MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

AUCTION SALES.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To James F. Wanamake, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and the Province of New Brunswick, formerly of the Parish of Havelock, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, Farmer, and Mary M., his wife, and all others whom it may concern—

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT UNDER and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage, bearing date the eleventh day of October, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four, and made between the said James F. Wanamake and Mary M., his wife, of the one part, and Mary A. Stead, of the said City of Saint John, widow, of the other part, and duly recorded in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the said County of Kings, in Book I, No. 4 of records, pages 387, 388, 389, 390 and 391, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the Twenty-second day of February, A. D., 1890, at twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner, (so called), on Prince William street, in the said City of Saint John, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said indenture of mortgage as follows—

"All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Havelock, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, bounded and described in a grant from the crown, dated the twenty-third day of October, A. D., 1872, and registered the 24th day of October, 1872, by No. 14578 as follows: Beginning at a spruce tree standing at the South Easterly angle of the South half of lot number one, granted to John Wright in block C., thence North fifty chains, thence East twenty chains, thence South fifty chains to a post and thence West twenty chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres, more or less, and distinguished as the South half of lot number two in block C," together with all and singular, the buildings and improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in any way appertaining. Dated this fourteenth day of November, A. D., 1882.

MARY A. STEAD, Mortgagee.

ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN, Solicitor for Mortgagee.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) on the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, in the City of Saint John, on SATURDAY, the Fifth Day of of April next, at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of October, A. D., 1889, in a cause therein pending, wherein Eliza Horn, Emma Eliza Murray and J. Morris Robinson, Executors of the last Will and Testament of John Horn, deceased, and George Murray, husband of the said Emma Eliza Murray, are Plaintiffs, and James W. McSorley is Defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity. The mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause and in the said Decretal Order as follows:—

"All that certain piece or parcel of Land situate, lying and being in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and front ng on the south side of Duke Street, now in the occupation of the said John McSorley, and known and described on the Map or Plan of the said City in the Common Clerk's Office as Lot numbered eight hundred and twenty-four (824), and part of Lot number eight hundred and twenty-three (823), and bounded and described as follows: that is to say: Commencing at the Northwest corner of a Lot of Land owned by the said John McSorley, thence running West along the South side of said street fifty-five feet and six inches, or until it meets the North-west corner of property formerly owned by the late Honorable John Robertson, thence Southerly along the East line of said property in a line parallel with Germain Street one hundred feet, thence Easterly in a line parallel with Duke street aforesaid, fifty-five feet and six inches, to the South-west corner of said John McSorley's Lot; thence Northerly along said West line of said John McSorley's Lot, one hundred feet to the place of beginning, making a piece of Land one hundred feet by fifty-five feet and six inches, more or less. Said Lot number (824) and part of Lot number (823) having been conveyed by Christopher Smiler to said John McSorley by deed bearing date the twenty-eighth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty, and Registered in the Records of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book P., number three of said Records, pages 423, 424, and 425."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated the thirty-first day of December, A. D., 1889.

H. LAWRANCE STURDEE, Referee in Equity.

J. RUSSELL ARMSTRONG, Plaintiff's Solicitor.
T. B. HANINGTON, Auctioneer.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

CURES PAINS—External and Internal.
RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.
HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Cracks and Scratches.
BEST STABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD.
CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria, and all kindred affections.
LARGE BOTTLES!
POWERFUL REMEDY!
MOST ECONOMICAL!
AS IT COSTS BUT
25 CENTS.
Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best healing medicine they have.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,
of which there are several in the market. The genuine only prepared by and bearing the NAME OF
C. C. RICHARDS & CO., YARMOUTH, N. S.

ALWAYS ASK FOR
THE ISLAY BLEND
REGISTERED
WHISKY,
MACKIE & Co's
VERY OLD.
See Analytical Report on Each Bottle 6 Years Old.
DISTILLERIES:—
LAGAVULIN, LAPHROAIG, ISLAND OF ISLAY, ARGYLESHIRE.
OFFICE, 5 DIXON STREET, GLASGOW.

READY FOR BUSINESS.
9 Canterbury st.
GENTLEMEN:
You can have your Clothing put in good Order by sending them to
JOHN S. DUNN, TAILOR.
Repairing, Pressing and Altering a Specialty.

BOOTS and SHOES.
A large stock of Ladies and Gentlemen's fashionable
BOOTS AND SHOES
—AT—
MRS. McCONNELL'S,
King street.

C. H. S. JOHNSTON,
House and Sign Painter;
Paper Hanger &c.,
22 North Market street.
All orders promptly attended to.

HAREM
(NOT THE SULTAN'S)
CIGARETTES.

YILDIZ
CIGARETTES.
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes in the Market.
TRY THEM.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
The Celebrated Novelist,
Author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in 1745 and is the relation of an old servant of a Scottish family named Durrisdeer, who lived near St. Bride's. Prince Charlie had just landed. James, the master of Ballantrae, his brother Henry, his father and his affianced wife, Alison Graeme, were all favorable to the Pretender, but to prevent forfeiture of their estate, it was decided that but one should join the Prince. By the toss of a sovereign the choice fell to James the master of Ballantrae. After the battle of Culloden it was reported that James had been killed, and after a lapse of three years, nothing being heard of him, his brother Henry and Alison Graeme were married. A year after this event, a stranger, Col. Francis Burke, who had been one of Prince Charlie's staff, paid a late visit to the Lord Durrisdeer. He imparted the news that James, the master of Ballantrae, had escaped the slaughter at Culloden, and in making his escape to France had, with Burke, been captured and impressed by a pirate.

The master of Ballantrae was subsequently made quarter-master of the pirate ship and after numerous exploits escaped from the vessel with Burke to fall into the hands of a slaver and voyaged with him to New York. After other adventures Burke and his companion reached Paris where they were soon short of money which caused the visit of Burke to Lord Durrisdeer. For seven years the refugee of Paris continued to draw upon the revenues of the estate until everything was spent and the family denied all intercourse and some of the comforts which brought matters to a climax between husband and wife.

Mackellar, the steward of the estates and the narrator of the story met the lady, explained that the money was being sent to an absent member of Ballantrae and she being the mortgagee of the estates as well as the wife of the younger brother ordered the remittances stopped. Whereupon the master of Ballantrae crossed the channel and arrived at Durrisdeer.

The conduct of the Master, or Mr. Bally as he was known, was such that his brother Henry was obliged to quarrel with him, where upon he laid seige to Mrs. Henry, his former lover, and endeavored by every possible means to alienate her affections.

Mr. Bally succeeded in persuading his brother to break the entail of the estates and part of the property was sold for his benefit it being part of the bargain that he would leave the country. He did not however and it was learned that he was a spy of the goverment which he had fought against. He still continued his attentions to Mrs. Henry and his father was still blind to the true character of his oldest son.

Matters went on very badly at Durrisdeer. The two brothers were constantly quarreling with words and finally decided to settle it by a duel with broadswords which was fought at night. While attempting a foul blow at his brother, the master of Ballantrae stumbled and falling on his sword was run through the body. He was left lying where he fell while Mackellar the steward went to inform Henry's wife and his father.

The Lord and Mackeller went to the spot where the master had fallen to discover that he was gone. He had come to his senses and a gang of smugglers passing his way had picked him up. He was taken to France again and sumed his wanderings. His brother after the duel had an attack of brain fever and during his illness Mac-Kellar showed his wife the correspondence, the master which in his fight he had left behind and which proved the duplicity of former love.

Mrs. Henry destroyed the papers to prevent the disgrace of the family and became more devoted to her husband after his recovery. Nothing is heard of the master. The old Lord dies and a son is born to Henry who is now Lord Durrisdeer.

Affairs go on quietly at Durrisdeer, the new lord showing signs of insanity of a mild character and devoting himself reluctantly to his boy. Through the Chevalier Burke, Mackellar learns that the master of Ballantrae is dwelling in India.

Mr. Mackellar discovers the master of Ballantrae and an Indian follower at Durrisdeer one morning when he entered the dining room. He tells Lord Henry and his wife. The latter determines to go to New York where they have an estate leaving the South estate in charge of Mackellar who is instructed to pay no money to the master of Ballantrae whom Mackellar decides to put at defiance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FAMILY FLEES BEFORE THE ENEMY'S PRESENCE.

THE rest of that important day passed prosperously through. It was our policy to keep the enemy in view, and I took my turn to be his watchman with the rest. I think I spirits rose as he perceived me to be so attentive, and I know that mine insensibly declined. What chiefly daunted me was the man's singular dexterity to worm himself into our troubles. You may have felt (after a horse accident) the hand of a bone setter artfully divide and interrogate the muscles, and settle strongly on the injured place? It was so with the master's tongue, that was so cunning to question, and his eyes, that were so quick to observe. I seemed to have said nothing, and yet to have let all out.

Before I knew where I was the man was confiding with me on fry lord's neglect of my lady and myself, and his hurtful indulgence to his son. On this last point I perceived him (with panic fear) to return repeatedly. The boy had displayed a certain shrinking from his uncle; it was strong in my mind his father had been fool enough to indoctrinate the same, which was no wise beginning; and when I looked upon the man before me, still so handsome, so apt a speaker, with so great a variety of fortunes to varnish his tale, he was the very personage to captivate a boyish fancy. John Paul had left only that morning; it was not to be supposed he had been altogether dumb on his favorite subject, so that here would be Mr. Alexander in the part of Dido, with a curiosity inflamed to hear; and there would be the master like a diabolical Æneas, full of matter the most pleasing in the world to any youthful ear, such as battles, sea disasters, flights, the forests of the west, and (since his later voyage) the ancient cities of the Indies.

How cunningly these baits might be employed, and what an empire might be so founded, little by little, in the mind of any boy, stood evidently clear to me. There was no inhibition, so long as the man was in the house, that would be strong enough to hold these two apart; for if it be hard to charm serpents, it is no very difficult thing to cast a glamor on a little chip of manhood not very long in breeches. I recalled an ancient sailorman who dwelt in a lone house beyond the Piggate Whins (I believe he called it after Portobello), and how the boys would troop out of Leith on a Saturday, and sit and listen to his swearing tales, as thick as crows about a carrion; a thing I often remarked as I went by, a young student, on my own more meditative holiday diversion. Many of these boys went, no doubt, in the face of an express command; many feared and even hated the old brute of whom they made their hero; and I have seen them flee from him when he was tipsy, and stone him when he was drunk. And yet there they came each Saturday! How much more easily would a boy like Mr. Alexander fall under the influence of a high looking, high spoken gentleman adventurer, who should conceive the fancy to entrap him; and, the influence gained, how easy to employ for the child's perversion!

I doubt if our enemy had named Mr. Alexander three times before I perceived which way his mind was aiming—all this train of thought and memory passed in one pulsation through my own—and you may say I started back as though an open hole had gaped across a pathway. Mr. Alexander; there was the weak point, there was the Eve in our perishable paradise; and the serpent was already hissing on the trail.

I promise you I went the more heartily about the preparations; my last scruple gone, the danger of delay written before me in huge characters. From that moment forth I seem not to have sat down or breathed. Now I would be at my post with the master and his Indian; now in the garret buckling a valise; now sending forth Macconochie by the side postern and the wood path to bear it to the trysting place, and again snatching some words of counsel with my lady. This was the verso of our life in Durrisdeer that day; but on the recto all appeared quite settled, as of a family at home in its paternal seat; and when perturbation may have been observable the master would set down to the blow of his unlooked-for coming and the fear he was accustomed to inspire.

Supper went creditably off, cold salutations passed, and the company trooped to their respective chambers. I attended the master to the last. We had put him next door to his Indian, in the north wing; because that was the most distant and could be severed from the body of the house with doors. I saw he was a kind friend or a good master (whichever it was) to his Secundra Dass; seeing to his comfort; mending the fire with his own hand, for the Indian complained of cold; inquiring as to the rice on which the stranger made his diet; talking with him pleasantly in the Hindoostanee, while I stood by, my candle in my hand, and affected to be overcome with slumber. At length the master observed my signals of distress. "I perceive," says he, "that you have all your ancient habits—early to bed and early to rise. Yawn yourself away!"

Once in my own room I made the customary motions of undressing, so that I might time myself, and, when the cycle was complete, set my tinder box ready and blew out my taper. The matter of an hour afterward I made a light again, put on my shoes of list that I had worn by my lord's sick bed and set forth into the house to call the voyagers. All were dressed and waiting—my lord, my lady, Miss Katharine, Mr. Alexander, my lady's woman Christie—and I observed the effect of secrecy, even upon quite innocent persons, that one after another showed in the chink of the door a face as white as paper. We slipped out of the side postern into a night of darkness scarce broken by a star or two, so that at first we groped and stumbled and fell among the bushes. A few hundred yards up the wood path Macconochie was waiting us with a great lantern; so the rest of the way we went easy enough, but still in a kind of guilty silence.

A little beyond the abby, the path debouched on the main road; and some quarter of a mile further, at the place called Eagles, where the moors begin, we saw the lights of the two carriages stand shining by the way side. Scarce a word or two was uttered at our parting, and these regarded business; a silent grasping of hands, a turning of faces aside, and the thing was over; the horses broke into a trot, the lamp light sped like will-o'-the-wisp upon the broken moorland, it dipped beyond Stony Brae; and there were Macconochie and I alone with our lantern on the road. There was one thing more to wait for, and that was the reappearance of the coach upon Cartmore. It seems they must have pulled up upon the summit, 'looked back for a last time, and seen our lantern not yet moved away from the place of separation. For a lamp was taken from the carriage and waved three times up and down by way of a farewell. And then they were gone indeed, having looked their last on the kind roof of Durrisdeer, their faces toward a barbarous country.

I never knew before the greatness of that vault of night in which we two poor serving men, the one old and the one elderly, stood for the first time deserted; I had never felt before my own dependency upon the countenance of others. The sense of isolation burned in my bowels like a fire. It seemed that we who remained at home were the true exiles; and that Durrisdeer, and Solwayside, and all that made my country native, its air good to me, and its language welcome, had gone forth and was far over the sea with my old masters.

The remainder of that night I paced to and fro on the smooth highway, reflecting on the future and the past. My thoughts, which at first dwelt tenderly on those who were just gone, took a more manly temper as I considered what remained for me to do. Day came upon the inland mountain tops, and the fowls began to cry and the smoke of homesteads to arise in the brown bosom of the moors, before I turned my face homeward and went down the path to where the roof of Durrisdeer shone in the morning by the sea.

At the customary hour I had the master called, and awaited his coming in the hall with a quiet mind. He looked about him at the empty room and the three covers set.

"We are a small party," said he. "How comes that?"

"This is the party to which we must grow accustomed," I replied.

"Pardon me, Mr. Bally," says I. "We do not in the least fear a scandal against you."

He laughed again. "You have been studying repartee," he said. "But speech is very easy, and sometimes very deceptive. I warn you fairly, you will find me vitriol in the house. You would do wiser to pay money down and see my back." And with that he waved his hand to me and left the room.

A little after my lord came with the lawyer, Mr. Carlyle; a bottle of old wine was brought, and we all had a glass before we fell to business. The necessary deeds were then prepared and executed, and the Scotch estates made over in trust to Mr. Carlyle and myself.

"There is one point, Mr. Carlyle," said my lord, when these affairs had been adjusted, "on which I wish that you would do us justice. This sudden departure coinciding with my brother's return will be certainly commented on. I wish you would discourage any conjunction of the two."

"I will make a point of it, my lord," said Mr. Carlyle. "The mas—Mr. Bally does not then accompany you?"

"It is a point I must approach," said my lord. "Mr. Bally remains at Durrisdeer under the care of Mr. Mackellar! and I do not mean that he shall even know our destination."

"Common report, however"— began the lawyer.

"Ah, but Mr. Carlyle, this is to be a secret quite among ourselves," interrupted my lord. "None but you and Mackellar are to be made acquainted with my movements."

"And Mr. Bally stays here! Quite so," said Mr. Carlyle. "The powers you leave"—Then he broke off again. "Mr. Mackellar, we have a rather heavy weight upon us."

"No doubt, sir," said I.

"No doubt," said he. "Mr. Bally will have no voice!"

"He will have no voice," said my lord, "and I hope no influence. Mr. Bally is not a good adviser."

"I see," said the lawyer. "By the way, has Mr. Bally means!"

"I understand him to have nothing," replied my lord. "I give him table, fire, and candle in this house."

"And in the matter of an allowance? If I am to share the responsibility, you will see how highly desirable it is that I should understand your views," said the lawyer. "On the question of an allowance?"

"There will be no allowance," said my lord. "I wish Mr. Bally to live very private. We have not always been gratified with his behavior."

"And in the matter of money," I added, "he has shown himself an infamous bad husband. Glance your eye upon that docket, Mr. Carlyle, where I have brought together the different sums the man has drawn from the estate in the last fifteen or twenty years. The total is pretty."

Mr. Carlyle made the motion of whistling. "I had no guess of this," said he. "Excuse me once more, my lord, if I appear to push you; but it is really desirable I should penetrate your intentions: Mr. Mackellar might die, when I should find myself alone upon this trust. Would it not be rather your lordship's preference that Mr. Bally should—ahem—should leave the country?"

My lord looked at Mr. Carlyle. "Why do you ask that?" said he.

"I gather, my lord, that Mr. Bally is not a comfort to his family," says the lawyer with a smile.

My lord's face became suddenly knotted. "I wish he was in hell," cried he, and filled himself a glass of wine, but with a hand so tottering that he spilled the half into his bosom. This was the second time that, in the midst of the most regular and wise behavior, his animosity had sputted out. It startled Mr. Carlyle, who observed my lord thenceforth with covert curiosity, and to me it restored the certainty that we were acting for the best in view of my lord's health and reason.

Except for this explosion, the interview was very successfully conducted. No doubt Mr. Carlyle would talk, as lawyers do, little by little. We could thus feel we had laid the foundations of a better feeling in the country, and the man's own misconduct would certainly complete what we had begun. Indeed, before his departure, the lawyer showed us there had already gone abroad some glimmerings of the truth.

"I should perhaps explain to you, my lord," said he, pausing, with his hat in his hand, "that I have not been altogether surprised with your lordship's dispositions in the case of Mr. Bally. Something of this nature oozed out when he was last in Durrisdeer. There was some talk of a woman at St. Bride's, to whom you had behaved extremely handsome, and Mr. Bally with no small degree of cruelty. There was the entail again, which was much controverted. In short, there was no want of talk, back and forward; and some of our wiseacres took up a strong opinion. I remained in suspense, as became one of my cloth; but Mr. Mackellar's docket here has finally opened my eyes. I do not think, Mr. Mackellar, that you and I will give him that much rope."

He looked at me with a sudden sharpness. "What is all this?" said he.

"You and I and your friend, Mr. Dass, are now all the company," I replied. "My lord, my lady and the children are gone upon a voyage."

"Upon my word!" said he. "Can this be possible? I have indeed fluttered your Volcians in Corioli! But this is no reason why our breakfast should go cold. Sit down, Mr. Mackellar, if you please"—taking, as he spoke, the head of the table, which I had designed to occupy myself—"and, as we eat, you can give me the details of this evasion."

I could see he was more affected than his language carried, and I determined to equal him in coolness. "I was about to ask you to take the head of the table," said I; "for though I am now thrust into the position of your host, I could never forget that you were, after all, a member of the family."

For awhile he played the part of entertainer, giving directions to Macconochie, who received them with an evil grace, and attending specially upon Secundra. "And where has my good family withdrawn to?" he asked, carelessly.

"Ah, Mr. Bally, that is another point!" said I. "I have no orders to communicate their destination."

"To me," he corrected.

"To any one," said I.

"It is the last mystified," said the master; "c'est de bon ton; my brother improves as he continues. And I, dear Mr. Mackellar?"

"You will have bed and board, Mr. Bally," said I. "I am permitted to give you the run of the house, which is pretty reasonably stocked. You have only to keep well with me, which is no very difficult matter, and you shall want neither for wine nor a saddle horse."

He made an excuse to send Macconochie from the room.

"And for money?" he inquired. "Have I to keep well with my good friend Mackellar for my pocket money also? This is a pleasing return to the principles of boyhood."

"There was no allowance made," said I; "but I will take it on myself to see you are supplied in moderation."

"In moderation!" he repeated. "And you will take it on your own responsibility. He drew himself up and looked about the ball at the dark rows of portraits. "In the name of my ancestors I thank you," says he; and then, with a return to irony: "But there must certainly be an allowance for Secundra Dass!" he added. "It is not possible they have omitted that."

"I will make a note of it and ask instructions when I write," said I.

And he, with a sudden change of manner, and long forgetting his guest, sat down to the table: "Do you think this entirely wise?"

"I execute my orders, Mr. Bally, said I.

"Profoundly modest," said the master; "perhaps not equally ingenuous. You told me yesterday your power was falsest with my father's death. How comes it, then, that a peer of the realm flees under cloud of night out of a house in which his fathers have stood several sieges? that he conceals his address, which must be a matter of concern to his gracious majesty and to the whole republic? and that he should leave me in possession, and under the paternal charge of his invaluable Mackellar? This smacks to me of a very considerable and genuine apprehension."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STRANGE FUTURE.

Science Looks Forward Two Thousand Years, and Makes a Terrible Prediction about the Human Race.

Some people delight in making others miserable. A few years ago a Boston man, after taking a census of the bald heads in churches and theatres, wrote a labored article to prove that by 3216, the human race would have been entirley destitute of hair. Then Dr. William A. Hammond, after deep scientific research, predicted that about 5327, man would go through life without teeth.

Imagine a hairless, toothless race of men and women. Horrible, certainly, but is it as terrible as things we see to-day? Our country is full of nervous wrecks, the natural outcome of overwork. And Canadians are not as badly off as the people of the United States.

Thousands of people feel dizzy when they get out of bed in the morning. Many a person has a bad taste in the mouth, no appetite a dull aching of the back, slow and faulty memory, and a distressing, feeling of being "tired out." Is there anything worse than this? Yes. When you can't sleep nights, and toss restlessly from one side of the bed to the other, longing for morning to come. Then there is a danger of insanity, of which sleeplessness is the foreboder.

When you feel like this, use nature's true restorative, Pain's Celery Compound. This wonderful discovery is the only reliable medicine for nervous diseases. Try it, and see how quickly it gives new life. It is a food for the famished nerves. It makes the muscles strong and brain vigorous. The rosy blush of health will soon come to the user, and his step will take on new elasticity. Providentially revealed to the discoverer, there is nothing like it.

The milk inspector of Montreal is afraid cows will take "la gippe."

Are you made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.

Judge Kelly died at Washington, D. C., last evening.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Cankermouth.

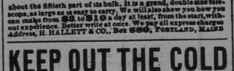
The coroner's jury at Bellville, Ont., on the body of James Lawson, shot dead there by Mary Ann Mountainy, a few days before Christmas, have rendered a verdict equivalent to willful murder against the woman.

Will Wonders Ever Cease?

It has been discovered that by means of the circulating blood any organ of an animal can be paralized or stimulated into renewed activity if the proper material is administered. Cases which has revolutionized delicate surgical operations, is only one of the results of this discovery. The use of Atropine by oculists is a remarkable example: For it matters not how administered, (even if injected into the big toe) the first effect seen is the enlarging of the pupil of the eye. Another application of this discovery, as practical as any, was the idea that the great loss suffered by poultry raisers, owing to the fact that hens stop laying during cold weather, when eggs are worth fifty cents per dozen, could be overcome, if the overies of the hen could be reached and stimulated to egg-producing activity. The experiment was crowned with success, and the chemical compounds deficient in the overies of the hens at this season are now very important components of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay. And with its aid some of our most successful egg raisers believe it is as easy to obtain plenty of eggs in mid-winter as to raise early vegetables. Last December the poultry Editor of the N E Farmer said to a subscriber, "the office of Sheridan's Condition Powder is to animate the overies. A hen to lay profitably must be in condition. I use Sheridan's Powder because I believe that hens can be made to lay even in winter by using it, and fully twice as much profit can be made in a year from a flock of fowls where it is used." Is not that good evidence? Then force your hens to laying now, or later you will reflect.

"How wise we are when the chance is gone,
And a glance we backward cast!
We know just the thing we should have done,
When the time for doing it's past."

For 50 cents I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send two 25 cent packs: five packs for $1.00; or for $1.20, one large 21-4 pound can of Sheridan's Powder, postpaid; six cans for $5.00, express prepaid. The best poultry paper—Farm Poultry one year, and a can of Powder for $1.50. Sample copy of paper 5 cents.

One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will SEND ONE to one person in each locality, anywhere. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do is return it to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beholding of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to

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AN AMUSING STORY TOLD IN THREE KINKS.

The First by Bob. Burdette, the One Today by Bill Nye and the Last One by J. Armry Knox.

[Continued from last Saturday.]

KINK II.

Some Dey, some Dey I will meet you, love;
I know not when or how.

The sun was just about declining with thanks and a flushed face which proved that he was wise to do so, as our second chapter opens.

That is, he seemed to be declining to stand still according to the fevered imagination of unhappy Prince Felix.

A wide sweep of Oriental sand and alkali, trackless as the heaving bosom of the night, stretched far away towards the flushed and slightly razzle-dazzled features of the above-mentioned declining luminary.

A few hare-lipped camels, with earmuffs on their legs and side-whiskers here and there scattered over their persons, stood about, ripe for the camel's-hair shawl maker.

Gaudy trappings covered their poorly upholstered systems as they stretched themselves out in the gathering gray of evening, adding to the strange and weird picture, which I could more fully paint in choice and beautiful language if I had been able to read the preceding chapter.

In the foreground the haughty monarch leaned upon his curved stab-knife, wrapped in thought and a large red nubia of untold value.

He was softly whistling the words with which this chapter opens.

What was to be done?

The discovery of a dead messenger with no ring upon his hand would have been an easy problem to solve; but a man with no hands at all was a complication altogether without precedent in this style of literature, and it placed the great Weddn Dey, ruler of all the Algerines, in a peculiar situation.

"Bismillah Abdallah Bismuth Chinchilla," he cried, beating upon his breast with his clinched hands, "this is indeed a great note. I must go to my tent and think of this a little. Excuse me, gentlemen," he continued. "I never could think in public. I will step aside from your gaze, if you please, and have an idea."

He was gone some little time, during which the trained ear could easily hear the great monarch thinking. When he returned he had made up his mind with the head towards the north, according to the Oriental method of making up the mind.

He said that Prince Djebel Amur had hardly been accorded what, in his own barbaric tongue, he was pleased to call "a fair stake." The young man must be granted a new deal before shuffling off his mortal coil, and thus obtain another chance.

Taking a large chew of tobacco from the carefully dried and prepared third stomach of a camel, which he always carried as a tobacco-pouch, the Resurrecto Dey ordered the perspiring prince to lance another grave.

The wise monarch came to this decision for two reasons,—viz.:

He wanted to be considered just and stand well with the press, therefore the princes were righteously and equitably entitled to another whirl, as he called it; and, secondly, he desired the magic ring with which he was sure he could, by uniting with the court-house ring, make himself entirely solid with his people and add to his Oriental pull among the nations of the earth.

He did not say so, but it was generally conceded by those who knew this royal pelican that the prince who found the ring would also be excused as soon as he had done so, and that on the following morning his beautiful young head might be found among the unanswered postal cards and begging letters in the monarch's waste-paper-basket, whilst the royal old thief could wear the ring as comfortably as it was possible for a felon to wear a close-fitting ring.

That was the train of thought also pursued by the unfortunate princes.

They could not conceal from themselves, even, that they had fallen into the hands of a cruel and relentless despot; but their duty was plain.

Dazzled by the prospects of obtaining the ring, the old barbarian would not suspect them of their real design,—to wit, the discovery of the concealed document.

The Dey, however, was somewhat disturbed by the statement previously made as to the ring becoming talismanic.

Possibly he would not be able to work it after he got it unless he kept the young princes by him.

This worried him, because he was already keeping more help than he could afford, and his every-day suite, to say nothing of his Sunday clothes, would knock the ciphers out of a national surplus at the rate of one per week; while clothes for his wives required an annual issue of debenture bonds which would have brought about a temporary paresis in old Crœsus himself, if this facetious old despot had not contracted a habit of acephalating his creditors when they wouldn't renew ad libitum.

Several times he had threatened to establish the rule that he would make his prisoners, hereafter, board themselves but he had always weakened on it.

In the mean time, what must he do with these two boys who possessed the combination to the talismanic ring?

Then a startling though occurred, that caused him involuntarily to put his hand to his head to discover if the patent steel-woven ruff was safely adjusted about his neck: Does the death of each succeeding possessor of the ring intensify its talismanic qualities?

If so, it may occur to some of his travelling suite that a well-directed welt over the head of his most gracious Majesty while he is thinking of the tariff, some day, would bring to the assassin, through the ring, a degree of power even greater than that heretofore possessed by the Dey himself.

All these strange thoughts chased each other rapidly through the dreary waste which the "pussy" old monarch was pleased to call his mind.

We will not delay our story, however, to moralize over an immoral sovereign, for the princes want the document, the Dey desires the ring, and that overworked convenience "the dear reader" is no doubt in a fever of anxiety to have things come to a focus.

So let us at once proceed with this remarkable story, which not only involves the history of two great countries, but calls into play, in its recital, three of the brightest minds to be found in the whole realm of American prevarication.

We will now proceed with the story.

The Dey decided, at length, that the experiment must go on: so he told the princes that they were entitled to another experiment, if they desired,—according however, to the previous conditon.

They made no objection to this, because Prince Djebel Amur had in his former effort dextrously assured himself that the document was not in the sleeve of the deceased's doublet, there being no lining whatever to his sleeve, the satin having been pulled out in putting the garment on, and never put back again, owing to the absence of defunct's wife.

Prince Djebel having made the other exhumation, and being somewhat heated by the exertion, it was decided that Prince Felix should make the next experiment. So, moistening his hands, and having scoured the spade a little by means of his voice, for he had a very harsh and searching voice indeed, he proceeded to put a little camphor on his handkerchief, and then to dig to his own almost certain death, whatever the result might be, unless the tender-hearted old administration decided that he could not work the talismanic combination without help.

He hesitated for a short time over the question of which grave to open.

Finally he cut a little witch-hazel crotch and held it upright as he walked, seeking to divine the proper locality to dig up as the well-digger of the Occident still does.

He had just reached a certain grave, the one bearing above it the emblem of the single star, when the disgusted and impatient old monarch spanked him with the flat of his scimitar in a way that took the temper out only out of thy sword but also out of Prince Felix himself.

"Dog of an enemy," exclaimed the infuriated monarch, as he kicked the sands of the desert into the sultry air, "will you keep us waiting all the week?

"By the burnsides of the Prophet, thou hadst better hustle, or to-night the jackals and vultures of Algeria will not only dine late on the remains of the dangerous but dead envoy from thy sovereign, bath unearthed, but I will see that both of you shall constitute a banquet for the denizens of the desert,—when the tiger shall taste thy juicy Morocco tenderloin, and the tigress of Algeria will turn her shrinking chops shall select some of the white and some of the dark, and all the beasts that prey and prowl shall pick their teeth with thy wish-bone, to the soft lowing of the Bedouin herds."

At this Prince Felix began to probe the chosen grave, while the Dey and his suite retired for a short distance and held their handkerchiefs to their noses out of respect for the dead.

Presently the prince reached the casket, which was but a little way below the surface, and, prying off the lid, he recognized the face of Murad. But there was no band of gold upon either of his thumbs.

At this the prince felt of his own head, to reassure himself that it was still there.

However, without losing his head until he had to do so, he rapidly ran his hand up the sleeve of the corpse's shirt, and joyfully as a campaign committee going through a department at Washington,

Eureka!

It is there!

Quickly he ripped open the lining and secured the document with one hand while ostensibly weeping with the other over his dead friend.

Thrusting the document into his doublet, he stood up to breathe a sigh of relief, when it occurred to him that the Dey of Algiers had a crow to pick with him, and that no price which he might pull out of his morocco pocket-book could save his head.

The old monarch approached, and discovered that the search so far as the ring was concerned had proved fruitless.

He saw that he must do as he said he would, or lose the respect of his people and court the adverse criticism of the press.

But the ring was not yet secured. However, the old monarch was not the pearl-gray ass of the desert which he looked to be.

As one of his wives said to him while he was crossing the Channel on one of their bridal tours and while his nibs was somewhat ill,—"Ah," she said, while the love-light lingered in her glorious eyes her fair face reminded one of a Peri,—"ah, your Majesty, Full Moon of the Empire, Sachet-powder of the Universe, thou dew upon the lip of Beauty, how true it is that we never know what a Dey may bring forth!"

"Thou hast indeed a great head," said the monarch, as he took a little blumsith and lemon, "and I shall maintain that I never had a wife in my enclosure that knew so well my sorrowing heart or so wisely spoke, and yet so seldom withal. Allah preserve thy sweet coral so be that it be well done, thou wilt wear the blue ribbon at the courtly fair."

* * * * * *

But to return to the solemn scene at the grave.

The haughty Dey felt that he must adhere to his royal decree and sever the handsome head of the prince from his body at sundown.

So the unhappy young man was conducted to a gloomy dungeon, to await the hour when Day began its customary larks with Night at the regular occidental rendezvous.

This fateful time was still two hours distant, for the fevered imagination of the prince had grossly deceived him as he began his work at the opening of this chapter.

As matters stood, Prince Djebel, was at liberty to return to his sovereign, but did not dare to do so without the document which, unknown to him, was in the keeping of prince Felix, who had not an opportunity to communicate this important fact to his friend.

The Dey's desire for the ring was still ungratified, and the ring itself had strangely disappeared from the thumb of the dead envoy.

It had either been lost, or forfeited in penuckle to one of the two envoys still uncovered.

Or, more likely, it had with its graven motto, "In hoc signo vinces," been left in the keeping of one of the numerous millinery tsunrers invariably to be found along the route of contending armies, and its "signo vinces" was "in hoc."

At all events, its recovery was sufficiently unlikely to jeopardize the head of Prince Djebel, whom the Dey proposed to utilize in a further search, and affairs generally were in a disgusting hodge-podge.

The sun now began to decline and ask the hectic west to excuse him.

In the center the desert as genuine and unbroken as the rest of Murad, whose still features mocked the turbulency of crim-visaged war.

Far away his brothers are at play in the lap of his father.

The childish laughter of young Bones-had mingles with the merry whoop of Billdad, Tumad, Futpad, and Tubad.

But he recks not.

The hot simoon of the desert can no more wither and blast his life. Where he has gone, if the simoon came with its hot breath people would have to bring in their garden-stuff to keep it from freezing.

Where Murad is, according to the best orthodox information we can obtain, one of our earthly smelters would make a good refrigerator.

Reluctantly I leave the poor princes one cursed with doubts as to the whereabouts of the long-sought-for document which, when found, it is very doubtful if any one can read, the other a prisoner awaiting the sunset which will bring to him his rapidly ripening doom.

Weddn Dey is very cross about the ring. Wheeling about sorrowfully, he wraps seven or eight more shawls about him and goes to his beautifully caparisoned tent, muttering through his blue lips and chattering teeth, "Bismillah Cascarilla