POETRY.

UNCLE JED'S JOURNEY.

I never grunted, never fussed, but lived
here calm and still,
For forty years I lived here on the hill in
Pokumville.
"Don't live here like a snail," said Jim,
"within your snail shell curled;
I'll pay yer fare to go out West an' let you
see the world."

An' so I got on board the train an' whirled
off like a breeze,
But all I could see upon the trip wes dirt
an' grass an' trees;
See water, stones, and sich-like things; some
times a brook an' hill,
Sez I to Jim: "All these are things I see in
Pokumville."

We stopped to see Niagara Falls, thet makes
so much loud talk,
An' we see a mess of water kinder tumblin'
from a rock.
"If you spill water from a spoon," sez I to
Jim, sez I,
"'Tis 'zackly the same principle"—an' Jim
he couldn't deny.

An' we crossed the Rocky mountains an'
Jim said, "I call this grand."
"They're nothin'," sez I, "but great hunks
of rock an' dirt an' sand."
An' we come to the Pacific, an' it made Jim
look profound,
But I sez, "I don't see nothin' but some
water sloshin' round."

An' we went to sev'rul cities--there was
nothin' there to see,
But jess a mess or houses an' some folks
like you an' me.
An' we come into Chicago—sez Jim, "how's
this for high?"
Sez I, "it's just like Pokumville—the same
old thing," sez I.

—L. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

—OR THE—

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE NIGHT.

MONTE-CRISTO waited until Duprez had sung his famous "Suivez-moi"; then he rose, and went out. Morrel took leave of him at the door, renewing his promise to be with him the next morning at seven o'clock, and to bring Emmanuel with him. Then he stepped into the carriage, calm and smiling, and was at home in five minutes. No one who knew the count, could mistake his expression, when, on entering, he said, "Ali, bring me my pistols with the ivory butts."

These were particular pistols, which Monte-Cristo had had made to shoot at a target in a room. He was just taking one in his hand, and looking for the point to aim at, on a little iron knob, which served him as a target, when his cabinet-door opened, and Baptistin entered. Before he had spoken a word the count perceived in the next room a female, veiled, who had followed closely after Baptistin, and now seeing the count with a pistol in his hand and swords on the table, rushed in. Baptistin looked at his master, who made a sign to him, and went out, closing the door after him. "Who are you, madame?" said the count to the veiled female?"

The stranger cast one look around her, to be certain they were quite alone, then joining her hands, she said, with an accent of despair, "Edmond, you will not kill my son?"

The count retreated a step, and let fall the pistol he held. "What name did you pronounce then, Madame de Morcerf?" said he.

"Yours!" cried she, throwing back her veil,—yours, which I alone, perhaps, have not forgotten. Edmond, it is not Madame de Morcerf who has come to see you, it is Mercedes."

"Mercedes is dead, madame," said Monte-Cristo; "I know no one now of that name."

"Mercedes lives, sir, and she remembers, for she alone recognized you when she saw you, by your voice, Edmund,—by the simple sound of your voice, and from that moment she has followed your footsteps, and she needs not to enquire what hand has dealt the blow which now strikes M. de Morcerf."

"Fernand, do you mean?" replied the count, with bitter irony; "since we are recalling names, let us remember them all."

"You see Edmond, I am not mistaken, and I have come to say, 'Spare my son!"

"And who told you, madame, I had any hostile intentions against your son?"

"No one, in truth; but a mother has a twofold sight. I guessed all; I followed him this evening to the opera, and have seen all."

"If you have seen all, madame, you know that the son of Fernand has publicly insulted me," said Monte-Cristo.

"Listen to me: my son has also guessed who you are; he attributes his father's misfortunes to you."

"Madame, you are mistaken, they are not misfortunes,—it is a punishment. It is not I who strike M. de Morcerf; it is Providence which punishes him."

"And why do you represent Providence?" cried Mercedes. "Why do you remember when it forgets? What injury has Fernand Mondego done you in betraying Ali Tebelen?"

"And, madame," replied Monte-Cristo, "all this is an affair between the Frank captain and the daughter of Vasiliki. It does not concern me, you are right; and if I have sworn to revenge myself, it is not on the Frank captain, nor on the Count de Morcerf, but on the fisherman Fernand, the husband of the Catalan Mercedes."

"Ah! sir," cried the countess, "how terrible a vengeance for a fault which fatality made me commit! for I am the only culprit, Edmond; and if you owe revenge to any one, it is to me, who had not fortitude to bear your absence and my solitude."

"But," exclaimed Monte-Cristo, why was I absent? And why were you alone?"

"Because you were arrested, Edmond, and made a prisoner."

"And why was I arrested? Why was I a prisoner?"

"I do not know," said Mercedes.

"You do not, madame; at least I hope not. But I will tell you. I was arrested and became a prisoner, because under the arbor of La Reserve, the day before I was to marry you, a man named Danglars wrote this letter, which the fisherman Fernand himself posted." Monte-Cristo went to a secretaire and took from it a paper, which had lost its original color, and handed it to Mercedes. It was Danglars' letter to the king's proctor, which the Count of Monte-Cristo, disguised as a clerk from the house of Thomson & French, had taken from the bundle of Edmond Dantes, on the day he had paid the two hundred thousand francs to M. de Boville. Mercedes read with terror lines in which was denounced to the royalist authorities one Edmond Dantes, captain of the Pharaoh three-master, of Marseilles, as bearer of despatches from the ex-Emperor Napoleon at Elba, to his friends at Paris.

"How dreadful!" said she, passing her hand across her brow, "and that letter—"

"I bought it for two hundred thousand francs, madame," said Monte-Cristo; "but that is a trifle, since it enables me to justify myself to you."

"And the result of that letter——"

"You well know, madame, was my arrest; but you do not know how long that arrest lasted. You do not know that I remained for fourteen years within a quarter of a league of you, in a dungeon in the Chateau d'If. You do not know that each day of those fourteen years I renewed the vow of vengeance which I had made the first day; and yet I knew not you had married Fernand, my calumniator, and that my father had died of hunger."

"Can it be?" cried Mercedes.

"That is what I heard on leaving my prison, fourteen years after I had entered it, and that is why, on account of the living Mercedes and my deceased father, I have sworn to revenge myself on Fernand, and—I have revenged myself."

"And you are sure the unhappy Fernand did that?"

"I am satisfied, madame, he did what I have told you; besides that is not much more odious than a Frenchman, by adoption, having passed over to the English; a Spaniard, by birth, having fought against the Spaniards; a stipendiary of Ali having betrayed and murdered Ali. Compared with such things, what is the letter you have just read? Well! the French did not avenge themselves on the traitor; the Spaniards did not shoot the traitor; Ali, in his tomb, left the traitor unpunished; but I, betrayed, sacrificed, buried, have risen from my tomb, by the grace of God, to punish that man. He sends me for that purpose, and here I am."

The poor woman's head and arms fell; her legs bent under her, and she fell on her knees. "Forgive, Edmond, forgive for my sake, who loves you still!"

"Not crush that accursed race!" murmured he; "abandon my purpose at the moment of its accomplishment! Impossible, madame, impossible!"

"Edmond, when I call you Edmond, why do you not call me Mercedes?"

"Mercedes!" repeated Monte-Cristo; "Mercedes! Well! yes, you are right; that name has still its charms. O Mercedes! I have uttered your name with the sigh of melancholy, with the last effort of despair; I have uttered it when frozen with cold, crouched on the straw of my dungeon; I have uttered it, consumed with heat, rolling on the stone floor of my prison. Mercedes, I must revenge myself, for I suffered fourteen years—fourteen years I wept, I cursed; now I tell you, Mercedes, I must revenge myself!"

"Revenge yourself, then, Edmond," cried the poor mother; but let your vengeance fall on the culprits; on him, on me, but not on my son!"

"Edmond," continued Mercedes, with her arms extended towards the count, "since I first knew you, I have adored your name, have respected your memory. Edmond, my friend, do not compel me to tarnish that noble and fine image reflected incessantly on the mirror of my heart. I thought your dead body was buried at the foot of some gloomy tower; I thought your corpse was precipitated to the bottom of one of those gulfs where jailers roll their dead prisoners, and I wept! What could I do for you, Edmond, besides pray and weep? Listen: during ten years I dreamed each night the same dream. I had been told you had endeavored to escape; that you had slipped into the winding sheet of a dead body; that you had been precipitated alive from the top of the Chateau d'If; and the cry you uttered as you dashed upon the rocks first revealed to your jailers that they were your murderers. And I, too, Edmund—oh! believe me—guilty as I was—oh! yes, I too, have suffered much!"

"Have you felt your father die in your absence?" cried Monte-Cristo; "have you seen the woman you loved giving her hand to your rival while you were perishing at the bottom of a dungeon?"

"No," interrupted Mercedes, "but I have seen him whom I loved on the point of murdering my son."

The lion was daunted; the avenger was conquered. "What do you ask of me?" said he,—"your son's life? Well! he shall live!"

"Oh!" said she, seizing the count's hand, and raising it to her lips; "oh! thank you, thank you, Edmond! now you are exactly what I dreamt you were, such as I always loved you. Oh! now I may say so."

"So much the better," replied Monte-Cristo; "as that poor Edmond will not have long to be loved by you. Death is about to return to the tomb, the phantom to retire in darkness."

"What do you say, Edmond?"

"I say, since you command me, Mercedes, I must die."

"But the duel will not take place, Edmund, since you forgive?"

"It will take place," said Monte-Cristo, in a most solemn tone; "but instead of your son's blood that will stain the ground mine will flow."

Mercedes shrieked and sprang towards Monte-Cristo, but suddenly stopping, "Edmond," said she, "there is a God above us, since you live, and since I have seen you again; I trust to him from my heart. Oh! I repeat it, Edmond; what you have just done is beautiful—it is grand, it is sublime."

"Do you say so, now, Mercedes, and what would you say if you knew the extent of the sacrifice I make to you? But, no, no, you cannot imagine what I lose in sacrificing my life at this moment."

"Edmond," said Mercedes, "I have but one more word to say to you." The count smiled bitterly. "Edmund," continued she, "you will see, if my face is pale, if my beauty is gone; if Mercedes, in short, no longer resembles her former self in her features, you will see her heart is still the same. Adieu, then, Edmond, and thank you."

But the count did not answer. Mercedes opened the door of the cabinet and had disappeared before he had recovered from the painful and profound reverie into which his thwarted vengeance had just plunged him. The clock of the Invalides struck one when the carriage which conveyed Madame de Morcerf away rolled on the pavement of the Champs-Elysees, and made Monte-Cristo raise his head. "What a fool I was," said he, "not to tear my heart out on the day when I resolved to avenge myself!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DOUBLE DESERTION.

ALBERT was alone in his room. He was for the last time gazing on all the luxuries which had rendered life so easy and so happy since his infancy; he looked at the pictures and the landscapes, which appeared painted in brighter colors. Then he took away his mother's portrait, with its oaken frame, leaving the frame from which he took it black and empty. Then he made an exact inventory of all, and placed it on the most conspicuous part of the table, after putting aside the books and papers which encumbered it. As he was finishing his work, the sound of horses prancing in the yard, and the wheels of a carriage shaking his window attracted his attention. He approached the window and saw his father get into it, and it drove away. The door was scarcely closed when Albert bent his steps to his mother's room; and no one being there to announce him, he advanced to her bedroom, and, distressed by what he saw and guessed, stopped for one moment at the door. As if the same soul had animated these two beings, Mercedes was doing the same in her apartments as he had just done. Everything was in order in the drawers, and the countess was carefully collecting the keys. Albert saw all these preparations; he understood them, and exclaiming, "My mother!" he threw his arms around her neck.

"What are you doing?" asked he.

"Where are you going?" replied she.

"Oh, my mother!" exclaimed Albert, so overcome he could scarcely speak, "it is not the same with you and me—you can not have made the same resolution I have, for I am come to warn you that I bid adieu to this house, and—and to you."

"I also," replied Mercedes, "am going, and I acknowledge I had depended on you accompanying me; have I deceived myself?"

"My mother," said Albert, with firmness, "I cannot make you share the fate I have planned for myself. I must live henceforth without rank or fortune, and to begin this hard apprenticeship I must borrow from a friend the loaf I shall eat until I have earned one. I have not even a name, because you can understand your son cannot bear the name of a man who ought to blush before others."

"Albert, my child," said Mercedes, "if I had a stronger heart, that is the counsel I would have given you; your conscience has spoken when my voice became too weak; listen to its dictates. You had friends, Albert; break off their acquaintance. But do not despair; you have life before you, my dear Albert, for you are yet scarcely twenty-two years old; and as a pure heart like yours wants a spotless name take my father's—it was Herrera. But since our resolution is formed, let us act promptly. I am ready, my son."

Albert ran to fetch a hackney-coach; he recollected there was a small furnished house to let in the Rue de Saint-Peres, where his mother could find a humble but decent lodging, and thither he intended conducting the countess. As Albert was alighting from the coach, a man approached and handed him a letter. Albert recognized the bearer. "From the count," said Bertuccio. Albert took the letter, opened it, and read it; then looked around for Bertuccio, but he was gone. He returned to Mercedes, with tears in his eyes and heaving breast, and gave her the letter. Mercedes read:

"ALBERT,—While showing you that I have discovered your plans, I hope also to convince you of my delicacy. You are free, you leave the count's hotel, and you take your mother to your home; but reflect. Albert, you owe her more than your noble heart can pay her. Keep the struggle for yourself, bear all the suffering, but spare her the trial of poverty which must accompany your first efforts; for she deserves not even the shadow of the misfortune which has this day fallen on her, and Providence wills not the innocent should suffer for the guilty. I know you are going to leave the Rue du Helder without taking anything with you; do not seek to know how I discovered it; I know it—that is sufficient. Now, listen, Albert. Twenty-four years ago I returned, proud and joyful to my country. I had a betrothed, Albert, a lovely girl whom I adored, and was bringing to my betrothed a hundred and fifty louis, amassed by ceaseless toil. This money was for her; I destined it out for her, and knowing the treachery of the sea, I buried our treasure in the little garden of the house my father lived in at Marseilles, on the Allees de Meillan. Your mother, Albert, knows that poor house well. A short time since, I passed through Maaseilles, and went to see the old house, which revived so many painful recollections, and in the evening I took a spade and dug in the corner of the garden, where I had concealed my treasure. The iron box was there—no one had touched it! it was under a beautiful fig tree my father had planted the day I was born, which overshadowed the spot. Well, Albert, this money, which was formerly designed to promote the comfort and tranquility of the woman I loved, may now from a strange and painful circumstance, be devoted to the same purpose. Oh, feel for me, who could offer millions to that poor woman, but who return her only the piece of black bread, forgotten under my poor roof since the day I was torn from her I loved. You are a generous man, Albert, but perhaps you may be blinded by pride or resentment; if you refuse me, if you ask another for what I have a right to offer you, I will say it is ungenerous of you to refuse the life of your mother at the hands of a man whose father was allowed to die in all the horrors of poverty and despair by your father."

Albert stood pale and motionless to hear what his mother would decide after she had finished reading the letter. Mercedes turned her eyes with an ineffable look towards heaven. "I accept it," said she; "Edmond has a right to pay the dowry, which I shall take with me to some convent! She took her son's arm and with a firmer step than ever, she went downstairs.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE SUICIDE.

IN the meantime Monte-Cristo had returned from the dueling ground and visited Haydee. Her pleasure was great at seeing him, and doubtless Monte-Cristo's joy was not less intense. The count was beginning to think that there were two Mercedes in the world, and he might yet be happy. His eye was reading eagerly the gaze of Haydee, when suddenly the door opened. The count knit his brow. "M. de Morcerf!" said Baptistin, as if that name sufficed for his excuse. In fact the count's face brightened.

"Which," asked, she "the viscount or the count?"

"The count."

"Oh!" exclaimed Haydee, "is it not yet over?"

"I know not if it is finished, my beloved child," said Monte-Cristo, taking the girl's hands; "but I do know you have nothing more to fear."

"But it is the wretched——"

"That man cannot injure me, Haydee," said Monte-Cristo; "it was his son alone there was cause to fear."

"And what I have suffered," said the girl, "you shall never know, my lord."

Monte-Cristo smiled. "By my father's tomb!" said he, "I swear to you, Haydee, that if any misfortune happens, it will not be to me."

"I believe you, my lord, as implicitly as if God had spoken to me."

Monte-Cristo pressed on that beautiful forehead a kiss which made two hearts throb at once, the one violently, the other secretly. "Oh!" murmured the count, "shall I then be permitted to love again? Ask M. de Morcerf into the drawing-room," said he to Baptistin, while he led Haydee to a private staircase.

The general was pacing the drawing-room floor the third time, when in turning, he perceived Monte-Cristo at the door.

"May I know the cause which procures me the pleasure of seeing M. de Morcerf so early?"

"Had you not a meeting with my son this morning?" asked the general.

"I had," replied the count.

"And I know my son had good reasons to wish to fight with you, and to endeavor to kill you."

"Yes, sir, he had very good ones; but you see in spite of them, he has not killed me, and we did not even fight."

"Yet he considered you the cause of his father's dishonor, the cause of the fearful ruin which has fallen on my house."

"Truly, sir," said Monte-Cristo, with his dreadful calmness, "a secondary cause but not a principal."

"Doubtless you made some apology or explanation, then."

"I explained nothing, and it is he who apologized to me."

"But to what do you attribute this conduct?"

"To the conviction, probably, that there was one more guilty than me."

"And who was that?"

"His father."

"That may be," said the count, "but you know the guilty do not like to find themselves convicted."

"I know it. And I expected this result."

"You expected my son would be a coward?" cried the count.

"Albert de Morcerf is no coward!" said Monte-Cristo.

"A man who holds a sword in his hand, and sees a mortal enemy within reach of that sword and does not fight, is a coward!"

"Sir," replied Monte-Cristo, coldly, "I did not expect you had come here to relate to me to your little family affairs. "Go and tell Albert, that he may know what to answer you."

"Oh, no!" said the general, smiling faintly, "I did not come for that purpose; you are right! I came to tell you that I also look upon you as my enemy! I came to tell you I hate you, instinctively! And, since the young men of the present day will not fight, it remains for us to do it. We shall fight till one of us is dead!" added the general.

"Until one of us dies," replied Monte-Cristo.

"Let us start, then; we need no witnesses."

"Truly," said Monte-Cristo, "it is unnecessary, we know each other so well."

"On the contrary," said the count, "we know so little of each other."

"Indeed!" said Monte-Cristo; "let us see. Are you not the soldier Fernand who deserted on the eve of the battle of Waterloo? Are you not the Lieutenant Fernand who served as guide and spy to the French army in Spain? Are you not the Captain Fernand who betrayed, sold, and murdered his benefactor, Ali? And have not all these Fernands, united, made the Lieutenant-General de Morcerf, peer of France?"

"Oh!" cried the general, as if branded with a hot iron, "wretch! to reproach me with my shame, when about, perhaps to kill me. No—no, I am aware you know me, but I know you not, adventurer, sewn up in gold and jewelry. You have called yourself, at Paris, the Count of Monte-Cristo; in Italy, Sinbad the Sailor; in Malta, I forget what. But it is your name I want to know, that I may pronounce it when we meet to fight, at the moment when I plunge my sword through your heart."

Monte-Cristo turned dreadfully pale, his eye seemed to burn with a devouring fire; he bounded towards a dressing-room near his bedroom, and, in less than a moment, tearing off his cravat, his coat and waistcoat, he put on sailor's jacket and hat, from beneath which rolled his long black hair. He returned thus, advancing with his arms crossed on his breast, towards the general, who on seeing him again, and feeling his teeth clatter and his legs sink under him, drew back, and only stopped when he found a table to support his clenched hand. "Fernand," cried he, "of my hundred names I need only tell you one to overwhelm you! But you guess it now, do you not?—or, rather, you remember it? For notwithstanding all my sorrows and my tortures, I show you to day a face which the happiness of revenge makes young again—a face you must often have seen in your dreams since your marriage with Mercedes, my betrothed!"

The general, with his head thrown back, gaze fixed, hands extended, looked silently on this apparition; then seeking the wall to support him, he glided along close to it until he reached the door, through which he went out backwards, uttering this single, mournful, lamentable, distressing cry, "Edmond Dantes!" Then with sighs which were unlike any human sound, he dragged himself to the door, reeled across the courtyard and falling into the arms of his valet, he said, in a voice scarcely intelligible, "Home, home!" He stopped at a short distance from the house and alighted. The door of the hotel was wide open, a hackney-coach was standing in the middle of the yard—a strange sight before so noble a mansion; the count looked at it with terror; but without daring to ask, he rushed towards his apartment. Two persons were coming down the stairs; he had only time to creep into a side room to avoid them. It was Mercedes leaning on her son's arm and leaving the hotel. They passed close by the unhappy being, who, concealed behind the damask door, almost felt Mercedes' dress brush past him, and his son's warm breath pronouncing these words, "Courage, my mother! Come, this is no longer our home!" The words died away, the steps died in the distance. The general drew himself up, clinging to the door; he uttered the most dreadful sob which ever escaped from the bosom of a father abandoned at the same time by his wife and son. He soon heard the clatter of the iron step of the hackney coach, then the coachman's voice, and then the rolling of the heavy vehicle shook the windows. He darted to his bedroom to see once more all he had loved in the world; but the hackney-coach drove on without the head of either Mercedes or her son appearing at the window to take a last look at the house or the deserted father or husband. And at the very moment when the wheels of that coach passed the gateway a report was heard, and a thick smoke escaped through one of the panes of the window, which was broken by the explosion.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NATURE HAS PROVIDED

A remedy for every ache and pain, and science through ceaseless activity and experiment is constantly wresting the secrets of her domain. A new and wonderful discovery has recently been made by means of which tens of thousands will be freed from pain. Nerviline, or nerve pain cure, represents in very concentrated form the most potent pain relieving substitutes known to medical science, and strange to say, it is composed of substances solely vegetable in origin. Polson's Nerviline is the most prompt, certain, and pleasant pain remedy in the world. Try Nerviline for toothache, neuralgia, cramps, etc., always safe and efficient.

Penelope—You wouldn't marry a girl for her money, would you? Jack Dashing—No, but I couldn't let a girl suffer merely because she was rich.

Itch, mange and scratches of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Abraham Lincoln

When leaving his home at Springfield, Ill., to be inaugurated president of the United States, made a farewell address to his old friends and neighbors, in which he said, "NEIGHBORS GIVE YOUR BOYS A CHANCE."

These words come with as much force today as they did thirty years ago.

How give them this chance?

Up in the Northwest is a great empire waiting for young, and sturdy fellows to come and develop it and "grow up with the country." All over this broad land are the young fellows, the boys that Lincoln referred to, seeking to better their condition and get on in life.

Here is their chance!

The country referred to lies along the Northern Pacific R. R. Here you can find pretty much anything you want. In Minnesota, and in the Red River Valley, or North Dakota, the finest of prairie lands fitted for wheat and grain, or as well for diversified farming. In Western North Dakota, and Montana, are stock ranges limitless in extent, clothed with the most nutritious of grasses.

If a fruit farming region is wanted there is the whole state of Washington to select from.

As for scenic delights the Northern Pacific Railroad passes through a country unparalled. In crossing the Rocky, Bitter Root and Cascade mountains, the greatest mountain scenery to be seen in the United States from the car window is found. The wonderful bad lands, wonderful in graceful form and glowing color, are a poem. Lakes Pend d' Oreille and Cœur d' Alene, are alone worthy of a trans-continental trip, while they are the fisherman's Ultima Thule. The ride along Clark's Fork of the Columbia river is a daylight dream. To cap the climax this is the only way to reach the far-famed Yellowstone Park.

To reach and see all this the Northern Pacific railroad furnish trains and service of unsurpassed excellence. The most approved and comfortable Palace Sleeping cars; the best Dining cars that can be made; Pullman Tourist cars good for both first and second class passengers; easy riding Day coaches, with Baggage, Express, and Postal cars all drawn by powerful Baldwin Locomotives, make a train fit for royalty itself.

Those seeking for new homes should take this train and go and spy out the land. To be prepared, write to

CHAS. S. FEE,
G. P. & T. A.,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

advt.

Mr. Pepper—I don' believe there was a dry eye in the house when the curtain went down on the third act. Mrs. Pepper—No; but there seemed to be the usual amount of dry throats.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkabe and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Dashing Clerk—Yes, miss, it is a kiss a yard. How many yards will you have? Modest Young Woman—Three, if you please, sir, and grandmamma will call in and pay you.

Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry is the safest, surest and best known remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Troubles. The Children's Favorite. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

The janitor of one of the Portland public schools, coming into the class-room one day recently, saw on the blackboard this sentence, Find the greatest common divisor. Hullo, said he, is that durned thing lost again?

NOT THAT KIND.

Scott's Emulsion does not debilitate the stomach as other cough medicines do; but on the contrary, it improves digestion and strengthens the stomach. Its effects are immediate and pronounced.

The Wife—Mercy on me! Johnny's fallen in the town well, and it's ten feet deep. Editor (calmly)—Five thousand dollars damages, the paper enlarged, and the mortgage lifted. The Lord will provide!

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples& Co.

Helen, what's wrong with the pie crust? It doesn't half cover the pie. Why, dearest, I asked your mother all about how to make them to suit you, and she said to make the crust very short.

For sun-burn, tan or rough hands, bathe with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment at night; wonderful.

Don't you think, the mother said, proudly, "that her playing shows a remarkable finish? Yes, replied the young man, absently; but she was a long time getting to it.

Hawker's Liver Pills, contain no mercury, are purely vegetable, safe, sure and effective. Do not gripe, small, easy to take. Sold everywhere.

The dramatic reporter (on the steamer)—And have you thrown up your engagement? The prima donna—Oh, no! Thank heaven I hadn't swallowed that.

$100 reward offered by I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston. Pamphlet with full particulars free.

The early bird gets the worm, mused the big fowl. I'll just hang round in a leisurely way till he does, and then I'll take it away from him.

Middle aged people, when you were babies, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was then very old.

Pretty Wife—I knew you'd like this new hat darling. It is becoming and nothing could be simpler, could it? Darling (thoughtfully)—Nothing, except the man that has to pay $25 for it.

IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

Bronchitis

ACUTE or CHRONIC,
Can be cured by the use of
SCOTT'S EMULSION
of pure Cod Liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. A feeble stomach takes kindly to it, and its continued use adds flesh, and makes one feel strong and well.

"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

HOUSE FURNISHING
HARDWARE
—FOR THE—
CHRISTMAS TRADE.

Granite Iron Ware in Tea Pots, Coffee Pots, Sauce Pans, Pudding Pans, Rice Boilers, etc.; Pearl Agate Ware in the above lines;
Carpet Sweepers,
Mrs. Pott's Irons,
Clothes Wringers, Hearth Brushes, Coal Hods, Coal Vases,
Fire Iron Setts, Dinner Bells, Call Bells,

With a large line of Fancy and Plain House Furnishing Hardware. For sale low by

JAMES S. NEILL.

NEW GROCERIES.

New Valencia Layer Raisins;
New London Layer Raisins;
New Currants and Figs;
New Citron, Orange and Lemon Peels;
New Fresh Ground Pure Spices.

A splendid assortment of
Delicious Preserves,
Jams and Jellies,
Sauces, Pickles, Relishes.

JUST ARRIVED
FLOUR

ROLLED OATMEAL
in Whole and Half Barrels.

Graham Flour,

OATS, BRAN and HEAVY FEED.

G. T. WHELPLEY.

The Sun.

During 1893 THE SUN will be of surpassing excellence and will print more news and more pure literature than ever before in its history.

The Sunday Sun
is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail, $2 a year
Daily, by mail, - - - $6 a year
Daily and Sunday, by mail, - - - - - $8 a year

Address THE SUN, New York.

THE BEST.
WILEY'S
EMULSION
—OF—
COD LIVER OIL
—AND—
HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Best Quality of Pure Norwegian Oil.
Best Preparation of Hypophosphites.
Best Value for the Money.

50c.

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS, 1ST JANUARY, 1889, - $39,722,809.59
ASSETS IN CANADA, " - 870,525.67

Fire Insurance of Every Description at
LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

WM. WILSON,
Agent.

COAL. COAL.

In Stock:
BLACKSMITH,
VICTORIA and
OLD MINE SYDNEY
HOUSE COAL.
To Arrive:
A CARGO OF THAT CELEBRATED
SUGAR LOAF HARD COAL,
In Chestnut, Stove and Egg sizes.

Parties requiring, leave your orders early to be delivered from vessel cheap.

Also in Stock:—A car of choice Heavy Chop Feed, composed of Barley, Oats and Wheat. Always on hand:—Hay, Oats, Middlings, Bran, Oilmeal, Lime, Land and Calcined Plaster.

OFFICE AND STOREHOUSE,
CAMPBELL STREET: Above CITY HALL.

JAMES TIBBITTS,

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber's Farm at St. Mary's, near the Railway Station, containing 300 acres, 100 of which are under cultivation.

There are two houses, barns and outbuildings on the premises, all in good repair.

For further particulars apply to

JOHN A. EDWARDS,
Queen Hotel.

F'ton, April 9, 1892.

Meat Choppers.

JUST RECEIVED:

4 DOZ. Enterprise Meat Choppers, Tinned iron, best Meat Choppers in the country—well established fact. The tinned is much better than the Galvinized Iron.

These Choppers are simple, easily taken apart and cleaned, and will last a life time. Every family should have one.

For sale by
R. CHESNUT & SONS.

R. C. MACRAE,
Plumber, Gas Fitter,
AND
TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has removed business on Queen Street,

OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,

where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL
BELL HANGING,
Speaking Tubes, &c.

FANCY GOODS
AT FAIR PRICES.

Gold Pens,
Albums,
Panels,
Dressing Cases,
Work Boxes,
Manicure Sets,
Ladies Companions,
Smokers Sets
Fancy Baskets,
Purses,
Satchels,
Opera Glasses,
Ink Stands in Olive Wood,
Books of Poetry,
Books of Adventure,
Books on Travel,
Books on History,
Books on Theology,
Books for Children,
Books for Sunday Schools,
Teachers Bibles,

Besides many other requisites too numerous to mention.

Hall's - Book - Store.

EXECUTOR' NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS having any claims against the Estate of the Hon. Richard Bellamy, deceased, late of the Parish of Southampton, York County N. B., are requested to present the same duly attested, to the undersigned Executors or to Havelock Coy, Barrister, Fredericton N. B., within three months from this date. All persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Dated the 7th day of December, A. D. 1892.

GEORGE S. INGRAHAM
JACOB ALLAN
of Southampton, York Co., Executors of the last will and Testament of
Richard Bellamy, deceased.

Dec. 10 2 mo

Dissolution Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the professional co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name WILSON & WILSON, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

WILLIAM WILSON.
GEORGE L. WILSON

Fredericton, Nov. 5. 1892.

Scotch Fire Bricks and Fire Clay.

Just Received from Glasgow.

5000 ASBESTOS Fire Bricks. 30 Bags Fire Clay.

For sale low by

JAMES S. NEILL.

McMURRAY & CO.

Have now on hand an immense stock of

ORGANS
—AND—
PIANOS

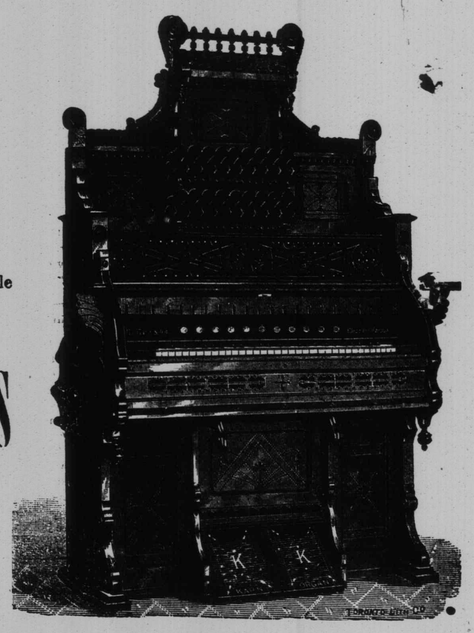
which they will sell at the lowest possible prices; also a few new

SEWING MACHINES

First Class in every respect,

—FOR ONLY—

$25.00.



Fully Guaranteed. If not entirely satisfactory after three months trial, Money refunded.

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