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BUT THE

Sick?

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 18, 1880.

NO. 8.

In the Winter.

In the winter, clearest jasper O'er the lonely valley smiles; In the winter, birds with music

Never flood the woodland aisles In the winter, down the hillside Gaily coas's the gentler sex : Hangs the ulster for an X.

In the winter scitest sky-down All the cedar pennons tips; In the winter, the pedestrian On the coal-hole cover slips.

In the winter, on the window Keenly shines each frosty gem; In the winter, fond Leander Leaves his girl at 2 P. M.

In the winter, to the opera In the winter, Georgiana Sinshes o'er the buckwheat cakes.

In the winter, silver sleigh-bells Jingle sweetly, mile on mile In the winter, doth the snow ball Elevate the silken tile.

In the winter, beggar-sparrows Round the gables chirp and prank; In the winter, doth the plumbe

Put some shekels in the bank. In the winter, shrill winds whistle Through the lover's summer nook

In the winter, there are other Things enough to fill a book -W. A. Croffut.

THAT BROWN DRESS.

"I think it's about time I had a new "I think it's about time I had a new dress," said Mrs. Torrey to her husband one day, when he was counting over the money he had just blought from town, where he had sold a load of wheat. "Suppose you give me one of those new bills, John, next time you go to town, and let me go with you." The c axing smi'e she gave him failed to have its desired effect, however.

"A new dress!" exclaimed Mr. Torrey, evidently as much surprised as he had ever been in his life. "Why, Sarah, I thought you had plenty of good clothes. I don't see what you can be thinking of when you plan to spend money to see hard times, on new dresses, when you have more now than you know what to do with."

"I don't know what you're thinking of when you say that," answered Mrs. Torrey. I have had just two calico es in a year. I have the enormous number of six dresses, at present, in different stages of wear. One calico is quite good. Two calicoes are half worn That old brown dress has done

"Welf, thus only five," said Mr.
Torrey."
"The sixth happens to be a lawn, which would scarcely be appropriate for winter wear." "nswered his wife. "I've worn that brown dress so long that I hate the sight of it. No matter where I go, that has to go to I don't believe."

I don't believe. "I've worn that brown dress so long that I hate the sight of it. No matter where I go, that has to go to I don't believe."

This remark to the other:
"Mrs. Torrey is a nice-looking woman, I think."
"Yes," was the reply: "and she'd look ever so much better if she could knowledge, this is the third season she' worn that brown dress."

Mr. Torrey falt I don't believe the neighbors would know me if they saw me away from

husband, loftily. "I always thought Mr. Torrey began to perspire freely, you looked extremely well with that "It's the only dress she has that's f

Yes, and so is a blanket, nanswered Mrs. Torrey.

Mrs. Torrey.

"I don't approve of the practice so prevalent affing some of the farmers' wives, nowadays, of buying a new dress every time they take a notion into their heads that they'd like one, "said Mr. Torrey timple to the tips of his toes. I suppose he's worth as much as most of the farmers in the neighborhood." "And she hasn't anything better to got to economize if we ever expect to get out of the present financial difficulties. If we all bought needless things, the country'd soon be bankrupt I don't suppose you understand it Sarah; hut it's extravagance that has made the hard times." And Mr. Torrey tried to look as wise as a professor of political economy:

"Not extravagance on my part," responded his wife, who was not much
impressed with his arguments. "I
want a new dreas because I need one,
and there is no extravagance about it.
I have earned one, I think; but if you
don't think so, you had better keep the
manney.

"I side-door or not, but he has never met
them since without getting uncomfortship warm.
"See here, Sarah, I want to make a
bargain with you," he said, next morning, looking very foolish and red in the
face. "Pil give you fifteen dollars if
you'll promise never to wear that brown
iress away from home again."

Mrs. Torrey's temper was up. Whenever her husband was in one of his extraeconomical moods, be never failed to rouse her spirit. She knew that she was a careful, prudent woman, and she felt that a new dress—and half a dozen new dresses, for that matter—had been fully paid for by her economy in little

things during the year.
But if he begrudged her the money, why, she'd go without, if she had to stay at home all winter. She wouldn't coax him for what rightfully belonged to enough to prompt him to do the fair thing, she'd fall back on the old brown dress, and make that do for another

"I don't see much force in your argument," said Mr. Torrey. "If I had six she had done in the old hat she had suits of clothes, or even three, I'd be worn with the brown dress. suits of clothes, or even three, I'd be more than satisfied."

the pocketbook.

"You poor old brown thing!" Mrs. Totrey said, next day when she was airing the closet where she kept her clothes, "you've got to be 'Sunday best' for another winter, and she held up the dress to the light and inspected

The folds were faded a good deal, the trimming was out of date, and it had a kind of genteel-poverty look about it generally.

generally.

"I know what I'll do," she said, with a twinkle in her eyes. "I'll wear it everywhere, and I'll go out every time I can, and I'll make him as sick of it as I am. Last winter I wore that old gray delaine part of the time, but since that

Mrs. Toney made herself very conspicuous among the other ladies during the evening. The contrast between their pretty garments and her own was

in the world.

went to church again, and twice during the week it was on duty.

Mr. Torrey began to get tired of rown, but he wouldn't say so.

He stood it for a month. During that time the inevitable garment was worn no less than ten times. It was at Mrs. Baxter's sociable that Mr. Torrey capitduty for two years as my good dress, u ated, and that was the last time the and this one"-holding up a fraved brown dress made its annearance in and this one "-holding up a frayed brown dress made its appearance in sleeve for his inspection—" shows for public. He was sitting in a corner, be itself. "I've mended it until there's hind two ladies, when one of them made

home with anything else on."

'I'm sure I shouldn't care for the opinion of the neighbors," answered her good many times, too."

home with anything else on."

hood six weeks, but I've never seen her in any other dress, and I've met her a good many times, too."

looked extremely well with that 'It's the only dress she has that's fit to wear away from home in the winter," was the reply."
"Is her husband poor?" asked the

other.
"On, no; only economical," was the

ide-door or not, but he has never met

tress away from home again."
"Why!" exclaimed Mrs. Torrey,
with a twinkle of triumph in her eye. with a twinkle of triumph in her eye.

I hope your haven't got tired of it?
I'm sure it's good enough for anybody."

Is it a bargain?" asked her husband, holding up the money.

"Yes," answered she; and then her lord and master beat a hasty retreat to the parn, where happened is.

the barn, where he happened to remember some work needed doing very much. The next Sunday when Mrs. Torrey walked up the isle at church, her husband was really proud of her. Her new black dress fitted beautifully, and the sacque she wore was as neat as any in the louse. And the pretty bonnet, with scarlet roses, that she had fashioned at home to wear with her new garments,

"You don't say you got that dress He folded up the money as if that and this sacque arrangement, and this lecided the matter, and put it back in bonnet, for that money?" he asked, when they were going home.
"Yes, I did," she answered. "I saved

considerable by making them myself; and part of the ribbons and fringe I had and part of the ribbons and fringe I had before. I do believe I like this suit better than the brown dress."

"Hang the brown dress!" exclaimed Mr. Torrey; "I hope you'll never mention it again."

A Dog Bathing-Master.

Our faithful friend Jet, a powerful dog, lived with us on the Navesink Highlands. One summer we had a bright little fellow who, although not Highlands. in the least vicious, yet had a boy's propensity to destroy and to injure and to inflict pain. Master Willie loved Jet delaine part of the time, but since that departed this life 1'll have to make this do double duty."

Next Sunday, she came down arrayed for church in the brown does. Next Sunday she came down arrayed for church in the brown dress.

"I'm sure that looks well enough for anybody," her husband said. "If you always have as good clothes you won't have any cause for complaint."

"The sure for complaint of the property of the front piazza taking a nap, and Willie came out and assaulted him with a new carriage whip, which had been left in the hall. Jet knew the child Mis. Torrey frowned, and then she ought not to have the whip, so he went smiled.

Ilalf the farmers wives at church had on neat new dresses, and her brown one looked more dingy than ever beside

ought not to have the winp, so he even and called the nurse's attention, as he often did when the children were getting into mischief or danger. But the girl did not give heed, as she should have them. Somehow, the contrast between done, and Willie kept on following Jet them. Somenow, the contrast between ther appearance and that of her neighbors, stru k Mr. Torrey quite forcibly, but he was sure it wasn't on account of her dress. That was "good enough for anybody."

That was "good enough for anybody."

That was "good enough for anybody." Mrs. Petkins had a quilting Wednesday auternoon, and the men were invited to tea. Clad in her brown dress, up the whip, trotted off to the barn with it, came back, stretched himself out in the shade, and finished his nap. The young gentleman did not interfere with him again, and ever afterward treated considerably to her disadvantage, and him with great consideration. her husband did not fail to notice it; Nothing delighted the dog r

or siderably to her disadvantage, and her husband did not fail to notice it;

Nothing delighted the dog more than to go into the water with the young folk, and to see the bathing suits brought out always put him in the highest that there were such things as dresses that there were such things as dresses that there were such things as dresses the made all hands do just so he was so he made all hands do just so he was so he made all hands do just so he was so he made all hands do just so he was so he made all hands do just so he was so he made all hands do just so he was so he made all hands do just so he was so he made all hands do just so he was so was as he made all hands do just as he leased. He would take them in and The next Sunday the brown dress bring them out again, as he thought fit. and there was no use in resisting him as he could master half-a-dozen at once in the water. No one could go beyond certain bounds, either, under penalty of being brought back with more haste than ceremony. But, within the proper limits, he never tired of helping the bathers have a good time, frolicking with them, carrying them on his back, towing them through the water, letting

France's Gigantic Scheme. France is affording fresh proof that she is one of the most wonderful nations to arrest him, then defended himself to arrest him to arrest to sever so much better if she could leave the most wonderful latinos as other folks do. To my certain contended this east of the face of the earth. The disasters of the Franco-Prussian war, and the payment of five milliards of francs as Mr. Torrey felt very uncomfortable.

Mr. Torrey felt very uncomfortable. Mr. Torrey felt very uncomfortable.

"What makes her stick to it as she
does?" asked the other lady. "You
know I've only been in the neighborhood six weeks, but I've never seen her
hood six weeks weeks weeks weeks we her
hood six weeks we her hood six weeks we her hood six weeks we h templates an outlay in internal improve ments such as the most prosperous country could alone entertain. -It will be remembered that M. de Freycinet, the new prime minister of France, be fore leaving his old department, drew up an elaborate report embodying a gigantic scheme for the creation, exten-sion and union of railways and canals throughout the country. The estimated cost of these improvements is nine milliards of francs or \$1,800,000,000; but France is not deterred thereby, and in twelve years the scheme is to be worked out in its entirety. Already France is noted for the completeness of her rail way system, which, with her rivers and canals, afford a means of communication apparently leaving little to be de sired; but she is impressed with the belief that improvement is possible, and she is going add 16,000 miles to her railways, and 900 miles to her rivers and canals. This fresh burst of enterprise on the part of France can have but one effect, and that is increased prosperity in the great industries already stirred into activity by the demands of India America and the colonies. Rumor is already busy, says our excellent English contemporary Capital and Labor, with the names of English firms about to contract with the French government, while the iron and steel trades in America and Belgium must also benefit.

Miss Lillian Whiting is a member of the editorial staff of the Cincinnati Com-mercial. She is healthy and handsome,

TIMELY TOPICS.

A large plant, growing from six to seven feet high, and producing a kind of cotton and flax from the same stalk, has been discovered in Wisconsin. Since good cloth can be manufactured from it, it follows that good paper also may be, and therefore the plant has been fore it is in type. On the other hand, it called the paper plant. If planted in may be said that even if some of the the spring, it can be cut in the fall and winter. It bleaches itself white while standing, and will yield at least three or four tons to the acre.

Paper bricks are now being manufac tured in Wisconsin, and lately a few the mines of Boulder county, not far from were made by one of the paper mills of California, in which State they bid fair eral to meet with much favor, inasmuch as plenty of the best fibrous materialparticularly aquatic rushes and vast forests of paper cactus, the latter substance being admirably adapted for the purpose-grows near at hand. Moreover, houses built of these bricks would need no plaster, and could be easily moved on wheels. It is said that the Chinese make the soles of all their shoes

out of paper similarly prepared. Three factions are said to be contending for the control of Russian policythe purely reactionaty or autocratic party, the reform party aiming to secure the most important reforms, and the socalled new party, desiring only a few moderate reforms, such as the decentralization of the Russian administration. This party does not seek to have a parliament, but simply provincial delega-tions with a purification of the civil service, and the adoption of severe measure against all destructive agencies. Count Schouvaloff is the chief supporter of these views, and his return to office will, in a measure, depend on them making them palatable to the Czar.

It is an error to suppose that Chines of the wealthier classes make their meals off the most illimitable number of strange dishes which we read of in books of travel. These dishes exist and appear at official banquets, which, how-ever, do not give a more correct idea of Chinese cooking than a public dinner in London or Paris would of the achieve ments which a good chef here could ac-complish for a small party of gourmets. The big dinners of the kind described are generally given at restaurants in China, which, contrary to the general have two, and even three the public room being on the custom. ground floor, and private rooms above, as with us.

A strange murder and suicide occur. red a short time ago at Rossau, in them dive off his shoulders, and playing leap-frog.—St. Nicholas.

Zurich. A man whose wife had left him, owing to his violent conduct, followed her to her father's house, fired right and left at the inmates, killing the ather, discharged the remaining barrels

Words of Wisdom.

Every man, however wise, requires the advice of some sagacious friend in the affairs of life.

If you would not have affliction visit

alding hot. Pleasure comes through toil and not

by self-indulgence and indolence. Often a reserve that hides a bitter humiliation seems to be haughtiness.

If some folks had their way about this world, how few people could live comfortably in it.

joys and comforts cease. Dress drains slanting position and his hind feet close our cellar dry and keeps our larder together, the legs bent as if he meant to

Pride is like the beautiful acacia that lifts its head proudly above its neighbor plants, forgetting that it, too, like them, has its root in the dirt.

Mining in Colorado.

It is to be noticed that here, as in other similar regions, public interest is continually attracted to new discoveries and a floating population at once draw thither; and events move so rapidly that an account of the state of affairs in the mining regions may be stale be people go away, the mines remain, and the silver and gold come out just as surely and easily as before; and a larger area than ever is now the scene of active operations.

Starting from the north we come to Long's Peak, where there was an ephem excitement, some three years ago, about telluruim veins. Then come those of Gilpin (Black Hawk, Centra City, etc.) and Clear Creek (Georgetown etc.) counties, the former noted for gold product, and both containing what are called "true fissure veins," where the "true fissure veins," rocks have been broken or torn asunder by earthquakes or volcanic disturbance. In this neighborhood some of the earliest discoveries were made, and the bullion product of the two counties is large and steady. Then come various points in the South Park, and just between the Park and Main Ranges, California Gulch, now known from one end of the world to the other, for here is Leadville. South again, and between the Sierra Mojada and the Sangre de Cristo lie Rosita and Silver Cliff, and southwest again of this, the great San Juan district Discoveries have also been made in the Gunnison and Elk mountain country, away west of the Snowy range, and only time can show what other now hidden treasures are to come to light in these regions. It is needless to say that several quarto volumes could easily be and perhaps, indeed, in view of the rapid novement of events, the writer of such work stands in greater danger of being behind the age than he who some random sketches of the haunts and ways of the "honest miner"—so first called, it is said, by aspiring patriots who sought his suffrages. Mr. Harte-declares that when sets of pictures por-

A man may come to Colorado witu They do not sit in the garden chair, resolutions worthy of Leonidas; he may treat gold and silver with a lofty disdain; he may be doctor, lawyer, parson, school teacher, book agent, lightning school teacher, book agent, lightning rod man or deeler in sewing machiens—anything but a miner; all in vain, for sooner or later, if he stays in Colorado, the mania for the precious metals will make an easy victim of him; he will seek a "claim," and fondly see a benanza in the smallest and shallowest of his "prospect holes."—Harper's Magazine.

RED SNOW OUT WEST.—Some mid-a "few friends for company." inches. Each of you bring home a hat-ful of this red snow, and let me know if you can what makes the pretty color. I have heard that very little bits of ani-mals, seen only with the aid of a mi-iournal, the organ of the educated com-iournal, the organ of the educated com-iournal, the organ of the educated comcroscope, come down with the falling snow and make it rosy; but then, I've you twice, listen at once to what it heard, also, that it is animals even smaller than these which make the blue Hasty people drink the nectar of exist- of the sky; and-well, the fact is, I'm not at all certain yet what to believe con-

together, the legs bent as if he meant to lie down. Then off he slides, swaying his body to suit the curves in the road, and keeping his balance just right—if only the rider does not check him.

But if the rider should try to guide or world. Its circulation is estimated at

Song of the Breeze. [As sung by the major-general in "The Pirates of Penzance."]

Softly sighing to the river Comes the lowly breeze Setting nature all a quiver,

Rustling thro' the trees,
Thro' the trees. And the brook, in gentle measure Laughs for very leve, As While the poplars in their pleasure Wave their arms above.

Yes, the trees in very pleasure Wave their leafy arm; above. Yet the breeze is but a rover; When he wings away

Brook and poplar moura a lover, Sighing, well a-day! Ah, the wooing and undoing That the rogue could tell! When the breeze is out a-wooing

Who can woo so well?

Ah, the tales the rogue could tell Nobody could woo so well.

- W. S. Gilbert.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Mr. Robert Hoe, of R. Hoe & Co. New York, has a typographical-library of 1,668 volumes

In some of the schools in Tennessee and Kentucky Harper's Young People has been adopted as a school reader.

The United States publishes more newspapers, with greater combined circulation, than all the other countries of the world put together. Mr. George W. Childs, proprietor of

the Philadelphia Ledger, has con-tributed \$1,000 to the Parnell fund to relieve the sufferers in Ireland. Ouray, the Ute, is said to be short and tout. If he is like many Americans he

written about these mines and their might be "short" and stout, even operation, and still much be left unsaid; though he were six feet tall.—Morristown Herald. The Rochester Democrat suggests that

young men who stand in front of church doors waiting to see the congregation come out might be used as stands to hang wraps and umbrellas on. A California boy stood an umbrella in

declares that when sets of pictures por-traying the contrasted careers of the honest and dissolute miner were first sent out to California they utterly failed of their effect, for the reason, that the of their effect, for the reason that the said to have carried the umbrella to th average miner refused to recognize hix- length of the string.

And they do not swing on the gate; But they go in the cosy parlor, where They sit till a quarter of eight

And the old man weeps, but his burning te Cannot appease the fates;
It will cost him more for coal, he fears t will cost him more 101 Then it did last June for gates.

- Hawkeye

For the first time in the history of Washington, says a correspondent, member of the House has come her with his wife and gone into the lucrativ

journal, the organ of the educated com-mercial classes, was ordered to attend into the chancellerie. A gendarme appeared, ordered him to stand to attention, ranged himself beside him, and cerning these things.

MULES THAT "COAST."—Did you held him by the sleeve of his coat, as if know that there are mules that coast?
Well, there are, in Ecuador, South frowning military dictator appeared, America; but they do not coast on and thus addressed the captive journal-snow, only on slippery hill-sides made ist: "Your conduct of your paper has ist: "Your conduct of your paper has ready for the purpose. The mules are trained to slide down hill, and the better they can slide the more valuable they become for traveling among the moun-Of all the possessions of this life fame is the noblest; when the body has sunk into the dust the great name still lives. When a mule reaches a good tains. When a mule reaches a good tains. When a mule reaches a good tains. Many sacrifice to dress till household sliding place, he puts his front feet in a prisoner."—Cincinnati Educaday Night

Oldest Paper in the World.

Has its root in the dirt.

Falsehood, like poison, will generally be rejected when administered alone; but when blended with wholesome ingredients may be swallowed unperceived.

It is not much thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and be able to relish your being without the ransport of some passion or the gratification of some appetite.

But if the rider should try to guide or interfere with his mule, there would most likely be a turn-over, with most likely be a turn Peter Cooper is the oldest man in club life in America, and probably in the world. He is one of the vice-presidents of the Union League club of New York. The prosperity of the Union League is remarkable, its receipts last year exceeding its expenditures by \$38,000.

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Poor Condition Best copy available