The Weekly Observer

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, EDUCATION, TEMPERANCE, and GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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The Weekly Observer.

HILLSBORO, N. B., Feb. 28, 1889

The Crimson Stain.

"Oh! curse this awful appetite for drink,
I feel that I am standing on the brink
Of a precipice, with not a friend around
To draw me back to firmer, safer ground.
Oh, the thirsting! Oh, the craving! Oh, the burning!
Oh, the loathing! Oh, the loving! Oh, the spurning!
Every nerve, ever vein
Throbs with pain—
But I've sworn to never touch the stuff again.

"There's a bar room o'er the way. Hear the clink
Of the glasses as the "boys" step up to drink.
There is something now a pulling me that way.
Hear the laughter! Hear the singing! All are gay.
For a moment shall I step across the street?
How hilarious would old companions greet.
Shall I go? How my brain
Throbs with pain,
But I've sworn to never touch the stuff again.

"Ah! who is that a beckoning to me?
'Tis my little sweetheart—none so fair as she,
She is waiting now to take the promised walk,
How I love to watch her smile, and hear her talk,
She it was who plucked me from the ragged "edge,"
She it was who made her lover sign the pledge,
No more throbbing of the brain,
Vanish pain—
I swear I'll never touch the stuff again."

Hear the bell—hear the clanging marriage bell,
What a tale of hopes and fears doth it tell,
See the bride—see the blushing, tearful bride,
See the proud and happy bridegroom by her side,
'Tis he who cursed his appetite for drink—
'Tis he who stood upon destruction's brink,
Every nerve, every vein
Racked with pain—
'Tis he who swore to never drink again.

See the tears—see the bitter, scalding tears,
See the wife—see the wife of two short years,
See the child—see the puny, starving child,
See the man—see the man unkempt and wild,
See him raise his hand and strike, with savage blow,
Her whom he swore to love, two years ago,
Hear her beg for life in vain,
See the stain—the crimson stain,
She ne'er will weep o'er broken vows again.

A Story of the Blizzard.

The Miami Valley glowed with soft light one afternoon last May. The air was heavy with the sweet scent of apple blossoms, and hummed lasily with the stir of insect life. The ground was clad with green. The wide, tree lined road which winds up the valley was deserted. The Tolles homestead, a small, gray house, weather beaten, and with moss grown roof, stands at the foot of a long, gently-sloping hill, around which the road winds.

A young woman stood in the orchard in the shade cast by an apple tree, in which countless pollen-laden bees buzzed heavily from blossom to blossom. She was bareheaded. Her left hand was held to her forehead, visor-like, to shade her eyes from sunbeams which pierced through the overhanging limbs. Her right hand was pressed lightly against the rough bark of the tree. She was leaning slightly forward, gazing intently down the road. She was not remarkably beautiful, nor was she the acme of physical perfection. She was typical of the ordinary farmer's daughter. She was accustomed to comparatively hard toil. She was not remarkably intelligent, but just an average girl, such as are raised by millions on American farms. She was capable of loving one man sincerely and honestly. As she looked through clear gray eyes down the tree-lined road, her face suddenly glowed redly, then as suddenly blushed. She pressed her right hand to her throat, as though to aid her to swallow a lump and she murmured, "There he is," as a man walking briskly appeared in the road. He saw her standing in the orchard among the beehives. He ceased to walk for an instant and looked intently at her, then placing his hands on the top rail of the fence he vaulted lightly over it, and walked rapidly toward her. His soft, black hat was upturned and exposed to her view a sun-burned, beardless face, which flushed as he approached her. There was nothing extraordinary about the appearance of this young man. The world is full of just such young men. He was typical of farmer's sons. The girl stood motionless until he was within a few yards of her, then, with an exclamation of joy, she rushed forward to meet him. They embraced, their lips met lovingly, and before he released her from his encircling arms he whispered:

"Cousin Mary, I have come for you. The Dakota home is ready."

"John," she whispered back to him, "I am ready to go."

The next morning they were married, and the following night they were traveling westward in a day coach, because they were poor and could not afford to ride in a sleeping car. As they journeyed John told her of the home he was taking her to.

The Tolleses were two units of the enormous number of immigrants who have poured into Southern Dakota and eastern Colorado during the two years last past. The larger portion of these immigrants were and are poor men. They are young, hopeful, and many of them are newly married. They settled on land that has for years been considered to be arid and unfit for agriculture. But it really seems as though the climate of the arid zone had changed, or more properly that wet zone had encroached on the grassy desert. But, be that as it may, last summer was dry in Dakota and Colorado. Siroccos blew out of the southwest. Dakota and Colorado panted and then scorched. The herbage dried and the earth cracked, water ceased to flow in river and creek beds and stood in shallow pools; the leaves of the corn plants rolled and curled as though exposed to the fiery breath of a furnace, and day after day the blistering sun coursed through a cloudless sky. Lines of little panting birds stood in the shadows cast by telegraph poles. Tens of thousands of acres of usually highly productive corn land baked brick-like in the sun, and the plants died before they reproduced themselves. Extensive acres of wheat were not worth cutting. Direful disaster hung over the land. Men who tilled incumbered acres lay awake nights to think of their cares.

How did the larger proportion of the newly arrived immigrants fare? Poverty, armed with judgments as with a club, stalked among them and struck them down in scores. Crops were lost on a scale that threatened to bankrupt them. Chattels were laid on cattle to obtain money with which to pay interest on real estate mortgages. Winter approached, and men and women who lived in caves dug into the banks of timberless creeks, or in frail, unplastered houses mostly of one room, sat and silently looked at one another, afraid to voice their fears. They had but little, if any, money. Plentiful supplies of healthful food were scarce. They were almost destitute of fuel, and winter was gradually stalking southward from the frozen plains of Manitoba. Daily the people gathered dry cow chips which lay on the range where herds of cattle grazed a few years ago. But cow chips are poor fuel, and the supply was limited. These settlers come from regions where coal and wood were cheap, and they could hardly realize that men and women could lose their lives for the want of a little coal. Men talked of fuel when they met. They dreamed of piles of coal and long ranks of cordwood when they slept.

The Tolleses realized that they had to have coal. They had lost their crops, and were as poor as their neighbors. To buy coal it was necessary to take a portion of the small sum of money they had sacredly laid aside to meet the expenses of the coming of a longed-for child. For several days they hesitated to draw from this store; then a sharp, cold night, during which the north wind blew keenly, warned them to prepare, as winter drew nigh. The next morning John Tolles hitched his incumbered horses to his mortgaged wagon and drove 30 miles to town to buy coal. Arrived there, he found many other settlers, all of whom were poorly clad and in financial straits, in town after fuel. All told the same story: Cow chips to burn, no solid fuel almost a total failure of crops, and hardly any money. These hardy men discussed the possibilities of danger which lurked in coming blizzards freely, as there were no women there to be alarmed. There was no coal in town.

That night, and for many following nights, and in many shanties and dugouts, the fuel question was earnestly discussed. People went to bed at dark to save the small quantity of fuel they had stored up. They lay abed late of morning to aid in accomplishing the same purpose. But they might as well be in bed anywhere else, as there is no work to be done in Southern Dakota and Eastern Colorado during the winter, and, then, one does not eat so much when he remains long in bed. As the delightful fall days warm and pleasant continued, men and women smiled at one another when they met, and said hopefully: "Maybe we will not have a severe winter, and we will get through nicely. We will not have to pay an extra price for coal. We have had a great fright about nothing." And they nodded their young heads to indicate their courage and hopefulness.

As the settlers talked and thought and acted, so did John and Mary Tolles. One morning, a few weeks after John had returned coalless from town, the south wind was blowing briskly when they awoke. It whistled rather mournfully, as is the wont of vapor-laden winds, around their small house. They arose and dressed, and walked out into the prairie. The sky was cloudless, but hazy. Though it was early in the morning, the air was unpleasantly warm. Tumble weeds rolled past their hut and chased one another northward over the plains. A meadow lark sat on a dead sunflower stalk swaying to and fro. The short blown grass nestled and whispered. A few blue-bottled flies buzzed noiselessly around the house. All nature seemed to proclaim that spring was near at hand. It was late December. The young people laughed and talked gaily.

"Winter is over!" the brave young wife exclaimed, joyously. "How warm it is. The meadow lark is hailing the approach of spring. He is calling to his mate. How foolish we were, John to be alarmed about fuel. We will do nicely now, and next year we will make a crop and have plenty of everything.

And the young woman sang aloud. Ah, how little they knew of the terrible climate of the Dakota and Colorado plains. How ignorant they are of the hardness an cruelty of nature. That afternoon a low, dark line of clouds appeared above the distant northern horizon; the southern sky became overcast, and heavy masses of vapor-laden clouds rushed northward. The air continued to be warm. That night shortly after the Tolleses had gone to bed, a warm, southern rain began to fall, and they laughed and talked of the coming crop as they heard it patter on the roof. They hadn't noticed how reluctant their dog had been to leave the house; nor had they noticed that their few cattle had come up early in the evening. As they talked of the future they heard a low, faint roar, as though a distant sea foaming on a sandy shore. Steadily the roar grew louder. Th dog howled mournfully outside. The cattle lowed plaintively. The Tolleses sat up to listen. Then with a crash the wind whipped into the North. The rain drove furiously against the frail house and blew through tiny cracks in spray on them. Their house shook and trembled. Gusts of wind blew down the stovepipe and caused the light ashes to fly in jets out of the openings in the stove door, as though the stove were a mighty puff ball that was squeezed by unseen hands. The dull sound produced by falling rain was speedily replaced by the sharp rattle of hail beating against the house. The ice particles and fine snow began to sift into the room.

Louder and louder the storm raged, until the air resounded with the voice of enraged nature. It grew colder and colder. The young people trembled in bed. They piled all other clothes on their blankets, and there they lay and shook with cold through the night. Before morning they realized that spring had not arrived. Gray light penetrated into the room thro' its coated windows and announced that dawn had come. The hands of the clock marked eight.

The Tolleses arose. They were wretchedly cold. They built a fire out of corn cobs and cow chips which hardly gave sufficient heat to warm the stove. As they breathed, frostly columns of vapor issued from their mouths as horns. Outside was an awe-inspiring arctic scene that chilled them to look upon. The air was filled with ice particles and snow, which swept almost horizontally through it. An apparently solid and endless mat of snow two feet thick moved rapidly over the frozen surface of the earth. The utmost extent of vision was about twenty-five yards. And the loud voice of nature never ceased to roar over the storm-cursed land. The Tolleses were experiencing their first blizzard. As they suffered, and through suffering added to the scanty store of knowledge, their hearts burned with anger at the brutal wickedness displayed by the managers of the railroad company, men who know the land and its climate, in not hauling coal to the towns along their road for the settlers to buy. They quickly realized the folly of attempting to keep the room warm with the fuel they had. They resolved to hoard it to cook their coarse food. So, after making an unsuccessful attempt to get to their stock, and in making which they very nearly became lost in the storm, they went to bed.

To be Continued.

Children's Corner.

Thinking it only right and proper that the young and rising generation should be heard through the columns of THE OBSERVER we have decided to allot a small space each week to the children. We will be pleased to receive letters, compositions or any original matter from any child who may feel disposed to favour us with a communication. A short, interesting selected article might also be acceptable but original matter will be greatly preferred. We have only received three communications for this week, two of which are from city children. We trust the country children will not allow their city friends to take the lead in this matter but will exert themselves to excel their competitors. If the numerous teachers throughout this County and elsewhere will only interest themselves in this "Corner" and encourage their pupils to write for it, we cannot fail to have a very interesting column. The children's names must be sent to the editor who will not publish them unless permission to do so be granted him.

The following composition is the work of a pupil of the Hillsboro graded school who was requested by his teacher to write something off hand, the time allowed for so doing being very short:

A VISITOR TO OUR SCHOOL.

The play ground of the school situated in District No. 2, Hillsboro, was visited to-day at recess by a dog of a black and white colour, answering to the name of James. Being courteously invited to come in by one or more of the pupils of the advanced department he kindly accepted the invitation, but not being received by the teacher with that deference due to one of his rank and station in life, he thought proper to leave for a more congenial sphere of action and accordingly departed to inform his owner, Mr. John I. Steeves, of his cool reception.

B. K.

St. John, Feb. 1st., 1889.

Mr. Editor:

I see by your paper you would like a few letters written for the children's corner. This is my first attempt at anything like that but I will do my best. I live in St. John and have had a very pleasant time this winter skating. I was out for a sleigh drive last night and had a splendid time, the sleighing was very good. We went out about ten miles so that was quite a long drive I had a very good time Xmas although it rained nearly all day. New Years was a lovely day. I went out skating on Lily Lake in the afternoon. It was a splendid day for skating as it was not very cold. My first letter will be a short one. Perhaps I will write again soon.

JIP.

HABITS.

Habits formed in youth are very apt to follow all through life and each year becomes harder to break away from. Boys then should be careful to keep away from bad companions and avoid bad habits. One day a gentleman called his son to him and showed him a dish of sound, rosy apples and put one rotten apple with them. He then told his son to lay them away for a week or two. The boy did so, wondering what his father could mean. A week or two afterward he brought them out and found that they were all rotten. His father told him that should be a lesson to him that one bad boy would spoil a number of others. Two of the most dangerous habits are learning to drink and smoke. The first leads to every other vice and destroys all that is good in a boy, while tobacco is a foolish waste of money and after a time destroys the health, beside being very disagreeable to others.

BEN.

St. John, N. B.

Mr. Simeon Jones' Report.

Mr. Simon Jones' report of his mission to South America has been issued in blue book form and distributed to the press. Buenos Ayres, Mr. Jones tells, contains about 450,000 inhabitants and is one of the busiest cities he has seen. Its population has increased by 50,000 a year during the past four years, and bids fair to continue its rapid growth. During 1887 permits were taken out for the erection of upwards of 700 buildings, and Mr. Jones saw at one time 1,200 ships and vessels lying in the Barracas, a harbour of Buenos Ayres, and this number, he was told, was about a fair average.

The population of the Argentine republic is about 4,500,000, and about 120,000 a year are added by immigration, which is increasing. The country is rich in live stock, which includes above 5,000,000 horses and 30,000,000 head of cattle. The exports, two-thirds of which are subject to an export duty, amounted in 1886 to $73,293,278 and the imports to 115,485,328, of which $85,050,000 were subject to duty.

Goods such as Canada could supply the republic and Uruguay, are said to be lumber, coal, cheese, agricultural implements, cotton goods, woollens, horse nails, nails, tacks and spikes, shovels and spades, harrows, ploughs, &c. The one great staple which we could export to them is lumber, but it must be cut in dimensions to suit the peculiarity of the market. The report shews in detail what dimensions would find most ready sale. The importation of coal at Buenos Ayres has more than doubled in the past four years, and in 1887 was 527,718 tons. The imports of coal in Montevideo average about 200,000 tons and promise a large increase in the future. The same is true of Rio, Brazil, which in 1886 imported 210,524 tons. This should give some opening for Nova Scotia coal. It is free of duty in the Argentine republic.

Unfortunately the tendency in Argentina is toward a protective system, and the duties have been recently increased on many articles. The general rate of duty on manufactured articles is 25 per cent., with 55 per cent. on tobacco, and various lower rates on some other articles.

The extent to which other countries have cultivated the trade with Buenos Ayres is shown by the fact that there are seven regular lines of steamers between Britain and that port, while Italy has three, Germany two, and France five lines of steamers direct to that port. In 1885 not one steamer left Canada for the Argentine republic, while of 33 sailing vessels only two made the round trip out and back direct. In 1886, 74 sailing vessels cleared from Canadian ports for the Argentine republic, while only 19 cleared from that country for Canada, and all these in ballast. These facts tend to show the difficulty of establishing direct reciprocal trade between the two countries.—*St. John Telegraph.*

Our Washington Letter.

The Speaker's eye is as hard to catch now as a lottery prize. As the session nears its final end every available means is taken to secure the passage of private bills and other pet measures, to the disregard of legislation of supreme importance. It is now certain that no tariff bill will pass the present Congress, and that President Harrison will have to call an extra session of the next Congress. It is even believed that the Deficiency bill, which contains among other matters an eight million dollar appropriation for pension deficiencies, will fail of passage this session. Everything would indicate that it would be to the interest of the Republican party to hold an extra session, and most of its leaders advise it.

The preparations for the inauguration are stupendous. Along Pennsylvania Avenue the sound of hundreds of hammers are heard, as the mammoth viewing stands rise high in the air. The Pension building is temporarily surrounded with extensive sheds for the cooking and other necessary arrangements for the inaugural ball. Everywhere boarding house keepers and thrifty private families are feverishly awaiting a chance to take the stranger in. Still prices will not be so high as has been published. Good accommodations will be available for from $2.50 to $3.50 per day, though of course no one need expect a suite of rooms to himself. In fact if he gets a cot he should be satisfied. Food will be very little, if any, higher than usual.

It should not be necessary to inform sensible people that the hotels do not follow the example of the railroads in offering half prices. That should not be expected. One should be willing to pay fully at such a time. I did not hear a New York alderman kick at the Chicago convention when the hotel clerk charged him sixty cents an hour for sleeping on a billiard table, because that was the regular game rent.

There was a tremendous crush at the House of Representatives on Wednesday to witness the counting of the electoral vote, and although very little amusement could be had, the occasion partook of the nature of a social gala day. Nearly every one of note or alleged note attended. The Senate marched over to the House at 1 o'clock and Senator Ingalls took his seat beside Speaker Carlisle. The box containing the returns was opened and Senator Ingalls broke the seals of each envelop, handing the contents to some Senator or Member who read the vote, commencing with that of Alabama. As this was the first count under the new law, frequent reference to the statute was necessary. There have been only two occasions in history when the electoral vote failed to decide the contest, and one when its honesty was disputed.

The ladies present far outnumbered the sterner sex and were for once admitted to the floor of the House during the reading. The galleries were a mass of fine hats and bonnets. There was only one unoccupied spot, and that was the President's gallery. If the vote to be counted had been different, how gaily a certain fair woman would have driven from the Executive Mansion to the Capitol to witness the proceedings and thought the monotonous reading divine music. I can imagine her with flushed and triumphant face, her soul in her eyes, leaning forward, that nothing of the scene might be lost. "It might have been," but Americans, with all their proverbial gallantry, sometimes deny their sweetest women when great issues are involved.

General Greely has communicated to Congress his opinion that the lieutenants of the signal corps are grossly insufficient. Last spring he stated that the errors of the weather bureau were due to the ignorance of the civilians employed, and he added that if it were taken from military supervision he would "abandon" it to its fate. The lieutenants and the civilians are afraid to say what they think of General Greely, but if they dared to speak, it would be to say that Greely cannot be compared to his predecessor Hazen, and pales in comparison with the brilliant Myer. They would add that his astonishing promotion from a Captain, who had just returned in 1887 from a disastrous Arctic expedition in which he had made a thousand miserable errors, to a Brigadier-General in charge of the Signal Office, was a sentimental reward undeserved. In this conclusion they would have the endorsement of the civilians. All parties are right. I know that the civilians are theoretic imbeciles, and I know that the lieutenants, though all but one are appointed from the ranks, receive their promotions either as pay for attempts to influence legislation, as a bribe for silence, or as compensation for fawning upon their superiors.

Washington, Feb. 18th., 1889.

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 diarrhœa, 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. 1 25c a bottle.

A Bolted Door

May keep out tramps and burglars, but not Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Coughs, and Croup. The best protection against these unwelcome intruders is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. With a bottle of this far-famed preparation at hand, Throat and Lung Troubles may be checked and serious Disease averted.

Thomas G. Edwards, M. D., Blanco, Texas, certifies: "Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there are none, within the range of my experience and observation, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."

John Meyer, Florence, W. Va., says: "I have used all your medicines, and keep them constantly in my house. I think Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life some years ago."

D. M. Bryant, M. D., Chicopee Falls, Mass., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved remarkably good in croup, ordinary colds, and whooping cough, and is invaluable as a family medicine."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

PROBATE NOTICE.

{L. S. / Copy} Province of New Brunswick; County of Albert; ss.

To the Sheriff of the County of Albert—Any Constable within the said County, Greeting!

Whereas James Jonah one of the heirs of the late Joshua Jonah, deceased, has by his petition prayed that the Executors of the estate of the said deceased may be cited to pass the Final account of the said estate filed by the said Executors; You are therefore required to cite Asa Jonah and Richard Jonah the said Executors, the said James Jonah the Petitioner, and all other persons interested in the said estate, to be and appear before me at a Court of Probate, to be held at the office of the Registrar of Probate at Hopewell Cape in the County of Albert, Tuesday the fifth day of March next at two o'clock, p. m., to attend the passing of the said account.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Probate Court at Hopewell the fifteenth day of January, A. D. 1889.

(Sig) W. ALDER TRUEMAN,
Judge of Probate, County of Albert.
(Sig) S. G. Morse, Registrar of Probate County of Albert.

Cape Breton Railway.

Tenders for a Bridge at the Grand Narrows, C. B.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Bridge," will be received until noon on Wednesday, the [illegible] day of March next, for the construction of a bridge at the Grand Narrows, Cape Breton.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Chief engineer of Government Railways, Ottawa, where forms of tender may be obtained on and after Wednesday, 20th February instant.

Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit equal to 5 per centum of the amount of the tender. This deposit may consist of cash or of an accepted bank cheque made payable to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and it will be forfeited if the person tendering neglects or refuses to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if after entering into a contract he fails to complete the work satisfactorily according to the plan, specification and contract.

If the tender is not accepted the deposit will be returned.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 7th February, 1889.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

The undermentioned non-residents ratepayers of the Parish of Hillsboro, in the County of Albert, are hereby notified to pay their respective Parish Rates stated opposite their names, for the year 1888, (together with the cost of advertising, 17 cents each,) within two months from the date hereof, to the subscriber at his office in the Parish of Hillsboro, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

Addy, Henry	$ 1.98
Archibald, Estate	4.00
Collins, Francis	1.20
Chandler, E. B. Estate	1.40
Duff, James A. Estate	10.00
Duffy, John, Estate	2.00
Elliott, John	1.40
Edgett, Captain William	5.80
Forbes, John	1.80
Gross, Albert	89
Hays, Robert	1.40
Kenny, Thomas	2.40
Lutes, William	3.20
Leamon, Isaiah, Estate	1.40
Mitten, Joseph	1.80
Mountain, William	80
Milton, Victor	1.40
Prince Wales, J. Blight agent	2.50
Princess Alexandria, J. Blight agent	5.00
Palmer, M. B.	3.80
Rogers, Samuel	2.40
Reed, James, Estate	3.00
Reed, Burton S. Estate	3.00
Steeves, Mansfield, Estate	5.00
Steeves, Lewis, Estate	3.00
Steeves, W. H. (Jones Son)	2.40
Simpson, Richard	4.20
Stevens, W. E.	4.00
Smith, Cornelius	1.40
Steeves, Mrs. Albert	1.90
Steeves, Jacob C.	2.20
Smith, John W.	60
Tingley, Josiah	1.00
Turner, John F. Estate	80
Tarris, William	80
Wilson, William M. D. Estate	1.20
Walsh, M. W.	3.20
Walters, Mrs. Pulcifer	7.00
Wheaton, C.	2.40
Warnock, James, Estate	3.00

GEORGE BARNETT.
COLLECTING JUSTICE.

Hillsboro, Feb. 4. 1889.

NOTICE.

For the information of numerous enquirers, and all persons interested, I hereby give notice that the sale of the Albert Railway as advertised, will be strictly in accordance with the terms of the order of Judge Palmer, and sealed by me at the sale of personal property of said Albert Railway Company made at Hillsboro last autumn

ASAEL WELLS,
SHERIFF.

Feb. 11, 1889.

FARM FOR SALE.

I am requested by John W. Reid to offer his FARM, situated in Harvey, containing 200 acres more or less, for sale, either in whole or part, at PUBLIC AUCTION, on 16th of MARCH next, at the hour of 3 P. M. Sale to take place on the premises. Terms made known on day of sale.

W. H. A. CASEY.

Harvey, A. Co., Feb. 13, 1889.