Wen you see a man is wee.
Walk right up and say "hullo!"
Say "hullo," an "how d'ye do!"
"How's the world a-usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring yer han' down with a whack;
Waltz right up, an' don't go slow,
Grin' an' shake an' say "hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? O, sho!
Walk right up an' say "hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton rol!
Jest for wroppin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true,
Hale an' hearty "how d'ye do!"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say "hullo!"

Wen big vessels meet, they say, They saloot and sail away. Jest the same are you an' me, Lonesome shipe upon a sea; Each one sailing his own jog For a port beyond the fog. Let yer speakin' trumpet blow, Lift yer horn an' cry "hullo!"

Say "hullo" an "how d'ye do?"
Other folks are good as you.
Wen yer leave yer house of clay,
Wanderin' in the Far Away,
Wen you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who ye be, an 'say "hullo!"
—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

TAKEN BY SIEGE

The Story of a Young Journalist's Experiences in New York.

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to himself as he stepped out upon the sidewalk. "I was just pitying Maxmann for having such a loud, vulgar daughter, and to think that she is a matter of choice! This is the stage, is it? This is the sort of man who comes in daily contact with Helen Knowlton. Well, she is an angel, so I suppose she can walk through fire without being scorched; but it's a pity she has to do it. If I had a said he should "see that child as sure as there was a Moses in the bulrusha." and said he should "see that child as sure as there was a Moses in the bulrusha." and said he should "see that child as sure as there was a Moses in the bulrusha." and setire into private life."

This time there was no mistake. Rush heard the clear notes of Miss Knowlton's voice as she descended the stairs, and in a moment she was advancing toward him with her hand extended. Such a beautiful hand, too! It felt like a rose leaf as it lay in his for half a second.

"I am very glad to uset you."

Then she sat down on one side of him (Aunt Rebecca sat on the other), and "thock him all in," as she afterwards told him. She saw a tall, well made young san with brown hair, a clear, dark skin, and strong, white teeth that a budding mustache made no effort to conceal. He was certainly handsome, and he had an easy, natural manner, that was very attractive.

About the strike she would rather not say anything, but, as he had taken the trouble to find her and did not want to go back empty handed, she would say the side of the strike she would rather not say anything, but, as he had taken the trouble to find her and did not want to go back empty handed, she would say the side of the side of the say anything, but, as he had taken the trouble to find her and did not want to go back empty handed, she would say the side of the side of the sum of the side of

"He pay we play. We tella him hen on pay we no play."

"Ho pay we play. We tella him hen on pay we no play."

"They did not strike for higher pay," that, although she did not believe in the room. Such a lot of tramps it has, the two that there had been a close approach to serious trouble at the rehearsal that morning—that the musicians, led by the flagoolet, had refused to go on till they got their money, and that Maxmann had said positively he had not a dollar in the bank, but would pay them in full on the first of the month, when he would get an assessment from the directors. They had heard that story before, and refused to put any confidence in it, and would have valked off with their money which was due her that day, and which, she knew Maxmann would have ready for her, because he could not afford to treats her as he had treated the poor musicians.

"Noble creature!" said Rush to himself. "She is as good as she is great." And to think that he was going to see her, and on that very day, too!

He learned from some of the people of the thearter that she drove out with her had better call at her house just before dimer time, when he would per to clock. So he hurried over to West Eleventh street.

Never before did this young man dress himself with so much care. He had taken his usual bath in the morning, but he took another, and put on the best of clock. So he hurried over to West Eleventh street.

Never before did this young man dress himself with the morning, but had a column of The Dawn for everything he owned. He looked over his stock of shirts with the eye of a Brummel. The collar of one was too high, the collar of one was too hig strikes, her sympathies were with the strikers in this instance.

his stock of shirts with the eye of a Brummel. The collar of one was too high, the collar of another too low. Finally he completed his toilet and set forth. His landlady met him in the hall. "Bon jour, Mme. Pinot," he said, gayly, as he ran downstairs; but Mme. Pinot was so struck with his changed appearance that she could not find words to return his salutation.

"Well," said she, in French, for she said it to herself, "something has happened; he doesn't look like the same person I saw this morning."

And indeed he did not. There was a color in his charks and a brightness in

return his salutation.

"Well," said she, in French, for she said it to herself, "something has happened; he doesn't look like the same person I saw this morning."

And indeed he did not. There was a color in his cheeks and a brightness in his eye that had not been there in many a day. His encounter with Archie Tillinghast and his assignment from The Dawn office would have been exciting enough without this great olimax. to West turned houses him, ent was intelligent was intelligent was intelligent to the control of ugh without this great olimax. enough without this great climax.

He lost no time in walking to West
Twentieth street, but when he turned
into that street and the little gothic houses
stood in all their prettiness before him,
he slackened his speed. For a moment
he thought that he was ill, but he concluded that it was only the effects of an
exciting day. Back and forth he walked
in front of the house he was so soon to
enter, and could not make up his mind enter, and could not make up his mind to pull the bell handle. "Rush Hurlstone, you're a fool!" he finally said. "Don't

is their pretinase before him, incl his speed. For a moment at that he was ill, but he considered the speed in the speed i "Is Miss Knowlton in?"

"Is Miss Knowlton in?"

"I will inquire if you will be good enough to send up your card," replied the man, with the evasive answer of the well trained servant of a public person, at the same time ushering Rush, who handed him Mr. Musgrave's note of introduction, into a gem of a drawing room. A grand plane stood in the middle of the room, which was adorned with fine paintings and some rare portraits of distinguished singers. Flowers in baskets and in vases filled the place with a rich perfume. Easy chairs and bricahrao abounded. The whole atmosphere of the room was one of luxury and good taste. "This is her home," thought Rush, looking about him; "these are the rugs her tiny feet tread upon; these are glide." In this way he amused himself until he heard the rustling of a woman's gown on the stairs. His heart stopped beating and seemed to grow so big that he was afraid he could not speak when she entered. Ten thousand thoughts flew through his mind. He arose from his chair, and, shutting his eyes, said to himself: "When that door opens I shall see the most divinely beautiful creature that treads this earth; one for whom I would lie down and die—nay, more, for

that treads this earth; one for whom I would lia down and die-may, more, for whom I would stand up and live."

A sort of ecstasy took possession of him. The door swung back on its hinges, he opened his eyes and Aunt Rebecca Sandford entered the room. Rush started. If he had been struck in the face he could not have had a harder blow. It took him a few seconds to recover his wite. If he had had to speak first he would certainly have disgraced himself, but Aunt Rebecca began at once.

"She's very busy just at this moment" (Miss Sandford had an ugly way of saying "she" or "her" when she meant hen lice, forgetting that there were any other shes or hers in the world, "and asked me to step down and see you. I'm very partial to press boys myself, Mr. Hailstorm" (another ugly trick of hers was to get people's names wrong), "and I'm always glad to have a little charwing the manney of the could say anything on that subject. She could say anything on the subject never be popular, though, mark my words. English opera is what'll fetch the people. If that child ever sings in English opera she'll make her everlasting fortune. I tell her so, too; but they all attended some questionable meetings at the apartment of the high priestess of Buddha, a certain Mme. Parapoff, who drew around her a wholly Bohemian and partially vicious lot of people, mosthave a foolish pride about Italian opera.

It's nonsense, arrant nonsense. The biggest money is in the English opera, you

mark my words."

Rush had no doubt that she was correct, but he hadn't come there to hear

Miss Rebecca Sanford's opinion of the

and placed at her throat. Did any one doubt her? There was the brooch. Mme. Parapoff was a very clever wo-man, and had written a book entitled "The Rending of the Veil," which no "The Rending of the Veil," which no one read, but which every one said was a wonderful production. It was in two large folio volumes, filled with illustrations, showing the veil before and after the rending, and giving the mystic signs known only to those who had sought faithfully for esoteric information on this subject.

"The Rending of the Veil," which no one read, but which is addiarnoes I can truly recommend Dr. said diarnoes I can truly

Tagestry painting is the crase of the moment with young girl art students.

The Highest Praise.—I used a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters formy Dyspepsia and it proved a perfect cure, and I was blessed the day I got it. I would not be without it now for a good lot. It is worth its weight alone professed to teach. Bessie Archer was never more alarmed in her life than on her first visit to Mme. Parapoff's "bungalow," as the latter called it. She had never seen such a looking woman before; her face repelled her, but her manner was reassuring. The Russian was a thorough woman of the world, and she saw that in this visitor she had a fish of a new sort to deal with, who could not be caught with the common bait thrown to the men around her. Only the choicest morsel would attract her. She must be careful not to offend her by speaking too plainly before her at first, and she must not give her her

only the choicest morsel would attract her. She must be careful not to offen dher by speaking too plainly before her at first, and she must not give her her famous pamphlet, "Naked, and not Ashamed," to read until she was quite sure of her. Bessie had induced her useful cousin, Archie Tillinghast, to accompany her to Mme. Parapoff's. Archie didn't want to go at all, but he was convinced that Bessie would go alone if he didn't go with her.

"Rum girl, Cousin Bess," he said to Rush; "bright as a dollar, but slippery as an eel; you never can tell where she is going to bob up. Beastly place, that Parapoff's. A lot of hairy men, smelling of whisky and tobacco smoke, lolling around the floor on skins, puffing their vile pipes in the face of the priestess,

who sat on a sort of raised place in a big chair and smoked cigarettes, partly in self defense and partly to show her very white and well kept hands and handsome rings. Hers were the only clean hands in the room. Should be on hand in dollar I gave you last night?"

"Is this where you are going to put that dollar I gave you last night?"

"Oh! Hu! Den you ar' de gem'len who gin me de big dollar?"

"I am. What are you going to do with it?"

"Ize already dun gone dun it."

"Ize already dun gone dun it." say anything, but, as he had taken the trouble to find her and did not want to go back empty handed, she would say that, although she did not believe in strikes her surpressibles were with the some rings. Hers were the only clean hands in the room. Such a lot of tramps! I don't believe they had a change of hists are not then?"

Like the blushes that paint the sunrise
Are the blushes on her cheek;
And the thrush's note in the woodland
I hear when she doth speak.
Like a feather that's lightly blowing
Is her white and tiny hand;
Ah, she's the fairest iniaden
In all the broad green land.
But the sweetest charms she owneth
Are her hands so pearly white;
For she washes them with Damascene
Each morning and each night.

(Charmel hears!!! he or woods inved.

"Bravo! bravo!" he exclaimed. "You could not have done better if you'd been in training for a month. This is just the thing." And, hastily glancing over the others, "Ah, I see you've dropped a little humor into these. That's good; but it's the sentiment that fetches old Penny-realers. You've more then earned ways ESSIE AR-CHER was the only packer. You've more than earned your money; so I hope your conscience is at

Rush reassured him on this point by wealthy parents, and
herone
trouble in
didn't say where his assignment had
taken him, for fear of betraying himself
if he spoke upon a subject so near his

house and ask her for funds to carry on the good work. He was a smooth tongued fellow, and he urged her to write a labor reform pamphlet, which he engaged to print and send broadcast over the land—if she would pay the expenses. But the labor reformers palled upon her after a while, and she began to think deeply upon the subject of negro equal-ity. She talked about it to every one in the wall while his feeth were being filled." [Applause.] "Who are setzed with panic at a fire?—the men or the women? Statistics will prove to you that half the trouble during a fire in a theatre or other public hall is invariably caused by the machine and crowding of the by the pushing and crowding of the men, who will stamp out the life of any one who gets in their way. If this is not proof that man is the weaker vessel, what is? To me it is sufficient." [Great BLACKING,

what is? To me it is sufficient." [Great applause.]

But Mrs. Hopper-Walker thought that the others needed further proof; for she continued to present them with stastistical evidence for half an hour longer at least. In the mean time Archie found the president of the club, Mrs. Merrie May, who gave him a programme of the evening's exercises and a printed synopsis of the different speeches. While Archie was attending to his duties, Rush was looking about the room at the strange people ranged along the wall. A gentle-

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And down-town in COY'S BLOCK.

TO THE FRONT.

Fredericton Oct. 6th. 88



"Will you eat a philopena with me, En ily!"
"What if I lose!"
"Then I win a kiss."
"And if I win"
"Then I have to kiss you."—Fliegende

boy, and raining down blows upon his struggling victim.

"Johnny!" she almost screamed, "what are you doing! Come here this minute. Aren't you ashamed of yourself, fighting this way in the street!"

The boy reluctantly arose from his vanquished antagonist and faced his indignant sister. Then he explained:

"Well, I don't care. He said you wasn't good looking. I don't think you are either, but it ain't none o' his funeral. So I licked him."—Minneapolis Journal.

TIMOTHY and CLO

Incredulous.

Dashley—Queer things people discover when they are living in boarding houses. At dinner at my boarding house yesterday I stuck my fork into a piece of pie and brought up a coliar button that I lost a week ago.

Snaggs—That's nothing. I lifted off the top of my strawberry shortcake at my boarding house yesterday, and what do you suppose there was in it?"

Dashley—I give it up. A silk umbrella, nearhaps. Snaggs—No, sir; strawberries.
Dashley (incredulously)—Aw, what a giving met—Boston Beacon.

Uncle Was Willing. A young man known as "a gilded youth" sent the following note to a rich uncle the other night: "Not one word—if you do not send me \$2,000 before midnight I shall cease to live." A similar demand had been received earlier in the day, so the fond uncle replied: "In response to a former favor I have already forwarded you my revolver. It is in good condition and loaded."

"I think that the young men of the present day are very deficient in mental culture," said a young lady; "don't you, Mr. Strok-ohr?"

"Very," was the reply. "Why, the other day I actually met a young man who didn't know what I meant when I said that Kelly fumbled a foul ball."—Merchant Traveler.

The National Flower.
France has her illy
And England her rose
And everybody knows
Where the shamrock grows;
Soctland has her thistle
Flowering on the hill,
But the American emblem
Is—the one dollar bill.
—Denver News.

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A Stevens avenue young lady was much pained and shocked as she walked down the street yesterday to see her young brother sitting astride the prostrate body of another boy, and raining down blows upon his strug-ciller ricting.

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TIMOTHY and CLOVER SEED at low Prices.

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Proderioton, April 18.

Cumberland Superphosphates, Bradley's

The Young Know Everything.

Husband—Well, I believe I'll have to go to to the public library. I can't find in my so-cyclopedia what I want.

Wife—Is it very important: I canout finish my article without it. But in the public library I think I will be able to find the authorities that I want.

W.—Hadn't you better wait, dear, till John comes home from the grammar school! He might be able to give you the information you want.

Husband faints deed away. "Boston Courier.

BPAQIEY S

Superphosphates.

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SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

00, p. m; Gibson, 3:05; Marysville, 3:15; fanzer's Siding 3:35; Durham, 3:45; Cross reek, 4:29; Bolestown, 5:29; Doaktown, 6:05; piper Blackville, 6:15; Blackville, 7:10; piper Nelson Boom, 7:10; Chatham Junction, 65; arrive at Chatham, 8:30. RETURNING LEAVE CHATHAM

. m; Chatham Junction. 5:25; Upper a Boom. 5:40; Blackville, 6:20; Upper ville, 6:45; Doaktown, 7:25; Botostown, Cross Creek, 9:10; Durham, 9:50; ville, 10:25; Gibson, 10:30; arriving abitaton 10:35;

Gibson, N. B., May 18th, 1889. New Brunswick R'ly

COMPANY. All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The Short Line to Montreal, &c. ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS In Effect July 1st, 1889. EASTERN STANDARD TIME

LEAVE FREDERICTON RETURNING TO FREDERICTON

11., McAdam Junction, 11.20 s. m., 2 06 p. m., Vanceboro, 10.55 s. m., St. Stephen, 9.00, 11.40 s. m., St. An-drews, 7.55 s. m., arrive in Frederic ton 9.20 s. m., 2.10, and 7.15 p. m. LEAVE GIBSON! ARRIVE AT GIBSON:

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W. H. TIPPET, Manager.