnie would have to wait until she was twelve years old.

Minnie was the only child, and she was dreadfully spoiled by both her parents.

She was a beautiful child, and she knew it, therefore was extremely conceited.

Her papa was a banker, and a rich one, so of course she had many beautiful things.

Like many spoiled children she possessed a good heart, although she was very willful.

One very bad trait in her character was that she took violent dislike to people without any cause whatever.

Of course her nurse said she was a sweet child, but then Minnie was very fond of nurse, who was all ways kind to her.

The day after the twelfth birthday Minnie was sitting on a hassock with her head in her nurse's lap.

It was very hot, and the nursery window was wide open, letting in the sweet perfume of the flowers which blossomed in the garden.

Minnie was attired in a snowy-white Indian muslin dress, with pale blue ribbons at her waist and in her hair, and the gold bracelet upon her pretty wrist.

"I shall wear this tomorrow, nurse," said she, holding up her arm. "Won't the girls envy me, and wish they had one like it?"

"To be sure, Miss Minnie, they will," said nurse. "You ought to think yourself a lucky little girl to have such a handsome present."

"My papa is rich," answered the child. "I cannot help him being rich."

"And if he were poor you could not either," replied nurse.

"Dear me, I should not like it, though," said Minnie. "Do you know, nurse I feel sorry for everyone who is poor. At least, all except one person, I am not sorry for May Desmond."

"Why not, dearie?"

"Oh, I don't know, I do not like her."

"She seems a nice girl, too," said nurse.

"I do not like her because she thinks such a deal of herself, just because she does her sums correctly and writes a good hand. Any how, I mean to make her jealous of my bracelet tomorrow," answered Minnie.

The next day at school Minnie was turned back in her lessons, while May Desmond went to the top of her class.

"She is Miss Howard's favorite," whispered Minnie to a girl sitting next to her, whose name was Nancy.

Nancy was very desirous of becoming intimate with Minnie, so she replied—

"Yes, I think she is."

"No talking please," said the teacher, so Minnie and Nancy had to wait till after school.

It was a hot day, and everyone seemed glad when it was twelve o'clock.

Nancy came up to Minnie and asked her if she would like to take a walk by the river.

"Indeed I should," said Minnie, if you will come by yourself, for I want to talk to you about May."

Nancy consented, and the two walked off.

When they reached the water, they seated themselves on the mossy bank, and after they had talked about poor May till they were tired, Minnie commenced to tell Nancy about her numerous birthday presents.

"That is a lovely bracelet," said Nancy.

"Yes," cried Minnie, proudly, and she unfastened it from her arm, and tossed it in the air; "it is worth a lot of money."

catching it as it descended, her hand knocked it on one side.

With a little splash it fell into the river and disappeared.

Both girls looked at each other for a few seconds, then Minnie jumped up, and with very red cheeks said:

"I will try to get it, or mamma will think I am very careless, oh, dear, and here comes May Desmond, she will laugh."

"Get into the boat and take my parasol and try to hook it out with the handle," said Nancy.

"A capital idea," replied Minnie, as she took the parasol and stepped into the boat.

Leaning over the side she probed about for the bracelet.

Suddenly the boat rocked, the next instant Minnie fell into the water and was carried out by the tide.

Nancy screamed loudly, and May Desmond went flying towards the river.

As soon as she reached the bank she tore off her little bodice and in spite of Nancy's cries sprang into the water after Minnie, and succeeded in reaching her just as she was sinking for the second time.

May had been taught to swim, but of course as soon as she clutched Minnie, who was quite insensible, she found the weight too much for her.

Doubtless both children would have drowned had not Nancy's cries attracted some haymakers from the adjoining field, and some of them arrived just in time to save the two.

Minnie was carried quickly home and restoratives were applied, and finally she was laid comfortably in her little bed, where the doctor said she must remain and be kept very quiet.

May Desmond was also taken home and put to bed, where she remained for several weeks very ill with inflammation of the lungs.

Minnie's parents were very kind to the brave little girl, and sent her little delicacies every day, and paid for her doctor, for May's mother was a widow and not very well off.

When Minnie awakened after a long sleep, she could not make out where she was. The blinds were closed and she could see nothing.

She had a vague remembrance of the bracelet falling in the water, and raised her arm to see if it was really true or a dream.

Then she whispered— "Mamma."

Her mother bent over her.

"Is it all safe? I was in the water, who got me out?"

"Yes, you are quite safe, my darling, and some men got you out, but they would have been too late had it not been for May Desmond jumping in after you."

"Oh, mother, and I have spoken so wickedly of her. What shall I do?"

"Why, darling, you must be dreaming. What reason had you to speak wickedly of May, she always seemed a very nice little girl."

Minnie did not spare herself. She sat up in bed and told her mamma all.

How she had taken a violent dislike to poor May, ending up with these words—

"I shall not be happy till I have told her how sorry I am, and asked her forgiveness."

"Yes," answered her mother; "you are quite right, dear. But you must lie down now, and not excite yourself, and Jane shall bring you some tea and nice buttered toast."

At last both Minnie and May were quite well and both returned to school.

When the play hour came Minnie walked straight up to May and said to her—

"May, I should like to speak to you, I want to thank you for saving my life, and to ask you to be my dear friend."

"Oh, I shall be so glad," said May; "I always liked you, Minnie, but I do not fancy that you like me."

Minnie drew her away to a seat, and taking her hands in hers confessed everything, begging for forgiveness, which May readily gave.

The Spoiled Picture.

The Lloyd family had decided to have a family picture taken. All the family relations were to gather in the front yard of grandma and grandpa's home at four o'clock on a certain day, and the artist was going to take their pictures all together.

Kittie Lloyd was very much delighted, and asked her mother a great many questions about it.

"Am I to be in it, mamma?" "Yes, dear—all the family."

"And Baby Ruth, too?" "Yes, all the children and grandchildren."

"O mamma! can't I have my dog Sandy in it, too? I think, if you have Baby Ruth I ought to have Sandy."

"Well, you ask papa tonight." When Kittie's papa came home that night the first thing he heard when his little girl came to meet him was:

"O, papa, may I have Sandy in the picture with me? Mamma's going to have Baby Ruth."

"I'm afraid you'll spoil the picture," responded Mr. Lloyd, "and Sandy is worse yet. You see, we shall all have to keep very still to have our pictures taken, and I am afraid neither you nor Sandy can do that."

"Oh, yes, we can!" assured Kittie. "I'll teach Sandy."

Every day after that Kittie gave Sandy some lessons in standing still. The appointed day came at last; and Mr. Lloyd got on the big carriage, and took them all over to grandpa's, where there was a large gathering of aunts, uncles, and cousins, who were to be in the picture. Sandy was allowed to go along, and Kittie was delighted.

At last the artist came in a newly painted wagon with a big, long word on the outside, which Kittie, after a good deal of spelling, learned was "photographs." It was very interesting to watch the artist take out his camera, and set it up on a little frame, and peep through it with a black cloth over his head.

When his machine was ready, he called the people together on the front porch; and with grandma and grandpa in the centre, the tall ones in the back, and the short ones in the front, the people were arranged, and made ready for the picture. Kittie had a place in the very front of the picture with Sandy by her side, who was to sit up on his hind legs.

"Now, Kittie," said mamma, "you must keep perfectly still, and not move, or you will spoil the picture. When the artist says, 'Ready!' you must not even wink until he's through."

Kittie stood up very straight, and looked just where the artist had told her to look.

"All ready?" said the artist. "Now."

"Why, mamma, is it over?" asked Kittie, as they all began to move around and talk.

"Yes, Kittie," answered mamma, "it's all over now; and you can run about and play."

The next day the proof of the picture was brought to Mr. Lloyd, and he showed it to Kittie. There was grandma and grandpa sitting up in the centre, looking as calm and placid as ever. There was mamma and Baby Ruth as plain as could be, and Sandy sitting up as straight as a dog could; but in the place where Kittie's face ought to be there was the back of a curly head and a blur.

"You moved," said papa gravely, "and you spoiled the picture."

Kittie burst into tears.

"I only looked around to see if Sandy was quiet," she sobbed, "and then it was all over. I didn't think the man would be so quick."

When the picture was shown to the other relatives, they decided that it was so good of grandpa and grandma that it must be kept. So a short time after Mr. Lloyd brought home the picture all finished and framed, and hung it up in the parlor. Kittie cried bitterly and begged him not to hang it up, but papa said he must. Then mamma took her little girl into the parlor, and talked to her.

"The picture is spoiled, dear, because you did not do as I told you at once. I told you to keep perfectly still when the man said 'All ready'; but you wanted to look

A Rich Man Brought to Terms.

Robert Carrick, one of the richest bankers of Scotland, a few generations ago, was as mean as he was wealthy. Being one day visited by a deputation collecting subscriptions toward a new hospital, he signed for two guineas; and one of the gentlemen, expressing disappointment at the smallness of the sum, he said, "Really, I cannot afford more."

The deputation next visited Wilson, one of the largest manufacturers in the city, who, on seeing the list, cried: "What! Carrick only two guineas!"

When informed of what the banker had said, Wilson remarked, "Wait, I will give him a lesson."

Taking his cheque-book, he filled in a check for ten thousand pounds, the full amount of his deposit at Carrick's bank, and sent it for immediate payment.

Five minutes later the banker appeared breathless and asked, "What is the matter, Wilson?"

"Nothing the matter with me," replied Wilson; "but these gentlemen informed me that you couldn't afford more than two guineas for the hospital. 'Hallo,' thinks I, 'if that's the case there must be something wrong, and I'll get my money out as soon as possible.'"

Carrick took the subscription list, erased the two guineas and substituted fifty, on which Wilson immediately tore up his cheque.

The hospital was built and here the best part of the story begins, for the rich man who was thus forced against his will to raise the amount of his subscription soon began to take an interest in the work the hospital was doing. Before many years he contributed sufficient to fully endow and maintain it.

A little girl had sent back her plate for turkey two or three times, and had been helped bountifully to all the good things. Finally she was observed looking rather despondently at the unfinished part of her dinner.

"What's the matter, Ethel?" asked Uncle John. "You look so mournful."

"That's just the matter," said Ethel. "I am mor'n full."

And then she wondered why everybody laughed.—Selected.

Having Fun with the Governor.

The story is told of Senator Vance, of North Carolina, the champion story teller of the senate, who had a broad stripe of Calvinism down his back, though he is not a communicant of the church, that, riding along in Buncombe county one day, he overtook a venerable darkey, with whom he thought he would have a little fun," says the Christian Telescope.

"Uncle," said the Governor, "are you going to church?"

"No, sah, not exactly—I'm gwine back from church."

"You're a Baptist, I reckon—ain't you?"

"No, sah, I ain't no Baptist, de mos' of the brethren 'n' sisters about here has been under the water."

"Methodist then?"

"No, sah, I ain't no Mefodis, nudder."

"Campbelite?"

"No, sah, I can't errogate to myself de Camelite way of thinkin'."

"Well, what in the name of goodness are you, then," rejoined the Governor, remembering the narrow range of choice of religions among the North Carolina negroes.

"Well, de fac' is, sah, my old marster was a heruld of the cross in the Presbyterian church, an' I fetch up in dat faith."

"What! You don't mean it? Why that is my church."

The negro making no comment on this announcement, Governor Vance went at him again.

"And do you believe in all the Presbyterian doctrines?"

"Yes, sah, dat I does."

"Do you believe in the doctrine of predestination?"

"I dunno dat I recognize de name sah."

"Why, do you believe that if a man is elected to be saved he will be saved, and if he is elected to be lost he will be lost?"

"Oh, yes, boss, I believe dat. Its Gospel talk, dat is."

"Well, now take my case. Do you believe that I am elected to be saved?"

The old man struggled for a moment with his desire to be respectful and polite, and then shook his head dubiously.

"Come, now, answer my question," pressed the Governor, "What do you say?"

"Well, I'll tell you what 'tis, Mars Zeb; is been libbin' in dis hear world nigh on sixty years and I nibber yet heard of any man bein' lected 'bout he was a candidate."

Nerves that Die

For lack of nourishment are just as dead as though they were severed with a knife. In either case the base of supplies has been interfered with. Nerves that need nourishing make their wants known through headache, backache, loss of appetite, indigestion, fluttering of the heart, irritability, sleeplessness, and general weakness. Feed the hungry nerves, build them up and make them strong and vigorous, full of vim, vitality and power, with the great nerve food and tonic, Dr. Miles' Nerveine.

"My nerves became so weak and run-down from the effects of an old wound that I became paralyzed and perfectly helpless. Nine years of my life was passed in an invalid chair, and during that time I endured the most intense suffering. When I commenced taking Dr. Miles' Nerveine it seemed to give me instant relief, and in a few weeks I was able to be up and about once more."

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quiets the nervous irritation, stimulates the digestion and fills the blood with just the nourishment needed for weak and run-down conditions. Give it a trial.

Sold by druggists on guarantee. DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

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Table with columns: STATIONS, Daily, No. 1, No. 2, Daily, No. 3, No. 4. Includes stations like Greenville, Anderson, Columbia, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Daily, No. 1, No. 2, Daily, No. 3, No. 4. Includes stations like Savannah, Jacksonville, Tallahassee, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Daily, No. 1, No. 2, Daily, No. 3, No. 4. Includes stations like Tampa, Orlando, Miami, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Daily, No. 1, No. 2, Daily, No. 3, No. 4. Includes stations like New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc.

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Florida Central & Peninsular

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