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She Kissed Me in My Dreams.

The night was fair, the stars shone bright,
A calm hung o'er the deep:
I laid my weary head to rest,
And sought refreshing sleep;
But soon a vision o'er me stole
Of one so dear to me:
She kissed me in my dreams at night,
While far, far away from me.

The midnight bells with clanging sound
My slumbers rudely broke,
But pictured on my memory was
My dream when I awoke;
Her fair form bending o'er me—
How plain it seemed to be
As she kissed me in my dreams at night,
While far, far away from me.

Ah many a night has passed since then!
Bright suns have rose and set,
But oh! the rapture of that hour
I never shall forget;
The loving words she murmured
Come ever fresh to me,
As she kissed me in my dreams at night,
While far, far away from me.

LITERATURE

THE PARLOR CAR.

PARCE.

CONCLUDED.

Miss G., very sternly at first, with a rising hysterical inflection.—'Nothing, Allen! Do you call it nothing to have Mrs. Dawes come out with all about your accident on your way up the river, and ask me if it didn't frighten me terribly to hear of it, even after it was all over; and I had to say you had not told me a word of it? Why, Lucy!'—angrily mimicking Mrs. Dawes—'you must teach him better than that. I make Mr. Dawes tell me everything.' Little simpleton! And then to have them all laugh—oh dear, it's too much!'

Mr. R.—"Why, my dear Lucy"

Miss G., interrupting him—"I saw just how it was going to be, and I'm thankful that it happened. I saw you didn't care enough for me to take me into your whole life; that you despised and distrusted me, and that it would get worse and worse to the end of our days; that we should grow further and further apart, and I should be left moping at home, while you ran about making confidantes of other women whom you consider worthy of your confidence. It all flashed upon me in an instant: and I resolved to break with you, then and there; and I did, just as soon as ever I could go to my room for your things, and I'm glad,—yes, oh hu, hu, hu, hu!—so glad I did it!"

Mr. R., grimly—"Your joy is obvious. May I ask"—

Miss G.—"Oh, it wasn't the first proof you had given me how little you really cared for me, but I was determined it should be the last. I dare say you've forgotten them! I dare say you don't remember telling Mamie Morris that you did not like crocheted cigar-cases, when you had just told me that you did, and let me be such a fool as to commence one for you; but I am thankful to say that went into the fire,—oh, yes, instantly! And I dare say you have forgotten that you did not tell me your brother's engagement was to be kept, and let me come out with it that night at the Rudges' and then looked perfectly aghast, so that everybody thought I had been blabbing! Time and again, Allen, you have made me suffer agonies, yes, agonies; but your power to do so is at an end. I am free and happy at last." She weeps bitterly.

Mr R.,—"Yes, I had forgotten those crimes, and I suppose many similar atrocities. I own it I am forgetful and careless. I was wrong about those things. I ought to have told you why I said that to Miss Morris; I was afraid she was going to work me one. As to that accident I told Mrs. Dawes of, it was not worth mentioning. Our boat simply walked over a sloop in the night, and nobody was hurt. I should not have thought twice about it, if she had not happened to brag of their passing close to an iceberg on their way home from Europe: then I trotted out my pretty-near disaster as a match for hers—confound her! I wish the iceberg had sunk them! Only it would not have sunk her—she is so light; she would have gone bobbing about all over the Atlantic Ocean, like a cork; she has got a perfect life-preserver in that mind of hers." Miss Galbraith gives a little laugh and then a little moan. "But since you are happy I will not repine, Miss Galbraith. I do not pretend to be very happy myself, but then I do not deserve it. Since you are ready to let an absolutely unconscious offense on my part cancel all the past; since you let my devoted love weigh as nothing against the momentary pique that a malicious little rattle-pate—she was vexed at my leaving her—could make you feel, and choose to gratify a wicked resentment at the cost of any suffering to me, why, I can be glad and happy, too." With rising anger:—"Yes, Miss Galbraith. All is over between us. You can go! I renounce you!"

Miss G., springing fiercely to her feet:—"Go, indeed! Renounce me! Be so good as to remember that you have not got me to renounce!"

Mr. R.—"Well, it is all the same thing. I would renounce you if I had. Good evening, Miss Galbraith. I will send back your presents as I get to town; it will not be necessary to acknowledge them. I hope we may never meet again." He goes out of the door towards the front of the car, but returns directly, and glances uneasily at Miss Galbraith, who remains with her handkerchief pressed to her eyes. "Ho—a—that is—I shall be obliged to intrude upon you again. The fact is"—

Miss G., anxiously:—"Why, the cars have stopped! Are we at Schenectady?"

Mr. R.—"Well, no; not exactly at Schenectady"—

Miss G.—"Then what station is this? Have they carried me by?" Observing his embarrassment:—"Allen, what is the matter? What has happened? Tell me instantly? Are we off the track? Have we run into another train? Have we broken through a bridge? Shall we be burnt alive? Tell me, Allen, tell me—I can bear it! Are we telescoped?" She wrings her hands in terror.

Mr. R., unsympathetically:—"Nothing of the kind has happened. This car has simply come uncoupled and the rest of the train has gone on ahead, and left us standing on the track, nowhere in particular." He leans back in his chair, and wheels it around from her.

Miss G., mortified yet anxious:—"Well?"

Mr. R.—"Well, until they miss us, and run back to pick us up, I shall be obliged to ask your indulgence. I will try not to disturb you; I would go out and stand on the platform but it is raining."

Miss G., listening to the rain-fall on the roof:—"Why, so it is!" Timidly: "Did you notice when the car stopped?"

Mr. R.—"No." He rises and goes out at the rear door, comes back, and sits down again.

Miss G. rises and goes to the large mirror to wipe away her tears. She glances at Mr. Richards, who does not move. She sits down in a seat nearer him than the chair she has left. After some faint murmurs and hesitations, she asks, "Will you please tell me why you went out just now?"

Mr. R., with indifference:—"Yes. I went to see if the rear signal was out."

Miss G., after another hesitation: "Why?"

Mr. R.—"Because if it was not out, some train might run into us from that direction."

Miss G., tremulously:—"Oh! And was it?"

Mr. R., dryly:—"Yes."

Miss G. returns to her former place, with a wounded air, and for a moment neither speaks. Finally she asks very meekly, "And there is no danger from the front?"

Mr. R., coldly:—"No."

Miss G., after some little noises and movements, meant to catch Mr. R's attention:—"Of course, I never meant to imply that you were intentionally careless or forgetful."

Mr. R., still very coldly:—"Thank you."

Miss G.—"I always did justice to your good-heartedness, Allen; you are perfectly lovely that way; and I know that you would be sorry if you knew you had wounded my feelings, however accidentally." She drops her head so as to catch a sidelong glimpse of his face, and sighs, while she nervously pinches the top of her parasol, resting the point on the floor. Mr. R. makes no answer. "That about the cigar-case might have been a mistake; I saw that myself, and, as you explain it, why, it was certainly very kind and very creditable to—to your thoughtfulness. It was thoughtful!"

Mr. R.—"I am grateful for your good opinion."

Miss G.—"But do you think it was exactly—it was quite—nice, not to tell me that your brother's engagement was to be kept, when you knew, Allen, I cannot bear to blunder in such things?" Tenderly: "Do you? You cannot say it was!"

Mr. R.—"I never said it was."

Miss G., plaintively:—"No, Allen. That's what I always admired in your character. You always owned up. Don't you think it is easier for men to own up than it is for women?"

Mr. R.— I do not know. I never knew any woman to do it."

Miss G.—"Oh yes, Allen! You know I often own up."

Mr. R.—"No, I don't."

Miss G.—"Oh how can you bear to say so? When I am rash or anything of that kind, you know I acknowledged it."

Mr. R.—"Do you acknowledge it now?"

Miss G.—"Why, how can I, when I have not been rash? What have I been rash about?"

Mr. R.—"About the cigar-case, for example."

Miss G.—"Oh! That! That was a great while ago! I thought you meant something quite recent." A sound as if of the approaching train is heard in the distance. She gives a start, and then leaves her chair again for one a little nearer his. "I thought perhaps you meant about—last night."

Mr. R.—"Well?"

Miss G., very judicially: "I do not think it was rash, exactly. No, not rash. It might not have been very unkind not to—to—trust you more, when I knew that you did not mean anything; but—No, I took the only course I could. Nobody could have done differently under the circumstances. But if I caused you any pain, I am very sorry; oh, yes, very sorry indeed. But I was not precipitate, and I know I did right. At least I tried to act for the best. Don't you believe I did?"

Mr. R.—"Why, if you have no doubt upon the subject, my opinion is of no consequence."

Miss G.—"Yes. But what do you think? If you think differently and can make me see it differently, ought'nt you to do so?"

Mr.—"I don't see why. As you say, all is over betwwen us."

Miss G., after a pause:—"Yes, I should suppose you would care enough for yourself to wish me to look at the matter from the right point of view."

Mr. R.—"I don't."

Miss. G., becoming more and more uneasy as the noise of the approaching train grows louder:—"I think you have been very quick with me at times; quite as quick as I could have been with you last night." The noise is more distinctly heard. "I'm sure that if I could once see it as you do, *no* one would be more willing to do anything in their power to atone for their rashness. Of course I know that everything is over."

Mr. R.—"As to that, I have your word; and, in view of the fact, perhaps this analysis of motive, of character, however interesting on general grounds, is a little"—

Miss G., with sudden violence: "Say it and take your revenge! I have put myself at your feet, and you do right to trample on me! Well, it is over now, and I am thankful, thankful! Cruel, suspicious, vindictive, you are all alike, and I am glad that I am no longer subject to your heartless caprices. And I don't care what happens after this, I shall always— Oh! You are sure it is from the front, Allen? Are you sure the rear signal is out?"

Mr. R., relenting:—"Yes, but if it will ease your mind, I will go and look again." He rises and starts toward the door.

Miss G., quickly:—"Oh, no! Don't go! I cannot bear to be left alone!" The sound of the approaching train continually increases in volume. "Oh, isn't it coming very, very fast?"

Mr. R.—"No, no! Do not be frightened."

Miss G., running towards the rear door:—"Oh, I must get out! It will kill me I know it will. Come with me! Do, do!" He runs after her and her voice is heard at the car. "Oh, the outside door is locked and we are trapped, trapped, trapped! Oh, quick! Let us try the door at the other end." They re-enter the parlor, and the roar of the train announces that it is upon them. "No, no? It is too late, it is too late! I am a wicked, wicked girl, and this is all to punish me! He remains bewildered, confronting her. She utters a wild cry, and, as the train strikes the car with a violent concussion, she flings herself into his arms. "There, there! Forgive me, Allen! Let us die together, my own, own love!" She hangs fainting on his breast. Voices are heard without, and after a little delay the porter comes in with a lantern.

Porter.—"Rather more of a jah than we meant to give you, sah! We had to run down pretty quick after we missed you, and the rain made the track a little slippery. Lady much frightened?"

Miss G., disengaging herself:—"Oh, not at all! Not in the least. We thought it was a train coming from behind, and going to run into us, and so—we—we—I"—

Porter.—"Not quite so bad as that. We will be into Schenectady in a few minutes, miss. I will come for your things." He goes out at the other door.

Miss G., in a fearful whisper:—"Allen! What will he ever think of us? I am sure he saw us!"

Mr. R.,—"I do not know what he will think now. He did think you were frightened; but you told him you were not. However it is not important what he thinks. Probably he thinks I am your long-lost brother. It had a kind of familiar look."

Miss G.—"Ridiculous!"

Mr. R.,—"Why, he would never suppose that I was a jilted lover of yours!"

Miss G., ruefully:—"No."

Mr. R.—"Come, Lucy,"—taking her hand,—"you wished to die with me, a moment ago Do you think you can make one more effort to live with? I will not take advantage of words spoken in mortal peril, but I suppose you were in earnest when you called me your own—own"—Her head droops; he folds her in his arms, a moment, then she starts away from him, as if something had suddenly occurred to her.

Miss G.—"Allen, where are you going?"

Mr. R.—"Going? Upon my soul, I haven't the least idea,"

Miss G.—"Where were you going?"

Mr. R.—"Oh, I was going to Albany."

Miss G.—"Well, do not! Aunt Mary is expecting me here at Schenectady,—I telegraphed her,—and I want you to stop here, too, and we will refer the whole matter to her. She is such a wise old head. I am not sure"—

Mr. R.—"What?"

Miss G., demurely:—"That I am good enough for you."

Mr. R., starting in burlesque of her movement, as if a thought had struck him:—"Lucy! How came you on this train when you left Syracuse on the morning express?"

Miss G., faintly:—"I waited over a train at Utica." She sinks into a chair and averts her face.

Mr. R.—"May I ask why?"

Miss G., more faintly still:—"I do not like to tell. I"—

Mr. R., coming and standing in front of her, with his hands in his pockets:—"Look me in the eye, Lucy!" She drops her veil over her face and looks up at him. "Did you—did you expect to find me on this train?"

Miss G.—"I was afraid it would never get along,—it was so late!"

Mr. R.—"Do not—tergiversate."

Miss G.—"Do not what?"

"Mr. R.—"Fib."

Miss G.—"Not for worlds!"

Mr. R.—"How did you know I was in this car."

Miss G.—"Must I? I thought I saw you through the window; and then I made sure it was you when I went to pin my veil on—I saw you in the mirror."

Mr. R., after a little silence:—"Miss Galbraith do you want to know what you are?"

Miss G., softly:—"Yes, Allen."

Mr. R.—"You are a humbug!"

Miss G., springing from her seat, and confronting him:—"So are you! You pretended to be asleep!"

Mr. R.—"I—I—I was taken by surprise. I had to take time to think."

Miss G.—"So did I."

Mr. R.—"And you thought it would be a good plan to get your polonaise caught in the window?"

Miss G., hiding her face on his shoulder.—"No, no, Allen! That I never will admit. No woman would!"

Nr. R.—"Oh, I dare say!" After a pause: "Well, I am a poor, weak, helpless man, with no one to advise me or counsel me, and I have been cruelly deceived. How could you, Lucy, how could you? I can never get over this." He drops his head upon her shoulder.

Miss G., starting away again and looking about the car:—"Allen, I have an idea! Do you suppose Mr. Pullman could be induced to sell this car?"

Mr. R.—"Why, because I think it is perfectly lovely, and I should like to live in it always. It could be fitted up for a sort of a summer-house, don't you know, and we could have it in the garden, and you could smoke in it."

Mr. R.—"Admirable! It would look just like a travelling photograph saloon. No, Lucy, we will not buy it; we will simply keep it as a precious souvenir, a sacred memory, a beautiful dream,—and let it go on fulfilling its destiny all the same."

Porter, entering and gathering up Miss Galbraith's things:—"Be at Schenectady in half a minute, miss. Won't have much time."

Miss G., rising and adjusting her dress, and then looking about the car, while she passes her hand thro' her lovers arm:—"Oh, I do hate to leave it. Farewell, you dear, kind, good, lovely car! May you never have another accident!" She kisses her hand to the car, upon which they both look back as they slowly leave it.

Mr. R., kissing his hand in like manner:—"Good-by, sweet chariot. May you never carry any one but bridal couples!"

Miss G.—"Or engaged ones."

Mr. R.—"Or husbands going home to their wives."

Miss G.—"Or wives hastening to their husbands."

Mr, R.—"Or young ladies who have waited one train over, so as to be with the men they hate."

Miss G.—"Or young men who are so indifferent that they pretend to be asleep when the young ladies come in." They pause at the door, and look back again. "'And I must leave thee, Paradise?'" They both kiss their hands to the car again, and their faces being very close together they impulsively kiss each other. Then Miss Galbraith throws back her head, and solemnly confronts him. "Only think, Allen. If this car had not broken it engagement, we might never have mended ours."

W. D Howells.

RACKED BY INNUMERABLE PANGS, restless by day, sleepless at night, rising unrefreshed in the morning, without appetite, and pestered by varying and perplexing symptoms, the dyspeptic takes indeed a gloomy view of human existence. For him the rest of all life seems gone. Heartburn, oppression at the pit of the stomach and the attendant annoyances of constipation and biliousness, combine to render him utterly wretched. But there is, if he will but take advantage of it, a reliable source of relief from all this misery NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY and DYSPEPTIC CURE is, as its name imports, a botanic preparation, free from mineral poison, and an all-sufficient remedy for indigestion in its most obstinate form. It not only enriches the blood by enabling the digestive organs to convert the food received into nutriment, but depurates it by increasing the action of the bowels and and kidneys, the natural outlets for its impurities. But while it relaxes the bowles, it never does so violently and with pain, like a drastic cathartic. It aids, but never forces Nature, invigorating as well as purifying and regulating the system. It thoroughly removes those diseased humors which tend to vitiate the blood, purifies the urinary secretion, and promotes a flow of healthy bile into the natural channel, besides expelling it from the circulation. Experience has proved that this standard medicine is a thorough remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness costiveness, kidney complaints, scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, lumbago, and all impurities of the blood. Price, $1.00. Sample bottle 10 cents. Ask for NORTHROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a *fac-simile* of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.

—Not long since a family moved into a village out West. After a week or so a friend of the family called on them and asked how they liked the locality. "Pretty well." "Have you called on any of the neighbors yet?" "But I'm going to, if there's any more of my firewood missing."

Weather Wisdom.

Under the title of "Old Probabilities" one of the most useful and valuable officers of the United States Government is most widely known. But quite as well known is Prof. J. H. Tice, the meteorologist of the Mississippi Valley, whose contributions to his favorite study have given him an almost national reputation. On a recent lecture through the Northwest, the Professor had a narrow escape from the serious consequences of a sudden and very dangerous illness, the particulars of which he thus refers to: "The day after concluding my course of lectures at Burlington, Iowa, on the 21st December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, giving me excruciating and almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually 80, fell to 35; intense nauses of the stomach succeeded and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me. After suffering for three hours I thought—as I had been using St. Jacob's Oil for good effect for rheumatic pains—I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel large enough to cover my chest, with the Oil, and applied it. The relief was almost instantaneous. In one hour I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to fill an appointment that night in a neighboring town, had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, in St. Louis, and have not been troubled since."—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

A Tonic Without Alcohol.

Dyspeptics and those suffering from chronic diseases should read the following from Rev. John Gregory, pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist Church at Pittston, Pa.

MY DEAR SIR.—Having at various times personally, and in my own and other families, tested the great value of the medicine called PERUVIAN SYRUP or Protected Solution of Protoxide of Iron, I most cheerfully recommend it, especially to those who are suffering from dyspeptic and nervous disorders. As a reliable and powerful alterative, it is, I think, unsurpassed; and as a tonic, free from all the objectionable features of alcoholic remedies, it is a most efficient auxiliary to the temperance cause. One of the greatest hindrances to the temperance reform at present is, as I think, the medical use of alcoholic stimulants. Whatever may be argued as to their necessity in certain cases, we have in the PERUVIAN SYRUP, a safe and efficient substitute for those dangerous remedies. This testimony is given unsolicited, with the hope that some who are not yet acquainted with the valuable properties of the medicine may be induced to give it a trial.

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—An amusing incident happened some time back in an Aberdeen church, in which the minister, in the course of his sermon, was comparing the pastoral relation to that of the shepherd and his sheep. "My brethren," he said, "suppose me to be the shepherd and you to be the sheep and Tammas Sangster, the precentor to be the sheep-dog"

Tammas, however, was not inclined to agree with this comparison, and exclaimed: "I'll be no man's sheep-dog!"

Said the minister, "I am speaking mystically."

"Na, na," rejoined Tammas, "I ken fine ye wisna speaking mystically; ye wis speaking maliciously, and tried to gar the folk laugh at me when we're oot aboot."

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Dorchester, May 5th, 1880.

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Prices very reasonable.
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Express for St. John and Quebec, 12.12 a.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 4.00 a. m.
Accommodation for Moncton, . . 8.48 a. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.04 p. m.
Express for St. John & P. du Chene 2.12 p.m.
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill.....8.54 p. m.

WILL LEAVE DORCHESTER:

Express for St. John and Quebec, 12.36 a.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 3.35 a. m.
Accommodation for Moncton....9.33 a. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 12.37 p. m.
Express for St. John & P. du Chene, 2.39 p.m.
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill.....8.10 p. m.

The Express Train from Quebec runs to Halifax and St. John on Sunday morning, and the Express Train from Halifax and St. John runs to Campbellton on Sunday morning.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 27th, 1882.

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FERDINAND J. HEBERT.
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Shediac, N. B., Sept. 15th, 1881.

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The Best is the Cheapest!
It is the best, because it will not spot the clothes.
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It is the cheapest, because a can of it contains a half-a-pint.
It is the cheapest, because a can of it will do as much washing as eight boxes of the Pearl Blue.
It is the cheapest, because it shades the clothes, and
MAKES A WRITING INK
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Keep It Out of the Frost, and Satisfaction is Guaranteed.
PUT UP BY
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