

POETRY.

THE LITTLE FEET.

Across the lonely chamber floor,
And down the passage, through the hall,
The little feet resound no more!

SELECT STORY.

THE SILVER SHOON.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTINUED.

At that time a move was made in the direction of the hall room, which had been arranged to look like a fairy bower with delicate, lot-blossom flowers and ferns.

As she stood on the threshold, Nora came face to face with Lord Randall, and he laid a detaining hand on her arm.

"I have been seeking you; it is not fair to let you overtake yourself. Come with me into the conservatory; we shall be free from intrusion there."

Nora hesitated. The terrible words Ramon had uttered, not long since, rang unpleasantly in her ears, and she shrank timidly from the man whose name had been so freely linked with her own.

"I think I had better go with the others, they might wait me."
"Nonsense!" he answered curly "you have done enough for one evening, you are coming with me to-night."

It was cool in the conservatory, the softly-falling fountains, and tall green plants, giving it an appearance of extreme freshness.

As Nora sank down on one of the velvet couches, Lord Randall took his place beside her, and gazed at her for some time in deep silence, when a heavy sigh broke from him—a sound which roused her from her reverie.

Nora was standing close to a flight of marble steps leading down into the garden. The silvery moonlight fell in one straight line across them, leaving the wide balcony in comparative darkness.

"You have ruined my life, but you shall not live to glory in your sin," she hissed, and a low, hysterical laugh broke from her parched lips.

Before Nora could quite realize who it was that held her so cruelly and muttered such strange mad words in her ears, she felt herself being forcibly pushed forward so forcibly, that in her bewilderment she had no time to grasp the broad balustrade, but fell headlong down the marble steps.

"I mean it Inez, Nora is not dead. Now, if you feel strong enough, I will tell you all—the truth you should have known long ago."

Then Lord Randall told her the brief, painful story of his youth, that early marriage which had been brought to such a sudden close; the baby girl he had deserted and been unable to trace after the death of the Harst's when he would have claimed her; explained how he had found her after many years, grown into womanhood, the very counterpart of her sweet, young mother.

"Omend can you ever forgive me for my base suspicions?" she asked, when he had finished, in a low, shamed tone.
"Can you forgive me all?"
"Mine alone was the fault."

"What does it matter. She was cruelly false, not fit to live. I am glad she is dead, glad mine were the hands to rob her of her life, as she robbed me of your love."

"You are mad! Leave me—and you are still my wife."
"Be sure you will not give vent to the bitter rage his words had roused within her, a man's form hastily stepped between her and her husband, and Roger, his face almost as white as that of his betrothed, snatched Nora passionately from Lord Randall's grasp."

"You have killed her between you!" he cried, huskily. "Heavens, what does it mean?"
"CAN nothing be done? Surely there is life in her, her heart must beat, although you will not own it," said Roger, in a perfect abandonment of wild despair, as he bent over the couch where his darling lay.

ful form, and deep, heart-broken sighs escaped her. Presently a firm hand was laid on her shoulder, a touch that made her suddenly grow still and frightened.

"Inez,"
"Except for an involuntary shiver, she looked no more like a woman than a doll. "Inez," Omend again repeated. "Have you nothing to say—no question to ask about the welfare of that poor child?"

"If I could give my life for hers, I would gladly do so. But what is the use of regret? She is dead, and I must forever bear the burden of a crime on my soul! Oh, Heaven! why did you not stay my hand, send better thoughts to my maddened mind?"

"Omend drew closer to her.
" My poor Inez! Suppose, after all, she was not dead, only unconscious? A wild hope sprang up in her heart.
" Do you mean it—oh, you are not trifling with me? For my boy's sake, tell me I have not this fearful sin upon my soul!"

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softly. "Ah! Roger, you can never know the happiness which fills my heart when I think of all I have gained this year—such dear, tender friends and such a beautiful love!"

"My own darling, your joy cannot equal mine. When I think how nearly I had lost you, a deep thankfulness is added to my love, making it doubly strong."

When Nora lifted her eyes, Roger saw that they were full of tears, but they were swiftly dried by his passionate kisses. There was no cloud, only a pure, radiant glow, on the face he so lovingly caressed.

How could she let the memory of that one trouble, sudden her when such a golden future lay in long, unbroken bliss before her?

THE END.
A City of the Stone Age Brought to Light with its Painted Idols.

A buried city has just been discovered in Guatemala upon the estate of Don Manuel J. Alvarez, at the foot of Volcan de Agua, about a mile and a half to the eastward of the present village of Santiago de los Caballeros.

On several occasions the proprietor had noticed articles having a strong resemblance to the domestic utensils of the North American Indians at the period of the discovery of the New World. He finally decided on an excavation and at a depth of from two to five metres unearthed a number of interesting articles, such as domestic utensils, fatens, vessels, engraved and brightly painted glasses, vases and kitchen pots, all in good preservation.

Also axes, hammers, swords, knives and lance heads; in fact, the whole series of weapons in use in pre-Columbian times was fully represented.

Along with these were a great number of painted clay idols, fine pearls, turquoise and other precious stones. Among the latter was one of a magnificent green color, called by the natives chaichiviti and worn only by princes. One of the glasses was ornamented with symbols and hieroglyphic inscriptions in brilliant colors.

SCHLEIFER'S MERRY FUNERAL.
He Made the Arrangements Himself—Rumor of Two Widows.

The funeral of Henry Schleifer of New York, which occurred on Thursday, was an occasion of joy rather than of mourning for most of the people who attended. Schleifer was the owner of the tenement in which he died early on Tuesday morning.

On Monday afternoon when he felt that his end was near he began to make preparations for his funeral. He was anxious that it should be conducted in accordance with his own ideas. He wanted it to be such as he himself would enjoy if it were possible to be present.

Before his death Schleifer gave orders that all the tenants of his house should be invited to attend his interment in Greenwood. No expense was to be spared in ordering carriages. If any one else on the block cared to go Schleifer was willing that he should do so.

Arrangements were also made for serving the funeral party with refreshments after the interment. The funeral took place on Thursday afternoon. Eighteen carriages filled with men, women and children left the dead man's house about 2 o'clock. Some had never even seen Schleifer, but they availed themselves of the general invitation.

On the return from the cemetery a stop was made at the hotel of Otto Vetz, at Fifth avenue and Twenty-fourth street, South Brooklyn. Here the party ate, drank and were merry, at Schleifer's ante-mortem invitation. The bills were all paid by Schleifer's executor.

Schleifer was eccentric in some ways, and no one seems to know much about his relatives. The neighbors say he died without making a will, and that two women, one living in Harlem, and one in Brooklyn, say they were married to him. Neither had lived with Schleifer for several years.

OLD SUPERSTITIONS.
Old superstitions respecting the wedding garments thus:
Married in white,
You have chosen all right;
Married in grey,
You will go far away;
Married in black,
You will wish yourself back;
Married in red,
You will wish yourself dead;
Married in green,
Ashamed the fellow;
Married in blue,
You will be true;
Married in pink,
You will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow,
Ashamed the fellow;
Married in brown,
You will live out of town;
Married in pink,
Your spirits will sink.

Read the following testimonial of Mrs. Bernard McGuire, Peterborough, Queens county, N. B. She says: I am glad to testify to the great benefit I received from Hawker's Tonic and Pills. At the time I began to take them my system was completely run down. I had no appetite. My nerves had got in such a state that the least noise startled me. I was also troubled at times with very severe pains in my side, and in constant torture from neuralgia of the head and face, as well as other troubles. For some time I had been better, but my medicine did me no good. Nor did patent medicines that I tried, until I was advised to get Hawker's Tonic and Pills and I can truly say that as soon as I began to take them I began to get better. It is now over a year, and I have been better ever since. I can truly say the best I have ever used. Mrs. BERNARD MCGUIRE.

BRONCHITIS
ACUTE or CHRONIC,
Can be cured by the use of
SCOTT'S EMULSION
of pure Cod Liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. A feeble stomach takes kindly to it, and its continued use adds flesh, and makes one feel strong and well.

NEW DRUG STORE,
2 DOORS BELOW PEOPLES BANK,
QUEEN ST. FREDERICTON.

Having severed my connection with the firm of DAVIS STAPLES & CO., I have opened up business on my own account, in the store formerly occupied by the CANADIAN Express Company, two doors below People's Bank.

With my experience of twenty-one years in the Drug Business and being manager of the business of the late firm for thirteen years, I feel with every confidence that I can fully meet the requirements of my friends and the public generally.

MIXED PAINTS
J. B. T. has received several cases Ready Mixed Paints, all of the popular colors in one and two pound cans, quarts, half and one gallon tins. They are easily applied and dry quickly. Very handy for house keepers who have painting to do. Call and get one of our sample cards. For sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

LOST OR FAILING MANHOOD,
General and Nervous Debility,
Read the following testimonial of Mrs. Bernard McGuire, Peterborough, Queens county, N. B. She says: I am glad to testify to the great benefit I received from Hawker's Tonic and Pills. At the time I began to take them my system was completely run down. I had no appetite. My nerves had got in such a state that the least noise startled me. I was also troubled at times with very severe pains in my side, and in constant torture from neuralgia of the head and face, as well as other troubles. For some time I had been better, but my medicine did me no good. Nor did patent medicines that I tried, until I was advised to get Hawker's Tonic and Pills and I can truly say that as soon as I began to take them I began to get better. It is now over a year, and I have been better ever since. I can truly say the best I have ever used. Mrs. BERNARD MCGUIRE.

ARE YOU DEAF?
Or do you suffer from noise in the head. Then send your address and I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure which cost comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deafness and the ear. Address: Prof. G. Chase, Orilla, Ont.—13.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS
Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children, while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no milder and so sure a remedy. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and soothes the Sore Gums, and gives tone and energy to the whole system.

Testing His Honesty.
Your druggist is honest if when you ask him for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion he gives you just what you ask for. He knows this is the best form in which to take Cod Liver Oil.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE,
196 Queen Street.

5 GROSS HIRE'S ROOT BEER Daily expected.
Just Received:
LACTATED FOOD,
MELLIN'S FOOD,
BUTTER COLOR,
DIAMOND DYES.

JOHN M. WILEY, Druggist.
R. C. MACREDIE,
Plumber, Gas Fitter,
AND
TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has removed business on Queen Street,
OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,
where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including
ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL

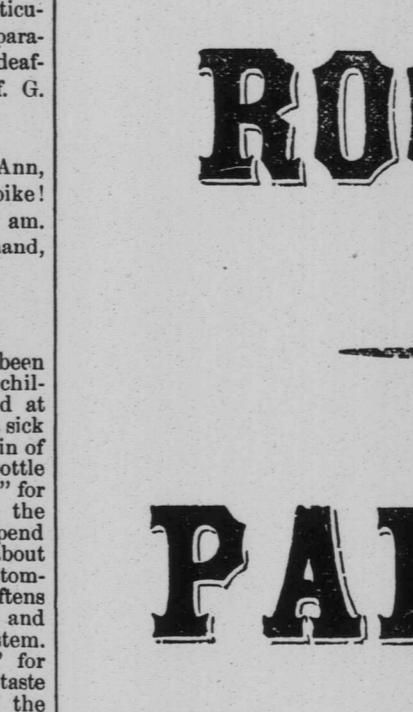
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It is
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That Our
PAPER ENVELOPES
are the Best for the Price,
—you can get.
For QUALITY and VALUE.

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THEN BUY YOUR
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AT
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Farm for Sale.
THE subscriber's Farm at St. Mary's, near the Railway Station, containing 300 acres, 100 of which are under cultivation. There are two houses, barns and outbuildings on the premises, all in good repair. For further particulars apply to JOHN A. EDWARDS, Queen

BICYCLES
We have several Bicycles on hand from last year which we will sell at a bargain to anyone in want of an Easy Rider. We prefer having some other goods, and are sending of goods in Harvey's Settlement, who is now living happily with his new bicycle, a convincing proof of the wisdom of the old injunction, "If at five you don't succeed, try, try again." Now this is our last try, and if not sold this month, we will either give them off or send them to Newfoundland. Come early and get a bargain. R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

McMURRAY & Co.
Have Just Received
A CAR LOAD
—OF—
WALL PAPERS,
And are now prepared to show the largest stock of Wall Paper in the city, in
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AND
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Makes.
CALL and SEE the GOODS.

Also a lot of
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Which will be sold Low, to make room for New Goods.
P. S. Expected daily a Large Stock of INGRAIN paper with BORDERS to match.
Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines in Great Variety at the Lowest Prices. No Agents.
McMurray & Co.



THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE

McMURRAY & Co.
Have Just Received
A CAR LOAD
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And are now prepared to show the largest stock of Wall Paper in the city, in
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AND
American
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