POETRY.

TRUE COMFORT.

When your heart is lone and weary,
And with tears your eyes are dim;
When the days are long and dreary,
Will you turn your thoughts to him?
When your trembling footsteps falter,
Because rugged is the way;
When your grief you cannot alter—
Will you turn to God and pray?

He will listen to your sorrows,
For he is ever kind;
Earth's poor, heart-sick sons and daughters,
Yes, He bears us all in mind.
Yes, some day we'll know the secrets,
That in the grave lie deep.
We shall meet our loved ones some day
When we wake no more to weep.

Far above the starry heavens,
Beyond the setting sun,
We shall meet the ones that loved us
When the sands of life are run.
For the heart is tried by sorrows,
As we try the gold by fire;
If we are only true and faithful
We shall have our heart's desire.

—Harriet Llewellyn Knight.

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

—OR THE—

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LEMONADE.

"The fact is, mademoiselle," said Barrois, "I am dying with thirst, and since you are so kind as to offer it to me, I cannot say I should at all object to drinking your health in a glass of it."

"Take some, then, and come back immediately." Barrois took away the waiter, and hardly was he outside the door, which, in his haste, he forgot to shut, than they saw him throw back his head and empty to the very dregs the glass which Valentine had filled. Valentine and Morrel were exchanging their adieux in the presence of Noirtier when a ring was heard at the door bell. It was the signal of a visit. Valentine looked at her watch.

"It is past noon," said she, "and to-day is Saturday; I dare say it is the doctor, grandpapa."

At this moment Barrois entered. "Who rang?" asked Valentine.

"Doctor d'Avrigny," said Barrois, staggering as if he would fall.

"What is the matter, Barrois?" said Valentine. The old man did not answer, but looked at his master with wild staring eyes, whilst with his cramped hand he grasped a piece of furniture to enable him to stand upright.

"He is going to fall!" cried Morrel.

The trembling which attacked Barrois gradually increased, the features of the face became quite altered, and the convulsive movement of the muscles appeared to indicate the approach of a most serious nervous disorder. Noirtier, seeing Barrois in this pitable condition, showed by his looks all the various emotions of sorrow and sympathy which can animate the heart of man. Barrois made some steps towards his master.

"Ah, sir," said he, "tell me what is the matter with me. I am suffering—I cannot see. A thousand fiery darts are piercing my brain. Ah! don't touch me, pray don't." By this time his haggard eyes had the appearance of being ready to start from their sockets; his head fell back, and the lower extremities of the body began to stiffen.

Valentine uttered a cry of horror; Morrel took her in his arms, as if to defend her from some unknown danger. "M. d'Avrigny! M. d'Avrigny!" cried she, in a stifled voice. "Help! help!" Barrois turned round and, with a great effort, stumbled a few steps, then fell at the feet of Noirtier, and resting his hand on the knee of the invalid, exclaimed, "My master! my good master!" At this moment M. de Villefort, attracted by the noise, appeared on the threshold. Morrel relaxed his hold of Valentine, and retreating to a distant corner of the room, he remained half hidden behind a curtain. Pale as if he had been gazing on a serpent, he fixed his terrified eye on the agonized sufferer.

Noirtier, burning with impatience and terror, was in despair at his utter inability to help his old domestic, whom he regarded more in the light of a friend than a servant.

Villefort seemed stupefied with astonishment, and remained gazing intently on the scene before him without uttering a word. He had not seen Morrel. After a moment of dumb contemplation, during which his face became pale, and his hair seemed to stand on end, he sprang towards the door, crying out, "Doctor! doctor! come instantly; pray come!"

"Madame! madame!" cried Valentine, calling her stepmother, and running up stairs to meet her; "come quick, quick! and bring your bottle of smelling salts with you."

"What is the matter?" said Madame de Villefort, in a harsh and constrained tone. "Oh! come! come."

"But where is the doctor?" exclaimed Villefort; "where is he?"

Madame de Villefort now deliberately descended the staircase. In one hand she held her handkerchief, with which she appeared to be wiping her face, and in the other a bottle of smelling-salts. Her first look on entering the room was at Noirtier, whose face, independent of the emotion which such a scence could not fail of producing, proclaimed him to be in possession of his usual health; her second glance was at the dying man. She turned pale, and her eye passed quickly from the servant and rested on the master.

"In the name of heaven, madame,' said Villefort, "where is the doctor? He was with you just now. You see this is a fit of apoplexy, and he might be saved if he could but be bled!"

"Has he eaten anything lately?" asked Madame de Villefort, eluding her husband's question.

"Madame," replied Valentine, "he has not even breakfasted. He has been running very fast on an errand with which my grandfather charged him, and when he returned he took nothing but a glass of lemonade."

"Ah!" said Madame de Villefort; "why did he not take wine? Cold lemonade was a very bad thing."

"Grandpapa's bottle of lemonade was standing just by his side; poor Barrois was very thirsty, and was thankful to drink anything he could find."

Madame de Villefort started. Noirtier looked at her with a glance of the most profound scrutiny. "He has such a short neck," said she.

"Madame," said de Villefort, "I ask where is M. d'Avrigny? In God's name answer me!"

"He is with Edward, who is not quite well," replied Madame de Villefort, no longer able to avoid answering.

Villefort rushed up stairs to fetch him himself. "Take this," said Madame de Villefort, giving her smelling bottle to Valentine. "They will no doubt, bleed him; therefore I will retire, for I cannot endure the sight of blood;" and she followed her husband up stairs.

Morrel now emerged from his hiding-place, where he had remained quite unperceived, so great had been the general confusion. "Go away as quick as you can, Maximillian," said Valentine, "and stay till I send for you. Go."

Morrel looked towards Noirtier for permission to retire. The old man, who had preserved all his usual coolness, made a sign for him to do so. The young man pressed Valentine's hand to his lips, and then left the house by a back staircase. At the same moment that he quitted the room, Villefort and the doctor entered by an opposite entrance. Barrois was now showing signs of returning consciousness; the crisis seemed past; a low moaning was heard, and he raised himself on one knee. D'Avrigny and Villefort laid him on a couch. "What do you prescribe, doctor?" demanded Villefort.

"Give me some water and ether. You have some in the house, have you not?"

"Yes."

"Send for some oil of turpentine and tartar emetic."

Villefort immediately despatched a messenger. "And now let everyone retire."

"Must I go, too?" asked Valentine, timidly.

"Yes, mademoiselle, you especially," replied the doctor, abruptly.

Valentine looked at M. d'Avrigny with astonishment, kissed her grandfather on the forehead, and left the room. The doctor closed the door after her with a gloomy air. "Look! look! doctor," said Villefort, "he is quite coming round again; I really do not think, after all, it is anything of consequence."

M. d'Avrigny answered by a melancholly smile. "How do you feel yourself, Barrois?" asked he.

"A little better, sir."

"Will you drink some of this ether and water?"

"I will try; but don't touch me."

"Why not?"

"Because I feel that if you were only to touch me with the tip of your finger the fit would return."

"Drink." Barrois took the glass, and raising it to his purple lips, took about half the liquid offered him.

"Where do you suffer?" asked the doctor.

"Everywhere; I feel cramp over my whole body."

"Do you find any dazzling sensation before the eyes?"

"Yes."

"Any noise in the ears?"

"Frightful."

"When did you first feel that?"

"Just now."

"Suddenly."

"Yes, like a clap of thunder."

"Did you feel nothing of it yesterday or the day before?"

"Nothing."

"No drowsiness?"

"None."

"What have you eaten to-day?"

"I have eaten nothing; I only drank a glass of my master's lemonade — that's all;" and Barrois turned towards Noirtier, who, immovably fixed in his arm-chair, was contemplating this terrible scene without allowing a word or a movement to escape him.

"Where is this lemonade?" asked the doctor, eagerly.

"Down-stairs in the decanter."

"Whereabouts down-stairs?"

"In the kitchen."

"Shall I go and fetch it doctor?" inquired Villefort.

"No, stay here, and try to make Barrois drink the rest of this glass of ether and water. I will go myself and fetch the lemonade." D'Avrigny bounded towards the door, flew down the back staircase, and almost knocked down Madame de Villefort in his haste, who was herself going down to the kitchen. D'Avrigny paid no attention to her; possessed with but one idea, he cleared the last four steps with a bound, and rushed into the kitchen, where he saw the decanter about three parts empty still standing on the waiter, where it had been left. He darted upon it as an eagle would seize upon its prey. Panting with loss of breath, he returned to the room he had just left. Madame de Villefort was slowly ascending the steps which led to her room. "Is this the decanter you spoke of?" asked the doctor.

The doctor poured some drops of the lemonade into the palm of his hand, put his lips to it and, after having rinsed his mouth as a man does when he is tasting wine, he spat the liquor into the fireplace.

"Oh, doctor!" cried Barrois, "the fit is coming on again. Oh! have pity on me."

"The doctor flew to his patient. "That emetic, Villefort; see if it is coming."

Villefort sprang into the passage, exclaiming, "The emetic! the emetic!—is it not come yet?" No one answered. The most profound terror reigned throughout the house.

"If I had anything by means of which I could inflate the lungs," said d'Avrigny, looking around him, "perhaps I might prevent suffocation. But there is nothing which would do!—nothing!"

"Oh, sir," cried Barrois, "are you going to let me die without help? Oh! I am dying! Oh! save me!"

"A pen! a pen!" said the doctor. There was one lying on the table; he endeavored to introduce it into the mouth of the patient, who, in the midst of his convulsions, was making vain attempts to vomit; but the jaws were so clenched that the pen could not pass them. This second attack was much more violent than the first, and he had slipped from the couch to the floor, where he was writhing in agony. The doctor left him in this paroxysm, knowing that he could do nothing to alleviate it, and going up to Noirtier, said abruptly, "How do you find yourself?—well?"

"Yes."

"Have you any weight on the chest; or does your stomach feel light and comfortable—eh?"

"Yes."

"Then you feel pretty much as you generally do after you have had the dose which I am accustomed to give you every Sunday?"

"Did Barrois make your lemonade?"

"Yes."

"Was it you who asked him to drink some of it?"

"No."

"Was it M. de Villefort?"

"No."

"Madame?"

"No."

"It was your granddaughter, then, was it not?"

"Yes."

A groan from Barrois, accompanied by a yawn which seemed to crack the very jawbones, attracted the attention of M. d'Avrigny; he left M. Noirtier and returned to the sick man. "Barrois," said the doctor, "can you speak?" Barrois muttered a few unintelligible words. "Try and make an effort to do so, my good man," said d'Avrigny. "Barrois reopened his bloodshot eyes. "Who made the lemonade?"

"I did."

"Did you bring it to your master directly it was made?"

"No."

"You left it somewhere, then, in the meantime?"

"Yes; I left it in the pantry because I was called away."

"Who brought it into this room, then?"

"Mademoiselle Valentine."

D'Avrigny struck his forehead with his hand. "Gracious heaven!" exclaimed he.

"Doctor! doctor!" cried Barrois, who felt another fit coming.

"Will they never bring that emetic?" asked the doctor.

"Here is a glass with one already prepared," said Villefort, entering the room.

"Who prepared it?"

"The chemist who came here with me."

"Drink it," said the doctor to Barrois.

"Impossible, doctor, it is too late; my throat is closing up. I am choking! Oh! my heart! Ah! my head!—Oh! what agony!—Shall I suffer like this long?"

"No, no, friend," replied the doctor, "you will soon cease to suffer."

"Ah! I understand you," said the unhappy man. "My God, have mercy upon me!" and uttering a fearful cry, Barrois fell back as if he had been struck by lightning. D'Avrigny put his hand to his heart, and placed a glass before his lips.

"Well!" said Villefort.

"Go to the kitchen and fetch me some syrup of violets." Villefort went immediately. "Do not be alarmed, M. Noirtier," said d'Avrigny, "I am going to take my patient into the next room and bleed him; this sort of attack is very frightful to witness."

And, taking Barrois under the arms, he dragged him into an adjoining room; but, almost immediately he returned to fetch the remainder of the lemonade. Noirtier closed his right eye. "You want Valentine, do you not? I will tell them to send her to you."

Villefort returned, and d'Avrigney met him in the passage. "Well! how is he now?" asked he.

"Come in here," said d'Avrigny; and he took him into the chamber where the sick man lay.

"Is he still in a fit?" asked the proctor.

"He is dead."

Villefort drew back a few steps, and, clasping his hands, exclaimed with real amazement and sympathy, "Dead! and so soon too!"

"Yes, it is very soon!" said the doctor, looking at the corpse before him; "but that ought not to astonish you; M. and Mme. de Saint-Meran died as soon. People die very suddenly in your house, M. de Villefort."

"What!" cried the magistrate, with an accent of horror and consternation, "are you still harping on that terrible idea?"

"Still, sir; and I shall always do so," replied d'Avrigny, "for it has never for one instant ceased to retain possession of my mind; and that you may be quite sure I am not mistaken this time, listen to what I am going to say, M. de Villefort." The magistrate trembled convulsively. "There is a poison which destroys life almost without leaving any perceptible traces. I know it well; I have studied it in all its qualities and in the effects which it produces. I recognized the presence of the poison in the case of poor Barrois as well as in that of Madame de Saint-Meran. There is a way of detecting its presence. It restores the blue color of litmus paper reddened by an acid, and it turns syrup of violets green. We have no litmus paper, but, hark! here they come with the syrup of violets." The doctor was right; steps were heard in the passage. M. d'Avrigny opened the door, and took from the hands of the maid a cup which contained two or three spoonfuls of the syrup; he then carefully closed the door. "Look!" said he to the proctor, whose heart beat so loudly that it might almost be heard; "here is in this cup some syrup of violets, and this decanter contains the remainder of the lemonade of which M. Noirtier and Barrois partook. If the lemonade be pure and inoffensive the syrup will color; if, on the contrary, the lemonade be drugged with poison, the syrup will become green. Look well at it!"

The doctor then slowly poured some drops of the lemonade from the decanter into the cup, and, in an instant, a kind of light cloudy sediment began to form at the bottom of the cup; this sediment first took a blue shade, then from the color of sapphire it passed to that of opal, and from opal to emerald. Arrived at this last hue, it changed no more. The result of the experiment left no doubt whatever on the mind.

"The unfortunate Barrois has been poisoned," said d'Avrigny, "and I will maintain this assertion before God and man." Villefort said nothing, but he clasped his hands, opened his haggard eyes, and, overcome with his emotion, sank into a chair.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ACCUSATION.

M. D'AVRIGNY soon restored the magistrate to consciousness, who had looked like a second corpse in that chamber of death. "Oh, death is in my house!" cried Villefort.

"Say, rather, crime!" replied the doctor, "you have in your establishment, or in your family, perhaps, one of those frightful phenomena of which each century produces only one. Locusta and Agrippina, living at the same time, are an exception, and proves the determination of Providence to effect the entire ruin of the Roman empire, sullied by so many crimes. Brunehalt and Fredegonde are the results of the painful struggle of civilization in its infancy, when man was learning to control mind, were it even by an emissary from the realms of darkness. All these women had been, or were, beautiful. The same flower of innocence had flourished, or was still flourishing on their brow, that is seen on the brow of the culprit in your house!" Villefort shrieked, clasped his hands, and looked at the doctor with a supplicating air. But the latter pursued without pity.

"'Seek whom the crime will profit,' says an axiom of jurisprudence."

"Doctor," cried Villefort, "alas, doctor! how often has man's justice been deceived by those fatal words. I know not why but I feel that this crime——"

"You acknowledge, then, the existence of the crime?"

"Yes, I see too plainly that it does exist. But it seems that it is intended to affect me personally. I fear an attack myself, after all these disasters."

"Oh, man!" murmured d'Avrigny, "the most selfish of all animals, the most personal of all creatures, who believe the earth turns, the sun shines, and death strikes for him alone,—an ant cursing God from the top of a blade of grass! And have those who have lost their lives lost nothing?—M. de Saint-Meran, Mme. de Saint-Meran, M. Noirtier——"

"How! M. Noirtier?"

"Yes; think you it was the poor servant's life that was coveted? No, no, like Skakespeare's 'Polonius,' he died for another. It was Noirtier the lemonade was intended for—it is Noirtier, logically speaking, who drank it; the other drank it only by accident; and although Barrois is dead, it was Noirtier whose death was wished for."

"But why did it not kill my father?"

"I told you one evening in the garden, after Madame de Saint-Meran's death, because his system is accustomed to that very poison; and the dose was trifling to him, which would be fatal for another; because no one knows, not even the assassin, that, for the last twelve months, I have given M. Noirtier bruchine for his paralytic affection; while the assassin is not ignorant, for he has proved that brucine is a violent poison."

"Pity, pity!" murmured Villefort, wringing his hands.

"Follow the culprit's steps; he first kills M. de Saint-Meran——"

"Oh, doctor!"

"I would swear to it; what I heard of his symptoms agrees too well with what I have seen in the other cases." Villefort ceased to contend; he only groaned. "He first kills M. de Saint-Meran," repeated the doctor, "then Mme. de Saint-Meran—a double fortune to inherit." Villefort wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "Listen attentively."

"Alas!" stammered Villefort, "I do not lose a single word."

"M. Noirtier," resumed M. d'Avrigny, in the same pitiless tone,—"M. Noirtier had once made a will against you—against your family—in favor of the poor, in fact; M. Noirtier is spared, because nothing is expected from him. But he has no sooner destroyed his first will and made a second than, for fear he should make a third, he is struck down; the will was made the day before yesterday, I believe; you see there has been no time lost."

"Oh, mercy, M. d'Avringy!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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.

VICTORIA'S LAST RESTING PLACE.

When the queen dies her mortal remains will rest in the gray granite sarcophagus with the late lamented Prince Albert's ashes. Underneath the arms of the queen and Prince Albert, on the monument, is inscribed "Farewell, well-beloved. Here at last I will rest with thee. With thee in Christ I will rise again." The white marble recumbent statue of the Prince Consort is in the uniform of a field marshal, wearing the mantle of the order of the Gartar—this is on the right; at the left side of the lid is the unoccupied space where the queen's body will be laid. Bronze angels with outstretched wings and flowing robes are at each corner of the tomb.

WORTH TEN DOLLARS A BOTTLE.

Any person who has used Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure, would not be without it if it cost ten dollars a bottle. A good thing is worth its weight in gold, and Nerviline is the best remedy in the world for all kinds of pain. It cures neuralgia in five minutes; toothache in one minute; lame back at one application; headache in a few momemts; and all pains just as rapidly. Why not try it today? Large bottles 25 cents, sold by all druggists and country dealers. Use Polson's nerve pain cure — Nerviline.

The father had gone away and left his only son in charge of the store. Are you the head of the firm? asked a man with a sample case, entering the establishment. No, sir, remarked the young man, with great urbanity; I'm only the heir of the head.

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.

She — Why is it when doctors are ill they never attend to their own cases? He — I don't know, but I should say it is because they can't charge themselves for it.

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.

I didn't see anything funny in the story that fellow just told. What made you laugh so over it? Do you know who he is? No. Who is he? He's the head of our firm.

In Reply to Oft Repeated Questions.

It may be well to state, Scott's Emulsion acts as a food as well as a medicine, building up the wasted tissues and restoring perfect health after wasting fever.

When we meet in heaven you will remember, Edward, that I had four husbands before you? Oh, yes. I shall suggest that priority govern entirely.

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.

Mrs. Figgs — Where is that custard I put away this noon? Tommy — I — guess it vanished into the empty heir.

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

They Don't Speak Now — Miss Youngwife — Jack is very jealous of me. Miss Maud — What an absurd fellow he is.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, used externally, cures rheumatism; not in a minute however.

THE DEALER PACKED IT.

Why a Young Man in Portland Got His Ring Back.

There is a certain young gentleman in a certain city who is carrying an engagement ring in his pocket which no longer engages, and all because he is one of those brainy youths of whom there are only a very few left unpicked from the bush. Just before Christmas he found himself running short of funds; yet he could not bear the idea of giving anything but a handsome present to his fiancee. He came so near having a conniption fit that he sprained his better judgment.

Going to one of the down-town fashionable dealers in rich pottery of all sorts, he selected a magnificent oriental jar, worth originally $50 at the lowest cash price, and which would have adorned any cabinet of bric-a-brac in the country. The piece had by some casuality been smashed into bits, and was about to be thrown away by the dealer. With a gleam of triumph in his eye, our young man asked the price of the jar in its shattered condition.

The dealer, in some surprise, declared it a gift outright to anyone who would take the fragments away. Our young man rubbed his hands with a Mephistophelian grin. "What will you charge to box and ship it in the same style as you would if it were entire?" he asked, with design in his eye. The dealer named the price, somewhat astonished. "Good," said the young man, I will take the jar as it is. "Here is your charge for packing. Be sure it is done as carefully as with an entire piece, and ship it to this address," and he handed the amazed dealer the street, number, and name.

Then with a triumphant chuckle he strolled on, confident that he would receive credit for the present of an unbroken jar, while all the breakage would be charged to the carelessness of the express company who handed the shipment. But that was where he miscued. A week later he went to call to see the old year out with her. There were metaphorical icicles upon the edges of the card receiver that met him at the door, and the atmosphere grew colder and colder as he advanced into the parlor with a confident smile.

The young lady received him with a ten-degree-below-zero-and-still-falling air, that made his heart take the elevater upon the down trip. But he put on a bold face ond asked cheerily: "Pleasant Christmas I suppose dear?" "Yes, Mr.—very." "Did you-er-er-receive-er-my-little-er-gift?" "Yes, Mr.——, I received it." "It was packed all right, then was it?" Yes, Mr.——, it was packed all right. In fact, it was packed a little too well to have needed packing at all." And the smile she smole as she spoke would have frozen hokey pokey. "Why-er-what do you mean?" he faltered.

Thrusting aside the portiere, she pushed the box before him.

The astute dealer had carefully wrapped each and every single broken bit in tissue paper by itself, before boxing the pile —N. Y. Sun.

BLACKVILLE.

JAN. 30.—The young people that attended the meeting of the sons of temperance in the hall, had quite a rough walk through the storm, but to judge by the number that was out, they are not afraid of bad weather.

Miss Lottie Underhill returned to her school on Saturday much the better of her rest.

Miss Mabel Cameron who has been visiting in this place, returned to her home in Chatham. Her friends were sorry to lose her as she had become a general favorite.

Walter Wetmore is still with us. He intends remaining the winter.

Mr. McIntosh is hard at work. He has a large school to manage but he does his part well and is very popular with his pupils.

HARTFIELD.

JAN. 30.—The weather continues to be very cold and the frost has made its way into nearly all the cellars and root houses. A good many potatoes and other roots have been frozen. The springs and small brooks are all frozen up and nearly all the aqueducts have ceased to do their work. In some places stock suffers for want of water to drink.

Miss E. Stairs, daughter of Samuel Stairs, was married to Edgar Dunlap of Hartfield. The bride received a number of very handsome presents. We wish them all happiness in the future.

Mr. Cliff's two boys was laid up, one with a cut on his leg and the other with a bruised thumb. THE HERALD is looked for here with much interest on mail day.

If it's sciatica, bathe with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, pressing the muscles and nerves hard.

What do those letters stand for? asked a curious wife of her husband as she looked at his masonic seal. Well, really, my love, he replied encouragingly, I presume it is because they cannot sit down.

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.

Do you swear that your own nothing but the clothes you are wearing? asked the tax assessor. Charlie Lackland — Well, I also own a porus plaster, but I am wearing that too.

Originated by a physician, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is prescribed by many regular doctors.

So you went to sing in the choir? Yes. What part? Well I went in as first base, but they changed it to short stop when they heard my voice.

Teacher — In the sentence: A policeman arrested the thief, what case is thief? Boy — A hard case, marm.

At the Bank.

This is to notify you that your account at the bank of health is overdrawn; at this rate you will soon be bankrupt, unless you take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites to build you up.

It will *STOP A COUGH, CURE A COLD, and check CONSUMPTION and all forms of WASTING DISEASES. Almost as palatable as Milk.* Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. For sale by all druggists.

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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;
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A splendid assortment of
Delicious Preserves,
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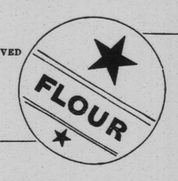

ROLLED OATMEAL

in Whole and Half Barrells.

Graham Flour,

OATS, BRAN and HEAVY FEED.

G. T. WHELPLEY.

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

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is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail, $2 a year
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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 500 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.

Fredericton, 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

H. CHESNUT & SONS.

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter,

AND

TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed 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,
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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'S 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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