lost its interest.

"Mother!"

As the weary man on foot, who had

mind to come home, how he had sold his

horse after getting out of the mountains

one side. "I've come to arrest you."

he had stolen old Tom Smith's horse.

supper, will you? It's just ready."

"Got that warrant, haint ye?"

IF I WERE YOU, MY DEAR.

fine frocks or impertinent men.

modern Mozart.

listening to blasphemy.

I wouldn't turn my head to look after

I wouldn't feel that I was an ill-treated

I would not, because I was tired and

I would not when I brush the dust off

I would not tell my private affairs to

I would not write silly letters to young

my hat forget the cobwebs of distrust and

"Yes."

"Le's see it."

"For what?"

"Hoss stealin'."

farm will stick to me."

walked for days in the sea-like expanse

RUSSIA. "Russia! Russia! I behold thee from my wondrous beautiful distance."-Gogol. Saturnian mother! why dost thou devour Thy offspring, who by loving thee are curst? Why must they fear thee who would fain be

To add new glories to thy matchless dower? Why must they flee before thy cruel power. That punishes their best as treason's worst-The treason that despotic claims would

That makes men heroes who in slavery he seemed to get fresh strength, and at her eyes. cower?

Upon thy brow the stars of empire burn; Thy bearing has a majesty sublime. Thy exiled children ever toward theé yearn; Nor should their ardent love be deemed a

O mighty mother of men, to mildness turn, And haste the advent of a happier time!

"All hope forego, O ye who enter here!" Here winds are sweet with breath of myriad The skies arch blue o'er lands of richest

dowers, And all the fairest gifts of earth appear. All hope forego? Why, surely hope, not fear, Should view this land, whose belting Ural

towers With wealth of gold and precious stones, Of mighty rivers winding far and near!

Yet look! What mean those melancholy trains

Of desperate men and sad-eyed women looking back To bid that awful bourne a last farewell? Oh, hear those groans, those sighs, those

clanking chains. As on they drag along the hopeless track That leads, if not to death, to worse than

## SELECT STORY.

## PAYMENT FOR THE MARE.

BY ALFRED BALCH.

Hank Barton found himself decidedly hard up. He had started out from home in the old farm full of hope, full of promise, full of expectation and trust in the future, and now as he sat on a stone musing over his prospects, he thought to himself what a fool he had been. He remembered, now that it was too late, how his old father had advised him to "stick to the farm and the farm would stick to him," and how he had laughingly replied he meant to make money enough in those new diggings to put the great irrigation ditch through, and turn all those waste acres on the western side into wheat. ley Carter drive up, with another man in was eighteen, came to be hers. Then he would come home for good. His the buggy. mother, too, had urged him to stay, more because she wanted his bright face around than because she doubted his ability to do all that he said he would. She had father had. And then Susy, she wanted him to stay; and when he pointed out that Frank Carter had come back in one year with over a hundred thousand dollars, had married her old friend, Katie Blake, and built that beautiful house; and when he said he wanted a vet finer house to put her into, Susy said through her tears that she wanted no house better than Katie's - she only wanted him to stay. It was no use, though; go he would, and he did. And now what had come of it! Here he was in ragged clothes and broken boots, with the magnificent sum of fifty cents in his pocket, and | mustn't know." no chance of getting more than he could see. He had tried hard and honestly man in the buggy, said, briefly, enough. He had had his chance of success, only to be cheated out of it by he'll come with us. sharper men than himself. He had Old Tom Smith climbed out and came worked at any and everything that up the steps, looking as wicked and as turned up. He had been stricken down grim and hard as ever. by fever, and left weak in body and mind, "Thought I'd find ye!" he said to Hank, and now he was sitting here upon this as they passed into the kitchen. stone and the farm was far away. As he There was Mrs. Barton and the old lady. thought it all over, it was not too much and they welcomed the visitors pleasantto say that he drew his hand once or ly. During the meal the baby woke up, twice across his eyes to dash away-what? | and insisted, as babies are art to, that he

as he used to think that work was. man. So Tom took him. The baby If he only had a horse, and could get | pulled at his beard, and laughed at him, out of that awful circle of mountains and and played with his watch, which it tried to across the desert, then he could walk the swallow; and the grim old man sat there rest of the way. And as he thought, the with the most extraordinary look of idea of taking one flashed across him, and wonder on his face one ever saw. The in a second he saw how easy it would be sheriff reminded him it was time to go; to do this. They were all down the valley but gruffly remarking he "war'n't in no and could be caught. At first he rejected hurry," Tom played with the little felthe temptation, for he had been brought low, who, at last, went to sleep in the old up in an honest home, and had in him- man's arms. Mrs. Barton took him up self that ingrained honesty which makes and laid him in the cradle while Tom men do right for right's sake. But his strode out on the porch calling the sheriff mind had been so affected by the fever after him. The buggy stood there. that it could not resist the hunger of his

A few days afterwards, when bitter, hard old Tom Smith went around among the men in Camp Hood asking "ef any hundred pieces, and then going up to one of you 'uns hez seen my gray mar'?" | Hank, he said: only to be answered in the negative, the | "Don't you worry no more 'bout that impression got about that a horse was ar mar' ov mine. I aint a-goin' to." missing. Horse stealing on the boarder is, "But, Tom, I'll pay for her. Here's a and always has been, looked upon as hundredbeing one of the greatest of crimes, and "Throw it in th' branch, or stay. Gin the death penalty so often meted out for it here." it is a severity of punishment only to be He took the five twenties, and stepping understood by those who have found to the cradle, laid them there. Then stooptheir lives dependent upon their animals. ing softly, he kissed the sleeping child,

As a matter of course, there was the and turning, joined the sheriff in the usual talk, and after a thorough search for | buggy. the mare, and a polling of the inhabitants resulted in the discovery that she had certainly gone, and that Hank Barton had gone with her, the cursing at the absent man was both loud and deep. A party I wouldn't forget to sew the braid around started after them, only to return, and in the bottom of my skirt, or the button on the course of a week or two things had my shoe.

settled down again as usual. Old Tom had not been among the swearing crowd, although he had been one of the search party; but, for all that, his silence was not looked upon as being I would not, when I could only have indicative of forgiveness. Bitter old Tom one frock, choose a conspicuous one that to himself, as he read those he received," any one who offended him, who had plaid. chased Charley Connors for six months, and shot him when he found him, for nervous, give snappy, ill-natured replies cheating at cards, who had many a time to questions asked me by those who really

the stealing, no one thought of it. The or Molly. winter passed, the summer came, and, I would not permit any girl friend to towards fall, Tom Smith sold his claim to complain to me of her mother — it is like an Eastern company, and left Camp Hood.

"Don't forget your gray mar', Tom!" called out a man as the coach started. "I haint," was the grim reply, almost suspicion in my brain.

lost in the whirl of dust as the six-horse team started.

"That ol' sinner's jes' capable of hunt- ask her impertinent questions. ing down Hank," remarked Billy Gleason

to the crowd. men, nor permit them to be familiar with "Wa'al, 'pears t' me ez how Hank orter me. t' be hunted."

a bad chap, take him all in all." "No, he weren't. But what'n time did he want t' take Tom's mar' fur? He No internal medicine required. Cures me - I never dreamed your mind all that known. The large circular wrapper round weren't a bad fellow, but he didn't hev tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the it has proved to be - your ideas of life so each bottle contains simple and plain

This being generally agreed to, the clear, white and healthy. Its great heal- that has won my heart, and made my complaints. The proprietors, I. S. Johncrowd, at the invitation of the sheriff, ad- ing and curative powers are possessed by love for you a thing that must endure son & Co., Boston, Mass., will send to any journed to the nearest saloon, where, no other remedy. Ask your druggist while my life lasts." while discussing the newest strike in the for Swayne's Ointment.

'Esmeralda," and the reported new find THEIR CORRESPONDENCE. out towards Lone Pine Canon, the subject

> BY MARY KYLE DALLAS. "There! I can just see him; he waves

of the great San Juaquin valley, saw the his handkerchief again. Look, Lilly; dim outlines of some buildings, his heart | that is Lennox Butler.' fairly leaped within him. He knew he "Yes, mamma, I see the handkerchief." was near home. Pausing on top of one of "Well, I hope he will have a pleasant the little rolls of land in the "hog-wallow" voyage. Don't you, Lilly?"

prairie, he looked before him, and the "Oh, everybody does at this season, sight rested him, even more than the mamma: and that is the best steamer on short stop he made. As he came nearer | the water, they say." and nearer, and saw the well-remembered "And I almost wish we were going, too," places acquire more and more distinctness, said the mother, with a pensive look in

last he reached the porch. There, sitting "I should like to go when the Grantlevs Butler, and he will not wish me to do in her chair, just as he remembered her, do, if we could afford to do the thing in otherwise when he has once seen my was his mother, who glancing up, failed to proper style," said the daughter. "They literary effort." recognize in the bearded man before her are so bright and pleasant." the young fellow who had left two years

The mother gave a little impatient glance at her daughter, and said no more for a few minutes. At last she said: It did not need more. She knew him "What was he saying to you while I then, as with a cry of joy she fell upon was talking to Mrs. Otterson? Tiresome flattering enough to offer me your hand his neck and kissed him again and again. Then his father came, whose welcome, if useless.'

less demonstrative, was as warm. That "Nothing very important. Several old dishes tasted! Hank told his story thing. I knew that before—and that— -with one exception. He told them how oh, yes - he asked me if I would answer never saw them. Yours came. I hate he had toiled and worked, how he had him if he wrote to me." been unlucky, how he had made up his

"Oh, I said that I should have to ask

and had begged and tramped and worked rate." his way along until he had got there at "I'm glad you are so prudent," said the last. "And, father," he ended with, "1 mother; "but Mr. Butler is a gentleman mean to stick to the farm in future if the at all points, and he pays you a compliment when he offers to correspond with "Well, my boy," replied Mr. Barton, you. Of course I shan't object." "Oh, mamma," cried Lilly, with her with a glance at his son's general appear-

ance, "I reckon you've learnt the lesson, own comical little laugh, "I hope you and I reckon the lesson's worth learning. will. I said it on purpose. I hate letter-However, we won't say any more about writing, and I - I shouldn't know what that now. To-morrow you must go to to say to Mr. Lennox Butler on paper. I town and buy some new clothes, and then | never do in conversation." you'll just be in time to hitch up and put "Oh, well," said the mother, "you can

a plough into that eighty-acre field along make two dimples in your cheeks, and look up under your eyebrows. And that That night, as he sank to sleep in the seems to suit most men quite as well." comfortable old bed he remembered so She was a fine looking woman, with well, Hank made up his mind he had firm features, and no dimples herself; and 'learned the lesson" for once and all. a brilliant woman, too. And there was a The next day he did as his father sug- little pique in her tone.

gested, and the next he rode over to see The daughter did not notice it. Susy. There would be little use in pro-"I practiced that expression in the glass" longing this part of my story. He found she said. "When men get beyond me in her true and prettier than ever. It may their conversation I assume it. It saves have been two months after that when a me a great deal of trouble, but I cannot do quiet wedding took place, and Hank and it on paper, you know. I don't mind young Will Melton. And there were at the colonel replacing the jug from which his bride settled down to "stick to the answering notes. Thanks. I will go with least two happy couples in the world that he had taken his customary deep draught. Some two years had passed; Mr. Barton, that sort of thing; but a letter! Oh, you that they had chosen well and wisely. the elder, was dead; the big irrigation must object, mamma."

ditch had been run, and the farm, with The mother said nothing. She was plenty of water, was better than a gold only thirty-six herself, very handsome mine. One evening, about half-past six, and attractive in her own style. She often as Hank was on the porch, he saw Char- wondered how this girl, born when she

She had married a serious, fine-looking "Why, Charley, how are you? Light merchant of fifty, who had left her a famous breakfast dishes, Boston cooks much. But the next morning, at his out an' come in, you and your friend." widow before the child was five years old, have never been excelled. The long, usual hour, in walked the colonel, rosy "Look here, Hank, I want to talk to and this pretty little doll was their only slow process of baking in a covered dish and cheerful as usual. more confidence in his dreams than his you," said the sheriff, as he led him to child. She was proud of her beauty, to which the beans are subjected makes "Mornin', Jones," he said, as he made which, happily, she was possessed of them perfectly tender, and yet each one directly for the jug, "this new whiskey of means enough to display to the greatest retains its shape distinctly like the ker- yours has a queer flavor, but I don't obadvantage, but they had no likeness to nels in a well-cooked dish of rice. The object to it.' An almost ashy paleness spread over each other whatever.

Barton's face as he looked at the man in the buggy, and for the first time realized that "You - you - won't do it afore my "Harry," came in a voice from inside chattering of the pleasant weather and possible to get the regulation beaupot, kerchief." the door, "ask the gentlemen to stay to the luck of their friends in being able to dealers usually offering iron pots and "After supper, Charley, I'll come with | walked gravely, pondering, perhaps, on | right one with perfect sang froid. Select you. But not now, man, not now. She The sheriff nodded, and turning to the "We'll stay to supper here; afterwards

the street. Those who had come in car- quality will pay for the trouble.

were rapidly lost to view. said to her daughter: He did so long to see the old folks once wanted to sit in his mother's lap. Next to more - to see Susie and look into her her was Tom Smith; and as the little one

clear gray eyes! He thought he would crowed and talked as babies talk, stretchgive a year of his life merely to drive a ling out his hands to each in turn, he sudmake him a remarkably good match for beans, draining them in a colander. Rinse dred and fifty thousand pounds per mile. gang-plough once more, stupid and slow denly made up his mind to go to the old any girl."

was scientific. I like a good many men much better." ler was amongst the little notes that lay at centre. If you object to pork, use a table-

But the mother read it, and insisted on Taking it from him. Tom tore it into a reading it aloud, and afterward wasted time - and keep them under cover of and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to ply to it. Your lively little creatures are noon. Remove the cover now, and let oldest and best female physicians and nurses by no means always yielding and obedithe beans brown a little on top. They ent. Lilly answered with merry giggles, will be nice at six o'clock, but will be per bottle by all druggists throughout the and made her pretty dimples for her better if they are covered and left in the mother's benefit, and raising her arched eyebrows, and shook her dainty head in is only a slight fire in the range. They a comical way. But the sternest refusal will be ready to serve for breakfast. could not have been made more final. At last, in despair, Mrs. Elwyn wrote an answer to the letter herself. She en-

joyed the task, and she wrote well. She also wrote a good hand—a hand like her face and person, agreeable to look upon. So the correspondence began, and it

Mrs. Elwyn having written one letter with Lily's signature, no longer felt any locate in the throat or large bronchial scruples in writing more. Two of the brightest and best educated

people in society matched their wits the pleura, producing dangerous pleuropersonage because, though I could play against each other, their knowledge of pleasantly, my friends didn't count me a literature and human nature, their experiences in life.

"Great Heaven!" said Lennox Butler Smith, the man who never "let up" on would mark me as the girl in the red what a wonderful being is that little girl with the flaxen hair and baby blue eyes. is a right way to do everything, so there She is a companion for any man. The is a rational treatment for a cold, which beauty of a child, the mind of a mature must be cured promptly. The first result woman, the soul of an angel. What could from a cold is the retardation of every taken a bag of beans from a man who had not get in the habit of speak
I would not get in the habit of speak
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I would not get in the habit of speak
I would not ge Tom Smith was not very likely to forgive.
But the snow shut in the mountains,

But the snow shut in the snow shut in the mountains,

But the snow shut in the mountains,

But the snow shut in the m and finally with more than compliments. Mrs. Elwyn scarcely observed the change. skin, the old fashioned "rum sweat" was She enjoyed her correspondence tremend-ously, and it was now a long while since of the pores of the skin. But it is a danger-Lilly had even opened the letters. She read and re-read with delight; and thus it came to pass that one morning Mrs. ly trembling with agitation, for the letter pose one's self immediately after a sweat Elwyn sat locked in her own room, actual-

Lennox Butler, ended thus: "We have not known each other long, person attending to their daily labor as I know; but our long and frequent cor- usual. Among such people, probably respondence has made us better acquaint- more colds, more cases of catarrh, bron-"That's so, boys. Same time he weren't "HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DIS- ed with each other than years of mere chitis, sore throat cough and hoarseness bad chap, take him all in all." social intercourse could have done. I al- have been cured by the use of Johnson's Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." ways thought you beautiful, but - pardon | Anodyne Liniment than any other remed face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin true, your ambitions so lofty. It is this directions for treating and curing these

Poor Mrs. Elwyn! the situation almost subject.

made her ill. It seemed to her that there was no creditable extrication from this dilemma to be hoped for.

"You must accept him, Lilly," she kept repeating. "I am sure you will be mad not to do so. Oh! how can you laugh? I am sure you have encouraged him. I a man one of our specials was trying to see now that the letters have really led

him on to hope —" "Your letters, not mine, mamma," said Lilly. "Remember that." "As if I could forget it!" cried Mrs.

Elwyn, bursting into tears. Then Lilly went to her and kissed her. "I will answer this letter, mamma," she said. "Don't cry. I will refuse Mr.

Then she seated herself at her mother's desk and wrote rapidly, for she had really

something to say. "DEAR MR. BUTLER," she began, "I have your last letter here. In it you are woman. I tried to avoid her, but it was and heart. However, you do it without knowing me in the least. You say you like my looks. Thank you, so do some evening after supper — and how good the things — that my hat became me, for one other people; but as for those letters, they cannot tell you what I am at heart, for I

> long letters, and I asked mamma to answer for me. I did not even read the next. You have a very fine collection of letters, you. And he said he should write at any no doubt. Mamma is all I am not in mind and education. As to heart, if I have any I suppose Will Melton has it, for I am engaged to him. So, you see, it is only a fancy about me. Mamma is desperately serious and blames herself terribly. hope you won't blame her. It really seems only a good joke to me. I remain, LILLY ELWYN."

Lilly posted the letter, and Mrs. Elwyn took to her bed in despair. No answer her a widow, and I wouldn't it I could; came from Lennox Butler, who had now I can keep her from marrying a good-forbeen abroad for two years. But one day Mrs. Elwyn, coming in from the street in | to." her most becoming walking costume, found him waiting for her in her reception

She gave a little cry of surprise; but he came to her and took both hands in his and kissed them. "Say that you are glad to see me' back, and want me to stay," he said.

And so it was Lilly's step-father who gave her away when she was married to pleasure. So sorry I am engaged,' and evening - four people who felt quite sure He grew white and stiff, for the jugs had

Boston have been celebrated in story and and the storekeeper waited in terror to song, and the most carping critic must ad- hear the news of his horrible death. orthodox beanpot is a pipkin of unglazed She said nothing more for a while, and earthenware, with a handle and a cover. | way?" Asked the amazed Jones. they walked slowly on and mingled with In the absence of the regulation Boston the crowd of people who had been on beanpot, however, a very good dish of there is one peculiar thing I've noticed. board the steamer to bid their friends beans can be cooked in an earthen gallon Ever since I drank it yesterday I've good-bye. Some were in high spirits, jar covered with a plate. It is not always seemed to blow holes in my pocket handcross in such a favorable season. Others every kind of cooking pots except the serious matters connected with their the small "pea" bean for baking, says an five years ago, is only thirteen hundred friends' departure. A few only, and those authority, buying it of a trustworthy feet long, and took eighteen years to of the foreign folk amongst the crowd, grocer, to be sure of securing a supply of build. The Mersey Tunnel is, with apwere shedding tears. Americans either do this season's crop. Old beans are a very proaches, about four and a half miles not feel strongly, or they have thoroughly unsatisfactory article, though they cost a long, and the roof of it is thirty feet betaught themselves to repress all tokens of cent or two less than new beans at retail. low the bed of the river. It was found Where it is possible to get a winter's sup- not difficult to make, and cost altogether

riages passed the pedestrians swiftly and The regular method of baking beans in hundred and forty thousand eight hun-Boston is the easiest, but requires that dred pounds. The Severn Tunnel is It was not until they had reached the scrupulous care in following directions about four miles long, and cost about five door of their own house that Mrs. Elwyn which seems so difficult to an uneducated hundred thousand pounds per mile. As person. The night before the beans are some two miles of this are subaqueous, the "You are very stupid if you do not un- baked they should be thoroughly washed Severn Tunnel is the longest of the kind derstand that Lennox Butler is the finest and put to soak in the beanpot in water in the world. Of land tunnels the Saint man of our acquaintance, and that his enough to cover them two inches in depth. Gothard is the longest—nearly nine and social position and his means combined In the morning turn this water off the a half miles — and it cost about two hunthem again in clear cold water; and rinse | The Mont Cenis Tunnel, which is about To which Lily replied: "He is forty, and wipe out the bean pot. Add to the eight miles long, cost close upon four hunand he never danced. I've no doubt he soaked beans a teaspoonful of salt, a table- dred thousand pounds per mile; while Fine Rolled Plate Chains. etc. would want a wife who knows Greek and spoonful of molasses and a teaspoonful of the Arlberg Tunnel, which is six and a the beans; put them in the pot, putting and ninety thousand pounds per mile. It does not take long to cross the ocean about half a pound of nice salt pork (with in these days. A letter from Leunox But- rind well scoured or slashed) in the Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been Lilly Elwyn's plate when she came down spoonful of butter. Cover the beans with children while teething. If disturbed to breakfast one morning. She made a cold water to the top of the pot, put on little face as she opened it.

spoonful of butter. Cover the beans with at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth the pot cover and set them in a moder-"It's on foreign correspondence paper, ately hot oven at 9 o'clock in the morning. send at once and get a bottle of the se and looks like a manuscript for publica- Watch the pot, in spite of the old warning Teething. It will relieve the poor little tion," she said. "I never shall wade that a "watched pot will not boil;" the sufferer immediately. Depend upon it through it. And what a hand! I can't water over the beans will soon be abmothers, there is no mstake about it. It again with water - boiling water this Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums much time in urging her daughter to re- water till about five o'clock in the after- the taste. The prescription of one of the The Cheapest Place in the City for Fine Work oven till next morning - providing there

DON'T TRY EXPERIMENTS.

Experimenting with a severe cold, now trying this remedy and then that, is dangerous business ; for like lightning one can never tell where a cold may strike or finally settle. It may locate in the head and cause severe nasal catarrh; it may tubes, causing sore throat, laryngitis, bronchitis and consumption; it may locate in pneumonia; it may locate in the muscles, causing pains and aches, only equaled by rheumatism, or it may locate in the small bronchial tubes or air cells of the lungs, causing lobor-pneumonia, the most to be dreaded of all results from a cold. There A wonderful flesh producer. s put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be ure and get the genuine. Sold by all Dealers at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville. organs. Because of its effect upon the my most intimate girl friend, nor would I which had arrived that merning from Mr. or warm bath, is ricking your life treating a cold among active people, some method must be used that will admit of a

address, free, a valuable pamphlet on the

IN A NEW LIGHT.

That meanest of mean old sneers at life insurance, that it is providing money for one's widow to enrich another man with, got a superb counter not, long since from insure. That was the best part of it; the solicited saw the truth without help from the solicitor, and his own heart argued with him as no outsider could have done or would have been listened to in doing. He was a workman with two small children. The agent had labored with him to no apparent result, and was urging the destitute condition in which his wife would be left in case of his death, when a companion standing by broke in - "Yes, and then she'll marry somebody else, and they'll have a good time on the money you've pinched yourself to put by." "That settles it. I hadn't thought of that," said the listener to the agent, and the latter began to put up his blanks in despair. "Give me an application for \$2,000 and I'll fill it out now," he went on, and the gratified and surprised agent lost no time in doing so. "Now," said the applicant, turning to his adviser, "if I die, my wife won't have to marry such a-fool as you to get bread and butter for herself and the children. She married me because she liked to and wanted to; and if she ever marries again, I want it to be for the same reason, and not because she has to or starve. I know her. I know if she is left without a cent, and any decent man offers to support the children, she'll marry him for their sakes; and I know that if she has money enough to give them a fair show without it, she'll do what any woman will do if she can-stay single unless she gets an offer from somebody she wants to marry for her own sake. I can't keep her from marrying a first-rate man if I leave nothing cur for a home, and I'm going

WHERE THE WHISKEY SHOWED

Colonel X. was a south Carolinian, whose capacity in pints was greater than and held them tight, and bent his head his ability in dollars. For years he had been in the daily habit of visiting the little village store and of going directly to ing a liberal portion without the preliminary of pouring it into a glass. One day the storekeeper turned just in time to see in some way become displaced, and the one which the colonel had calmly set GENUINE BOSTON BAKED BEANS back was the one which held the village supply of sulphuric acid. The colonel The baked beans and brown bread of | walked out of the store without remark mit that in the preparation of these None came and the storekeeper marveled

"Disagreed with me? Why, no. But

SOME TUNNELS. The Thames Tunnel begun sixty-Old and young, well-dressed and shabby ply of these simple vegetables from a one million two hundred and fifty thougay or serious, they climbed the slope of trustworthy farmer the difference in sand pounds; the subaqueous portion, however - about a mile - cost only one mustard. Mix this seasoning well with half miles long, cost only one hundred

sorbed, and you must then cover them cures Diarrhoa, regulates the Stomach and on COFFIN PLATES, SPOONS, etc., neatly in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINS LOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

> Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW! For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and

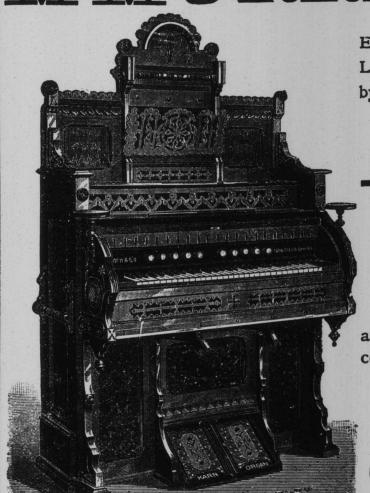
HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda. It is almost as palatable as milk. Far SCOTT'S EMULSION

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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST,

ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES, or any injurious materials. E. W. GILLETT, TORONTO, ONT. Man'f'r of the CELEBRATED BOYAL YEAST CAKES

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-ORGAN-

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At the metting of the Farmers' Convention held in this (it) during the rast winter, the resident in the course of his remarks said that the Seeds grown y the teele Brothers Co. of Toroute, were better ad pted to the soil and climate of New Brunswick

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