

POETRY.

"WHEN THE NIGHT IS FALLING."

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsmiling passers
blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou, who hast made me home of life so
pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;

O Hesper, ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade
and shine,

And kindly faces that my own uplifting
The love that answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;

No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abundant
ingraces,

I find myself, by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and
striving cease

And flows forever through heaven's green
expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing,
I faint would learn the new and holy song,

And find at last amid Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

SELECT STORY.

THE SECRET OF THE UPPERMOST DRAWER.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

"Is this Jonquil villa?"
"Yes, sir."

"Colonel Frackleton's place?"
"Colonel Frackleton's place what was, sir, but Lord love ye it don't no more belong to him nor to me, nor so much as was might say, for the deal can't take nothin' wid them and the colonel's in his grave two weeks come next Chuseday, may the Lord rest his soul."

And Peter, the gardener, having delivered himself of this oration, bent over the flower-bed and began hoeing around the crocuses, which, warmed by the April sun were just beginning to force their heads through the soil.

The person who had put the question—an elderly gentleman, handsomely dressed and of not undistinguished appearance—bowed a slight recognition to the old gardener's answer, and strode toward the door of Jonquil villa, one of the largest and most carefully kept of the many elegant private residences on the Fort Washington road as you pass from the more thickly settled portion of upper New York to the region lying around Spycorn Duvel creek.

It was—rather had been, according to Peter the philosophizing gardener,—the property of Colonel Nicholas Frackleton, an eccentric army officer of great wealth, who had retired from active service many years before.

Just at present it seemed to be the residence of the Rev. Curtis Montjoy, for such was the name of the person inquired for by the elderly visitor, as Susan, the trim housemaid, appeared at the door in answer to his ring.

"Mr. Montjoy is in the library, sir, expecting you. Will you walk right in?"

A young man, a smooth-shaven, hard-featured man, a man who chose to wear his hair parted in the middle when it would have become him better as a man to say nothing of his cloth—to have parted it at the side.

Such was the person who rose from the sofa upon the entrance of the elderly gentleman into the library and effusively grasped his visitor's hand.

"Mr. Claggett, I presume?"

"Old Claggett, the detective, at your service, sir. You have sent for me—what is your wish?"

"I sent for you, Mr. Claggett, to assist me in an important matter. Be seated, sir, and I will briefly explain."

Old Claggett accepted the proffered chair at the same time glancing carelessly about the room.

Handsome furniture, artistic pictures, bookshelves lined with expensively bound volumes and the usual et ceteras of a gentleman's library were what he saw.

Then his gaze wandered further it rested upon an antique mahogany escritoire, from which the top drawer had been removed and was lying upon the floor with a tin box beside it and bundles of papers tied with legal tape scattered about.

"You have been robbed, Mr. Montjoy? You wish my aid in detecting the thief?"

"Yes and no," replied the clergyman, in a cold effeminate voice. "Listen, my dear sir, and I will explain."

"I am the nephew of the late Col. Frackleton. Some years since my uncle executed a will bequeathing to me all his wealth. At his death I offered this will for probate in the usual manner and I now consider myself the heir to Jonquil Villa."

He paused and seemed at a loss for words.

"Well, sir?" said old Claggett.

"As I was about to say—"

He paused again.

"Has any one disputed your claim to this property?"

"Again I answer yes and no. My uncle had a son, a wild, harum-scarum fellow. Four years ago he showed him the door."

"Ah!"

"It is so, and he was right. George Frackleton was headstrong and disobedient. It was then that my uncle made the will in my favor, and there is no reason to believe that he made any other since."

"Then it is claimed that there is another?"

"Yes. Upon my uncle's death George Frackleton suddenly put in an appearance with the absurd claim that his father had written to him some weeks before his last illness begging him to return, and saying that he had made a new will leaving all to him. He could not, however, produce the letter, which he asserts was accidentally destroyed, nor does he pretend to know of the whereabouts of this alleged will."

"Well, what did you do?"

ments of great importance found missing each time. Last night was the third, and as you see things now so I found them upon my entrance to the library this morning. I left them undisturbed, that you might see them in the condition which I found them myself."

As Mr. Montjoy spoke he arose and walked toward the escritoire. Old Claggett following him, raised his eye-glass and bent over the drawer which lay upon the floor.

It was a scene of confusion. Some of the bundles of papers lay inside the drawer, others upon the floor, others still in the tin box which stood alongside.

"If George Frackleton is the thief," he thought, "he will surely repeat his visit to-night. I must admit that he appeared to be struck with my suggestion that the top drawer might contain a false bottom. Still that was natural enough, and for all I know may be the truth. I declare I seem to have become so possessed with the idea myself that I think I'll examine the drawer before I leave."

"In each instance the papers were stolen from it?"

"Of course the drawer was locked?"

"It was, sir; not only locked but the lock is one of peculiar construction to which I alone possess the key."

"Of course you suspect your cousin, Mr. Montjoy?"

"Frankly, I do."

"Have you accused him of it?"

"I have; he rejects the accusation with scorn."

"Have you searched the house for a later will?"

"No; why should I?"

"In the interest of justice."

"I have permitted my cousin to search wherever it pleased him, sir. Nay, more—I have aided him to the extent of my ability. To my mind the interest of justice requires nothing further than that."

"No; you are right. If you have done that you have done all that can be expected. Of course the assumption must be that George Frackleton has come here by night to search for his father's will."

"I so regard it; but does that give him the right to rob me?"

"Assuredly not. And your wish?"

"Is to place the case in your hands, Mr. Claggett. Handle it as best suits you. If you can catch the thief, no matter who he proves to be, arrest him, and I shall proceed against him to the full extent of the law."

"You suspect no one else?"

"There is no one else to suspect. You understand the case?"

"Certainly. Where does that door lead?"

"To a closet."

"Very good. Leave it unlocked to-night."

"It is always unlocked."

"So much the better. Leave the library window unfastened when you retire to-night."

"It shall be done. Have you other instructions?"

"No, only a request."

"And that is?"

"That I may be permitted to dine with you to-night, if convenient."

"It will afford me much pleasure to have your company. Ah! There is the dinner-bell now."

It was at the dinner-table of the reverend Curtis Montjoy that old Claggett met George Frackleton.

"Wild and headstrong this young man may be, but criminal never," was the conclusion to which the old detective instantly came.

Did George Frackleton suspect his true character?

From every appearance, he did not, and certainly never worr nor looked at the old detective with the reverence which the latter, in his confidential position, had earned.

Between the consins a cold politeness, an armed neutrality, appeared to be the order of the day.

Both were gentlemen, and being gentlemen, had declined to maintain rigid silence toward each other as less cultivated persons might have done.

It was hard to think of blue-eyed, frank-featured George Frackleton, with his honest face and open smile in the light of a thief and old Claggett, whose thoughts had turned in that direction at the outset, now found himself beginning to doubt.

He had been picked up, hours before he was saved, by the vessel whose light he had seen. The craft had passed close to the boat. She contrived to make her voice heard, and as the moon was then shining, she was finally seen by the sailors. The boat being half full of water, had turned over, bottom up, soon after she had tipped the tiller to get into the dingy which had been lowered for her. She then begged the men not to lose time by stopping to the heavy overturned boat to their schooner, but to get aboard as soon as possible and look for her lover.

Their search for him was in vain. They took Mary to land. She hired a conveyance, and she reached her father's house soon after midnight. Her excitement—her anguish at William's supposed loss—made her so ill that a doctor was sent for.

The news not long after, of her lover's safety probably benefited her more than did the medicine prescribed for her.

The affair ended to the satisfaction of all concerned when, a few weeks later, the lovers were united at the house of the bride's father.

Good Roger Bronson was there, and his presence to the bridegroom was a check for the promised ten thousand dollars.

The couple are happy, but they will not soon forget their perilous experience in their needless attempt at secret wedlock.

Young persons who would marry without the knowledge of their parents should remember that such a course is apt to be attended with more sorrow than pleasure, and, as in the case of Mary Graham and William Trueman, it is often "unnecessary."

SECRET MARRIAGE.

BY RUFUS HALL.

Mary Graham was a pretty girl of sixteen, and William Trueman, her lover, who was three years her senior, was a fine, manly fellow for his age. Their fathers were partners in a village hardware store, where William was employed as a clerk. Occasionally he was allowed a vacation, during which he would pass many pleasant hours with Miss Graham. She would accompany him, with a sister, on sailing excursions along the Delaware coast, in a boat owned by the young man.

His residence was situated near the sea shore, not far from Cape Henlopen. The hardware store was in a village half a mile back from the coast, and there also was Mary's home.

The lovers feared that Mary's father would force her to accept the attentions of a certain retired, wealthy old merchant named Roger Bronson, who sometimes called upon him. This Bronson was distantly related to William Trueman, the latter's mother having been his third cousin.

The lovers finally resolved, after talking over their prospects, that they would go off down the river in William's boat and get married without their parents' knowledge.

Therefore, as shown above, Mary had agreed "to be there" at six o'clock "on the morrow."

Timid and blushing, but none the less firm in her purpose, Mary came at the appointed time to approach.

William helped her into the boat; then he unrolled his sail, and away he went with his intended prize.

It was a dark and cloudy afternoon. As the two sailed on, a terrific gale suddenly burst upon them from the direction of the land, driving the boat from the coast.

The sail was torn and blown away before William could roll up his canvas and take down his mast. He could only keep the "box" steady, but he must eventually have perished in the raging waters had he not caught hold of the boat's mast, which had been swept from the craft by the torrent of water that had rushed over the gunwale when he fell into the ocean.

For a long time he clung to the spar, thinking more of Mary, however, than of himself.

Left alone in that drifting boat, she might, he feared, be unable to keep his head to the sea, although her position was such that she could easily work the tiller.

The "box" had gone down a little since the change of wind, but there was still danger of the boat being swamped unless it was carefully managed.

William kept his gaze upon the vessel's light which had previously been approaching. This now was moving along in another direction. It passed him at too great a distance for him to make himself heard by shouting.

Hours went by. The gale had abated, and the moon had for some time been shining from a cleared sky.

William noticed he was now drifting towards the coast.

He saw the sail of a fishing smack coming out from the cape in the distance. Standing alone, first on one tack and then on the other, it finally drew near enough for him to make himself heard by the crew.

He was picked up, and he persuaded the men to cruise in search of his boat.

It was found at last, turned bottom upward and empty.

"I thought so!" groaned the youth. "Mary is lost!"

Dawn was now come.

The fishermen took the young man to land. He hurried home, and frankly described what had happened to his father.

"I thought so!" groaned the youth. "I have you done!"

There was not the slightest necessity for your attempt to get married without the knowledge of Mr. Graham and myself. We know, or at least inferred, that you liked each other, although we were not sure that you were lovers.

"But we have often talked about you by ourselves, and said we hoped you and Mary would conclude to marry each other."

"I will also now tell you a secret. Roger Bronson, your accented old relative, liked Mary so well—had so high an opinion of her—that he, too, hoped you would choose her in preference to any other young woman for a wife."

"No, no; it cannot be," said William. "He has hated her his life long."

"You are entirely mistaken. And now I will tell you what he informed Mr. Graham and me he meant to do for you if you married Mary."

"For me?"

"Yes. He intended to make you a present of the storey dollars on the day you became her husband."

"How I have misjudged him! Why—oh, why—I did you not tell me all this before? Had I known it, my Mary would have been spared to me!"

"As regards Roger Bronson, he charged me to say nothing to you about his benevolent intention, for he did not want to have you influenced in any way. Of course, he did not know your character or he would never have been afraid that you could be bribed into marrying the young lady. Nevertheless, he wished me to keep his secret, I have felt obliged to do so up to the present time. Now, as my poor girl is lost, there is no longer, in my opinion, any reason why you should not learn the truth. Neither Mr. Graham nor myself wish, under the circumstances, to say anything that might have the slightest effect upon either your choice or Mary's. We therefore never praised or recommended one of you to the other. We wished to leave you entirely to your own inclinations."

William's feelings, on hearing these statements, may be imagined. His grief was almost beyond endurance.

The fact that his attempt at a secret marriage, which had brought about the unfortunate occurrence, had been wholly unnecessary, added to the torments he suffered.

His father endeavored to soothe him, but for hours he paced the floor of his room like a madman, refusing all offers of consolation.

Finally Mr. Trueman said: "We must break the sad news to Mary's father. Will you come with me?"

The young man snatched up his hat, and the two hurried to Mr. Graham's house.

They found him at home, and they at once told the story.

They were amazed at the calm manner in which he received the gloomy tidings. He took a pinch of snuff, sneezed, and then bade the two follow him upstairs.

They did so. He led them straight to Mary's room, and there, on the couch, lay the young girl, pale and weak still, but recovering from the effect of her excitement and suffering.

A doctor was by her side, and William almost knocked him over in haste to embrace the fair one he had thought was lost to him forever.

She had been picked up, hours before he was saved, by the vessel whose light he had seen. The craft had passed close to the boat. She contrived to make her voice heard, and as the moon was then shining, she was finally seen by the sailors.

The boat being half full of water, had turned over, bottom up, soon after she had tipped the tiller to get into the dingy which had been lowered for her. She then begged the men not to lose time by stopping to the heavy overturned boat to their schooner, but to get aboard as soon as possible and look for her lover.

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JUNE INSPIRATIONS.

A Threnody.
A little bite!
The line grows tight;
I feel a sudden thrill of bliss;
A mighty shiver
Proclaims a fish.

At least as long as this:
Alas! alas!
It comes to pass
(As oft it has with you, I wis)
I pull him out;
He is a trout
As long, perhaps as this:

MS. WISLAW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of cutting-teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Wislaw's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wislaw's Soothing Syrup."

THE GREATEST READERS.

Which class of our population, says the Pall Mall Gazette, is the most addicted to reading? Some interesting light is thrown on this question by the latest report of the Birmingham free libraries committee.

Amongst other tables therein given is one showing the occupation of borrowers admitted during 1888. Here are some of the figures: Scholars and students, 1,392; clerks and book-keepers, 1,188; errand and office boys, 301; teachers, 293; shop assistants, 290; jewelers, 216; composers and printers, 192; milliners and dress-makers, 109. Alas! at the bottom of the list come journalists, 6; news agents, 2; and reporters, 2. Is this because they have libraries of their own, or because the people who write in newspapers lose their taste for reading books?

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Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. It follows to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAINSON'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swaney & Son, Philadelphia.

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Scott's Emulsion is a perfect food for the weak and the young. It is the best food for SCURF, BRONCHITIS, WASTING, DIARRHOEA, CHRONIC COUGHS and COLIC. PALATABLE AS MILK. Scott's Emulsion is only put up in salmon color wrapper. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers.

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Prices Very Low, and if not satisfactory after using them three months, money Refunded.

We Employ no Agents, but give the Large Commission paid Agents to the Buyer.

Call and see us or write for prices.

M'MURRAY & CO.

ROOM PAPER. Fresh GARDEN, FIELD, and FLOWER SEEDS

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Fine Rolled Plate Chains, etc. and everything usually found in a first-class jewelry store.

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ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES OF Beans, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Parsnips, Onions,

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