MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

THE BLACK BESS.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

[CONTINUED.]

I knew, in an intimate and under consciousness, that I was deceived; but, do what I would, it came to me as if I were experiencing it myself, all the annihilating terror that must overwhelm the sufferer as that black monster and its red hot eye advanced with the thundering tread and shook her frame bodily and her soul with vast fear. I heard, in my fancy, her shrill shrieks, as she struggled vainly to rise, and escape, and flee, and knew that it was vainly. I felt—almost with positive and physical pain of my own—the breaking and grinding of the bone, and then—I should have done it—I had reached out my hand to do it—when, suddenly, the fair, pale face rose from the way like a dew cloud, the floating garments of the late prostrate form were gathered together, all had dissappeared—and we slid gently upon the trestle-work, and wound our way over its spider line, till kindly woods beyond took us into safety and shelter.

I stood, then, powerless, and could not have lifted my hand to my face to wipe off the beads of cold sweat there. It seems, perhaps, in the rehearsal, a little thing to have endured; but I can tell you that it was the tortures of the damned. The men and women who had given their lives into my hand that night, never knew how, for one moment, that hand, loosening its grasp, hesitated, and held them over the precipice and gulf of death, while they gazed out and down, and admired the beauty of the world, and felt their life and enjoyed their breath.

It was then Margaret said I must leave the railroad; I had no right longer to play at fast and loose with the destinies of others; each time I stepped upon my platform was a sin. The wear and tear of travel, and night travel at that, she said, had broken up my nervous system, which, added to my previous shock already sustained, might produce irreparable misfortunes, if I did not leave everything, and come down and rest with her at her mother's.

This last was pleasant enough—rest in that happy house, the low-roofed old farmhouse, standing on its verdant knoll, that always shone like some broad carpet of greenest velvet embroidered with all the golden sunshine of summer, the house where everything was ordered to the music of peace and quietness—but then, by and by, there was for that.

Was it a devil driving me on to stay? or was it my natural manliness refusing to yield to a devil and begging for one more trial?—I declined to go; still said nothing, and took my train out of Waterwey. I was so thoroughly myself on every other topic, that I could not believe in a monomania upon this one. I invented an apology to myself for every time that I yielded to my pursuer—the reflection of the moon in some ditch of still water, the lantern of a crossing in the woods, the round, white signboard of a switch, the signal balls upon a drawbridge—I affirmed that in similarly deceptive lights and shadows they would have affected every man in the same way as that in which I was affected.

But, at last, the tormenter grew insupportable: it followed me from station to station, as some great, winged, stinging thing pursues a racer, its play on my emotions being all the more forcible that I could never entertain any sentiment of anger toward it—for there it always lay, lovely, appealing and piteous, only the face of Margaret. It grew plain to me, and, reluctantly, I was forced to acknowledge either that my vision was distorted and ruined, or that some necessary spring in my mechanism had become loosened.

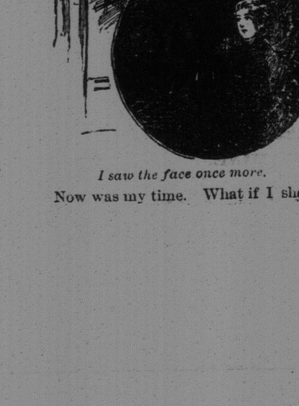
I determined then, at last, that I would consult a physician, to see if there were any balms in Gilead for my healing. I shudder now at remembrance of my selfish criminality—for I reasoned that I could do this the more readily, as I knew that, by the laws of his profession, he would be obliged to keep my application secret, and could make no report to my employers. I needed not have feared, as it ended. Old Dr. Blanchard had no time for mischief, and had, moreover, such a professional curiosity and searching into things, that, if my symptoms had been at all anomalous, he would have suffered me to launch a loaded train of my fellow creatures into eternity, in order that he might study their development. However, he assured me that it was a very simple and frequent form of disease with which I was afflicted; one taking its variation according to the idiosyncracies of the patient; and, being entirely upon the nerves, there was no medicine to reach it but my own will. This was cheerful after my experience. If my spiritual identity, he said, was weaker than that of my body, it must succumb into hopeless insanity; but, could I rouse its flagging courage and whip it into action, all was safe and sure. The one, the only thing, for me to do was, when the next time I saw the face before me, to run over it, boldly and without a remonstrance—remorselessly, if I could, but to run over it—and I should be well.

It was an easy thing to order—but, then, the face was Margaret's.

Dr. Blanchard professed himself interested in the case which I had exhibited to him, and would not take any fee. I went out from his presence, half comforted, somewhat strengthened, and resolved that I would do as he bade.

I began, in the first place, by fortifying myself daily with a simple tonic, in order that no mere debility might cause a failure, and, perhaps, it was on finding me so resolved that the subtle apparition feared a fresh encounter—so many weeks went by without its reappearance—the winter, which I had once looked forward to for its promised home and joy, having shifted into spring—that I was fairly drawing fresh breath and fancying myself free—and, being off my guard one night, there it lay.

It was a starlit midnight, with a thick haze catching the starbeams and weaving them into a kind of fleece over the heavens, so that what light there was had a strange and supernatural effect, at best. With this, a wild, high wind was roaring on behind us, like the tramp of a ghostly legion on high, and blowing up some salt, tough gale from the seaboard. Owing to this great wind in our favor—which favoring wind has something as much to do with a railway carriage as with a ship, while pressing from the rear and destroying atmospheric resistance in face—we had made remarkable time, and were ahead of our table, so that I was on the point of slowing, when a white winged night bird, startled by our approach, rose from its covert beside the track, and flew away toward the woods. In another moment something else rose, too, as if a slumbering wayfarer there had lifted head to gaze after the flying shadow, and then it lay back again—and, looking at it intently, I saw the face once more.



I saw the face once more.

Now was my time. What if I should shut my eyes, and, not seeing it, drive on? But no, that would be cowardly—neither would it effect the object, neither could I do it. Moreover, were I able, in so doing I might fail to observe some real obstacle, and so plunge my whole train to destruction. Therefore, I gazed. And gazing, it took the strength out of me—the sweet, wide open eyes; the tender, trembling mouth; the half fainting rose upon the cheek. As the storm swoops and snaps a bending tree, I sent a blast shrieking against the whistle's edge, and felt the answering drag of the brakes, and then, in spite of myself, the throttle valve had done its work, and we were gently slowing, and should have paused at a point several rods from the appealing sight—should have paused—but we did not.

It was as though some mighty and invisible hand, mightier than the breath of steam or the temper of steel, mocking my own, had seized us and was drawing us on at its wicked will. My heart refused to beat—stood still with horror; the shiver that ran even through the roots of my hair hardened there; we were close upon the place, grinding with all our hefty iron over it; we had passed it, and we paused.

The wind had dragged the whole train for that distance. If you doubt me, the books of my profession will tell you that it is no remarkable instance, for a sudden flaw of contrary wind has been known to do so much as to bring to a stop a train under full headway. I would that sudden flaws of contrary wind had been blowing one cruel day for me!

We had passed the place then. Till I could rouse me from the benumbing faintness, could draw a breath, and then could steady my voice, I did not attempt to move. But the instant I mastered myself I went through my customary drama on these occasions—was off, running behind and swinging my lantern over the vacant track, finding nothing, back again, and leaning on my handles before the conductor had reached me. I told him then that we were ahead of time by reason of the wind, and I was waiting on the side track for the down train to pass. Fortunately, facts upheld me, or my flushed face and shaking hands would have betrayed the truth, or the falsehood, behind.

I questioned with myself now if the ghost was laid. Yet how could it be? We had run over the face, it was true, but by no volition of mine. Indeed, I had decided exactly the opposite; I had refused to do so; I had stopped. My will had again been cowed and conquered—not yet had it pricked the bubble of this phantasm and caused it to explode into empty and innoxious air.

It would be idle to rehearse the passing of the summer and the coming of the winter, with their continued visitations that then, indeed, came more seldom, but every time with increased power. I had struck work for a season, and had been up resting with Margaret, at her mother's, for two delicious months—resting, just closing my eyes in peace. I had begged her then, before I came away, to marry me; for I thought if I had the dear real face my daily companion, to come home to, to go out from, the fictitious one would perforce die a natural death. But, even had Margaret herself entirely consented, her mother had too many scruples to suffer her only child to leave her for such precarious protection as mine might be. So I went back to solitary life again.

My troubles had now become so much a chronic thing that, except when its manifestations or their results were extraordinary, I took no serious note of them; only the possibility of their future coming, and the actuality of their past, hung over me like a black, suffocating cloud, awake or asleep. In fact, though, I had no sleep that deserved the beneficent name. In place of the sweet oblivion and rest of forgetfulness that other men knew, I had for my part a long and living nightmare.

In all this time I had failed to find sufficient strength to obey the physician's order, to cut through the cursed thing that was killing me, with the sharp flange of my wheels, and annihilate it. But Dr. Blanchard had found me out, although in consulting him I had given no name, and one afternoon he accosted me in the street, on my way to the station, not to ascertain what progress I had made—for that was visible enough in my haggard and jaded appearance—but to ask me if I was to be on duty that night. I responded in the affirmative, and, on hearing my reply, he said gently that he should have the pleasure of trusting himself to my guidance for that trip, and, if I had no objection, and could find room for him, he would be my companion upon the Black Bess. Of course I perceived his intention sufficiently well; and perhaps it was an unwise thing for him to propose, for his mere presence was more likely to conjure up the appearance than to help me overcome it.

If, now, I tell the rest of the story as it appeared to me then, and as my troubled brain received it, it is because remembrance is nearly as vivid as the suffering, and I can hardly say today where reason ends and phantasms begin.

We had a snowy night for this excursion of Dr. Blanchard's, so much is certain; not like that great, white, whirling storm in which the face, all wrapped in folds of bridal lace, flitted before me and rested till I stopped, and not all the big plows in the company's use could then have advanced the snowed up train an inch; but a night of gusty flaws, when a light down dropped on the track and was gone, and velvety flakes draped spray and twig of the woodland and shook off showeringly as we passed, and snow squalls dashed blindingly across our path and vanished, and all the sky was a gray and dazzling bewilderment.

I knew that, whatever the weather was, Margaret would not fail me at the station, and then I told the doctor, as we neared Brookford, what sight there was in store for him at that place, and remarked that it was, may be, fortunate for me that night that Margaret had really to cross the track in order to reach the spot where she was to await us, as in looking out that no danger befell herself I should be less likely to encounter that wraith of hers, nor could I see them both together. But Dr. Blanchard shook his head, and bade me mind my own business, and have that degree of confidence in Margaret to believe her capable of taking care of herself.

And looking out into the wavering whiteness lit by the glare of the headlight, while he shouted forth his gruff advice, all at once—"There! There!" I cried. "There it is!"

"Where?" demanded the doctor, springing to gaze over my shoulder, as if his untrained vision could have discerned so much as an outline in that thick air. "Damn it! Don't be a fool! Drive on!"

"Where?" I answered. "There! right before us. A woman walking. See! she has turned her head; she sees us; she did not hear us in that gust, we have frightened her; she stumbles, she falls, she is lying on the track, she cannot get up—that face, that white face—it is Margaret's!"

"By God! there is no woman there!" he replied, before I had finished. "My eyes are as keen as yours. I tell you there is not a single object before us till we reach the Brookford lights there, a mile away!"

I hardly heard him. I had stretched out my hand to pull up, when I caught a sidelong glimpse of him, brandishing an iron bar above my head. "Touch that handle," he cried, "and I will knock you down!" And then he interposed himself between my hand and it.

"You are mad," I said, calmly, and believing what I said. "Do you suppose I fear your billy? While I am master of the Black Bess she does not run down a woman—least of all that one."

The whole of this was so hurried that not even George Rowe, who stood staring and gaping and hearkening with all his might, could make out a syllable.

"Very well," said the doctor then, reversing his method, and yelling out his words in my ear till he must have been purple. "You are convinced that you see this face, and as both your fireman and I myself can assure you that we see nothing there, you must feel equally convinced that it is your pursuing phantom, as you call it. Now, then, is the time to put an end to it. Destroy it. Exert your will. You have only to fold your hands behind you. Nothing else in the world to do. Give them here to me. The engine will do the rest. Be a man now—remember that, this once done, all your peace begins—Margaret and marriage—home and happiness. There is nothing there! Drive on!"

I heard him now, but as a hollow voice might speak far, far outside of the world in which I was.

I had fixed my will, as much as it was possible to fix so loose and weak and shaking a thing, a bundle of broken links—I was determined to obey him.

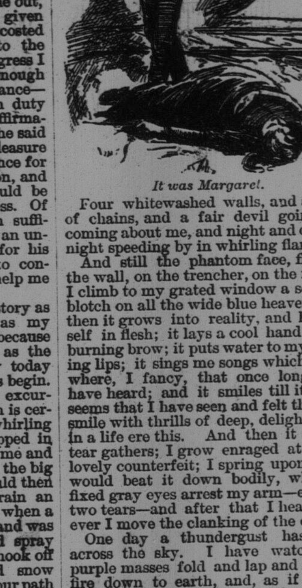
But all the time I saw only her, only her sweet face in the snowy light, as I never should see it again—the hood had fallen back from it, the wet rings of the dark hair were blowing out from it, a tint like the flush of the tea rose was lying on its cheek—not that I noted all such items then, I remember them today, they were impressed like the work of a die—the ripe and lovely lips of the tender trembling mouth were parted as if calling to me by some old fond name, the eyes suffused through all their depth with the light we cast before us, the sweet gray eyes, like those of the deserted German girl, shone up at me like two great tears. Ah! how many times before had they gazed into mine with long and lovely looks—and now for the last time—had I returned their gaze with all the protestations of passion—and standing here to bray them into nothingness—oh, all the meetings and partings of the days that could dawn no more—the dear embraces of those arms never to be felt again, the warm, full kisses of the meeting mouth—and I myself blotting all out! To save me the vexing sting of a gadfly I was crashing down on the best beloved thing in the world with all the mighty revolutions of my ponderous red hot iron, with dropping coals and the blasting breath of steam, with all the murderous purpose of this jumping, plunging fiend that I alone controlled, with a shrouding deafening fury that to the waiting victim drowned the universe in its roar.

All these horrors came one by one before my mind, and dropped into my resolve like grains into the weighing scale. I suffered agony. My knees were shaking under me. I doubt if I could have lifted my hand—it hung nerveless by my side; the life was dying out of me. I only stared through my window, along the track, at the woman's face with the fright hardening into it, the blank terror there, death thundering down in the fierce, wild throes of sundering socket and mangling flesh, that in one instant would have their hellish grip on every live nerve and spurting vein. Then my ears were ringing with shrieks; I fancied that even through the hot roar and reverberation of our flight I heard the rest. When would the last car be over, the last wheel turned? Was that swift hiss the severing of a tress upon the rail?

It was passed. We rolled into Brookford station; George Rowe's hand had slipped before me and slowed the Black Bess to her usual point. We stopped. Then the blood bounded back to my heart, to my throat, to my face, the strength of an army to my single hand.

I seized Dr. Blanchard by the shoulder as if he had been made of card board. "Come back with me!" I hoarsely yelled. "If we find nothing I am well once more—but if it is as I am sure it is, then you are dead!"

And, regardless of my train, swinging my lantern to this side and to that, I rushed back with him to the spot where the highway crossed the track, and where I swore some torn, crushed thing must lie. Never, never had I been so sure—and there—yes, yes—sob and strangle, you fool!—oh, God! oh, God!—it was Margaret!



It was Margaret.

Four whitewashed walls, and a clank of chains, and a fair devil going and coming about me, and night and day and night speeding by in whirling flame.

And still the phantom face, fixed on the wall, on the trencher, on the floor; if I climb to my grated window a seal and a blotch on all the wide blue heaven! And then it grows into reality, and hides itself in flesh; it lays a cool hand on my burning brow; it puts water to my parching lips; it sings me songs which, somewhere, I fancy, that once long ago I have heard; and it smiles till it almost seems that I have seen and felt the same smile with thrills of deep, delightful joy in a life ere this. And then it sighs, a tear gathers; I grow enraged at all the lovely counterfeit; I spring upon it, and would beat it down bodily, when the fixed gray eyes arrest my arm—eyes like two tears—and after that I hear whenever I move the clanking of the chain.

One day a thundergust has swept across the sky. I have watched its purple masses fold and lap and let their fire down to earth, and, as if I were myself metallic, have felt the electric current coursing down the countless rods that protect my prisonhouse. A curious sensation has come over me, as if the blood had turned about and were running the right way in my veins, I am conscious of its fresh free tingling, as if I were just made.

I look at the lovely fiend sitting there beside me, so unmoved by the wild commotion of the elements; I mind the spray of tea roses in her hair, falling over one ear, and lending their tint to to all the delicate skin below. "Let me see you, fair devil, if you are shadow or substance!" I exclaim. "You pursuing phantom, if you are not all an evil spirit, let me see if there is any blood in your veins!"

The tint upon her skin grows paler, but she smiles on me, and lifts the sleeve from the bare ivory of her rounded arm. She takes from some hidden place a tiny toy knife, and gives it me.

Then she looks at me again with her beautiful, fearless eyes. I do not hesitate for all they say. I scan the fair faint veinery—I choose—and the red, red blood is trickling down, and all the tint upon her cheeks is gone, and she falls forward upon my breast. "Margaret!" I cry.

"He speaks my name," she murmurs, as one enters. "Oh! all is well!"

And all is well, indeed. From that hour I am myself. The old trouble arising from the concussion that I so long ago experienced is entirely done away with; the ghost that so long stalked through the chambers of my brain is laid to rest, and never have I seen a trace of it; but Margaret, long since recovered from her injury—Margaret herself, in the beautiful body of her flesh and blood—is seldom out of my sight.

When I came from my whitewashed prison room Dr. Blanchard himself took me in hand, had me at his own house till strong enough again to fight my way, and then established me in a different occupation from that in which he originally found me. I ventured out from that in time into deeper water. I have prospered, as you know—improved myself, as you may imagine; my house, my retinue, my equipage are worthy of my wife, for the mother of many children is more beautiful in her maturity than in her maidenhood, and if any material comfort, pride and pleasure can atone to her for all the trouble of her youth the earth shall be ransacked but it shall be hers!

A New Prodigy.

An infant pianist, who has just reached his fifth year, has appeared on the musical horizon of St. Petersburg. His interpretation of Chopin is said to be something remarkable.

A POTLATCH IN ALASKA.

CURIOUS FESTIVAL OBSERVED BY THE THLINKETS.

The Blanket as a Social Factor and Index of Wealth—Saving Up to Be Able to Give a Big Blow Out That Leaves the Giver in Complete Poverty.

A "potlatch" is a social institution peculiar to the natives along the North Pacific coast. The word means a "big feast," but that does not signify all that the same words do to the white races. Blankets are the signs of wealth among these people. To have so many blankets is among them to be just so rich. These blankets are stored up and hoarded just as the miser hoards his gold, but for a totally different purpose. The idea is to have a big "potlatch" some time. Often this takes place when the owner of the blankets gets past middle life and feels that the time has come when he can afford to make this social display. Again they are laid up and treasured so that a big "potlatch" may be held after the owner is dead.

The Thlinket village just north of and adjoining Sitka now has about 1,500 winter inhabitants, those who are out fishing and working at the canneries all summer having come in to stay until work begins again in summer. Though they have been brought under some civilizing influences they are very reluctantly surrendering their native customs. Among those to which they still cling is the custom of the "potlatch."

ALASKAN POLYGAMY.

At 1 o'clock a cannon shot was heard over in the village, to the astonishment of many of the Americans here. Inquiry disclosed the fact that one of the head men of the village had just died, and that the cannon shot from an old Russian carronade was to announce the death. When the whites first began to make inroads among these natives polygamy and slavery were settled institutions among them. Both still exist to some extent at points of the greatest distance from civilizing influence. The Russian church in Alaska has steadily pursued the policy of breaking up polygamy among the natives ever since its missionaries began their work more than a century ago. The headman of the Sitka village was brought within the fold of that church, but attempted for a long time to conceal the fact that he was indulging in a plurality of wives. When off at distant fishing and canning stations he could do this with impunity, and with little or no danger that any of his people would expose him. They will not testify against each other if it can be helped. When he came into the ranch or village last fall he was detected in this mode of living, and, in a manner, coerced into surrendering his youngest and most attractive wife. He had been married to the first one "United States fashion," and as the Russian church does not recognize divorce he could not put her away in favor of the younger one.

The result of this was that this stolid, taciturn Indian, whose appearance and general conduct would indicate that not a particle of sentiment entered into his character, actually pined away and died of grief. Nothing that his people could do would stimulate him to any exertion. None of the blandishments and caresses of his first wife, and she was kind to him, could arouse him from his stupor of grief, and this stout and lusty fisherman, who had braved hundreds of fierce storms in his cedar canoe, died actually of a broken heart.

THE POTLATCH.

Now comes the "potlatch." He had been laying up blankets against the day of a royal, roistering "potlatch" in his lifetime. A score of natives visited the trader's store and bought nearly a ton of stuff for the feast. Canned goods, boxes of crackers by the dozen, and everything that could be obtained to eat were hauled over by them to the village on trucks to be consumed in the "potlatch," which will last for several days and nights. A "potlatch" without something strong to drink is a comparatively tame affair. The sale of whisky to these people is carefully guarded against, and when detected, which is quite often, severely punished. They buy large quantities of molasses, however, and from this surreptitiously distill an intoxicating drink called "hoochenoo," with which they enliven their "potlatches."

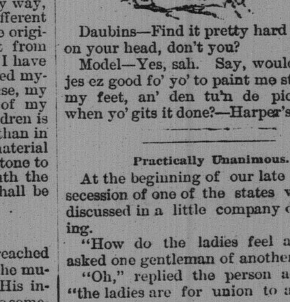
The first night of this one has just passed, and the howling and dancing which went on in the large house of the dead headman showed that considerable "hoochenoo" had in some way been provided for the occasion. The house has no chimney, and the smoke from the fire, built in the center of the floor, escapes through a hole in the roof. The walls glisten with black soot. The dance has no figures, but is simply a cadenced step in a circle around the fire, the time being given on a sort of tomtom or tambourine. When each dancer gets tired, he squats down anywhere to eat and rest. So it goes on all night long, and day in and day out, until the supplies are all gone, and the blankets all parted with to buy the means of keeping up the "potlatch."

The duration of the "wake" depends upon the supply of blankets. The "potlatches" invariably end in the impoverishment of those who give them. A native who gives a "potlatch" and retains any of his property afterwards is disgraced. The widow, in this particular case, has entered eagerly into the festivities, and yet realizes that it will take the last blanket before it is all over.

Some idea may be formed of the way these "potlatches" end when I state the fact that the steamer brought up two Indian women and one "buck" from a village 200 miles northeast of this, all of whom had their noses bit off in a "hoochenoo potlatch." They all got drunk and the man bit the noses off two of the women.
Sitka Cor. New York Times.

A Suggestion.

(Time—During a rest.)



Daubins—Find it pretty hard standing on your head, don't you?

Model—Yes, sah. Say, wouldn't it be jes ez good fo' yo' to paint me stan'in' on my feet, an' den tu'n de picter ober when yo' gits it done?—Harper's Weekly.

Practically Unanimous.

At the beginning of our late war the secession of one of the states was being discussed in a little company one evening.

"How do the ladies feel about it?" asked one gentleman of another.

"Oh," replied the person addressed, "the ladies are for union to a man!"—Harper's Magazine.

WAITIN' FER THE CAT TO DIE.

Lawzy! don't I rickollect
That 'ere old swing in the lane!
Right and proper, I expect,
Old times can't come back again;
But I want to state, ef they
Could come back, and I could say
What my pick ud be, 'y jing!
I'd say: Gimme the old swing
'Nunder the old locus' trees
On the old place, ef you please,
Danglin' there with half shet eye,
Waitin' fer the cat to die!

I'd say: Gimme the old gang
Of barefooted, hungry, lean,
Or'n'ry boys you want to hang
When you're growed up twicet as mean!
The old gyarden patch, the old
Truants, and the stuff we stoled!
The old stompin' groun' where we
Wore the grass off, wild and free
As the swoop of the old swing,
Where we uset to climb and cling,
And twist roun', and fight, and lie—
Waitin' fer the cat to die!

'Pears like I 'most allus could
Swing the highest of the crowd—
Jes sail up there tel I stood
Downside up, and screech out loud,
Ketch my breath, and jes drap back
Fer to let the old swing slack,
Yit my tow head dippin' still
In the green boughs, and the chill
Up my backbone taperin' down,
With my shadder on the groun'
Slow and slower trailin' by—
Waitin' fer the cat to die!

Now my daughter's little Jane's
Got a kind o' baby swing
On the porch, so's when it rains
She kin play there—little thing!
And I'd limped out t'other day
With my old cheer this-a-way,
Swingin' her and rockin', too,
Thinkin' how I uset to do
At her age, when suddenly,
"Hey, gran'pap!" she says to me,
"Why you rock so slow?" Says I,
"Waitin' fer the cat to die!"
—Jas. Whitcomb Riley in Harper's Magazine.

A Serious Case.

Old Doctor (called in for consultation)—Tut, tut! You'll worry yourself sicker than your patient if you are not careful. Don't be so anxious. It isn't good for your health.

Young Doctor—But isn't my patient dangerously ill?

"He is. I told you three months ago you could only prolong his life; he can't be cured."

"My, my! Oh, my!"

"Goodness me! The idea of a doctor allowing himself to worry that way over one case."

"Ah! But he's my only case. When he dies I'll starve."—Philadelphia Record.

Transfusion of Blood.

A workman who had inhaled the vapor of burning coals was taken to the Charite lately. All efforts to restore consciousness having failed, Professor Leyden ordered the injection of 250 cubic centimeters of blood taken from another patient, into one of the veins of the right arm. The patient showed signs of life five hours after the transfusion, then slept for about ten hours and awoke in excellent spirits. His further recovery was rapid, and he is now quite well.—Berlin Cor. Lancet.

A Healthy Town.

"Where have you passed your vacation?" asked one clerk of another.

"At the beautiful little village of Z."

"Is it a healthy locality?"

"Healthy! It's so healthy that in order to start their new cemetery they were obliged to assassinate an inhabitant."—America.

Ten Thousand Dollars a Year.

Robert Burdette the humorist who has recently so we learn become a parson, once said to a young boy, "There's nothing like knowing your business clean through my boy whether you know anything else or not."

Vanderbilt pays his cook $10,000 a year. He might have known how to cook fairly well and known a little of a thousand and one other useful employments, but he could not have gotten ten thousand a year salary for all of them.

He gets that just because he knows thoroughly how to cook, and it wouldn't make a cent's difference in his salary if he thought the world was flat and went around its orbit on wheels. The cream always rises to the top and stays.

As with individual avocations so it is with every branch of business, or every class of goods or article of use or necessity they live the life of the butterfly and are forgotten as soon as something else appears that is new or else they become so firmly fixed in the minds of thousands that they become a part of life itself.

We were forcibly impressed with the above idea from a remark made by a gentleman in our office a few days since. He said, "Any article of merchandise that has been on the market since 1810, and still sells like the old Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, must have extraordinary merit." The manufacturers I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston Mass., have in their office and will send to any one, testimonials from old people who have used it in their family when young, and whose children's children have used it very many years. This is not at all remarkable when we think of the amount of good this remedy will do; thousands of cases of pneumonia and consumption have been prevented by using this remedy for internal inflammations, such as colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis, as well as cramps and pains innumerable. It is totally unlike any other remedy used, and called liniment. It was a great mistake ever calling it anything but Johnson's Anodyne. The information on the large four page wrapper around each bottle is worth much to every family. Johnson & Co. send a pamphlet free to any one, containing much valuable information upon diseases and their cure.

A Plain Statement.

All poisonous waste, and worn ou matter ought to escape from the system through the secretions of the bowels, kidneys and skin. B. B. B. cleanses, opens and regulates these natural outlets for the removal of disease.

When a small boy makes a bull's eye he is sorry he hadn't made the snowball harder.

Tried and Proved.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaint, and have proved it, after a fair trial a sure cure, both in my own case and others of the family." Lauratta Wing, New Dundee, Waterloo Co., Ont.

This is the time when the unsuspecting pedestrain gets the snowball in the neck.

Clense the scalp from scurf and dandruff; keep the hair soft and of a natural color by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicillian Hair Renewer.

The small boy runs no risk in firing a snowball at the man in the passing sleigh.

For the restoration of faded and gray hair to its original color and freshness, Ayer's Hair Vigor remains unrivaled. This is the most popular and valuable toilet preparation in the world; all who use it are perfectly satisfied that it is the best.

The old gentleman who didn't see the small boy's slide soon found it.

A Terrible Ten Years.

Mrs. Thomas Acres, of Huntley, Ont., suffered all the tortures of liver complaint for ten years. Four bottles of B. B. B. entirely cured her, making her like a new woman again, after other medicines had failed to relieve her.

A Good Neighbor.

"Late last fall I was laid up in bed three days with a very severe attack of diarrhoea and vomiting. Nothing benefited me until my neighbor, Mrs. Dunning, recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and brought me a half bottle, which she had in her house. In three hours the vomiting was stopped, and I was able to sit up by night. I would not now think of using any other medicine." Columbus Hopkins, Hamilton, Ont.

Do not sit down to take off your skates in a slushy spot, unless you are nearsighted, or cannot maintain your equilibrium.

A beautiful young lady became so sadly disfigured with pimples and blotches that it was feared she would die of grief A friend recommended Ayer's Sarsparilla, which she took, and was completely cured. She is now one of the fairest of the fair.

If you want to see a speciman of a petrified man just hire a tramp to clean your sidewalks by the hour.

A Severe Attack.

Miss Bella Elliot, of Pontypool, Ont., writes—"My brother and I were both taken ill with a severe attack of diarrhoea, having tried other remedies, we tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which gave immediate relief.

Do not improvise skates. A shingle fastened on to a carving knife is not a good skate, no matter how well the juncture is made.

Constipation.

is nearly always induced by neglecting to keep the bowels regular, and is also a frequent sequal to dyspepsia or indigestion. Regulate the stomach and bowels by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which is certain to promptly relieve and nitimately cure the worst cases of constipation.

When you happen to fall in a snowbank it is sure to be just where it is packed pretty hard.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and boweles, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Contract for Making Up Uniforms for Letter Carriers.

SEPARATE Sealed Tenders, addressed to the Postmaster General, Ottawa, (for Superintendent Printing and Supply Branch.) and marked "Tender for Making up Uniforms for Letter Carriers" at Halifax, St. John, N. B.; Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Ont.; Winnipeg, and Victoria, B. C., will be received at Ottawa until 12 o'clock noon on MONDAY, the twenty-fifth day of February, 1889, for Making up Letter Carriers' Uniforms to personal measurement of the Carriers requiring the same, and with material, certain of which will be furnished by the Department, as specified in the form of tender, at the above mentioned cities and elsewhere, as may from time to time be required by the Postmaster General.

Informatian as to the estimated number of garments required to be made per annum at each of the cities herein named can be obtained from the Postmasters of the aforementioned cities, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa; and samples of the different articles of uniform to be made up are to be seen at the offices of the Postmasters of the cities specified and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, at any of which additional information can, if required, be obtained.

The contract to continue in force for a term of four years, provided always that the same be executed, as to prompt completion of the work, the quality of the material used. and the nature of the workmanship performed, to the satisfaction of the Postmaster-General.

The material and workmanship are to be, in all respects, equal to the samples, and all the different articles of uniform, when completed, are to be delivered, at the expense of the Contractor or Contractors, in such quantities as may from time to time be required, to the aforesaid Postmasters, or at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, as the case may be.

The tender to state the price demanded for the work in the manner prescribed by the form of tender, and to be accompanied by the written guarantee of two responsible parties undertaking that in the event of the tender being accepted, the Contract shall be duly executed by the person or persons tendering for the price demanded, undertaking also to become bound with the Contractor or Contractors in the sum mentioned in the form of tender, for the due performance of the Contract.

Printed forms of tender and guarantee may be obtained at the Post Offices above mentioned and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

WILLIAM WHITE,
Deputy Postmaster General.

Post Office Department,
Ottawa, 24th January, 1889.

Separate Sealed Tenders will also be received from any one individual or firm for the SUPPLY of the whole of the Uniforms required for the Letter Carriers of the Dominion upon the same terms and conditions as for the "Making up of Letter Carriers' Uniforms" above set forth.

In the Exchequer Court of Canada.

In the matter of the "Expropriation Act," and in the matter of those certain parcels or tracts of land hereinafter described.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that there has been lodged in the office of the Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada, on the eighteenth day of December, A. D. 1888, a notice to the Registrar by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries of Canada, stating his readiness to pay over to the persons entitled thereto, the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, which, in his opinion, is sufficient compensation for the land or property expropriated for the purposes of the erection of a beacon light at Dipper Harbor, in the Province of New Brunswick, a public work, and described as follows, that is to say:

A lot and right of way situate in the parish of Musquash, in the County of St John. N. B., and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point on the northwest side line of a grant on the eastern side of Dipper Harbor, made in the year 1836 to Hugh Campbell, and distant on said line from high water mark, 330 feet; thence, by the magnet of the year 1888, south, two degrees and thirty minutes east, 425 ft: thence south, twenty-three degrees west, 395 feet, thence south, sixty-six degrees west, 155 feet; thence south, fifty-four degrees west, 395 feet, or to its intersection with a line crossing Campbell's Island, on a course of north sixty-five degrees west, and distant at right angles therefrom 100 feet from the extreme southerly point of said Island at high water mark; thence on said line north, sixty-five degrees west, 100 feet, to high water mark; thence, following the line of high water mark southerly, round the point of said Island, and northeasterly to the eastern end of the line crossing Campbell's Island, as aforesaid; thence on said line north, sixty-five degrees west, 12 feet; thence north, fifty-four degrees east, 385 feet, to the north corner of the Fish House; thence north, sixty-six degrees east, 158 feet, to a point near Daniel Campbell's well; thence north twenty-three degrees, 410 feet; thence north two degrees and thirty minutes west, 440 feet. to the northwestern side line of the grant to Hugh Campbell, aforesaid; and thence on side line south, forty-nine degrees and thirty minutes west, 22 feet, or to the place of beginning, giving a road of uniform width throughout from the present highway to the lighthouse lot of fifteen feet, and containing two roods and eighteen perches, more or less.

That Her Majesty Queen Victoria has acquired title to the land or property hereinbefore described, under chapter thirty-nine of the Revised Statutes of Canada respecting the expropriation of lands, as amended by the Act 50-51 Vic. ch. 17, intituled "An Act to amend the Revised Statutes, chapter thirty-nine, respecting the expropriation of lands."

In consequence, all persons entitled to the said hereinbefore described land or property or any part thereof, or representing or being the husbands of any persons so entitled or claiming to hold or represent incumbrances thereon or interests therein, are called upon to file in the office of the Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada, their claims or opposition, on or before the 18th day of February, A. D. 1889, and are notified that such claims or opposition will be received and adjudged upon by this Court, and that the proceedings herein will forever bar all claims to the compensation money or any part thereof, including any claim in respect of dower or of dower not yet open, as well as in respect of all mortgages, hypothecs or incumbrances upon the said land or property.

Dated at Ottawa, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1888.

L. A. AUDETTE,
Registrar.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

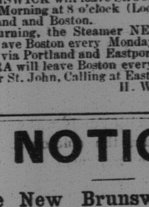
And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,

Winter Arrangement.



TWO TRIPS A WEEK
—FOR—
BOSTON

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 17th, and until further notice, Steamer CLEOPATRA will leave Saint John every MONDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local) for EASTPORT, and thence to BOSTON, direct; and the Steamer NEW BRUNSWICK will leave St. John every THURSDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local), for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Returning, the Steamer NEW BRUNSWICK willie ave Boston every Monday morning for St. John, via Portland and Eastport; and the CLEOPATRA will leave Boston every Thursday morning for St. John, Calling at Eastport only.

H. W. CHISHOLM
Agent.

NOTICE.

The New Brunswick Coffin and Casket Factory, 157 and 159 Brussels St.,

keeps a large stock of Coffins and Caskets on hand to select from, also, I have lately added Children's Enameled White Caskets finely finished.

Price List on application.

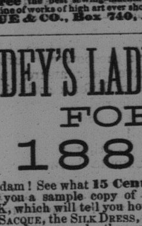
W. WATSON.

P. S.—Sole manutacturer of the

Double Washboard.

We have been running extra time to supply the demand for this article.

W. W.



$93 Sewing-Machine FREE To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for $93, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1889.

Madam! See what 15 Cents will do! It will bring you a sample copy of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, which will tell you how to get the SEALSKIN SACQUE, the SILK DRESS, the GOLD WATCH and COTTAGE ORGAN, and other valuables, without a dollar.

YOU CANNOT GET A BETTER

two dollars' worth of Magazine than by subscribing to "GODEY," THE BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE in America.

For 1889 it will contain:—Fashions in Colors. Fashions in black and white; latest from Europe. Original Novelties in Needle Work and Embroidery. Latest and most popular Music. Plans for the house you want to build. Directions for decorating your home. Cookery and household help, by MRS. CHAS. HOPE, teacher in several fashionable New York academies, and selected by the Board of Education for the New York Public Schools. Literary enrichments by NELLY BLY, *who got herself locked up in a insane asylum to find out how they treated the insane,* ELLA RODMAN CHURCH, EMILY LENNOX, OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON, MRS. HIESTAND, EDGAR FAWCETT, DAVID LOWRY, etc.

Every Lady Her Own Dressmaker

who subscribes to Godey's Lady's Book. The [coupon] which you will find in each number entitles you to your own selection of any cut paper pattern illustrated in Godey's Lady's Book. Your 15c, Sample Copy will contain one of these coupons. **Send 15 cents for Sample, which will be allowed on your subscription when received.** The pattern shows you how to cut out the garment you want. That's all we can say in this space. For the rest see your sample number, for which send 15c. at once. "Godey" is only $2.00 a year.

Address "GODY'S LADY'S BOOK," Philadelphia, Pa.

Contract for the Supply of Boots for Letter Carriers.

SEPARATE Sealed tenders. addressed to the Postmaster-General, Ottawa, (for Superintendent, Printing and Supply Branch,) and marked "Tender for the Supply of Letter Carriers' Boots," will be received at Ottawa until 12 o'clock noon on MONDAY, the twenty-fifth day of February, 1889, for the supply to this department of such Boots as may from time to time be required for the purposes above stated.

The estimated number of pairs required annually is Seven Hundred (700), samples of which are to be seen at the offices of the undermentioned Postmasters, from whom additional information can, if required, be obtained:

Halifax N. S.; St. John, N. B.; Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Ont.; Winnipeg, and Victoria, B. C., and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

The material and workmanship are to be, in all respects, equal to the samples, and the Boots when completed, are to be delivered, at the expense of the Contractor or Contractors, in such quantities as may from time to time be required at the Post Office department, Ottawa.

The Contract to continue in force for a term of four years, provided always the same be executed. as to the prompt completion of the work, the quality of the material used, and the nature of the workmanship performed, to the satisfaction of the Postmaster-General.

The tender to state the price demanded per pair in the manner prescribed by the form of tender, and to be accompanied by the written guarantee of two responsible parties undertaking that, in the event of the tender being accepted, the Contract shall be duly executed by the person or persons tendering for the price demanded, undertaking also to become bound with the Contractor or Contractors in the sum of One Thousand Dollars, for the due performance of the Contract.

Printed forms of tender and guarantee may be obtained at the Post Offices above named and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

WILLIAM WHITE,
Deputy Postmaster General.

Post Office Department,
Ottawa, 24th January, 1889.

P. E. ISLAND and BUCTOUCHE OYSTERS.

now being served in all Styles.

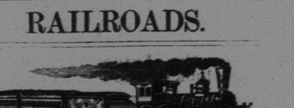
A large stock on hand for sale, wholesale and retail

—AT—

M. A. HARDING'S,
Foot of Portland, N. B.

P. S. Large and commodious dining room up-stairs.

RAILROADS.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1888 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Trains will Leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS	7 30
ACCOMMODATION	11 20
EXPRESS FOR SUSSEX	16 35
EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC	18 00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

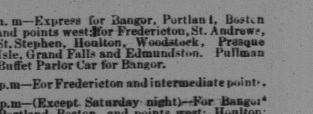
Trains will Arrive at St. John:

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC	7 00
EXPRESS FROM SUSSEX	8 35
ACCOMMODATION	13 30
DAY EXPRESS	19 20

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superindendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., November 20th, 1888.



New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

(ALL RAIL LINE.)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: in effect Jan. 7th, 1889. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

8.40 a. m—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west: For Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston. Pullman Buffet Parlor Car for Bangor.

3.35 p.m—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

8.30 p.m—(Except Saturday night)—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Presque Isle, Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

5.45 a.m—(Except Monday Morning)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Edmundston.

10.00 a.m—From Fredericton and intermediate points.

4.00 p.m—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

LEAVE CARLETON.

8.25 a.m—For Fairville, Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock and points west.

3.20 p.m—For Fairville, Fredericton, and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

10.10 a.m—From Fairville, Fredericton &c.

4.10 p.m—From Fairville and points west.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.
A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

Grand Southern Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 31, Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:—

LEAVE ST. JOHN at 7.24 a. m., and Carleton at 7.45 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 10.21 p. m.; St. Stephen at 12.25 p. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.15 a. m.; St. George at 10.22 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.57 p. m.; St. John at 1.12 p. m.

Freight, up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAMES MOULSON, 40 Water street, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the Warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m.

Baggage will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water Street, where a truckman will be in attendance.

H. LAWRANCE STURDEE
F. W. HOLT, Superintendent.
St. John, N. B., Dec. 27, 1888.

W. M. CALDWELL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office and Residence
LANCASTER ROAD,
Fairville.

G. T. WHITENECT,
157 Brussels Street.
HOUSE, SHIP, SIGN, AND DECORATIVE PAINTER.
Paper Hanging, Gilding, Whitewashing, Kalsomining, Glazing, Etc.
Telephone Communication with all the Leading Houses.

McLEOD'S TONIC COUGH CURE.

MORE TESTIMONY.

HANOVER ST., ST. JOHN, Oct. 20, 1888.

MR. McLEOD.

Your TONIC COUGH CURE has given me great relief. The severe attacks of COUGHING and ASTHMA, to which I have long been subject, most invariably succumb to two or three doses of your cure. I cheerfully recommend it to all persons afflicted with severe coughs.

Yours truly,
MARY THOMPSON.

SOLD BY
S. McDAIRMID,
Corner King and Germain Streets.

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.

CHOICE PERFUMES
Just received a full assortment
—OF—
Lubins, Atkinson's, Gosnell's Ect, in small bottles.
—ALSO—
A complete stock of first quality of
PERFUMES IN BULK.
Prices low.
WILLIAM B. McVEY
CHEMIST,
185 Union St., St. John N. B.