

POOR DOCUMENT

Moral Comedies.

Ye who would be great, be good.
Lift up your voice, ye who would be good.
From age's devastation horrid,
Adopt this plan:
Twill make, in a minute, evil, a terror,
A hale old man.

Avoid in youth luxuriant diet,
Restrain the passions, lawless riot,
Devoted to dem a quiet,
Be wisely say:
So shall ye, spite of age's fist,
Retain decor.

Seek out in Memoirs worthy pleasure,
But find your chief a desert treasure:
In books, find a more noble leisure:
The mind, not sense,
Make the sole object of your measure,
Your opulence.

This is the science, this the art,
Life's pursuit, sweetest, best and true,
That disappoints not in the end,
What's best is true,
But challenges, with calm deft eye,
Time, force, or fate.

SELECT STORY

The Young Lawyer's Hit.

It was the gloomiest of gloomy days, here was not a redeeming feature about it. If it had not rained for three days, there had been music in the drops; if it had snowed, we could have "dipped" in the beautiful snow, but it did neither, and now, late in the afternoon, the air was thick, damp vapor, and the slush and mud that an unpaved western town supplies so bountifully and readily.

Then again, the life of a young attorney is not always one of excitement and pleasurable results. Not a friend would except a boobyback—just as if we should ever need a boobyback again—had entered the door that day. In vain had I tried to give my mind over to the arbitrary statutes, and then in despair sought the more inviting stimulants of Regina vs. Reynolds; even the gossip of a great leading case failed to inspire me, and wearily I turned from my books to my thoughts, and from my thoughts to my slum.

It was just then, before I had ascended to the real aim of my purpose, that I walked that way slowly—that the door knob hesitatingly, cautiously turned, and I was hard at work again, pen in hand, with one eye on the paper and the other on the door.

I won't make a diagnosis of just how fast my heart was beating, if peradventure the door would open, and so I went to that was so ready to shoulder me in. I could endure the suspense no longer, and looked squarely up. The door had opened, and, though the evening shadows were gathering thick and fast, I could see that my visitor was in dress and manners a lady—the most significant word in the greatest of languages. Her veil concealed her face, but, old or young, right or pretty, her thoughts probably were: "Here's a young man—very young; he hadn't had much experience—don't think he ever did such work before. It would help him, but that don't help me, I had better look—"

But I interrupted my own forebodings by springing to my feet with a "Good evening, madam! Step in; I'm through with the matter in hand, a little pressed now, with term time upon us, but have an hour to spare to-day, such a dull day! Sit down!" and my first triumph was won, for she was seated.

Then I swept the books for me with an air of relief, as if any problem she might agitate would be child's play compared to what I had just passed through.

I had not yet as much as caught the color of her eyes, and I couldn't but wonder why she kept her veil drawn so closely, unless she was meditating a sudden flight to the office of the bald-headed wretch across the way, who had a few grey hairs and more experience, you know—but I had attack of rheumatism, too, thank heaven, which I devoutly trusted was keeping him home on such a day as this.

"I want you to write a will," she suddenly began, in a halting voice.

"Certainly, madam," I answered, nobly resolving to strengthen the faith within her; and I pulled half a quire of legal cap toward me, and thought of the solemn opening and weighty formalities of its publication.

"It's to be my husband's will," she said. "He dare not come out on such a day as this." And she shivered so prettily that I was reconciled with the weather for the time that day.

"Hain't I better come to your house," I ventured to suggest.

"Oh, no, not now!" she answered with a little sigh. "It might excite him too much. He may be better to-night, and I will send the carriage to you then. It will not make any difference, will it, about the will being binding?" And something told me that she was peering anxiously at me.

"Of course, madam, if he then fully and voluntarily adopts it as his, it is just the same as if I took it down from his own lips."

"Well, we want—he wants—to leave all his real and personal estate to me, with full powers as executrix—and I am to take charge of his only child and make such allowances for her as I shall think wise."

"What is your daughter's name?"

"She is not my daughter!" she answered, with the slightest token of a gathering animation in her voice.

"Ah, yes; just so!" I said, nervously fumbling with the paper. "She's your stepdaughter."

Novelities in Dresses.

Nothing is more fashionable on a lady's wool dress than the soft outline of a rooster's profile the saddened face of an owl, the familiar physiognomy of old Dog Tray, or curious wools, where evidently some aesthetician's brain has been at work, and the result is a plentiful shower of parallelograms, triangles, octagons, pentagons and such like, for an accurate nomenclature of which the hunting up of a geometry would be obligatory. None is at hand, so I leave it to your imagination, and you can choose between the heads of birds, or beasts, or those more learned inanimate. Again, you may have a "sunflower dress"—that is, a costume where three or four large sunflowers embroidered on a solid wool surface constitutes the ornamentation. Most of these peculiar outfits show the sunflower in some modified tints, at all events an effect of "faintness" is carefully avoided, since they are intended for wealthy purchasers, while a choice is given by similar wools adorned with three or four large bouquets of a ruffled flowers—roses, chrysanthemums, etc. Of course the style of making must correspond, and one or more is made to show in front, and another at the back; special care being taken to have one at the left side of the corsage, the chosen spot where repose the mained plain wool, illumined by braids and buttons. This is because very small bullet-shaped buttons have become a popular rage. Large ones are defunct (except for jackets and redingotes) and a grand rush is made in an opposite direction for substitutes which glow on solid surfaces, either harmonizing or contrasting. Chiefly of metal, they are colored to suit the times, and flash green, red, yellowish, bluish and other fashionable lights, while the fitness of things had suggested a combination of brands that had produced a set of military costumes adapted to satisfy the strongest aspirant. Those braided appear in rows up front, around edges in epulettes on shoulders, etc., while the metal buttons are in a termination. It will not be necessary for fastening corsages, and so we have them. Lace is very popular trimming; not black alone, but colored to suit costumes. Parasols are edged with it, and of aces in millinery there are endless combinations. Spanish patterns lead, and now those in silk and wool are wrought throughout in Spanish designs. They will be very pretty for over-dresses, parts of costumes, etc., and any will be the partly worn silk and satin that can be transformed and imposed upon one's acquaintances as a recent purchase. Grenadines are so heavily laden with brocaded figures that they scarce seem grenadines, but the rather brocaded silks.

Forty thousand dollars worth of chewing gum is gathered in the State of Maine every year. In Oxford county is a man who makes it his business to collect spruce gum. Every year he buys from seven to nine tons. The gum is found chiefly in the region about Umbagog Lake and about the Edgely lakes. A number of men do nothing else in the winter season except collect gum. With snowshoes, axe, and a shoboigan, on which is packed the gum, they spend days and nights in the woods. The clear, pure lumps of gum are sold in their native state, the best bringing one dollar per pound. Gum not immediately merchantable is refined by a peculiar process. Stevedike boxes are covered with spruce boughs, on which is placed the gum. Steam is introduced underneath. The gum is melted, is strained by the boughs, and then passes into warm water, where it is kept from hardening until the packer takes it out, draws it into sticks, and wraps it in tissue paper, when it is ready for market.

Missed the mark: Commoisseur in wines (to innocent guest)—"Try a glass of this Chateau la Rose, my friend. It has been in my cellar for over twenty years." Innocent guest—"Has it, indeed? What must it have been when it was new?"

A man who eloped with a Wisconsin wife, left a note for the husband: "I have looked your woman, but you are welcome to my last week's wages, which I didn't draw; and I hope that squares things."

A fashion item says "oval necks are more fashionable than pop-up collar squares." This fashion should be encouraged. Girls born with square necks don't look as well as those whose necks are oval.

The bride at a Ray City (Mich.), wedding would submit to kisses only on condition that they were paid for at \$1 each. They sold readily at that price, and \$132 were realized for a charity.

A Chicago Idyl.

"Must I really go, sweetheart?"

"Yes," replied Lillian McGuire, placing her shapely white hand in his, and looking into his face with a tender earnestness that showed the true womanliness of her nature; "it is better, far better for both of us, that we should part for ever, but as she spoke the hot tears of pain welled up into her beautiful brown eyes—those eyes that had watched with their bright glances and dreamy tenderness so many men—and with a little sob of pain Lillian's head was lowered upon George W. Simpson's shoulder in an ecstasy of grief.

"Couldn't you put a ten-year limit on your bill, darling?" asked the young man, hugging over the little head that he had allowed so trustfully just under his left ear; "I certainly ought to have as good a chance as a Chinaman."

A low moan of pain and a convulsive shake of the little head was the only response.

But George was not to be denied so easily. "Can I have one hope?" he said, "one little nicker-plated 10 cent hope?"

Lillian lifted her head and looked at him steadily. "Perhaps," she said, in a low voice, "if you will, you would drop if a house fell on you, but I begin to look it. Know then, since you will have it, that under no circumstances can I ever accept your proffered love, for I am a packer's daughter, and packers' daughters come high"—this with a very haughty expression that lower case type cannot convey.

George W. Simpson saw at once that this proud beauty had been making a playful jest of his love. The recollection was a terrible one, but he bore it bravely.

"Very well," he said, in husky, haven't had a drink in two hours tones. "You have stamped with the iron heel of scorn upon the tender violet of my bulging love, but some day when your children—little winsome brats, with sunny smiles and an assortment of colic that will keep you up three nights every time they are climbing upon your knee until you are in danger of becoming knee-sprung, you will perhaps remember, with a tinge of sadness in the recollection, how you toyed with the love of a loyal, trusting, Cook-County heart and threw forever over a young and happy life the black pall of a disappointed hope and crushed ambition. I have seen the roses of my love wither and waste away until they lie shriveled and blighted by the dusty roadside of Life, and you can bet that I feel pretty rough about it. I have seen my beautiful and stately Ship of Hope, with its tall, shapely masts and towering wings of snowy canvas, that sailed away so buoyantly and bravely over the shimmering sea not many months ago, come back to me a shapeless wreck—the tapering spars that were so white and clean now jagged and broken, and to them clinging the dark seaweeds, while of the sails that rivalled the clouds in fleecy purity there remained only blackened shreds that flap dismally in the moaning wind, whose voice seems to sound the requiem and dirge of my dead and buried love. I have got the best wreck, and I don't you forget it."

Lillian looked at him steadily for a moment. "Do you mean these words you have spoken, George?" she asked.

"You can bet your life I do," he answered in low, passionate tones.

"And do you love me so dearly?"

"Well, I should gasp," he replied, a poorly tear glistening in George's eye.

"Then," said Lillian, twining her arms about his neck, "I will roam on your knee next Tuesday evening, as usual. Papa would never forgive me if I let a man who can talk like that go out of the family."

He Made the Wrong Par Fly.

A very excited colored brother hunted up an officer patrolling Baxter street yesterday and said that he had long borne the abuse of a man of his color, who was then in a house on the next block, and added:

"I don't want to brok the law, but the time has arrove when I mus' crush dat passon to de dust!"

"If I catch you fighting I shall have to ake you down," replied the officer.

"I can't help it, sah—can't help it, no-how. If dat passon makes his disappearance on de street while I'm around, I'm tur gwine to fly, if I die for it! He's slandered me an' lied about me, an' iz gwine to krush him sae as you would a tiger."

The officer passed on to the end of his beat and returned to find the crasher with his back to the fence and a woman on his hip; his wet rag to bind his head up.

"Let's see? You are the man who was going to crush so one?" observed the officer.

"I spects I are."

"Did he come out?"

"He did."

"Did he fly?"

"Deed it did, but the trouble was dat it was de wrong fur!"

"Well, what are you going to do now?"

"I'm gwine to get healed, up an' lick 'is brer Linnard! Poir on so no ino' water, missus, for dis ole head begins to win again."

DEATHS.

At Gibson, York Co., on the 23rd ult., Julia E. beloved wife of Wellington White, aged 29 years. Deceased to the 27th ult. Deborah B. Asst. wife of Mr. Benjamin R. Cliff, of Queensbury, aged 85 years.

THE COUNTY MARKET.

The following were the prices ruling in the County Market during the week to the 30th of June:

Beef, per lb.	00 10	00 11
Lamb, "	00 00	00 00
Mutton, per lb.	00 00	00 08
Turkeys, per lb.	00 00	00 10
Chickens, per pair.	00 00	00 00
Cases, each.	00 00	00 00
Pastilles, per pair.	00 00	00 00
Duck, per pair.	00 00	00 00
Butter, per lb.	00 00	00 00
Batter, per lb.	00 00	00 00
Butter, fresh, per lb.	00 00	00 18
Lard, per lb.	00 00	00 20
Eggs, per doz.	00 00	00 18
Potatoes, per bushel.	00 00	00 22
Carrots, per bushel.	00 00	00 00
Onions, per bushel.	00 00	00 00
Hay, per ton.	00 00	00 00
Stalk, per ton.	00 00	00 00
Buckwheat, per cw.	00 00	00 00
Pork, per lb.	00 00	00 00
Hams, per lb.	00 00	00 12
Shoulders, per lb.	00 00	00 11
Socks, per pair.	00 00	00 25
Hides, per lb.	00 00	00 08
Sausages, per lb.	00 00	00 00
Cheese, per lb.	00 00	00 12

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

GIBSON LEATHER CO.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Gibson Leather Company will be held at the Company's Office, on

Tuesday, the 6th day of June,

at 10 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of ELECTING A BOARD OF DIRECTORS and transacting such other business as may be incident to or appear necessary for the management of the affairs of the Corporation.

F. A. LOGAN,
Secretary-Treasurer.

A. L. BELYEA,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CONVEYANCER, &c. &c.
Agent for the Agricultural Insurance Company, of Water-town, N. Y.

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