A Wonderful Cavern.

Notes of a Day's Wandering in the Marble Cave of Missouri.

(Letter to St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.)

That southwestern Missouri abounds in caverns is well known, but comparatively few people are aware of the existence of such a mammoth system of subterranean passages as are to be found in the Marble cave, the entrance to which is situated on the summit of the Roark mountain, in Stone county, eighteen miles southeast of Galena, two miles from the Taney county line and three miles north of White river. The entrance to the cave is at the bottom of a basin shaped like the crater of a volcano. From a windlass at the top of the crater a rope hangs down. By holding to the rope we reached the bottom of the crater. Next, a twenty feet ladder, almost perpendicular, and not fastened at the top, leads to the platform. From this dizzy height a ladder 65 feet in length rests upon a hill in the amphitheatre, as the first chamber of the cave is called. The ladder is made by splicing together four long pine trees, and, although it is absolutely safe, one cannot descend without fear and trembling, especially if he allows his gaze to rest upon the depths below. From the bottom of the ladder a further descent of 150 feet is made, which is so steep that the hands must aid the feet in going down. About twenty feet further to the southwest the floor of the amphitheatre is reached, from which the scenery is sublime and indescribable. Two hundred feet above the roof spreads out like a dome, and 300 feet above and to the northest the crevice in the rocks, revealing the sky and admitting a flood of light, looks like a rift in a dark, lowering cloud. The sixty-five-foot ladder is plainly visible, and the visitor is thankful that in descending he was unmindful of the great depths below, but henceforth he dreads the ascent with an emotion akin to horror. In portions of the amphitheatre the effects of an echo are startling. The concave walls send back an echo many times louder than the original sound. The whole amphitheatre resembles a theatre in its general shape, the recess blanee being heightened by a stalagmite called the Great White Throne situated in the centre of where the stage should be. It is 150 in circumference and 55 feet high. The top is shaped like a dome, and two-thirds up there is a fringe of drapery extending around it, making a beautiful scene. The throne inside may be reached by a winding passage among the formations. The next passage to the right leads to a stream of water 60° in temperature and a blast of wintry air. The ice water is peculiarly refreshing after the violent exercise of a tour through the cave. The next passage is a remarkable one. It is 200 feet long, about the size of a barrel and almost perfectly round at the top. At no point of this passage is there room to turn around, and on returning one must crawl backward. The passage is as straight as an arrow. It leads into an animal burying ground. The exit was so choked up with the dust from decayed animals that the chamber could not be entered. The bottom of the entire passage is filled with dust which, when stirred up, is suffocating, and hence great caution is required when exploring this portion of the cave. The chamber is filled with dried-up carcasses of coons of all kinds, possums, foxes and various other wild animals, some unknown to this zone, but no stench arises therefrom, the only inconveniences being the suffocation caused by the dust when stirred. There is a hole in a bluff down the mountain side through which these animals are supposed to have entered.

"I have a theory," said my guide, "about this. I believe it is an animal burying ground. All wild animals, of which there is an abundance in this section, surely do not die a violent death, nor do they live forever. I believe they crawl in here when they feel they are about to die a natural death. I have never heard of an animal being found dead without having been killed."

The most wonderful feature of the cave and probably the largest crystallized formation in the world, is Blonde's Throne, so named from the discoverer. It is reached after numerous and perilous descents and ascents, terminating in a flat crawl through mud a foot thick. On account of the recent rains the floor of the chamber containing this wonder is covered with water shoe-mouth deep. Blonde's Throne reaches from the floor to the roof, a height of 130 feet. At the base it is 200 feet in diameter, but it grows smaller higher up, like a church spire. At a height of 120 feet a cupola, 10 feet high, connects with the roof, being a stalactite formation. Sixty feet from the base there is a chamber inside about 30 by 40 feet, and in the centre a lake 15 feet in diameter, containing water from two to four feet in depth. The water is clear and cold and is supplied by drippings from stalactites above. The only inhabitants of the water are white-eyeless water dogs. The chamber and lake are reached by easy passages. Around the chamber are numerous leaf like formations hanging downward, which, being struck give forth a musical sound, loud or soft according to size, and in a high or low pitch according to their length. By experimenting a few minutes an octave was arranged, on which various airs could be beautifully executed, the music rivalling in sweetness the notes of the aeliophone or Swiss bells. No cave in the world can produce a greater curiosity than Blonde's Throne.

The passages of the cave wind about in so many directions that I am unable to give the relative location of many features, among which are a stalagmite resembling a monument very strikingly, the Cathedral, a long, narrow, ragged room, the roof of which ranged from 5 to 200 feet high, etc. The voice room is so called because the echoes of dripping water sound like a confused murmur of human voices. The shower bath room is shaped like a jug, and water drops from above in a shower. Since our guide had visited it before, a large mass of stones had fallen from the roof, killing a large number of white bats. There is a large waterfall, the top of which is reached by one passage, and the bottom, twenty feet lower, by a series of passages leading down. The power is believed to be sufficient to furnish several electric lights if utilized.

There are chambers directly under the amphitheatre and around it, some of them 600 feet below the top of the ground. At a depth of 300 feet the air and water are remarkably cold, but deeper down the temperature rises until, at the lowest point, it is almost as warm as midsummer. The temperature in the various places never varies, winter or summer. Millions of bats abound in the cave. Those higher up are of reddish hue, while those lower down in the earth are as white as snow and their wings transparent as glass, the two species remaining separate as to locality. There have been found the remains of an old pine ladder in a remote chamber, which was evidently used in a mine of Spanish origin, perhaps a hundred years ago.

To Canada.

By Rev. Neil M'Kay.

Oh, Canada! fair Canada!
Land of my home and heart!
Thy rugged strand, thy hills, thy plains
Seem of my life a part.

I love thy healthful, bracing clime,
Thy bright and breezy hills;
I love thy solitudes sublime,
I love thy purling rills.

I love thy teeming prairies wide,
Thy sea-like lakes, that sweep,
Their waters to the throbbing tides
Of triple oceans deep.

I love thy plains in wintry white,
When all is bare and cold;
I love thy meads in summer bright,
With harvest tints of gold.

I've rambled in thy forest grand,
In boyhood's golden hours,
I've loved and wooed and dreamed and planned
Amid thy sylvan bowers.

I loved thee then, when hope was high
And care and grief unknown;
I love thee now, when night is nigh
And evening shadows grown.

I know that glowing tales are told
Of other lands than mine—
Of hilltops crowned with castles old,
Where clustering ivies twine.

Of battle fields, where heroes fought
For country, home and life;
Of hours won, by havoc wrought,
And carnage in the strife.

Few scenes like these my country boasts,
Few mounds with carnage bulls;
Scant records dire of slaughtered hosts
Or gory deluge spilt.

Better, by far, the virgin roll
Her gallant sons will trace
Upon their cherished country's scroll
Deeds worthy of their race.

Who will may worship hoary heaps
Of legendary mould;
Who will may joy in castle keeps,
In dungeon's damp and cold.

Give me this new, this happy land,
This land so fresh and free;
Oh, Canada! my heart and hand
Shall own no land but thee.

For Young Men.

The following is taken from the last article written by the late Henry Ward Beecher, a short time previous to his death:—

"I rejoice to say that I was brought up from my youth to abstain from tobacco. It is unhealthy, it is filthy from beginning to end. I believe that the day will come, when a young man will be proud of not being addicted to the use of stimulants of any kind. I believe that the day will come, when not to drink, not to use tobacco, not to waste one's strength in the secret indulgence of passion, but to be true to one's nature, true to God's law, to be sound, robust, cheerful, and to be conscious that these elements of health and strength are derived from the reverent obedience to the commandments of God will be a matter of ambition and endeavor among men."—[*The Guardian.*

Shall We Know Each Other in Heaven?

How frequently that question is asked by those who long for reunion with loved ones taken away, or who shrink from the thought of losing those who still are here. One of the most sensible answers given to that question is: "We are not likely to know any less in heaven than we know on earth." Moses and Elijah lived on earth, and left it 600 years apart, but they seemed to have been acquainted with each other. I have a right to believe that in the next life I shall know my dear parents years ago happy in the Lord; also dear brothers and sisters. How well do I remember the words uttered and the final hymns sung by my now departed brothers. The last expression by my youngest brother, who left these mundane shores not so very long ago, was a "good bye" in a faint whisper while I stood by his side. I expect one day, sooner or later, to meet that brother in the Celestial City, not whispering a good-bye, but a happy welcome and a joyful recognition. Also my beloved Master, and throngs of friends who died happy.—*H. B. Longsdorf.*

Faith Cure For Warts.

A young lady in town has been very much troubled over a number of large warts on her hands. She has tried every remedy she ever heard of with the exception of having removed with the knife. And all to no effect, until a last novel remedy has done its work. She claims to have got from a gypsy woman. She cuts pieces of paper in squares and large enough to cover a wart. After wetting them she plastered one of them on each wart. When the pieces of paper had dried she took them in full of the moon and placed them upon the ground beneath the eaves of a building, where the water could drip upon them. After they had been thoroughly wet she placed them in an oven to dry, and finally she placed them in the shape of a triangle upon her hand and then thrust her hand out of a third story window and blew them off to the winds. In three days the warts had disappeared. She is so confident of the cure that she recommends it to all her friends.—[*Danbury News.*

A Leap Year Lament.

Leap year's chance is swiftly fleeting,
Still alone and lorn am I;
Maidens give me kindly greeting,
But they all have passed me by.

Love's dream now seems but a bubble,
Sooner or late it's sure to burst;
What I wonder is the trouble?
I want to quickly know the worst.

I am young and fairly handsome,
With a loyal, loving heart,
Educated, modest, and some
People think that I am "smart."

Still, alas! I'm eight and twenty,
And no maiden has proposed;
Sweet girl friends I have in plenty,
But to wed they're not disposed.

So I'm glad that leap year's going,
Soon it will be ended quite;
Then I'll have a better showing—
I'll proposed on New Year's night!

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered Percheron Horses and French Coach Horses. Savage & Farnum, Importers and Breeders of Percheron and French Coach Horses, Inland Home Stock Farm, Grass Lake, Wayne County, Mich. We offer a very large stock of imported colts from the prize winning stock, make prices reasonable and $10 on last month's prices, always warrant, keep no second class horses, but offer the best at moderate prices. Address as above.

Odds and Ends.

Do not hurry the cows from the pasture.

Sow turnip seed after, not before, a rain.

It is not too early to begin on your fair exhibits.

Better have whitewash than manure on the sills.

Try hard to keep the stable dry during damp days.

The poorest land is too valuable to grow weeds and briars.

Reduce the amount and improve the quality of the fencing.

Pasturing meadows is like removing the door to stop a knot hole.

More hoe is the best remedy for poor quality among vegetables.

Cultivate the mudwasps—they are the sworn foes of the cricket.

Better miss a good trade than fail to praise your child's deed.

Plows in the fence corner are a sign of "farm for sale" within ten years.

A mixture of grasses stimulates the appetite and affords better nourishment.

Buckwheat and sheep are most excellent help in renovating foul worn land.

Empty the slops on a heap of dry earth under a shed near the house—not in a sink drain.

It is well rotted chip-manure liberally applied that made the radish so sweet and tender.

If the children will despoil flowers and shrubs in the school-yards, their parents should blush with shame.

A weak fence, a pond near a house, a scrub male, or a lean manure heap is not seen on a well managed farm.

Having too many implements is as bad as not having enough; and having implements in bad condition is always bad.

A large per cent. of merchants are ruined by the failure of other merchants; few farmers indeed lose by the failure of other farmers.

Plowing around stumps and rocks is not unlike driving slower to reach your destination sooner; yet the children would be afraid of you if you did the latter.

The farmer who thinks that to make money he must go where land is cheaper, should consider well if he would not make more money by making the land he has deeper and richer.

Two Good Stories for Employers.

The *Sewing Machine News* dishes up a couple of old stories which seem to be worth telling once more. An Oriental monarch placed himself under the hands of a barber, who carelessly remarked that with one stroke of the instrument he wielded he could deprive the country of its ruler. "There's treason in the very thought!" cried the affrighted monarch, who sprang from the reach of the poor barber. The wretch was beheaded.

Moral: When a man in your employ thinks he is all in all, and can break you, cut his head off (figuratively), and leave him to occupy the stool of repentance, from which some hungry and foolish competitor of yours can pick him up only to go through the same experience.

There's another side to this argument, too, which is quite as interesting and forcible, and which can well be illustrated by a story. It occurred but a little more than a century ago on these shores, and has been authenticated.

During the Revolutionary War, when the British occupied Boston town and harbor, a swaggering British captain entered a barber's shop and loudly demanded to be shaved. It was early morning, and nobody was in the shop but an apprentice of about sixteen years of age. He volunteered to perform the tonsorial operation, and the captain took the chair, but feeling dubious, perhaps, regarding the ability of the youth, or thinking that he would be better served through fear, he pulled out an enormous pistol, such as were used in those days, and placing it in a convenient position, threatened to shoot the apprentice if he cut him while shaving. The youngster, who was "nervy," performed his work with skill. The self satisfied captain climbed out of the chair and in a patronizing way said, "Were you not afraid?"

"Afraid of what?" said the boy.

"Afraid that I would shoot you."

"Oh, no!" said the boy, "if I had by any mischance cut you, no matter how slightly, I'd have drawn that razor across your throat before you had time to think of shooting." The captain turned pale as death, and it is safe to say that the lesson was not lost.

Moral: If you've got a good employe, encourage him and don't try to scare him to death. He may know something too.

You Did It.

Little Bessie was dying.

Her father had struck the child a blow on the spine while insane from the influence of rum, and confusion and terror overwhelm the frantic household, for little Bessie is beloved by all.

Among those of the neighbors who had gathered in amid the excitement was the rumseller who had dealt out the poison to that neighborhood for years. He drew near the death-bed, and heard a watcher, who was wiping the death-damp from the child's beautiful face, "That blow has killed her." Little Bessie caught the whisper, and raising her eyes that were growing large in death, she fixed a dying gaze upon the rumseller and said. "You did it!" and in a few minutes was dead.

That group never forgot the dying child's charge, and the rumseller says that it haunts him day and night; and yet he continues to deal out the fatal beverage to his victims. Every one of us who does not rise up and assist in crushing this brazen serpent is guilty before God, and the rumseller will say of us, "They who are not against us are for us;" and more than one "Little Bessie" will say to us, "You did it."

Yes! the wholesale murder of innocents will not cease until this traffic ceases, and to-day millions of voices are crying to us from the grave. "You did it!"

A Dozen Negatives.

There are a round dozen of things that you can never get a lady to plead guilty of, be she young or old:

That she laces tight.
That her shoes are too small.
That she is tired at a ball.
That she uses anything but powder.
That it takes her long to dress.
That she has kept you waiting.
That she blushed when you mentioned a particular gentleman's name.
That she says what she doesn't mean.
That she is fond of scandal.
That she ever flirted.
That she cannot keep a secret.
That she is—in love.

Subscribe for The OBSERVER, Albert County.

The Indian Puzzled.

An American Western fort was in command of a major of artillery who was constantly lamenting that his favourite arm could not be more frequently used against the Indians. Finally one day he took one of the small howitzers which defended the fort, and had it securely strapped to the back of an army mule, with the muzzle projecting over the animal's tail. With this novel gun carriage he proceeded with the captain and a sergeant to a bluff on the bank of the Missouri, *near which was encamped a band of friendly Indians.* The gun was duly loaded and primed, the fuse inserted, and the mule backed to the edge of the bluff. The major remarked something about *the moral effect the exhibition was likely to produce upon our Indian allies,* stepped forward and applied the match to the fuse.

The curiosity of the mule was aroused. He jerked his head around to see what was fizzing on his back, and he next second his feet were bunched together and he was making forty revolutions a minute, while the gun was threatening everything within a radius of half a mile. The captain shinned up the only available tree. The sergeant threw himself flat on the ground and tried to dig a hole with his bayonet to crawl into, while the fat major rolled over and over, alternately invoking the protection of Providence and cursing the mule.

Finally the explosion came, the ball went through the roof of the fort, and the recoil of the gun and the wild leap of the terrified mule carried both over the bluff to a safe anchorage at the bottom of the river. The discomfited party returned sadly to the fort.

Shortly after, the chief of the Indians appeared and announced briefly: "*Injun go home.*"

Questioned as to why, he thus explained: "Injun never brave; help white man. Injun use gun, use bow arrow, use knife; but when white man *fire off whole jackass, Injun no understand.*"

Wearing Black.

The custom of wearing black after the loss of husband, wife or friend, has always struck me as being very ridiculous. Grief that can find expression in this way, appears to be a grief of outward seeing, only. Possibly, and very probably, there is many an aching heart beneath the sable garments imposed by convention, but it is a well known attribute of deep sorrow, that it hates notice and inclines to solitude and exclusion. It is not in human nature to continually grieve; we are so happily constituted that the deepest bereavement cannot utterly break us down. One of the many mottoes which Dame Nature is always preaching by example and precept is that of Resurgam. It is one of the essential qualities of man's heart to extend itself in some direction, and one loss, however keenly felt, but makes room for others, and sometimes larger sympathies.

I see that Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, as all the world knows, a loving, devoted wife, has refused to conform to the custom of wearing the so called "mourning" for her husband, and though the "probationary twelve months of sorrow" has not yet passed, she does not consider it at all "bad taste" to endeavor to preserve as much gaiety as possible. On New Year's day she received about two hundred callers in her pleasant apartments on Columbia Heights, and entertained them, not as a mourning feast but with cheery wishes for the years stretching before them. This is the proper spirit in which to take the dispensations of Providence. One is taken the other is left, but the little intervening space between their bright reunion is too insignificant a matter to make such a doleful story of. When this last remnant of a heathenish mode of showing grief has become obsolete, and people wake up to the fact that our present system of disposing of the dead is unsanitary and based purely on prejudice, and sentiment if I live to see the changes I shall begin to believe I am really living in the enlightened 18th century.

Alive in Her Coffin.

Strange Restoration of a Young Woman who was Supposed to be Dead.

Mrs. Alice Webb keeps a grocery on Beale street, and is known to hundreds of people. Two years ago John Webb, a son of Mrs. Webb, married Sarah Kelley, a remarkably pretty girl, to whom the mother-in-law became greatly attached. Before the first year of their married life had passed Mrs. Webb jr., became stricken with consumption. About a month ago the young lady became anxious to visit her parents in Henderson County. Two weeks ago last Tuesday a telegram announced her death, and the husband started for the remains. Three days latter he returned with the corpse. The mother-in-law pleaded so hard for a sight of the dead woman it was decided to open the coffin.

While looking at the placid face Mrs. Webb became almost paralized with fright at beholding the eyelids of the dead woman slowly open. Mrs. Webb was unable to utter a sound. Finally she fell back into a chair near by, but her horror was only increased when the supposed corpse slowly sat upright and in an almost inaudible voice said: Oh, where am I? At this the weeping woman screamed.

Friends who rushed into the room were almost paralized at the sight. One bolder than the others, returned and spoke to the woman, who asked to be laid on the bed. Hastily she was taken from the coffin and tenderly cared for. The day following, she related, as her strength permitted, a wonderful story. She was conscious of all that occurred and did not lose consciousness until she was put aboard the train for Memphis.

Soon after being placed inher mother-in-law's she regained consciousness. A supreme effort was made to speak while her mother-in-law was looking at her, and in that instant while returning to life, she again lost sight of her surroundings, which caused her to ask where she was. Mrs. Webb lived a number of days when she again apparently died. The doctors pronounced her dead, and she was once more placed in the coffin from which she had been taken, and last Saturday she was buried.—*Memphis Despatch to Cincinnati Enquire.*

Advertising for a Dog.

Wife—"Be sure to advertise for Fido in the newspapers."

Husband—"Never fear. I'll tie a knot in my handkerchief."

Next day the wife reads in the morning newspaper:

"Ten Dollars Reward.—Lost—A measly yellow cur, with one eye and no tail. Too fat to walk. Answers to name of Fido. Smells like a cheap perfumery shop after fire. If returned stuffed, $10 reward." She faints.

Our Washington Letter.

The Washington acqueduct scandal bids fair to be the biggest sensation the War Department has known for years. The walls of the tunnel, supposed to be solidly backed with stone and cement, are discovered to be backed at some places with loose stone, without cement, and at other places with nothing at all. The feeling is very bitter among Congressman of both parties. Their wrath will be vented on everyone connected with the War Department, though, of course, it is especially strong against Lieutenant Townshend, who had direct charge of the work, and his superior officer, Major Lydecker.

It is asserted that the latter has never seen the tunnel, hating as he does anything like soiling his hands. The Major thus becomes an issue. A court martial will probably be called. Lydecker belongs to the swellest of dude society. The Republican party was responsible for his appointment, but that gives Democrats no consolation. The present administration is responsibe for retaining him. The Major should be included in the provisions of the Chinese bill; he should go!

The Republican Flambeau Club on Friday night headed a parade from the Peace Monument to the League building, escorting a fourteen-foot-high Harrison and Morton ball, made in imitation of the Tippecanoe ball of 1840. The procession was of respectable size, but it was a sorry procession compared with what would have collected four years ago. The sidewalks were crowded with Republican Government clerks looking on, but they were mute. Silk hats were not so plentiful, and though the night was raw, straw hats were numerous in the procession. Politics is a close profession in Washington.

The Senate will investigate the action of Chief of Ordnance Benet, in promulgating an official order made some time ago that hereafter in that Bureau, other things being equal, Democrats shall be favored in employing or discharging, and this shall apply alike to "men, women and children." General Benet, it is said states that this order was made at the instance of Secretary Endicott. If this be so, Secretary Endicott committed an inexcusable blunder. The order was not only objectionable, but unnecessary. One would have supposed that a hint would have been as good as a kick.

The reading of the new tariff bill consumed four hours in the Senate Committee on Finance. Senator Harris says that he expects to receive from Fortress Monroe on Tuesday morning Senator Beck's suggestions as to the minority report. If so, they will be presented to the Committee on Wednesday.

The Speaker and the Ways and Means Committee await the action of the Senate on the tariff bill. The Democrats are in high glee and the Republicans claim to be equally as well satisfied with the state of affairs. You can take your choice of these opinions.

Speaker Carlisle is looking unwell. His recent speeches in Kentucky, though but three in number, greatly tried his strength. He has had no rest for over ten months, and in addition to everything else, has had his own election contest on his hands a greater part of that time. The National committee has asked him to make speeches for three weeks in New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey. His getting away for even ten days seems unlikely.

The majority report of the Utah Commission has been received by Secretary Vilas. It opposes the admission of Utah as a State until such time as the Mormons show less duplicity regarding polygamy. This report, like that of the minority, favors a constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy in the United States.

The Stahlnecker investigating committee, after hearing a great mass of testimony, has come up smiling with its report completely exonerating Mr. Stahlnecker from the charge of using undue influence to have the stone from his Congressional district used on the new Library building. The report also takes pains to attribute the purest motives to Judge Kelly in bringing the matter to the attention of the House.

Senators Coke and Chandler have just had a warm encounter on the Senate floor. The affair grew out of Mr. Chandler's resolution to inquire into the late Louisiana election. Senator Gibson, of Louisiana, opened personalities by intimating that he would rather be a dog than be such a scavenger as the New Hampshire Senator. Senator Coke was equally polite, but merely stated, with less oratory, that Senator Chandler did not himself believe what he had stated. Then he apologized, and the rumpled dignity of the Senate who once more ironed smooth.

The United States Supreme Court will assemble October 8. Upon the opening Chief Justice Fuller will take the oath of office. The call of docket will begin on the second day. There are now on the docket 1,562 cases, and that number will be greatly increased by the time the court sits. The Bell Telephone Case is first on the docket, but may be postponed to await Justice Matthews' recovery from his present illness, as Justice Gray takes no part in the hearing of this case. The Alabama railroad case as to the constitutionality of the law requiring railroad men to be free from color-blindness, will have an early hearing. When the court adjourned last May, fourteen cases, including the famous case of Maria Clark Gaines vs. City of New Orleans, were taken under advisement. Opinions in these will probably be handed down in November.

A rumor floated last week to the effect that Congressman Randall's mind is failing, and that there are strange lapses in his correspondence is officially denied by his secretary. There would seem to be enough genuine news in Washington to supply the newspapers, without resorting to wilful falsehood.

Washington, D. C., October 1st. 1888.

Confession of a Drunkard.

I had position high and holy. The demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office and sent me forth churchless and Godless, a very hissing and byword among men. Afterward my voice was heard in the courts. But the dust gathered on my open books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had money ample for all necessities, but it went to feed the coffers of the devil which possessed me.

I had a home adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could suggest. The devil crossed its threshold and the light faded from its chambers. And thus I stand, a clergyman without a church, a barrister without a brief, a man with scarcely a friend, a soul without hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink.

ENCOURAGE

Home Industry

—BY—

PATRONIZING

—THE—

Observer Job and Printing Office.

Every description of

Job and Poster Work

—EXECUTED—

Neatly,

Cheaply,

—AND—

Correctly,

—AT—

Shortest Possible Notice.

All kinds of

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS,

DEEDS,

MORTGAGES,

BILLS OF SALE,

CUSTOMS PAPERS, ETC., ETC.,

always on hand.

BUSINESS

—AND—

VISITINGCARDS,

BILL HEADS,

LABELS,

TAGS, ETC.

printed to order.

Having secured an excellent assortment of

NEW JOB AND POSTER TYPE

we are prepared to do first-class work as

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

Give us a trial and be convinced.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Address,

Observer Publishing Co.

Hillsboro, A. Co.,

N. B.

ATTENTION!

SUBSCRIBE

—FOR—

The Weekly Observer,

ALBERT COUNTY'S

Large, Newsy,

—AND—

Enterprising PAPER.

Devoted to the Interests of

ALBERT COUNTY

in particular, and of the Province and Dominion in general.

PURE

in its tone,

SOUND

in its politics, and

FEARLESS

in its exposure of evil and injustice.

New Type,

New Press,

New Publishers.

Published every Thursday, at

HILLSBORO, N. B.

By the Observer Publishing Company

Only One Dolar a Year.

50 Cents for 6 Months.

25 Cents for 3 Months.

Subscribe at Once.

Sheriff's Sale.

Will be sold at Public Auction at the Court House in Hopewell, in the County of Albert and Province of New Brunswick, on FRIDAY, the 26th day of OCTOBER next, between the hours of TWELVE o'clock noon and FIVE o'clock in the afternoon:

ALL the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand that Joseph C. Bleakney has, or had on the ninth day of October A. D., 1886, his possessory right, and right of entry, both at law and in equity, of, in, and to, all that certain lot of land and premises, situate in the Parish of Elgin, aforesaid, on the Pollett River (so called) and being a part of a certain lot of land on the West side of said River, granted by the Crown to one William Colpitts, and part of a certain lot of land on the East side of said River, granted by the Crown to one George Killam, and formerly known as the Charles L. Bleakney mill site, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post on the top of the hill above the mill, on the East side of said River; thence running in a Westerly direction across said River twenty four rods to a post; thence running North twenty three rods to a post; thence running East thirty four rods recrossing said River to a post; thence running in a South-Westerly direction twenty three rods to the place of beginning, containing four acres, more or less, together with the saw and grist mills thereon.

Also all that certain other lot of land and premises situate in Elgin aforesaid, near Elgin Corner (so called) and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the Gordon Falls road at a point twenty two and a half rods from Robert D. Robinson's Southern boundary; thence along the said Gordon Falls road to Lot 28; thence Easterly to Pollett River; thence along Pollett River to lands owned by George Killam; thence along the said Killam line to within twenty two and a half rods of Robert D. Robinson's Southern boundary before mentioned; thence Westerly to the place of beginning, containing fifteen acres, more or less, being the same premises conveyed to one Joseph Bleakney by Robert McElmon and his wife by a deed dated July ninth, A. D. 1880, and duly recorded in the Albert County records by number 9874, on August seventeenth, A. D. 1880.

Also all the interest the said Joseph C. Bleakney has or had on the said ninth day of October, A. D., 1886, to all other lands and premises within my bailiwick wheresoever situated or however described.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Supreme Court at the suit of Hamilton McManus against the said Joseph C. Bleakney.

ASAEL WELLS,
SHERIFF.

Dated Sheriff's Office Hopewell, July 17, A. D., 1888.

Equity Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at or near the Albert Railway Station, in the Parish of Hillsborough, in the County of Albert, in the Province of New Brunswick on Thursday, the 15th day of November, A. D. 1888, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, pursuant to the direction of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the 18th day of July, A. D. 1888, in a certain cause therein pending wherein Thomas R. Jones is Plaintiff, and The Albert Railway Company, The Western Union Telegraph Company, and Her Majesty the Queen, represented by the Honorable John Henry Pope, Minister of Railways and Canals of Canada, are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee for sale, the mortgaged lands, premises and property described in the Plaintiff's Bill of Complaint and in the said Decretal Order as follows, that is to say: "All the right, title and interest of the Defendants The Albert Railway Company acquired in any and all manners whatever, of, in, and to all and singular the continuous Railway and right of way over which the same is or may be constructed, built and constructed, or to be hereafter built and constructed, and completed in accordance with the location heretofore made, or as the same may be changed in any part, and finally located and completed, situate in the Province of New Brunswick, in the Dominion of Canada, and extending from Salisbury (on the present line of railway leading from the City of Saint John to Moncton) to Shepody Bay or River, a distance of forty five miles, together with all Railway ways, right of way, sidings, tracks, depots, depot grounds, station houses and grounds, shops, engine houses, car houses, freight houses, and wood and water houses, or tanks, and all buildings held and acquired and constructed for use in connection with the said line of Railway or the business thereof, and all land and ground on which the same may stand or be connected with, and also all locomotives, engines, cars, tenders and all other equipments, and all the rolling stock, and all machinery, tools, implements, fuel, and materials for the constructing, repairing, operating and maintaining or replacing said line of Railway, or its appurtenances, or any part of the same between the terminal points aforesaid; and also all the property rights, liberties, franchises, privileges, easements, buildings, appurtenances, and equipments, as to said line of Railway between said terminal points, and all other rights and things of whatever name or nature necessary to build, continue, hold and operate the said line of Railway of the said Defendants the Albert Railway Company; and also all the lands and real estate of the said The Albert Railway Company mentioned in said Indentures of Mortgage, and conveyed thereby, or intended or expressed to be conveyed thereby.

For terms of Sale and other particulars, apply to the Plaintiffs Solicitor, A. A. Stockton, Esq., 94 Prince William Street, City of Saint John, or to the undersigned Referee.

Dated this 6th. day of August 1888.

THOMAS R. JONES,
Referee for Sale.

A. A. STOCKTON,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.

SAMUEL STEWART, AUCTIONEER.

We Want Potatoes.

We handled 100,000 Bushels Potatoes this Season and made money for our Shippers. We get out side prices, we want a few more good Shippers. Will send market reports each week if desired. Write us and ship to

HATHEWAY & CO.
GENERAL COMMISSION DEALERS.
22 Central Wharf, Boston.
Members Chamber Commerce. Established 1857.

DON'T PLASTER Your face with poisonous powders that fill up the pores of the skin and engender incurable diseases. DERMACURE cures pimples, blotches, black-heads, redness, and the worst forms of facial disfigurement. Used on hands and face, it leaves the skin soft, white and healthy. Cures chapped hands in one night, and is a sure preventative of wrinkles. The only preparation ever devised for fattening the skin. Sold by all druggists $1 per box. DR. A. L. SLAWSON, manufacturer. No. 2 Brighton street avenue, Boston, Mass. If your druggist does not keep it, get him to order it. (Sept. 24.)

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. F. McLATCHY, LL. B.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office: Hillsboro, Albert Co.

C. A. PECK,
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law.
Hopewell Hill,
ALBERT COUNTY, ... N. B.

A. W. BRAY,
Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Equity, Fire, Life, and Marine Insurance Agent.
HILLSBORO, A. CO., N B.
Claims promptly collected in all parts of Canada and the United States. Particular attention given to searching of Records and Probate business.

Poirier & McCully.
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS &C.
MONCTON AND SHEDIAC, N. B.
Loans negotiated on Real Estate. Claims promptly collected in Canada and U. S.
HON. PASCAL POIRIER, SENATOR.
F. A. McCULLY, A. B., L. L. B.

B. A. MARVEN, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE: Opposite the Drug Store.
RESIDENCE: Mrs. Anthony Steeves.
HILLSBORO, N. B.
Special attention given to diseases of women and Children.

DENTISTRY.
L. Somers, D. D. S.,
GRADUATE OF NEW YORK COLLEGE OF DENTISTRY.
SPECIALTIES.—The extraction of teeth without pain by the use of anæsthetics. Artificial crown work and teeth without plates.
One Door West of Market, Moncton, N. B.

O. J. McCully, M. A., M. D.
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England.
A specialty of diseases of the Eye, Ear and Throat.
Office: Main St., Moncton, N. B.

S. C. MURRAY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE opposite the Waverley House.
ALBERT, ... A. CO., ... N. B.

C. S. TURNER,
Ship-Builder,
Harvey Bank, ... A. Co., ... N. B.
Special attention given to Shipment of HAY, DEALS, PILING, ETC.

UNION HOTEL.
ALBERT, ALBERT COUNTY, N. B.
AUSTIN COPP, Proprietor.
Removed to the building recently occupied by Dr. H. B. Coleman. The public will be accommodated in the best manner. Good table board. Sample rooms for travellers. Stabling, and teams to hire.

HOPEWELL HOUSE.
Albert, Albert County, N. B.
NOAH DOWNING, Proprietor.
This hotel is centrally located and completely renovated for the accommodation of the travelling public and permanent boarders. First-class Table Board.
EXCELLENT ROOMS. POPULAR PRICES.
A team always in attendance at the trains and good carriage rigs kept for driving.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL.
MONCTON, N. B.
A. C. Jones, - - - Proprietor.
Centrally located and close to Post Office, Custom House, etc. Fine commodious office on ground floor. Telegraph office and Sample rooms connected with the Hotel.
Free Coach in attendance to and from all passenger trains.

Beatty Hotel.
HILLSBOROUGH, ... A. CO.
Team at all trains to convey travellers to and from Hotel free of charge.
Train from Salisbury remains in Hillsborough 30 minutes, giving ample time for passengers to drive to the hotel and get their dinner. *A good stable in connection.*
J. T. WARD.

BLAKE'S DINING ROOMS.
Near Railway Station.
Hillsboro, ... N. B.
Meals provided at all hours. First-class table fare. Charges Very Reasonable. Best of Oysters always on hand and orders from all parts of the county promptly filled.
R. L. BLAKE.

ALMA HOUSE.
Located in central and pleasant part of the beautiful sea-side village of
ALMA, A. CO., N. B.
First-Class Fare. Terms Reasonable.
JOHN FLETCHER, Proprietor.

BARBER SHOP.
Opposite Store of W. H. Duffy,
Main Street. Hillsboro.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Patronage Respectfully Solicited.
Hours: From 7 to 10 P. M.
Wm. McConnell.

ANGUS O'HANLEY,
BLACKSMITH.
Main St. Hillsboro, N. B.
All kinds of blacksmith's work done with neatness and despatch.
HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY.

E. C. COLE,
MERCHANT TAILOR
—AND—
Gentlemen's Outfitter.
PALMER BLOCK, MONCTON, N. B.

C. A. Steeves,
Barrister, Attorney, Conveyancer, etc.
OPPOSITE TIMES OFFICE.
Potfield Street, Moncton.

MISS LUCRETIA STEEVES,
MILLINER.
Main Street, Hillsboro, A. Co.
Hats, Bonnets, and Turbans in latest styles, always on hand. Also every variety of trimmings. All work receives careful personal supervision. Orders from a distance promptly attended to.
Patronage Respectfully Solicited.

MISS ELLEN MAGEE,
DRESSMAKER.
Work done at short notice. Orders from a distance receive careful personal attention.
PERFECT FITS GUARANTEED.
Ladies Coats and Sacks a Specialty.
Rooms over the store of Archie Steeves
HILLSBORO, ... N. B.

ATTENTION.—Upon receipt of 25 cents we will send THE OBSERVER to any address till Jan. 1st., 1889.