Oh, the Oxford ties are dainty, with their silken laces neat And the summer girl now wears then

the house and on the street; They are first for style and comfort -No need now her feet to hide -But they have one tiresome drawback,

> Won't Stay Tied

So the girl goes meekly onward, conscio of two dragging strings, And, while quite nigh to sadness, thinks

unutterable things; Then she drops upon the greensward, Blushes all her tan-mask through, Saying, "Please excuse a moment

For they

Then she buys some patent fast'ners ranted to clasp all day, And they're lost upon the pa she's gone a block away : But the shoes are cool and dainty, And the weather still is hot,

> Real Hard Knot,

So she ties those giddy shoe strings

### SELECT STORY.

# DOLLY'S FORTUNE.

BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS. "Is there no hope, doctor?"

Doctor Lyndhurst glanced into the girl's sorrowful face and shook his gray head slowly, sadly. He had answered similiar questions in a similiar manner hundreds of times before in his life, but never with greater

sympathy or keener regret than now. It seemed so hard that a girl like Dolly Alden should be left alone in the world, people in Aylshire who had given the little was already disposed of to satisfy used room in the old house. small possessions from its legitimate end from my grandfather's creditors."

- the pockets of his creditors. Dolly saw the grave countenance of the old physician grow even more grave, and to busy herself with household duties.

Dolly Alden was an orphan, but her grandfather had been both father and mother to the girl, and of late years, since grown dearer than ever to the old man never heard of it before." who lay upon his bed now slowly but the world for Dolly to care for save one a very eccentric old man, who died here far the most brilliant member of our trio; and he, to the girl's heart, was the begin- some five years ago, left money hidden it is you who say all our wisest and best ning and end of everything - the hero of somewhere about this house. If it could things. her dreams. But he was poor, too, and be found it would belong to you as next the day when Dolly could place her hand of kin and sole living relative; besides, honor and obey seemed very far distant. He was a hard-working young lawyer, you not?" but the little that he earned was scarcely sufficient for the support of his aged mother and father, and Dolly could not | ing up the poker and beginning to stir the | conscientiously add to the burden. So the fire into a crackling blaze as she spoke. bright future must remain ever in the "I was sixteen years old then, I am future, unless fortune's wheel should turn | twenty-one now. He used to sit here in in their favor, and something wonderful this very room in a big arm-chair." occur to dispel the cloud of poverty that

darkened their pathway. "Dolly! Where's my Dolly?" moaned the sick man, feebly, and Dolly dropped the broom that she was wielding industriously, and flew to her grandfather's

to take hers trembled so that it was piti-

"What is it, dear?" she asked, stooping

to kiss the clammy brow. "I - I wanted to tell you something, Dolly," he faltered feebly. "I've tried and radiant. and tried, but somehow I never could one of the men I owe - he - he wrote me | it slowly around. just before I was taken sick, and he said ness, he says—and—and he wants to with United States bonds, and thousands you marry you. He's a rough-looking fellow, of dollars beside. Within the box was Dolly, but I don't know anything against found the "last will and testament of John she interrupted. "I might long for the him. Child, I'd be the last one to Alden," bequeathing the entire treasure try to influence you against your own to "my beloved niece, Dolly Alden, on always be the same cold stone. That is heart - and I know you love Wayne, but | condition that she becomes the wife of | my fate. It makes me desperate some you see you are both so poor, so very poor, my dear young friend, Wayne Gordon, my darling; and Wayne has his parents | whom I respect and love above all men." | her quiet tones, that suggested anything to support, and — and I can't bear to Morton gazed into Dolly face with eager, but desperate. "Let us change the subthink of your life being wasted in the avaricious eyes, which betrayed his ject. What were you scribbling under hard struggle with poverty. So, Dolly, if secret. vou were to consent to — to — don't look | He had sought for the hidden treasure

know what it is to pinch and save, and to conditions which accompanied the treafight the wolf from the door." Dolly had been trying vainly to find claimed, "to stipulate that you marry that warm evening, and a mild cigar smoked courage to speak while the old man was fellow Gordon. Surely, Miss Alden, you at ease on the grass, had sent Alfred fast

a nervous, frightened way: "Don't, dear! she panted. "Indeed, indeed I'd rather die! I never could love any one but Wayne, and I would rather be poor -- poor as poverty all my | Wayne and I are married alrealy!" life long, than to marry a man I do not love. Granddad, it would be wicked -

downright wicked. faint and exhausted. The exertion of speaking had been too much for him. Life's brief candle was burning down very rapidly, and now that he saw there was no hope of providing for Dolly's future, he gave up the struggle for existence. He died that night, and poor Dolly

was left alone to face a dreary future. Stephen Alden had been buried two days. Dolly was sitting alone in the gloomy best room of the old house, in her black gown, her little, pale face wearing a look of sorrow, when she was startled by look of sorrow, when she was startled by the appearance of a stranger—a short, sert one proposed that they should try tains for another month. We—Alfred thick-set man, with a round, red face, this novelty. Unfortunately, the restaupiercing gray eyes, and an untidy red beard. He saluted Delly with an and I — were to go in the morning. We rant did not have an excellent quality of

"May I see Mr. Allen?" he began.

back the tears. "He - Grandfather is dead" she falt-

tremely regretful. There was no mistaking the genuine regret upon his round, red face. "Is it possible? Oh, I am so sorry thrown in it. A spoonful of this ice so sorry that I did not get here before! cream placed upon the edge of a slice of Did he mention to you any particular and Boston brown bread is a mouthful to private business, Miss Alden? Oh, yes; | Boston brown bread is a linger over and remember with pleasure. I know that you are Miss Alden. I have This combination is far better than the seen you before, though I have never had the pleasure of being presented to you. | more common one of the control of the c

grandfather. The news of his death had

He hesitated. Dolly's face had flushed crimson and then grown white again This was the man of whom her grandfather had spoken, then; and he had come to marry her, or force a promise from her, the very thought of which chilled the blood in Dolly's veins.

"I'll never consent!" she muttered to herself. I'll die first! What! Give up Wayne for a man - a creature like this? Red beard - red face - green eyes - and I verily believe that he is bald!" But aloud she said, stifly:

"I know nothing concerning any business that you may have here, sir," and then Miss Dolly turned away coldly. He smiled.

"Very well, All the better! Ladies least said is soonest mended' in this case. Whew!" - with a low whistle of sur-Morton long. As soon as he was alone he | Alfred Talford. went over to the escritoire which stood in not appear to find what he sought, for his freshness of the air, I came suddenly face clouded and he looked disappointed. upon her. But he said nothing to Dolly when she appeared at dinner. But he seemed de-

believing that his right there was greater than her own, asked no questions. last to the persuasion of her lover to be- keen air. come his wife at once. She went to the village church one evening with Wayne Gordon, and when they emerged a little later, her sweet face was pale and grave, while Wayne looked the happiest of men.

Poverty had no stingss for him now. Dolly returned to Alden farm to remain until the business affairs were settled. and poor as well, which supposition was | The very next day she was annoyed by almost a foregone conclusion with all the Mr. Morton's usual lengthy call. She subject a moment's reflection. For grand- of these mysterious visits, which had al- of Chopin or Schumann — me father Alden had little to leave, and that ready embraced the attic and every un-

"What do you want?" Dolly demandand although Dolly had been ever the ed, haughtily. "I am tired of your visits. sing such songs. Music is for repose, not apple of his eye, Stephen Alden was too I am ready to leave the house at any for struggle. It ought to sooth and subnorable to divert one dollar of his time, but have received no notice as yet part of even what we call sacred music is

Mr. Morton smiled mysteriously. "Young lady, I am here upon an imthe slow shake of his gray head was contive by profession; but I have come here cries of sorrew and remorse?" vincing proof, although not put into on my own responsibility, though the life was nearly done. She turned away when they learn all. Miss Allen I came | could express all I want to say, perhaps with a great sob choking her, and began here in search of the treasure supposed to you might understand me; but you know be hidden somewhere in this old house." I cannot. Alfred thinks as I do, I am

prise and incredulity. "Treasure!" she repeated, trying hard

"Probably not. But this is the story: were here at the time of his death, were

Dolly nodded. "I remember him well," she said, pick-

The detective started. "Could the money be hidden away in the old arm chair?" he asked, breathlessly, Dolly shook her head. "It was broken long ago - entirely de

stroyed by accident," said Dolly. As she spoke she rested her elbow upon usual, and the wrinkled hand that tried playing with the carved head of a cherub, several of which ornamented [the mantel to move slowly under Dolly's fingers. Half frightened she drew back.

Mr. Morton sprang to her side flushed "Let me see!" he cried, !placing his find words to say it in. Dolly, there's hand upon the cherub's head and turning you should be a wistful Psyche, shading

The result was astonishing. An aper-

at me in that way, child, it breaks my hoping to win Dolly, who, even without listen to Mr. Carroll's verses; he is going heart - but if you could decide to marry her uncle's will, was heir at law, for his to read them to us." Mr. Morton you would be rich, and never wife. Of course, he knew nothing of the

"What an arbitrary old man!" he extelling his story, but now she burst out in are not bound to comply with his terms? to sleep, and for once he did not answer You need not, at least be in haste." Dolly's smiles broadened into laughter. "In haste!" she repeated, laconically Oh, no. For you see, Mr. Morton,

Not long afterward Dolly was placed in legal possession of her fortune, and Morton having been munificently remunerated The old man sighed, and turned away for his share in finding the treasure, de-

parted a sadder and wiser man.

BROWN BREAD AND ICE CREAM. People who have a taste for ice cream. cream. It is a combination that will debeard. He saluted Dolly with an awk- ice cream and had no brown bread at all, so the young men went to another "May I see Mr. Allen?" he began.
Dolly started and with difficulty choked restaurant near by where both are obtainable. There is sold there a most excellent ice cream which is called Italian. though it might just as well be called Russian or French or anything else. It The stranger looked surprised, then exist is rich and yellow and flavored with the looks very much as if pepper had been

more common one of Boston brown bread My name is Morton. I came here upon than ice cream frozen, with the crumbs of particular and private business with your brown bread mingled in it.—New York

## NO HEART FOR LOVE.

Perhaps it was because she was so picuresque that I loved her first; because the light of her large gray eyes recalled the saints of Fra Angelico, and because her hair lay in such splendid masses of sunlit brown upon her slender neck; because every motion of her rounded figure threw her into a new attitude of grace, and every pose was a study for a painter; beause every article of dress that she wore was instantly transfigured, and, no longer part of the trivial fripperies of fashion hung like the drapery of a goddess.

I had been through some rough months of care and sorrow when I first met her, will sometimes talk, and perhaps 'the that had left me weary enough; and glad to seek a quiet nook in the Welsh mountains, where I might rest both mind and prise as Dolly, with head erect marched body, where I might drink in renewed coldly and proudly from the room. But strength and inspiration from the bracing her dignified exit did not trouble Mr. air and enjoy the society of my old friend,

He had told me that his sister was with the corner, drew a bunch of keys from him at the little country inn; but I did his pocket, and coolly unlocked it. After not notice the fact except to wonder if which he began a diligent search for she would be much in the way. But something among the piles of papers and the morning after my arrival, as I old letters that filled the desk, as though strolled out to watch the early shadows searching for a secret drawer. He did over the hills and to breathe the dewy

Generally we lose, in closer and more intimate acquaintance with a person all termined to linger in the vicinity of the recollection of the first impression he old place, and as days passed he did not made upon us, or remember it only to fail to call each day, spending hours laugh at its absurdity. But I shall always roaming about the old house, and Dolly remember my first sight of Clare, as she stood leaning over the railing of the garden, talking to her brother, her soft gray A few weeks passed; Wayne Gordon's dress falling about her in such perfect prospects improved and Dolly yielded at folds, and her cheeks flushed by the clear.

Through the long summer evenings we three sat under the trees and listened to the rushing of the brook till the monotony grew oppressive, and Clare broke into some sudden burst of song, clear, cool and unimpassioned as the brook itself.

"Sing me something fervent," I said to her one evening - "something with passion and pain in it - a song to stir the heart, to come home to our struggling made up her mind to inquire the object human nature; not these ethereal fancies to music.

She shook her head half sadly, while a portion of the couple's conversation. yet she answered with a smile, "I cannot due one, not excite. "Then, according to your theory, a large

all wrong," I said; "our penitential songs, portant errand," he said. I am a detec- our agonized prayers for help, our wild "I wish I could talk!" she exclaimed words, that Stephen Alden's journey of present owners of the place may be angry with a pretty gesture of despair. "If I

Dolly's eyes met his with intense sur- sure; ask him to argue it for you, and let "Alfred is lounging under that tree, her grandmother's death, Dolly had not to laugh. "You must be mad! I and has a cigar in his mouth, a much better thing than argument," I rejoined, rather pettishly; "and it is such nonsense surely dying. There was no one else in It is thought that your uncle, John Alden, for you to say you can't talk. You are by

"Tell me one," she answered, quickly. I opened my lips to tell her one of the in Wayne Gordon's and promise to love, you were his favorite, I am told. You many in my mind, when I suddenly renembered with astonishment that that was Alfred's; another - Alfred's again; a

third - no, that was mine. "You see," she said, rightly interpreting my abashed silence, "you were mistaken in me altogether if you thought me clever. I don't understand you and Alfred half the time; and, as for your ro

mance, I don't understand that at all." "You are like the Sleeping Beauty in the dear old fairy-tale," I said. "Some day the Prince will come, and you will wake up and find that life is no more all repose than music is, and that even the princess's nap must have an end at last."

"Never," she answered, with her pret-The pale old face looked whiter than the broad wooden mantel her slim fingers ty persistent shake of the head. "The prince will never come to me; I know that very well. You can't make a romance at intervals. All at once the head began out of me," she added, laughing. "I am no heroine, to be put in your books." "Heaven forbid!" I said, hastily. "But

if I were a painter, I would paint you all. day long; you should be Elaine with the wind in her hair, gazing after Lancelot; her golden lamp; you should be Keat's Madelaine, kneeling in the gorgeous col-"Hain't makin' fun of ye. I do want to he had fallen in love with your sweet ture in the mantel was revealed which ors of the painted window; you should be marry yer." face - he was down here once on busi- contained a large brass-bound box filled the statue that Pygmalion wooed to life; "Yer know better."

"But I should always be the statue," life as much as Pygmalion but I should times to think of it," she exclaimed in the trees when Alfred and I came up? More verses? Alfred, come here and

But fortunately for me (for I was more afraid of my friend's impartial and pungent criticism than of all the reviews) the gentle influences of a day's fatigue, a

to Clare's call. "If that is all you want, why need we change?" asked Clare, simply. "Love me then, if you must, in your way, and let me be your friend still in mine." I pleaded warmly and I pleaded long,

and at last I won from her a reluctant consent to a sort of half engagement. But what soul can dwell always upor the mountain tops? It was not very long before I began to shiver in the divine coolness I had thought so beautiful at first, to weary of perpetual moonlight, and to pine for a warmer glow. Clare began to and a liking for this dish is not altogether limited to women, should try the fad of eating Boston brown bread with their that will do. seem to me like a wreath of mist, forever light any lover of good living. The other into her eyes, when they shone upon me

> "Good-bye," said Clare, laying her hand on my shoulder, and dispelling my dreams

I held her fast by both hands and gazed into her eyes. They met mine, clear, tranquil, untroubled as usual, only a little wonder in their silent depths. It was of vanilla bean, which is ground up and no use to dream of a lover's parting, I saw vanilla bean, which is ground up and sprinkled through the cream, so that it looks were much as if popper had been and fond farewells. We all went out at night and broken of rest by a sick together, and in another moment Alfred child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth and I were driving rapidly away.

After the first shock of departure was | Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children over my natural hopefulness of disposition | Teething. It will relieve the poor little cheered me with the expectation of her

I had only been at home a day or two when I received the following letter: "DEAR ST. JOHN :- It is of no use for us to struggle any longer. We were never oldest and best female physicians and nurses grandfather. The news of his death had not reached me. I am very, very sorry. Young lady, I beg your pardon, but your future is indifferently provided for. I trust that you will not object to — to —"

Sun.

Sun

### OLD JIM AND HIS FIDDLE.

be happy together, but that is impossible

appreciate all your goodness to me — that I do not know how well you have loved

have mourned often and often over my

ture, the despair, the endless conjectures

that to be true to her I must leave her-

At last I summoned all my courage, and

"My DARLING CLARE:-I let von

forever yours, St. John Carroll."

He-"I wuz thinkin' o' you to-day."

"What wuz ye thinkin' bout me?"

"Wuz they good things or bad " .

"I haint nuther. I wuz thinkin' good

"I'm feerd you'll git mad if I tell."

"Co'se I won't if yer thought good

"I-I thought yer wuz awful purty."

"Yer know I ain't, an' yer ain't got i

"Hain't makin, fun of ye. Yer the

"Tell,me, what else wuz yer thinkin'?

"I thought yer wuz awful sweet."

"Oh, Hiram, ain't yer 'shamed?"

"It ain't no story. Yer air sweet."

"Yer look like it. Yer look awful purty

"I haint. I mean ever word I say."

"No, I haint. I wuz thinkin' somethin'

"I won't git mad, then. What was it?"

"I-I wuz thinkin' I'd love ter marry

"I hain't mad, but yer ortent ter make

"I do want yer. I'd git married to day

"I do, too. Wished you loved me as

"Oh, Hiram, hain't yer shamed?"

"I'm feerd you won't like it."

"Oh, Hiram, I'm goin' home."

"Yer said yer wouldn't git mad."

if you would. Hain't yer willing."

"Yer don't love me none."

"How yer know I don't."

"Yer ain't never said so."

"I hain't said so, hev' I."

"How much yer like me."

"Better 'n store candy."

"I like yer a heap."

"Better 'n anything."

that good."

candy."

iest once."

"Ca'se it's good."

"How yer know."

"No, but I mout."

"Ca'se I wanted ter."

"Yer don't want ter."

"Yes, I do. Come on."

on and le's git married, will ye."

"Yer don't love me."

"Would yer keer."

"When."

"I jest know. Mout I."

"I hain't said yer could."

What d'yer do that fer."

"Yer better not no more."

"Yer jest try it an' see."

"Yer ain't never axed me."

"No, but yer will, won't yer."

"Yer do love me then, don't yer."

"Yes. I b'lieve I do. D'yer like me

"Uh. huh. Yer lots sweeter'n store

"How yer know. Yer never tasted me."

"I'd like to, though. Mout I kiss ye

"What yer want ter kiss me fer."

"Yer hain't said I can't have ye."

"I'm goin' ter, anyhow. Smack."

"It's awful sweet. Le's git married."

"Right now. Taint but a mile to Squire

"Yes, I do, better'n store candy. Come

Beeson's. Le's git married, will ye."

"Yer don't love me, nuther.'

"Fer tellin' such big stories."

"No, I ain't. Yer air purty."

ousiness ter make fun of me."

purest thing I ever see."

"I ain't never seed 'em."

me ver now."

"What fer."

an' sweet.

elsė, too."

"How yer know?"

"I haint nuther."

"Wnat wuz it?"

"No, it wuz good."

"Wuz it bad."

" Uh. uh."

"Why?"

"Ca'se what?"

good as I love you."

"Jest ca'se."

"Ca'se."

"Now yer jest talkin'."

"Yer just pokin' fun at me."

"Now you jest talkin', Hiram."

She-"Now, wuz ye?"

"You jest talkin', now.'

"Yes, I wuz."

things 'bout ye."

"Wat d'yer think?"

"Lots 'o things."

to love her really I must give her up.

wrote her these few words:

simply cannot help #.

friend. CLARE TALFORD.

I suppose. You must not think I do not me and how much I am giving up. I ask Jim an' he'd play it for ye. seeming coldness and indifference: but I

Old Jim laid around the ranch that cannot express even what I do feel. Perwinter-the last winter he was with us. haps in another life my soul may grow stranger—an'though we heard that fiddle like yours; but in this world I am no from morning till night, we never got mate for you, and I am sure you begin to tired of it. They was somethin' peculiar see it. Your misery makes me wretched, 'bout Jim's playing. He allus throwed and I see no help for either of us but in his whole soul into his tunes, an' I've ending what we should never have begun. Believe me, dear St. John, when I say I shall always think of you with the played somethin' gay, and then again, I've warmest affection and gratitude, and shall always be, as I am now, faithfully, your me that's the proper way fur a feller to feel when he wants to make his music I read and re-read the little letter, so tell, and Jim's music told, you can stand full of cruel kindness. Useless to try to pat on that. describe my struggles, the doubt, the tor-

"I've had this ole fiddle ever sense the rejected solutions, the hard reality was 5 year old," said Jim once, as he lifted the instrument up an' kissed all the rosin obstinately staring me in the face—the off'n the strings. "Whenever I feel good stern conviction at the bottom of my soul I play on it jest to remind myself that I'm still on earth an' musn't git scried way, an' when I'm down in the mouth I play on it to chipper up, and when I don't feel either good or bad-why, I jest play on it 'cause I want to. Lemme tell ye because you ask it. But do not think fellers, a fiddle ain't just a piece of wood that, though I give you up, I cease to love en some catcut strings-it's a real, live you. I shall always keep my faith to you, thing, an' I wouldn't any more think of hurting the feelings of my fiddle than I for it is the best part of my life; and if, after years have passed away, you should would of hurting your feelings, not a bit.' grow to love me better, your love will Then he grabbed the fiddle by the neck come to me as rich and incomparable a an' sawed out a time that made 'im cry treasure as I know it to be to-day, when I an' the rest of us too, for that matter. resign it for your sake. Faithfully and

Old Jim was never a very healthy feller -face was white an' his eyes big'n glassy Ten years have gone and I am still an' he just kinder wilted away that winter, waiting. I take no credit to myself for constancy, because, as I wrote to Clare, I an' when spring come he was flat on his back. It was consumption, Jim said. He had come to Montanny from Arkansaw to get help, an' in consequence he had lived POSSUM RIDGE LOVE SCENE. jest fifteen years more'n he had expected A gentleman was over on Possum Ridge to. He knew he couldn't live-he said the other day hunting, and after tramping so-an' I tell ye, stranger, it was affecting about for some time he sat down on a to see him in bed fiddling some dancin log in the woods to rest. Directly he tune for the boys, an' him so near his heard voices, and peering through the

bushes he saw a young couple but a few feet away, sitting side by side on the One day Jim called us all around him "Boys," said he, calm an' contented grass. They were both barefooted, and like, "I'm pretty near ready to quit. I he was in his shirt sleeves his cotton know I'll die just about the time the sun pants being held up by a single bed-tickcomes up again-I feel it in my bones,an' ing "gallus." The gentleman overheard if you'll jest prop me up and gimme my dear old fiddle, I'll play you my last

> "I'll do it, Jim," said I. "An' then, when Gabriel's trumpet blows I'll come out of that grave and play a tune that the angels 'll listen to." Then he tuned the fiddle slowly, an when that was done, he kissed it an' muttered: "Fur the last time, my boy," an' then he played.

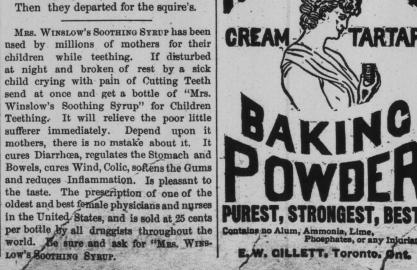
-until-to-morrer." My eyes were swimming so I could hardly see what I was doing. "All right, Jim," I said, an' I hung the fiddle behind the stove.

several times we thought he was gone-he breathed so soft-but he would move a little-an eye lid, mebbe-an' we was glad to to think he was with us still. But the night slipped away an' a gray mist was jest hanging over the mountain tops when Jim started up an' said, wild like: ""It's comin'-it's comin'-Nearer, my God-boys,don't fergit the fiddle---Then he fell back an' just at this minute we heard a sharp crack, an' would you believe it? Every string had broke on that fiddle an' the soundin' board was A FULL LINE OF split clear across. Some said it was the heat of the stove that did it-but I know better. It was something deeper. Any

fiddle at the same time. PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES. Symptoms - Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ul ceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 ents. Dr. Swanye & Son, Philadelphia.

Buffalo Express: Out west they judge an expert hangman as they do a ship— by the number of knots he can make in





Oh, that was a fiddle !-- an' ole Jim, he knew how to play it, too. "Home Sweet Home," "Devil's Hornpipe," "Lizzie, ole Gal"-anythin', I don't care what-jest

heard him snicker right out when he seen the big tears roll down his cheeks when he played somethin' sad. It strikes

I got the instrument an' handed it to him. He hugged it in his arms a minute an' then he said in a whisper, as he laid his hand on my arm: "Tom, I want you to bury it with me-lay it right here on my neck, jest 's if I was playing it, an' "I haint nuther. I did think 'bout ye." put the bow in my right hand. Will you

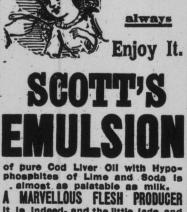
It was a tune I had heard when a boy "Oh, Hiram, aln't yer ashamed yerse'f." in the east- "Nearer My God to Thee' -an' we all stood around poor old Jim an watched his white fingers quivering over the strings, an' we saw his eyes glimmer with a light that wasn't of the earth-I know that. That fiddle talked, stranger-"Thar's lots o' gals a heap purtier'n -yes, sir; talked straight to the heart of every fellow there, an' its voice was so sweet an' so sad that they wasn't one of us who didn't turn away his face to hide the tears. Some of the boys went out doors an' I could see 'em wipin' their eyes with their big red handkerchers. At last the music stopped quick.

"Here, Tom," said Jim, an' then he gave a long sigh an' kissed the fiddle again, "take it en' hang it up there until

We watched by Jim that night an'

how, the tune went out o' Jim an' his One Door Below the People's Bank

Children



of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypo-phosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk. A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER it is indeed, and the little lads and lassles who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.





# ROOM - PAPER

-WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK OVER-

# 30,000 Rolls Room Paper,

And a large consignment of Fine Felts and Ingrains, with Borders to Match, now on the way from New York, which we will sell at Lower Prices than ever known in the history of Wall Paper.

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

# M'MURRAY & CO.

P. S.—On hand, a large stock of

PIANOS,

- AND THE -CELEBRATED AMERICAN

ORGANS,

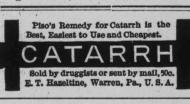
WHITE S. MACHINE, Which took First Prize, the Gold Medal, from all com-

petitors at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Prices Very Low, and if not satisfactory after using them three months. money Refunded.

We Employ no Agents, but give the Large Commission paid Agents to the Buyer. Call and see us or write for prices.

M'MURRAY & CO.



R. BLACKMER,



PRACTICAL

WATCHMAKER and JEWELER WALTHAM WATCHES in Solid Gold, Gold Filled and Silver Case Fine Rolled Plate Chains, et

and everything usually found in a first-class jewelry store.

CLOCKS Of the best makes. SILVERWARE

In CASTORS, SPOONS, etc., of the Finest ENGRAVING On COFFIN PLATES, SPOONS, etc., neatly

The Cheapest Place in the City for Fine Work and Fine Jewelry.

Carriage Bolts.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS. S. L. MORRISON,

Dealer In

FLOUR, MEAL,

COFFEE,

SUGAR,

MOLASSES,

TOBACCOS.

CANNED GOODS

General Groceries.

QUEEN STREET, OPP, CITY HALL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

SPRING STOCK

JUST ARRIVED.

SEE

HALL'S BOOK STORE

Double Rolls! Single Rolls!

HOUSE PAPER

Better Value!

Greater Variety

Hall's Book Store.

PURE PARIS GREEN.

Just Received, one ton Pure Paris Green in or

wholesale & retail **NEILL'S** HARDWARE

STORE. HAYING TOOLS.

Just Received direct from the manufacturer 85 Dozen Scythes, " Rakes. " Hay Forks, " Fork Handles Boxes Scythe Stones

NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

Grindstones.

NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE. PURE PAINT OIL. Direct Importation Just received per Steamer "Carthaginian" fro

Liverpool 15 barrels pure Linseed Cil for sale low at NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE

THE

IVERPOOL AND LONDON AND

INSURANCE COMPANY. Assets; 1st January, 1889, - \$39,722,809.59

Fire Insurance of Every Descrip-LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

WM. WILSON,

Fresh GARDEN. and FLOWER

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received his usua large supply of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds for the Season of 1890, imported direct from the now celebrated house STEELE BROS., Toronto, whose seeds gave such universal satisfaction last season. satisfaction last season.

At the meeting of the Farmers' Convention held in this City during the past winter, the President in the course of his remarks said that the Seeds grown by the Steele Brothers Co. of Toronto, were better adapted to the soil and climate of New Brunswick than any other.

ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES OF Deans, Peas, Beets,

Carrots, and all small Seeds, either in bulk or in packages—Wholesale and Retail.

My Onion Seed for this year is the finest I ever imported.

Yellow Dutch Onion Sets. Special discount given to Agricultural Societies and Country Dealers.

REMEMBER THE OLD STAND.

GEO. H. DAVIS, Druggist and Seedsman CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STS.

TEA. TEA.

FREDERICTON.

JUST RECEIVED : Direct from London per Str.

119 Packages Tea,

Damara.

Caddies & Boxes,

IN HALF CHESTS,

ived one car load Grindstones, good grive These Teas are of a Superior qualtiy and fine flavor. ALSO IN STOCK INDIAN and CEYLON TEAS of the finest

> quality. G. T. WHELPLEY

\$50.00 IN CASH

310 Queen St. Fredericton.

GIVEN AWAY. THE publishers of the FREDERICTON GLOBE will present \$35.00 in cash as a first, \$10.00 as second and \$5.00 as a third prize, to be given to the persons sending in the largest number of words made up from the letters contained in the words "Fredericton Globe." This offer is open to paid up subscribers only, and parties desirous of competing for these CASH PRIZES must send in their names and P. O. address, accompanied by \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the GLOBE.

No letter in the words FRED: RICTON GLOBE to be employed more frequently than it appears in those words.

In case of a tile the first sender, will be antitled to words.

In case of a tie the first sender will be entitled to the prize. Send your list in early.

Write on one side of the paper upon which you send your list. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will govern the contest. Address.

CROCKET & MACHUM. Props. Fredericton Globe. Fredericton, N. 3'

P. O. Box, 315