MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

MAIWA'S REVENGE

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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[CONTINUED.]

"Without answering her I continued to stare at the leaf. It had been scratched, or rather written upon, with something sharp, such as a nail, and wherever this instrument had touched it the acid juice oozing through the outer skin had turned a rusty blood color. Presently I found the beginning of the scrawl, and read this, written in English, and covering the surface of the leaf and of two others that were in the basket:

"'I hear that a white man is hunting in the Matuku country. This is to warn him to fly over the mountain to Nala. Wambe sends an Impi at daybreak to eat him up because he has hunted before bringing hoago. For God's sake, whoever you are, try to help me! I have been the slave of this devil Wambe for nearly seven years, and am beaten and tortured continually. He murdered all the rest of us, but kept me because I could work iron. Maiwa, his wife, takes this; she is flying to Nala, her father, because Wambe killed her child. Try and get Nala to attack Wambe. Maiwa can guide them over the mountain. You won't come for nothing, for the stockade of Wambe's private kraal is made of elephants' tusks. For God's sake don't desert me, or I shall kill myself! I can bear this no longer.

"'JOHN EVERY.'

"'Great heavens!' I gasped. 'Every—why, it must be my old friend.' The girl, or rather the woman, Maiwa, pointed to the other side of the leaf where there was some more writing. It ran thus: 'I have just heard that the white man is called Macumazahn. If so, it must be my old friend Quatermain. Pray God it is, for I know he won't desert an old chum in such a fix as I am. It isn't that I'm afraid of dying; I don't care if I die; but I want to get a chance at Wambe first.'

"'No, old boy,' thought I to myself, 'it isn't likely that I am going to leave you there while there is a chance of getting you out. I have played fox before now—there's still a double or two left in me. I must make a plan, that's all. And then there's that stockade of tusks. I am not going to leave that either.' Then I spoke to the woman.

"'You are called Maiwa.'

"'It is so.'

"'You are the daughter of Nala and the wife of Wambe.'

"'It is so.'

"'You fly from Wambe to Nala.'

"'I do.'

"'Why do you fly? Stay, I would give an order,' and, calling to Gobo, I ordered him to get the men ready for instant departure. The woman, who, as I have said, was quite young and very handsome, put her hand into a kind of little pouch made of antelope hide which she wore fastened round the waist, and to my horror drew from it the withered and of a child which had evidently been carefully dried in the smoke.

"'I fly for this cause,' she answered, holding the poor little hand towards me. 'See now, I bore a child. Wambe was its father, and for eighteen months the child lived, and I loved it. But Wambe loves not his children; he kills them all; he fears lest they should grow up to slay one so wicked; and he would have killed this child also, but I begged its life. One day some soldiers passing the hut saw the child and saluted him, calling him the "chief who soon shall be." Wambe heard and was mad. He smote the babe, and it wept. Then he said that it should weep for good cause. Among the things that he had stolen from the white men whom he slew is a trap that will hold lions. So strong is the trap that four men must stand on it, two on either side, before it can be opened.'"

Here old Quatermain broke off suddenly. "Look here, you fellows," he said, "I can't bear to go on with this part of the story, because I never could stand either seeing or talking of the sufferings of children. You can guess what that devil did and what the poor mother was forced to witness. Would you believe it, she told me the tale without a tremor, in the most matter of fact way. Only I noticed that her eyelid quivered all the time.

"'Well,' I said, as unconcernedly as though I had been talking of the death of a lamb, though inwardly I was sick with horror and boiling with rage, 'and what do you mean to do about the matter, Maiwa, wife of Wambe?'

"'I mean to do this, white man,' she answered, drawing herself up to her full height and speaking in tones as hard as steel and as cool as ice. 'I mean to work and work and work, to bring this to pass, and to bring that to pass, until at length it comes to pass that with these living eyes I behold Wambe dying the death that he gave to his child and my child.'

"'Well said,' I answered.

"'Ay, well said, Macumazahn; well said, and not easily forgotten. Who could forget? See where this dead hand rests against my side; so once it rested when alive. And now, though it is dead, now every night it creeps from its nest, and strokes my hair, and clasps my fingers in its tiny palm. Every night it does this, fearing lest I should forget. Oh, my child! my child! ten days ago I held thee to my breast, and now this alone remains of thee!' and she kissed the dead hand and shivered, but never a tear did she weep. 'See now,' she went on, 'the white man, the prisoner at Wambe's kraal, he was kind to me. He loved the child that is dead; yes, he wept when its father slew it, and at the risk of his own life told Wambe, my husband—ah yes, my husband!—that which he is! He, too, it was who made a plan. He said to me, "Go, Maiwa, after the custom of thy people, go purify thyself in the bush alone, having touched a dead one. Say to Wambe thou goest to purify thyself alone for fifteen days, according to the custom of the people. Then fly to thy father Nala, and stir him up to war against Wambe for the sake of the child that is dead." This then he said, and his words seemed good to me, and that same night ere I left to purify myself came news that a white man hunted in the country, and Wambe, being mad with drink, grew very wrath, and gave orders that an Impi should be gathered to slay the white man and his people and seize his goods. Then did the "Smiter of Iron" [Every] write the message on the green leaves, and bid me seek thee out and show forth the matter, that thou mightest save thyself by flight; and behold, this thing have I done, Macumazahn, the hunter, the Slayer of Elephants.'

"'Ah,' I said, 'I thank thee. And how many men be there in the Impi of Wambe?'

"'A hundred of men and half a hundred.'

"'And where is the Impi?'

"'There to the north. It follows on thy spoor. I saw it pass yesterday, but myself I guessed that thou wouldst be higher to the mountain and came this way and found thee. To-morrow at the daybreak will the slayers be here.'

"'Very possibly,' I thought to myself; 'but they won't find Macumazan. I have half a mind to put some strychnine into the carcasses of those elephants for their especial benefit, though. I knew that they would stop to eat the elephants, as indeed they did, to our great gain, but I abandoned the idea of poisoning them, because I was rather short of strychnine.'

"'Or because you did not like to play the trick, Quatermain,' I suggested, with a laugh.

"I said because I had not enough of strychnine. It would take a great deal of strychnine to effectually poison three elephants," answered the old gentleman, testily.

I said nothing further, but I smiled, knowing that old Allan could never have resorted to such an artifice, however severe his strait. But that was his way; he always made himself out to be a most unmerciful person.

"'Well,' he went on, "at that moment Gobo came up and announced that we were ready to march. 'I am glad that you are ready,' I said; 'because if you don't march, and march quick, you will never march again, that is all.' Wambe has an Impi out to kill us, and it will be here presently.'

"'Gobo turned positively green, and his knees knocked together. 'Ah, what did I say?' he exclaimed. 'Fate walks about loose in Wambe's country.'

"'Very good; now all you have got to do is to walk a little quicker than he does. No, no; you don't leave those elephant tusks behind. I am not going to part with them, I can tell you.'

"Gobo said no more, but hastily directed the men to take up their loads, and then asked which way we were to run.

"'Ah,' I said to Maiwa, 'which way?'

"'There,' she answered, pointing towards the great mountain spur which towered up into the sky some forty miles away, separating the territories of Nala and Wambe. 'There, below that small peak, is one place where men may pass, and one only. Also, it can easily be blocked from above. If men pass not there, then they must go round the great peak of the mountain two days' journey and half a day.'

"'And how far is the peak from us?'

"'All to-night shall you walk and all to-morrow, and if you walk fast, at sunset shall you stand on the peak.'

"I whistled, for that meant a five-and-forty miles' trudge without sleep. Then I called to the men to take each of them as much cooked elephant's meat as he could conveniently carry. I did the same myself, and forced the woman Maiwa to eat some as we went. This I did with difficulty, for as that time she seemed neither to sleep, nor eat, nor rest, so fiercely was she set on vengeance.

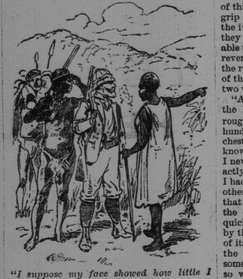
"Then we started, Maiwa guiding us. After going some half hour over gradually rising ground we found ourselves on the farther edge of a great bush clad depression, something like the bottom of a lake. This depression through which we had been traveling was to a very great extent covered with bush; indeed, almost altogether so, except where it was pitted with glades such as that wherein I had shot the elephants.

"At the top of this slope Maiwa halted, and, putting her hand over her eyes, looked back. Presently she touched me on the arm and pointed over the sea of forest toward a comparatively vacant space of country some six or seven miles away. I looked, and suddenly I saw something flash in the red rays of the setting sun. A pause, and then another quick flash.

"'What is it?' I asked.

"'It is the spears of Wambe's Impi, and they travel fast,' she answered, coolly.

"'I suppose my face showed how little I liked the news,' he went on:



"I suppose my face showed how little I liked the news."

"'Fear not; they will stay to feast upon the elephants, and while they feast we shall journey. We may yet escape.'

"'After that we turned and pushed on again, till at length it grew so dark that we had to wait for the rising of the moon, which lost us time, though it gave us rest. Fortunately, none of the men had seen that ominous flashing of the spears; if they had, I doubt if I could have kept control of them. As it was, they traveled faster than I had ever known loaded natives go before, so thorough paced was their desire to see the last of Wambe's country. I, however, took the precaution to march last of all, fearing lest they should throw away their loads to lighten themselves, or, worse still, the tusks, for these kind of fellows would be capable of throwing anything away if their own skins were at stake. If the pious Æneas, whose story you were reading to me the other night, had been a mongrel Delagoa bay native, Anchises would have had a poor chance of getting out of Troy, that is, if he was already known to have made a satisfactory exit.

"At the moonrise we started on again, and, with short occasional halts traveled till dawn, when we were forced to rest and eat. Starting once more, about half past 5, we crossed the river at noon. Then began the long, toilsome ascent through thick bush, the same in which I shot the bull buffalo, only some twenty miles to the west of the spot, and not more than twenty-five miles on the hither side of Wambe's kraal. There were six or seven miles of this dense bush, and hard work it was to get through it. Next came a belt of scattered forest, which was easier to pass, though in revenge the ground was steeper. This was about two miles wide, and we passed it by about 4 in the afternoon. Above this scattered bush lay a long, steep slope of bowlder strewn ground, which ran up to the foot of the little peak some three miles away. As footsore and weary we emerged on to this inhospitable plain, some of the men, looking round, caught sight of the spears of Wambe's Impi coming rapidly along not more than a mile behind us.

"At first there was a panic, and the bearers tried to throw off their loads and run, but I harangued them, calling out to them that I would certainly shoot the first man who did so, and that if they would but trust in me I would bring them through the mess. Now ever since I had killed those three elephants single handed I had gained great influence over these men, and they listened to me. So off we went as hard as ever we could go; the members of the Alpine club would not have been in it with us. We made the bowlders burn, as a Frenchman would say. When we had done about a mile, the spears began to emerge from the belt of scattered bush, and the whoop of their bearers as they viewed us broke upon our ears. Quick as our pace had been before, it grew much quicker now, for terror lent wings to my gallant crew. But they were sorely tired, and the loads were heavy, so that run, or rather climb, as we would, Wambe's soldiers, a scrubby looking lot of men with big spears, small shields, but without plumes, climbed considerably faster. The last mile of that pleasing chase was like a fox hunt, we being the fox, and always in view. What astonished me was the extraordinary endurance and activity shown by Maiwa. She never even flagged. I think that her girl's muscles must have been made of iron, or perhaps it was the strength of her will that supported her. At any rate she reached the foot of the peak second, poor Gobo, who was an excellent hand at running away, being first.

"Presently I came panting up, and glanced at the ascent. Before us was a wall of rock about one hundred and fifty feet in height, upon which the strata was so laid as to form a series of projections sufficiently resembling steps to make the ascent, comparatively speaking, easy, except at one spot, where it was necessary to climb over a projecting angle of cliff and bear a little to the left. It was not a really difficult place, but what made it awkward was that immediately beneath this projection was a deep fissure or donga, on the brink of which we now stood, originally dug out, no doubt, by the rush of water from the peak and cliff. This gulf beneath would, at the critical point, be trying to the nerves of a weak headed climber, and so it proved in the result. After the projecting angle was passed the remainder of the ascent was very simple. At the summit, however, the brow of the cliff hung over, and was pierced by a single narrow path cut through it by water in such fashion that a single bowlder rolled into it at the top would make the cliff quite impassable to people without ropes.

"Wambe's soldiers were at this moment about a thousand yards from us, so it was evident that we had no time to lose. I at once ordered the men to commence the ascent, the girl Maiwa, who was familiar with the pass, going first to show them the way. Accordingly they began to mount with alacrity, pushing and lifting their loads in front of them. When the first of them, led by Maiwa, reached the projecting angle, they put down their loads upon a ledge of rock and clambered over. Once up, by going on their stomachs on a bowlder they could reach the loads which were held up to them by the men beneath, and in this way drag them up over the awkward place, whence they were easily carried to the top. But all of this took time, and meanwhile the soldiers were coming up fast, screaming and brandishing their big spears. They were now within about four hundred yards, and several loads, together with all the tusks, had yet to be got over the rock. I was still standing at the bottom of the cliff, shouting out directions to the men above, but it occurred to me that it would soon be time to move. Before doing so, however, I thought that it might be well to try and produce a moral effect upon the advancing enemy. In my hand I held a Winchester repeating carbine, but the distance was too great for me to use it with effect, so I turned to Gobo, who was shivering with terror at my side, and, handing him the carbine, took from him my express. The enemy was now about 350 yards away and the express was only sighted to 300. Still I knew that it could be trusted for the extra fifty yards. Running in front of Wambe's soldiers were two men—captains, I suppose—one of them very tall. I put up the 300 yard flap, and, sitting down with my back against the rock, I drew a long breath to steady myself and covered the tall man, giving him full a sight. Feeling that I was on him I pulled, and before the sound of the striking bullet could reach my ears I saw the man throw up his arms and pitch forward on to his head. His companion stopped dead, giving me a fair chance. I rapidly covered him and fired the left barrel. He turned round once and then sank down in a heap.

"This caused the enemy to hesitate; they had never seen men killed at such a distance before, and thought that there was something uncanny about the performance. Taking advantage of the lull, I gave the express back to Gobo, and, slinging the Winchester repeater over my back, I began to climb the cliff. When we reached the projecting angle all the loads were over, but the tusks still had to be passed up, and this, owing to their weight and the smoothness of their surface, was a very difficult task. Of course I ought to have abandoned the tusks; often and often have I since reproached myself for not doing so. Indeed, I think that my obstinacy about them was downright sinful, but I always was obstinate about things, and I could not bear the idea of leaving those splendid tusks which had cost me so much pains and danger to come by. Well, it nearly cost me my life also, and did cost poor Gobo his, as will shortly be seen, to say nothing of the loss inflicted by my rifle on the enemy. When I reached the projection I found that the men were trying, with their usual stupidity, to hand up the tusks point first. Now the result of this was that those above had nothing to grip except the round, polished surface of the ivory, and this, in the position in which they were, did not give sufficient hold to enable them to lift the weight. I told them to reverse the tusks and push them up, so that the rough and hollow ends came to the hands of the men above. This they did, and the first two were got up in safety.

"At this point, looking behind me, I saw the Matukus streaming up the slope in a rough extended order, and not more than a hundred yards away. Cocking the Winchester, I opened fire on them. I don't quite know how many I missed, but I do know that I never shot better in my life. It was exactly like pheasant shooting at a hot corner. I had to keep shifting myself from one to the other, firing almost without getting a sight—that is, by the eye alone, after the fashion of the experts who break glass balls. But, quick as the work was, men fell thick, and by the time that I had emptied the carbine of its twelve cartridges the advance was for the moment checked. I rapidly pushed in some more cartridges, and hardly had I done so when the enemy, seeing that we were about to escape them altogether, came on once more with a tremendous yell. By this time the two halves of the single tusk of the great bull alone remained to be passed up. I fired, and fired as effectively as before, but notwithstanding all that I could do some men escaped my hail of bullets and began to ascend the cliff. Presently my rifle was again empty. I slung it over my back and, drawing my revolver, turned to make a bolt of it, the attackers being now quite close. As I did so a spear struck the cliff close to my head. The last half of the tusk was now vanishing over the rock, and I sung out to Gobo and the other man who had been pushing it up to vanish after it. Gobo, poor fellow, required no second invitation; indeed, his haste was his undoing. He went at the projecting rock with a bound. The end of the tusk was still projecting over, and instead of grasping the rock he caught at it. It twisted in his hand; he slipped, he fell. With one wild shriek he vanished into the abyss beneath, his falling body brushing me as it passed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Turning Out to the Left.

There is a new fashion in park driving which will cause trouble if it is persisted in. A large number of coach and saddle horses have been imported from England within a few years. Many of the imported horses are kept in New York and are now driven by their owners in the daily park parades. The young men who have not English born horses try to get their own horses up in imitation of scattered forest, with clipped manes, docked tails, and English harness. Young men who drive dog carts take especial pride in having their horses, carts and men as English as importation or imitation can make them.

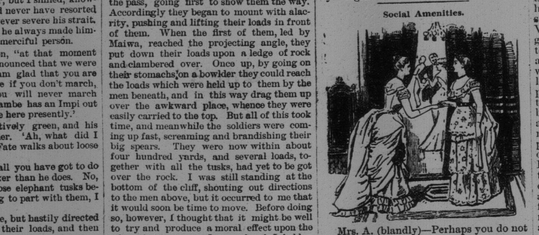
Some bright young man has discovered the way to tell the real English article from the imitation, and other young men are taking advantage of his discovery as fast as they learn it, though the knowledge has not become general yet. Horses have habits as much as human beings that has been used to doing things in a certain way in his youth wants to pursue it when he grows up. In England drivers turn to the left in passing instead of to the right, as in this country. As an American bred horse instinctively turns to the right an English horse turns to the left. Some young man noticed this and told his friends. It is now the correct thing for a young man with an English horse in driving to pass his friends on the left.

When other young men who haven't English horses learn this they may try to turn their horses to the left, too. It will not be easy, for many American horses will resent being forced to adopt English customs. It will not be a safe thing to attempt unless there is an understanding between both drivers. If you see two young men struggling to pass on the left when their horses want to go on the right, you may know that they are not ignorant of the law of the road, but that they want to be as fashionable as other young men with real English horses.—New York Sun.

Anybody Can Do That.

The wise people who tell you how to improve your memory! Here is one who says you must think of "Washington." Then think of the first word which that heathenly suggests, which may be "capitol" or "president." Then forget Washington and think of a word suggested by the second, and so on and so on until you have thought of a hundred words. Grand scheme, isn't it? Has a taking sound to it, although how that sort of a nightmare is going to help a fellow to remember "two spools of silk twist, contrasting shades of pale green and rich quarzon, a sponge for the bath room, half a dozen buttons like this, a piece of dress braid, Robbie's shoes, shade for the parlor lamp, box of laundry soap, man says he wants some harness oil, and don't forget to call on the—there's your train urunn"—is more than a man with a short memory can just exactly understand. However, we suppose a man who could remember Washington and a hundred other things by simply forgetting one as soon as he thought of another could remember anything.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Social Amenities.



Mrs. A. (blandly)—Perhaps you do not remember me, my dear, but your aunt was my music teacher.

Mrs. B. (sweetly)—Ah, indeed; I was so young at the time; but I do remember having heard her speak of your father, the boss brewer, was he not?—Harper's Bazar.

ONCE A NIHILIST.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER IN THE ASYLUM AT STEGLITZ.

He Was Drawn to Assassinate the Czar, but Refused to Do the Deed—Vengeance of His Old Comrades—A Devoted Sweetheart and Wife.

In the blind asylum at Steglitz, a short distance from Berlin, there lives a man who until recently was as mysterious a personage as the famous "Man of the Iron Mask." Certain persons high in authority made application for apartments at the asylum which should be worthy of a wealthy occupant. He appeared a short time after, accompanied by a beautiful woman, who was addressed as his wife. The man was tall and well made, and dressed in the height of fashion, with hands that betokened gentility of birth. The woman was young and aristocratic in looks and bearing. About the face of the man was a linen mask, with an opening opposite the mouth and nostrils, which was never removed in the presence of attendants. He sat in a dark room, to which the servants were rarely admitted, and conversed with few. His food was given to his wife, and the inmates of the asylum knew nothing of their name and history further than the fact that they were from Russia.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

Rumors were rife, as was natural, and many ingenious stories constructed to account for the strange imprisonment. But the mystery has at last been solved, and the "Man of the linen mask" proved to be the hero of a strange and touching tale.

A year before the death of the late Czar of Russia, although in the station of a high and mighty family, the young nobleman, like so many of his class, became interested in the trials and hopes of the Nihilists. Time and association made him one of their ardent sympathizers and assistants. When the murder of the Emperor was planned, unfortunately the execution of the dreadful deed fell to him. The news staggered him. His oath bound him to the Nihilists, his family ties to the czar. Thoughts of his people and the attendant disgrace influenced him and finally deterred him; he refused to commit the crime. A year passed by. Another revolutionist had thrown the bomb which he had declined to do, and Alexander was dead. He had forgotten almost that he had been a Nihilist; but not so those whom he had forsaken. Passing along one of the principal streets of St. Petersburg, when about to greet a lady upon the opposite side, something was dashed into his eyes, and in a moment the light of day had gone. His mouth was deformed, his cheeks burned and disfigured. It was the work of a Nihilist, before whose modern inquisition he had been found wanting; vitriol had performed the work. Mad with pain, he was taken to his home, but the injury was beyond reparation, and the doctor's aid in vain.

A WOMAN'S HEROISM.

The government had confiscated his estates upon learning of his revolutionary sympathies, but restored them in part when informed of the fate which had overtaken him. The mask was placed upon his face, for he was unpleasant to look upon.

But the heroism of one woman was shown—the heroism of his fiance. She was a countess and the daughter of a house as famous and powerful in Russia as was his own. She was heartbroken when told of the fiendish act, and the meeting between the lovers was touching in the extreme. With sorrowful heart, he offered to break the engagement and make her free again. But the brave woman refused, and declared that she would remain with him till death took her away. And they were married in the little church on the old estate, attended by their relatives and friends. And on their wedding day they started for the blind asylum in Steglitz, where they had hopes of restoring the poor man's sight. And here his wife attends him with unfailing devotion and prays for the day when the afflicted nobleman can again look upon her face.—Cor. New York Tribune.

She Knew Where It Belonged.

"Hi you, Jonas, quit yo' hangin' wid yo' head down. Fus ting yo' know de blood'll all run in yo' head an' gib yo' digestion ob de brain."

"Waal, standin' on my feet won't de blood run in dem?"

"Yass, yo' niggah; but deah's whah it belongs."—Harper's Bazar.

A Diphtheria Scare.

There is no doubt but that diphtheria in its worst form is very prevalent in many cities and small towns. At the same time that fact is no reason for frightening people out of their wits, with every new case of sore throat. Even ulcerated sore throat is bad enough, and no person would have that for fun; yet hundreds of persons are said to have had diphtheria who only had a severe sore throat. The form of sore throat which often passes for diphtheretic is what old people call quinsy. "Putrid sore throat," known long before diphtheria was probably a form of diphtheretic and very dangerous. An old hospital nurse in Boston says "It ain't the clear cold of winter that lays people up with colds, catarrh, and sore throat and lays the children low with diphtheria; it's the soft, pleasant alternating with the wet slushy days." This is very true and explains why those troubles are so prevalent this unusally soft and rainy winter; the air in fact is laden with poisonous vapors. The first symptoms of true diphtheria are much like those of a heavy cold on the lungs. There is fever some stupor and difficulty in breathing. Very sharp pains are felt in the neck glands just below the ear. The tongue is coated the throat and tonsils inflamed, little white spots which increase and turn to a dirty yellow or brown color, next appear, and a peculiar odor totally unlike ulcerated sore throat is noticeable. If the disease is of the black or malignant type nothing but a miracle can restore the patients to their former good health. Very many reliable people claim to have cured severe cases of diphtheria with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Be that as it may it is worth trying because so easily used internally dropped on sugar or used as a gargle, and bathing for external use. We know from experience that it will cure a common sore throat in one night, and thousands of people claim that no remedy known will relieve colds, catarrh, bronchitis, croup etc., as promptly as the good old Johnson's Liniment. If it cures them why not diphtheria? It was an old family physician's prescription. I. Johnson & Co Boston will send free to any person an illustrated pamphlet about its use. Send them your name.

Reverence Yourself.

You are the brethren of Christ, the sons of God; the dignity of his image and likeness is upon you; the sign of his cross upon your brows. Your bodies are his holy temple, your hearts the altar on which he has kindled the fire of his love. You hear his word, you receive his sacraments. You are called by his high calling to be holy and pure. The glory of your adoption, the inestimable price paid for your redemption, the ennobling mystery of sanctification, have made you more sacred than a dedicated thing. There is nothing high, there is nothing noble, there is nothing god like to which you are not clearly summoned; for which you are not naturally fit. And shall you descend voluntarily into the defilement and pollution of sin? Nay, reverence yourselves, for you are greater than you know.—Farrar.

Common Croup.

Is often fatal when not remedied in time. Leslie B Nicholson, 19 Wellesley Ave., Toronto, says: 'As a quick cure for croup, colds, sore throat, chilblains, etc., I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil." It is a sure cure. Directions accompany each bottle.

A writer on aristocracy in the Halifax Echo says:—We may in future ages have a Marquis of Hants and a Duke of Lunenburg! We may also have an Emperor of Chezzetcook and a Czar of Musquodoboit. All the comfort that we of the nineteenth century can lay to our aching souls, is that we will not be alive to see it, and before these potentates are actual accomplished facts, the green grass will be waving above our quiet graves.

Partly Gave Up.

"In the year 1885 I coughed for six months, and having unsuccessfully tried many remedies, I partly gave up thinking I had the consumption. At last I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, less than one bottle of which cured me, leaving me as well as ever I was.' Henry W Carns, Wabash, Ont.

There is an Indian legend that about 180 years ago all the forests in Western Nova Scotia were razed by a hurricane. Whether true or not lumbermen cannot find any trees now standing of over that age. Last week an immense oak was felled on the property of Mr. M. Davis, of Shelburne Co. which was 34 feet diam, at the stump, and 22 inches diam, at 34 feet high. Rings showed 150 years growth. The wood, of superior quality, is for the shipyard of G. A. Cox.—[C. S. Advertiser.

A fact that all men with gray and many shaded whiskers should know, that Buckingham's Dye always colors an even brown or black at will.

The Fredericton Reporter desires to be enlightened; it asks: How much worse is the professional law-breaker than the professional lawyer who assists the professional law-breaker to break the laws and shares in its profits to the tune of a big retaining fee and $25 a day?

Remember that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal as a specific for colds, coughs, and all affections of the throat and lungs. For nearly half a century it has been in greater demand than any other remedy for pulmonary complaints. All druggists have it for sale.

A girl in the bloom of youth is generally a bud.

Avoid Appearances.—A worthy gentlemen having an unusually red nose was long suspected of being a tippler on the sly, by those not well acquainted with his strictly temperance habits. His unfortunate disfigurment was readily cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The hull of wrecked steamer Esme was sold at Blanche, Barrington, on Thursday last for $1, 300 the purchaser being Mr. McPatridge of Halifax. The materials, stores, etc., brought $384.

A Dreadful Doom

To be unable to satisfy hunger without being distressed by heartburn, indigestion, sick stomach, dizziness or faintness seems a dreadful doom. All who suffer thus will find prompt relief and permanent cure in Burdock Blood Bitters. B. B B. positively cures dyspepsia in anyform.

Moncton imports for February amounted to $87,370, as compared with $49,537 in February last year. The exports were $2,523 as compared with $2,012 in the same month last year and the customs collections $15,519 as compared with $17,748.

Nothing like It.

"I was troubled with liver complaint for a good many years, but was cured by one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters. I have never found any medicine to help me like B. B. B., in fact one bottle made a complete cure." W J West, Parkhill, Ont.

Mr. James Annand, formerly of Digby, N. S., but of late years residing in Boston, being the foreign buyer for several of the large dry goods houses, viz:—Jordan Marsh & Co., R. H. White & Co., Brown Wood & Kingman, and other N. Y. houses, was found dead at Gerlach Flats, West twenty-seventh street, New York, on the 14th ult.

Health Falling Fast.

I was swollen from head to foot from dropsy of six months standing, and my health was failing fast but after taking one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, I am quite well and think there is no medicine equal to B. B. B. and to it I remained a true friend." Joseph Herrick Linwood, Ont.

On Thursday one of the oldest landmarks of Annapolis passed quietly away. We refer to Georgina Maria Tobias, widow of the late T. D. Tobias, and daughter of the late George Henkel, Surgeon of her Majesty's forces, in the eighty-third year of his age.

A High Valuation

"If there was only one bottle of Hagyards Yellow Oil in Manitoba, I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Grant of Monteith, Manitoba, afthr having used it for a severe wound and for frozen fingers, with as he says, "astonishing good results."

The plant of the Springhill Independent has been sold to the Pioneer Co., of Campbellton, and W. E Gilmour, formerly publisher of the Independent has purchased the plant of the Springhill News, and proposes publishing semi weekly in that place.

Along the shore from Walton to Upper Selmah, N. S. the most profitable business is "Gum Picking." The gum is gathered, cleaned and exported to the United States, principally to Boston, where it is worth from eighty-five cents to a dollar and a quarter per lb. Some of the boys have made five and six dollars in a day this winter.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto

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All fore sale at lowest market prices.

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Smythe Street.

NOTICE.

Special Inducements are now offered by the well known CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL to all who are in want of First Class Goods.

SPECIAL SALE,

during the remainder of this month, and Very Low Prices.

ALL

my stock of Good Ready Made Clothing and Gents Furnishing Goods have been remarked and are now offered during this Special Sale at prices that are startling, and must be cleaned out to make room for New Spring Goods.

MENS,
YOUTHS,
BOYS,
and CHILDREN'S
Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters and Reefers,

And a fine assortment of

Gents Furnishing Goods.

I, also, have on hand one of the Finest Stocks of

Scotch and English Cloths

for Custom Work which will be made up to order very low, and perfect Fitting Garments Guaranteed.

Don't forget the Place,

City Market Clothing Hall,
51 Charlotte Street.

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JONAS' TRIPLE FLAVORING EXTRACTS HAVE NO EQUAL MONTREAL

GROCERS' SUNDRIES

ESSENTIAL OILS AND Flavoring Extracts

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ARTISTS' MATERIALS,
WINDOW GLASS,
VARNISHES, ETC.

A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S PILLS—Free from Mercury.

COCKLE'S PILLS—For Liver.

COCKLE'S PILLS—For Indigestion.

COCKLE'S PILLS—For Heartburn.

COCKLE'S PILLS—In use eighty-six years.

Sold by Druggists everywhere.

Wholesale by EVANS & SONS, Lim., Montreal.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,

Spring Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS —A— WEEK.

ON MONDAY, March 4th, the steamers of this Company will leave Saint John, MONDAY, and THURSDAY for Eastport, Portland and Boston at 8 a. m., local.

From March 12th to April 29th will leave Saint John, every TUESDAY and THURSDAY at 8 a. m.

And Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8.30 a. m., and Portland 5.30 p. m. same day, for Eastport and Saint John.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

(el. sun.

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

Tenders for a Bridge at the Grand Narrows, C. B.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Bridge," will be received until noon on Wednesday, the 6th March, 1889.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways, Ottawa, where forms of tender may be obtained on and after Wednesday, 20th February instant.

Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit equal to 5 per centum of the amount of the tender. This deposit may consist of cash or of an accepted bank cheque made payable to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and it will be forfeited if the person tendering neglects or refuses to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if after entering into a contract he fails to complete the work satisfactorily according to the plan, specification and contract.

If the tender is not accepted the deposit will be returned.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1889.

NOTICE.

The New Brunswick Coffin and Casket Factory, 157 and 159 Brussels St.,

keeps a large stock of Coffins and Caskets on hand to select from, also, I have lately added Children's Enameled White Caskets finely finished.

Price List on application.

W. WATSON.

P. S.—Sole manufacturer of the

Double Washboard.

We have been running extra time to supply the demand for this article.

W. W.

FREE! 1889 Sewing Machine to at once establish trade in all parts, 32 sewing our machines and goods where people can see them, we will ship boxes of goods to any person who will locally pay the freight upon the same, made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your house, and in 30 months all shall become your own property. The work on these machines is unsurpassed by any other patents which have to sell for $60 with the attachments, and now sells for $15.50. Best, strongest, most one machine in the world. All is fully warranted for 5 years. Illustrated catalogue with full instructions given. Those who write to us by return mail will learn of a business that will bring them home money every week, and the finest line of works of high art ever offered for a family book. ADDRESS TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine. FREE! FREE!

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Madam! See what 15 Cents will do! It will bring you a sample copy of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, which will tell you how to get the MOSKIN SACQUE, the SILK DRESS, the GOLD WATCH and COTTAGE ORGAN, and other valuables, without a dollar.

YOU CANNOT GET A BETTER

two dollars' worth of Magazine than by subscribing to "GODEY," THE BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE in America.

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