MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

HIGHEST AWARD PARIS EXHIBITION,
GOLD MEDAL & DIPLOMA of HONOUR
THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL FOR TOILET SOAP.

Pears' Soap

FOR TOILET AND NURSERY.
Specially Prepared for the delicate skin of Ladies and Children and others sensitive to the weather, winter or summer.
Redness, Roughness, and Chapping prevented.

Fair white hands.
Bright clear complexion
Soft healthful skin.

WE USE COPPERINE FOR BEARINGS IN ALL OUR MACHINERY,

A. ROBB & SONS,

Engineers, Machinists, Iron and Brass Founders, etc.

Special Agents for Maritime Provinces.

AMHERST, N. S.

HEADQUARTERS FOR MILL MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES.

MAKE HENS LAY

WE SEND BY MAIL A LARGE 2¼ POUND CAN FOR $1.20, TWO SMALL PACKS 50cts POST PAID.

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER.

Sheridan's Condition Powder

is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. Strictly a medicine, to be given in the food, once daily, in small doses. Prevents and cures all diseases of hens. Worth its weight in gold when hens are moulting, and to keep them healthy. Testimonials sent free by mail. Sold by druggists, grocers, general stores, or feed dealer for 25 cts., large package, or 5 for $1, sent at once to us. Take no other kind. We will send postpaid by mail as follows: A new, enlarged, elegantly illustrated copy of the "FARMERS' POULTRY BOOK," price 25 cents; tells how to make money with a few hens, and two small packages of Powder for 50 cents; or, one large 2 1-4 pound can and Guide, $1.20. Sample package of Powder, 25 cents, five for $1.00. Six large cans, express prepaid, for $5.00. Send stamps or cash. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 32 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

D^r LOW'S WORM SYRUP

DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS. SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD.

BURDOCK PILLS

SUGAR COATED

A SURE CURE

FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

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

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

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

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

HAREM

(NOT THE SULTAN'S)

CIGARETTES.

YILDIZ

CIGARETTES.

The Finest Turkish Cigarettes in the Market.

TRY THEM.

AUCTION SALES.

NOTICE OF SALE.

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

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

"All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Havelock, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, bounded and described in a grant from the crown, dated the twenty-third day of October, A. D., 1872, and registered the 24th day of October, 1873, in Liber 36, folios [illegible] Running a spruce tree standing at the South Easterly angle of the South half of lot number one, granted to John Wright in block C., thence North fifty chains, thence East twenty chains, thence South fifty chains to a post and thence West twenty chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres, more or less, and distinguished as the South half of lot number two in block C," together with all and singular the buildings and improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in any way appertaining. Dated this fourteenth day of November, A. D., 1889.

MARY A. STEAD,
Mortgagee.

ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN,
Solicitor for Mortgagee.

EQUITY SALE.

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

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

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

Dated the third day of December, A. D., 1889.

H. LAWRANCE STURDEE,
Referee in Equity.

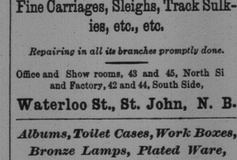
J. RUSSELL ARMSTRONG,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.
T. B. HANINGTON,
Auctioneer.

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

BOOTS and SHOES.

A large stock of Ladies and Gentlemen's fashionable

BOOTS AND SHOES
—AT—
MRS. McCONNELL'S,
King street.



CROTHERS, HENDERSON & WILSON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fine Carriages, Sleighs, Track Sulkies, etc., etc.

Repairing in all its branches promptly done.

Office and Show rooms, 43 and 45, North St and Factory, 42 and 44, South Side,

Waterloo St., St. John, N. B.

Albums, Toilet Cases, Work Boxes, Bronze Lamps, Plated Ware, Watches and Jewelry.

Suitable for Christmas Presents. Cash or Installments.

F. A. JONES,
34 Dock St.

KEEP OUT THE COLD

Lung Protectors,
Chest Protectors,
Chamois Vests,

All sizes and prices at

PARKER BROS.,
Market Square.

MANUFACTURERS.

1828 Established 1828

J. HARRIS & Co.,
(Formerly Harris & Allen).
Paradise Row, Portland, St. John.

NEW BRUNSWICK FOUNDRY
—AND—
Railway Car Works,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Railway Cars of Every Description,

"FEARLESS" STEEL TYRES,
CHILLED CAR WHEELS.
—ALSO—
Steam Engines and Mill Machinery

The Improved Lowell Turbine Water Wheel, Ship Castings, Pumps, Brass and Fence Castings, etc., etc.

Portland Rolling Mill,
STRAIT SHORE, PORTLAND.

Tapered and Parallel Bars for Ships' Knees Nail Plate, Hammered Railway Car Axles, Shafting, and shapes of all kinds.

ST. JOHN BOLT and NUT CO.

Manufacture mild STEEL RIVETS fully equal, if not superior, to the best Scotch Rivets.

P. O. Box 454.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Cut Nails & Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads,
FINISHING NAILS.
Shoe and Hungarian Nails, &c.
Office, Warehouse and Manufactory:
GEORGES STREET, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

North British and Mercantile Insurance Company.

Capital $10,000,000.

70 Prince Wm. street.

D. R. JACK, - - Agent

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

RUPTURE

25 Years' Experience

WE promise nothing till we know your case. Send stamp for full information, and get an HONEST OPINION. Mention this paper. Give age, sex, location of Hernia, employment, height and weight. Write your name and address full and plain.

EGAN & TRACKSELL,
Hernia Specialist
266 Queen st. West, Toronto, Ontario.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

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

SYNOPSIS.

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

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

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

The conduct of the Master, or Mr. Bally as he was known, was such that his brother Henry was obliged to propose that his wife, whom he had left a siege to Mrs. Henry, his former lover, and endeavoured by every possible means to alienate her affections.

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

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

The Lord and MacKeller went to the spot where the master had fallen to discover that he was gone. He had come to his senses and a gang of smuggles passing his way had picked him up. He was taken to France again and sumed his wanderings. His brother after the duel had an attack of brain fever and during his illness Mackellar received his master's confidence, the master which in his flight he had left behind and which proved the duplicity of former love.

Mrs. Henry destroyed the papers to prevent the disgrace of the family and became more devoted to her husband after his recovery. Next we heard of the master. The old lord dies and a son is born to Henry who is now Lord Durrisdeer.

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

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

[CONTINUED.]

After the first week out, we fell in with foul winds and heavy weather. The sea was high. The Nonesuch, being an old fashioned ship and badly loaden, rolled beyond belief; so that the skipper trembled for his masts and I for my life. We made no progress on our course. An unbearable ill humor settled on the ship; men, mates and master, girding at one another all day long. A saucy word on the one hand, and a blow on the other, made a daily incident. There were times when the whole crew refused their duty; and we of the after guard were by no means at one with (being the first time that ever I bore weapons) in the fear of mutiny.

In the midst of our evil season sprung up a hurricane of wind; so that all supposed she must go down. I was standing in the cabin door, stood in a corner not far off, gazing at me with wild eyes; and, from the open skylight, the captain thanked me for my supplications.

"It's you that saved the ship, Mr. Mackellar," says he. "There is no craft of seamanship that could have kept her floating. Well may we say: 'Except the Lord the city keep, the watchmen watch in vain!'"

I was abashed by the captain's error; abashed, also, by the surprise and fear with which the Indian regarded me at first, and the obsequious civilities with which he soon began to cumber me. I know now that he must have overheard and comprehended the peculiar nature of my prayers. It is certain, of course, that he at once disclosed the matter to his patron; and looking back with greater knowledge, I can now understand, what so much puzzled me at the moment, those singular and (so to speak) approving smiles with which the master honored me. Similarly, I can understand a word that I remember to have fallen from him in conversation that same night; when, holding up his hand and smiling, "Ah, Mackellar," said he, "not every man is so great a coward as he thinks he is—nor yet so good a Christian." He did not guess how true he spoke! For the fact is, the thoughts which had come to me in the violence of the storm retained their hold upon my spirit; and the words that rose to my lips unbidden in the instancy of prayer continued to sound in my ears. With what shameful consequences, it is fitting I should honestly relate, for I could not support a part of such disloyalty as to describe the sins of others and conceal my own.

The wind fell, but the sea hove ever the higher. All night the Nonesuch rolled outrageously; the next day dawned, and the next, and brought no change. To cross the cabin was scarce possible; old, experienced seamen were cast down upon the deck, and one cruelly mauled in the concussion; every board and block in the old ship cried out aloud; and the great bell by the anchor bitts continually and dolefully rang. One of these days the master and I sat alone together at the break of the poop. I should say the Nonesuch carried a high raised poop. About the top of it ran considerable bulwarks, which made the ship unweatherly; and these, as they approached the front on each side, ran down in a fine, old fashioned, carven scroll to join the bulwarks of the waist. From this disposition, which seems designed rather for ornament than use, it followed there was a discontinuance of protection, and that, besides, at the very margin of the elevated part, where (in certain movements of the ship) it might be the most needful. It was here we were sitting, our feet hanging down, the master betwixt me and the side, and I holding on with both hands to the grating of the cabin skylight; for it struck me it was a dangerous position, the more so as I had continually before my eyes a measure of our evolutions in the person of the master, which stood out in the break of the bulwarks against the sky.

Now his head would be in the zenith and his shadow fall quite beyond the Nonesuch on the further side; and now he would swing down till he was underneath my feet, and the line of the mast high above him like that in the ceiling of a room. I looked on upon this with a growing fascination, as birds are said to look on snakes. My mind besides was troubled with an astonishing diversity of noises; for now that we had all sails spread in the vain hope to bring her to the sea, the ship sounded like a factory with their reverberations. We spoke first of the mutiny with which we had been threatened; this led us on to the topic of assassination; and that offered a temptation to the master more strong than he was able to resist. He must tell me a tale, and show me at the same time how clever he was and how wicked. It was a thing he did always with affectation and display; generally with a good effect. But this tale, told in a high key in the midst of so great a tumult, and by a narrator who was one moment looking down at me from the skies and the next peering up from under the soles of my feet—this particular tale, I say, took hold upon me in a degree quite singular.

"My friend the count," it was thus that he began his story, "had for an enemy a certain German baron, a stranger in Rome. It matters not what was the ground of the count's enmity; but as he had a firm design to be revenged, and that with safety to himself, he kept it secret, even from the baron. Indeed, that is the first principle of vengeance, and hatred betrayed is hatred impotent. The count was a man of a curious, searching mind. He had something of the artist. If anything fall for him to do, it must always be done with an exact perfection, not only as to the result, but in the very means and instruments, or he thought the thing miscarried. It chanced he was one day riding in the outer suburbs, when he came to a disused by road branching off into the moor which lies about Rome. On the one hand was an ancient Roman tomb; on the other, a deserted house in a garden of evergreen trees. This road brought him presently into a field of ruins, in the midst of which, in the side of a hill, he saw an open door and (not far off) a single stunted pine no greater than a currant bush.

"The place was desert and very secret; a voice spoke in the count's bosom that there was something here to his advantage. He tied his horse to the pine tree, took his flint and steel in his hand to make a light, and entered into the hill. The doorway opened on a passage of old Roman masonry, which shortly after branched in two. The count took the turning to the right and followed it, groping forward in the dark till he was brought up by a kind of fence, about elbow high, which extended quite across the passage. Sounding forward with his foot, he found an edge of polished stone, and then vacancy. All his curiosity was now aroused, and, getting some rotten sticks that lay about the floor, he made a fire. In front of him was a profound well, doubtless some neighboring peasant had once used it for his water, and it was he that had set up the fence. A long while the count stood leaning on the rail and looking down into the pit.

"It was of Roman foundation, and, like all that nation set their hands to, built as for eternity; the sides were still straight and the joints smooth; to a man who should fall in, no escape was possible. 'Now,' the count was thinking, 'a strong impulsion brought me to this place; what for? what have I gained? why should I be sent to gaze into this well?' —when the rail of the fence suddenly gave way under his weight, and he came within an ace of falling headlong in. Leaping back to save himself, he trod out the last flicker of his fire, which gave him thenceforward no more light, only an incommoding smoke. 'Was I sent here to my death?' says he, and shook from head to foot. And then a thought flashed in his mind. He crept forth on hands and knees to the brink of the pit and felt above him in the air. The rail had been fast to a pair of uprights; it had only broken from the one, and still depended from the other. The count set it back again as he had found it, so that the place meant death to the first comer, and groped out of the catacomb like a sick man.

"The next day, riding in the Corso with the baron, he purposely betrayed a strong preoccupation. The other (as he had designed) inquired into the cause; and he (after some fencing) admitted that his spirits had been dashed by an unusual dream. This was calculated to draw on the baron—a superstitious man who affected the scorn of superstition. Some rallying followed; and then the count (as if suddenly carried away) called on his friend to beware, for it was of him that he had dreamed. You know enough of human nature, my excellent Mackellar, to be certain of one thing: I mean, that the baron did not rest till he had heard the dream. The count (sure that he would never desist) kept him in play till his curiosity was highly inflamed, and then suffered himself with seeming reluctance to be overborne. 'I warn you,' says he, 'evil will come of it; something tells me so. But since there is to be no peace either for you or me except on this condition, the blame be on your own head!' This was the dream. I beheld you riding, I know not where, yet I think it must have been near Rome, for on your one hand was an ancient tomb and on the other a garden of evergreen trees. Methought I cried and cried upon you to come back in a very agony of terror; whether you heard me, I know not, but you went doggedly on. The road brought you to a desert place among ruins; where was a door in a hillside, and hard by the door a misbegotten pine. Here you dismounted (I still crying on you to beware), tied your horse to the pine tree, and entered resolutely in by the door. Within it was dark; but in my dream I could still see you, and still besought you to hold back. You felt your way along the right hand wall, took a branching passage to the right, and came to a little chamber, where was a well (with a railing). At this (I know not why) my alarm for you increased a thousand-fold, so that I seemed to scream myself hoarse with warnings, crying it was still time and bidding you begone at once from that vestibule. Such was the word I used in my dream, and it seemed then to have a clear significancy; but today and awake, I profess I know not what it means. To all my outcry you rendered not the least attention, leaning the while upon the rail and looking down intently in the water. And then there was made to you a communication, I do not think I even gathered what it was, but the fear of it plucked me clean out of my slumber, and I awoke shaking and sobbing. And now,' continues the count, 'I thank you from my heart for your insistency. This dream lay on me like a load; and now I have told it in plain words and in the broad daylight, it seems no great matter.' 'I do not know,' says the baron. 'It is in some points strange. A communication, did you say? Oh, it is an odd dream. It will make a story to amuse our friends.' I am not so sure,' says the count. 'I am sensible of some reluctancy. Let us rather forget it.' 'By all means,' says the baron. And (in fact) the dream was not again referred to. Some days after, the count proposed a ride in the fields, which the baron (since they were daily growing faster friends) very readily accepted. On the way back to Rome, the count led them insensibly by a particular route. Presently he reined in his horse, clapped his hand before his eyes, and cried out aloud. Then he showed his face again (which was now quite white, for he was a consummate actor) and stared upon the baron. 'What ails you?' cries the baron. 'What is wrong with you?' 'Nothing,' cries the count. 'It is nothing. A seizure, I know not what. Let us hurry back to Rome.' But in the meanwhile the baron had looked about him, and there, on the left hand side of the way as they went back to Rome, he saw a dusty by road with a tomb upon the one hand and a garden of evergreen trees upon the other. 'Yes,' says he, with a changed voice, 'let us by all means hurry back to Rome. I fear you are not well in health.' 'Oh, for God's sake!' cries the count, shuddering, 'back to Rome and let me get to bed.' They made their return with scarce a word; and the count, who should by rights have gone into society, took to his bed and gave out he had a touch of country fever. The next day the baron's horse was found tied to the pine, but himself was never heard of from that hour. And now, was that a murder?' says the master, breaking sharply off.

"Are you sure he was a count?" I asked.

"I am not certain of the title," said he, "but he was a gentleman of family; and the Lord deliver you, Mackellar, from an enemy so subtle!"

These last words he spoke down at me smiling, from high above; the next, he was under my feet. I continued to follow his evolutions with a childish fixity; they made me giddy and vacant, and I spoke as in a dream.

"He hated the baron with a great hatred?" I asked.

"His belly moved when the man came near him," said the master.

"I have felt that same," said I.

"Verily?" cries the master. "Here is news indeed! I wonder—do I flatter myself? or am I the cause of these ventral perturbations?"

He was quite capable of choosing out a graceful posture, even with no one to behold him but myself, and all the more if there were any element of peril. He sat now with one knee flung across the other, his arms on his bosom, fitting the swing of the ship with an exquisite balance, such as a featherweight might overthrow. All at once I had the vision of my lord at the table with his head upon his hands; only now, when he showed me his countenance, it was heavy with reproach. The words of my own prayer—I were liker a man if I struck this creature down—shot at the same time into my memory. I called my energies together, and (the ship then heeling downward toward my enemy) thrust at him swiftly with my foot. It was written I should have the guilt of this attempt without the profit. Whether from my own uncertainty or his incredible quickness, he escaped the thrust, leaping to his feet and catching hold at the same moment of a stay.

"I do not know how long a time passed by; I lying where I was upon the deck, overcome with terror and remorse and shame; he standing with the stay in his hand, backed against the bulwarks and regarding me with an expression singularly mingled. At last he spoke.

"Mackellar," said he, "I make no reproaches, but I offer you a bargain. On your side, I do not suppose you desire to have always with affectation and display; generally with a good effect. But this tale, told in a high key in the midst of so great a tumult, and by a narrator who was one moment looking down at me from the skies and the next peering up from under the soles of my feet—this particular tale, I say, took hold upon me in a degree quite singular.

"My friend the count," it was thus that he began his story, "had for an enemy a certain German baron, a stranger in Rome. It matters not what was the ground of the count's enmity; but as he had a firm design to be revenged, and that with safety to himself, he kept it secret, even from the baron. Indeed, that is the first principle of vengeance, and hatred betrayed is hatred impotent. The count was a man of a curious, searching mind. He had something of the artist. If anything fall for him to do, it must always be done with an exact perfection, not only as to the result, but in the very means and instruments, or he thought the thing miscarried. It chanced he was one day riding in the outer suburbs, when he came to a disused by road branching off into the moor which lies about Rome. On the one hand was an ancient Roman tomb; on the other, a deserted house in a garden of evergreen trees. This road brought him presently into a field of ruins, in the midst of which, in the side of a hill, he saw an open door and (not far off) a single stunted pine no greater than a currant bush.

"The place was desert and very secret; a voice spoke in the count's bosom that there was something here to his advantage. He tied his horse to the pine tree, took his flint and steel in his hand to make a light, and entered into the hill. The doorway opened on a passage of old Roman masonry, which shortly after branched in two. The count took the turning to the right and followed it, groping forward in the dark till he was brought up by a kind of fence, about elbow high, which extended quite across the passage. Sounding forward with his foot, he found an edge of polished stone, and then vacancy. All his curiosity was now aroused, and, getting some rotten sticks that lay about the floor, he made a fire. In front of him was a profound well, doubtless some neighboring peasant had once used it for his water, and it was he that had set up the fence. A long while the count stood leaning on the rail and looking down into the pit.

"It was of Roman foundation, and, like all that nation set their hands to, built as for eternity; the sides were still straight and the joints smooth; to a man who should fall in, no escape was possible. 'Now,' the count was thinking, 'a strong impulsion brought me to this place; what for? what have I gained? why should I be sent to gaze into this well?' —when the rail of the fence suddenly gave way under his weight, and he came within an ace of falling headlong in. Leaping back to save himself, he trod out the last flicker of his fire, which gave him thenceforward no more light, only an incommoding smoke. 'Was I sent here to my death?' says he, and shook from head to foot. And then a thought flashed in his mind. He crept forth on hands and knees to the brink of the pit and felt above him in the air. The rail had been fast to a pair of uprights; it had only broken from the one, and still depended from the other. The count set it back again as he had found it, so that the place meant death to the first comer, and groped out of the catacomb like a sick man.

"The next day, riding in the Corso with the baron, he purposely betrayed a strong preoccupation. The other (as he had designed) inquired into the cause; and he (after some fencing) admitted that his spirits had been dashed by an unusual dream. This was calculated to draw on the baron—a superstitious man who affected the scorn of superstition. Some rallying followed; and then the count (as if suddenly carried away) called on his friend to beware, for it was of him that he had dreamed. You know enough of human nature, my excellent Mackellar, to be certain of one thing: I mean, that the baron did not rest till he had heard the dream. The count (sure that he would never desist) kept him in play till his curiosity was highly inflamed, and then suffered himself with seeming reluctance to be overborne. 'I warn you,' says he, 'evil will come of it; something tells me so. But since there is to be no peace either for you or me except on this condition, the blame be on your own head!' This was the dream. I beheld you riding, I know not where, yet I think it must have been near Rome, for on your one hand was an ancient tomb and on the other a garden of evergreen trees. Methought I cried and cried upon you to come back in a very agony of terror; whether you heard me, I know not, but you went doggedly on. The road brought you to a desert place among ruins; where was a door in a hillside, and hard by the door a misbegotten pine. Here you dismounted (I still crying on you to beware), tied your horse to the pine tree, and entered resolutely in by the door. Within it was dark; but in my dream I could still see you, and still besought you to hold back. You felt your way along the right hand wall, took a branching passage to the right, and came to a little chamber, where was a well (with a railing). At this (I know not why) my alarm for you increased a thousand-fold, so that I seemed to scream myself hoarse with warnings, crying it was still time and bidding you begone at once from that vestibule. Such was the word I used in my dream, and it seemed then to have a clear significancy; but today and awake, I profess I know not what it means. To all my outcry you rendered not the least attention, leaning the while upon the rail and looking down intently in the water. And then there was made to you a communication, I do not think I even gathered what it was, but the fear of it plucked me clean out of my slumber, and I awoke shaking and sobbing. And now,' continues the count, 'I thank you from my heart for your insistency. This dream lay on me like a load; and now I have told it in plain words and in the broad daylight, it seems no great matter.' 'I do not know,' says the baron. 'It is in some points strange. A communication, did you say? Oh, it is an odd dream. It will make a story to amuse our friends.' I am not so sure,' says the count. 'I am sensible of some reluctancy. Let us rather forget it.' 'By all means,' says the baron. And (in fact) the dream was not again referred to. Some days after, the count proposed a ride in the fields, which the baron (since they were daily growing faster friends) very readily accepted. On the way back to Rome, the count led them insensibly by a particular route. Presently he reined in his horse, clapped his hand

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Coffee and Typhoid Fever.

In a practice of twenty-five years, Dr. W. A. Cusick has not observed a fatal issue in any case of typhoid fever where the patient expressed a fondness for coffee and used it freely in the course of the sickness, and hence he has encouraged its free use unless interdicted by some idiosyncrasy. He believes that coffee imparts "staying qualities" to the nervous system, which, in self limited fevers, will often tide the patient over the critical period to convalescence when he would otherwise sink and die. —Southern Medical Record.

Perfectly Convenient.

"Could you render a poor printer, out of work and destitute, a little assistance?" queried a disreputable looking specimen as he came, in a rather hesitating manner, into the sanctum. "Don't put yourself out," he added hastily as the editor rose with great suddenness, "don't put yourself out."

"I won't," said the editor cheerfully, as he rolled up his sleeves, "it isn't myself that I'm going to put out."—Epoch.

He Got It.

"You want light employment, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you can take the eighteenth lamp district. There's as much light work there as anywhere else. Six hundred lamps."—Harper's Bazar.

Will Wonders Ever Cease?

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

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

For 50 cents L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send two 25 cent packs; five packs for $1.00; or for $1.20, one large 2 1-4 pound can of Sheridan's Powder, postpaid; six cans for $5.00, express prepaid. The best poultry paper—Farm Poultry one year, and a can of Powder for $1.50. Sample copy of paper 5 cents.

THE GOLDEN LAND.

When the heavens are drearily shrouded
With clouds and wintry gloom,
I dream of a land that is golden
With sunshine and summer bloom,
And then the clouds and the darkness,
Like mist, roll away from mine eyes,
And I see, in its beauty and splendor,
The land of the golden skies!

And so, though life's roses have perished
In storms of wintry years,
Though sunshine has turned into darkness,
And pleasure to pain and tears,
I dream of skies that are cloudless,
Of peace, and of heavenly rest,
And I see, in a glorious vision,
The golden Land of the Blest!
—Charles W. Hubner, in Philadelphia News.

A Nasal Injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Sir John Macdonald celebrated his seventy-fifth anniversary on Saturday. He received congratulations from all parts of the Empire.

"Hackmetack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents.

The Marquis of Conyngham has made a voluntary reduction of 20 per cent. in the rent of his tenants.

For dyspepsia and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure.

The Dominion Miller's Association are still urging for an increased duty on flour.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis.

Portugal has replied to England's demand that yielding to the strong pressure from a power of the first class, and being too weak to withstand it, would order the withdrawal of the Portuguese from Shire and Markonaland, while reserving all rights of the Portuguese crown to those territories.

The Lanes and Streets.

Of a city are like the veins and arteries of the body; if foul or impure, disease results. Cleanse the blood from the foul humors by using Burdock Blood Bitters, the best blood medicine ever devised to cure all blood disorders from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

Prevailing Sickness.

The most prevalent complaints at this season are rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, inflammations and congestions. For all these and other Painful Ailments Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best internal and external remedy.

Worn Out and Run Down.

By disease and debility the human system becomes worn out and run down before its time. Keep the head clear, the bowels regular, the blood pure, the kidneys and liver active by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, nature's great tonic and regulator, and disease cannot exist.

If You Have a Cough,

Do