

POETRY.

THE CATTLE BELLS.

Far down the brown autumn haze— High on the peak is snow— Cattle that smell the winter days Tinkle their bells as they go.

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO.

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CHAPTER X.

THE BEGGAR.

The evening passed on; Madame de Villefort expressed a desire to return to Paris, which Madame Danglars had not dared to do, notwithstanding the unseasonable weather.

only wish to say two or three words to your master, who gave me a commission to execute about a fortnight ago.

"Come," said Andrea, with sufficient nerve for his servant not to perceive his agitation, "what do you want? Speak quickly, friend."

The man said in a low voice: "I wish to see your master."

"I wish you to spare me a dinner as you have, I can scarcely support myself. The young man shuddered at this strange familiarity.

"Tell me," he said, "tell me what you want?"

"Well, then, I want you to take me up in your fine carriage, and carry me back."

Andrea turned pale but said nothing.

"Yes," said the man, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and looking impudently at the youth; "I have taken the whip into my hand; do you understand, Master Benedetto?"

"At this name, no doubt, the young man reflected a little, for he went towards his room saying, 'this man is right; I did indeed charge him with a commission, the result of which he must tell me; walk to the barrier, there take a cab that you may not be too late.' The surprised groom then retired.

"Let me at least reach a shady spot," said Andrea.

"Oh! as for that, I'll conduct you to a splendid spot," said the man with the handkerchief; and, taking the horse's bit, he led the tiliary to a place where it was certainly impossible for anyone to witness the honor that Andrea conferred upon him.

"Don't think I want the honor of riding in your fine carriage," said he; "oh, no, its only because I am tired, and also because I have a little business to talk over with you."

"Come, step in," said the young man. It was a pity this scene had not occurred in daylight, for it was curious to see this rascal throwing himself heavily down on the cushion beside the young and elegant driver of the tiliary. Andrea drove past the last house in the village without saying a word to his companion, who smiled complacently, as though well pleased to find himself travelling in so comfortable a vehicle. Once out of Anteuil, Andrea looked around, in order to assure himself that he could neither be seen nor heard; and then, stopping the horse and crossing his arms before the man, he asked, "Now tell me why you come to disturb me?"

"Let me ask you why you deceived me?" When we parted at the Pont du Var, you told me that you were going to travel through Piedmont and Tuscany; but instead of that you come to Paris."

"How does that vex you?"

"It does not; on the contrary, I think it will answer my purpose."

"So," said Andrea, "you are speculating upon me?"

"What fine words he uses!"

"I warn you, Master Cadrouse, that you are mistaken."

"Well, well, don't be angry, my boy; you know well enough what it is to be unfortunate; and misfortunes make us jealous. I thought you were earning a living in Tuscany or Piedmont by acting as factotum or courier; and I pitied you sincerely as I was a child of my own. You know I always did call you my child."

"Come, come, what then?"

"Patience! patience!"

"I am patient, but go on."

"All at once, you pass through the barrier with a good tiliary, and find new clothes on. You must have discovered a mine, or else become a stockbroker."

"So that, as you acknowledge, you are jealous."

"No, I am pleased—so pleased that I wished to congratulate you; but as I am not quite properly dressed, I chose my opportunity, that I might not compromise you."

"Yes and a fine opportunity you have chosen!" exclaimed Andrea; "you speak to me before my servant."

"How can I help that my boy? I speak to you when I can catch you. You have a quick horse, a light tiliary, you are naturally as slippery as an eel; if I had missed you to-night, I might not have had another chance."

"You see, I do not conceal myself."

"You are lucky; I wish I could say as much. I do conceal myself; and then I was afraid you would not recognize me, but you did," added Cadrouse, with his unpleasant smile. "It was very polite of you."

"Come," said Andrea, "what do you want?"

"You do not speak affectionately to me, Benedetto, my old friend; that is not right; take care, or I may become troublesome to you."

"This menace smothered the young man's passion. He trotted his horse on. 'You should not speak so to an old friend like me, Cadrouse, as you said just now; you are a native of Marselles, I am—'

"Do you know then now what you are?"

"No, but I was brought up in Corsica; you are old and obstinate, I am young and out of place, everything should be amicably arranged. Is it my fault if Fortune which has frowned on you, has been kind to me?"

"Fortune has been kind to you, then? Your tiliary, your groom, your clothes, are not then hired? Good, so much the better," said Cadrouse, his eyes sparkling with avarice.

"Oh! you knew that well enough before speaking to me," said Andrea, becoming more and more excited. "If I had been wearing a handkerchief like yours on my head, rage on my back, and worn-out shoes on my feet, you would not have known me."

"You wrong me, my boy; now I have found you, nothing prevents my being as well dressed as any one, knowing as I do the goodness of your heart. If you have two coats you will give me one of them. I used to divide my soup and beans with you when you were hungry."

"True," said Andrea.

"What an appetite you used to have! Is it as good now?"

"Oh, yes," replied Andrea laughing.

"How did you come to be dining with that prince whose house you have just left?"

"He is not a prince; simply a count."

"A count, and a rich one too, eh?"

"Yes; but you had better not have anything to say to him, for he is not a very good tempered gentleman."

"Oh! be satisfied! I have no design upon your count, and you shall have him all to yourself. But," said Cadrouse, again smiling with the disagreeable expression he had before assumed, "you must pay for it—you understand?"

"Well, what do you want?"

"I think that with a hundred francs per month—"

"I will live—"

"Upon a hundred francs?"

"Come—you understand me; but that with—"

"With?"

"With a hundred and fifty francs I should be quite happy."

"Here are two hundred," said Andrea; and he placed ten louis d'or in the hand of Cadrouse.

"Good!" said Cadrouse.

"Apply to the steward on the first day of every month, and you will receive the same sum."

"There now, again you degrade me."

"By making me apply to the servants, when I want to transact business with you alone."

"Well, be it so, then. Take it from me then, and so long at least as I receive my income, you shall be paid yours."

"Come, come; I always said you were a fine fellow, and it is a blessing when good fortune happens to such as you. But tell me all about it?"

"The fact is, I have found my father."

"What a real father?"

"Yes, so long as he pays me—"

"You'll honor and believe him—that's right. What is his name?"

"Major Cavalcanti!"

"So far I have appeared to answer his purpose."

"And who found this father for you?"

"The Count of Monte-Cristo."

"The man whose house you have just left?"

"Yes."

"I wish you would try and find me a situation with him as grandfather, since he holds the money-chest."

"Well, I will mention you to him. Meanwhile, what are you going to do?"

"I?"

"Yes, you."

"It is very kind of you to trouble yourself about me."

"Since you interest yourself in my affairs, I think it is now my turn to ask you some questions."

"Ah, true! Well, I shall rent a room in some respectable house, wear a decent coat, shave every day, go wearing the papers in a safe. Then in the evening I will go to the theatre; I shall look like some retired baker. This is my wish."

"Come, if you will only put this scheme into execution and be steady, nothing can be better."

"Do you think so, Saint? And you—what will you become? A peer of France?"

"Ah!" said Andrea, "who knows?"

"Major Cavalcanti is already one, perhaps; but then hereditary rank is abolished."

"No politics, Cadrouse! And now that you have all my want, and that we understand each other, jump down from the tiliary and disappear."

"No; just think for a moment; with this red handkerchief on my head, with scarcely any shoes, no papers, and ten gold napoleons in my pocket, without reckoning what there was before—making in all about two hundred francs; why, I should certainly be arrested at the barriers. Then, to justify myself, I should say that you gave me a rapid glance at the tiliary without giving proper notice, and I should then be reconducted to the shores of the Mediterranean. Then I should become simply No. 206, and good-bye to my dreams of resembling the retired baker! No, no, my boy; I prefer remaining honorably in the capital."

Andrea scowled. Certainly, as he had himself owned, the reputation of Major Cavalcanti was a willow. He drew up for a minute, threw a rapid glance around him; and after doing so his hand fell instantly into his pocket, where it began playing with a pistol. But meanwhile Cadrouse, who had never taken his eyes off his companion, passed his hand behind his back, and clasped a long Spanish knife, which he always carried with him, to be ready in case of need. The two friends, as we see, were worthy of and understood one another. Andrea's hand left his pocket inoffensively, and was carried up to the red mousetache, which it played with for some time. "Good Cadrouse," he said, "how happy you will be!"

"I will do my best," said the innkeeper of the Pont du Gard, reclosing his knife.

"Well, then, you will go into Paris. But how will you pass through the barrier without exciting suspicion? It seems to me you are in more danger riding than on foot."

"Wait," said Cadrouse, "we shall see. He then took the great-coat with the large collar, which he had fastened left behind in the tiliary, and put it on his back; then he took off Cavalcanti's hat, which he placed upon his own head; and finally assumed the careless attitude of a servant whose master drives himself."

"But tell me," said Andrea, "am I to remain headed?"

"Pooh!" said Cadrouse; "it is so windy that your hat can easily appear to have blown off."

"Come, come, enough of this," said Cavalcanti.

"What are you waiting for?" said Cadrouse. "I hope I am not the cause."

"Hush!" exclaimed Andrea. They passed the barrier without accident. At the first cross street Andrea stopped his horse, and Cadrouse leaped out.

"Well!" said Andrea, "my servant's coat and my hat?"

"Ah!" said Cadrouse, "you would not like me to risk taking cold?"

"But what am I to do?"

"You! you are young, whilst I am beginning to get old. So long as I am running into a court be disappeared."

"Alas!" said Andrea, sighing, "one cannot be completely happy in this world!"

CHAPTER XI.

A CONJUGAL SCENE.

At the Place Louis XV, the young people separated—that is to say, Morel went to the Boulevard, Chateau-Bennard to the Font de la Revolution, and Debray to the Quai. Most probably Morel and Chateau-Bennard returned to their "domestic hearths," as they say in the galleries of the Chamber in well-remembered speeches, and in the theatre of the Rue Richelieu in well-remembered pieces; but it was not the case with Debray. When he reached the wicket of the Louvre, he turned to the left, galloped across the Couronne, passed through the Rue-Saint-Roch, and, issuing from the Rue de la Michodiere, he arrived at M. Danglars' door just at the same time that Villefort's landau, after having deposited him and his wife at the Faubourg St. Honoré, stopped to leave the baroness at her own house. Debray, with the air of a man familiar with the house, entered first into the court, threw his bridle into the hands of a footman, and returned to

HE QUIT THE DOCTOR.

Gentlemen.—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years and tried several remedies but found them of little use. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I quit the doctor, and started to use B. B. B., and soon found that there was nothing equal to it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case, and I can highly recommend this excellent remedy to all.

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"You are deceived, Lucien, I assure you," replied Madame Danglars; "and what I have told you is really the case, added to the ill-humor you remarked, but which I did not think it worth while to allude to." It was evident that Madame Danglars was suffering from that nervous irritability which women frequently cannot account for even to themselves; or that, as Debray had guessed, she had experienced some secret agitation that she would not acknowledge to any one. Being a man who knew that the former of these symptoms was one of the elements of female life, he did not press his enquiries, but waited for a more appropriate opportunity when he should again interrogate her, or receive an avowed proprio moto. At the door of her apartments the baroness met Mademoiselle Cornelle, her confidential lady's maid. "What is my daughter doing?" asked Madame Danglars.

"She practiced all the evening and then went to bed," replied Mademoiselle Cornelle.

"Yet I think I heard her piano."

"It is Mademoiselle Louise d'Armilly, who is playing while Madame Danglars is in bed."

"Well," said Madame Danglars, "come and dress, as they entered the bedroom. Debray stretched himself upon a large couch, and Madame Danglars passed into her dressing room with Mademoiselle Cornelle. "My dear M. Lucien," said Madame Danglars, through the door, "do not let us forget to mention to you that I have not addressed a word to you."

"Madame," said Lucien, playing with a little dog, who recognizing him as a friend of the house, expected to be caressed, "I am not the only one who makes similar complaints; I think I heard Mademoiselle Cornelle say that she could not extract a word from his fiancée."

"True," said Madame Danglars; but yet I think this will all pass off, and that you will one day see her enter your study."

"My study?"

"Yes, that of the minister."

"To ask for an engagement at the Opera. Really, I never saw such an infatuation for music; it is quite ridiculous for a young lady of fashion," Debray smiled.

"Well," said he, "let her come, with your consent and that of the baron, and we will try and give her an engagement, though we are very poor to pay such talents as hers."

"Go, Cornelle," said Madame Danglars, "I do not require you any longer."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HEAD SURGEON.

Of the Lubon Medical Company is now at Toronto, Canada, and may be consulted either in person or by letter on all chronic diseases peculiar to man. Men, young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensations in the rectum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids, and elsewhere, headache, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded by leaden irides, oily looking skin, etc. are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension, every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Book sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart which beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pains about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 24 Macdonnell Ave., Toronto, Canada.

COVERDALE.

Our young people seem to have caught the matrimonial fever here. Last week John Hill brought home his bride and was treated to quite a noise in the evening. We wish them all happiness in their journey through life.

Miss Jennie Adair has returned to her home in Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. George Maclester has returned home to spend the winter with her mother, Mrs. John Adair.

Mrs. Sandy Jones has gone to Keswick to spend the winter with friends.

The place was visited by quite a heavy snowstorm, but the weather being warm it quickly disappeared leaving the roads very muddy.

The men, both old and young have all gone to the lumber woods, making it quite lonesome here at present.

Hiram Good is doing quite a business collecting bears. Being an old hunter he knows just where to find them.

Fred Grant and family are preparing to move to Lowell, Mass.

Not very much stir since election, but still we live in hopes of some of the promises being fulfilled concerning roads and bridges; but perhaps they will do for here until next election.

INTENSE SUFFERING!

Mr. William Buchanan, 24 years engineer in the Cunard Steamship Company's service, 8 St. John's Road, Kirkcaldie, Liverpool, Eng. writes: "I suffered twenty years of agony from an affection in the head which six physicians pronounced incurable. They were divided in opinion as to whether it was acute neuralgia of the head or rheumatic affection of the brain, but all agreed that I could never recover. In my paroxysms of pain it needed a doctor and sometimes three men to hold me down in bed. When at death's door, I was applied to my head. It acted like magic. It saved my life. I am well and hearty, and have had no return of the trouble."

ST. JACOBS OIL

was applied to my head. It acted like magic. It saved my life. I am well and hearty, and have had no return of the trouble."

"ALL RIGHTS! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

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is oftentimes absolutely cured in its earliest stages by the use of that wonderful Food Medicine, Scott's Emulsion

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JUST RECEIVED: 4 DOZ. Enterprise Meat Choppers, Tinned Iron, & Best Meat Choppers in the market—well so published fact. The tinned is much better than the Galvanized.

These Choppers are simple, easily taken apart and cleaned, and will last a life time. Every family should have one.

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The fear of death is excited by any severe attack of disease, especially colds or coughs. This need not be where Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is kept on hand for family use. This unrivaled remedy cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis and all throat and lung disease. Price 25c. and 50c. Sold by druggists.

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Dear Sirs.—For ten years I suffered with rheumatism in spring and fall. I have been confined to bed for months at a time, but since using B. B. B. I have not suffered from it at all. I also suffered from the dyspepsia, which has not troubled me since using the B. B. B., and I therefore think it a splendid medicine.

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IT BEATS JACK FROST.

Dear Sirs.—We have used Haggard's Yellow Oil in our family and know it is a sure cure for lumbago and frosts. My wife was so bad with lumbago that she could not straighten herself, and Yellow Oil completely cured her. It has become a fortune to us.

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Itch, mange and scratches of every kind, on human or animal, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davis, Staples & Co.

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