TWO SIDES TO A STORY.

[From the Boston Advertiser.]

Years ago, when I was a lad,
My father lived on a Western claim,
Of Indian tribes there were four about;
Government sent them an agent out,
Of a stamp well known—the more's the shame.

He had a comrade, handsome and strong,
Ready to dare, and ready to do;
A capital show and a winning tongue,
But a heart more hard and a life more wrong
Than any other I ever knew.

Pity me, I was only a boy,
And he seemed to me a hero brave,
Well, the tempter knew his power;
Lured to his side in an evil hour,
I, a mere boy, became his slave.

Once as we sat in the tavern door—
God be my witness, I was in jest—
I gave him an aim for his rifle, where,
Half a mile across the lake,
On the edge of the gray cliff, sharp and clear,
A woman sat with her babe at her breast.

"Shoot like Tell!" I said with a laugh.
He pointed his rifle steadily.
There came a flash—I heard a cry—
I shall hear it until the day I die.
"It is only that Indian fool," said he.

I saw the lake's bright surface break;
I saw the mother one instant stand
Like a blasted pine against the sky;
Once again I heard that cry,
Then she lifted to heaven her hand.

No need to hear, for I saw that curse!
She flung herself forward—once again
The lake's bright surface flashed and broke,
And once again my hero spoke.
"An Indian fool," he said again.

Deed fit for a fiend? Ay, that it was.
I broke with my hero from that hour on,
But I know, and you know, that from West to East,
By men who have sunk to the grade of the beast,
Like deeds to the red man are often done.

"Wards of the Nation"—well, call them so!
Then drug them with drink, and hire them with lies,
Teach them sins too vile for a name,
Darken their homes with their women's shame,
Their curse and their favor alike despite.

But blood for blood. God will have it so.
If his mills grind slow they grind full true.
Crimes of a nation were judged that day,
When Custer and his three hundred lay
Stark and dead underneath the blue.

THE WATCHMAN'S STORY.

For over twenty years I was night-watchman in the vast wholesale grocery establishment of Anderson & Wallingford, situated on the corner of Pearl and River streets, in New York city. I was obliged to present myself at the store at the time of closing, 9 o'clock p.m., and remain there during the night. Every two hours it was my duty to examine every part of the building, and make sure that no fires had broken out or no burglars were breaking in. It required about half an hour to go over the rounds, and the remaining hour and a half I slept.

A faithful alarm clock warned me when my hour of duty arrived, and so accustomed did I become to my business that, whether the alarm was set or not, I would wake up at precisely the same moment, and in ten years I had never failed in a single instance to make the required examination. The six hours' sleep which I obtained during the night was all that I required, and during the day I worked in a machine shop, thus earning double wages.

My wife had died two years after she became my bride, leaving me a precious legacy in the form of a dainty babe, scarcely two weeks old. Had it not been for this tender charge I believe I should have sunk under my affliction, and followed her to the grave, so intense was my grief; but the thought that the tiny infant which lay so quiet in its little cradle, staring about with its great blue eyes, looked to me for support, nerved me up to my duty, and I threw off the lethargy of grief and resumed work. The babe under the best influences which I could procure for her, developed into a healthy, romping school-girl, who loved me devotedly, and amply repaid me by that love for all the sacrifices which I had made for her.

Two years previous to the event which is to characterize my story, I had placed her in one of those excellent young ladies' seminaries to be found along the Hudson, and the weekly letters which I received from her, together with an occasional one from the Principal of the school, assured me that she was making excellent progress in her studies.

One summer evening as I entered the store at the usual time, I was met by the junior partner, Mr. Wallingford, who drew me into the private office, and locking the door, said:

"Mr. Bancroft, I wish you to exercise more than your usual care to-night, for there are two million dollars in gold in the cellar. It arrived from California this morning, and is contained in six boxes marked 'hardware.' It is to be taken away to-morrow morning, and I was offered two thousand dollars if I would take charge of it for to-night only. If I find it all safe to-morrow morning, I will make you a present of a check for one hundred dollars. I would provide you with assistants, but that would only increase the chances of robbery by creating suspicion."

"Has any besides yourself any knowledge of the treasure?" I enquired, for I felt somewhat nervous over the great responsibility which was to rest upon my shoulders that night, although the mention of the hundred dollar check which should be mine if it was well in the morning, caused me to rejoice that such was the state of affairs.

"I do not know," he answered. "The gentleman who called upon me to make arrangements for the storing of the money, imprudently stated his business to me in the front office in a rather loud tone of voice, and when he went out I noticed several of the clerks near the door."

"Well, I will do the best I can," I answered.

After some further conversation he dismissed me, saying as he did so:

"You have been a faithful watchman ever since you have been in the store, and I feel confident that you will exercise the necessary vigilance to-night."

I was much pleased by that evident faith in my ability and integrity and it was with a lighter heart than usual that I made my first round that night immediately after closing the store.

As far as I could see, all was well. The six small boxes in the cellar, labeled "Hardware," sent a strong thrill through my whole being as my eyes fell upon them; and I reflected long upon the series of events which had collected the precious dust and placed it under my charge that night. In my mind I conjured up a picture of mere boys, young husbands, fond fathers, gray-headed men, leaving all the hallowed associations of home and family to engage in search for the precious ore in the newly discovered Eldorado. I saw them in that distant land coming out of their rough habitations in the morning, equipped with pick and shovel; and I saw them returning at night, some weary and disheartened, others tired, but jubilant over a small lump or a few grains of the shining metal. I saw them in the bar-rooms and at the gambling table, and gradually, through the honest means of trade, or by foul play, I saw this gold flowing into the hands of a few men, and by-and-by becoming the property of a single individual, who, when his avarice or ambition is satisfied, will follow it to the East, and there squander it in riotous living, or hoard it up for thankless relations to quarrel over after his demise.

I was roused from my reverie by a slight noise apparently coming from behind a pile of tea chests. In a second I was on the alert and listening intently; but although I strained my ears and held my breath until it seemed as though I could hear the rush of water in the sewer, twenty feet beneath me, yet I caught no other sound.

I again made, as I supposed, a thorough examination of the cellar, but without any discovery, and finally became convinced that the noise was made by a rat or mouse in the wall, or else the product of an excited imagination.

Then went up stairs and lay down on a couch which had been my bed for several years, and soon fell asleep.

At eleven o'clock I again went my rounds and found everything "O. K."

After setting the alarm so as to be sure and awaken me at one o'clock, I again resumed my rest.

Shortly after I was aroused by a footstep. Springing up, I grasped my revolver and lit my lantern, but no person was in sight.

I looked in the offices, behind the piles of boxes and bales, and even into the closets, but my search was fruitless, and I finally concluded that it was only a dream.

I looked at the clock and saw that it was a quarter past eleven. I made up my mind that I would not sleep any more that night, but would leave work at noon next day, and make up for my loss of rest by sleeping all the next afternoon. During the whole of my life I had never felt so nervous as at present, and even the beating of the clock startled me.

Once more I lay down on my couch, and strove to conquer my excited nerves, and at last succeeded so well that I fell into a gentle doze in spite of my resolution to keep awake.

Suddenly I was brought back to consciousness by the fact that some one was holding a handkerchief saturated with chloroform to my nostrils. I made an effort to rise, but the anæsthetic had already taken effect. In vain I endeavored to escape from the powerful hand which was holding me down; I could not move a finger. I was aware that if I continued to inhale the stupefying vapor, I should soon be entirely under its influence; I therefore held my breath and feigned unconsciousness. Much to my relief the handkerchief was removed, and the person who held it walked off to another part of the store.

I drew a deep breath, and partially opened my eyes. I saw a man in the back part of the store fumbling in a closet; in a moment he turned and approached the place where I was lying. He wore a false face, but I was sure that his form was familiar; in one hand he held a dark lantern, in the other a ball of stout cord, commonly called bull-twine.

He placed the lantern on the box and proceeded to unwind several feet from the ball of twine. Just at this point he was compelled to sneeze, and through my partially closed lids I saw him remove the false face and wipe his nose. That action gave me a full view of his features and I readily recognized him as one of the porters belonging to the establishment; a quarrelsome, disagreeable fellow, called, from his pugilistic propensities, "Thumping Joe."

He turned his back to me for a moment, and I made a strong effort to throw off the influence of the drug, but in vain; my mind seemed perfectly clear, but my body seemed as powerless as though it had been dead. I was not deprived of the sense of sight, but I could neither quite open nor close my eyes.

I saw Joe divide the cord into three sections, each about four feet in length, with a long, murderous-looking knife, such as butchers use in large slaughter-houses. He next proceeded to bind my right arm to one leg of the couch. Another string he fastened to my left arm, and drew it over the back of the couch, fastening it to the other leg. With the remaining cord he bound my feet together and fastened them down by binding a rope around them and fastening each end to a leg of the couch. I was thus firmly secured and absolutely in his power. He then took up his lantern and went down into the cellar.

When he was gone my strength gradually returned, and I endeavored to escape from my fastenings, but the rogue had done his work well. In about ten minutes, which seemed as many hours to me, so burdened was I with anxiety and dread, he returned bearing in his arms one of the boxes of gold.

He examined my fastenings closely, and seeing that I was conscious, inquired in a disguised voice if I recognized him.

"Yes, sir," I replied, "you are 'Thumping Joe,' and a half-a-dozen detectives will be on your track half an hour after I am released."

With an oath he grasped the gleaming knife and made a motion as if he would plunge it into my breast; but an equally fiendish scheme had occurred to him, and he desisted from his purpose.

Having rolled half a barrel of gunpowder under my couch and bored a small hole in it with an auger, he drove the barrel of my revolver into the hole, almost up to the hammer. He then took some twine from his pocket and tying one end to the trigger, drew the other through a hole in the ceiling and attached it to a heavy weight, so that it hung about two feet from the floor. He then set the alarm of the clock so that it would go off in about an hour.

Having balanced the weight attached to the cord on the edge of a box about four feet high, so that the least pull would cause it to fall off, he attached one end of a fine cord to a hammer striker of the clock, and the other to a weight, carefully tightening it. By this time I was able to comprehend his actions; when the alarm struck it would cause the weight to fall from the box; that would pull the trigger of the revolver and send a stream of fire into the powder—and Heaven only knows what would have been the result.

Having arranged things to his satisfaction he cocked the revolver and asked me what I thought of his plan.

"It is ingenious—terribly ingenious," I replied.

"I am sorry I shall be obliged to shorten your days," said he, "but 'Necessity knows no law.'"

"But Joe," said I, "why need you add the crime of murder to the list of your sins? God knows I will be long and black enough without being blood stained."

"O, I don't consider this murder—the clock is going to do the killing, not I."

"It is all the same."

"To you it will be, but not to me."

"Joe, cut the string that is attached to that weight, and I solemnly vow never to reveal that you are the robber," said I, blushing as I made the offer.

"Can't trust you. 'Dead men tell no tales.'"

"Joe, I have a daughter who looks to me for her support."

"If she is young and pretty, there will be no necessity for her starving to death," said he, with a satanic leer. (He had removed the false face).

"O, Joe, spare my life, I pray you!"

"I told you I could not do it. I must be going; time is precious; good bye." With these words he took up his box of gold, and unlocking the door, went out.

I continued my entreaties until the door was closed, and then relapsed into silence.

It was half-past twelve and the alarm was set at one; unless help came, I had just half an hour—thirty minutes—to live. Oh, how short the time seemed! but if I could only have those few minutes to prepare my worldly affairs, it would be a gracious boon. In my pocket was two thousand dollars in greenbacks, which I had received that very evening in payment of a mortgage. It was only two thousand dollars, but it was all the money I had in the world, and when the explosion came that would be scattered to the four winds of heaven, and not one cent would remain for my daughter—my darling Nellie.

What would she do! God grant that the vile insinuation made by Joe should never be her fate; better, a thousand times better, death and oblivion.

Rapidly the minute hand was approaching the figure 12; it seemed as though I could almost see it move; although it was past 10, and the alarm might go off at any moment, for it is seldom set exactly.

Tick! tick! tick! the seconds were each as valuable as diamonds; how I wondered that I had never known their worth before.

Only five minutes remained; I made a gigantic effort to release myself; no use. I tried to reach my head down and bite of the string attached to the trigger, but although I nearly dislocated my neck, it was still inches away.

Tick! tick! tick! only 2½ minutes,—150 seconds remained, and my fate was sealed.

The minute and a half soon passed away, and only one minute intervened between me and eternity. I commenced to count seconds, closing my eyes so as to shut out the sight of the cruel hands so frightfully near the 12.

One,—two,—three,—four,—five,—six,—the beats seemed to be growing fainter; seven, eight, nine; fainter still; ten, eleven, twe—, but why didn't I hear it? Could it be that the clock had stopped?

I opened my eyes in surprise; the pendulum was motionless.

I was appalled. Had the hand of Providence intervened to spare my life? I thought for a time it must be so, and my heart overflowed with thanksgiving to the great, holy Father.

"This is a miracle, and the first one that has been performed in 1800 years!" I exclaimed. "O God, I thank thee!"

But hark! What noise is that at the door? Heaven forbid that it should be Joe returning to see why the explosion did not occur.

The door opened, and instead of my would-be murderer, Mr. Wallingford entered.

Never before had the sight of the junior partner been so welcome. His quick eye took in the state of affairs at once; and before I could give an order he had cut the string attached to the weight, let down the hammer of the revolver, cut the cords which bound me and helped me to my feet.

I told my story, and we immediately put the detectives on the track of the fugitive. Before morning he was in one of the police station cells, and the box of gold where it was safe.

On examining the clock the next morning, I found I had forgotten to wind it up the previous evening, and it had run completely down and stopped at exactly the right moment, so I was saved literally by neglect. The alarm went off within ten seconds after I started the clock again.

Mr. Wallingford had fortunately been so much troubled by the money that he dressed himself and came to the door at midnight to assure himself that it was safe.

I received a present of $500 from him, and remained in the employ of the firm until a legacy of $10,000, left me by a distant relative, rendered me independent, after which I retired to this little village on the bank of the Hudson, to spend the remainder of my life in the society of my daughter and her family. For Nellie married a thriving country merchant, and three lovely children cluster around her fireside, who often climb upon my knee and beg me to repeat to them the story of my adventure.

COBLEIGH'S ADVENTURE WITH A BAT.

[From the Danbury News.]

Mr. Cobleigh struck but once at that bat. Mr. Cobleigh has an eye like an eagle. The family were just finishing tea, when the bat came sailing into the room through an open window. The ladies—there were company—screamed and wanted to run, but Mr. Cobleigh's voice, so calm and confident, partly assured them.

"Don't be alarmed, ladies," he spoke up, rising from the table and getting the towel. "Bats are harmless, although I'll admit they are rather repulsive," he continued, rolling the towel into the form of a switch, and drawing it by one hand through the other to give compactness to the folds. "Now, I'll show you presently how I'll treat that bat. I'll bet I've killed a hundred of them. I know that when I was a boy I used to stand in the dooryard with other boys and we'd knock at bats with laths. When I made a sweep at one he came down. There was no use of his trying to dodge. You remember, Susan," appealing to his wife, "how I mashed that bat at Uncle Amos', last summer?"

Mrs. Cobleigh remembered it, and cheerfully admitted the circumstance.

"Some people," observed Mr. Cobleigh, snapping the towel once or twice, and putting his eyes square on the bird as it dodged around the edge of the ceiling, "some people go at a bat as if it was a winged rhinoceros. Now caution is the prime thing, and nevers trike until your sure you've a good chance. You wait a moment until he comes down in reach, and I'll show you a trick or two worth knowing."

"Mr. Cobleigh ceased speaking, and began to move about the room with the utmost caution, his eyes distended and his fingers nervously clutching the towel. The ladies divided their attention between him and his prey. It was a season of breathless expectation.

Suddenly the bat descended. Mr. Cobleigh quickly swung back the towel, excitedly yelled, "Here we are!" and made the blow. It was a tremendous sweep, and there was a terrible crash. Mr. Cobleigh could scarcely believe his own senses. The bat passed out of the room, leaving behind a pair of elegant vases and a boquet holder, lying in pieces on the floor, a screaming chorus of female voices, and a very excited and astonished man. He had sufficient presence of mind to hurriedly whisper to his wife:—

"For mercy sake, Susan, don't say a word until after the company go," and uttering this prayer, he sank helplessly into a chair.

He thinks that it must have been a new kind of bat, although he is afraid that possibly it might not have been the right kind of towel.

UP HILL.

Up hill—but up to light,
As recompense for all the wayside toils,
In climbing out of night
To win from struggling life immortal spoils.

Up hill—but up to peace,
The land forever tranquil and serene,
Where tears and sorrows cease,
And no dark wave of troubling care is seen.

Up hill—but up to bliss,
To be forever free from stains of sin,
When earth's last good nights kiss
Becomes the seal of Heaven's glad welcome in!

Up hill—but up to life—
A life which never wearies or grows old,
Unvexed by care and strife;
Immortal in the shining upper fold.

Up hill—but to my home,
To father and the dear ones of my love!
A stranger here I roam,
But still press up to that high home above!

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

There were a score or more women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a good-hearted man and a respectable citizen, though he is rather skeptical about some things. The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and Mrs. Graham added:—

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a $10 bill, and as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:—

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed your children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blacked the cook stove, and made the beds, I'll donate this $10."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:—

"Why, now, Mr. Johnson!"

"If fifteen of you make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, this money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this 'X' goes to the society!" says Johnson.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that don't need darning, I'll hand over the money!" he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members; and as you are not a member I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine business."

HOW A MAN LOOKS FOR CLEAN CLOTHES.

[From the Deaf-Mute Advance.]

Did you ever see a man try to find a shirt or a handkerchief or something in the bureau drawer where his wife keeps her clean linen? It mostly happens when he's in a hurry, when he has got his fireworks temper on, and his wife has got the baby on her lap, or she is "up to the elbows" in dough. He finds the white clothes arranged in such symmetrical layers as only a woman after long practice can accomplish, and he dives in a good deal as he would fish for nubs of kindling in a barrel of shavings, pitching everything right or left on to the floor. Meanwhile, as he fails to get the required article, stamping, and offering up selected expressions of relief to his feelings in a suppressed tone of voice, and vowing, in a way especially designed to reach the ears of his wife, "that it does beat the old—what's-a-name?—a thing can't be put where it can be found." About this time his wife yells out from below that the article sought is right at the top, when he sarcastically wants to know if she supposes he has "got no eyes?" then he tears around into that linen at a more furious rate than ever, vowing that the shirts ain't there, for he has got clear down to the bottom! And then he gathers everything up in a bunch and rams them back anyhow, just as he can grab them, in savage handfuls, tearing around and jerking things all over with a nervous energy. These things out in a sort of abstracted way, as if addressing no one in particular, that he can always tell where to find anything he needs at his place of business in a moment, that he keeps a place for everything, and everything in its place. Just about the time he has worked himself into a red-hot worry of boiling-over impatience and got the whole room into a litter, his wife glides in and lays her hand upon the missing article, right in the drawer where he jerked it out and then rammed it back again—in that quiet way a woman has of maddening a choleric husband into a fit state for the lunatic asylum.

HUNTING FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

Down amongst the meadow grass,
Searching it all over,
Blue eyed Lill and laughing Ben
Hunting four-leaved clover.

Clover white and clover red
Scents the meadow over,
As two heads bob up and down
Hunting four-leaved clover.

Buttercups grow yellow bright—
"Ha! I've got down, old Rover;
What are you out here for, sir?
Hunting four-leaved clover?"

Gypsy hats both trimmed and blue
Yellow heads doth cover;
As they play at hide and seek,
Hunting four-leaved clover.

Merry faces shining bright,
Laughter running over;
Happy shouts proclaim delight;
They've found four-leaved clover.

CRICKETING EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Sacramento Record-Union.]

In Bull Run Valley, Nevada, the crickets have played sad havoc with the early crops. The ugly pests attacked one wheat field of thirty acres, and in an hour destroyed the whole crop, eating the stalks off close to the ground, and then marched on to other conquests. Millions of crickets have been killed and strew the ground for miles around, while the vast number which have been driven or found their way into the streams have imparted a most disagreeable flavor to the water, rendering it unfit for drinking, so that the people have found it necessary to dig shallow wells near the streams and necessarily cover them over. The first band that made an incursion into the valley this year completely destroyed every growing thing upon Borette's Silver Creek ranch, and his experience was that of many other ranchers in the valley. A novel method of cleaning out crickets is by sewing together three gunny sacks, leaving small holes in the bottom one for the egress of water. This large sack is attached to the end of a sluice box, placed so that the water will run into it. The people then assemble armed with bells and boughs, and with a great noise drive the crickets into the stream, which swiftly carries them down through the sluice box into the bag, where they are speedily drowned. At Painter's ranch a few days ago there was a grand "drive," the result being seventy-five sacks full, or about two hundred and twenty-five bushels of crickets, which is considered a pretty good day's work.

—The man who, weary of his wife's absence on a visit to her mother, had a photograph of his house taken with himself and his neighbor's wife standing on the porch, which he sent to his better half, has a rival in the one who simply saw that his letter contained, as if by accident, a red hair about three feet long. His wife wouldn't have waited for the next train to get home, could she have sent herself by telegraph.

—She was a colored lady and attended a revival of religion, and had worked herself up to the extreme pitch of going to the good place in a moment, or sooner if possible. As her friends gave vent to their feelings, she likewise gave vent to her feelings, and exclaimed: "I wish I was a June bug." A brother of sable hue, standing near by, inquired: "What you want to be one for?" "That I might fly to Heaven." "You fool nigger; woodpecker ketch you 'fore you get half way dar."

HOW A CRICKET SAVED A SHIP.

In Southey's "History of Brazil," he tells how Cabeza de Vaca was in a great ship going to South America with four hundred men and thirty horses; and after they had crossed the equator the commander discovered that there were only three casks of water left. He gave orders to make the nearest land, and for three days they sailed for the coast. A poor, sick soldier, who had left Cadiz with them, brought a grillo, or ground cricket, with him, thinking its cheerful voice would amuse him on the long, dreary voyage. But to his great disappointment, the little insect was perfectly silent the whole way. The fourth morning after the ship had changed her course, the cricket, who knew what she was about, set up her shrillest note. The soldier at once gave warning to the officers in charge of the vessel, and they soon saw high, jagged rocks just ahead of them. The watch had been careless, and the great ship, in a few moments, would have been dashed to pieces on the ledges, if this puny creature had not scented the land and told them of their danger. Then they cruised along for some days and the cricket sang for them every night, just as cheerily as if she had been in far-off Spain, till they got to their destined port, the Island of Catalina.

—A book agent was recently shot in Texas. Whereupon the Worcester Press heartlessly and malignantly remarks that "there is a universal demand all over the country for more book agents—in Texas."

—Women are thoughtful. There is one in Williamsburg who never passes the place her first husband was killed without reminding her second husband that he ought to have it fenced in.

New Advertisements.

IMMENSE SUCCESS OF TENNANT'S CELEBRATED FOUR-FOLD BOSOM SHIRTS.

OVER 2,000 Gentlemen in the City of Saint John and vicinity can testify that these Shirts will wear twice as long as any other Shirt in the market. All measures taken by his Centennial models, he can faithfully and honestly guarantee a perfect fit. The only House in the City making a specialty of Shirts, and Shirts only.

At Retail or specially to order.

$1.25, $1.50, $1.85, and $2.00,

THE VERY BEST.

Made from New York Mills Cotton, and the best Irish Linens imported. Shirt Patterns cut for 50 cts. Open until 9 p. m. to suit the business public.

sep 2 — 40½ King street, above Hall's.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE, CANTERBURY STREET.

We have received per Hibernian, via Halifax:

20 packages, containing:

New Tweeds, Black Lustres, WORSTED COATINGS, PRINTS, BRAIDS AND BINDINGS, CRETONNES, REELS, BUTTONS.

For sale at Lowest Prices.

T. R. JONES & CO.

A large assortment of New Fall Goods will be ready for inspection, ex Dorian, now due. sept1

PHOTOGRAPHS! AT PRICES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES.

Work Guaranteed Equal to any anywhere. AT 24 KING ST. (Old No. 16.) TERMS CASH.

J. McCLURE. sept2 4i

Old No. 49. New No. 84.

Trunk Factory! (ESTABLISHED 1860.)

THE subscriber, thankful for the liberal patronage extended to him for the past sixteen years, is most happy to inform his friends and the Public generally that he is still to be found at the OLD STAND, where he will be happy to serve his old customers and as many new ones as wish to save money by patronizing the old stand, where there is to be found one of the largest assortments of TRUNKS, VALISES, GENTS' PELL, LADIES' TRAVELLING and SHOPPING SATCHELS, SHAWL STRAPS, together with a large variety of other articles usually found in a first-class establishment.

Please call, and save money, at old No. 49—New No. 84. Canvas Covers made to order.

Trunks Repaired at shortest notice.

W. H. KNOWLES, 84 Germain St. aug 19—4i

SIGN OF THE HATS AND CAPS! W. J. McGOVERN IS NOW SHOWING

BLACK SILK HATS (Christy's). Drab Corney Hats. do. Hard and Soft Crown English and American Hats. Black Cloth Caps. Black Silk Caps. I. C. Railway Caps. ALSO,

THE ELECTROMOTOR SUSPENDER! THE BEST EVER INVENTED.

No. 40 King Street. aug12 4i

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

PLEASE call early to secure bargains, must dispose of the balance of our stock of Carriages to make room for other Goods.

C. E. BURNHAM & CO., 94 Germain street, St. John, Near Trinity Church. july29

JUST RECEIVED Per Railroad, from Montreal, and now open for inspection:— 478 Yards Choice Canadian Tweed AND COATINGS.

These Goods have been laid in at prices suitable to the times, enabling us to offer great inducements to intending purchasers.

A. & T. GILMOUR, 72 Germain street, St. John, N. B. july29

PRESERVE JARS.

Just Received a Large Assortment of GLASS PRESERVE JARS, WITH AIR-TIGHT COVER, AT H. ROBERTSON'S, 5 King Square. July 22

New Advertisements.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

THIS compound of the vegetable alteratives, Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia and Mandrake with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, makes a most effectual cure of a series of complaints which are very prevalent and afflicting. It purifies the blood, purges out the lurking humors in the system, that undermine health and settle into troublesome disorders. Eruptions of the skin are the appearance on the surface of humors, that should be expelled from the blood. Internal derangements are the determination of these same humors to some internal organ or organs, whose action they derange, and whose substance they disease and destroy. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA expels these humors from the blood. When they are gone, the disorders they produce disappear, such as Ulcerations o the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the Skin, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers and Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucborrhœa, arising from internal ulceration and uterine disease; Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation and General Debility. With their departure, health returns.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS.

Sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine' A. CHIPMAN SMITH, Wholesale Agent, ST. JOHN. July29

TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned, until the FIRST DAY OF OCTOBER next, for

$6000.00

of County of Gloucester Debentures, or any portion thereof, not less than Fifty Dollars, redeemable in ten years, and bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum, payable half yearly, on the first day of July and January, in each year.

This Loan is raised under the authority of Act of Assembly, passed April, 1876, intitled: "An Act to authorize the municipality of the County of Gloucester, to raise money by way of loan, to pay off the County Debt."

Tenders to be addressed to the Secretary-Treasurer, Bathurst, and marked "Tender for Loan."

The Committee of Council do not bind themselves to accept the highest tender.

By order of the County Council.

JOHN E. BALDWIN, JOSEPH M. HACHEY, JOSEPH POIRIER, ONESIPHORE TURGEON, THEOP. DesBRISAY, Sec.-Treas. } Committee to negotiate Loans.

Bathurst, 1876. aug1 tocl1

FRENCH AND GERMAN GOODS.

Now ready for Inspection:— CATERPILLAR WOOL DRESS FRINGES, Fitley Wool Fringe, Black Silk and Wool Fringes, German and Tasmanian Yarns, Black French Merinos, First Choice KID GLOVES, in Black Tints, and Streets, every size from children's No. 1 to ladies' No. 8½. MACKENZIE BROTHERS, New No., 47 King street.

THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE FURNITURE WAREROOMS in the City. In Smith's Hall, over our Auction Room, Prince Wm. st.

New and handsome Furniture of every design and finish, imported and domestic.

THE SUBSCRIBERS would draw the attention of the Public to the large and magnificent collection of new Household Furniture, at their extensive Warerooms, Smith's Building, Prince William street, consisting of Parlor Suites, in Silk, Cotoline, Repp, Hair Cloth and Leather Covering, in Mediæval, Gothic, Grecian, Turkish, Eastlake and other styles; Bedroom Suites, in Walnut, Ash, Pine and otherwoods, with or without Marble Tops; Side Boards, of the latest style and finish; ELEGANT BOOK CASES, WRITING DESKS and WHATNOTS; Rich Drawing Room Furniture, and Dining, Rocking and Easy Chairs, in great variety; Hatracks of all kinds; Flower Stands, Centre and Card Tables, Sofas, Lounges Cribs, Couches, English Plate Mirrors, &c., &c., of all the newest patterns.

Parties requiring Furniture will find it to their advantage to call and examine this Stock before purchasing elsewhere

☞ Fall Stock just received. aug12 3m STEWART & WHITE.

University of New Brunswick.

THE first term of the next ACADEMICAL YEAR begins on THURSDAY, the 21st September, and ends on the 21st December.

For admission to the full undergraduate course, Students will be examined in the Greek and Latin Grammars, the first book of Cæsar's Commentaries, the first two books of the Odes of Horace, and the first book of the Iliad; in Arithmetic, Algebra to Quadratic Equations, and the first four books of Euclid; in English Grammar and Composition, History and Geography.

Students admitted to a partial course, will be examined only in such portions of the above, as will test their fitness to pursue the studies upon which they may wish to enter.

Students may board in the University Building, or in the City, in such private houses as are approved by the President.

The Scholarships for the undermentioned Counties are now vacant:—*Albert, Charlotte, Gloucester, Kent, Northumberland, Restigouche, Sunbury, Westmorland, Victoria.*

These Scholarships are of the annual value of $60, and tenable for two years. The holders are also exempt from the payment of the usual Tuition fees of $22.50 per annum.

For further particulars regarding the course of study, the admission of Free Scholars, the exemption of School Teachers from the payment of Tuition fees, &c., see the *Calendar*, copies of which can be had on application to the President, or the Registrar of the University.

E. H. WILMOT, Registrar. Fredericton, 16th August, 1876. aug19 4i

St. John, N. B., June, 1876.

THE subscribers desire to call the attention of the Public to the extensive improvements made in their

BOOK-BINDING DEPARTMENT,

enabling them to guarantee to all who may favor them with their patronage,

NEAT, HANDSOME AND SUBSTANTIAL WORKMANSHIP, AND AT MODERATE PRICES.

REDUCED PRICES for the re-binding of Music, Magazines and Old Books.

H. CHUBB & CO. aug26

MAGEE BROTHERS, Imperial Buildings!

Just received per S. S. "Hibernian":—

BLACK FRENCH MERINOS, BLACK FRENCH TWILLS AND CRAPE CLOTHS, BLACK PARAMETTAS AND HENRIETTAS, BLACK ALPACCAS AND SICILLIANS, FANCY COSTUME AND MATALAISSE CLOTHS, FANCY, PLAIN AND TRAIL SATEEN CLOTHS.

All excellent excellent value and marked at extremely low prices.

A special lot of BLACK LUSTRES, at 20 cents per yard Extra width. aug26—4i

HEALTH, COMFORT & ECONOMY.

PURE MANILLA W. C. TOILET PAPER.

IN the manufacture of most Paper, such chemicals are used as are dangerous to health, when applied to the purpose for which the W. C. Paper is intended. This is not a "medicated paper;" it contains no drugs whatever, being made of

PURE MANILLA.

The public is cautioned against using colored, printed or medicated paper as a toilet article.

Sold in packages, containing one thousand sheets, at twenty five cents per package, or five packages for one dollar. At A. CHIPMAN SMITH'S, aug19 4i Market Square.

New Advertisements.

LONDON HOUSE, WHOLESALE.

JULY 25TH, 1876.

Received per R. M. S. Caspian.

New Fancy Dress Goods, Black Alpacas, Persian Cords, Italians, Winseys, White Cottons, Oxford and Harvard Shirtings, Muslins, Linings, Silesias, Hollands, Towels, Corsets, Braces, Buttons, Belts, Combs, MARSHALL AND BARBOUR'S LINEN THREAD, ETC.

DANIEL & BOYD. July29

CUMBERLAND MINES COALS.

The above Coals are guaranteed by the Company Equal to Sydney, for Household Purposes. FOR SALE FROM THEIR WAREHOUSE, MAIN STREET, LOWER COVE, AND FROM VESSELS LANDING, AT LOW RATES.

JAMES G. JORDAN, Sec'y and Treas. aug5 6m

BUILDING STONE.

Free Stone, for Building and Ornamental Purposes, WILL this year be delivered in St. John, in cargoes of Sixty Tons and upwards, at $3.00 TO $7.00 PER TON, according to quality. For prices delivered at other ports, apply to T. M. MACKELVIE, CALEDONIA QUARRY, ROCKLAND, N. B. June3 4m w tel 4m

TAILORING! THE Subscriber, thankful for past favors, begs to intimate that he has taken the Shop, No. 100 Germain Street, where he intends carrying on the TAILORING BUSINESS, and would like all his old Customers, and as many new ones as may, to call and see him. All orders punctually attended to with promptness and despatch. JAMES REID, No. 100 Germain street. June 10—6m

Overwhelming Testimony TO THE VALUE OF SPENCER'S Vesuvian Liniment. No Men of Straw are permitted to testify.

John McGillivray, of Bailey's Brook, Antigonish Co., N.S., informs the agent of the above, that a valuable horse belonging to him has been cured of Spavin by the use of one bottle of VESUVIAN LINIMENT. D. D. MACDONALD, Esq., of the same place, says Mr. McGillivray's statement can be verified, and that, personally, he can testify to its great value as a family medicine.

James McLeod, Hampstead, Q.C., writes June 19, 1876: "The high reputation of SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT induced me to purchase date of March 22, 1876, that a valuable horse belonging to him has been cured of Spavin by the use of one bottle of VESUVIAN LINIMENT. D. D. MACDONALD, Esq., of the same place, says Mr. McGillivray's statement can be verified, and that, personally, he can testify to its great value as a family medicine.

James Salmon, Esq., of Newcastle, Grand Lake, writes, May 8th, 1876: "I have been terribly afflicted with Rheumatism, and after expending over $200 with the doctors and for patent medicines without avail, have found a cure in SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT. Accept the thanks of a poor but grateful man for your great discovery."

T. Lunrigan, Brussels street, certifies to the cure of a Bunion that had troubled him for many years, by a few applications of SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT. Also that it is an excellent remedy for Rheumatic pains in the limbs, &c., &c. It is worth its weight in gold. No family should be without it.

David Chalmers, of Kouchibouguac, testifies that he has found SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT invaluable for cracked and chapped hands. Fishermen, and others who are much exposed to the weather, cannot do without it.

W. D. R. Cain, Sussex, N. B., writes, Jan. 25, 1876:— "Great relief has been derived from your VESUVIAN LINIMENT, by those in this neighborhood who have used it for Rheumatism, etc. We keep a supply on hand, and find it a useful medical friend."

Charles McMann, Esq., of Little River, Q.C., writes, May 2nd, 1876: "I have been completely cured of Rheumatism, by the use of SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT, and recommend it to all the afflicted, as a sure, safe and speedy remedy."

J. McKay, Esq., proprietor of the Temperance Hotel, Annapolis, N. S., states that by the use of one bottle of VESUVIAN LINIMENT, he "put new legs" under a favorite horse that was badly spring in the knees. 30 cents expended—30 dollars would not cover the benefit derived. Mr. McKay finds the VESUVIAN LINIMENT as necessary as oats in his stables, it being a certain and speedy cure for sprains, cuts, harness galls, etc.

David Purtle, of Cardwell, King's, writes: "I have been laid up with Rheumatism for 8 or 10 months—so severe in my shoulders that I was unable to lift my arms or perform any kind of manual labor. By the use of one bottle of SPENCER'S VESUVIAN LINIMENT,