POETRY.

EVELYN HOPE. Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead-Sit and watch by her side an hour,

That is her book-shelf, this her bed ; She plucked that piece of geranium flower Beginning to die, too, in the glass, Little has yet been changed, I think-The shutters are shut, no light may pass, Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name It was not her time to love ; beside Her life had many a hope and aim, Duties enough and little cares, And now was quiet, now astir-Till God's hand beckoned unawares, And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope? What, your soul was pure and true, The good stars met in your horoscope, Made you of spirit, fire, and dew-And just because I was thrice as old. And our paths in the world diverged s wide.

Each was naught to each, must I be told? We were fellow-mortals, naught beside?

No indeed for God above Is great to grant, as mighty to make, And creates the love to reward the love-I claim you still, for my own love's sake Delayed it may be for more lives yet, Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few-Much is to learn and much to forget Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come-at last it will-When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,

In the lower earth, in the years long still That body and soul so pure and gay; Why your hair was amber, I shall divine, And your mouth of your own geranium's

red-And what you would do with me, in fine, In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then, Given up myself so many times, Gained me the gains of various men. Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes; Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope, Either I missed or itself missed me-And I want to find you, Evelyn Hope! What is the issue? Let us see

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while; My heart seemed full as it could hold-There was place and to spare for the frank young smile. And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold, So, hush, I will give you this leaf to keep ; See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand. There, that is our secret; go to sleep; You will wake, and remember, and under -Robert Browning

SELECT STORY. THE HIDDEN HAND

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH. AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE night, Cap. !" and taking the tools he put

CHANGED BRIDES." ETC. ETC. them all back in the little canvass bag, and

This brought Capitola up with a jerk garden, that, while still stung with mortition for his instant execution had been She sat bolt upright, gazing at him with fication and absolutely hating her, I could around, it would have stood a much better her eyes fixed as if in death. tell her what I thought of her, show her

"Cap," said Old Hurricane, growing that I had cast her chains aside, and turnmore and more confused, "I've been a ing on my heel with some such speech as Cap. spent many days in her fruitless married man more years than I like to enterprise, but at last give it up-but by heroes makes upon the stage under such think of! Cap., I've - I've a wife and circumstances, leave her forever. "I'll save his life, yet! by one means or grown-up son ! Why do you sit there star-But the sun went down, and the dew began to fall, to the detriment of my glossy ing at me you little demon? Why don't

another! I can't change clothes with him as I did with Clara, he's too big ! but one you say something to encourage me, you way or other. I'll save him," said Cap. to little wretch" herself. She said it to no one else, for the "Go on !" said Cap., without removing more difficult the enterprise, the more deher eyes. termined she was to succeed, and the more "Cap., I was-a jealous - passionate -Demmy ! confession isn't in my line ! A saw Arline moving about clad in a white secretive she grew as to her measures. In the meantime the outlaw, doublediabolical villain made me believe that my ironed, was confined in the condemned poor little wife wasn't good."

"There, I knew you'd lay it on some- side of the seclusion of their own apartcell, the strongest portion of the county body else. Men always do that," said Cap., ments. jail. All persons were strictly prohibited from visiting him, except certain of the to herself. "He was mortally wounded in Mexico.

communtation of his sentence. If a peti-

chance of success !

retreat of his band.

pray for him.

old companions.

show you !"

saw and chisel.

no means in despair, for-

He made a confession, and confided it to I looked, and looked again; and then. They did all they could to bring the outlaw to a sense of his condition, to pre- Herbert, who has just sent me an attested realizing that I must go without that partpare him to meet his fate and induce him copy. It was Le Noir. My poor wife lived ing speech I had determined on, turned under her girlhood's name of Marah my face toward the road. Alas! at that to make a confession and give up the

Rocke." Old Hurricane made a gulp, and instant a bell rang, a steam whistle shriek-And Donald listened to them with re- his voice broke down. Cap. understood all now, as well as if grow faster and fainter till it died away. spect, acknowledged himself a great sinner, she had known it as long as Old Hurricane | The last train for the night was gone. I and knelt with them when they knelt to had. She comprehended his extreme agi- had my choice to walk three miles to an tation upon a certain evening, years ago, hotel or sit up in the station all night. I But he denied that he was guilty of the nurders for which he had been doomed to when Herbert Greyson had mentioned chose to do the latter.

Marah Rocke's name, and his later and. die, and he utterly refused to give up his more lasting disturbance upon accidentally meeting Marah at the Orphan's Court. One evening, while Cap. was sitting by the fire with her thoughts busy with this This revelation filled her with strange lightning now and then lighted the horizon subject, her uncle came in, saying : and contradictory emotions. She was glad; and before I had reached the shelter of she was angry with him; she was sorry for the station forked flashes were darting "Cap! I have got some curiosities

"What are they?" said Cap., languidly. pulses, to hug and kiss him; to cry over | in torrents "A set of burglar's tools, suppose to him, and to seize him and give him a good I liked it : it suited my mood. belong to some member of Black Donald's shaking. And between them she did nothband! One of my negroes found them in went home, and I was left alone. ing at all. the woods in the neighbourhood of the Old Hurricane was again the first to Devil's Punch Bowl! I wrote to the sheriff speak. concerning them, and he requested me to "What was that you wished to say to

take care of them until he should have me, Cap., when I ran away from you this it seemed to me, the earth itself. occasion to call for them. Look ! did you morning ever see such things ?" said Old Hurricane, "Why, uncle, that Herbert wants to foland looked out. setting down a canvass bag upon the table, low your example, and — and — " Cap. and turning out from it all sorts of strange blushed and broke down. me was dark. looking instruments-tiny saws, files, "I thought as much. Getting married punches, screws, picks, etc., ect., ect. at his age, a boy of twenty-five," said the Cap. looked at them with the most veteran in contempt. curious interest, while Old Hurricane ex-"Taking a wife at your age, uncle, an in- glare which increased as I looked at it fant of sixty-six."

plained their supposed uses. "It must have been an instrument of "Bother, Cap. Let me see the fellow's this sort, Cap., that blamed demon, Donald. letter to you !" gave to the imprisoned men to file their Cap. handed it to him and the old man fetters off with !" he said showing a thin read it. file of tempered steel. "If I were to object, you'd get married "That!" said Cap., "hand it here! let me all the same. Demmy! You're both of ing it.

see it?" and she examined it with the age. Do as you please. deepest interest. TO BE CONTINUED. "I wonder what they forced locks with ?"

she inquired. THROUGH FIRE. "Why, this; and this, and this!" said

Old Hurricane, producing a burglar's pick, She had stung me by her ridicule. She had laughed at me when I was serious and Cap, took them and scrutinized them so refused to smile when I attempted to be attentively that Old Hurricane burst out into a loud laugh,, exclaiming :--

witty in order to win her admiration. did not exist. Then she had turned about like a very weathercock, and been so gentle, so womanly, so graceful in all she said and did, aloft and screamed : LIVELY CORPSE.

San Francisco, Cal., February 10-The divorce of bookmaker Asa M. Hamilton of San Francisco, Cal. against his wife, Hanhan H., has brought out some rare testimony. About two years ago the Hamiltons visited New York, and so enamored of the life in the metropolis was Mrs.

Hamilton that she wanted to remain, and beaver, and yet she came not. so her husband returned to the Golden Soon it was plain she was not coming. Gate alone. Mr. Hamilton waited with I suppose her ride had fatigued her, for Job-like patience for his young wife's re-I saw two lights appear in an upper room. turn and one day was startled by the foland through the delicate lace curtains lowing message from New York :

"A. M. Hamilton-Hannah died Sunday garment, known, I believe, to the ladies as night; send \$250 for funeral expenses. a "Mother Hubbard," one seldom seen out-Signed, Lucy."

Lucy is Hannah's sister. Hamilton promptly forwarded the amount by tele-How pretty she looked in it, with her graph. Three days later the wires hamhair all hanging about her shoulders! mered the following: "The undertaker demands \$100 for funeral accoutrements.

Please send by telegraph. Lucy." As before, the money was sent forward. Two months afterwards business took Mr. Hamilton to New York, where he ined. I heard the slow chump, chump, tended to visit the last resting place of his wife. On his first night in the city, however, he was sadly walking the street when he met his erring wife. "How is this," demanded the astonished Hamilton, "Ain't vou dead."

There has been a change in the weather "Do I look like it." cried his radiant since sunset. Low, threatening peals of wife laughing. Weren't those telegrams thunder were heard at intervals: sheet the loveliest jokes ever played. While you were mourning me for dead and paying money to have me buried, I was spending that same money in a royal way. Wasn't him, she was divided between divers im- across the sky and the rain poured down it funny? "Why don't you laugh?"

But Hamilton didn't see anything ludicrous about the affair. He finished his At twelve o'clock the station-master business in a hurry and sped back to San Francisco, when the first thing he did was Ten minutes afterward that frightful to apply for a divorce. crash that tells us that something has

"been struck" shook the building, and, as NEWS AND NOTES.

When it had passed, I went to the door Young Lady (to editor)-"I have such a pretty little story with me. Can you use The storm had moderated. All about

Editor-"Oh, certainly; we can use anything here." (To office-boy)-"Jimmy, put The trees and bushes were mere shapea few more manuscripts in the stove; the less masses of shadow, a little darker than the rest: but to the westward arose a red room is growing cold."

Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating Soon the great red flames shot up, and regreater interest than ever in all parts of the vealed a roof and windows, chimneys gracecountry, and persons wishing to improve fully grouped amongst many gables - in their memory should send for his prospectus fact, the Rossitor mansion, and none other, free as advertised in another column

all its handsome breadth in flames, which, blown by the blast, were rapidly devour-An Omaha man has an egg which he claims he has kept for ten years. It must

"She is there," I cried, "and I not near be a decade egg. [Yonkers Statesman. enough to help her ! Oh, great heavens !" Away I sped along the road, my way FOR RICKETS, MERMASUS, AND ALL impeded by all the countless stones and WASTING DISORDERS OF weeds, hollows, and clumps of grass that

CHILDREN the darkness hid from me. Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with I reached the house at last. In the Hypophosphites, is unequaled. The rapgarden the frightened servonts rushed to idity with which children gain flesh and and fro, vainly seeking for ladders which strength upon it is very wonderful, "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets Miss Rossitor, her garments scorched and Marasmus of long standing. In every her face wild with horror, tossed her arms case the improvement was marked."-J. M. MAIN M. D., New York' Put up in 50c, and



prices never known in this City. BROWNS FROM 5 CENTS UPWARDS; WHITES FROM 8 CENTS UPWARDS;

GILTS FROM 20 CENTS UPWARDS. Call and see the Stock and Prices. To arrive this week from Montreal, 8000 Rolls (cheap) Wholesale or Retail.

McMURRAY & CO.

CONTINUED FROM THE CAPITAL.

This dreadful doom, most solemnly pronounced by the judge, was received by the prisoner with a loud laugh, and words: "You're out o' your rockoning now, with his hands full of letters and news-

cap'n! I never was a saint, the Lord knows, but my hands are free from blood-guilti- | for a man of his age, he exclaimed : ness! There's an honest little girl that believes me-don't you?" he said, turning laughingly to our little heroine.

"Yes. I do!" said Cap., bursting into papers! and here are letters from Herbert. tears; "and I am so sorry for you'as ever | dated from New Orleans! Here are letters I can be, Donald Bayne,"

"Bother! it is sure to come to this first not opened them yet! Hurrah, Cap., or last, and I knew it! Now, to prove you | Hurrah!" do not think this rugged hand of mine stained with blood, give it a friendly tossing up her flowers and rushing into shake!" said the condemned man. And his arms! before Old Hurricane could prevent her, They took their seats opposite each Capitola had jumped over two or three other, at a small table, and Old Hurricane intervening seats and climbed up to the threw the whole mail between them, and side of the dock, and reached up her hand began to pick out the letters. to the prisoner, saying:

great trouble, and I will do all I can to ing of Herbert Greyson. help you in this world. I will go to the

never did any murder." peremptorily.

The constables approached and led away that as he had written to his uncle by the Black Donald.

ing and the keen mountain air made "Upon my word, he takes my consent agreeable, even in May.

"Well, that demon, Black Donald, will forces upon me the disagreeable duty of be hanged the 26th of July," said Old asking myself of my own uncle! Whoever Hurricane, exultingly, "and we shall get heard of such proceedings! If he were not rid of one villain. Cap.'

"I pity Black Donald, and I can't hear | should get angry; but I won't get upon my to think of his being hanged! It quite dignity with Herbert,-dear, darling sweet breaks my heart to think that I was com- Herbert - if it were any body else, pelled to bring him to such a fate !"

offered for the apprehension of Black Don- However, as it's Herbert, here goes! Now, ald, to which you were entitled, Cap., was I suppose the best way to ask myself of paid over to me for you. I placed it to uncle, for Herbert, will be just to hand your accounts in the Agricultural Bank." him over this letter. The dear knows it "I don't want it! I won't touch it! The isn't so over-and-above affectionate that I price of blood ! It would burn my fingers !" | should hesitate. Uncle," said Cap., pull-

said Cap. "Oh, very well! a thousand dollar's

won't go a begging," said Old Hurricane. Major Warfield, who sat there holding a "Uncle, it breaks my heart to think of large, closely-written document in his Black Donald's execution ! It just does ! It | hand, with his great round eyes strained must be dreadful, this hanging! I have from their sockets, as they passed along

put my finger around my throat and the lines with devouring interest. squeezed it, to know how it feels, and it is "Well, I do declare! I do believe he awful! Even a little squeeze makes my has received a proposal of marriage himhead feel as if it would burst, and I have self," cried Cap., shooting much nearer the to let go! Oh, it is horrible to think of!" truth than she knew.

"Well, Cap., it wasn't intended to be as Old Hurricone did not hear her. Startpleasant as tickling, you know, I wish it | ing up with the document in his hand, he was twenty times worse! It would serve rushed from the room, and went and shut him right, the villain! I wish it was himself up in his own study.

lawful to break him on the wheel-I do!" "Uncle, that is very wicked in you! I marry him," said Cap., to herself. declare I won't have it! I'll write a petition to the Governor to commute his nor to supper. But after supper, when sentence, and carry it all around the county Capitola's wonder was at its climax, and

myself!" "You wouldn't get a soul to sign it to fire that the chilly evening required, Old save your life, much less his."

"I'll go to the Governor myself, and beg himself, in an humble, confused, deprehim to pardon Donald Bayne " "Ha! ha! ha! ha! the Governor would not has at once a mortifying confession to do it to save all our lives; and if he were make, and a happy secret to tell.

to do such an outrageons thing, he might whistle for his re-election !" "I declare, Donald Bayne shall not be

hung-and so there !" said Cap., passionately.

"Whe-ew! You'll deliver him by the know how to announce it," answered Capstrength of your arm, my little Donna itola, little knowing how closely she had Quixota." "I'd save him in one way or another, astonishment, Old Hurricane answered :

now mind I tell you! He sinned more against me than against anybody else, and

that she brought me to her feet only put the bag up on a high shelf of the repulse me in the old way. parlor closet. She had invited my escort to some social

The next morning, while Cap. was ssemblage, and coolly accepted that of arranging flowers on the parlor mantelanother man when she returned home. piece, Old Hurricane burst in upon her She had done impertinent things, unladylike things, rude things to me. But, oh ! papers, and his heart full of exaltationwhen she chose, she could make me forget all that. For I loved her in the blindest "Hurrah, Cap.! Hurrah ! Peace is at last fashion, in the most inexplicable way. proclaimed and our victorious troops are Had the old tales of Satan's bargains for on their way home ! It's all in the news-

men's souls been true. I am afraid he would have found that my price was Arline Rossitor for you, and here are some for me! I have And now - now at last, now after such anger and despair, thoughts of suicide and

for you."

thoughts of murder - when she had smiled "Hurrah, uncle! Hurrah!" cried Cap., upon some other, she had said :

"That's for you Cap. This is for me." "God help you, Donald Bayne, in your he said, pitching out two in the handwrit-

"You'll dream of house-breakers to-

Cap. opened hers, and commenced read-Governor myself, and tell him I know you | ing. It was in fact Herbert's first downright, practical proposal of marriage, in "Remove the prisoner," said the judge, which he begged that their union might take place as soon as he should return, and

same mail, upon another subject, which One night after tea, Capitola and her he did not wish to mix up with his own uncle occupied their usual seats by the marriage, she would, upon a proper opporlittle bright wood fire, that the chilly even- | tunity, let her uncle know of their plans.

very coolly as a matter of course, and even Monday." coming home from the wars. I declare I

shouldn't they know the difference becarriage for me, a delicate attention, which "Oh! that reminds me! The reward | tween their liege lady and Tom Trotter? I appreciated. smiles by my hostess Arline's aunt.

> ing Old Hurricane's coat-sleeve. "Don't bother me, Cap.," exclaimed

> > ourse," I thought. I was soon undeceived.

"I vow, some widow has offered to

had gone out to ride with him after urging me to come, and promising to have no one Old Hurricane did not come to dinner else that day.

while she was sitting by the little wood I scarcely knew for my own. Hurricane came in, looking very unlike

cating, yet happy manner, like one who

"Cap." he said, trying to repress a smile, generally.' and growing purple in the face. ---- "Oh, yes ! you've come to tell me, I

suppose, that you're going to put a stepaunt-in-law over my head, only you don't words

come to the truth ; when to her unbounded quette would permit. "Yes, my dear, that's just it!"

hiding among the bushes and lurking in Journal. "What! My eyes! Oh crickey!" cr

\$1 size "Save Arline! For God's sake, save Arline !" and no one had the courage to "If I die I want my wife to have what

The stairs were in flames, the window high. The house was built without porch or balcony, but I saw my chance in a great taken from this world. He should have tree whose branches projected into the been spared.

very window I had watched a little before -Arline's window, doubtless The room was dark with smoke as clung to the ledge I had barely reached. and contrived to clamber over it. free as advertised in another column A white figure was crouching in the

corner. I lifted it in my arms. "I have come to save you. Arline." said. "Courage !"

She answered, quietly : "You can not; the stairs are burned

"Come down to Copely on Monday. away. See-the door is on fire; there is Auntie will be pleased to see you. And only the window; there are no ladders. we will spend all day just together. I Go-save yourself. Go-before the tree shan't ask another soul - not another is gone : see—it is on fire now !" and I will take you to the glen, where the 'What! go, and leave you?" said I

obev her.

falls rush down over the rocks, and you "Come close to the window, Arline : there shall row me on the lake, and I will sing is a little air here yet. See - it is not far. I will tie something about your waist. "My devotion has won her at last." Trust to me, and I will save you." said to myself. She let me keep her hand a

moment, as we said good-bye, and I longed fall. Better be killed than live a cripple, to kiss her, but I only bowed, and said : disfigured - one for whome life would "I shall be only too happy. I shall look have no charm - one no one could love. forward to Monday as though on that day Robin "-she called me by my first name paradise were to open its grates for me." for the first time in my life - "Robin It was a very high-flown speech, but she did not let the corners of her mouth curl tormented you -trifled with you. This up in that satirical fashion I so dreaded.

very day I used you ill. But, Robin. dear, On the contrary, she said : all the while I loved you-yes, and meant "What nice things you say. Now put to make you happy in the end. Rememme into the car, and be sure to come on ber that I said that at the last. Kiss me and go.

Arline was going to her aunt's on Mon-"Go! After that ?" said I. "Go! Why. day. Her father's sister, Miss Abby Rosswith those words in my ear and you in tor, lived in the family mansion, where my arms, death would be bliss. But I generations of Rossitors had been born. will not die yet, nor shall you." It was only a little journey to Copely, A woolen bath-robe lay tossed over a and Miss Rossitor the elder had sent a chair near the window. The flames

lighted up its gay stripes. I seized it, wrapped it about Arline, and took her in I reached Rossitor Hall in the best my arms. spirits, and was received with beaming

"Just in time for lunch, Mr. LeBrun," ing stairs into the outer air. she said, in a voice that rather resembled Arline's, and shortly led the way to a beautiful little room with a fine view of the country from its windows, where a

"Arline would come in in a moment of

about your papa, who is an old friend of all right very shortly, and I took advantmine," said Miss Rossitor, "for we shall be age of Arline's softened mood to beg her all alone. Arline has gone out to ride with to set the wedding-day. that English gentleman, Mr. Glashbury."

most of any man on earth. For had not Arline Rossitor ; but I knew her heart at Arline spoken of him in my presence as last, and never doubted her again. "the handsomest man she knew," and she

INGROWING NAILS.

ing toe-nails, the simplest measure of relief which has been advocated is the applica-

"Fine day for a ride," I said, in a voice | tion of tannin. One who has had many years' experience with it uses a concent-"Yes." said Miss_Rossitor, "and they rated solution (an ounce of perfectly fresh tannic acid dissolved with six drachms of looked very handsome. Not to betray confidence, I rather think Arline is not pure water, with gentle heat), and has the quite so cruel to him as she is to her other | soft parts around the nail painted twice a

day. Two cases recently had no pain or admirers. She is a very cruel young lady lameness after the first application, and ping." "Ah, indeed," I said, and this time was went about their work immediately, which

proud of the tone in which I uttered the they could not do before. After about three weeks of this treatment the nail had I ate my lunch, agreed to everything grown to its proper length and breadth,

formerly he introduced lint under the However, I loitered about the grounds, | ingrowing edge in such cases .-- [Medical

BUTCHERED BY A YOUNG FIEND.

Joseph Barker, a colored boy, twelve

years old, living with his parents at Eola

Missouri, deliberately killed his brother

away on a visit, leaving the younger

Purely in response to a fiendish impulse.

the boy took his father's shotgun, ap-

three, in Joseph's charge.

I got," is the wording of a will filed for probate at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, last week. This man was too sensible to be Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus

The man who reaches the top of the ladder must get there in a roundabout Statistical Statistics

wav. ADVICE TO MOTHERS. - MRS. WINSLOW'S

SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It

soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes "You can not," she said; I should only Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP and

> take no other kind. Another defaulter - "I sent my boy for ten cents' worth of benzine, and he

death is very near. Forgive me. I have hasn't benzine since." A new burlesque is called "My sister's

Hair." It is a take-off, of course, and will be "done up" in the papers. Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating

greater interest than ever in all parts of the country and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column

Editor (writing to professional humorist) -Send some more "grip" jokes. Humorist (writing back)-Can't; I've got it.

CONSUMPTION CURED

An old physician, retired from practice Then I dashed out of the room and straight through the flames, down the blazhaving had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and per-As I staggered out upon the lawn and manent cure of Consumption. Bronchitis. dropped there. the roof fell in with a crash. Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung I had not been one moment too soon. Affections, also a positive and radical cure I was surely no beauty when I next for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Comlooked in the glass. Singed hair, singed plaints, after having tested its wonderful eyebrows and lashes, and a scorched facecurative powers in thousands of cases, has and worst of all, a mustache like a burnt felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive

But the doctor assured me I should come and desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, their recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Novles 194

Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. When 'Squire Grinston sends a jug of

cider to the editor of the Squashville Pumpkin, it is not necessarily as a testimonial of good faith, but more for publica-

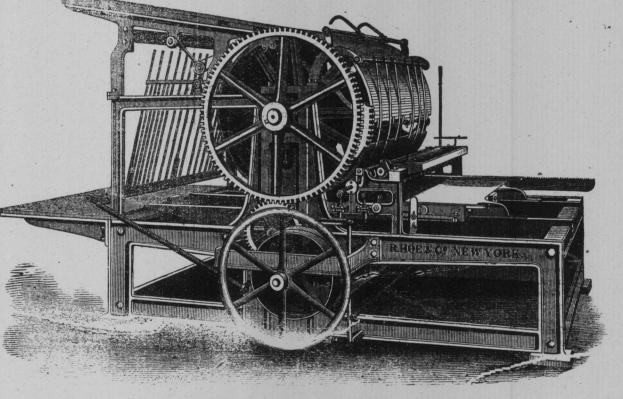
tion. Prof. Loisette's Memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve

their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column. A young girl in Clinton was badly burn-

ed while popping corn. This should teach girls to let the young men do all the "pop-

anxious to interview the sacrilegious joker who led him innocently to pray for

my hostess remarked, and escaped as soon and the cure was complete. No other at the altar of a Troy church recently.



THE HERALD BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

Corner Queen and Regent Streets,

FREDERICTON, N. B.



wonderful little banquet was prepared. scrubbing-brush. "I shall be able at last to talk to you

If she had not teased me a little before Mr. Glashbury was the man I hated that time came she would not have been

For that very painful affection, ingrow-

It is said that a New York pastor is

the repose of the soul of Daniel McGinty

after we returned to the parlour as eti- treatment of any kind was used, though DAYAT

My blood boiled, but I smothered my

so I have the best right of anybody in the Cap., breaking into her newsboy's slang the shadow of the great elms which adworld to forgive him, and I do forgive him! from mere consternation. And he sha'n't be hung! I say it!" "You say it! ha! ha! ha! Who are you, plied the old man, growing furiously red, to turn aside the law?"

"I. Capitola Black, say that Donald "Oh! oh! oh! Hold me! I'm kilt!" Bayne, not having deserved to be hung, cried Cap., falling back in her chair in an hoofs before they were in sight. shall not be hung! And in one way or inextinguishable fit of laughter, that shook another I'll keep my word !" her whole frame. She laughed until the And Cap. did her best to keep it. The tears ran down her cheeks. She wiped next morning she mounted Gyp and rode her eyes and looked at Old Hurricane, and up to Tip-Top, where she employed the every time she saw his confused and hap- me through the open windows, and not proached the bed where the girl was playvillage lawyer to draw up a petition to the py face, she burst into a fresh paroxysm long afterwards the handsome Englishman ing with the baby, took aim and pulled

Governor for the commutation of Donald's that seemed to threaten her life or her rode away. sentence. And then she rode all over reason ment. But all in vain! People of every speak! Oh, I'm kilt entirely!" she cried, only five feet six and had not yet done baby's head off. After completing his age and condition too thoroughly feared breaking off in the midst of her question, growing, and he was six foot two and devilish work he washed his hands, walked and hated the famous outlaw, and too and falling into fresh convulsions. earnestly wished to be entirely and for- "It's no new love, Cap. It's my old wife !" ever rid of him, to sign any petition for a said Old Hurricane, wiping his face.

orned the place. I intended to see those two return "Yes, my dear, it is perfectly true !" re-

They came about dusk. Laughter and rubbing his face.

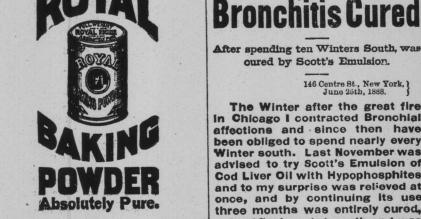
mingled with the clatter of their horses' and baby sister. Mr. and Mrs. Baker were "The most delightful ride of my life," I children, a girl of eight and a little boy of heard him say.

Shortly there was a clatter of dishes within. The hum of small talk reached

mounted.

the trigger, the load blowing the girl's It was difficult to restrain myself and head almost to pieces,

to Louisiana where his grandmother lived I remained in the grass, watching and and told his sickening story, claiming that hoping for Arline's appearance in the the shooting was accidental.



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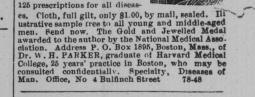
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