So you've come here to ask me for Susie -Leave the shame for them chaps as goes courtin' and ne'er bas a penny to wed. You've an eye on the duties of life John ; you're carnest, God-fearin' and true,

givin' her beart up to you. Since harvest I've knowd what was comin'; I'm gray, but my evesight is fair, And I've seen quite a bit of your actin'.

times when you least was aware;

as I've no objection to bring, leave the old bom sand to cling

To the new this as crops up around 'emit's a draught we must all swaller down :

Shut the door-bring that cheer to the chim. ley-the storm's pretty heavy to-night I was thinkin' just now of a Christmas when the snow lay as heavy and white

On the fields and the point and the bushe -over all 'cept one solit'ry spot Where the sexion had worked since the day light - our family barial plot.

'Twas a poor kind of Christmas for me, boy I came from the church-yard that day With a heart just as dead as that dear on we'd left 'neath the cover of elay; And I hoped and I prayed that the Maste would soon break my life's heavy chair And open the gate-way of heaven, and giv.

me my loved one again. That evenin' we sat, me and Susie, and whis pered of her we had lost, While the fire-light got lower and lower, and

the snow on the winders was tossed, And the wind, that seemed full of our trouble moaned over the desolate farm, true to you?" Until — well, worn out by my sorrow — I dropped off, her head on my arm.

When I woke it was daylight and clearin' and Susie was singin' so gay The song of the "Old Oaken Bucket," tha mother would hum all the day;

The kitchen was cosey and tidy-the teapo The shells all peoled off o' my eggs, too-a:

And, bless ber, she were mother's apron; this day though she ha'nt no idea

That I saw her a-usin' that apron to wipe of a poor little tear. As she stood in the light of that winder ever dine of her face and her hair

Was a joy of the past acted over-'twas he mother, not Susie, stood there!

Her mother, when I was like you. John: the wide world around me in bloom. Then I knew that, while I had been sleepin · her soul had come into this room plan to relieve all my pain;

For my heart could not break with its sor- rave this kept a profound secret?" row while I lived my life over again. She had growed more and more like he

mother, in face and in voice and in ways, A sweet bit o' gladness and sunshine from out of my happiest days. I have watched her like misers their treasure; but to His holy will I must bow.

And - biess me, what's this? I am faint John - I've not felt my loss until now! So you've come here to ask me for Susie: well, boy, you're God-fearin' and true, And I can't say she's been over-hasty, in

givin' her heart up to you. I'll try to live selfishness down; Dear me, why, how hoarse I am gettin'-

SELECT STORY.

MARRIED IN HASTE.

A Romantie Shetch.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR. The following story I had direct from a son of a clergyman who performed the publican. marriage ceremony, who came from England to this country, where he is now in good business

day in late autumn a close carriage was Staffordshire." driven to the door of an inn in a manufacturing town of Derbyshire, from which it was, all save that he represented the alighted a female closely cloaked and husband as having gone in pursuit, not to to be trusted. She called him aside, and sai', without raising her veil, but in a The younger man swore a big oath, voice of rare sweetness, and evidently and the elder man swore a bigger. Their that of a young person:

"I must trust you, goe I sir, with more you my word, in the outset, that no harm mained respectfully in the background. can come to you on my account in any legal way. I must be married. I must be a wife within this hour; and you must find with perfect freedom of manner. me a hu band. I only ask that you find a man who can legally take a wife; a man now." three hundred pounds and give his solemn we have been talking about?" If you can find such a man, and bring him away." hither, and then bring a willing clergyman, you will do me a great favor."

"But the license, madam?" ly smiled. Just the man required was in ous things." his employ. He went out into the stables, Mark said he would give the filly a try, a favorite horse. Mark was a splendid took their leave. Nearly six feet tall, perfectly proportioned, as they drove away. eye like a well of light and a clustering Bentley - Dick Temple." mass of nutbrown curls setting off his And they all went their ways in life as shapely head, he was a man such as might seemed to them best. grossed his whole heart.

standing so strong and so proud before, England she fidtered considerably. But the got! The Earl of Centley let his favorite filly through with it, claiming from him the go to pay a betting debt, and Mark bought pledge before mentioned. While she the animal for twenty guineas. Four Friend -- Gogson, how is your airship Where is she?" spoke he tried by every means in his years later that filly was known, and getting along? power to gain a glimpse of her face, but in celebrated under the name of "Lightfoot," Inventor - It is complete, with the exvain. Yet he did not mass her voice. It and Mark sold her to the Earl of Derby ception of one little detail I have not yet minister's wife; "you angel of a man. was very sweet to his cer. He loved music, for ten thousand pounds, and she won the perfected. I shall take that up next. and he did not think be could ever forget | money back for her noble owner in one the rich, pure tones of that voice. It was season. to him an index to her character. Never | This was but one circumstance of many. any time. The principal feature of my smithy," said the millionaire, and was off.

a coarse woman with such breathing of Mark Conroy had one great aim of life, invention is a safety net that will travel Seba and her father plodded homeward ful inclination of the head. "I will accept all interest in his Derby property, and his air absolutely free from danger. In the door before he went in. the money which you ofier, because I funds in the hands of his bankers amount making of that net I have revolutionized He felt in an angry mood. He was poor, think I can make a good use of it. Ordin- ed to more than eighty thousand pounds. the entire business." arily I would not listen for a moment, but He had made not one mistake in all his now three hundred pounds may be the ventures, and fortune had literally smiled from falling to the ground when anything folk. The millionaire paying two hundred pounds may be the ventures, and fortune had literally smiled from falling to the ground when anything folk. The millionaire paying two hundred pounds may be the ventures, and fortune had literally smiled from falling to the ground when anything folk. weight in the balance that shall make my upon him. And through it all - by day, happens to your airship?" whole future; and, added to this, I may when business seemed to entirely engross "That is the little detail I haven't furious. "While we toil for a crust," he

"And - I have your promise -"

ed nearer to the landlord.

whispered words with the lady, he signified his readiness to proceed. The name city of Ulm, on the Danube. of Mark Coursy was filled into the license, He was standing in the quaintly con-

ade wife asked, uneasily. aw required it.

boy; caught cold driving in from town | and tremblingly wrote a name, saying: "That is not the name by which I am nown, but I have a sacred right to it." She had written "CORDELIA TEMPLE." out six crisp, new fifty-pound notes to her that boat?"

ausband. Mark took them, and put them nto his pocket, and then he drew from ng it upon the post of a big oaken chair, she should make no outcry! e placed the edge of his pocket-knife toon it, and with a single blow of a billet f wood he cut it into two equal parts, one

f which he handed to his wife. "Lady," he said, "I need not tell you hat this, to me, is, and must ever be while live, a serious matter.—Do not tremble You have my word!-But will you no ake this bit of gold, and keep it in remembrance of the man you can wear when you will, and who must henceforth be

She caught the piece of gold with a spasmodic clutch, and turned away, as hough to hide an emotion which she did not care to have witnessed. One step and Mark Conroy was at her

side. He took her hand, and raised it to is lips. "I do this reverently," he said, almost n a whisper. "And now, lady," he added. ifting his head proudly, and steppin; ack, "know that I shall be true to the ows this night taken upon myself. It,ii he time to come, Mark Conroy can in any

vay serve you, you may command him vithout fear. He will never intrude, and ne will never take advantage, of any ervice he may happily render. Adieu Lay God and the good angels watch over ou, and bless you ever!"

And with this he turned away, and was one. The lady could not have spoken if he would.

ady was ready to depart," that you would "No! no!" she cried, vehemently. "If nen should be upon my track-if they should trace me to this place-tell them

hat I am married. Tell them exactly vhat you have seen; but, for ms sakeny-my-musband's-do not give his name. Will you promise this." The good Boniface promised, and very shortly afterwards the lady's carriage was for it!"

whirling rapidly away into the gloom towards Cheshire. The clock in the tower of the old stone It is hard, but the Book says it's nat'ral, so the strange woman drove away from the Derbyshire inn. Two hours later-as the same bell-hammer was pealing forth the caught cold drivin' in from the town. leventh hour - another carriage was lriven rapidly up, from which alighted two gentlemen-one an elderly man, with t hard, hawk-like face, and the other

> Conroy heard the arrival, and came in to The gentlemen were eager and breathless. Had anything been seen of a young lady, appearing as the old man described. Mark contrived to whisper into the host's ear, to direct his questions.

"How old was the lady?" asked the "Nineteen," answered the old man. "Was she handsome?"

"She had the name - the shameless And then the host told his story - it as

veiled. She seemed to know that the molest the lady, but to protect her into landlord was a kind-hearted man, and one Staffordshire, for he had determined to serve her if he could.

plans were shattered, and they were crestfallen and chagrined. perhaps, than a life. I wish you to serve Before they went away, the younger me without asking a question. I can give men discovered our hero, who had re-

> "Hallo, Mark! Is that yourself?" And he advanced and extended a hand "Yes, my lord. I am stopping here just

not a rascal; and a man who will take "Ah say, Mark, did you see this girl

pledge never to seek me nor to speak to "Why, my lord, as for seeking her I you -" me after the final word of the marriage cannot say I did; but I saw the carriage, ceremony shall have been pronounced. and saw a woman get into it and whisk "Well, old fellow, there went the most dainty bit of womanhood in the kingdom. and prespered -"

Egad! I suppose I had her hard and fast. "I am provided. I have a special license, Sir John is her guardian, and she had given wanting only the name of the bridegroom." us the slip. Locks, and bolts, and iron self has been the blessed spirit of my up-It took the host some little time to make | bars have been of no use. If she's been | r.sing.' up his mind that the lady was in earnest, honestly married, Sir Johu's guardianand that all else was right so far as the ship is at an end. But, say, Mark, I law was concerned. When he was satisfied have a magnificent filly, which I wish you upon these points he nodded and pleasant- to take in hand. She promises tremend- for your wife, and love me alway, I will ite doll!"

where he found Mark Conroy at work over and shortly afterwards the gentlemen

win the love and esteem of any woman; Mark Conroy from that night became a and the only reason why he had not new man. He borrowed books, and read that the story of his fruitless endeavors silver king took the doll in his arms. married or courted any one of the many and studied, and went at French and might not be told in England. damsels who sought to attract him was German. He had said that the three that his love for his beautiful horses en- hundred pounds might be the making of bought that for you, of you died cryin'

Mark heard the landlord's story, and a place near to Derby -a raiser of countrymen enough to make it homelike, Seba was silent. went with him into the private apartment thoroughbred stock — was glad to sen him where the lady was, determined to have a half interest, and in a very few years the lady was, determined to have a half interest, and in a very few years the lady was, determined to have a half interest, and in a very few years the lady was, determined to have a half interest, and in a very few years the lady was, determined to have a half interest, and in a very few years the lady was, determined to have a half interest, and in a very few years the lady was, determined to have a half interest, and in a very few years the lady was, determined to have a half interest, and in a very few years the lady was a half interest, and in a very few years the lady was a half interest, and in a very few years the lady was a half interest, and in a very few years the lady was a half interest, and in a very few years the lady was a half interest, and in a very few years the lady was a half interest, and in a very few years the lady was a half interest. the request from her own lips; and she the horses from the stables of Monkton & that endeared them to all with whom they "See here," he said. I want you to made it, though, when she had seen him, Conroy stood at the head of the list in come in social contact.

and in that direction he bent every energy. along under the airship to prevent fatal shortly afterward. He struck a match "My dear lady," he said with a respect At the age of two-and-thirty he sold out accidents. It will make navigating the and lit a lantern standing outside the

thousand pounds would I lend myself to watches, one influence was never alsenta plot that could work harm to yourself." the music of that sweet voice he had heard "It will save me, sir! O! it will save me!" | in the old Derbyshire inn. O! what "I have given my word. It was never him to the station of a manhood that any his pastor's feelings when he said that,

all else, robust in glowing, glorious health. Somehow the lady seemed to be more | Eight years had elapsed since the day | heathen was teaching this doctrine to And I can't say as Susie's been foolish in shy than she had been at first, and once on which Mark Conroy was married, and his little Seba, a motherless child of ten, or twice she moved away from Mark, as he had grown from four-and-twenty to ready to be bent in any direction. But though she was afraid of him, and crouch- two-and-thirty, when he took a notion to she only said, mildly: make a tour of the continent. He went to Well, Mr. Bishop, if Seba prayed for rector. He came in, fully understanding From city to city, seeking a pleasure he a right to believe in prayer."

as I do." which the work was quickly done structed hall of a quaintly constructed inn. Then Seba was called in. "Must I sign the register?" the newly | with innumerable nooks and corners and dim recesses, when he was attracted by Olcott, as is so kind to you, believes if you The clergyman insisted upon it. The the sound of a familiar voice. It was the pray hard and pray long, you'll get what voice of the Earl of Bentley, and he was Mark signed his name in a bold, strong talking with his valet, a dark-visaged, believes that things go on the same what-So I wish you good luck. Yes, I'm hearse round hand. Then the lady took the pen, powerful rascal, evidently engaged because ever prayers are said. I'm a man of of his physical strength and daring.

hour after dark," said the voice of the not to stop your praying no more. Et earl. "I have bought up her maid. My you get your prayers answered, I'll never She gave to the rector five pounds - to | boat is at the old landing. I must not be | say you no again; but if you don't, you'l he hest five more; and then she counted seen here. Will you carry the lady to see I'm right. Eh?"

The valet said he would do it. He knew just how to accomplish the task. is purse a half-sovereign of gold, and lay- He would bear the lady to the boat, and answer in a way you could not under-

"Once she is in my power," went on the her professed marriage all a sham, and she shall marry with me, or -" The rest of the sentence was lost.

Conroy's heart beat hard and fast. He knew very well who was the lady alluded to. He inquired of the landlord, however the suite he had designated was an English lady, who had been with him several weeks - Lady Isabel Cordelia, of Templeion. She was a beautiful woman, but evidently unhappy.

Mark Conroy found the suite of apartnents, and did not lose sight of the entrance. About an hour after dark he saw the maid come out, and saw her speak with a man who was hiding in a recess. Presently after that this man was joined y another, whom he had called by a low whistle, and the two entered the chamber rom which the maid had come. A few noments, during which the watcher's eart beat furiously, and then came the sound of a smothered cry.

With a bound Conroy was in the hamber, where he saw a lady struggling in the grasp of two men. With a blow of his fist that might have felled an ox, he backward sweep he knocked the other girl on her knees, ma'am, and she was afety, while with his right he drew pistol and levelled it.

on the man who had knocked him down, lous child." "it's the horse-tamer -- Conroy!"

Conroy led the lady to a seat, and would have let her go, but she' clung to him. church was striking the hour of nine as He was able to speak with comparative he was a rich man and a bachelor, and he calmness because he had carefully prepar- was interested in little Seba.

ed himself for the meeting. "Lady,I have not forgotten my promise. I have watched over you when you knew the auction finished up the fair. it not. You may command me, even yet." younger, and evidently a debauchee. Mark

passingly beautiful face. "You are Mark Conroy?" "I am." "Do you know who I am?" "I do."

"Do you know that you ever saw me before?" "I cannot say that I know, but my said Bishop. heart tells me that it is so, - it tells me

that you have the mate to this." On the evening of a dark and lowery vixen! —of being the handsomest girl in about his neck, a tiny bag of chamois-skin, her clothes for four seasons; and at interhad hung suspended from a silken cord | thought only of Miss Violetta Grey, with | from which he took a semi-disk of gold. A moment she stood irresolute, and then wrong, she never dreamed it could be.

while a rich glow suffused her cheeks, mounting to her temples and brow, and light, she drew from her own bosom, hammer. The unlikeliest people bid for where it had been kept in a velvet pouch, things. Men had their arms full of trifles; the other half of the golden half-sovereign. ladies had bags and laps full. Conroy could contain his great heart no At last all was gone. Miss Violetta and stinging; most at night; worse by longer. Grasping both the lady's hands, Gery remained alone, standing near her scratching. If allowed to continue tumors

"Lady, from that hour, of the other that moved not. worthy woman, and I have held the sweet | belle. Her chair, the trunk, all the things remembrance in love and true devotion. about her, go with her. How much do I I dare not, knowing who and what you hear for Miss Violetta Grey?"

are, ask you to share my lot; but O!-if A voice rang out clear and deep She put out her hand and stopped him.

have not lost sight of you. I know how made the bid. you have lived - how you have thrived "But," he cried, interrupting her, "you do not know that the one thought of your-

"But-I have hoped it," she said.

"You - have - hoped?" be happy!"

And so, after the years of waiting, Mark Conroy found his reward; and he was not prouder nor more happy than was the specimen of physical and mental manhood. "Who was that?" demanded the hest, Lady Isabel Cordelia, heirers of the vast estates of the Earl of Templeton. A dist- ten!" with features regular and handsome, an "That," reptied Mark, "was the Earl of ant cousin inherited the title, but the "Two hundred and fifty!" said the wealth was hers.

> truth, not only gave up his striving and wife sat down, too. his persecution, but he descended to beg There was laughing and tulking. The

him; nor did he mistake. The owner of anter home on the Rhine, where were fur it."

ONE SMALL DETAIL LACKING.

"What is it?" "A mere trifle that I can think out at | "The yellow from house near the

serve you. Not for a hundred times three him, and by night, in the still, thoughtful worked out yet." - Chicago Tribune. said. Then he saw a bundle tied to his

MISS VIOLETTA GREY.

should come of it? At all events, the "No one ever got anything by praying thought held him pure and true, and led for it," Peter Bishop used to say. It hurt took it in her arms. don't stand there a hangin' your head; yet broken, and I do not think to your man might covet, for it was pure, and true for the old gentleman was strong on that harm I shall now make my first false and elevated, and intellectual, and, above point; but what hurt Mrs. Olcott, the guess it is Miss Violetta Gray. And here

> Near at hand lived an accommodating Paris first, and thence into Germany. something and was answered, she'd have the work he was to do, and after a few did not readily find, until at length he "So she would," said Bishop. "Well,

> > "My girl," said old Bishop, "here's Mrs. von want. And here's me, your father, "She will be alone in her chamber an and a minister's wife. Now, I've promised

> > > The child nodded. "No, Seba," Mrs. Olcott hurried to say. "God might not see fit to answer, or might

stand -' "The child knows what I mean," said earl, "all else is simple. We will prove old Bishop. "Now she's free to pray. It fact, I'll whack her if she don't pray for two weeks. That is time enough. You come here, please, at the end of that time - not before - "

"The fair will take me up," said Mrs. Olcott. "I shan't be able to come, but and was informed that the occupant of this is so wrong—so heathenish. It's a sin. It seems like mocking Heaven." "It's a fair trial," said old Bishop, as he shut the door.

There was a great fair afoot, and the school children had had a private view of it. What pleased them most was a very large and splendid doll, with a dress of sky-blue satin, painted with daisies, with a parasol in its hand, and a fan hanging from its girdle, and by whose side stood a

Saratoga trunk full of garments. Seba had seen this; and, being given permission to pray, at once set to work, in all the innocence of babyhood, to pray for hat doll - the doll Violetta Grey, with : handsome wardrobe for four seasons, to be old at auction at the close of the fair. One day Dr. Dobbin, in speaking of the air to Mrs. Olcott. said:

"I passed a queer little house near the lacksmith's shop to-day, heard praying sent the valet to the floor; then with a side, and peeped in. There was a little against the wall; and then, winding his praying for Miss Violetta Grey, the big ieft arm around the lady, he held her in | doll at the fair. I went on to the blacksmith's with my horse, and he talked a lot of stuff to me. I asked him who the he had picked himself up and looked up said 'mine.' A queer father, and a cur- Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children

"So it is the doll she wants," said Mrs. "And you'll find him something more Olcott. "That doll will not auction off than that if you do not take your ander twenty-five dollars." And then self out of this. Go tell your master that she told Dr. Dobbin her story. "She will Mark Conroy knows all, and that if he is never get the doll," she said with a sigh. in Ulm to morrow morning he may suffer | "That silver king from California says he'll bid it in for his daughter. At all The two men slank away, and then events, I'm not rich enough to get it." And the good woman felt a tear on her eyelash. But Dr. Dobbin's eyes twinkled

> Seba had coaxed her father to take her to the fair on the evening of the day when

He bought her a small toy and some She looked up into his face, still cling- ice cream. He let her stand as long as on leggings, jacket, spurs and wide hat. ing to his strong arm, and a variety of she would in front of the doll. Over its "He is a cowboy, I suppose," remarked emotions were shadowed upon her surhead in golden letters, shone the name, the man. "Yes," I replied. "Now, don't toy poodle.

"Oh, papa!" cried the child. "Yes, them sort is for the children of capital. Laboring men can't get 'em," He walked away, and the child followed

him. He bought her a white sugar rabbit And he drew from his bosom, where it and a bunch of paper roses. But she vals she prayed silently. If this was climate. That cowboy belongs to the And now the auction began.

The auctioneer, a noted lawyer of the imparting to the lustrous eyes a living place, arose. Things fell beneath his Sunday school."

and looking earnestly and frankly into possessions, with her never-changing form, which often bleed and ulcerate, besmile, her fan forever poised, her parasol coming very sore. Swayne's Ointment years -that hour in the old Derbyshire "The celebrated doll, Miss Violetta ceration, and in most cases removes the inn - I have kept the faith then pledged. Grey," said the auctioneer, "as well pro- tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50

Your voice betrayed to me a pure and vided with garments as any fashionable cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

"Twenty-five dollars!" It was the rich Western man-the "Mark Conroy, from that same hour I silver king, some called him — who had

"Thirty!" cried another voice. That was Dr. Dobbin. "Forty!" cried the silver king.

"Fifty!" came from a feminine voice. The good Mrs. Olcott had just that much in a savings bank. She ventured

"Fifty! Fifty!" repeated the auction-"O! my husband! if you can claim me | eer. "Fifty dollars bid for this exquis-"Seventy-five!" said the silver king. "One hundred!" roared Dr. Dobbin. The silver king roared with laughter.

"Two hundred!" he said. Dr. Dobbin added: "Two hun cred and silver king.

Lord Bentley, when he learned the Dr. Dobbin sat down. The minister's "The more they have the more they But in England Mark Conroy and his get," said old Bishop. "I couldn't have

> help me. My girl has got hold of a story about a child that has been praying for this doll two weeks. She made me say

> I'd bay it, and give it to the little creature. "It's that child there. Bishop, the Heaven bless you and your little daughter."

hardworking, ignorant, and had been dred and fifty dollars for a doll made him

door knob. It was a thing of human shape; a baby wrapped in paper, it looked. "Who's done this?" he said furiously; but Seba untied the cord directly, and

"I think it is what I've been praying for for two weeks, papa," she said. "I. pastor's wife, most was, that the old is her trunk. Papa you see Mrs. Olcott is right, after all."

He held the lantern while she untied the parcel, and stared stupefied with astonishment as she read the note-"A stranger is glad to give this doll to little Seba Bishop."

'I saw him pay the money for it," he said. "It's what I call a miracle!" Then the watching group outside the promise you; but she'll end by believing | window tiptoed away, and all were very grave and very happy.

And old Bishop never hindered his child from praying again. "However it was answered, it was answered, anyway," he said. "I'm fair, whatever I am. You can have her all you like, and teach her what you choose. I don't set up my jedgment any more jedgment, and Mrs. Olcott is a pious lady | The child has a right to her own. She's answered, if I've never been. Maybe it's because she's better. Heaven knows."

HE DENIED HIS IDENTITY. The recent death in Canada of Mrs Sterling, mother of Charles M. Sterling. who was executed at Youngstown, O., for the murder of Lizzie Grombacher, has inveiled the facts concerning an incident hat occurred shortly before his execution His mother came here from Maxwell Canada, and though he had left home when but a lad, with maternal intuitions he recognized him. When brought t his cell, Sterling, without the quiver of nuscle, said : You are mistaken, madam

I am not your son. She implored him to recognize her, but ne refused, and she returned home halt convinced that she was mistaken. To his counsel Sterling said : She is my mother out I could not break her heart by tellin her that her son would be hung. Keep t secret until she dies.

Her death the past week caused his atorney, W. S. Anderson, to break the seal

of silence to-day. It was the most dramatic scene I ever vitnessed, said Mr. Anderson. I have een all the tragedians of the past quarter of a century, but none that compared to the scene on that occasion. The mother, every line in her face showing the mos n ense suffering, and her heart nearly roken, while the son knowing the truti would nearly kill her, stood like a statue is face showing the pallor of death, as suring her that she was mistaken. Such ntensity of action was never produced or. iny stage It could not be.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their shildren while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sich child crying with pain of Cutting Teetl. "My -- !" exclaimed the valet, when little girl was up at the house, and he send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mstake about it. It tures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINS-LOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

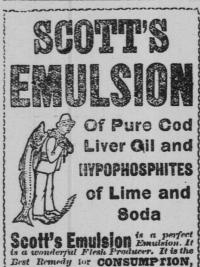
A COWBOY'S CLOTHES

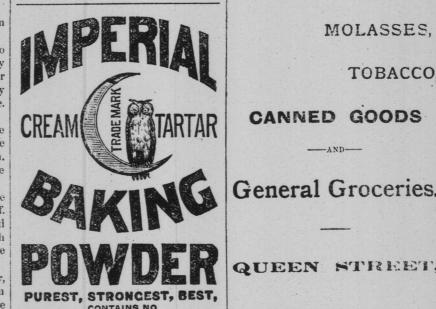
I was standing talking to a gentleman here in Utopia one day who was just from the States, when a cowboy passed, going "Miss Violetta Grey." Some of its cos-he feel big," he continued, "with all that tumes were displayed. A great stuffed rigging on?" "No, sir," I answered, "he chair and a pier glass were near; also a does not. That is the only kind of a rig he can successfully run cattle in, and he is not aware that he is exciting any especial attention. Those strong leggings and jacket protect him from the thorns and brush through which he sometimes has to run at full speed to head off a steer. Those large spurs are to make his pony go quick when he goes to rope an animal. That wide brimmed hat is to protect his face from the burning sun in this southern church, and next Sunday you may see him in the congregation, dressed up as neat as a pin, and likely teaching a class in the

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES. SYMPTOMS - Moisture; intense itching stops the itching and bleeding, heals ul-

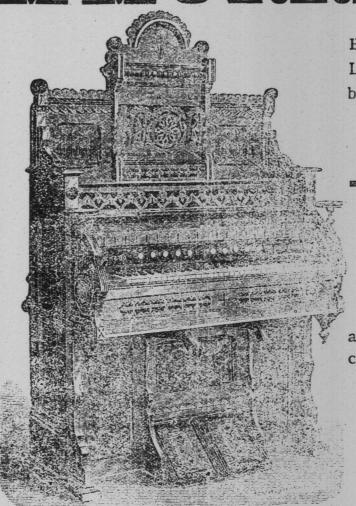
EASILY BELIEVED.

'Tis better to give than to receive, Whatever our feelings are; And this we can very well believe When the gift is a cheap cigar.





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