His thirty years are more to him than fifty He shall not work another jot, not that he would complain;

But from this hour he ne'er shall know the touch of whip or rein. Of all the horses on the farm he's been the very best:

I should have thought of it before; but now he shall have rest. I call to mind the colt he was, and how ; broke him in ;

Whew! how he kicked, and pranced and jumped; 'twas doubtful which would

But I was young, as well as he, and would not be denied; And since, he's been as safe a nag as would wish to ride.

He never lacked in spirit, nor in steadiness nor speed; Many's the time his willing feet have an-

swered urgent need, When every moment was a gain to fleeting human breath, He knew what precious minutes meant, and so defeated death.

Then, in my happy courting days, he knew the very night That I would swing the stable door and greet him with delight

He knew the girl I loved was waiting far away and fair: He seemed to say: "'Twill not be long be

fore I take you there!' Then on my wedding day he stood with others at the church; No doubt he thought for just that once I left

One face, one form, that day of days was all that I could see, I did not think of Dobbin then, what'er he thought of me

him in the lurch:

And when the years had brought their grief, and I learned joy's reverse, He drew the little ones and me behind the gloomy hearse.

I cannot say that he divined how lonely was my lot; But since he has not been the same; I know that I have not!

And so, through gladness and through grief old Dobbin has been near; No wonder that he looks so old and I have

grown so sere. I know full well that fifty years is youth to many men; 'Tis not the years, but that my heart has

reached three score and ten! So, while I live, his failing life shall naught

but comfort know; Old Dobbin, as I said at first, shall ne'er fee rein or blow.

The best of oats, the sweetest hay, the field But her face blanched; for she had al- slippered feet (that Titania might have to wander free, Shall all be his; a poor return for all he's shrank from further pain. been to me!

SELECT STORY.

"AFTER SORROW, JOY."

away that phantom "want," which hover- 'then brought it nearer and still nearer to her impetuous words aroused. door? Surely. He who had promised

be almost useless. She had to walk with fame and mine." couch (the sole luxury retained from their | posal. once luxurious home), and wait each

"You are tired, mother, dear," said you too?" Mabel, lovingly. "Come here and let me rest you." Mechanically Mrs. Dale arose lost all fear, and said "Yes" gladly. So, stroking it gently, began to sing. She had set.

voice rose, clear and tender, thrilling the ing up of his fine practice for her.

cessation of sound should awaken her tude to one who had done so much for her vife." mother: and her voice was wondrously led her to exert herself to the utmost. The young man grasped a strap for sup- prayer uttered by the Hindoo priest who low and sweet, each note a prayer for that Ambition aroused took the place of love port, and for a moment was too full for blessed it, and the whole design is a charm dear mother's healing. Surely the music in her heart, and she surpassed the Sig- utterance. A riot was imminent, but at to preserve my love for Howard and to was doing her good, she slept so quietly. nor's wildest hopes. But how strangely white and death-like In the spring they went to Italy, as he alighted, and bloodshed was averted. her face looked. A sudden fear seized had promised, and for two years Mabel Mabel as she leaned over and kissed her gave heart and soul to study. She had mother's cheek. It was so cold it struck entirely recovered from her lameness, and Gen. Hickenlooper, of Ohio, tells a story they get engaged. a chill to her heart, and she cried: what wonder if, in her gratitude, Philip illustrating Sherman's dry wit, rather at Cut your nails on Monday, cut them for "Mother! mother dear, waken and Leighton was enshrined in her memory the expense of Gen. Corse. In the fight

speak to me!"

asked, with a decided foreign accent. Those two years went by and again that he would still hold his position and Cut them on Saturday, a journey you ngo, Cut them on Sunday, you'll cut them for "Why do you cease the Divine song, and Signor Paoli's house was opened to his fight it out. pierce my ears with the scream? Ah! it friends. He had returned from Europe, Meanwhile Corse had tied up his head freezes me vet."

His quick, piercing black eyes glanced singer with a most wonderful voice.

young gentleman, the doctor, whom she sess.

"O. my mother!" moaned Mahel lookshe is dead." "Let me see," said Dr. Leighton, as he

stooping, listened for her heart-beats.

"Tis only a faint. Quick! bring n water." he said. With a painful movement Mabel arose, and adjusting her crutch, limped across

"Poor child!" said the doctor, watch-

to eat these all, and I will be obeyed. Do had been standing. you hear?" — to Mrs. Dale — "eat, eat, He was safe; but Mabel stood imprison-

Dr. Leighton smiled at the little man's earnestness, but knew that his was the right prescription; here wholesome food was needed more than medicines."

licacy that his presence would embarrass Mrs. Dale, "but I shall return soon." With grateful hearts Mabel and her mother ate, and thanked God for the repast; such a one they had not tasted for

Dr. Leighton soon returned, as he had ing (added to what he had already gath- her the fortune on the stage. Ah! she is ered from his patient in the next room) just per-r-fect!" earned Mrs. Dale's sad story. He looked the fair child-like face, with its shining, dewy, violet eyes, and sweet, tremulous ful to any but an Italian. lips, the wealth of golden curls tucked was marked with some most unchild-like Philip.

wrinkles, born of suffering; noted, too, the tiny hands and frail, slender form. "She is only a child - a lovely child," air he asked that he might examine the the room where Philip had watched over

injured limb. amined it thoroughly.

"Are you brave enough to suffer pain may be able to walk?" he asked, at last. "I will bear any suffering for that," Mabel answered.

over to-night, and tell me when I come in turned, of gold. the morning. But rest now, and do not

child he thought her. Later, Signor Paoli returned, and, in his impassioned, Southern fashion, rushed at her boldness, hid her face in her hands Mrs. Dale had just come back to the one | headlong into the most astounding pro- | and so stood, a very picture of lovely conpoor room she called home, wearied, faint, position. This was nothing else than to fusion. disheartened, after a fruitless search for take Mabel to his own home, teach her Still Philip drew near till he touched employment. Was there nothing in all to use the divine voice she possessed, later her hands. "Love!" he said; and raising hadn't been here to protect you," he grum"elevated his nose as if asking for a second the world she could find to do to keep take her to his dear Italy to study, and the sweet face to his, looked long into the

such blessings to the widow and fatherless | what if so? I have heard you sing. I | before him in her matchless fairness. would not forsake her now - her and the know. You shall be Astrafiammenti in "Mabel! little Mabel!" he said, "you one treasure left her, Mabel, her poor 'The Magic Flute.' Carlotta Patti is also have saved my life! Will you not take it lame; but who thinks of that when, in for your own?" Mabel was a cripple. Nearly a year be- her silvery car, gliding down the moon- "It is your own good deed come back fore she had had the misfortune to break | beams, she sings? It is her voice, not her | to you," Mabel whispered. "If you had

her ankle. It had been unskilfully set, feet, that enchants her audience. And it left me lame I could not have helped you." so say those who are matter-of-fact, but ingly malicious guanaco or wild llama, by and was now so distorted and bent as to shall be your voice that shall make your "Ah! I do not want gratitude from you, a crutch, when she could walk at all, but When Dr. Leighton came the next that was painful; so she would lie on her morning, he learned of the Signor's pro-

"You should accept it by all means," weary day with that patient waiting so pathetic in a helpless invalid, for her most honorable and worthy man, besides weary day with that patient waiting so pointment when Mabel told him of the "engagement" that would annul all others, when a monk goes abroad he must keep at the said to Mrs. Dale. "Signor Paoli is a pointment when Mabel told him of the "engagement" that would annul all others, and a monk goes abroad he must keep at the said to Mrs. Dale. "Signor Paoli is a pointment when Mabel told him of the "engagement" that would annul all others, and the said to Mrs. Dale are not at the said to Mrs. Dale at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth when a monk goes abroad he must keep at the said to Mrs. Dale are not at the said to Mrs. Dale are She looked up now with a happy, hopefully able to fulfill all his promises. It to forbid all singing in public. But the distance ahead of him, looking neither to Teething. It will relieve the poor little She looked up now with a nappy, nopefully able to fulling all his promises. It to forbid all singing in public. But the
full smile as Mrs. Dale came in, but the was his kindness to one of his poor countrylittle man had a tender spot in his heart
the right nor to the left; but the rosy
sufferer immediately. Depend upon it

Fine Rolled Plate Chains, etc. brightness faded from her face as quickly men that led him here where he could for all lovers, and he kissed Mabel on cheeks and bright eyes of the women mothers, there is no mstake about it. It as it had come. It needed no words to hear your daughter's voice, providentially either cheek in his quaint, foreign fashion, tell of her mother's failure. The despond- since he is so well able to help her. Some saying: ing droop of her figure, the utter abandon of these days you may be able to repay of despair with which she threw herself him when your silver notes shall be turn- happy, and you will still sing for that go abroad unless her face was well be- the taste. The prescription of one of the down and buried her face in her hands, ed to gold," he said to Mabel. "But what best of all audiences, your husband, your of my proposition? Will you let me help mother, and your Signor."

He gave her so kindly a smile that she

one gift that poverty could not, and sick- "Little Mabel bears it bravely," said pulent woman, elbowed his way inside. ness had not, taken from her — the gift of Dr. Leighton, as day after day he watched The woman was not pretty or attractive, song. Once she had hoped for so much her face contract with suffering, yet heard and most of the male passengers did not from her voice; had looked forward to no moan from the patient lips. And he even resort to any of the familiar tricks of the time when it would win back for her | brought her fruit and flowers, and petted | the old timer passenger when he conparents all they had lost. But the mis- her, and cared for her as for some sweet | veniently wants to overlook the fact that | used to vary the monotony. A clever idea fortunes that "never come singly" had child, with no thought that the girl's a lady is holding on to a strap while he was that of a young Philadelphia lawyer, come with double bitterness to them. heart thrilled with every glance from his enjoys a comfortable seat. A well dressed whose gift is described by the press of that are determined by the nature of the mind. Their poverty (which put an end to all dear eyes - that a touch of his hand was young man arose, and, touching the city. The Chestnut Hill girl to whom the musical studies), her father's death, her so perilously sweet to her. She was so woman's arm to attract her attention, own accident and long attendant illness shy and still, how could be guess that politely said: "Here is a seat for you, completely bereft her of whatever hopes love had made her a woman? But the madam." she had once possessed; for how could a mother knew, and she watched her darl- The woman started toward the vacant and she pointed to a slender golden chain poor lame girl ever hope to succeed in the | ing's face brighten at his coming, or grow | seat, when her obese male companion, world of song, where only the fairest and so sad and hopeless over his kindly, care- with a sigh of satisfaction, settled down like, which encircled her throat. Then less greeting. Her heart ached for her into it before her.

But she could sing in her own home; child, for she knew that Dr. Leighton had The young man was surprised, but his a queer object somewhat resembling a locand often, like the royal singer of old, she no thought of love. She was glad when, astonishment soon gave way to anger. At ket, which was attached to the chain. would charm away the evil spirits of dis- before Mabel was able to walk, the doctor first he was inclined to believe that the "Howard sent to India for it," she extrust and despair which so sorely beset was suddenly obliged to go South with puffing old Tenton had made a mistake. So she sang this day; and as her sweet he was tenderly devoted, even to the giv- action was intentional. air with waves of melody, Mrs. Dale's face | He went with only a hurried leave- he said, quietly: "I beg your pardon,

lost its bitter, hopeless look, and, soothed taking of Mabel, nor saw her set, white sir, but I gave my seat to this lady, and sparkled a diamond, a ruby, a sapphire, by the song and her child's caressing touch face as he left her. Perhaps it was well not to you. that Signor Paoli demanded just then so Still Mabel sang on, fearing lest the much of her time and thoughts. Grati- blurted out the old chap; "she vos mine

as worthy of her utmost love? Not a love at Altoona a rifle ball took Corse alongside Cut them on Tuesday, a pair of new shoes; Her voice rang out in a shrilling cry as her mother lay so white and still. In
that hoped for return, but such a love as the head, making a slight wound that, at the time, was thought to be a great deal

Cut them on Tuesday, a pair of new shoes; the time, was thought to be a great deal stantly hurrying footsteps were heard, the were, for her beloved. He would never more dangerous than it really was. When Cut them on Thursday, cut them for

bringing with him, rumor said, a new and gone on with the business he had

from Mabel's terrified face to her mother's One night, when his parlors were filled Sherman hurried over, full of anxiety as drooping form, and he seemed to compre- with guests, Dr. Leighton found himself to the amount of damage done his officer.

wealthy enough to be independent of his paused an instant, while her soft, velvet MR. M'SWAT AS A PROTECTOR. practice, nobly gave his time, his skill, his eyes met his and held him spellbound. wealth to the suffering poor in our great | Where had he seen those dewy, earnest eves? He wondered. It puzzled him, and the delieious, entrancing voice that float-

ing up with wild-eyed grief as the doctor ed through the room a few moments later stairs. approached. "I cannot rouse her. I fear puzzled him still more. Like a long-forrotten dream came the memory of a child's sweet face, drawn with suffering; laid his fingers on Mrs. Dale's wrist, and of pleading eyes that met his so wistfully en!" when, with a touch whose very kindness seemed cruel, he bound the delicate, wounded ankle in the splints that were to strengthen it. "Can it be little Mahel?" he murmured.

ing the girl's slight form as she returned room (for ornament merely, since the ed voice intended to terrify any unwith the water; "I must attend to her Signor detested gas and had his rooms lighted by waxen candles placed in sconces Mrs. Dale soon revived, and sat up as around the side walls), gazing, with his glass paper weight. Be calm, Lobelia!" the little gentleman (who appeared and heart in his eyes, at the lovely singer, and disappeared like a veritable "Jack in the fancying that she blushed beneath his box") came in, followed by a man bearing glance. Suddenly she ceased her song, stairs in the following order: and with a cry of horror, rushed down the "I, Signor Paoli, am a physician. too," room, threw herself against him and he said as he set soups and nourishing pushed him away, just as the chandelier viands upon the table; "and I order you fell with a loud crash directly where he

my friend." Then out he rushed again, ed. A portion of the heavy weight had as if thanks were what he feared most on fallen on the long, silken train of her dress. and she could not stir.

Philip had fallen in a chair, and for a moment sat motionless, dazed by the suddenness of the affair, looking blankly up at Mabel, who, standing there with out-"I am going to my patient in the next stretched arms, seemed to say: "Come room," he said, feeling with innate de- and help me." Instantly eager hands released her, and before Philip could reach her she had vanished. In despair at his slowness of movement

he stood irresolute, wondering if it were not all a dream, when a well-known voice "And what think you of the divine promised, and by dint of kindly question- Mabel, now? That act would have made

And Signor Paoli rolled out the word in at Mabel as she lay on the couch, noted an ecstasy of delight, rubbing his hands with an ardor that would have been pain-

"O, Signor! where is she? Take me to away from the pure white forehead that her, if it is indeed little Mabel!" cried

"Come, then," said the Signor, goodnaturedly; and led the way to the pretty little reception-room that had been given he thought, as with grave, unembarrassed up to Mabel in the days of her invalidism; her: where he had bade her "good-bye," A faint, pink flush colored Mabel's scarce caring if he should never see her white cheeks as her mother bared the de- again. Could this Mabel, this lovely girllicate ankle, so disturbed and bent that it woman, who had risked her life for him, was painful to look upon. The doctor ex- be the same? And could she ever care for him? These thoughts flashed like lightning through his mind as he passed by the if, through that suffering, some day you door, looking in at the picture presented. polished steel grate, and before it, in a cushioned chair, sat Mabel. Her dainty ready borne so much that her frail form envied) rested on the fender, and one dimpled hand upheld the graceful head, "I believe I can help you. Think it with its wealth of ringlets that the firelight

Softly Philip advanced toward her, but worry," said Dr. Leighton, patting Mabel's light as was his footstep, she heard and with extreme disgust. "You didn't hear soft little hand as if she were indeed the started up, her eyes aglow with an eager "O, Philip!" she cried. Then, aghast

beautiful eyes, till the heavy lashes drooped so remorselessly near, its shadow grow- "But I am lame," said Mabel, her face ed and vailed the secret he would have cago Tribune. ing more distinct as each passing day flushing and paling beneath the hopes his read in their depths. He did not remember that they were strangers. He "Lame!" the Signor shouted. "And only knew he loved this girl who stood

nor will I give it. Can you not love me,

dear, a little?" say but "yes?" Words fail to tell of the Signor's disapbeing, as a musician of talent and wealth, for Philip at once exerted his authority

"It is best so, my dear. You will be

HIS RUDENESS EXPLAINED. There was a young man on a Milwaukee

from her chair, and crossing the room, when they were settled in the Signor's avenue car who was mad-not simply sat down beside Mabel on the couch. luxurious home, Mabel's poor ankle was angry, but mad, through and through. Then Mabel took her mother's hand, and | broken anew in two places, and properly | The car was crowded, when a corpulant German, accompanied by an equally cor- year.

his mother, a confirmed invalid, to whom | but he soon became convinced that the Tapping the old man on the shoulder,

the next crossing several passengers keep off the evil spirits of vanity, fickle-

SHERMAN'S DRY JOKE.

door opened, and a gray-haired, foreign-looking gentleman entered the room.

know — perhaps he had forgotten even her very existence — but the love would only die with her death.

know — perhaps he had forgotten even her very existence — but the love would only die with her death.

know — perhaps he had forgotten even her very existence — but the love would only die with her death.

wealth;

Cut them on Friday, cut them for woe;

Cut them on Saturday, a journey you'll go;

been sent there to do. As soon as possible among those who were waiting to wel- Nothing would do but that the bandage "Ah! I wish the doctor - Philip - come the young debutante. The murmur | must come off, so that he might judge of | and stinging; most at night; worse by would come. It needs him here so much of voices died away as down the long room the damage himself. The surgeon care-scratching. If allowed to continue tumors came a lovely vision in white; a girl, fair fully took off the cloths and revealed a form, which often bleed and ulcerate, be-So saying the little gentleman darted and stately as a lily, not tall, but so sweet, slight gash across the face and a hole coming very sore. Swayne's Ointment from the room, but almost instantly re- so exquisitely proportioned, as to give one through the ear. Sherman looked for a stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulturned, followed by a tall, noble-looking the idea of height which she did not pos- moment and then dryly said: "Why, ceration, and in most cases removes the

"Billiger! Hark!" Mrs McSwat sat straight up in bed and listened to a noise she seemed to hear down "What is it, Lobelia?" inquired Mr.

McSwat drowsily. "It sounds like somebody talking. List-Mr. McSwat listened. He, too, thought he heard something

"I will see what it is," he said, speaking very loudly and moving very leisure-"Don't be alarmed, Lobelia. We He was standing beneath the crystal are well armed. Beside these two rechandelier that hung in the centre of the volvers," he continued, in a high pitchauthorized persons that might be in the house, "I have a heavy cane and a large He crawled out of bed, collected his arsenal, and the procession moved down

Mr. McSwat, with revolver in each hand, heavy cane under his arm, and paper weight in pocket of his embroidered robe de nuit.

Mrs McSwat, ready to scream. with front hair in curl papers, lamp in one hand, and bottle of camphor in the other.

At the landing half way down Mr. Mc swat stopped "Lobelia," he observed, sternly, "it will be necessary for you to go in front. You have the lamp. I'll protect you."

Mrs McSwat took her place in front as

lirected, and the procession moved on again. At the foot of the stairs Billiger stopped and took up a commanding position near the hall rack. "Now, Lobelia, go ahead with the lamp into this room on the left. I will remain here to see if anybody rushes out. If anybody does rush out," he exclaimed, grinding his teeth in a manner horrible to hear,

knock him down with this paper weight and break every bone in his body with this cane!" Mrs McSwat went into the room on the left and looked around "Do you see anything, Lobelia?" asked her husband in a voice of thunder.

'I will put fourteen bullets through him,

"No, Billiger." "Go through the other rooms!" he roared, bracing himself firmly against the

While Billiger remained in the hall. armed to the teeth, pale with iron resolution and trembling with ungovernable fe-A bright fire of soft coal blazed in the rocity, Lobelia explored all the rooms and came back. "Did you see anything?" he demanded.

Not a thing, Billiger

"Give me the lamp!"

He handed his weapons to Lobelia, took the lamp, and with dauntless bravery went through the rooms himself. "It wasn't anything, Lobelia," he said, anything or anybody!"

The prossession moved up the stairway on the return trip. "You must try to overcome this timidity of yours Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat, which seems a natural enough attitude to as he put down the lamp and relieved his wife of her load of deadly weapons. "If I he quietly lay down on his side and bled, crawling back into bed, "you would have frightened yourself to death."—Chi- to hear that goats, stags and llamas all

TIBETAN WOMEN.

The women are tall as the men, much more fully developed, and frequently quite good-looking. But the iron rule of fashion forces them to hide their rosy cheeks untheir complexion from the cutting windothers tell a different tale. More than a great saint named Demo Rinpoch'e, who licentious rule of the sixth pontiff of Lh'asa children while teething. If disturbed when a monk goes abroad he must keep his eyes fixed on the ground some little Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children caused the lamas to forget this law, and cures Diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and great disorders ensued. Demo Rinpoch'e Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums then commanded that no woman should and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to smeared with black, and soon this became oldest and best female physicians and nurses

a fashion throughout the whole country. in the houses where I was stopping to wash world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winstheir faces clean, promising them beads Low's Soothing Syrup. and other ornaments; but in vain. They said they washed only when the feasts came around, some four or five times a

IA NEW BETROTHAL DEVICE. A ring still holds its place as the favorite bracelet or some other bit of jewellery is lawyer was engaged when asked concerning the ring said: "I have none, and don't expect any. But look at this -" with strands so fine as to be almost hairshe carefully revealed beneath her collar claimed. "It's a tahli, and takes the place of an engagement ring. Isn't it just lovely!" In truth it was lovely; a combination of an ellipse, a circle and a cross, made of heavy, dark gold. Here and there and the whole surface was chased and "Oh, yaw, dot is all right, mine friendt," graven with odd, graceful, fantastic figures. "Each of these lines." the Chestnut Hill girl continued, "is symbolical of some ness, jealousy. You see how much better it is than a plain engagement ring, and all Hindoo maidens wear tahlis, when

For all the next week you'll be ruled by the devil.

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES. Symptoms - Moisture; intense itching young gentleman, the doctor, whom she sess.

As she passed Philip Leighton, she didn't they?"

Corse, they came d—d near missing you, didn't they?"

tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 didn't they?" cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

DESPERATE FIGHTING.

A severe engagement was fought on February 10th between the Egyptian troops who recently left El Teb, and

Osman Digna's forces. Nearly one thousand lives were lost in the battle which followed the appearance of the Egyptians at Tokar. The Egyptians made their advance from Afafite during the early dawn of Thursday morning. The enemy was sighted near Tokar and after the exchange of shots between the skirmishers of the enemy and the advance guard of the Egyptians, the latter pushed forward through the brushwood surrounding Tokar and its neighborhood to seize the old government buildings, now little more than a tumble down ruin, but which forms a strategic point where a force of infantry could hold out against heavy odds. The Dervishes, seeing the object of the Egyptian advance, made a rush for the building and surrounding it by a compact mass of Arab riflemen, who poured a hot fire into the ranks of the advancing Egyptians. The latter, however, returned the Arabs' fire as they advanced. The Egyptians fixed bayonets when within easy distance of the enemy and bravely charged upon the defenders of the old ruins. For over an hour a desperate hand to hand, bayonet to spear and sword fight followed, during which the Egyptian troops fought with most determined bravery. Finally the Egyptian cavalry made a brilliant charge upon the Dervishes, who retired in disorder. suffering a crushing defeat. The Dervishes numbered at least 2000 fighting men. About an equal force of the Egyptians succeeded in reaching the shelter of the building before the Arabs surrounded them for the attack. After the retreat of the Dervishes the troops found over seven hundred dead around the position mentioned, while large numbers of dead were lying in the bushes around the building. Nearly every Emir of importance who was present at the battle fell upon the field. Osman Digna did not take part in the fight, but watched its progress from a point of vantage near Afafite. After seeing that his followers had suffered a strous defeat, Osman Digna, accompanied by about thirty horsemen, fled towards Temrin. The Egyptians will advance on Temrin to-day. The Egyp- Celebrated tians were commanded by Sir Francis

WOULD ANIMALS SMOKE? In the Berlin Zoological gardens Prof. Paul Meverheim, painter of animal life, has been trying the effects of the fragrant weed on various denizens of the gardens, with results which are as novel as they are undoubtedly amusing. Chief among the subjects of his experiments was the brown bear. He declares that the "common brown bears" are genuine enthusiasts for tobacco. "When I puff my cigar smoke into their cage," he remarks, "they rush to the front, rubbing their noses and backs against the bars through which the smoke has penetrated." The Professor, with some temerity, once experimented on the lion. The creature was asleep, and this was the moment selected for puffing a volume of tobacco smoke in his face. Did he at once wake up with a savage growl, lash his tail and, springing at the bars, shake the massive iron? Not at all He awoke and "stood upon his legs," adopt, and "sneezed powerfully." Then

dose." It may be news to some naturalists devour tobacco and cigars with remarkable satisfaction. It is certainly somewhat of a waste of the material to let a prime havana be "bolted" in one gulph by an antelope; but the Professor was actuated by a praiseworthy desire to dis der a thick coating of teu-ja, a black, sticky to get on good terms with creatures whom cover scientific facts, and also by a wish paste made of catechu. This is to preserve it was his business to sketch. "I made a personal friend," he writes, "of an exceedhundred years ago there lived at Lh'asa a hundred years ago there lived at Lh'asa a tobacco." Loving him so much, what could Mabel did much to restore the purity of monastic Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been life, which had greatly suffered under the used by millions of mothers for their

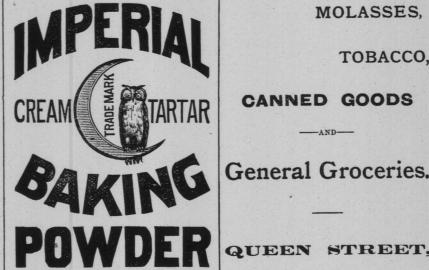
in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents Time and again I tried to induce girls per bottle by all druggists throughout the

NO GROUND THE CAUSE. "On what ground, Mr. Cautious, do you propose to break our engagement?" "There is no ground, Miss Bellows; that's the trouble. I had supposed, when we became engaged, you owned a large

The passive or receptive imagination is developed earlier than the constructive. The means of producing mental action



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