POOR COPY

TAKEN BY SIEGE

The Story of a Young Journalist's Experiences in New York.

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Continued.)

CHAPTER XIX.

IT WAS he day before John Hurlstone's wedding day, and where was the happy bridegroom? Wandering aimlessly around the streets, expecting every moment to be seized by the police. They were not on his track, but he thought they were; and they soon would be, for his connection with the fraudulent Mutual Dividend Mining company was known to them, and they were only waiting for certain proofs to clap the handcuffs on his wrists. John felt no temptation to run away. Mortimer had tried to induce him to fly with him to Canada, but John seemed to be in a dazed condition, and positively refused to do anything. He knew that he had committed a state's prison offense, and that it would not be long before he was made to answer for his crimes; but he did not intend to answer for them in a court of law.

He sat in his rooms all day and drank brandy, and thought—not so much of the past or the future as of the present. He thought of Leoni, whom he loved and to whom he was honestly married, and of Amy, his expectant bride, eagerly waiting his coming in the little country town not a hundred miles away. He had not had the courage to tell Amy, and he had hoped that something would happen before the fatal day; but nothing did happen that could help him in any way. His troubles came thicker and faster, and he saw a felon's cell before him.

"After all," he said to himself, "what is the use of fighting against fate? I can soon end the difficulty, and why not do it?"

Before he put his thought into execution he was seized with a wild desire to see Leoni.

"She is my wife, and I love her—God knows how well—and she loves me. I must see her once more."

He hurried off to West Tenth street, but only to find that she was not at home. Her mother thought she had gone to see a member of the corps de ballet who was suffering from a sprained ankle, and had no idea when she would return. Signora Cella would not have told John even if she had known, for she was indignant that he had neglected Leoni for so long after having paid such serious court to her. John left the house in a very unhappy state of mind; but he could not bear to tear himself away from a spot hallowed by its associations with Leoni. He walked up and down on the opposite side of the street for an hour, and Signora Cella, who watched him from her window, was touched by the hopeless expression of his face. She was just going to raise the sash and call him over to wait for Leoni, when he turned suddenly and almost ran up the street. His thoughts were tearing so wildly through his brain that he hardly knew what he was doing.

A few moments later he found himself at the stage door of the Academy of Music. He stood there a while and watched the groups of chorus singers as they lounged against the iron railing and talked over their little troubles. He thought of Leoni in a confused sort of way; and then he started off on a brisk walk for his rooms. Antonio was out—gone to eat a dish of spaghetti with a fellow countryman—and the place was quiet as the grave, and as lonesome. John sat down in front of a large picture of Leoni, and gazed longingly at it; then he walked over to it and kissed the cold glass that covered the bright young face.

"Ah, my darling, if you only knew what a state of mind your husband is in you would be here by his side; but, dear girl, you don't know, and it's just as well that you don't."

Then he got up and went to his bathroom and took a bathe, and dressed himself in fresh linen, and put on a suit of clothes that Leoni particularly liked. Walking up to the long mirror that hung between the front windows, he looked at himself from head to heels.

"Not a bad looking fellow, as fellows go," he said softly to himself; "it's a pity to kill him. But why not? He's only a cumberer of the earth. You wouldn't think him such a bad fellow to look at him, but he's a rascal—a born rascal. Ah, there it is; it was born in him. But where did it come from? His father was the most upright of men—his mother" (his voice trembled)—"his mother a saint on earth; yet their son is an outlaw, only out of jail because he hasn't been captured. He is an unhappy wretch, and has made all his friends unhappy, and he is going to put a final touch to their unhappiness. Yes, it's got to come, John Hurlstone; there's only one way to cut this knot."

Saying this, he walked over to his luxurious dressing table, deliberately opened an upper drawer, took out a silver and pearl mounted revolver, and, going over to his writing table, laid it down beside him.

"Poor Leoni! I must write her a line before I go."

He took up his pen and began to write: "Leoni mia, my own darling, my wife, forgive"——

But he could not write another word, for his eyes were blinded with tears that ran down his cheeks and fell in scalding drops upon the paper.

"This is unmanly," he said, suddenly springing to his feet. "Am I a woman, that I should give way like this?"

Then, crossing over to the window, he gazed out upon the street. How strange it looked! It seemed almost like a new place to him. But no; there was his landlady's little daughter playing out on the sidewalk; she looked up and smiled and he kissed his hand to her. The clerk from the drug store on the corner walked by, an ordinary, commonplace young man, but he filled John with a strange interest, for he was the last man he should see in this world. He watched him out of sight; then he took the revolver from the table and stood in front of the long mirror again. He smiled sadly as he caught sight of his own face.

"They call this a coward's act. Perhaps it is; but it takes a little courage," he said, and, placing the muzzle of the revolver close against his heart, he pulled the trigger.

A sharp report, a puff of smoke, and the body of John Hurlstone reeled backward and fell to the floor. And there, with one arm thrown over his head, the other by his side, he lay when Antonio, who had spent the evening with his friends, came home and found him. He was cold and still, and the terrified Italian knew that he was dead.

Antonio's first impulse when he found that his master was dead was to alarm the house; but he saw by the revolver at his side that he had taken his own life, so he deemed it best to go for his brother, who he knew was connected with The Dawn. Locking the door carefully behind him, he ran with trembling limbs down into the street, and, calling a cab, bade the driver go as fast as his horse could run to the office of The Dawn.

There he learned that Rush had left the office at 6 o'clock, saying that he would not return until the next evening. Antonio knew nothing about the wedding preparations at Farmsted, and John had not intended that he should, for the man knew too much about another wedding in which his young master had figured as principal. Almost beside himself with terror and grief, Antonio drove to the Cellas' to break the news of the tragedy to Leoni. In the dramatic manner of his countrymen he told his tale to the horror stricken household. Signora Cella wrung her hands and wept. Leoni seemed turned to stone. When she recovered speech she laid her hand on her mother's arm.

"Mother," said she, in Italian, "that dead man is my husband. I must go to him. Will you go with me?"

So the mother and daughter got into the cab, and Antonio, mounting the seat with the driver, could not help thinking of the last time he had sat on the box with Leoni inside.

It was after midnight when they reached John Hurlstone's rooms. The house was still as the grave. The sleepers might have been roused by footsteps on the stairs, but that was nothing, for the second floor lodger was in the habit of coming in at all hours, sometimes alone and sometimes with friends. When Signora Cella, Leoni and Antonio reached the ante-room of John's apartment, Leoni said in a low whisper, "Where is he?" Antonio pointed to the front room. Motioning to the others to stay where they were she advanced to the door, opened it and entering, closed it behind her. The gas was blazing as Antonio had left it, and there on the floor in front of the mirror she saw the strong, manly form of her husband, stretched cold and dead. She threw herself down beside it, and taking the dear dead face in her hands, kissed the unresponsive lips and laid her cheek close to his. She did not weep; she only kissed the cold face and the lifeless hands, and petted them and murmured words of passionate endearment.

Signora Cella and Antonio became alarmed by her long absence and the stillness, and, opening the door, found Leoni stretched by her dead husband's side, as lifeless and still as he. Terror rendered them speechless. They both thought she had killed herself on the body of her husband, but, hoping against hope, Signora Cella put her hand on the girl's heart and found that it was beating; she had only fainted. They laid her on the sofa and brought her to by slow degrees; but she was still in a dazed condition. Signora Cella deemed it best to get her home before the officers of the law took possession of the place, so she and Antonio led the unresisting girl to the cab, in which she was driven home, while Antonio went to the nearest police station and gave information of the tragedy.

In a short time all was confusion in the house where John Hurlstone's body lay. The police were perfectly satisfied that it was a case of suicide, and the coroner gave his verdict to that effect. The address of the dead man's family was found among his papers, and the next morning a telegram informing them of what had occurred was dispatched to Farmsted.

CHAPTER XX.

THE oldest inhabitants of Farmsted agreed that they had never seen a more beautiful day than that which dawned on the 3d of September, 1875. The sun shone with the brilliant light of June, and the leaves of the trees looked as green as though they were just budding. The birds seemed to know that it was a gala day, and sang their merriest songs. Nowhere did they sing more merrily than among the branches of the black heart cherry tree that stood guard over the village rectory. They must have known that this was the wedding day of their kind friend, the rector's daughter, who fed them every morning with crumbs of bread.

Inside the rectory all was pleasurable excitement. The wedding was to take place at 10 o'clock, and the groom was to meet the bride at the altar. The bridesmaids spent the night at the house, that they might be with the bride as long as possible before their final separation. By half past 9 they were all dressed and ready to enter church. Amy never looked sweeter and prettier than in her pure white dress and orange blossoms.

The bishop of the diocese and Dr. Bayliss were in the vestry room, putting on their robes. The hands of the clock in the tower were fast moving around towards the hour, and the picturesque little church was filled with eager friends. Tom Bayliss saw Rush Hurlstone hurrying around to the vestry room, which the clergymen were just quitting, and, believing that John was with him, he gave the signal for the bridal party to move up the aisle. The organist played a lively waltz as the procession advanced, a buzz of admiration passed over the assembled guests and the bride stood before the altar.

At this moment Rush Hurlstone, wild of eye and white of cheek, appeared inside the chancel railing. He whispered a few words to Dr. Bayliss, and the old rector's cheeks turned as white as his. Without a word, he stepped outside the chancel.

"Come home with me, my daughter," he said, putting his arm around Amy and leading her down the aisle, while the others came after, followed by a murmur of surprise from the wedding guests.

The frightened bride could not find voice to speak. She knew something terrible had happened, but never for a moment dreamed of the truth. Her father led her back to the rectory, and, taking her into his study, said, with broken voice:

"My child, ask God's help to bear a terrible blow. John Hurlstone is dead." And the tears ran down his wrinkled cheeks and fell upon his gown.

Amy seemed turned to stone. Her large blue eyes gazed in speechless wonder into her father's face. He took her cold hand in his.

"It is true, my dear child—awfully true. Would to God your mother had been spared to comfort you in this great trial!"

Still she did not speak. Her lips seemed to move, but there was no sound. Dr. Bayliss led her to a chair. She sat down and stared at vacancy. He would have given all he owned if he could have seen tears in her eyes; but they were dry as stones, and encircled by black lines that seemed to grow larger and darker as the moments went by. John Hurlstone's two sisters in the drawing room had to be told of what had happened, but he was afraid to leave Amy alone; so he rang the bell and sent for them to come to him. They came, their young faces as white as the dresses they wore, and the old man broke the news to them. Their grief was terrible to see. Amy looked at them with vacant eyes. They threw themselves upon the floor at her feet, and their tears fell thick and fast upon her wedding dress; but she sat silent, stunned by her sorrow.

Rush had told the news to the bishop, and he in turn had broken it to the wedding guests, who left the church with sorrowing hearts, for John Hurlstone was a great favorite in Farmsted. All day long they stood around the streets in little groups, discussing the strange news, and wondering what on earth could have induced that handsome, gay young man to take his own life. At the homestead the shutters were bowed, and the bereaved mother lay prostrate on her bed, surrounded by her children. At the rectory they succeeded in coaxing Amy to her room; but she would not take of her wedding dress. For hours she sat in awful silence, or paced the floor with monotonous tread, her white veil floating about her and the orange blossoms filling the air with perfume.

Rush took the first train to New York, to make arrangements for bringing his brother's body home. It was a sad journey. He thought of the last evening spent with John, and of his wild words, which his death explained. But what did it all mean? What reason had John Hurlstone, of all men, to take his own life? Arrived at his brother's rooms, the body was given over to him by the authorities. Then began those heart breaking but necessary details that have to be attended to after a loved one's death; and then the dead man was ready to be removed. Antonio was left in charge of the rooms, and Rush went away with the body.

He had not been gone long when Leoni, accompanied by her mother, came to the place. Her grief at finding her husband's body gone was terrible. In moving about the room she came upon the sheet of paper containing the few words John had written to her. As her eyes scanned the tear stained page she threw herself in her mother's arms and wept for the first time since John's death. Piteous as was her grief her mother rejoiced in it, for the stony silence of the hours before had filled her with alarm.

It was a sad home coming to Farmsted. A few intimate friends met Rush at the railway station and accompanied him with his brother's body to the house. There it lay in a coffin in the little old fashioned parlor where many of John's ancestors had lain before, but none after such a death.

Amy Bayliss seemed to have got control of her grief, for when she heard that the body of her betrothed was lying at his home, she took off her wedding dress, and, arraying herself in a suit of black that she had worn after her mother's death, walked out to the homestead. Rush saw her coming, and, taking her by the hand, led her tenderly into the darkened room where his brother's body lay, and left her alone with her dead.

The good people of Farmsted, who had spent most of their time in the street during the past day or two discussing John Hurlstone's suicide, had their curiosity aroused to the highest pitch by the arrival of two foreign looking women by the noon train from New York. One was middle aged, the other young and very handsome. They were both dark and had large black eyes, and their dress was as foreign as their faces. They didn't seem to know they were being stared at, but walked along the main street slowly, evidently looking for something or somebody.

A lounger in front of the tavern was struck by the beauty of the young woman; and, as they seemed to be uncertain of their way, he stepped up to them and asked if he could "set 'em on the right track, as they 'peared to be kinder lost." The older woman thanked him, and in her broken English asked for "Meester 'Urlstone." As Hurlstone was the one name on the lips of every one in the place, the man understood at once where they wanted to go and pointed out the way. "I never seen such eyes as that young 'un's in all my born days," said he, rejoining his companions on the tavern veranda; "they jest burned like two live coals. I reckon there's a story behind them eyes;" a suggestion the others were quick to take up and discuss.

Arrived at the Hurlstone homestead, Leoni bade her mother be seated on a rustic bench by the roadside while she went up the path to the house. When she reached the door she looked cautiously around to see if she was discovered, for she had a vague fear that if she were seen she would be driven away. She turned the knob of the front door and opening it softly entered the hall. Not a sound was heard. Instinct seemed to tell her which room it was that held the beloved dead. Cautiously pushing the door open and closing it behind her she entered.

The room was only dimly lighted through the bowed shutters, but she saw the coffin in the center of the floor and threw herself down on her knees beside it, burying her face in her hands. In this position she remained for some moments. Then she arose and kissed the cold face, the lips, the forehead, the eyelids, all the time whispering passionate words in her native tongue. On the other side of the coffin sat Amy Bayliss, holding one of the dead man's hands in hers and watching this strange woman with dull wonder. After Leoni's eyes had become accustomed to the light she saw the other woman, but supposed it was one of John's sisters, of whom she had heard him speak. She said nothing, but taking a packet of letters from her breast—the half dozen she had written to John, and which Antonio had just returned to her—she opened his coat and laid them upon his heart, then kissed his cold lips again.

"How dare you! what are you doing?" exclaimed Amy, rising.

"Excuse me, signorina; I am returning some letters that I know he will want to have buried with him," Leoni answered, in broken English.

"He doesn't want your letters," cried Amy with indignation. "Take them away."

"I know that he does," answered Leoni. "You are his sister; you cannot refuse me?" she went on, in a low, pleading voice.

"I am not his sister, and I tell you to take your letters away."

To be Continued.)

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BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

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Fredericton July 20

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GUNS, REVOLVERS and RIFLES.—Just received: 4 cases, English and American Guns, Rifles and Revolvers. For sale Wholesale and Retail at

NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years standing, by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applied to NICHOLSON, 177 McDougal Street, New York.

Dec. 11—1 yr w

ODDS AND ENDS.

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3 YEARS IN BED.—Gentlemen, I tried your Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and was perfectly cured from sickness. I was sick in bed for three years and after taking six bottles I was perfectly cured, and now I would not be without the medicine in the house. MISS EDWINA FULLER, Vereker P. O., Ont.

Eel green, a lovely bluish shade, is the latest.

THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS.—The stomach, the liver, the bowels and the blood are the four cardinal points of health. These Burdock Blood Bitters act upon to strengthen, regulate, cleanse and purify, thus restoring and maintaining perfect health. B. B. B. is nature's true tonic and renovator.

The brims of sailor hats are very narrow.

TIMELY WISDOM.—Timely wisdom is shown by those who keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, cramps and all summer complaints or looseness of the bowels.

The newest red is a dull shade called Eiffel rogue.

THE OKLAHOMA BOOM—Forms an instance of a wild rush for an uncertainty, which is the opposite of the steady boom enjoyed by Burdock Blood Bitters. Buyers of this medicine get a certainty—an unequalled remedy for all disease of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and the blood.

Toques grow smaller, and are more worn than ever.

SAFE AND RELIABLE. I highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for curing cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, dysentery and all summer complaints. It is safe and reliable for children and older persons.

MISS HILDY BRICKENRIDGE, Heyworth, Que.

Black stockings are in good taste with any kind of a dress.

CROWNED OR UNCROWNED.—The head of anyone suffering from constipation, biliousness or dyspepsia will harbor a sick headache. By regulating the bowels, arousing the torpid liver, improving digestion and purifying the blood Burdock Blood Bitters banishes sick headache, no matter how severe or obstinate it may be.

Ribbon bandeaux and metal fillets for the coiffure are much worn.

Do You Drink Ice Water?

That cool refreshing drink in warm weather are delicious is undeniable. That drinking ice water in copious draughts when a person is overheated is injurious, not to say dangerous, is also undeniable. But that the free drinking of water in some form in hot weather must be avoided, is decisable, and is one of the greatest popular errors extant. When a person is perspiring freely from every pore, a vast amount of water is drawn from the body, which must be supplied, or great injury is being done the physical health, and the foundation of some of the worst forms of kidney disease is being slowly, but surely laid. Why! someone will exclaim, that is just what causes kidney troubles, drinking water freely which contains so much lime. Wrong again! So long as the water drank is freely carried through the system, and converted in its passage to the naturally acid reaction of the urine and perspiration, no danger can occur by deposits of urea or lime in the kidneys and bladder, because they remain perfectly in solution, and are carried out of the body instead of remaining in it. Literally, they are washed out of the body by the copious draughts of water (that most perfect of all known soluents), same as a series of pipes are "flushed" with water to clean them. A clean body is never diseased.

Do not drink ice cold water, but pure cool water; a little lemon juice will improve the effectiveness. Plain soda water with a little acid is also excellent. If from drinking too much ice water you have stomach cramps, or are "water-logged," as it is called, or are attacked with Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, or Dysentery, do not resort to alcoholic stimulating drinks, which irritate rather than soothe and allay the inflammation which has caused the trouble; but adopt the practice of taking daily just before retiring, during July and August, one teaspoonful of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in a little sweetened water, which will prevent all such attacks and ill effects from ice water. In fact, a little pamphlet sent free to anyone, by I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., contains a vast amount of information about treating those Summer troubles.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT: OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA Cholera Morbus COLIC AND CRAMPS DIARRHŒA DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

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Oct. 20, 1887—w tw—1yr.

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Fredericton, March 26.

The Evidence of Things Seen.

A Boston child, being taken for the first time to the beach, became very much interested in the crowds of bathers disporting in the water. Finally, as numbers of the bathers began to return to the bath houses, the child's sympathies became immediately aroused, and turning to her mother she said, sorrowfully: "They must be very poor folk, mamma; they've got so little clothes on."—Boston Budget.

The Very Thing.

Guest (to colored waiter—See here! I can't cut this steak with this knife!

Colored Waiter—'Low me, sah, to lend you my razah, sah!—Boston Herald.

Let In.

Mrs. Alcot—If you should make a thousand dollars unexpectedly, Tom, would you give me that diamond pendant I've been looking at so long?

Mr. Alcot—Why, yes, dear.

Mrs. Alcot—Very well; I'll order it to-morrow. I stopped wanting that ivory finished piano today, and a thousand was just the price of it.—Judge.

Unpleasantly Suggestive.

An 8-year-old boy, whose superabundant animal spirits required an occasional check, was looking at some proofs of photographs of his mother which had just been sent home. There were two views, and the youngster was very decided in his preference for one over the other. "Why do you prefer that?" asked his mother. "Because," said he, "in the other one you look as if you meant it."—Boston Journal.

The Source of Knowledge.

Book Buyer—Got any second hand books to sell?

Maine Farmer—Got a brand new unabridged dictionary which the neighbors gave us at a surprise party last winter we'll sell cheap. It's a mighty sight in a book, but as our niece is coming from Boston to live with us we won't need it any longer.—Omaha World-Herald.

Knowledge Is Bliss.

Mrs. H. Arlem Flatte—I wanted to see that new play at the Dovetown theatre to-night, but the critics say the play is a failure, and the weather reports say it is going to rain.

Mr. H. Arlem Flatte—Then let us go by all means. The play will be charming, and the weather delightful.—New York Weekly.

At the Musee.

Little Daughter—Papa sent me up to see if you could get along without him today. He wants to go hunting.

Museum Manager—No, indeed, we are booming the bearded lady as a strong attraction. He must come, for people expect to see her.—Omaha World-Herald.

The Usual Dearth.

"That's a fine desk, Browne."

"Yes; I flatter myself it's pretty good. Pigeon holes for everything—poems, paragraphs, short stories, etc., etc."

"I see you haven't one for ideas. You never have any of those, I suppose."—Harper's Bazar.

Unseemly Levity.

Walter—Oh, Mabel, I worship the very hair of your head. Give me one curl to recall this hour at some future time.

Mabel—Oh, I see—a sort of time lock.

Walter—A lock is a good thing to adore; hat's why I want it.—Detroit Journal.

Wanted It Plain.

A little chap was very much afraid of thunder storms, and one night, when praying at his mother's knee, being somewhat fearful of an approaching storm, he said: "Please send us only plain rain this time, if it will do just as well."—Exchange.

Hunting Item.

Forester (to old woman)—What are you doing out here in the woods?

Old Woman—I'm just prowling around so that if the master doesn't shoot anything he can say I scared the game away.—Texas Siftings.

In the Conservatory.

"What a delightfully cool place this is!"

"Yes; and what a comfort it must be in summer to feel that you have a palm tree right within reach, so that you can pick a fan whenever you want one."—Harper's Bazar.

Crœsus Is Nowhere.

Mrs. Twiddle—I hear your fiance is rich. What is his business?

Mrs. Twaddle—He hasn't any. He doesn't have to work; he's a waiter at a Long Branch hotel.—Town Topics.

He Did Not Say.

Mrs. McCrackle (looking up from the paper)—Dhuleep Singh says he is one of the Sikhs.

Mr. McCrackle—Who are the other five?—Harper's Bazar.

The Doctors Agreed.

Skeptic—Did you ever know two doctors to agree? Medical Student (after reflection)—Y-e-s; once. Skeptic—Where was it? Medical Student—At a post-mortem.—New York Weekly.

Many a Slip.

In the hammock slowly swinging,
Where the fireflies are winging,
Underneath the trees,
Sits a youth and maiden slender,
And with conversation tender
Warm the evening breeze.

He is telling of his passion,
Urging her, in lover fashion,
To become his wife.
She is listening, coy, unwilling,
But she doesn't miss a thrilling
Word, you bet your life!

So when, certain of his bliss, her
Lover forward bends to kiss her,
And will not desist,
With his arm around her stealing,
And his brown eyes, so appealing,
How can she resist?

But he misses the sweet token,
For before the words are spoken
That will seal his bliss—
Snap! the hammock rope is parted,
And the lovers—broken hearted—
Feel too mad to kiss.

—Somerville Journal.

BRISTOL'S PILLS

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Hazard's Celebrated Powder,
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July 20

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—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—

Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Hay Fever, Sore Throat, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps and Chills.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

All who buy direct from us, and require it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $2.00. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. Valuable pamphlets sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

DR. SHARP'S M. P. S. G. B. ALPINE LINIMENT,

Taken Internally cures Headache, Cramp and Pain in Stomach, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Cholera, Morbus, Canker Rash. Applied Externally cures Scalds, Burns, Bites, Frost Bites, Chilblains, Bruises, Sprains Old Sores, Boils, Felons, Ring Worm, Rheumatic Affections, Pain in the Side, Back and Loins, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatic, Pains in the Joints, Sting of Bees, &c.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—TAKEN INTERNALLY.—For an adult, 15 drops to half a teaspoonful in sugar and water. EXTERNALLY. Rub on freely and take a few drops in water. FOR TOOTHACHE—Rub the Gums and Face, apply in cotton to the cavity of tooth, and you will find instant relief. Price 25 Cents.

SHARP'S BALSAM MANF'G CO., - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

CONNOR & DINSMORE, PROPRIETORS.

PARIS GREEN.

Now in Store: Pure Paris Green.

As we have a large stock on hand, we will sell very low to clear.

LIME.

RAYNE'S EXTRA NO. 1 LIME,

MANUFACTURED AT GREEN HEAD.

We call the attention of the public to the fact that we have been handling this LIME for the past seven or eight years, and everybody pronounced it the best in the market. None genuine unless our name is stamped in red on every cask.

W. E. MILLER & CO.,

155 and 159 QUEEN STREET.

MONTSERRAT FRUIT LIME JUICE.

THE BEST SUMMER DRINK.

JUST RECEIVED.

4 cases Montserrat Lime Juice; 2 cases Chip Beef;
6 cases Corn Beef; 2 cases Ox Tongue;
1 case Condensed Coffee; 1 case Condensed Milk;
1 Bbl. Powdered Sugar; 2 bbls. Ontario Hams.

W. R. LOGAN,

Queen Street, Fredericton.

Canned Goods.

CORN, TOMATOES, PEAS, BEANS,
PINE APPLES, PEACHES, OYSTERS,
LOBSTERS, SALMON, CORN BEEF,
LUNCH TONGUE, POTTED HAM,
Condensed Milk, Condensed Coffee.

FOR SALE LOW AT

S. L. MORRISON'S

Queen Street, Cor. of York.

Fredericton, June 21st, 1888.

INSECTICIDES!

Dutcher's Fly Paper;
Sticky Fly Paper; Fly Pads;
Dalmation Insect Powder;
Paris Green just received at

WILEY'S DRUG STORE,

196 QUEEN STREET.

School Supplies —AT— HALL'S BOOKSTORE.

Globes, Terrestrial; Globes, Celestial; Ball Frames; Liquid Slating for Blackboards; Maps of the Hemispheres; Maps of the World—Mercator's Projection; Maps of the Dominion; Maps of North America;

Maps of New Brunswick; Maps of the Maritime Provinces; Maps of England; Maps of Europe; Maps of Asia; Maps of Africa; Maps of Australia.

NEXT DOOR TO DAVIS, STAPLES & CO.'S DRUG STORE.

Fredericton, Aug. 9.

EDGECOMBE & SONS,

YORK STREET, - - FREDERICTON.

Now is the Time to Leave Your Orders for

SLEIGHS & PUNGS

We Have on Hand, and are Finishing Up, 200 Double Seated and Single Seated Pungs and Sleighs, which we are Determined to Sell Out at

PRICES THAT WILL ANYWHERE DEFY COMPETITION.

Leave Your Orders Early.

EDGECOMBE & SONS.

Fredericton, Oct. 6th, 1887

To Travellers

Northern and Western RAILWAY

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect May 20th, 1889.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME!

A Passenger, Mail and Express Train will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

3:00, p. m; Gibson, 3:06; Marysville, 3:15; Manser's Siding 3:37; Durham, 3:45; Cross Creek, 4:20; Doleistown, 4:29; Doaktown, 5:05; Upper Blackville, 6:47; Blackville, 7:10; Upper Nelson Boom, 7:40; Chatham Junction, 8:05; arrive at Chatham, 8:30.

RETURNING LEAVE CHATHAM

5:00, a. m. Chatham Junction, 5:35; Upper Nelson Boom, 5:50; Blackville, 6:26; Upper Blackville, 6:45; Doaktown, 7:35; Doleistown, 8:15; Cross Creek, 8:26; Durham, 9:20; Marysville, 10:25; Gibson, 10:30; arriving at Fredericton, 10:35.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with I. C. Railway for all points East and West and at Gibson with the N. B. Railway for St. John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S. S. Co. for St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOS. HOBEN, Superintendent.

Gibson, N. B., May 18th, 1889.

New Brunswick R'ly COMPANY.

All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The Short Line to Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect July 1st, 1889.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

LEAVE FREDERICTON

6 00 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points north.

11 20 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points east.

3.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, connecting at the Junction with Fast Express via Short Line for Montreal and the West.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON

From St. John 6.10, 8.45 a. m., 4.45 p. m., Fredericton Junction 8.10 a. m., 1.45, 6.35 p. m., McAdam Junction, 11.20 a. m., 2 00 p. m., Vanceboro, 10.55 a. m., St. Stephen, 9.00, 11.40 a. m., St. Andrews, 7.55 a. m., arrive in Fredericton 9.30 a. m., 2.10, and 7.15 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON:

11 20 A. M.—Express for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON:

10 10 A. M.—Express from Woodstock and points north.

A. J. HEATH, Gen Pass. & Ticket Agent. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.

Northern & Western RAILWAY.

SATURDAY EXCURSIONS!

COMMENCING the 1st of JUNE, and during the Summer Months, the Northern and Western Railway will issue

EXCURSION RETURN TICKETS

On Saturdays, from and to all Stations, good to return the following Monday only, for

ONE FIRST CLASS FARE

Round Trip. Tickets for sale at F. B. EDGECOMBE'S Dry Goods Store, Queen Street, Fredericton, and at all Stations.

Through Tickets to all points west for sale F. B. EDGECOMBE'S Dry Goods Store.

JAS. WETMORE, G. T. A. THOS. HOBEN, Superintendent

Gibson, M h, 1889.

HARVEY'S PHOTOS! IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES. STUDIO: 164 Queen St. F'ton. LARGE SIZED HEADS A Specialty.

Fredericton, Jan. 12, 188

BARKER HOUSE STABLES

COACHES AND CARRIAGES

Furnished with all Possible Despatch!

HORSES BOARDED AT MODERATE TERMS.

JOHN B. ORR, - Proprietor.

Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

GEORGE I. GUNTER,

HACK & LIVERY STABLE,

QUEEN STREET,