POETRY.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP. Give us a song !" the soldier cried,

The outer trenches guarding, When the heated guns of the camps allied Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Reday in silent scoff Lay grim and threatening under : And the tawny mound of the Malakoff No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said arm "We storm the forts to-morrow: Sing while we may, another day Will bring enough of sorrow.

hey lay along the battery's side, Below the smoking cannon; Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde. And from the banks of Shannon,

They sang of love, and not of fame; Forgot was Britain's glory : Each heart recalled a different name, But all sang "Annie Laurie,

nice after voice caught up the song, Until its tender passion Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak, But as the song grew louder Something upon the soldier's cheek Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the dark'ning ocean burned The bloody sunset's embers. While the Crimean valleys learned How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell Rained on the Russian quarters, With scream of shot and burst of shell And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim For a singer dumb and gory : And English Mary mourns of him Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honoured rest Your truth and valour wearing; The bravest are the tenderest. The loving are the daring, -Bayard Taylor.

SELECT STORY.

THE HIDDEN HAND BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE CHANGED BRIDES," ETC. ETC.

CONTINUED FROM THE CAPITAL.

"Thank you, sir," said Cap., demurely. "And now, Cap., one thing is to be noticed. Herbert says, both in your letter and in mine, that they were to start to re- Warfield and Marah Rocke, tnrn the day after those letters were posted. These letters have been delayed in the mail. Consequently we may expect our hero here every day. But Cap., my dear, you must receive them. For to-morrow morning, please the Lord, I shall set which painfully aroused their interest. out for Staunton and Willow Heights, and go and kneel down at the feet of my wife through the solicitation of certain minis-

"Yes! and I will bring her in, in one noment; but first, I must bring in some one else," said Herbert, kissing the hand of Capitola and turning to Old Hurricane, to whom he said . "You need not travel far to find Marah. We took Staunton in our way, and brought

her and Clara along-Traverse !" he said, going to the door-"bring in your moth-And the next instant, Traverse entered with the wife of Major Warfield upon his

Old Hurricane started forward to meet her, exclaiming in a broken voice : "Marah, my dear Marah, God may forgive me, but can you—can you ever do so!" and he would have sunk at her feet, but that she prevented, by meeting him silently placing both her hands in his. And so

quietly Marah's forgiveness was expressed and the reconciliation sealed. Meanwhile Herbert went out, and brought in Mrs. Le Noir and Clara. Mrs. Le Noir, with a Frenchwoman's impetuosity, hurried to her daughter, and clasped her to her heart.

Cap. gave one hurried glance at the beautiful pale woman that claimed from her a daughter's love, and then, returning the caress, she said : "Oh. mamma! Oh. mamma! If I were only a boy instead of a girl, I would thrash that Le Noir within an inch of his life !--But I forgot he is gone to his account." Old Hurricane was at this moment shaking hands with his son, Traverse, who presently took occasion to lead up and introduce his betrothed wife, Clara Day, to her destined father-in-law. Major Warfield received her with all a

soldier's gallantry, a gentleman's courtesy, and a father's tenderness He next shook hands with his old ac quaintance, Mrs. Le Noir. And then supper was ordered, and the evening was passed in general and comparative reminiscences and cheerful con-

versation. CHAPTER LXI.

'THERE SHALL BE LIGHT AT THE EVENTIDE." -Holy Bible. They shall be blessed exceedingly; their stor Grow daily, weekly more and more, And peace so multiply around,

Their very hearth seems holy ground. -MARY HOWITT The marriage of Capitola and Herbert

and that of Clara and Traverse, was fixed to take place upon the first of August, which was the twenty-firth birth-day of the doctor's daughter and also the twentyfifth anniversary of the wedding of Ira There was but one cloud upon the happiness of Capitola; this was the approach ing execution of Black Donald. No one else seemed to care about the

matter. until a circumstance occurred This was the fact that the Governor, "That's a dreadful pretty girl of old Blackthorn's," said Miss Mitson,

But all search was in vain. "You must go straight to Miss Mitson,

"My nephew, Peter Wilde, Miss Abby

little of your ma's mutton-tallow salve for

Abby glanced a look of infinite gratitude

toward the young man, as she handed the

brown-paper parcel to Miss Mitson, mur-

"I'm sorry you have been kept waiting.

Peter Wilde looked surprised, but he

had the common sense to say not a word,

while Miss Mitson, after counting her bills

and effusively thanking Miss Blackthorn.

began to relate the chain of circumstances

whereby her nephew had come from his

And Miss Mitson laughed very heartily

Mr. Wilde walked part of the way home

new home in Arizona to visit her.

quire about the bank-book.

muring

Here it is."

ONE DRINK.

Miss Nannie McKinney was married a

she had been deceived she at once an-

him as his wife.

efforts availed nothing.

nounced that she would decline to live with

The friends of both parties made every

attempt to effect a reconciliation but their

ONLY BARNUM COULD DO IT.

In spite of the badgering Barnum was

subjected to in the white elephant case in

the Court of Queen's Bench the great show-

man not only obtained a verdict in his

favour, but succeeded in making the august

court a big advertisement for his show by

inviting Lord Chief Justice Coleridge to

visit it as he left the box. It was the first

time that the Court of Queen's Bench has

been used as a show poster; and the dodge

NEWS AND NOTES.

The ministers of the Gospel should or

FOR RICKETS, MERMASUS, AND ALL

WASTING DISORDERS OF

CHILDREN

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with

Hypophosphites, is unequaled. The rap-

idity with which children gain flesh and

strength upon it is very wonderful, "I have

used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets

and Marasmus of long standing. In every

case the improvement was marked."-I. M

MAIN M. D., New York Put up in 50c. and

When a man takes an "upper" in a

sleeping car he can at least claim the dis-

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. - MRS. WINSLOW'S

children are cutting teeth. It relieves the

little sufferer at once; it produces natural

quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain,

button." It is very pleasant to taste. It

soothes the child, softens the gums, allays

all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels,

and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa

whether arising from teething or other cause

Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask

for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP and

It is a well-known if rather paradoxical

Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating

fact in the jewelry trade that cut diamond

rates are higher than the original price.

and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a Celebrated

caused irrepressible laughter.

ganize a sin-dicate.

\$1 size.

tinction of high berth.

take no other kind.

THE BANK-BOOK. Abby," said Mrs. Blackthorn, "and tell It was a bright morning in early Sepher the whole story before you sleep. tember, the leaves just tinted with the Tell her we're poor folks, but we'll sell scarlet touch of autumn's first frost, the Spotty, the cow, and do our best to make grass all glittering with dew, when Abby up the loss, a little at a time, as we can. Blackthorn drove her patient old horse And don't fret, Abby, dear. It's the Lord's that her newly made liege lord had taken along the country road, with a wagon will !" load of "truck" for the grocery store, where But poor Abby could not bring herself the Blackthorn family made their modest

o settle back on that conforting faith. purchases on the principle of "exchange Miss Mitson was washing up the supper or barter." There was butter, golden and dishes in the back kitchen when Abby fragrant, packed down under fresh grapecame in leaves in a stone jar; there were plump The crooked hands of the old clock young chickens, picked and dressed, and pointed to the hour of nine. Beside the wrapped in white, old linen ; there was a

table, looking over some papers, sat the basket of eggs and a box of the first and lame young man. Her face brightened fairest of the Bartlett pears that had ripenup at the sight of Abby. ed on the old tree by the well. And Abby, "You are safe then ?" he cried. "The a pretty girl of two or three-and-twenty, runaway horse did not kill you. But I sang softly to herself, as she drove along believe I have something here that bethe elm-shaded road in her blue-and-white longs to you. I picked it up in the road, gingham gown and her bonnet trimmed close by the card of buttons." with home-dved blue ribbon.

It was Miss Mitson's bank-book, still Yes, there was no sort of doubt but that carefully wrapped in its brown paper and the bonnet was rather shabby now. in tied with a bit of blue twine. spite of the care with which Abby had As Abby stood, holding it in her hand, worn it, and she had a lingering hope that with eyes of rapture fixed on it, Miss Mitafter the grocer's bill was paid there would son herself came in, a tea-saucer in

be enough balance left to purchase a new hand, a linen towel in the other. straw shape and two or three yards of the lovely "hunter's green" ribbon for which Blackthorn," said she. "Lemme make her soul yearned. She was turning this you two acquainted. I was just goin' to over in her mind, when a shrill voice send to your house, Abby, to borrow a chimed on herear. "Abby ! Abby Blackthorn, I say !" Peter's cut foot - he stepped on a piece o' And she became aware that old Miss broken glassware, it seems - and to in-

Mitson, at her gate behind the monster lilac bushes, was violently gesticulating to She drew rein at once.

"Goin' to the city, Abby ?" said Miss Mitson - rather an unnecessary question as it would seem. "Yes, Miss Mitson." Miss Mitson looked up, wrinkled, yellow and small, like an Egyptian mummy dressed in the fashion of the year 1888. Abby,

with her rose-pink cheeks, shining brown eyes and delicate curves of cheek and chin, smiled down in her turn. The two made an ideal embodiment of "Youth and

"He wants me to go back with him and Crabbed Age." keep house for him," said she. "But I "Goin' anywhere near the savin's bank, don't believe that cold climate will suit a SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when Abby?" woman of my age. I tell him there's lots "To the grocer's, on the next corner be of nice girls here in Lake Centre. He'd low," Abby answered, blithely.

better pick but a younger housekeeper, Miss Milson whisked out from beneath and take her for life." her apron a soiled yellow book. "I'll be obliged t'ye," said she, "to take at her own joke. this bank book there and draw out a hundred dollars for me. There's the order inwith Abby, in spite of his wounded foot, side, all signed. 'Pay to bearer,' you know.

and she promised to send little John with They'll give it to you without any trouble." a supply of the salve at once. Abby Blackthorn took the book with a "I am so much obliged to you," said he certain awe at the colossal sum mentioned. "But I must tell you," said Abby, as they and bestowed it carefully at the bottom of parted, "that - that the pony didn't run the calico pocket that she were beneath away. It was I that whipped him up. her dress skirt. A hundred dollars! She

ran away from you." had no idea that Miss Mitson, was so rich. "Miss Blackthorn !" "Be very careful ov't," said Miss Mitson. And Abby answered : "Yes' I will."

"I thought you were a tramp! Please greater interest than ever in all parts of the forgive me !" country and persons wishing to improve Of course he forgave her their memory should send for his prospectus What else could he do? And Miss Mitson | free as advertised in another column never knew the danger that her bankwagon, with her eyes shaded by one claw- book had been in. Wickwire-What is the reason Mudge does not speak to you any more? Have "But I shouldn't wonder," said she, "if you offended him in any way? Yabsley-The farm produce, sad to relate, did not arter all. I always liked Abby Black-Peter settled on a young housekeeper, Yes. I claimed that he had nothing but a ommon cold.

M'MURRAY & CO. few days ago to young Mr. Thompson, in Stokes county, Greensboro, N. C. At the conclusion of the ceremony the pretty bride was being congratulated, when, by some means, she happened to discover a drink of whiskey just before the marriage. The young wife was an ardent temperance woman and had believed her sweetheart to be a teetotaler. Finding that

MONTHS, AND NOT SATISFACTORY, MONEY REFUNDED.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

-WE ALSO SELL THE-

which took the First Prize Gold Medal over all others at the Paris Exhibition.

"White"

BROWNS FROM 5 CENTS UPWARDS;

SEWING MACHINE

AND THE HIGHEST PRICE MACHINE MADE IN

CANADA FOR \$27.50. AFTER USING THEM SIX

Sewing Machine,

ROOM PAPER—We have much pleasure in stating that we have bought in the United States before the rise in Wall Papers, 1700 Rolls, and will be in a position very shortly to show the BEST ASSORTMENT of WALL PAPERS to be had anywhere, in Brown and White, Blacks, Gilts, Granites, Engrain and fine Gold Papers, with Borders to match; and we will offer them at

GILTS FROM 20 CENTS UPWARDS.

To arrive this week from Montreal, 8000 Rolls (cheap) Wholesale or Retail.

WE SELL

THIS

\$18,

prices never known in this City.

Call and see the Stock and Prices.

Employs no Agents, but gives the Large Commission to the Buyer, and by so doing, can Sell you an

-ORGAN-

AT VERY LOW PRIC

and on as easy terms as any other company on the

INSTALMENT PLAN.

Call and See our ORGANS and PRICES

WHITES FROM 8 CENTS UPWARDS;

MCMURRAY & CO.

and ask her pardon on my knees!" wish to pull Old Hurricane's gray beard, and to cry over him. She threw herself at

once into his arms and exclaimed : "Oh uncle! God bless you! God bless you ! God bless you ! It has come very late in life, but you may be happy with her

through all the ages of eternity !" Old Hurricane was deeply moved by the sympathy of his little madcap, and pressed her to his bosom, saying :

"Cap., my dear, if you had not set your heart upon Herbert, I would marry you to my son Traverse, and you two should inherit all that I have in the world! But never mind, Cap., you have an inheritance of your own! Cap., Cap., my dear, did it what to do.

ever occur to you that you might have had a father and a mother ?" "Yes! often! But I used to think you

She had not been able to think of any were my father, and that my father, and plan by which could deliver Black Donold. Meantime the last days of July were rapidly mother was dead."

passing away. "I wish to the Lord that I had been Black Donald in the condemned cell your father, Cap., and that Marah Rocke had been your mother! But Cap., your maintained his firmness, resolutely assertfather was a better man than I, and your | ing his innocence of any capital crime, mother as good a woman as Marah. And and persistently refusing to give up his Cap., my dear, you vagabond, you vagrant band. As a last motive of confession, the you brat, you bagger, you are the sole paper writen by Gabriel Le Noir upon his heiress of the Hidden House estate, and deathbed was shown him. He laughed a all its enormous wealth! What do you loud, crackling laugh, and said that was think of that, you baggar?" cried Old all true, but that he, for his part, never had intended to harm a hair of Capitola's Hurricane

A shriek pierced the air, and Capitola | head; that he had taken a fancy to the starting up, stood before Old Hurricane, girl when he had first seen her, and had crying in an impassioned voice :

"Uncle! Uncle! don't mock me! don't her into a marriage with himself; that he overwhelm me! I do not care for wealth or had pretended to consent to her death power; but tell me of my parents, who only for the purpose of saving her life. When Cap. heard this she burst into possessing both, cast off their unfortunate child-a girl, too! to meet the sufferings | tears, and said she believed it was true! The night before the wedding of Capitola and perils of such a life as mine had been and Herbert, and Clara and Traverse, and if I had not met you."

"Cap., my dear, hush! your parents of the execution of Black Donald, came. At Hurricane Hall, the two prospective were no more to blame for their seeming bridegrooms were busy with Old Hurricane abondonment of you, than I was to blame for the desertion of my poor wife. We are over some papers that had to be prepared in the library. all the victims of one villain who has now

The two intended brides were engaged, gone to his account, Capitola. I mean under the direction of Mrs. Warfield, in Gabriel Le Noir. Sit down my dear, and her dressing room, consulting over certain I will read the copy of his whole confession, and afterwards, in addition tell you properties of the approaching festival. But Capitola could give only a half attenall I know upon the subject!"

tion to the discussion. Her thoughts were Capitola resumed her seat, and Major Warfield read the confession of Gabriel Le with the poor condemned man who was Noir, and afterwards continued the subject | to die the next day.

by relating the events of that memorable Hallow Eve when he was called out in a snow-storm to take the dying deposition and rode away. of the nurse who had been abducted with

the infant Capitola. And at the end of his narrative, Cap.

knew as much of her own history as the reader has known all along. "And I have a mother! and I shall even

see her soon! you told me she was coming home with the party-did you not, Uncle," said Capitola.

"Yes, my child. - Only think of it? I ing saved the daughter from the streets of New York, and my son saved the mother from her prison at the madhouse! And

now, my dear Cap., I must bid you good | and warden, rising in surprise, gazing upon night and go to bed for I intend to rise our heroine, and addressing her by the to-morrow morning long before daylight, name under which they had first known to ride to Tip Top to meet the Staunton | her stage," said the old man, kissing Capitola.

Just as he was about to leave the room, cannot rest to-night without saying a few he was arrested by a loud ring and knock- words of comfort to the poor man who is to die to-morrow. So I came hither, ating at the door.

hall to answer the summons.

ters of the Gospel, who represented the stood looking after the departing farm Cap. was no longer divided between the condemned as utterly unprepared to meet his fate, had respited him until the first of like hand. August, at which time, he wished the pris-Abby went diligently about her business. oner to be made to understand that his

Cap. fretted herself almost sick. She

had cudgelled her brains to no purpose.

And suddenly she flew out of the room.

summoned her groom, mounted her horse,

In his condemned cell Black Donald was

bitterly realizing how unprepared he was

to die, and how utterly impossible it was

for him to prepare in the short hours left.

At eight o'clock that night the warden

sat in his little office, consulting the sheriff

"A lady to see the warden."

And Capitola stood before them !

"Yes, gentlemen, it is I. The truth is I

sentence would certainly, without farther quite balance the outstanding bill at the thorn." delay, be carried into effect. grocer's, so the new bonnet question was, This carried a sort of consternation into for the present, shelved. She went to the the heart of every member of the Hurribank and drew out the hundred dollars.

cane Hall household ! in ten crumpled, bilious-looking bills-The idea of Black Donald being hung she did a little absolutely necessary shopin their immediate neighborhood upon ping for her mother and Aunt Prudence, their wedding-day was appalling!

and then, wearied with trying to make Yet there was no help for it, unless one dollar do the work of five, climbed their wedding was postponed to another into the wagon and started for home. occasion than that upon which Old Hur-"I wish I knew of some way to get rich." ricane had set his heart. No one knew

thought Abby. "There are so many uses the entire country, and in consequence for money, if only one could get it. Come, they cannot realize the significance of the ting late. We ought to be home." She was just reaching the lonely stretch | ice crop would be a severe calamity not of road by the deserted quarry, when she only to that state but to the entire nation,

became aware of a solitary pedestrian and I don't believe there are many in the ing eyes, as she drove slowly by. At the on this important New York river, where same time he looked up.

other.

"Is it far to Lake Centre ?" he asked,

slightly lifting his cap." "Three miles," said Abby. "Three miles?" in accents of unpleasant "Nearly, I think." "I was told it was but a short distance."

Abby was silent. " Is there any place near here where I only wanted to carry her off and forced ould hire a conveyance ?" he asked. "Not unless you return to Belthorpe." "It is two miles to go back there at least,

isn't it?' "Yes, I think it is," assented the girl. nor bad looking - sighed.

on a broken bit of glass and cut my foot?" Once more he resumed the limping gait.

Abby's kindly heart here issued its pro-MANY LIVES LOST. "I am going to Lake Centre," said she.

'If you would like to ride ——" "I am very much obliged," said the young man, and he got into the wagon

years has been employed in the China trade. She was commanded by Captain Oct. 25th, for Amoy via Hong Kong. The steamer Glamorganshire, which arrived at Singapore, Nov. 30th, brought that the young man's foot might be only further particulars of the loss of the ship a pretence. She thought of the bank book Nylghan. It is feared that the boat which in her pocket with its precious inclosure. Ryignan. It is icated that the four inclusion in the second state of the second sta At that moment the sun went down belost. There were seven of the ship's crew hind the purple chevaux-de-frise of hills

that Senator Butler, of South Carolina, ing to orders?

the North to consider the negro question | those fellows? calmly and without partisan bias. The re-

at Thredd & Niedel's place - but -" While he yet stooped over the indistinct

You kan't flatter a truly wize man. He NO ICE ON THE HUDSON. knows just how praze iz due him : that he

A Washington, D. C., gentleman who is takes, and charges over all the balance tew now in the city and is putting up ice on the profit and loss ackount. Josh Billings. the Kennebec, has studied the present ice Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating condition in the country, and in a recent

greater interest than ever in all parts of the interview with the Journal gave the folcountry, and persons wishing to improve lowing as an opinion : "But very few comtheir memory should send for his prospectus prehend the immense importance of the free as advertised in another column. ice question to the health and comfort of

Briefly Stated .- Irate dude : "See here tailor, you've made these trousers big Pug," to the pony, "make haste! It's get- words : "No ice on the Hudson." I be- enough for a cow." Polite tailor : "Oh, no; lieve that the entire failure of the Hudson just large enough for two calves." Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating

greater interest than ever in all parts of the limping painfully along with the aid of a ice business on this river who would be their memory should send for his prospectus stick. She looked at him with mild, pity- sorry to see a fair sized crop of ice secured free as advertised in another column.

> nearly 4,000,000 tons are housed in a good "The situation is as brief in follows. The ice houses of the Hudson and neigh- are now one, and I never can keep awake

boring streams and ponds have an aggregate capacity of 4,000,000 tons. Of this amount the city of New York alone uses

nearly 3,000,000 tons. The houses at the having had placed in his hands by an East present time are practically empty where India missionary the formula of a simple in ordinary years nearly half a crop would vegetable remedy for the speedy and perbe carried over from one season, to the manent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis

If this was so the present season there Affections, also a positive and radical cure would be no great cause for alarm, as the for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Comice harvested in Maine would supply all plaints, after having tested its wonderful The young man - he was young and demand. As it is, however, the situation curative powers in thousands of cases, has

is very different. Maine with all her ad- felt it his duty to make it known to his "Well," said he, "I think the best thing vantages cannot put up ice enough this suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive I can do is to keep on ahead. I should year to supply even New York City, let and desire to relieve human suffering, I will have done it very well if I hadn't stepped alone all the southern cities which are send, free of charge, to all who desire it, anxious for Maine ice."-Augusta Journal. their recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using.

Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Novles 194 The steamship Guthrie from Foo Chow | Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. arrived at Sydney, N.S. W., Jan. 5th.

She is the lost of the steamer Dunburg, Leger Brosseau, the proprietor of the with 400 passengers. The Dunburg was a Courier, du Canada died at Quebec Monday, vessel of 1097 tons burden and for some from pneumonia induced by la grippe.

Prof. Loisette's Memory system is creating Bertelson and cleared from Singapore, greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

> Mr. Parvenu-How is this, sir! I thought I gave you to understand that I wanted no advertisements connected with the musicale that was given at my house?

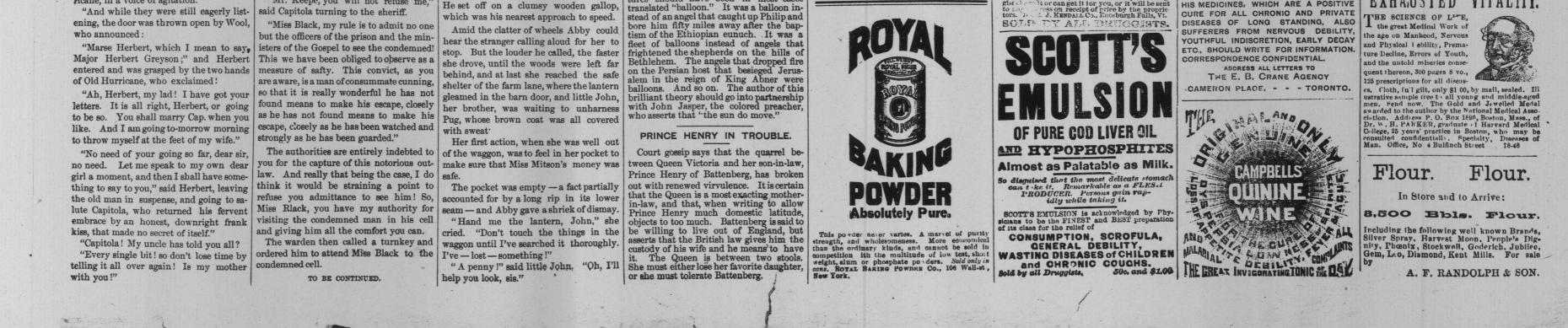
Stationer-Yes, sir; I understand that fully Mr. Parvenu-Well, didn't you get up

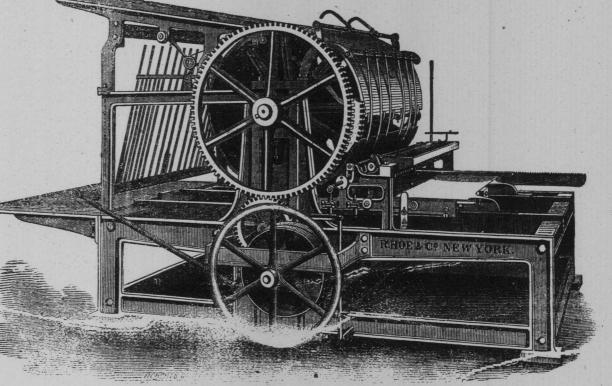
those programmes for me? Stationer-Yes, sir. Aren't they accord-

said the situation in the South was getting Mr. Parvenu-According to orders? No more desperate every day, and a speedy sir! Here you state that the selections solution of the negro problem was impera- played are from Beethoven and Mozart. tive. The Southern people, he said, want I'd like to know who paid you to advertise

Abby to herself. "The buttons I bought peal of the right of suffrage, he thinks, is A Texas editor, having charged that the probably impracticable, but speaking for father of a rival editor had been in the

himself, he would surrender every iota of penitentiary, was notified that he must repolitical power which the South has ac- tract or die. He retracted as follows: "We

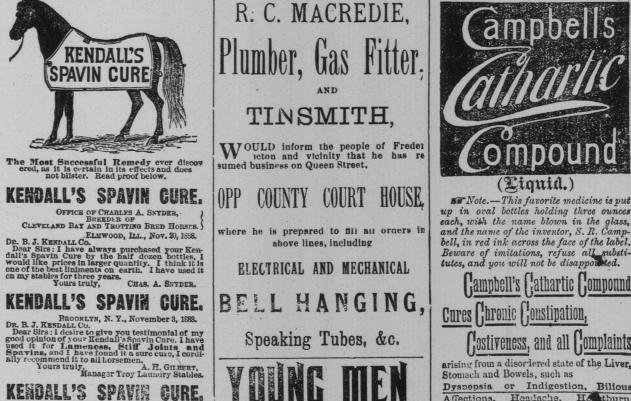


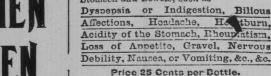


THE HERALD BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OF

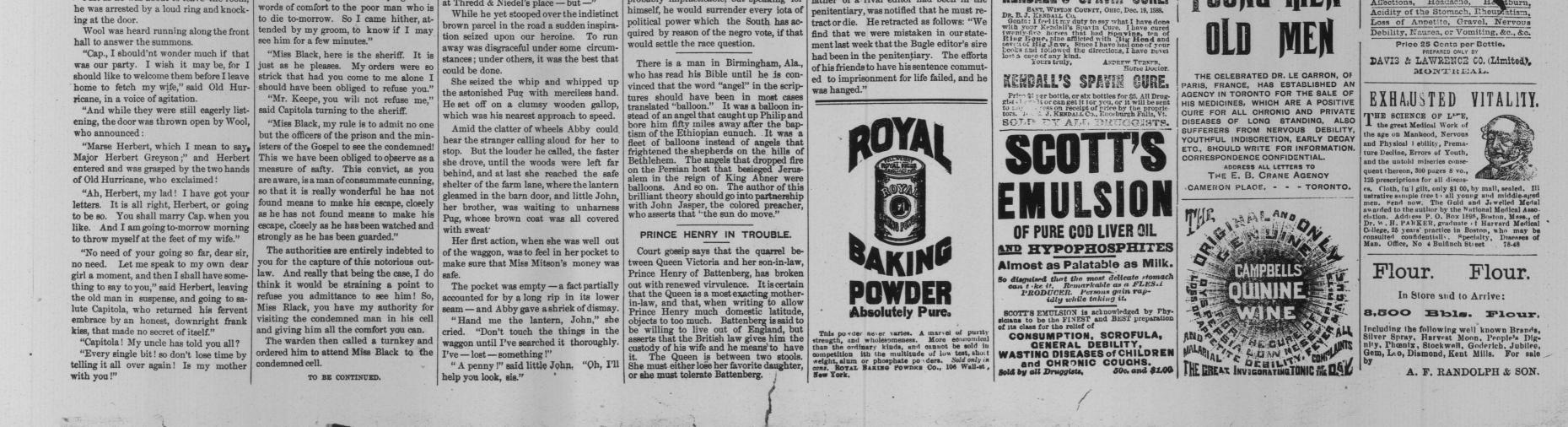
Corner Queen and Regent Streets,

FREDERICTON, N. B.





DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited).



"If he were to choose to murder me!" cussion, a turnkey opened the door, sayshe thought. "Perhaps he was at the bank and saw me draw out the money." A chill dew broke out on her forehead. She drew a long breath. "Miss Black!" exclaimed both sheriff "Oh, I beg your pardon," said the young man, "but I think you have dropped a

parcel out of the waggon. Wait half a second and I will get it for you." "It's only a card of pearl buttons," said

brown parcel in the road a sudden inspira-

without dely. Scarcely, however, had Abby started up her horse, when a sudden misgiving took possession of her. She remembered all the sensational paragraphs she had read in the papers of late. She recalled to herself

in the west. The wagon and Pug plung- had returned without them. in the boat and the steamer sent in search about some details of the approaching ed into a deep thicket of odorous pines.

THE RACE QUESTION IN THE U.S. The World's Washington special says

A Young married Couple .- "Why, Char les, if I didn't actually see you yawn just now," "Well, dearest, you know that we

when I'm alone." CONSUMPTIÓN CURED. An old physician, retired from practice

Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung