### TWO LETTERS.

"I think he likes me," mused Victoria Grant. "Was it bold or unwomanly in me to walk down to the gate with him to-night? Ought I to have bidden him goodby here in the parlor? Yet I don't think he will misconstrue my conduct, for-I think

And what did Calcott Brown think as he was whirled through the sleeping moon-light landscapes by the swift impetus of And when the flinty hearted conductor

when the finity hearted conductor broke in the delicious thread of his musings with "Boynville" Calcott wondered what had become of the hours.
His carriage was ready, with the swift, slender limbed bays, and all the way home he still pondered on Victoria Grant's blue gray eyes. met" he exclaimed half aloud as the carriage stopped before the Ionic portico of the stately old stone mansion on the hill.

"Somehow the place never seemed so utterly lonesome to me before.

"Why didn't I ask her tonight when I steed there with her little angle blossom of

why didn't I ask her tonight when is tood there with her little apple blossom of a hand in mine? Because I was a coward. I could no more have spoken out the question nearest to my heart than I could have burst into an original Greek chorus."

He sat a few minutes in dreamy, thoughtful silence, then drew the desk closer to here.

"Is Bryan down stairs, Mrs. Tennant?"
"I believe he is, sir."
"Tell him to carry these two letters to the

"He has written to me," she murmured softly. "Oh, I wonder what he says!" She broke open the note and read it while her cheek first grew pale and then fired into

at him as he walked up the path; the sun-shine lay on the doorsteps serenely as he knocked on the old eagle's head.

"Miss Grant—is she at home?"

"Miss Victoria is at home, sir, but she bade me say she would receive no company today," said staid old Hannah, eying the gentleman distrustfully. "I must see her!" exclaimed Calcott, pushing past the old woman. "Miss Victoria bade me say"—began the servant, but Calcott waited to hear no more. The next moment he was face to face with Victoria Grant herself. She had risen and stood with one hand on the table, her face very pale, but com-

posed. "Victoria! you will at least hear me in "I have heard from you, Mr. Brown," she said frigidly, extending toward him the fatal letter.

He caught it from her hands and tore it He caught it from her hands and tore it into a score of pieces.

"This note was never intended for you, Victoria. It was written on business to a man who has long been annoying me. It was put into the wrong envelope. What must you have thought of me, Victoria?"

The color returned once more to Victoria's cheek, and sitting down beside her, with her hand not withdrawn from his, Calcott Brown told her all.—R. K. H. in Ruffeld.

Brown told her all.-R. K. H. in Buffalo

A fragment of bas-relief discovered in Egypt has shown how the obelisks and other large monoliths were transported from the quarry to their site. The stone is depicted upright on a great galley or ves-sel, which is being towed by a number of small boats alongside. The method of detaching a monolith from the mother rock detaching a monolith from the mother rock is also explained by a semidetached block in one of the quarries of Syene. After having been hewn clear on three sides, a deep groove was cut into the side still attached to the rock, and the holes were pierced, into which wooden pegs were driven. The pegs were then wet, and the wood in swelling broke off the monolith from the quarry.—
St. Louis Republic.

Visitor (at Chicago restaurant)—This bill of fare is in French.

Waiter—Yes, sah, but the prices is in English, sah. Mo.' folks goes by dem.-New York Weekly. A PIANO PIECEMEAL.

From Pearl street to the river there was From Pearl street to the river there was not a more attractive girl than Mag O'Brien. Her hair might have been termed red, but it was the red of a highly polished brick, and the sunbeams became entangled in the locks. Mag was the belle of Cherry street, the social leader of the district, and when she said "Naw" it went. The Bolivar gang made up her band of loyal knights and were ever in attendance, but Pater. var gang made up her band of loyal knights and were ever in attendance, but Patsy Dugan, the leader, was her own especial cavalier. Patsy wore not his heart upon his sleeve, but he carried a chip upon his shoulder for Mag's sweet sake. And Patsy was a terror when he got going.

One soft August evening they sat upon the stringpiece of a wharf and watched the bobbing lights in the flood below. A picnic barge passed, and sweet strains of "Comrades" floated across the tide, whereat Mag sighed as one who longeth for the unattainable.

"Say, Mag, what's de matter?" asked Patsy in a solicitous whisper.
But Mag only looked across at the dark shadows of Brooklyn and sighed again.
"Whatcher want?" again asked Patsy.
"Tell us, an I'll git it. See?"
"I want a pianny," sighed Mag, as though she feared to breathe the wish. The silence that followed was broken only by the ripple of the waters, and the gloom of the night seemed to gather like a frown which reproved the enormity of the girl's ambition. Suddenly Patsy put one foot on the wharf, preparatory to rising.
"Now, look a-here," he said in a strong whisper, "don't say nawthin, an I'll git de pianny, see?" 'Say, Mag, what's de matter?" asked

and as he staggered into the moonlight that sifted through the dirty window panes the sifted through the dirty window panes the girl saw that he carried one leg of the covted instrument.
"I know where dey grows," panted Patsy,

"I know where dey grows," panted Patsy,
"an I'ze got one dat's near ripe. Now, don't
say nawt'n now—wait. See?" and Patsy
departed, giving vent to intermittent grunts
that suggested "Comrades."

Late that night Patsy brought in another
leg, and then the smile that Mag had worn
all day became brighter and wider, for she
seemed to understand his scheme. It was
evident that Patsy procured the piano on
the installment plan, as Mag had often seen
advertised, and she wondered if he worked
during the day. The idea of work troubled
her, and her heart was touched at the
thought of this knightly devotion. Her
hand trembled as she assisted him in with
the third load on the third night.

"Dis is a nawful job," sighed Patsy, depositing leg three in the corner, "but yer'll
hev de pianny, Mag, or"— and the brow of
the young knight clouded as he thought of
the consequences if—

Day after day passed on devoid of inci-

'Termorrer," said Patsy as he deposited remorrer," said Patsy as he deposited the salmon plush stool in front of the yawning instrument, "we'll hev a dance," and Mag's bright eyes glistened. The morrow would bring the fulfillment of her hopes, her wildest dreams and ambitions. She sat down before the plano and pounded on the dumb keys, while Patsy tried to imitate the callione and ground very fairly. itate the calliope and grunter very fairly.

"Oh, Patsy," said Mag at parting.

Slowly passed the next day; the eventide was slower still. The early hours of the night lingered and hesitated, but at last midnight came. The fateful hour brought

mining team. The fateful hour brought to decipher their directions with all the curiosity of her charming sex.

"Isaac Plummer! That's the man that wants the master to buy his horse. Miss Victoria Grant! Who's Miss Victoria Grant! Well, I should like to know."

And musing deeply, with many shakes of her head, Mrs. Tennant delivered the letters to Bryan.

"A letter?"

Victoria Grant examined the superscription and postmark, and then shestole away to her own room to read it all by herself.

"He has written to me," she murmured of the witten air of professional pride. Where was he now?

Two Dogs. Miggs-Why do you call your dog Penny, Briggs—Because he was one sent to me.
Why do you call yours Tonic?
Miggs—Because he's a mixture of steal,
ark and whine.—Boston Courier.

THE DISINHERITED.

In the parlor of one of the finest suits of rooms in the first and best hotels in the city of New York, in the early days of 1861, tood a gentleman whose age was probably 60, for his hair was snowy white, and his brow wore an abundance of time's furrows in the shape of wrinkles. His eyes were in the shape of wrinkles. His eyes were of a cold, passionless, calculating gray. His features indicated firmness, even to obstinacy. Mr. Wilkinson Weston was not alone in the apartment. A young man not much beyond 21 stood before him. A similarity of features told that they were related. The youth, however, had clear blue eyes and less of that firm mark of determination in his expression. And—pity to say it—there was in that young man's face plain evidence that he was leading what is termed a fast life.

"So—more money is wanted, Henry!" said the old man sternly.

"Yes, father," replied the young man. "I have my tailor's bill to pay—he has dunned me twice!"

dunned me twice!"

"Last week I gave you a check for \$200, why did you not pay it then?"

"I intended to, but I met Ned Gaylord and he wanted me to go to Boston with him. I went with him, and here I am back without a sumarkee in my pocket?"

"Boy, do you know how much money you have spent this year?"

"Not precisely; sir, but probably not the hundredth part of the interest coming in from your invested fortune, of which you say I am the sole heir," replied the young man coolly, tapping his small boot with his cane carelessly.

"Dare to speak of it again, sir, and I will "Dare to speak of it again, sir, and I will

Leave the room, sir-leave the room not another dollar of my money shall you ever touch!" shouted the retired merchant. "Very well, sir—goodby. Let me advise you to marry again, and you may have a more dutiful heir!" said the young man bitterly as he turned upon his heel and left the room.

But Mag only looked across at the dark shadows of Brooklyn and sighed again.

"Whatcher want?" again asked Patsy.

"Tell us, an I'll git it. See?"

"Twant a planny," sighed Mag, as though the feared to breathe the wish. The silence that followed was broken only by the ripple of the waters, and the gloom of the night seemed to gather like a frown which reproved the enormity of the girl's ambition. Suddenly Patsy put one foot on the wharf, preparatory to rising.

"Now, look a-bree," he said in a strong whisper, "don't say nawthin, an I'll git de planny, seef"

The deep shadows closed about his retreating form, and Mag sighed again. She had learned to rely upon Patsy's word, but that he should keep it in this instance seemed almost too goot to be true. She wended her lonely homeward way, deeply sugned almost too goot to be true. She wended her lonely homeward way, deeply sugned almost too goot to be true. She wended her lonely homeward way, deeply sugned almost too goot to be true. She wended her lonely homeward way, deeply sugned almost too goot to be true. She wended her lonely homeward way, deeply sugned almost too goot to be true. She wended her lonely homeward way, deeply sugned almost too goot to be true. She wended her lonely homeward way, deeply sugned almost too goot to be true. She wended her lonely homeward way, deeply sugned almost too goot to be true. She wended her lonely homeward way, deeply sugned almost too goot to be true. She wended her lonely homeward way, deeply sugned almost too goot to be true. She wended her lonely homeward way, deeply sugned almost too goot to be true. She wended her lonely homeward way, deeply sugned almost too goot to be true. She wended her lonely homeward way, deeply sugned almost too goot to be true. She wended her lonely homeward way, deeply sugned almost too goot to be true. She wended her lonely homeward way, deeply sugned almost too goot to be true. She wended her lonely homeward way, deeply sugned almost too goot to be true. She wended her lonely homeward way, de

through his lungs-were pouring out his water and then passing over the writing through his lungs—were pouring out his lifeblood in a purple current.

"My father!" he gasped. "Tell my father I died like a brave man and send my body to him. He will not cast that off."

It was poor Henry Weston. Though mortally wounded, he lived long enough to be carried back to camp. And he did not die before his father, by telegraph, was informed of his situation and sent in reply that he would start instantly for his son's bedside.

water and then passing over the writing with a camel's hair pencil moistened with a weak solution of sulphide of ammonium In most cases this will at once restore the color of the text. The success of the process depends on the fact that such old writings have been made with an iron ink, the action of the sulphide forming sulphide of iron.

Commercial Statistics.

A Texas merchant, as a personal favor.

bedside.

"He will never see me alive, but he will love me when I am dead!" said the brave boy when informed of this.

And so it was. Henry Weston had been dead some 20 hours when his father arrived. The scene which ensued as that old man bent over the body of his boy can better be imagined than described. He upbraided himself for his unkindness and said that he would gladly give all his wealth to have his son restored to life. He had the body embalmed and took it back to New york with him, and the mortal remains of Henry Weston rest at Greenwood.—Ex-

Morphine Sufferers Used by a Knave. While murder is rife, thefts comm While murder is rife, thefts committed by the agency of morphine are also increasing in vogue. A certain M. de Richemond, living at Grenelle, whose real name is Charles Bonner, gathered round him a group of confederates consisting of servant girls and governesses out of place. His plan was to initiate them into the morphine habit and afterward keep them under his influence and guidance for the robbert of influence and guidance for the robbery of private houses and shops. Two girls, Henriette Fally and Celestine Violette, were caught in the act and revealed the cause of their misdeeds. The abuse of morphine for original authors takes a takes and the cause of the cau criminal purposes takes strange shapes. Several Paris doctors have made complaints to the authorities on the subject, but so far the victims appear to be too willing to allow of judicial interference.—Paris Cor. London Sunday Times.

Revelations of the Census.

There are now more than 500,000 almond trees bearing in the United States; there are hundreds of thousands of bearing cocoaare analytes; there are more than 250,000 olive trees producing fruit equal to the best Mediterranean varieties; there are more than 250,000 bearing banana plants, 200,000 bear-

to her own room to read it all by herself.

"He has written to me," she murmured actily. "Ch, I wonder what he says" while her cheek first grew pale and then fired into blasting, burning scarlet:

I what you to understand once for all that there is no use in any further interviews between us. Your decoying arts and specious smoothness are of no avail as far as I am concentration of the piano. He was not used to make the same of the sa

the keys with a thump, and from the interior of the instrument came a smothered sound like a steam calliope in the distance—"Godle-coodle-coodle-do."

Mag clasped her hands in delight. The sent to Isaac Plummer, the horse jockey!

"I won't be hard with ye, squire," said the old man, taking a huge pinch of shag tobacco between his grimy fingers and thumb, "you may have her for \$500, though she's worth more than that any day."

"Fire and furies!" muttered Calcott as he thought of the other horn of the dilemma, "was ever man such a blind, idiotic fool as I have been? Here—a ticket for Brookfield, quick!"

The whistle of the advancing train was almost audible, and as he sprang upon the platform he could hear Isaac Plummer bawling after him:

"Say \$475, squire."

The brilliant chrysanthemums in the garden nodded their glowing heads meaningly at him as he walked up the path; the sun-

sembly and said in a crooning voice:
"I read in these embers pages from the book of futurity, and all here present have their names engraved therein." Then addressing Addie Sutherland she "Stand forth, pretty lassie, and hear what old Gipsy Laurie has to say to you. I see clouds and sunshine before you, but each

cloud has a silver lining that tempers its gloom, so that you will tread mainly in glowing paths and journey down the vale of life hand in hand with one who loves

you.

"And you," addressing another girl,

"will lead a life of joy and have loving
children to cling around your knee. But to
you, sir, I can not predict always good luck.
Changes will come, and it rests with yourself either to conquer or be conquered."

Here a grave voice interfered and turned
the har's attention from me.

ished and pained to see what a deep impression the old gypsy's words had made upon him. I tried to laugh him out of it, telling him she had given me a cheerful future to anticipate, but he was serious "Dare to speak of it again, sir, and I will disinherit you!"
"You refuse me funds when I need them —I think I can raise them! Disinherit me if you like. If you will not give me your money and influence to get a commission, I will enlist as a private, pay my debts with my advances and bounties and try to win one—for I tell you, sir, there's fight in me!"

We parted the best of friends—he to return to his home, and I to start upon my travels through eastern lands in quest of pleasure and adventure.

Two years more were added to my age

Two years more were added to my age when I found myself in Australia. I had kept up a regular correspondence with Lertram Sutherland, and the last letter I had
received from him was from Sydney, where
he had gone the year before to look after
some business for his father.
He urged me to visit him at the plantation of his nucle when the him at the plantation of him when the him at the him at the plantation of him when the him at the

tion of his uncle, who had been living in the country a number of years, and prom-ised me a kangaroo hunt if I would come. I could never resist temptet Procuring a horse and getting directions how to proceed, I started upon my way so the place, though it was late in the even-

bitterly as he turned upon his heel and left the room.

An hour later and that young man was a member of the First New York Mounted rifles, then recruiting in the city—his fashionable clothes exchanged for the jacket and trousers of blue of a soldier.

I will not follow Henry Weston through three or four months of service and hard drilling. He was noticed by his officers to be smart and talented, but he never lost an opportunity to use that which steals away men's brains and weakens the most powerful—the stimulant that lifts up but to throw down. That single failing kept him from promotion to a noncommissioned rank. But over this time I will pass to hasten to the closing scene.

On as bright a day as ever shone in Virginia the regiment, sent to reconnoiter, observed a strong picket force of the enemy intrenched in a rifle pit at Zuni, where the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad crosses the Blackwater river. As the Confederates had been shooting pickets in the night it was deemed best to pay off old scores on this occasion. The troop to which Weston belonged was dismounted and ordered to advance as skirmishers. With wild, glad cheers the brave boys dashed on, headed by their gallant captain, amid a hail of mine.

A Texas merchant, as a personal favor

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Notice is hereby given that John Kenny of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, baker has this day assigned his estate and effects to the undersigned, in trust for the benefit of his oreditions. undersigned, in tract for the benefit of R. A. Lawlor in Chatham, N. B., for inspection and execution. JAS. F. CONNORSi, Trustee. Chatham N. B. Jan. 13th, 1894.

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SAMPLE JACKETS FOR LADIES TO SELECT FROM. Also, 60 pieces newest spring shades dress materials, 120 dozen

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Sick Headache. Nervous Chills, Paralysis. Nervous Paroxysms and Nervous Choking, Hot Flashes. Palpitation of the Heart, Mental Despondency, St. Vitus' Dance,

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A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANGE OR CHUREA.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887.

My daughter, eleven years old, was severely a icted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.

State of Indiana. A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA.

State of Indiana, Montgomery County, }88: Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.

CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Publice INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nervine Tonic Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incal-culable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the ONE and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the vonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

Harrier E. Hall. of Waynetown, Ind., says:

"I owe my life to the Great South American
Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from
Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from
Nervine. The state of the second that the second that the second that of my whole system. Had given up
all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine
Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered
up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine
Nervine Tonic Improved meso much that I was able to
walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely
I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I
I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I'
I believe it is the object to me this, and an entirely cured. It
I believe it is the object to me this, and an entirely cured. It
I can not recommend it too highly."

No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of falling health. It never fails to
cure indigestion and Dyspepsis. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus Dance. Its powers te
build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the mildleaged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon;
If you do, you may neglect the only remedy to the taste. Delicate lades, do not fail to use this
great cure, because it will passed.

Large 16 ounce Bottle, \$1.00. EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.

SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON, CHATHAM, N. B.