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WEEKLY SUN

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WEDNESDAY MORNING,

at THE

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THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

LITITIA VERNERS WATKINS.

Love, I pray you, stay with me,

Shun tonight the revelry,

Let your bosom compass meet

In the bar-room, if they will

But oh! never let them greet

One far when a woman's tears,

Like the mighty dew distill

Constant, through her love and tears.

By the early love you bore

For this heart you faint and sore,

By my love, oh! I implore

Drink no more!

One those hours in orgies spent,

Give to you the pure content

That you felt in other years,

Re the cup had touched your lips;

See my eyes were bathed in tears;

See your noble soul had lost

Sell-respect and manliness?

These have said the fearful cost,

By the children that I bore,

By the altar where you swore

To protect me, oh! I implore

Drink no more!

In the great hereafter, love,

When the spirit rests above,

Where the beacon light divine

Shines on the weary pilgrim's shrine;

Where the righteous feast has trod,

At the living bar of God,

That shall illumine the world of men,

What the drunkard's password thou?

By the blood of Christ who bore

Life from death to Heaven above,

By His love, oh! I implore,

Drink no more!

Edward, Ken.

AN ADVENTUROUS GHOST.

When I first looked upon the scenery

of Nevada, I felt as if I had

been transported to another world.

The broad leas, great trees, wide waters,

and grand prairies of the Mississippi valley,

I seemed to be for a long time in a ghostly

country. In my former home vegetable life

was sappy, full and varied in the green and

flowering stages; while in the autumn the

whir of the yellow, brown and red dry

leaves, dancing in the wind, gave life and

change to all the year round. But in Nevada

the change in the vegetation, if it

changes at any time, is not perceptible to a

stranger's eye; everything betokens silence,

lack of motion and perpetual hush.

In the Mississippi valley animal life is full,

robust and noisy in all its departments, and

outdoing the eye and ear to its universal

presence. But in Nevada, among the rugged

silence of the sage-brush and the scraggy

brush, the animal life is so light that the

starting of a hare, the "swish-swish" of a

raven's wing, or the "law-law" of a bluejay

in the event of the night hours; while the

shivering howl of a coyote after sundown,

where we will find grass and water. I've

got money enough for the outfit. Will you

go?"

"Yes," I said, "I'm ready to go any

where with you, partly because I'm not able

to stay where I am. But I don't go much

on that spiritual story."

"Ah," said he, "mind what I told

you, old fellow, last winter."

Nothing more was said about spirits,

but I knew mighty well that as soon as we

got out into the wilderness, I'd be

on his old string with new power; yet I

did not suppose he would carry the matter

looking straight into my eyes, and shaking

his fingers at me—"Sim, if I die before you

do, I'll make it my business to show you that

you're not a fool."

And several times along toward the spring

of 1864, he repeated his threat, or promise

(whichever it was). But about that time

he went to San Francisco, to be doctor for

some sort of heart disease—a kind of or

had in his breast—and as I went for

work in Austin, I saw no more of him for

some time.

About the time Todd left for San Fran-

cisco there was much conjecture about the

geographical location of some rich prospects,

near south of Austin. Colonel Dave Beck

and party had been down that way looking

for prospects, and as his party nearly per-

ished, of course others were talking about

"going after it," and wanting to bet they

could get through and find "the Lost Mine."

This "Lost Mine" was, in 1863-4, and is yet

believed by many to be exceedingly rich; so

rich that the eye or was beaten out long

gun-slugs by the lost, wandering emigrants,

who found and picked up the one, while

searching their unfortunate way to California

Now, the fall of 1864 was a very hard one

for miners in Reese River, no money, no

work, four 25 gold dollars per owt, and

other things in proportion. And was soon out

of a job and wandering about the camp,

when whom should I meet, one old day, as

he got out of the stage, but Todd Waters,

well dressed and looking well, as usual.

"Why, halloo, Sim! Old boy, how are

you?"

"Never had less or felt better!" I replied.

"What's your doing for yourself?" said he.

"Nothing," said I.

"The doctors at the Bay say I'm to stay

in the mountains and live out of doors, and

I'm now come to go for the Lost Mine, and

I want you to come along. Just you and I.

If we can't find it with the information I've

got, then I'm looking for you."

"How did you get your information?" I

asked.

"Why, we had a big meeting of Spiritual-

ists down the Bay—most of the best men

in the State, and when it came my

turn to ask questions of the spirits, I said:

"Where there any spirits present which

while in the lost mine, west of the Lost

mine train in Eastern Nevada and Death

Valley?"

"The answer was 'Yes.'"

"Does the spirit remember of the com-

pany finding silver on the trip?" The answer

was 'Yes.'"

"Will the spirit communicate what he

remembers to a prospector now present from

that country?" The answer was 'Yes.'"

"When I asked the spirit if he preferred

to write or talk, and the answer was 'Write.'"

So, as one of the mediums was a doctor,

the spirit wrote out where it is, and direc-

tions how we are to go there. Lost mine, and

while in the lost mine, west of the Lost

mine train in Eastern Nevada and Death

Valley?"

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"When I asked the spirit if he preferred

to write or talk, and the answer was 'Write.'"

came to camp, but as soon as he saw a dead

man he left without saying, spilling my hope

of his help at the loss funeral.

It was about dark when I got through

covering up the grave and marking the

grave with a cross, and was only a few

yards from the camp fire, so I pitched the

pick and shovel over by the fire, and taking

the axe with me, went to a dead tree near

by to be more wood. When I stopped to

rest, in my chopping, I looked toward the

ground, and saw Todd there at the

ground, with his knees drawn up and his

hands clasped around them, looking at

natural and litlike as if he had not been

buried.

My hat went up with my hat! All the

superstition of all the Simpsens, clean back

to the Dark Ages, broke out on me, and I

swore in water.

Then I went back to my hat, and I got a touch

of fever, and anxiety has made me a little

delirious. I'll chop this wood and build a

fire, and then I'll look up the animal,

and go to sleep. This is no time for old

woman's fears and child's play."

Then I chopped away like a chopping

machine—never looking toward the fire, nor

elsewhere.

When I had finished chopping I gathered

up an armful of wood, again turning my face

to the fire, and sure enough there he

was; Todd Waters—no mistake—looking as

natural that confusion of mind came over

me as I stopped and stood, thrilled and

well dressed and looking well, as usual.

"I had dreamed of burying a dead man, or else

I was now dreaming; or spiritualism had

something in it, and Todd was proving; his

death was a hoax, or he had been buried

in a coffin, and I had been buried in a

grave, and he had been buried in a

the Spiritualists, until I began to conclude

perhaps it was just as reasonable for a

disappointed body to dwell in the

earth—once secondly, about the other

earth, and both retained in the universe for

future combination when the proper media