MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

ROYAL PURPLE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.

THE COMING OF ROYAL PURPLE.

At this moment the only door in the room which was not already open burst wide as if impelled by a superior strength or a veritable tornado, and disclosed to his astonished gaze a very steep stairway of rude architecture, which he fancied must lead to the remote regions of the servants' quarters. Quite forgetting for the moment his maimed condition, and excessively astonished at the circumstance, he walked to this door and looked up. It was very dark above and he could see nothing. He called aloud: "I say, there—you up above, whoever you are!" but the echo of the words only returned to his ears in hollow reverberations. He was about to go for the lamp to aid his inquiry, when immediately an immense black cat, of a wild and fierce aspect, bounded past him, followed by a destructive fall of mortar and pieces of brick as from a chimney or wall going to rack, and scudding out into the room completed three rapid circuits of the table, and then sprang out of the door with wild yellow eyes into the night.

"Entirely conventional!" said Beverlin, gazing after this object with a stunned sensation. "The black cat always plays a leading role in the spook drama!" Then, taking an explanatory view of it, added: "Pitz, most likely, thoroughly natural; but how account for the mortar business? However, it is no concern of mine!" And having again fastened this door, against which he also placed a supplementary chair, turned to re-enter Carroll's library. Again the stairway door, despite the hindrances, was thrown open with extreme agitation.

"Dence take the place!" said Beverlin, turning about hotly. "What's the matter now? Some of Carroll's old witch ancestresses must be howling around for my discomfiture! Come down!" he shouted. "I am not afraid of you!" At this a hollow, mocking sound, unlike any human laugh he had ever heard, but which seemed to express derision, resounded from the darksome aperture. Beverlin shot a piece of mortar up toward the owner of the mournful cachinnation, but was so quickly rewarded with such a cloud of rubbish in return that he deemed it safe to retreat. He left the dining room therefore somewhat precipitately and tried to calm his too active nerves by his former cigar. In vain; a certain debility seemed to have seized upon him and to render him apprehensive of renewed disturbances. It was necessary to investigate his environments. He re-entered the entrance hall. To the right of the front door he discovered an ample bed chamber of which the door stood ajar, and which, with its cleanly look, seemed to invite repose. "Here, at least," thought Beverlin, "is an evidence that I was expected." A little further along the hall another, similarly arranged, became apparent. A stairway ascended from the library door into the up stairs regions. There was, however, no lamplight visible above, and in his decrepit state Beverlin was not quite equal to mounting, even if he had felt that such a step were not impertinent. He was now quite assured that Carroll had left his affairs and his domicile in the hands of spectastics, who had in his absence taken French leave, and were now probably sipping beer or tripping airy cotillons in the distant halls of pleasure. At any rate they were not here, nor the managing Amelia. "By the way," he said, reflectively, "I do wonder where the managing Amelia is, anyhow? Off on a visit, perhaps." Beverlin stood in the front door and looked out over the shading landscape. It was now considerably brighter, since the moon had struggled into light and the superabundant clouds had drifted away. The four tall pine trees stood out in the yard like grim unsalting sentinels. The wind moaned desolately through the boughs; no flowers or shrubbery or even dogs were elsewhere visible, even the black cat had vanished; it was immeasurably lonely. He felt a cold shiver creep down his back at the very cerieness of his situation, and the prospect of a night in this house with its falling walls and epileptic cats. Not even a neighbor's house within calling distance; a single light which might indicate a house glimmering about half a mile down the road. The very road itself seemed peculiarly untraveled. Beverlin stood observing this scene, interested by its very indistinctness, when his direct attention was drawn away by the manifest sound of a horse trotting, that seemed to issue from the opposite direction, in fact from the town. "Ha," said he gleefully, "at last! He is really coming now, and I'm mighty glad of it. I'll just step inside and surprise him!" Having hastily hidden his baggage, therefore, he chose an obscure position in the window by the bookcase, so that his presence would not be immediately remarked by any one entering the room. He listened. Again that hollow, unnatural laughter seemed to ring everywhere.

"What an idiot I am, to even allow it to bother me!" he said in irritation; "a lot of pigeons under the eaves, or a raven croaking its dismal tune, never before succeeded in upsetting me; it is all due to the suggestion of Carroll's letter—plague it!" He listened again. Yes, there came Carroll nearer and nearer. He would turn down the lamp a little; now he was ready. At this moment such a violent flapping of the dining room curtain took place, followed by such a crash of brick and mortar on the shady stairway that it seemed to demand his presence. He sallied out there, and, thinking to close the door leading on the portico, pushed it shut with all his might and endeavored to fasten down the bolts. Alas, they would not fasten, they had no staying powers, they seemed to spring out! He turned about in dismay to discover the wild black cat careering around the table again, and grasping at each evolution for his own gyratory coat-tail.

"Truly," said he, "this is the most remarkable place I ever struck! I do wish Carroll would spare up a little bit." Then he took a step out upon the portico commanding a view of the road whence had proceeded the sound of the trotting. In the faint moonlight there was no moving object anywhere perceptible.

"I suppose, however," said Beverlin, "he has by this time already arrived. I will just leave this domestic animal to repair the brick and mortar damage, whilst I repair to meet my host." He was as yet possessed with the entirely humorous view of his predicament, and quite removed from any isolated idea of trepidation, then in a sufficiently helpless and crippled state to know his lack of means for possible self defense. Imagine his surprise when he realized that the trotting which appeared to be always approaching, never receding, but considerably overdue in arriving, still continued its monotonous clickity klack!

"Well, now, this is very strange, I must confess," he stammered in bewilderment. Returning into the library in a mingled state of anger and perturbation he banged the door after him and rubbed his eyes to induce calmness. He turned the key; fortunately here was one door at least which understood the meaning of that mystical little instrument. He was solaced with a momentary assurance of confidence, but not for long; scarcely had he resumed his seat before the wild eyes of the ferocious cat began to stare at him through the glass door, with frantic pawings and efforts to enter. He pulled down the blinds and shut out the unwelcome sight with a vindictive "S-s-scat!" This after all was the only room in the house where everything seemed to work properly; if things did not shortly improve he would remain just here during the night. Again the mysterious trotting, now nearer, much nearer, at the gate; surely he has stopped, and now after a long delay, yes, the bridle is drawn through the ring and the traveler has entered the gate. "Carroll has arrived!" he said with a sigh of relief, and looked expectantly toward the door. At this moment a tempestuous wind shook the glass door, which, bursting wide open, so great a volume of gust was thrown into the room that it extinguished the lamp; nothing but his ashen cigar served now to enlighten the utter blackness within, and he knew not where to find a match. He felt very helpless; the moon seemed again to have undergone total obscuration. He was attracted by the sound of footsteps approaching up the pathway to the house; but their approach only gave him a vague, indefinite feeling of dread; there was an odd halting, clanking sound in those coming footsteps which filled him with no assured sense of safety, but rather a nervous timidity. It is true he had always scoffed at the supernatural; his belief was that all phenomena were subject to realistic explanation; and yet, yet, what a strange inexplicable sound was this which grew upon his strained, unquiet ears? Beverlin crouched far down in his armchair, as if to ward off a possible assault, and then, drawing himself up suddenly, thought with shame of this craven attitude. He listened keenly. There was yet a light in the hall, flickering and low, but he was not entirely destitute of illumination. The terrible wind now continued to sweep through the doorway, tossed about the music on the rack in a vast flutter of flying papers and shook all the casements distractedly. His nerves quivered with apprehension; he had no power to move. Suddenly, above the wild roaring, above the sound of those unearthly footsteps, ever drawing nearer, and yet never arriving, and which he still hoped might prove an auricular delusion, came a faint, low, unmistakable moan, a voice of distress near at hand! Whence came it? Was it an animal in pain—the ubiquitous cat, perhaps? Ah, no, it was a woman's voice, plainly that, as the repetitions increased, the novelty upon his notice. "Oh, Willie, Willie!" was the sound, now growing louder.

"Poor thing," he said in a sympathetic burst, while great beads of perspiration started to his brow. "Poor, poor thing!" He must go to her, she was wounded, she was in excruciating agony, she required assistance. Oh, what a "Walpurgis nacht" was this! What sounds, sights, imaginations forced themselves upon his ken! He shivered from head to foot but, with a certain forethought, drew himself together, whipped out a revolver he had almost forgotten he possessed, cocked it and determined to afford relief to the unhappy one, whoever she might be. While he was struggling toward the hallway (where he presumed the wound in inner entrance to the cellar), he was a second time overwhelmed with the creeping sensation which seemed to climb along his joints and muscles and benumb him into powerlessness.

"Pshaw!" thought he, mastering himself with an effort. "Perhaps this one may be only a maniac patient of Walter's whom he indulges in straitjackets and the punitory bath tub in the private sanitarium of his cellar! I had better not meddle; or perhaps it may be the dorolous Amelia." This thought was inspiration.

"Miss Carroll!" he called in a loud, polite voice; "Miss Carroll!"

No answer. And now, quite distinctly to be heard was the clanking of many chains, the rattling as of bones rudely jostled, the awful, uncertain footstep, the nearing presence even now upon the verandah. Nearer, nearer yet, a trifle slower but still onward. Must he face it, meet it, realize its strange, fascinating power, fall before it as before a Juggernaut of Fate and be ground to atoms where he stood? He grasped his pistol somewhat tighter, determined that if flesh and blood confronted him it must meet the fate of depredatory, lawless flesh and blood; if otherwise, then so be it, good-by to himself! He would at least summon all his courage and face the invader. Almost restored to calmness he entered the hall; the air seemed charged with electricity and innumerable sparks like the iridescent eyes of peacock feathers danced before his vision. He could not bring himself to face the awesome object, now so near; his courage had oozed away with the prospect of so terrible a relative position, and he fled back into the darkened library, into the remotest corner—anywhere, anywhere away from this rendu of the appalling doom! He called himself a coward, a poltroon, a pusillanimous puppy (he was too furgoing to smile at the alliterative thought), but Oh! that this night were ended, these signs, groans (rapidly increasing), these grating substances become sawdust and sand closed his eyes as if to avoid realization, and listened in frantic patience for that slow, advancing specter, whose aspect he could now almost prefigure. Pshaw, perhaps after all these multiform sensations were but the reflex action of his last hypodermic injection, which inserted prior to his departure from home, morphine often played illusive pranks; why might not his state of mind, his solitude, the wild night, Carroll's letter, coupled with his feebleness, account for everything? He had read that such delusions were not uncommon in certain forms of disease.

No! What do his reopened eyes behold, now standing in the entrance doorway? Now with slow, positive steps nearing the library! and now entering the very room! No delusion this, but actuality. With fixed gaze and rapidly pulsating heart Beverlin stared at the ghastly apparition; he could not withdraw his eyes from that unnatural visage responding to his own.

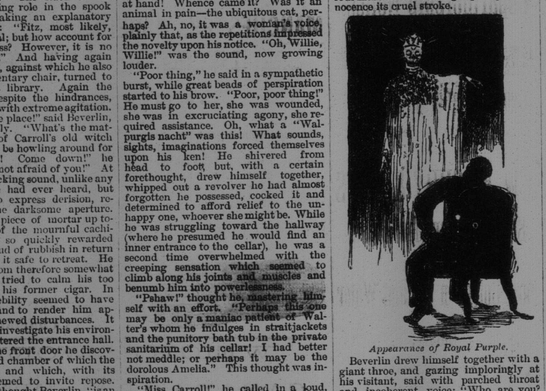
CHAPTER IV.

THE HORROR IN THE NIGHT.

The figure (which now stood impressively still) arose to an imposing height, and was forced to bow in entering the low doorway, a circumstance adding to its general frightfulness. It appeared possessed of bodily substance, and yet seemed again to consist of only a frame work of bones. Perhaps this idea was heightened by the intrusiveness of the head, which was turned toward Beverlin, transfixing him. The head was plainly that of a human skull, the jaws of which chattered up and down incessantly as if from intense cold, while the hollow of the eyes emitted, instead of the human glance, a strange, red, restless glitter, not unlike that seen in ruby tinsel. Depending from the head, under the confinement of a peculiar crown like affair which encircled the cranium, giving forth frequent green sparks like forked snakes' tongues, fell a long tuft matted of purple material, down on to the gilbet like shoulders. The shoulders were further covered with a cape composed of innumerable links of iron, which, working into each other, produced the constant metallic sound to which he had been harkening. A shadowy drapery seemed to enshroud the lower figure, and he became cognizant of long, bulk hands without flesh, and feet heavily pendent with chains, which gave out a harsh, scraping clank with every movement. The hands appeared to be dripping and reeking with human blood.

"Very spectacular! Very fine indeed!" muttered Beverlin, summoning some of the bravado of skepticism to his aid, yet inwardly wrought up to an inconceivable pitch. "Quite the proper thing indeed!" (striving to calm himself by speech and thus rid himself of the horrible petrifaction stealing upon him); "the black cat, the sobbing woman, the—the—Oh!" He could say no more—imagination had forsaken him. He was not, however, entirely destitute of manoeuvre yet, and bringing his revolver again into play he held it up, in desperation, and took a trembling aim. With a sudden move, immeasurably rapid, the figure approached him until the grey, dripping fingers hung suspended just above his starting eyeballs. Heavens! the next moment the blood must drop in murderous tokens upon his brow beneath those awful facts. An icy atmosphere surrounded him; he was enveloped in it; it chilled him to the marrow of the bones so that the uplifted pistol dropped incontinently upon the floor as it itself too paralyzed to explode. Beverlin, now more racked with absolute fear and apprehension than he had ever been with sciatic pain, shrank away terrified from his ghastly neighbor as if to evade imminent peril. The execution of these events had been so rapid that his wits seemed departed. In the meantime there had been no abatement of the other annoyances; everything was the rather intensified by the recent arrival. Quite as rapidly as it had [illegible] the figure withdrew from him a pace or so; he could hear those frightful jaws chattering as if grinding out anathemas, although none were spoken, one impressive index finger still continuing to point toward him as an unfortunate object for persecution. How long they continued in this mutual position Beverlin could not have known; it seemed cycles to him. He felt like one turned to a mummy or long disembodied. His head, when he attempted to turn it, appeared to work on a massive brass hinge grown rusty or an intricate combination lock. His eyes, fixed and immovable, had forfelted the power of winking any longer; his mouth was as if skewered together, his limbs stiff and inflexible like frozen members. The only light in which his companion stood—that from the hall—was so uncertain and dim that had it not been for an occasional phosphorescent glow which emanated from the bony anatomy of his adversary it must have continued quite indistinguishable in the general gloom. Beverlin, somewhat reassured by the slight barrier of distance thus interposed, sat up in his chair a little and tried to frame his mouth into a question. The faint, gasping sound emitted left no possible doubt as to his complete fright.

"Oh, Willie, Willie," came the wailing voice from down below, and now, Oh clamorous horrors! the distinct sound of a struggle; crime was being committed and he a man, a defender, could not prevent it! He was powerless while foul murder was dealing upon pure innocence its cruel stroke.



Appearance of Royal Purple.

Beverlin drew himself together with a giant throe, and gazing imploringly at his visitant, said with parched throat and incoherent voice: "Who are you? Tell me, and release me from this vile situation; I have no time to dally here—something must be done. I tell you; something must be done—don't you hear that awful cry—and that? Oh, don't you hear it! spirit, animal or devil, who are you and wherein lies your power?" The weird head with its Madusa crown moved up and down, affirmatively, while the drapery flapped about the skeleton shape in a manner very damaging to the apparitional toilet. It seemed as if anything so diaphanous would be at once wafted to the distant ocean. Again the specter moved; but this time to the other side of the room, never removing its bloody finger of indication nor the fiery gaze of those eyeless eyes. It paused again.

"You wished," spoke a voice like the echo of distant thunder dying away in caves, "you wished to know who I am! Hear, and know! I am the Royal Purple! of the lineage of Japhet, that I am indeed that one of whom you have long heard, read and lived in dread—but whom very few are privileged to behold; I am known to mortals by the name of His Despotic Majesty, King Royal Purple! My kingdom is all space, I know no limitations! I grow and fatten on the fears and tremors of credulous beings (stretching out a long arm of bone devoid of flesh) and my empire admits of no dispute or usurpation; it is absolute! The worms of the tomb are my courtiers, and the serpents of the wilderness the choicest ornaments of my kingly diadem!"

Beverlin perceived that the flapping drapery which enshrouded the giant creature was now coiled and moved to a shocking extent, and he fancied he detected the foul odor of decomposition. The thought sickened him. He could not dwell, however, upon any surmise, as, having ceased to speak, it again drew near to him! No, it has passed him; it has passed, and they issued, the streets, again it has accomplished it in that slow, clanking, horrible tread, unlike any other sound ever heard on sea or land; three times it has traversed the entire house, and now again with that awe inspiring index, the icy specter again confronts him. He felt the icy breath upon his brow, positive ice into his flesh like that intense cold which is almost heat. He feels the strange, unwonted stupor stealing over his senses, relaxing his grasp upon his relief; is he going to swoon? Come, brace up, this will never do! No use, no use; that cruel finger like the stroke of a pendulum marking for him Fate descends slowly, slowly! It hangs long suspended over his drooping head; it has touched his full, bushy hair; the finger which is but a piece of death itself, traverses Beverlin's skull with slow, sure, circular measurement of survey, then turns backward (he is finally withdrawn; and then, as when slowly uplifted, one vagrant drop of blood trickling down the cheek and mingling with the chestnut mustache, leaves a dark ruby discoloration and it has, at length, bespattered an unconscious victim! Beverlin has fallen precipitately out of his chair on to the inhospitable floor, where he lies insensible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Blighted Romance.

The young man had accepted a seat an hour or two before in a crowded train by the side of a young lady who had graciously made room for him.

"You will pardon me," he was saying, "for being bold enough to say—"

"Hopper," she prompted, softly.

"Miss Whopper. Thank you. My name is Chokin. You will pardon me," he went on in a slightly tremulous tone, "for being bold enough to say such short acquaintance that I sincerely hope this may not be the last time shall meet. I have never seen a young lady for whom I felt I could entertain so deep a—"

"Dinner all ready in the dining car!" announced a dark complexioned official, thrusting his head in at the door of the car.

The young man from St. Louis sprang convulsively to his feet, seized his hat and overcoat with frantic energy, and, the bravado of skepticism to his aid, gives vent to his feelings in being the first man in the car to respond to the invitation, and a building romance in the life of a susceptible young maiden from southern Illinois came to a melancholy and untimely end.—Chicago Tribune.

A Treasure of a Wife.

Groom (at their first meal at home)—Why, my darling, this spread is simply superb.

Bride (enthusiastically)—Yes, isn't it delicious?

"And yet you have no girl?"

"No; she didn't come.

"I had no idea, no expectation at all, of such a treat. What a treasure you are!"

"You didn't suppose I could be so thoughtful, did you, dear?"

"Thoughtful?"

"Yes. I knew you'd be hungry, and as I don't know a thing about cooking, I engaged Monsieur Bighill, the caterer, to serve our meals until the girl came."—Philadelphia Record.

Valuable Poultry.

Smith—Jones, do you think that there is money in hens?

Jones—There ought to be. I've put $25 into mine so far this winter.—Burlington Free Press.

THE RAPTURE OF KISSING.

"So, you call that a kiss, when, in token of parting,
Your lips touched my own with such tremulous fear;
When haste took for wages the most of the honey,
And whispered that hunger and peril were near.

* * * * * *

"You are there in the stillness and some one beside you—
We'll say, for the dream's sake, that one you love best;
She is kneeling beside you, your arms are around her,
Her head on your shoulder is pillowed in rest.

"You smooth the soft tresses away from her forehead;
Her breath, sweet as summer, floats over your cheek;
You tighten your clasp as you murmur, 'My darling,
I am weary and faint for the kisses I seek.'

"She turns her face toward you, her large eyes uplifted,
Dilated and dark with a passionate fire;
And her rich dewy lips in their innocent fondness
Fill up in full measure your cup of desire."

—Louise Ritter.

Eating by the Alphabet.

"Have you got anything here beginning with 'a' that's good to eat?" inquired a new customer in a well known local delicacy market, last Tuesday.

"How will pickled kidneys answer?" replied the clerk, after a moment's thought.

"First rate. Give me a dozen cans. The kitten's life is saved," exclaimed the strange patron, with enthusiasm.

"I told my wife," he continued, "that if I failed to send home a kangaroo, dead or alive, before 3 o'clock, I should expect to find the kitten served up for supper in the latest Chinese style. But your happy thought saved her.

"You see we all got tired eating the same things day after day, and so last month we agreed that during December we would begin and eat up (or rather down) the alphabet, taking one letter a day, with bread, potatoes, tea and coffee thrown in as staples.

"So Dec. 1 we inaugurated the dietary system with a bill of fare consisting of apples in many forms, apricots pickled, asparagus, almonds and all the staples. The next day's menu was beef, beets, beans, biscuits, buttermilk, bacon and bon bons.

"The following day we feasted on chicken, codfish balls, clams, celery, cucumbers (fifty cents each), crabs, cheese, cake, crackers, crullers, carrots, canned currants, canned cherries, citrons, cider, catsup and candy. And so it has gone on.

"The fifth day would have been a fast day had it not been for eggs, but we made an Easter of it. Yesterday we dined, breakfasted and supped chiefly on jellies. Today your kidney suggestion saves us from starvation, while to-morrow we will grow fat on liver, lamb, lobster, lettuce, etc.

"A queer thing about our new food departure is the number of things it has led us to put in our mouths which we never thought of before."—Buffalo Express.

Thread Spools.

Among the peculiar industries which flourish in western Maine is the making of thread spools. They are cut from smooth, white birch timber—a wood which works easily—by various kinds of improved machines. There are numerous mills throughout the lumbering region, where the birch is sawed into strips about four feet long and from one to two inches in width and thickness. These strips then go to the spool factories, to be converted into spools. The processes they are put through are numerous, and one of them, the method of polishing them, is quite interesting. A barrel is filled nearly full of them and then revolved by means of machinery for an hour; until the spools are worn smooth by rubbing one against another. Spool manufacturing is the most important industry in Oxford county, and doubtless continue so until the supply of white birch timber is exhausted. The manufacture of shoe pegs is another peculiar Maine industry, though shared in to some extent by other New England states. These are cut from maple and white birch by machinery, and are worth at the factory from thirty-five to ninety-five cents a bushel. The compressing of sawdust is also a flourishing business in Bangor in that state. There is a firm there styling itself a "compress company," which convert sawdust and slabs into solid bales by compression, which finds ready sale in the large eastern cities.—Timberman.

Horsemanship of Mexican Boys.

One of the finest and most inspiriting sights of small town life in Mexico is the horsemanship of the boys from 8 to 17—perfect young Centaurs, as much at home in the saddle as Arabs. How they go thundering through the streets, what again it has accomplished it in that slow, clanking, horrible tread, unlike any other sound ever heard on sea or land; three times it has traversed the entire house, and now again with that awe inspiring index, the icy specter again confronts him. He feels the icy breath upon his brow, positive ice into his flesh like that intense cold which is almost heat. He feels the strange, unwonted stupor stealing over his senses, relaxing his grasp upon his relief; is he going to swoon? Come, brace up, this will never do! No use, no use; that cruel finger like the stroke of a pendulum marking for him Fate descends slowly, slowly! It hangs long suspended over his drooping head; it has touched his full, bushy hair; the finger which is but a piece of death itself, traverses Beverlin's skull with slow, sure, circular measurement of survey, then turns backward (he is finally withdrawn; and then, as when slowly uplifted, one vagrant drop of blood trickling down the cheek and mingling with the chestnut mustache, leaves a dark ruby discoloration and it has, at length, bespattered an unconscious victim! Beverlin has fallen precipitately out of his chair on to the inhospitable floor, where he lies insensible.

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A Horse Problem.

Readers of The Chicago Journal are puzzling their head over this problem: A sells B a horse for $80, and afterward buys it back for $70, and then sells it to C for $100. How much does A make by the two sales? The original cost of the horse does not enter into the proposition.

Ten Thousand Dollars a Year.

Robert Burdette the humorist who has recently so we learn become a parson, once said to a young boy, "There's nothing like knowing your business clean through my boy whether you know anything else or not."

Vanderbilt pays his cook $10,000 a year. He might have known how to cook fairly well and known a little of a thousand and one other useful employments, but he could not have gotten ten thousand a year salary for all of them.

He gets that just because he knows thoroughly how to cook, and it wouldn't make a cent's difference in his salary if he thought the world was flat and went around its orbit on wheels. The cream always rises to the top and stays.

As with individuals so it is with every occasion, and so it is with every branch of business, or every class of goods or article of use or necessity they live the life of the butterfly and are forgotten as soon as something else appears that is new or else they become so firmly fixed in the minds of thousands that they become a part of life itself.

We were forcibly impressed with the above idea from a remark made by a gentleman in our office a few days since. He said, "Any article of merchandise that has been on the market since 1810, and still sells like the old Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, must have extraordinary merit." The manufacturers I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston Mass., have in their office and will send to any one, testimonials from old people who have used it in their family when young, and whose children's children have used it very many years. This is not at all remarkable when we think of the amount of good this remedy will do; thousands of cases of pneumonia and consumption have been prevented by using this remedy for internal inflammations, such as colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis, as well as cramps and pains innumerable. It is totally unlike any other stomach and bowel and called liniment. It was a great mistake ever calling it anything but Johnson's Anodyne. The information on the large four page wrapper around each bottle is worth much to every family. Johnson & Co. send a pamphlet free to any one, containing much valuable information upon diseases and their cure.

CRISP CONDENSATIONS.

In Italy there are eight American born princesses, seven marchionesses, twelve countesses and a baroness.

The city of Mexico is full of tramps, and the anti-American papers satirically refer to them as "prominent Americans visiting the capital."

The number of muscles in an elephant's trunk, according to London medical authorities, is 33,123, and he has use for each and every one of them.

The Iowa City board of health has passed an ordinance muzzling all Limburger cheese offered for sale. They claim it is deleterious to public health.

A Maltese cat in a Poughkeepsie, N. Y., drug store suddenly developed an appetite for leeches, and while the druggist's back was turned ate thirty of them.

It is a popular saying that rich men's sons don't amount to much. Of 600 rich men in New York who have sons there are not twenty who are not hard at work building themselves up.

There are in South Carolina 15,000 whites who cannot read or write, an equal number in Tennessee, 20,000 in Georgia, 20,000 in Alabama, 15,000 in Mississippi, 20,000 in Louisiana, 20,000 in North Carolina and 15,000 in Virginia.

Alexander Nasmyth, the landscape painter, once planted an inaccessible crag on the estate of the Duke of Athol by shooting tree seeds out of a small cannon. The experiment was a decided success and the trees now flourish luxuriantly.

Henry Golding, colored, who lives near Leary, Ga., claims to be 121 years old. He says that he was nine years old at the commencement of the Revolutionary war. He belonged to that famous company of Marion's men, and he makes a very good showing for a man of his age.

The Navajo Indians of Arizona are very successful in raising stock. According to the figures of the reservation agent they now have 245,000 sheep in herds, 300 mules, 3,500 cattle, 800,000 goats and 500 burros. The wool clipped for the year amounted to 1,200,000 pounds, and they disposed of 200,000 sheep pelts and 100,000 goat skins.

The abolition of slavery in Brazil is said to have had a deplorable effect upon the prosperity of the country, and financial crash is anticipated. The wants of the freedmen being few, they will not work steadily. Habits of indolence and thrift are yet to be acquired. The financial outlook is so unfavorable that bank shares and similar securities have suffered a decline of 30 to 50 per cent.

"Let him sink; he is only a Jew," was the exclamation of a crowd of people in a Russian town recently, as they beheld the struggles of a poor wretch in the river. Just then a young man broke through the crowd which tried to hold him back, and, plunging into the river, brought the drowning man to the shore, but the crowd began to jeer at him for saving the life of a mere Jew, it was discovered that the man whose life was saved was a gentile, and that his brave rescuer was a Jew. The jeering at once ceased, and the crowd slunk away.

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.

"Mockery never degrades the just," says a philosopher, but it often makes the just awfully mad.

Tried and Proved.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaint, and have proved it, after a fair trial a sure cure, both myself and others of the family." Lauratta Wing, New Dundee, Waterloo Co., Ont.

It is not denied that charity begins at home. The great trouble is it is liable to end there, too.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me great relief in bronchitis. Within a month I have sent some of this preparation to a friend suffering from bronchitis and asthma. It has done him so much good that he has sent for more."—Charles F. Dumterville, Plymouth, England.

Two of the greatest arts in this world are to keep a polish on a silk hat and off the shoulders of a frock coat.

Go and do likewise. If your whiskers are grizzly and unbecoming use Buckingham's Dye and they will look as when you were younger.

What a pretty girl wants is her full complement of compliments.

A Terrible Ten Years.

MRS. Thomas Acres, of Huntley, Ont., suffered all the tortures of liver complaint for ten years. Four bottles of B. B. B. entirely cured her, making her like a new woman again, after other medicines had failed to relieve her.

A Good Neighbor.

"Late last fall I was laid up in bed three days with a very severe attack of diarrhœa and vomiting. Nothing benefited me until my neighbor, Mrs. Dunning, recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and brought me a half bottle, which she had in her house. In three hours the vomiting was stopped, and I was able to sit up by night. I would not now think of using any other medicine." Columbus Hopkins, Hamilton, Ont.

"What is a man-of-war?" said a teacher to his class. "A cruiser," was the prompt reply. "What makes it cruise?" inquired sir. "Who go with it?" "It's crew, sir.

A spring medicine is needed by everyone. Winter food, largely consisting of salt meat and animal fats, causes the liver to become disordered and the blood impure. Hence the necessity of a cleansing medicine. The best is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The name Vanderbilt appeared in a contemporary the other day with a little "e." We thought everybody knew that Vanderbilt was a capitalist.

A Severe Attack.

Miss Bella Elliot, of Pontypool, Ont., writes—"My brother and I were both taken ill with a severe attack of diarrhœa, having tried other remedies, we tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which gave immediate relief.

The young man knows all about his sweetheart's disposition, we suppose, when he calls upon her and finds her out.

Constipation.

is nearly always induced by neglecting to keep the bowels regular, and is also a frequent sequal to dyspepsia or indigestion. Regulate the stomach and bowels by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which is certain to promptly relieve and ultimately cure the worst cases of constipation.

It must be a pleasant sight, says Mrs. Snaggs, to see the President of Havti surrounded by his black-guards.

A Plain Statement.

All poisonous waste, and worn on matter ought to escape from the system through the secretions of the bowels, kidneys and skin. B. B. B. cleanses, opens and regulates these natural outlets for the removal of disease.

"Patient waiters are no losers' does not apply to one waiting for a street car that comes up loaded.

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 Sight, 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

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,

Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK —FOR— BOSTON

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 17th, and until further notice, Steamer CLEOPATRA will leave Saint John every MONDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (local) for EASTPORT, and thence to BOSTON, direct; and the Steamer NEW BRUNSWICK will leave St. John every THURSDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (local), for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Returning, the Steamer NEW BRUNSWICK will leave Boston every Sunday morning for St. John, via Portland and Eastport; and the CLEOPATRA will leave Boston every Thursday morning for St. John, Calling at Eastport only.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

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.

Contract for Making Up Uniforms for Letter Carriers.

SEPARATE Sealed Tenders, addressed to the Postmaster-General, Ottawa, (for Superintendent Printing and Supply Branch), and marked "Tender for Making up Uniforms for Letter Carriers" at Halifax, St. John, N. B.; Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Ont.; Winnipeg, and Victoria, B.C., will be received at Ottawa until 12 o'clock noon on MONDAY, the twenty-fifth day of February, 1889, for Making up Letter Carriers' Uniforms to persons mentioned in a schedule to be exhibited at the same, and with material, certain of which will be furnished by the Department, as specified in the form of tender, at the above mentioned cities and elsewhere, as may hereafter be determined on by the Postmaster General.

Information as to the estimated number of garments required to be made per annum at each of the cities herein named can be obtained at the Postmasters of the above mentioned cities, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa; and samples of the different articles of cloth made up are to be seen at the offices of the Postmasters of the cities specified, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, at any of which additional information can be obtained, if desired.

The contract to continue in force for a term of four years, provided always the same be executed, as to the prompt completion of the work, the quality of the material used, and the nature of the workmanship performed, to the satisfaction of the Postmaster-General.

The material and workmanship are to be, in all respects, equal to the samples, and the goods when completed, are to be delivered, at the expense of the Contractor or Contractors, in such quantities and at such times, from time to time required by the Post Office department, Ottawa.

The Contract to remain in force for a term of four years, provided always the same be executed, as to the prompt completion of the work, the quality of the material used, and the nature of the workmanship performed, to the satisfaction of the Postmaster-General.

The tender to state the price demanded per pair in the manner prescribed by the form of tender, and to be accompanied by the written guarantee of two responsible parties, as required by law, in the event of the tender being accepted, the Contract shall be duly executed by the person or persons making the tender, or by his or their partners in the business, and that the Contractor or Contractors in the firm of the Contractors, in such sums as may be required at the time of tender and guarantee may be obtained at the Post Offices above named and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

WILLIAM WHITE,
Deputy Postmaster General.

Post Office Department,
Ottawa, 24th January, 1889.

Separate Sealed Tenders will also be received from any one individual or firm for the SUPPLY of the whole of the Uniforms required for the Letter Carriers of the Dominion upon the same terms and conditions as for the "Making up of Letter Carriers' Uniforms" above set forth.

In the Exchequer Court of Canada.

In the matter of the "Expropriation Act," and in the matter of these certain parcels or tracts of land hereinafter described.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that there has been filed in the office of the Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada, on the eighteenth day of December, A. D. 1888, on behalf of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries of the Dominion of Canada, stating his readiness to pay money to the credit of the Registrar of the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, which, in his opinion, is sufficient compensation for the land and property expropriated for the purposes of the erection of a beacon light at Dipper Harbour, in the Province of New Brunswick, a public work, and described as follows, that is to say:

A lot and right of way situate in the parish of Musquash, in the County of St. John, N. B. and bounded as follows, viz.: Beginning at a point on the northwest side line of a grant on the eastern side of Dipper Harbour, made to one Hall, 1836 to Hugh Campbell,