THE HERALD.

VOL. II., NO. 14. FREDERICTON, N. B., MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1891. $1.00 PER YEAR.

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been REFITTED AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE. AN ELEGANT GENTLEMEN'S PARLOR, OFFICE, and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED DINING ROOM on Ground Floor; PERFECT VENTILATION and SEWERAGE throughout; LARGE and AIRY BEDROOMS; COMMODIOUS BATH ROOMS and CLOSETS on each floor; and is capable of accommodating ONE HUNDRED GUESTS.

It is rapidly growing in popular favor, and is to-day one of the LEADING, as well as the MOST COMFORTABLE HOTELS IN THE DOMINION.

The Table is always supplied with every delicacy available. The Cooking is highly commended, and the Staff of Attendants are ever ready to oblige.

There are two of the largest and most conveniently fitted up SAMPLE ROOMS in Canada, having street entrances and also connecting with Hotel Office.

HORSES and CARRIAGES of every style are to be had at the LIVERY STABLE of the Proprietor, immediately adjacent to the Hotel.

The "QUEEN" is centrally located, directly opposite to the Steamboat and Gibson Ferry Landings, and within a minute's walk of the Parliament Buildings, County Registrar's Office and Cathedral.

☞ A FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION.

Wm. WILSON,

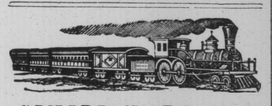
Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Secretary-Treasurer York.
Registrar University of New Brunswick.
Agent Glasgow and London Insurance Co's.

Office: CARLETON STREET.

RAILROADS.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

New Brunswick Division.

ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE TO MONTREAL, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect October 12th, 1890.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.20 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points; Vanceboro, Bangor, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; 10.30 a. m. for Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

3.15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and St. John.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6.30, 7.35 a. m.; 4.40, p. m. Fredericton Junction, 8.10, a.m.; 12.10., 6.25, p. m. McAdam Junction, 10.47, a. m.; 2.15, p.m. Vanceboro, 10.25, a. m., 12.45 p. m. St. Stephen, 7.45, 10.15 a. m. St. Andrews, 6.55, a. m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.20 a. m., 1.20, 7.20 p.m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.20 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

5.10 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

C. E. McPHERSON, Dist. Pass. Agent. H. P. TIMMERMAN, Gen'l Supt.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 889

ON and after **Monday, June 10th, 1889,** the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton	**7.00**
Accommodation for Point du Chene	**11.10**
Fast Express for Halifax	**14.30**
Express for Sussex	**16.35**
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal	**16.35**

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	**8.30**
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec	**10.50**
Fast Express from Halifax	**14.50**
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton	**20.10**
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave	**23.30**

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 5th, 1889.

For Tickets and other information, apply at the office of JOHN RICHARDS, Agent, Fredericton

NORTHERN & WESTERN RAILWAY

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect Nov. 25th, 1889.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

A PASSENGER, MAIL AND EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

2:40 p. m; Gibson, 2:45; Marysville, 2:55; Manzer's Siding, 3:20; Durham, 3:30; Cross Creek, 4:10; Boiestown, 5:20; Doaktown, 6:10; Upper Blackville, 7:00, Blackville, 7:25; Upper Nelson Boom, 8:00; Chatham Junction, 8:25; arrive at Chatham, 9:00.

RETURNING, LEAVE CHATHAM

6:30, a. m; Chatham Junction, 7:00; Upper Nelson Boom, 7:15; Blackville, 8:05; Upper Blackville, 8:35; Doaktown, 9:25; Boiestown, 10:20; Cross Creek, 11:30; Durham, 12:10, p.m.; Marysville, 12:45; Gibson, 12:55, arriving at Fredericton, 1:00.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. Railway for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the N. B. Railway for St. John and all points West and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S. S. Co, for St. John and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

All Trains will Leave and Arrive at Fredericton Station, West End of Bridge, instead of Gibson as heretofore.

All Freight to and from Fredericton will be received at Fredericton Station. Freight to and from Gibson will be received at Gibson Station.

☞ Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN, Superintendent.

Gibson, N. B., May 18th, 1889.

COOKED CODFISH.

Ask your Grocer for

COOKED SHREDDED CODFISH,

And Try It.

HEALTH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

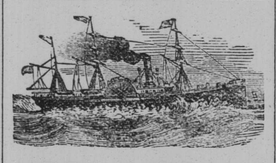
78, NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533, OXFORD STREET), LONDON

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot and may be had of al Medicine Venders throughout the World.

☞ Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

1.1-10-83

STEAMSHIPS.



ALLAN LINE.

Under Contract with the Government of Canada and Newfoundland for the conveyance of Canadian and United States Mails.

1891. Winter Arrangement, 1891.

This Company's Lines are composed of double-engined, Clyde-built IRON STEAMSHIPS. They are built in water-tight compartments, are unsurpassed for strength, speed and comfort, are fitted up with all the modern improvements that practical experience can suggest, and have made the fastest time on record

The Steamers of the

MAIL LINE TO LIVERPOOL

Sailing from Liverpool on THURSDAYS, and from Halifax on SATURDAYS, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland, are intended to be despatched as follows:

LIVERPOOL AND HALIFAX.

From Liverpool.		From Halifax.
12th Feb	MONGOLIAN	7th Mch
26th "	POLYNESIAN	21st "
12th Mch	CARTHAGINIAN	4th Apr
26th "	PARISIAN	18th "
9th Apr	POLYNESIAN	2nd May

These steamers sail from Halifax about 1 p. m. Saturdays, or as soon as possible after the arrival of the Intercolonial Railway train, due at Halifax at noon.

Rates of Passage to Liverpool.

SALOON (According to accommodation) $40 to $65
RETURN $80 to $120
EXTRA CLASS CABINS on Parisian $70 to $80
Children, in saloon, between 2 and 12 years, half fare; under 2 years, free.
Clergymen and their families are allowed a reduction of ten per cent. from these rates.
INTERMEDIATE — Outward, $25; Inward, prepaid, $30.
STEERAGE, $20.

Liverpool Queenstown St. Johns and Halifax Mail Service.

From Liverpool.		From Halifax.
14 April	NOVA SCOTIAN	11 May
26 "	CARTHAGINIAN	25 "
12 May	CASPIAN	8 June

And fortnightly thereafter.

Rates of Passage to St. John's, N. F.

Saloon, $20; Intermediate, $15; Steerage, $6.

GLASGOW LINE.

Direct sailings from Glasgow to Halifax.

MANITOBAN 5 March
HIBERNIAN 19 do

No cattle of any description carried on Mail Steamers. except S. S. Mongolian.

Steerage Tickets issued to and from the principal points in Great Britain and the Continent at cheap rates.

For Staterooms, Tickets, or further information apply to

WM. THOMSON & Co., Agents, ST. JOHN N. B.

No. 2.

NEW YORK STEAMSHIP CO.

THE REGULAR LINE.

THE IRON STEAMSHIP,

VALENCIA,

1600 tons, (Capt. F. C. MILLER), will leave

COMPANY'S WHARF, Rear of Custom House,

ST. JOHN FOR NEW YORK

via Eastport, Me., Rockland, Me., and Cottage City, Mass., every

FRIDAY AT 3 P. M.

(Standard Time.) Returning, steamer will leave

Pier 40, East River, Foot of Pike Street, New York, EVERY TUESDAY at 5 p. m.,

For Cottage City, Mass., Rockland, Me., Eastport, Me., and St. John, N. B.

Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.

CHEAPEST FARES AND LOWEST RATES.

Shippers and importers save time and money by ordering goods forwarded by the New York Steamship Company.

Through Tickets for sale at all Stations on the Intercolonial Railway.

For further information address

N. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager, 63 Broadway, New York

Or FRANK ROWAN, Agent, N.Y.&S. Co's wharf, rear of Custom House, St. John, N. B.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Three Trips a Week.

FOR BOSTON.

ON and after MONDAY, May. 5th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John, for Eastport, Portland, and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.25 Standard.

Wednesday's Steamer will not touch at Portland.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.00 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5.00 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer ROSE STANDISH, for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

Special Notice—On and after Aug. 16th, and up to and including Sept. 13th, a Steamer will leave St. John for Boston direct, every SATURDAY EVENING, at 6.25 Standard time.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent, Reed's Point Wharf, St John, N. B.

PARSONS PILLS

Make New, Rich Blood!

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. ONE PILL A DOSE. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find great benefit from using them. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps; five boxes $1.00. DR. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

ADAMS BROS.

FUNERAL —AND— FURNISHING - UNDERTAKERS,

OPP. QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON.

Caskets, Coffins, Robes, Mountings, &c.

and everything required in the Undertaking Business kept in stock.

☞ *Special Prices for Country Orders.*

Orders in the City or Country attended to with promptness.

Residence over Warerooms.

ADAMS BROS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IT IS ONLY A SHORT WHILE SINCE

LUCY & CO.

started their present undertaking, and they can now with pride boast of having one of the best

Boot, Shoe, —AND— READY-MADE CLOTHING

Business in the City. This has been accomplished in the short space of eighteen months, and it shows what pluck and perseverance will do when backed by fair dealing and close attention to the wants of the people. Their goods are bought and sold for CASH, and this is the real secret of their success.

They wish to call the attention of Christmas buyers to the fact that Presents bought at their Store are not only ornamental, but also useful to those who receive them. Respectfully,

LUCY & CO.

Their stock is now complete and they are receiving NEW GOODS every week.

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter, AND TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street,

OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,

where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL BELL HANGING, Speaking Tubes, &c.

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS, 1ST JANUARY, 1889, - $39,722,809.59
ASSETS IN CANADA, " - 870,525.67

Fire Insurance of Every Description at LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

WM. WILSON, Agent.

GEO. A. HUGHES, B.A. JNO. W. WETMORE, B.A.

HUGHES & WETMORE,

Attorneys and Solicitors,

NOTARIES, CONVEYANCERS, &c.

OFFICES: WILEY BUILDING, Opp. Normal School, QUEEN ST. } Fredericton, N.B.

GREENOUGH HOUSE.

A Story of Two Christmas Eves.

BY HERO STRONG.

A very great surprise awaited the good people of Lightner Hill, a small village in one of our New England states, on a bright, frosty Christmas morning, eight or ten years ago.

The old Greenough house which stood on the cliff above the village, overlooking the surrounding country for miles and miles, had found a tenant.

For more than a decade of years it had been vacant, and the winds of winter had whistled in at its broken windows, and the sun of summer had warmed to crimson glory the roses in its weedy gardens—roses which no hand gathered, and which no loving care fostered.

The old house had an evil history, and it had been placed in the hands of an agent years ago, but no house-seeker had cared to accept the very liberal terms offered, for the dark shadow which hung over it had its depressing influence even on such imaginative people as those who wanted everything for nothing, including hot and cold water, and stationary tubs in the kitchen.

For although this is a very matter-of-fact age, and nobody living believes in ghosts, still there are few people who care to live in a house within whose walls two murders have been committed—and the old Greenough house enjoyed that somewhat unenviable distinction.

The Greenoughs had been a hot-blooded, high-tempered race, and years agone one of them had killed his bride of a week before the eyes of the man whom he believed she loved better than she did him; and then he had slain the lover, and fled from the house leaving heritage and home behind him, and so far as known no one had ever looked upon his face again. He had vanished out of the life which had once known him, and only the God who had made him with the wild unbridled passions which had wrecked his life, knew what had become of him.

It was on a stormy Christmas night that this dark deed had been done at the old house, and those among the villagers who were superstitious enough to assert that every Christmas night the pale face of Margaret Greenough, the murdered bride, looked out through the dim and cobwebbed windows upon the shuddering passerby, and that far out on the wild winds of winter there rang a cry—a horrible, blood-curdling cry for help.

And so the house fell into ill-repute, and it was fast going to ruin, when, as has been already said, that frosty Christmas morning smoke was seen ascending from its chimneys, and the tall form of a woman with a scarlet shawl thrown over her pale blue dress walked along up and down the the broad eastern piazza in the bright morning sunlight.

The interested neighbors called on the new-comer before the week was out, but they got little satisfaction for their pains.

A sphinx-faced maid-servant met them at the door, and to their inquiries for the mistress of the house returned to each and all the same unvarying reply:

"Mrs. Hurlstone presents her thanks for your kindness, and begs to be excused. She sees no company."

And in spite of all efforts on the part of those who sought to be neighborly with her, the new tenant of Greenough house maintained her isolation, and no one knew if she were wife or widow, or if she were old or young.

The winter passed, and then the summer, and still the mysterious Mrs. Hurlstone had been seen by no one.

Martha, the middle-aged servant, did all the marketing, and an equally staid and quiet man-servant attended to the duties of the farm and garden.

Early in the month of November, following the Christmas day on which the tenant of Greenough house had taken possession, Dr. Westerley was just closing his office for the night, preparatory to retiring to his bachelor lodgings for the sleep he stood sorely in need of, for the fall had been unusually sickly, and the doctor had been in constant request by night as well as by day, when a tall woman in a black cloak stepped quietly in at the door he was about to close. Dr. Westerley was not pleased to see her, but he turned back into the office, relighted the lamp, and waited for her to do her errand.

"You are Dr. Westerley, I believe?"

The doctor bowed, and a slight surprise betrayed itself in his well controlled face as he recognized the woman servant at Greenough house.

"I want you," she said, briefly, "and at once."

"Where? I beg your pardon, but I must know where I am going, and whom I am to visit."

"You are to know nothing," said the woman, quietly. "Come with me."

"But I——"

"A life is at stake," said the woman, and it may be in your power to save it. And if Mrs. Hurlstone sees fit to explain anything to you, it is well, but I can tell you nothing. And surely you are not afraid?"

Dr. Westerley smiled. He was a grave-faced handsome man of thirty-five—wonderfully successful in his chosen business; a man who enjoyed the confidence of all with whom he came in contact.

He put some few things in a medicine-case, threw on his great-coat, and followed the woman out into the damp fog of the night.

It was not far to the house on the hill by the cross path through the woodland, and the woman led him on at a sharp pace.

A faint gleam of light showed through the fan-shaped glass over the door, and in an upper chamber two high windows let out a subdued and flickering light, as if from the unsteady radiance of a fire on the hearth.

The heavy door swung open noiselessly at their approach, and the doctor and his silent companion passed into the faintly lighted hall.

A lady had opened the door, and as she turned her face toward the doctor, he started back involuntarily, and smothered an exclamation at her exceeding loveliness of form and feature.

She was tall and slight, and her age might have been anywhere between twenty and thirty; her face was blanched to a snowy whiteness by some unknown horror. Her large brown eyes—the most wonderful eyes Dr. Westerley had ever seen—met his with a world of wild pleading in their depths, and her small hands clasped themselves nervously together as they spoke.

"You are the physician?"

Something in the soft, sweet tones of her voice stirred some half-forgotten memory in the doctor's heart and carried him back to other days, when a boy he had rambled [illegible] windy hills and clover meadows of New Hampshire, and heard, afar off, through the clear air, the distant peal of the bell in the old church, beneath the shadow of whose gray spire the gentle girl he had loved—and lost—lay buried.

He bowed courteously.

"I am Dr. Westerly, madam. What service can I render you?"

She lifted her eyes to his face, and seemed to measure him at a glance. She put out her hand and touched his.

"I will ask you to keep my secret. I see that in your face which assures me that you are an honorable man. As such I trust you. Will you come this way?"

She started to ascend the dim stair-way, and Dr. Westerley followed her without question. She passed several closed doors, and paused at length before a door at the extremity of the passage. This door she unlocked, and motioned to her companion to enter; and when he had done so, she followed him, and closed and bolted the door behind them. They stood in a large, low-ceiled room, the windows of which were shrouded in heavy curtains. In one corner stood an old-fashioned four-posted bedstead, with dull red hangings.

The lady swept them back with a touch of her hand, and showed the ghastly face of a man lying on the pillow. He started up nervously, and a red spot of color leaped into his cheek.

"Have they come, Agnes?" he cried. "I knew they would, but you always promised me you would keep them away!"

"Be quiet, Edgar," she said, soothingly. "This is Dr. Westerly; he has come to make you well again."

"Does he know? Have you told him?" questioned the sick man, eagerly.

"She has told me nothing," said the doctor, grimly, "and I shall not ask her. But in the name of humanity I will do what I can for you."

A brief examination showed doctor Westerley that it was only a question of time how long this evidently unquiet spirit was to remain in its earthly tenement, but his impassive face told nothing.

Nevertheless, the sick man guessed at his conclusions.

"You think I shall die?" he asked, eagerly.

Doctor Westerley fell back upon the stereotyped assurances of his class. It is never a very pleasant thing to tell a man hardly in the prime of life that his hours are numbered. "Really, my dear sir, you must not be down-hearted. While there is life we always——"

"Nonsense!" said the patient. "Tell the truth, can't you? I am not an idiot to be scared by the thought of dying."

"You are very ill. Of course it is possible that you may live many years, but the probability is——"

"Death?" said the sick man.

"If you will have it—yes," said the doctor, reluctantly.

"Thank Heaven!" said the patient, earnestly.

Doctor Westerly looked at him with some curiosity. In his somewhat extended practice it had never been his fortune to hear any one thank Heaven for death in immediate prospect.

The man lying there so helpless before him doctor Westerly saw was comparatively young, and even now, worn and wasted as he was by disease, his face showed traces of thought and culture. He had been a very handsome man, there could be no doubt of that. Who was he? What was he? Why was he here? What relation did he bear to the woman who, pale-faced and anxious, leaned against the heavily carved foot-board of the bedstead awaiting the doctor's verdict?

A few skilfully put questions evolved the information that he had been ill for a long time; that he had had no medical attendance, and that even now it had been called against his wish.

Mrs. Hurlstone followed the doctor down the stairs when he had prescribed for the patient, and paused a moment before she opened the hall door to give him egress. Her lips trembled; she made an effort to speak, and burst into tears.

Doctor Westerley took her hand.

"My dear madam," he said, "let me beg of you not to distress yourself. It may be some time before—before——"

She finished the sentence over which he hesitated.

"Before he dies—you would say; but oh, it is not that! You do not know! You cannot guess——"

She stopped abruptly, turned away from him and fled up the stairs.

The doctor made the best of his way home, and went to bed. But the fine night's sleep which he had so fondly anticipated did not come, and he lay tossing about till the dawn, with the dark eyes, and the sweet, sad face of the tenant of Greenough House forever before him.

And it might truly be said that it was the first night in his life that he had been kept awake by his thoughts of a woman.

For several days he visited the sick man at the house on the hill, and noted the steady decay of his feeble vitality. Every day he met the beautiful woman who nursed his patient so tenderly, and whom he had learned to love with a wild, mad passion that astonished him. And still no light was shed on the mystery which seemed to surround the strange couple. If they were husband and wife, brother and sister, friends or enemies, Dr. Westerly knew not. A cold reserve had fallen between the doctor and Mrs. Hurlstone; by mutual consent they avoided being alone together, for Dr. Westerley knew that he loved her as he had never dreamed of loving, and she—well, is a woman ever mistaken in a man's sentiments toward her?

On Christmas Eve two strange men called at Dr. Westerley's office, and demanded an interview. Dr. Westerley invited them to step into his private office, and the elder of the men threw back his outside coat and showed a detective's badge on his breast.

"We are police officers from New York," he said, briefly, "and we are in pursuit of Edgar Raynor, the noted bank robber, who shot his accomplice in St. Louis more than a year ago, in order to secure the entire booty of which they had plundered the bank, of which they were the president and cashier, and we have traced him to this place."

"Well," said the doctor, inquiringly, "what has that to do with me?"

"We have information that you have been attending the man in question in the capacity of a physician, and we desire you to state to us his precise physical condition. There is a large reward offered for his apprehension alive, and we have worked too hard to risk anything by precipitate action. Is he in immediate danger of death?"

"I have no idea to whom you refer," said the doctor.

"Why, to the tenant of the old Greenough House. Surely you must have guessed that no man who had nothing to hide away from would be vegetating in that place."

"I decline to answer any questions in regard to any of my patients," said the doctor, coldly.

"Ah! then we must proceed without you. Good evening, sir." And the men hastily withdrew.

Dr. Westerley stole out to his stable, and without stopping for a saddle mounted his best horse and started for the house on the hill. Criminal, or not, the sick man and the beautiful woman who cared for him should have warning of what was coming. But he had not gone half the distance when his horse stumbled over a loose stone, fell, and got up dead lame. He left her there in the road, and hurried forward on foot. As he stepped on to the piazza he saw that the two policemen were already banging away at the knocker, and in an instant the door opened and the grave-faced Martha appeared. They pushed past her without ceremony, and met Mrs. Hurlstone in the hall.

"Madam," said the spokesman, "you can doubtless guess why we are here. We have come to arrest Edgar Raynor for the murder of Paul Barton, in St. Louis, eighteen months ago. You have led us a pretty chase, but we have run you to ground at last."

Dr. Westerley stepped involuntarily to the woman's side, and, meeting her calm and self-contained eyes, he saw something new in their peaceful depths. The trouble and distress he had always noted there were gone, and in their place there was peace perfect and entire.

"Very well," she said quietly, "you are at liberty to do your duty. You have earned the right. Come this way."

She ascended the stairs and the three men followed her. At the door of the sick room she paused, and cast an appealing glance at Dr. Westerley. He answered her by stepping forward and draw her cold hand inside his arm.

In some vague and unexplained way he knew that she only needed support and sympathy—she, and not the unfortunate fugitive they had come to arrest.

Mrs. Hurlstone stepped into the chamber first. It was in darkness, save for a gleam from the dying wood fire on the hearth.

"There," she said softly, pointing to the draped bed in the corner. "Edgar Raynor is at your mercy. You can claim the reward you worked for, if you like."

Something in her strange manner seemed to chill the triumphant ardor of the two officers. They hesitated, and then threw back the bed hangings. And they saw within the shadow, lying calm and rigid and beyond their reach, the figure of a dead man.

"What was he to you?" Dr. Westerley asked, under his breath, as Mrs. Hurlstone grasped his arm.

"He was my husband!" she replied, and fell lifeless at his feet.

And as he raised her up, the joyful tones of the bells in the old church tower under the hill, ringing the glad Christmas chimes, floated softly in at the open window.

* * * * *

Two years later, and on Christmas Day, there was a quiet wedding in that same old church, and Agnes Raynor, the mysterious tenant of the old Greenough House, gave her hand to Dr. Westerley in marriage, and though she will never cease to remember the husband of her youth who sinned against her, and against his own better nature, she knows that in the love of her maturer years she shall find happiness undisturbed by doubt or fear, until death shall separate her from the loyal heart which is all her own.

HOW TO LIVE 100 YEARS.

Health with many years may easily be attained. Temperance, Abstinence and care in food eaten are the main conditions. Always use Imperial Cream Tartar Baking Powder in biscuit, cakes &c. and that part of food will be all right. Sold by all Grocers.

JACKSON'S DUEL WITH DICKINSON.

In a paper in the Southern Bivouac the following conversation between Gen. Harding and Gen. Jackson, relative to Jackson's duel with Dickinson, is given:

In a conversation with Gen. Jackson one day I said: "General, is a brave man ever frightened?"

"I don't know that I am competent to answer that question," he said. "I replied: The world accords you as much bravery as is possessed by any man."

"If that be so, sir," said the general, "I would say I have been so badly frightened as a gentleman ought ever to be."

"I said, I presume that was in some of your Indian fights?"

"No," said he, "it was when I went on the field with Dickinson. I knew him to be a cool, brave, determined man, and the best shot I ever saw, and I never expected to leave the field alive. I owe my life to the fashion of the day—the full breasted coat. This and the peculiar conformation of my much sunken chest were all that saved me. Dickinson's bullet struck what appeared to be the centre of my body under the right arm, and the ball grazed my breastbone. I had gone upon the field determined not to fire at Dickinson, but to discharge my pistol in the air, having no ground of quarrel with him and not wishing to hurt a hair in his head. My quarrel was with his father-in-law, Ervin; but when I felt myself shot under the impression that I had received a mortal wound, and smarting under this belief and physical pain, I fired the fatal shot, and no act of my life have I ever regretted so much.

"Under the conditions of the meeting we had a right to reserve the fire, because I knew Dickinson could shoot so much more quickly than I could. It has been asserted in public prints, said old Hickory, that I advanced on Dickinson to deliver my shot and that he gave back, both of which statements are false, sir. I stood in my place when I fired and Dickinson remained in his, receiving my shot like a cool, brave man as he was."

HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

The room's in disorder,
The cat's on the table,
The flower-stand upset, and the mischief to pay;
And Johnny is screaming
As loud as he's able,
For nothing goes right when mamma's away.

What a scene of discomfort and confusion home would be if mamma did not return. If your wife is slowly breaking down, from a combination of domestic cares and female disorders, make it your first *business* to restore her to health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is without a peer as a remedy for feeble and debilitated women, and is the only medicine for the class of maladies known as female diseases which is sold under a *positive guarantee* from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction, or the money will be refunded. It is a positive cure for the most complicated cases of womb troubles.

A FABLE.

The Story of the Farmer and the Thief.

A thief had robbed a farmer's house two or three times. At length the farmer began to grumble, but was quieted with the explanation: Don't you see I use the money to build factories for myself? In this way, between us, we build up a great and glorious country and that makes us both—especially me—loyal to the old flag. Rule Britannia! A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die!! Do you want to be a traitor and a rebel? It is the law which authorizes me to rob you. Whoever is against the law is against me, and therefore—Oh! how my heart burns and my head hangs down with the shame of it! Oh! that such beings should exist under the old flag—a Yankee and a rebel! He is also disloyal and a traitor!! Britons never, never shall be slaves! God save the Queen! D—— the Yankees and all traitors!"

So much wind took the farmer's breath away, and when he recovered it he found his pockets turned inside out and the man was gone.

The thief had stolen the law from the Yankees to begin with. His heart swelled with loyal pride when he thought of it.

At last, after much thinking, the farmer saw that while the thief was getting richer and richer he was getting poorer and poorer. To keep his family alive he morgaged his farm, and then he came to a decision. The next time the thief came round the farmer caught him by the nape of the neck and shook him. The thief who was prepared for every argument but this, screamed out, "Traitor! Yankee! Rebel! A British subject I was born, a Br——" This time the farmer had his wits about him sufficiently to reply, "Rats!" and handed him over to the constable.

The farmer then grew rich again, and, strange and miraculous as it may appear, the richer he became the happier and more contented he grew; the more contented he was, and more loyal was his attachment to his flag. And yet he did not even then talk so much about loyalty as the man who had fleeced him used to do.

Moral—This tale teaches that some thieves have gall, and farmers have more sense than the thieves give them credit for.

Also, that slang is sometimes more expressive than the English taught in High schools.

Also, that when a man shouts "Traitor!" "Rebel!" "Yankee" it is well to inquire what particular steal he is after this time.

CRIME IN CONNECTICUT.

The vandal who daubed hideous pictures in black paint on the wall of the White Congregational church at Storrs village in hilly old Mansfield town in Tolland county, was detected in his depredations by artesian well-diggers at midnight. Connected with the vandalism is a strange story of criminal misdeeds by a band of local desperadoes in Mansfield. All the time the prosperous farmers of the town knew pretty well who the members of the band were, but so much did they fear them no one dared give testimony against them.

The band began their crimes nearly three years ago, when they burned the barn of Charles A. Popple of North Mansfield with a great quantity of hay, farm tools, and stock. Next they burned Martin Flaherty's large barn, then Dennis Flaherty's barn, and not much later the big costly barn belonging to John L. Ross, a manufacturer at Eagleville, in Mansfield. The track of the incendiary to and from the Ross barn was plain in the snow, and farmers followed the trail, which showed the imprint of heavy hob-nailed boots, nearly to the man's house, but no one dared ask that he be arrested.

Then the gang shot several of George H. Harris's cows and shot and disembowled one of his horses and left the bodies on the Harris farm. Not much later Mr. Harris going out of his house one day at noon, saw flames bursting through the windows of his grist mill not far away. The gang had fired the mill while Mr. Harris was at dinner, which was burned to the ground. A little later they burned his barn and then they destroyed Benjamin Harris's barn in the same way. A half dozen more barns were burnt by them in the past year and a half. Next, about a year ago, they began the work of defacing the Storrs White Congregational church. They smeared its walls, outside and inside, with offensive pictures and texts, and daubed black paint on the marble headstones in the churchyard. Three times, with the aid of painters and marble cutters and at considerable expense the church people painted out the work of the vandals on the church, and scraped or chiselled the paint from the tombstones. Still the Mansfield people dared not attempt to convict the desperadoes of their many crimes.

STRUCK WITH LIGHTNING

Neatly describes the position of a hard or soft corn when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is applied. It does its work so quickly and without pain that it seems magical in action. Try it. Recollect the name—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

THE SCOTCH BEADLE.

Of course he was fond of his snuff, and made free with the "mull," as the Scot terms his snuff box, right and left. An old beadle himself tells of having got a sharp reproof from the pulpit because of his too devoted attention in this particular. "When the minister was preaching," says he, "a neighbor asked a snuff, and I gave him my box. The minister saw us and just leaned over the pulpit, looked straight in our faces, and said, 'There are some of you more concerned about your noses than about your souls' salvation.' After that I was very careful never to pass my box in church again." No one was a better judge of whiskey than the old Scotch beadle, and many good stories are told of his weaknesses in connection with the "dream." "You have been drinking again, John," said his minister to his beadle. "Why John, you should really become a teetotelar." "Do you never tak' a drop yersel' sir?" inquired John. "I do; but, John, you must consider the difference between your circumstances and mine." "Very true, sir," said John; "but do you know why the streets of Jerusalem were kept sae clean?" The minister confessed himself unable to answer this query. "Well then," remarked John, "I'll tell you. It was just because everybody kept their aim doorstane swept"—which was a polite way of saying, "Mind your own business."

Dropped on sugar, children love to take Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for coughs and colds.

HERCULEAN POWER.

A Frail Phenomenon Who Performs Wonderful Feats of Strength.

Miss Mattie Lee Price is one of those mysterious phenomena with which nature now and then puzzles the world.

That a girl not yet out of her teens, frail, and weighing only ninety-six pounds, should, unaided, accomplish feats that under ordinary circumstances would require the strength of a horse, seems incredible, but convincing demonstrations of the facts preclude all possibility of optical illusion.

Here is a record of the facts as found, leaving their solution to scientists versed in physics and metaphysics, or to those necromancers for whom nothing seems impossible.

LIFTING THREE MEN WITH OPEN HANDS.

A feat that Miss Price performs with comparative ease, is lifting three men aggregating some six hundred pounds in weight. First, one man is placed on the chair, another is seated on his lap, and a third placed astraddle of the middle man. The chair is then tilted backward, thus throwing the entire weight on the chair and leaving only the toes of the first man touching the floor, while the feet of the others are in the air. Miss Price then applies her open hands to the sides of the chair at a point opposite the seat, and after stroking them for a few seconds, as though feeling for the right spot, she says, mildly, "all right!" and the six hundred pounds of humanity are lifted in the air and sometimes sent sprawling pell mell on the floor.

And this is done by a girl weighing less than one-sixth of the weight she lifts. She once lifted in Jim Geary's museum, Fort Wayne, Ind., three men whose weight aggregated seven hundred and fifty-six pounds. Her other feats are just as wonderful, and are puzzling the wise men of New York city these days. She is giving exhibitions there.

SKETCH OF MISS PRICE.

Miss Mattie Lee Price is an attractive little woman. Her face denotes intelligence and great energy. Her eyes are gray and piercing; her manners unassuming though self-reliant. She was born on a farm near Dalton, Bartlett county, Ga., and will be twenty years old on May 15 next. Her father is George W. Price, a cotton raiser. One fourth of the blood that courses through his veins is of Indian origin. Her mother is of German descent. She first became aware of her abnormal power while at school when she was eleven years old. One day she and another girl began to struggle for the possession of a rope. She overcame her antagonist with ease. Others joined her opponent till five of them were pitted against her. Yet she overpowered them all with one hand, dragging them around as if they were so many feathers.

SEA DEVILS OF FLORIDA.

The ray family of fishes is well represented in the maritime waters of Florida, and may usually be found in the haunts of their kindred, the sharks and saw fishes. There are three species in the Gulf of