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My Studio has now become the favorite resort for strangers visiting the town and deserving

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in the portrait line. If not only make portraits which are perfect likenesses but my work is

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I keep a full line of American and Mouldings of new designs.

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Aug. 16, 1888.

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Our Specific No. 23 permanently restores EXHAUSTED VITALITY, LOST MANHOOD and GENERAL DEBILITY when other remedies fail. Send 6 cents in stamps for our PAMPHLETS and DIRECTIONS, for home cure. TORONTO MEDICAL CO. 5 Sumbina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

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Correspondence promptly answered and price lists furnished when desired.

(March 9, 1889.)

☞ Do not fail to show THE OBSERVER to your friends and solicit their subscriptions.

The Weekly Observer

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, EDUCATION, TEMPERANCE, and GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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The Weekly Observer.

HILLSBORO, N. B., Oct. 4, 1888.

The Hardest Time of all.

There are days of deepest sorrow,
In the season of our life;
There are wild, despairing moments,
There are hours of mortal strife.
There are times of stormy anguish,
When the tears refuse to fall;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Youth and love are oft impatient,
Seeking things beyond their reach,
And the heart grows sick with hoping,
Ere it learns what life can teach.
For, before the fruit be gathered,
We must see the blossom fall;
And the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Loving once, and loving ever,
It is sad to watch for years
For the light whose fatal shining
Makes a rainbow of our tears.
It is sad to count at morning
All the hours to even fall;
Oh, the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all!

We can bear the blast of conflict
Though the sudden, crushing blow
Beating back our gathered forces,
For a moment lays us low,
We may rise again beneath it,
Nor the stroke fear the fall;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

For it wears the eager spirit
As the salt waves wear the stone,
And Hope's gorgeous robe grows threadbare,
Till its brightest tints are gone,
Then, hand youth's radiant tresses,
Silent moves begin to fall;
Oh, the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Yet at last we learn the lesson,
That God knoweth what is best,
And a silent resignation
Makes the spirit calm and blest;
For we know a day is coming
When the shadows of our fate,
When our hearts will thank Him meekly
For the tangled web we wove.

Betty.

Farmer—tailor—soldier—sailor, says Audrey meditatively. The first two I can fancy, but I never choose, the last I never.

I put my chair and stare at her from under the brim of my hat.

I suppose you will wait until you are asked, I say kind observation.

Of course, says Audrey, sighing. It is a horrible truth? Do you think one could offer proposals for oneself, girls?

Audrey! ejaculates Joan, her pretty fingers expressing her disapproval in the way that they grip the book she is reading.

One might try, suggests Dolly lazily.

It is so hard to wait till one is odious when he does come! says Audrey.

Looking at her from under my straw hat, I mentally conclude that she will not have to wait long. How pretty she is—in fact, how pretty they all three are, though they differ considerably, Joan being tall and stately, Audrey and Dolly plump, round, and babyish, with flaxen coloring.

If I were a man, Audrey, I say, I should fall madly in love with you, because you are so soft and so fair!

Elizabeth! exclaim Joan, frowning at me and looking severely out of her steel-gray eyes.

Oh, bother! Don't call me Elizabeth, Joan—you know I hate it.

You hate a good many things. I fancy, cleanliness being among the number, Joan shuts her book and rises as she says this.

My face flushes, for my gown is slightly soiled, and in contrast with my sisters, I look as brown and dishevelled as a tramping gypsy.

It is too hot to wash, isn't it, Betty? says Dolly. Are you going in, Joan? Then send one of the boys out with a cushion, please.

Mother wants us, you know, this afternoon, replies Joan, and she goes away to be tired, and, rather forced air which crushes me sooner than anything else.

Audrey laughs softly as our eldest sister departs.

Betty, you have disturbed dear Joan, she says, sinking into a long American basket chair, and smiling at me out of her blue eyes. I don't care, I answer, she is so jolly stuck up! Besides, Dolly said I should fall in love with you if I were a man, and that is true!

Audrey smiles again, but flattery is so common to her that she is not at all moved by what I say.

What is it mother wants us for this afternoon? asks Dolly.

To send out those invitation cards for the garden party, I reply.

This rouses my lazy sister Dolly, and she assumes a sitting posture.

Ah, she says, suppressing a yawn, I forgot! Audrey, wake up—we must go and attend to it; if not, Joan will invite no one but the frumps.

Let them come; they will meet no men! retorts Audrey.

The—th came into Kingsford barracks yesterday, I observe; and I take off my hat and toss back my short red curls as I speak.

Andrew springs up, and there is a decided brightness in Dolly's eyes.

No—really, Betty? they cried, simultaneously.

Really and truly—hopor bright! I rejoined gaily. Rex told me so half an hour ago.

Lovey! That dear little Barber, and Lord Charles, and Capt. Delancey! cries Audrey, getting up and executing a *pas seul*.

And Maj. French and young Montgomery, adds Dolly.

And Wallace Verney, I finish.

Wallace Verney, the millionaire's son! How do you know, Betty? exclaim my two sisters excitedly.

I obtained my information from the same reliable source—my brother.

Has Wallace Verney only just joined? asks Dolly, her cheeks pink with excitement and interest.

No; don't you remember he was absent on sick leave the whole of the time they were here before? Dolly, do you know that he will have nearly seventy thousand a year?

And Thwarte Castle, and that place in Scotland, says Dolly, nodding assent.

And a mother, I interpolate, at which words both my sisters groan.

Everyone has heard of Lady Helena Verney daughter of the eccentric old Earl of Longmeade, who married Peter Verney, a soap boiler, or a dry salter, or something of the sort, and is now one of the richest widows in England, and mother of a son who is driving match-making mammas and their daughters to distraction. Even down in Kingsford we have heard of her yacht and her grand London house; and many a time have our girlish hearts thrilled as we read the accounts of her fêtes and splendor. They say she watches over Wallace as a hen does over a chick, and has a pleasing knack of appearing on the scene just when everything is going splendidly from a matrimonial point of view. This is why Dolly and Audrey groan, but it makes me angry.

Girls, I say, in my most abrupt manner, don't be such fools; Wallace Verney is not the only man in the world, and—

And you don't know what you are talking about, Carrots, Dolly interposes pettily, and have no right to speak like that to us elder ones. Come along, Audrey—we must go and send off the invitations.

I whistle softly to myself as they depart, but I am hurt all the same. It is always the way; do what I will, they refuse to recognize me as anything but a child, and push me outside the magic circle of confidences even when—as in the present instance—I have brought them startling and delightful news.

You are too precocious, Elizabeth, says Joan, in her most frigid manner.

Go and play with the boys—there's a good child, is the remark of Dolly and Audrey, when they have had enough of my society.

My heart swells with injured pride beneath my dark-blue linen gown, and the tears come into my eyes. I am tired of being a child; I want to be considered grown up, to wear pretty gowns and take my place in the drawing room. I really believe mother would be agreeable, for she was married at 17 herself, and that was my age on my last birthday, two months ago now, but Joan is as firm as adamant.

You can't dream of bringing Elizabeth out yet, mother, she says, and mother would as soon think of flying as of going against that decision.

You must wait a little, darling, she says to me tenderly. The girls are very young, it is true, but they seem to think you would age them; and you know, Betty dear, you have not worked very hard this year.

Worked? Well no; from a scholastic point, I certainly have not been very industrious; but then what jolly times I have had with Rex and the boys! I smile unconsciously now as I recall them—those fishing and gypsying days—and the pleasure with which I have walked miles to see cricket matches with Rex, and sometimes fielded when they were short of numbers.

Yes, it was very delightful; and if I were allowed to do the same now, I do not think I should troubleyr head about being grown up and wearing smarter frocks. But here again Joan stands in my way. Only yesterday I overheard her talking to mother.

It is positively shameful the way that Elizabeth romps and plays with the boys mother, she said. You must stop it.

And, of course, mother spoke to me this morning; and henceforth I am to see Rex and Dick start off alone, leaving me disconsolate with my German exercises. I wish, I wish I had been born a boy!

The afternoon is becoming hot, I rise and begin walking slowly toward the schoolroom, for I must get through some of my work, as Fraulein comes to-morrow, and as yet I have not done a line.

Our house is roomy and large, but, oh, how terribly shabby! Joan's deft fingers work tapestry and lace antimacassars to hide the old furniture indoors, but not even her skilful brain can devise a plan for painting the exterior. To call in the local man is out of the question, for already mother is deeply in his debt. Frankly, I own I do not care a fig about the discolored walls. Are there not roses budding thickly around the upper windows, and does not the Virginia creeper try its best to cover the house with its clusters of fresh green leaves?

As I walk up the wilderness of a garden to the long, low windows of my own particular sanctum, the school room, I reflect vaguely on the sensations of a man like Wallace Verney, who possesses so much.

Seventy thousand a year! I say to myself, as I fling away my sailor hat, and, with a sigh, begin my translation. It sounds like a fairy tale. How nice it would be if some one would give poor mother just half! She could have a new carpet, and the girls might be presented, and she should have that beautiful black satin from Marshall's which I have so often longed to give her, and Rex and Dick might—

Hallo, Bet! Dick's head appears at the window. Don't sit there stewing. Come with us; there's a fair on Kingsford Common, and we are going to have some larks, I can tell you. Make haste!

Oh Dick, how lovely! I cry. Away goes all thought of the seventy thousand a year, and my cheeks flush from excitement. But mother will be angry; you know Joan has spoken—

Bother Joan! I'll make it all right with the mater, he replies impatiently.

And so I yield to temptation. I snatch my hat, cast just one glance at my neglected work, and then am off through the window and racing along with my brother. Before my absence is likely to be discovered I shall be half way to Kingsford fair.

* * * * *

I have been to plenty of fairs before, so the noise and shouting and the rather rough people do not alarm me. I stand by while Dick has a shot at the cocoanuts, and, to his great delight, wins one; and then we go into a tent and see a most extraordinary melodrama while we eat the products of my brother's steady aim.

Not many of the respectable people patronize these fairs, although some of the townsfolk come out occasionally to see the fun and have their fortunes told by the gypsies. As the afternoon declines I notice here and there a sprinkling of soldiers from the barracks, and occasionally a couple or so of smart looking young men whom I know to be subalterns and shun accordingly.

Rex and Dick, after seeing the Spotted Lady and the Beauty of Bath, rush off to see Handy Bill and Little Tom have a round with the gloves.

Look here, says Rex, we can't take Betty in there, you know. Dick! Bet, old girl, you must wait somewhere for us—we shan't be long.

I agree, and, having been placed in a safe corner, I sit down and watch them disappear. This race to the fair has certainly not improved my gown or general appearance, but, feeling sure that in the motley gang I shall not be likely to meet any one who knows me, I give myself up to enjoyment.

Near me is a caravan of gypsies that I have often met at these fairs, and the women nod to me and smile as they recognize me. They are partaking of tea, the sight of which creates a longing in me for some also. I have had only three gingerbreads and some cocoanut since lunch time. Perhaps my wish is apparent to them, for suddenly the old woman who rules the party beckons me with her rough brown hand.

Sure and will ye honor us by taking some, yer ladyship? she says, with a rich Irish brogue. Yer ladyship's heartily welcome to it, Mona asthore, give the pretty lady a cup.

Thank you, I reply; and—oh, shades of Joan and all the ancient Cardroxes!—I seat myself beside the dark eyed peasant girl and accept the mug of steaming tea.

How are you, Biddy, and how is the world treating you? I ask of my hostess.

And thank you kindly, yer ladyship, times is bad, replies Biddy, shaking her head, but sure we mustn't grumble. Eh, but yer ladyship has grown mighty beautiful! Look at them eyes now, I ask yer.

I blush as I turn to the other two women seated on the steps of their queer home, and they murmur their admiration.

Biddy, you know how to flatter, I begin, but she breaks in with—

Flatter, is it? Be the powers but it's no flattery—it's the blessed truth I spake! You'll be finding your fortune soon, honey!

I drink some tea and shake my head, and then I am conscious that Biddy is looking over my head and courtesying low to some one. Hastily I turn round, and, to my dismay, see a group of officers from the barracks with amusement written on their faces.

Mona, the gentlemen would like their fortune told, cries Biddy; and Mona advances, her pretty brown face all smiles.

By Jove, the very thing! I am anxious to know what my fortune is going to be.

My back is still turned to them, but I recognize the voice; it is Lord Charles Lancaster who speaks, one of Audrey's most ardent admirers. He gives Mona a piece of silver as he speaks; and his example is apparently infectious, for the others succumb to Biddy and her companions. At last only one of the group is left, and he stands looking on and listening to the whispered words that are uttered with so much mystery by the gipsy woman. He is a stranger to me; I don't remember ever having seen him come to our garden parties, but I rather like him, for, although he is almost plain, he is tall and manly looking.

Now, then, Verney, don't you be left out in the cold, Lord Charles calls to him; there is still another sibyl left.

He points to me, and I rise in great haste and confusion. Biddy is just going to speak when a sprit of mischief seizes me, and giving her a look and imitating Mona's manner, I extend towards him. My hat is well over my eyes, and my hands rival a gipsy's brownness.

I think my fortune is already told, he says, laughing carelessly. But here goes! I suppose you prefer gold to silver—eh?

I take the sovereign and gaze intently at his open palm. I am convulsed with merriment at first, and then the knowledge that his eyes are fixed on me fills me with a sense of shame at the deceit, small though it be, that I am practising upon him.

Well? he exclaims at last, for I cannot find words.

There is a tone of amusement and self-assurance in his voice which annoys me; and then I call to mind that this is the son of the millionaire.

Beware of your money! I begin quickly, think not that bank notes mean happiness; life is not bought with gold, nor woman's love! You have much but you will want more, and——

Before I can get any further he draws away his hand.

(To be Continued.

A Woman's Practical Argument.

What brings you here, Mary? said Truesdell to his wife, as she entered the liquor shop.

It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there, replied the meek and resolute wife. To me there is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me, I must come to you; I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows.

But to come to such a place as this! expostulated Tom.

No place can be improper where my husband is, said poor Mary. Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

She took up the glass of spirits which the shop-keeper had poured out for her husband.

Surely you are not going to drink that? said Tom in huge astonishment.

Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow, and surely I have sorrows to forget.

Woman, woman, you are not going to give that stuff to the children, cried Tom, as she was passing the glass of liquor to them.

Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's? Is not that which is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children; this is fire and bed and food and clothing. Drink, you see how much good it does your father.

With seeming reluctance, Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently that God would help him to break an evil habit and keep a newly-formed but firm resolution.

His reformation was thorough, and Mrs. Truesdell is now one of the happiest of women, and remembers with a melancholy pleasure her first and last visit to the dram shop.—*Waterloo (N. Y.) Observer.*

A Blind Newsdealer.

There is in Philadelphia a blind newsdealer whose sense of touch is so acute that he not only makes change accurately and rapidly, but can detect a counterfeit note or coin at once. His stand has been for many years near the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets. In nineteen years, he says, only $3.50 in counterfeit money has been successfully passed on him. This sense of hearing is also remarkable, and after he hears the voice of a regular customer he can always call him by name.—*New York World.*

Unrevealed.

Life's good gifts come,
And, lo! unheeded and a foot we tread
The bloom that for its sweetness might
have shed—
Before whose blessings we are blind and
dumb.

Broad highways lead to
Up from the fens of darkness and despair
Yet our poor faltering feet must stumble
there,
And groping 'mid the thorns our brows
must bleed.

Our true friends reach
Strong hands to help us o'er the heights
of pain;
Yet to our alien ears their cries are vain—
We own them not—by visage or touch
or speech.

AS SHADY OWT

Ah, me! when from our eyes
Some swift day rends the veil, yet all too
late,
How shall we stand and mourn without
the gate,
Wringing frail hands in impotent surprise!

—*The Open Court.*

A Comparison.

A medical man compares an old man to an old wagon; with light loading and careful usage it will last for years, but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it forever. Men and horses are much alike in this respect. Many an old and useful horse would have lasted a good many years longer than he did, only for some extra strain put upon him, or which he put upon himself. Many people reach the age of fifty or sixty or seventy, comparatively free from most of the pains and infirmities of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, rich in wisdom and experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, and with reasonable prospects, and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Just such persons are thankful, but let them also be careful. We have in our mind men who might have lived ten or twenty years longer than they did had they not taken upon themselves a load they were unable to carry. In men and in horses, an old constitution is like an old bone broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard job, an hour of heating work, exposure to rain or damp, a severe chill, an excess of food, the unusual indulgence of an appetite or passion, an improper dose of medicine, any of these or similar things may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and blast the fair hopes of usefulness for many years that might have been.

She Swallowed an Angle-Worm.

After Four Years the Child Gets Rid of the Intruder.

A case that has baffled the skill of the best physicians in Western New York for the past three years has just reached its climax, and is a large size surprise party to the physicians. Four years ago this autumn Nida, the two-year-old daughter of Dr. S. G. Lewis, of Olean, N. Y., while playing with other children swallowed a piece of dirt. The other children thought it contained a small angle-worm. But the child's parents thought not, and paid no attention to the matter and soon forgot it. Nearly a year later the child began to complain of its stomach feeling tickly, and said that something was alive and wiggling about therein. She grew worse and became so nervous that it was impossible to keep her quiet more than a moment at a time. The little girl, now six years of age, was taken with a violent fit of vomiting lately, and in her struggles threw forth the little angle-worm which had reposed in her stomach for four years. The worm had grown to an enormous size, measuring nearly 10 inches long and being as large around as one's finger. The child is rapidly recovering.

Eight Days in His Coffin.

On Market street, between Shelby and Clay, lives William Hancock, who spent eight days of his life buried up in a coffin in a burial vault. The horrible experience unsettled the man's reason and he seldom leaves the room in which he sleeps and eats. Sixteen years ago Hancock was a man of some means, living then in Kansas City. He was taken ill one day, and gradually grew worse until apparently he died. An undertaker was called in and the usual ghastly preparations for an interment were gone through with. Two days after his death the funeral took place and the man was followed to the burial ground by his sorrowing friends. The body, instead of being put in the grave at once, was placed in the receiving vault. Eight days afterwards the sexton took his men and started to remove the coffin to the grave that had been prepared, which he was horrified to feel something move and hear a slight groan from the supposed dead man. The lid was removed and it was found that the man was breathing slightly. Physicians were summoned and a galvanic battery applied. He has never recovered from the effects of his awful experience, mentally, but is a fairly strong and healthy man of his age.

Comicals.

"You are weak," said a widow to her son when he remonstrated against her marrying again. "I know it," he replied. "I am so weak that I can't go a stepfather."

"MAMMA," said Harry, "what's the difference between "goose" and "geese?"

"Why, dear, you know?" interposed 4 year-old Annie. One goose is goose and a whole lot of goose is geese."

THREE different waiters at a large hotel asked a professor, at dinner, in quick succession, if he would have soup. A little annoyed, he said, sarcastically, to the last: "Is it compulsory?" "No, sir," answered the man, "I think it is mock turtle."

A LITTLE boy was being shown the other day the engraving of a human skeleton by his father. After studying it for some minutes in silence, he at length looked up in his father's face inquiringly, and said: "Pa how did this man manage to keep in his dinner?"

HUSBAND (to wife home from church).—Services interesting this morning, my dear?

Wife—Not particularly so. Mrs. Carlton Pell's baby was baptized, and they say its baptismal robe of lace cost $500. I think there is such a thing as being too religious.

AN old gentleman at Detroit was passing through the ceremony of taking his fourth wife the other day. At the impressive climax of the good preacherman's part in the performance, somebody was heard sobbing in an adjoining room.

"My goodness!" exclaimed one of the guests in a dramatic whisper, "who on earth is that crying on this festive occasion?"

"That?" replied a mischievous member of the expressed bridegroom's family, "That's nobody but Em. She always boohoos when he's getting married."

What I Saw.

I saw a pretty cottage stand
In grounds that were both trim and
neat;
Where gravelled walks and charming
flowers
Solicited the wandering feet.
A very paradise it seemed,
With virgin joys and glories crowned;
A spot upon this sin cursed earth
Which yet the serpent had not found.

I saw a woman, pure and good,
Upon whose cheeks the roses bloomed;
Who deep inhaled the atmosphere
Her dearest husband's love perfumed.
A calm and happy life was hers,
No grief upon her spirits pressed;
And hope, the darling angel right,
Sat monarch in her loving breast.

I saw a man with form erect,
And with a calm, expressive face,
Upon the lineaments of which
It was not hard for one to trace
The workings of a noble soul;
A sympathetic friend, and kind,
More ardent, constant, firm than whom
'Twas never my privilege to find.

I saw that cottage once again;
But ah! 'twas sinking to decay;
The window lights were broken in,
The shutters had been wrenched away;
The ground were overgrown with weeds,
No hand had trained the vines of late;
And want dwelt now where wealth had
been;
'Twas blighted, cursed, and desolate.

I saw that woman once again,
Her face was thin, her cheek was pale;
And from old care's deep cloud lined lines,
I read with pain her sorrow's tale.
Withinher heart, where hope had reigned;
When all was joyous, bright and fair,
A monarch, crowned with scorn, sat,
Whose name I've learned to call despair.

I saw that man but once again,
With blood-shot eyes and bloated face,
Upon the lineaments of which
It was not hard for one to trace
The workings of a fallen soul;
A vicious, prostituted mind,
More wretched and depraved than whom
May God forbid I ever should find.

A man, a family, and a wife,
Once good and happy, young and fair,
Have fallen from the heights of hope
Far down the starless gulf, despair.
The cottage, too, the house of peace,
Has been surrendered up to fate,
And now its many tongues repeat
"Behold! I, too, am desolate."

What agency, or arm so strong,
What evil genius or spell,
Can so bring down the human race,
From Heaven's gate so near to hell?
In one short word of letters three
Of human ills we find the sum,
The with'ring, blighting, damning scourge,
Which bears the simple name of RUM!

The Servant Girl Industry.

Speaking of the party of servant girls who left St. John's, Nfld., recently, the *Telegram* says: These girls went to the care of Mrs. J. A. Davis, Truro, Nova Scotia, whose agent met them at Halifax, on the arrival of the steamer and accompanied them to their several destinations. Girls going to Mrs. Davis are kept apart from other steerage passengers. Great care is taken to select only healthy, well recommended girls, but though experience is a desired qualification, those who are willing to learn, and who are in other respects acceptable, are willingly given an opportunity to earn their own living. The name of the person to whom she is going, and all necessary information, is given to each girl engaged, and an agreement as to wages is in each case made in advance. The people who send for servants through Mrs. Davis all occupy good stations in life, being of the professional and mercantile classes. She has already provided good homes for about one hundred and fifty Newfoundland girls, and of this number it is pleasant to say that very few have given cause for dissatisfaction. On the other hand the girls are strong in their praises of the kindness and consideration shown to them, and warmly recommend their countrywomen to "go west." Many a girl now living idly and poorly at home and many who are out of employment, would be much better off were they in one of the excellent situations provided by Mrs. Davis in Nova Scotia.

Uncertain Verdict.

A coroner's jury at Macleod, in the Canadian Northwest, has brought in a curious verdict to the effect that an Indian woman who had suddenly died had come to her death "either from eating sour beans or drinking some fluid from a bottle given to her by Constable Simons." It appears that the fluid in the bottle was iodine, and Constable Simons has been arrested; but it still remains to be determined whether death was caused by the fluid or the beans.

RUN DOWN BY A SCHOONER AND DROWNED.—A despatch from Eastport says: Mrs. Thomas Myers and her 20-year-old daughter, of Lubec, went to fish in the harbor, Tuesday, with Simeon Patch, of Campobello, to whom the daughter was soon to be married, and another man. Coming home late that night, the boat was run down by a Nova Scotia schooner and sank immediately. Both ladies were drowned. Patch and his companion escaped. The schooner had no lights.

A TERRIBLE AFFAIR.—A terrible affair occurred last week in the neighborhood of Guide Rock, a small town just over the Nebraska line. John Baker, while feeding a threshing machine on the farm of a man named Weeks, was accidentally cut on the hand by the band cutter, a boy. In a rage he grasped the boy and deliberately fed him into the machine, feet first. The boy's screams attracted the attention of the other hands, but before they could interfere the boy's body had half disappeared in the machine. The enraged men seized Baker and hanged him to the straw carrier.

☞ Our exchanges will confer a favor by addressing us at Hillsboro instead of Harvey or Hopewell.

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Our Washington Letter.

The record of the Fiftieth Congress is prolific of big figures. On September 5, the session closed its ninth month, having already exceeded in length by three or four weeks any ordinary session. In fact, there have been but eight long sessions since the formation of the government. During the nine months, there were introduced in the House 14,363 bills and joint resolutions, over 1,000 more than were introduced in the long session of the last Congress. In the Senate, the sum reached 3,627, against 3,447 during the former session mentioned. The majority of the bills on the House calendar are of a private character, the private calendar including over 1,00 such measures.

There have been referred to the House Committee on Invalid Pensions 4,888 private pension bills. The Committee has succeeded in reporting 1,262 of these, 237 being reported adversely. In the last Congress the total number of this class of bills introduced was 4,157. Nine election contests have occurred, and the Committee on Election has disposed of all but two of these. The Foster-Sullivan contest, from California, and the fight between perennial Bob Smalls and Elliott, of South Carolina, are still dragging their slow length along. In the cases reported, the sitting members—those bearing official certificates of election—retain their seats. The Committee will probably recommend the unseating of Felton, a very grievious blow to that little gentleman, as he dearly loves legislative life.

That next regular session will enter exactly three months, commencing December 4 and ending March 4, but leaving out the regular holiday adjournment, the session will include only nine weeks. Fortifications, torpedo boats and dynamite cruisers will occupy the attention of that session, providing these mooted subjects can ever catch the eye of the speaker. But it is very possible that the navy will be shut out in the cold, and that the next session will be devoted entirly to the tariff. If the time is not sufficient for that laudable debate, an extra session will probably be called, no matter who is elected. The political necessity for long winded speeches, however, will have vanished for a while with the November election, and there will be a possibility of quicker work and less talk in the short session, if the committees are organized early enough.

There was a little row between Mr. Snowden, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio, on Friday. Mr. Snowden offered a resolution revoking all leaves of absence, except those on account of sickness. An attempt to go into a Committee of the Whole having developed the fact that there was no quorum, Mr. Grosvenor said that no man had a right to criticize the judgment of men who were disinclined to go through a wilderness of forty days and forty nights of dive over the Mills bill. The Ohio member had it out with Mr. Snowden on this line, and Mr. Taulbee, rather an indiscreet young man, gained nothing by interference.

Of course, a majority of the dear absent are looking after their fences, a laudable occupation at any time and especially essential just at this crisis. Of the three hundred and twenty-five Congressional districts not over two-thirds have yet placed their Congressional tickets in the field. The delay in these cases is due to the request of the present representatives seeking renomination, made in hope that the adjournment would be earlier. Hope being deferred, these representatives have at last given their friends orders to go ahead, and in another week the last of the nomination will have been made. New York and New Jersey are exceptionally behind hand. Maryland is the only State that has completed nominations, and they were finished two weeks ago. An unusual number of Republican candidates have been nominated in the South, the tariff forming a peaceful issue and eliminating for the once the race question from politics.

The requests of the Tennessee and Kentucky boards of health for an immediate and radical change in the administration of the Hospital Marine Service meets hearty sympathy among Congressmen. Yellow fever is not, thank Heaven, a political issue, and both parties condemn the criminal tardiness of the Hospital Marine Service, which has exhibited entire and utter inability not only to cope with yellow fever, but to act where yellow fever is. "The Government," said a Georgia Congressman, "has always found itself unable to act quickly in great public emergencies, during this and every other administration. Relief only got to the Mississippi sufferers after nearly all who had been made destitute had died. Private donations are pouring into Jacksonville, and the Red Cross society and its nurses in the field in twenty-four hours after the society's services were requested. But, facing the onward march of the most appalling scourge that ever decimated a state, the Hospital Marine Service sits down and twirls its thumbs. The administration of the bureau is childish and heedless."

Washington, D. C., Sept. 17, 1888.

What Next?

This is a curious world. One new development of curiousness is a service of a Sheriff's notice upon the pastor and session of a Presbyterian church restraining them from visiting a sick member. This action was taken at the instance of the husband, who claimed that his wife's recovery was retarded by the visits, and finally he had recourse to law when his remonstrances failed. The complaint is unique. When the husband falls ill probably he will not have to call in Sheriff's help for the same cause.—*Picton Standard.*