MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

MISS TINSEL.

By HENRY SEDLEY

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

Harding went up to his lonely tent. Like a wounded animal, he sought his lair, and the memory of the many solitary hours he had passed there, even at this sad moment, refreshed his spirit.

There he could be alone—away from men's eyes—free from their curiosity, from their comments, or, what would be worse, from their pity.

He had made himself comparatively rich; he had built up a home, as it were, in the wilderness; he had even tried, and with some success, to gain men's esteem—and what were all these worth to him now?

Such bitter thoughts as these filled Harding's mind as he arranged his coarse pallet, and then, throwing himself upon it, sought to forget his grief during the short space that remained before daylight. He was awakened, almost instantly, it seemed to him—although, in fact, three hours had passed—by the sharp crack of a rifle. Harding leaped up and ran to his door.

It was a dull, gray dawn—the sky overcast, but the air free from wind or rain. A little below Harding's tent there spread a plain about a mile wide. This extended along the bank of the river, and terminated in a clump of redwoods which grew far up the mountain beyond. Here and there on the plain were scattered a few small trees and copses of manzanita; but for the most part it was clear from the outskirts of the village up to the redwoods.

On this plain Harding now saw a remarkable sight. A man was running from tree to tree, striving always to get nearer the mountain. Perhaps 800 yards behind him were five or six armed pursuers trying to close in on the fugitive, and occasionally firing at him. As Harding gazed, three shots were discharged in rapid succession. Yet the man still held on his way, apparently unhurt, and it looked as if he would quickly gain the cover of the forest. But there was one behind him far swifter than the rest, who ran like an Indian on the river or further side from Harding, and who threatened in a few moments to get dangerously near. It was because this man was so distant from himself that Harding did not at first recognize his own partner, Jack Storm, although he was in his usual well known Mexican dress. Now, Storm was the best rifle shot on Bullion Flat.

It appeared that the fugitive knew this. At all events, as if suddenly realizing his peril, he turned and ran straight toward Storm, resolved to draw his fire, apparently, and by confusing his aim to have a better chance of escape. Storm's ready rifle flew up to his shoulder instantly, and Harding saw the pale blue ring of smoke and heard the quick report. Still the fugitive sped on. He was plainly unscathed, or in any case not disabled; and in his hand there now flashed a bright something which Harding knew was a bowie knife. With that, although the combatants were a mile away, Harding seized a revolver and dashed at his highest speed down the hill. Almost at the same moment there also started in company from Bullion Flat three figures on horseback? These were Miss Tinsel, the "Demon," Mr. Bellario and Judge Carboy. All who were now making for the scene of the combat heard in sharp repetition five or six shots from revolvers; but after the last of these all was still. When they got to the spot they found Jack Storm fainting from loss of blood, but hurt only with flesh wounds; and they were told that the other man, his opponent, was mortally wounded, and had been taken, by his own request, up on the mountain side, among the redwoods, to die.

With a choking cry Miss Tinsel galloped on, and in a few moments Chester Harding and she were again face to face over the dying man's body. Ghastly white as he was, all dabbled with blood, and the foam oozing from his lips, her lover at once knew Jane's visitor of the night before. What had happened had been hurriedly revealed to Harding—in broken whispers by the bystanders—before Jane came up.

The man had robbed several rooms at the "Bella Union" during the night, and had succeeded in gathering a large sum. Among the treasures stolen were all the loose funds belonging to the Combination troupe, the night's winnings of Mr. Copperas' faro bank and Miss De Montague's diamonds. But just as the robber, toward daylight, was on the point of making off in safety, he met a lion in the path in Jack Storm. It happened that Jack wanted to have a talk with his partner, Harding, and, as they were then very busy on the claim, made up his mind to compass this purpose bright and early, before getting to work. Stumbling on the marauder, the latter was secured after a struggle, and "the boys" speedily determined to make an example of him. The man begged for a chance of life, and after some debate, had been given the option of the halter or running the gauntlet, with 300 yards' start, in the way we have described. In the subsequent struggle he had been shot through the lungs, and terribly cut with his own bowie knife—wrested from him by Jack Storm—and his life was now fast ebbing away.

As she came up Jane sprang from her horse, and threw herself on the ground beside the dying man. They had propped

Threw herself on the ground beside the dying man.

his head on a hillock of turf, and some charitable soul had brought water from the river. Judge Carboy quickly put a flask of brandy to the sufferer's lips, and he opened his eyes:

"Ja—Jane," he gasped, "my pretty Jane—this is the end—the end of it—a dog's death—and deserved; too—but—I—I—always loved you!"

She burst into tears and began sobbing over him and fondling his head.

"Don't, darling—don't, little Jenny—it won't be long—I am better away—better for you—there—there! I'm sliding away somewhere—and"—

His voice failed, and his dark face began to grow blue. The doctor, who had ridden hastily up, forced between the man's teeth some strong restorative.

"I want you to remember always—that I was drunk when I did it—drunk and crazy. I was bad—vile—but not so bad as that. Don't tell who—who I am. It will only disgrace you—only disgrace you—I'm going, little Jenny"—

"Oh, father! father!" and the poor child bowed down her pretty head on the breast of the wretched thief and murderer, and wept as if her heart would break.

"No—no," he muttered; "no, little Jenny, I'm not worth it. Only—don't think worse—worse of me than I deserve. Perhaps mother—in heaven—has forgiven me! She knows—knows—I was mad when I did it."

"Yes—yes—I shall remember," whispered she, "always. Now don't talk more—not now."

"No—I shan't talk—much more"—a strange wan smile came over his face—"not much more little Jenny." He put up his hand and stroked her sunny hair.

"Tell them about this last—that I was desperate—I had broke jail—knew the officers were on my track—and was penniless. Give me—more—brandy. So. Why, I can't see you any more, little Jenny—and yet it is morning, isn't it, not night?" He gasped for breath and clutched feebly at the air. "Kiss me—little Jenny—mer—mercy—Lord Jesus—better—better times—hereafter!"

A shudder, and the man was dead, and Jane was left all alone in the world. Poor, besotted, frantic Michael Green, all sin scorched as he was, had passed from the judgment of men to the more merciful judgment beyond. Yet the orphan, if alone, lacked neither sympathy nor protection. Nor did she ever lack from that moment the respect and confidence of the man of whom henceforward she had from the first been mistress. So that the true happiness came in time which is so often the sweeter for being deferred.

A SECRET OF DUDEDOM.

Why Some of the Gilded Youths Dress So Well on Small Salaries.

There is a permanent interrogation point in a great many people's minds, and that is how young men earning anywhere from $10 to $18 a week can dress as well as men earning five or six times as much. Yet they manage to do it, and have enough money left to make a polite little ripple in the society in which they move.

The early elevated trains and horse cars are crowded with well dressed young men, who gaze about as complacently and self satisfied as if they were part owners in a railroad and lived only to cut coupons and draw dividends. They are dressed well, and their clothing, from the cape coat to the light cloth gaiters over their shoes, would compare favorably with the latest plates to get. Yet if you follow them you will be pretty sure to learn that they are simply clerks in brokers' offices, and do not receive more than $15 in a majority of cases. How do they dress so well, then? Do they "borrow" from their employers, or do they speculate in bucket shops? They do not "borrow," and, as for speculating, they do that sometimes in a small way. Their clothes are bought honestly enough with the money they earn every week, and the way they do it is very easy.

Most New Yorkers have heard of that class of people known as "fences," whose business is to buy stolen goods from the thieves direct at a ridiculously low price, and sell the stuff to small dealers at a small profit. A "fence" will buy anything that is stolen, from a silver spoon to a suit of clothes or an assortment of clothing, and thereby hangs part of the tale. Every time there is a big clothing robbery the stuff is fenced and immediately passed to the sacred precincts of Baxter street. Sometimes the better portion of the thieves' work find their way into clothing stores in better neighborhoods, and because of the extremely reasonable price at which it is bought, the suits are sold very cheap. Now, you would not suppose a broker's clerk would go to Baxter street for clothes. Neither does he. He sends the clothing man's agent for what he wants. This agent calls on the clerk and is told what style of clothing is wanted. Then the young man is measured, and when the clothes come home they need very little altering. The cost is comparatively nothing. A good Prince Albert coat and vest can be bought for from $8 to $20, while cutaways and sack suits are to be had for prices ranging from $8 to $15. Of course a great deal of the stuff is second hand and a great deal is stolen. The second hand clothes are easily "fixed up," and the merchants of Baxter street have so delicate a feeling for this "fixing up" process that they will change the whole complexion of a suit. The stolen goods are sold just as they are bought with the exception of a slight change in the maker's tag on the inside of the collar.

Still there is another, more legitimate, way of obtaining clothing that is fashionable, new and costly. There are a great many young men, rich and fashionable, in New York, who spend most of their time buying and giving clothes away after wearing them once or twice. This may seem strange to men who have but two suits, and wear them until they are absolutely too threadbare to wear any longer, yet nevertheless it is the case. Suits of clothes costing all the way from $50 to $100 each are made for these wealthy young men, and are worn probably three or four times and then given to valets. To follow the course of the clothes from this point would be a pretty lawyer undertaking. Sometimes they are sold to second hand dealers on Sixth, Fourth and Third avenues, who make a handsome profit on every suit bought and sold. Out of the clothes given to him the valet keeps the best for himself, of course, and manages to make considerable money out of what he sells. Thus it is that so many young men earning small salaries can dress so fashionably and live honestly.—The Clothier.

He Was Wrong.

"Can I speak to you a moment?" he said softly as he called the chief clerk in the postoffice to the window the other day.

"Certainly."

"Thanks. I didn't know but you were busy. Two months ago I came here and asked for a letter. Remember it?"

"I do not."

"Probably not, as you are always busy. I didn't get any. I gave it as my opinion that some of you had stolen it. Remember?"

"No."

"Probably not, but I spoke very emphatically. That was my opinion, and I went away feeling very much hurt. Remember?"

"No."

"Probably not, as I am of no great consequence. I now desire to ask your pardon. Will you forgive me?"

"Of course."

"Thanks. I believed you would. You see, I expected a letter from my aunt. None came. She couldn't write one. Who was dead. See? Therefore, how could I get one? I take it back. I apologize. I was wrong. Shake."

"That's all right."

"Thanks. I'll never do it again. This is an honest postoffice. I was wrong. Good-by."—Detroit Free Press.

Insulting Proprieties.

Since I was 10 years old there are a few things that have always made me mad, and one was to ask me, the minute I was introduced approvingly a man's name, whether he was married or not. What earthly difference did it make? And another was to have a man change his tone and manner to me when he got married. Mr. Brownell talks about the man finding the woman treating him differently when he marries. I assure him that is not half as asinine as when the man who has known me since I was as high as the table and called me Mollie all my life begins to address me as "Miss Bawn" the minute he gets a wife. What did he mean by calling me Mollie at all ever, if it was something that controverses the rights of his wife? I was not engaged to him; he was not my lover. I thought we were the simplest, matter-of-course old friends. But, lo! it seems there was something else in it according to his view, and now I have a right to be insulted over the past, it seems to me. I'd get a divorce from a man I married that acted like that.—New York Graphic.

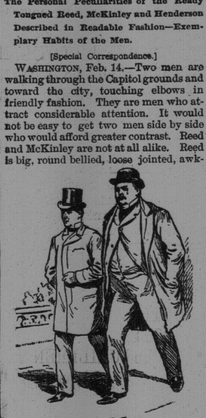
WHO WILL BE SPEAKER?

REED, McKINLEY, CANNON, BURROWS OR HENDERSON?

The Personal Peculiarities of the Ready Tongued Reed, McKinley and Henderson Described in Readable Fashion—Exemplary Habits of the Men.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—Two men are walking through the Capitol grounds and toward the city, touching elbows in friendly fashion. They are men who attract considerable attention. It would not be easy to get two men side by side who would afford greater contrast. Reed and McKinley are not at all alike. Reed is big, round bellied, loose jointed, awk-



REED AND McKINLEY.

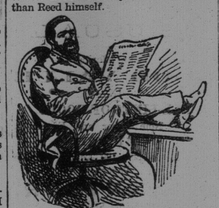
ward. He wears his derby hat pretty well back on his head. Both hands are buried in his overcoat pockets. His coat is not a snug or tidy fit. He has a peculiar gait, swinging his legs in a semi-circle at every step. His shoe is at least a No. 10. He holds his head well up and appears to be oblivious of his surroundings. But watch him closely and you will perceive that out of his small, twinkling eyes alertness shines. There is nothing slow or stolid about the man, despite his avoirdupois. Physically he is active, fond of exercise, given to long walks. Mentally he is full of adaptability, analysis, readiness. He is a little careless in his dress, but not slovenly. His small, light mustache gives his round face a boyish look. As he walks along he covers a good deal of ground, both with his feet and his body. If there should be a dog fight in his way you would expect him to stop and look at it. If he should come upon three or four men abusing one man, or a man maltreating a child or a dumb brute, you would expect him to interfere. You would not be disappointed.

Reed's companion is of a different type. Shorter than Reed by half a head, not so large of girth, carefully, but not ostentatiously, dressed, McKinley's figure is quite as striking. The observer would say Reed was a merchant, or a farmer, or a lumberman. He does not look like a statesman. McKinley does. You can tell he is a public man as far as you can see him. His trim figure, his shining silk hat (of which he is more than ever fond since he became a candidate for speaker), his smooth, round face with "fineness" in it, all denote the man of dignity and importance. Neither Reed nor McKinley goes in society. Both spend their time in the house and their rooms. Both are students and hard workers. Neither has time for dinners or receptions. They are fast friends. For many a year have they worked side by side on the ways and means committee. Each is a sincere admirer of the other, and though now rivals for a great office, still preserve their friendly relationship to a marked degree. As they walk down the avenue people turn their heads and you frequently hear the remark "There goes the next speaker of the house."

* * *

McKinley and Reed have entirely different methods on the floor. Reed is nearly always in his seat. He is usually one of the first men to reach the house in the morning. He rarely sits still. You can see him at almost all times moving about, not nervously, but with an obvious unrest born of his great energies. He likes always to be doing something. Sometimes the other hand, he is not much seen on the floor. He is generally in his committee room. When on the floor he is at his desk busy with some report, or in close conversation with friends.

Reed speaks often, McKinley rarely. Reed loves nothing better than a debate, a cross fire, a hand to hand struggle. Unlike almost all the other men who speak often, he is always listened to. When his piercing, permeating drawl is heard members come in from the cloak rooms, put aside their newspapers, stop conversation. Press men rush in from their waiting room. Everybody is eager to hear Reed. Nobody knows this better than Reed himself.



JULIUS CÆSAR BURROWS.

Reed's tongue is a steel trap, or a piece of forked lightning. His repartee is electric, his sarcasm vitriolic. He has been called the bumble bee of the house, because he hums so much, has so many stings. If he is taking the lead in debate he stands in the aisle near his seat, erect and belligerent, gripping a desk with either hand. If a debate or cross fire is going on between others, he saunters up and down, leans easily upon a desk, resting his chin in his hand, and watches things like a lynx. Whenever opportunity offers he interjects remarks which cut to the quick. His first word fills the hall, commands attention, and then, this gained, he speaks with such a measured drawl that he has time to turn his sentences and choose his words. Often he sends in his shots when least expected. Sometimes he is sitting at his desk, apparently occupied with a newspaper or book. Nobody suspects he is paying any attention to what is going on. Like a flash he turns his head and with a dozen words hurls an irritating inquiry or a scorching bit of sarcasm at the man who is making a speech. He has a habit of making these interjections without going through the form of addressing the speaker. He is a sharpshooter, always lurking near the enemy, ever ready for a crack at any available target.

Reed is a genuine "down easter." His pronunciation is that of Joshua Whitcomb. He makes two syllables of such words as "door" and "floor." "Level" he calls "lev-vel," with a peculiar sort of twist which no letters can characterize and no man not New England born can imitate. It is somewhat like "le-v-v-e-ll."

* * *

McKinley never joins in running discussions. He has no liking for cross fire. Usually when he speaks it is a "set" speech carefully prepared. He attracts universal attention. His voice is thin and wiry, like Reed's, but not so strong or full of inflections. He has no difficulty in filling the hall, however, and though not an orator is a man who commands respect for his earnestness and sincerity, for what he says rather than his manner of saying it. His sentences are compact, strong, plain. He likes to use short, common words. He rarely speaks on any other subject than the tariff, and his tariff speeches have, probably, had more widespread circulation than those of any other man on the Republican side.

McKinley is a manly, approachable, sincere man. Between his work in the house, his toil at his desk in the Ebbett house, and his tender, almost touching, devotion to his invalid wife, McKinley has no time for society or pleasure.

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The square faced man with the solid, well knit figure, sitting in his seat in the midst of the Republicans with his feet on the desk before him and a newspaper in his hand, is another possible speaker. He is Julius Cæsar Burrows. His tongue is almost as ready as Reed's, and his popularity as great as McKinley's. He likes debate, but is not so much given to promiscuous talking as his rival from Maine. He is one of the leaders of the house on the Republican side. In debate he is courteous and agreeable. His strong point is familiarity with the rules. He is a great parliamentarian. His eyes are as blue and mellow as a school girl's. His manners are hearty with his intimates, dignified but courteous with strangers. Men whom he knows familiarly he slaps on the back or lays his arm on their shoulders. He is companionable and sincere. In his attire he is neat and modest, though he is said to be possessed of an idiosyncrasy in that he never has his shoes blacked. In his Prince Albert coat he wears the tri-colored button of the Loyal Legion.

CANNON AND HENDERSON.

The two men we see standing in familiar converse out in the corridor are also possible speakers of the house. One is Joseph G. Cannon, the other David B. Henderson. Both wear slouch hats, both are Grand Army veterans. Cannon looks like a country deacon or justice of the peace, Henderson like a colonel in the regular army. Cannon is an ideal debater and one of the leaders of his side. He has unlimited good nature and can smile and shrug his shoulders while receiving a hard blow, and then smile and smile while giving a harder one in return. He likes to be in the thickest of the fighting, and gives and takes like a man. His hair is thin, and he is beginning to show a bald spot on the poll of his head. He has his hands in his pockets a good deal, and wears a turn down collar. Sometimes a little dust shows on his hat, which is a cross between a military slouch and a granger kady. Indeed, Cannon is sometimes mistaken for a granger by strangers, but he is one of the sharpest and brightest men in congress.

All of the speakership candidates are lawyers. All have served for a reasonable time in the house. Reed has been here ten years, McKinley twelve, Burrows ten, Cannon sixteen and Henderson six. All but the last named were born in this country. Reed and McKinley are natives of the states which they now aid in representing.

Cannon was born away down in North Carolina, where he was reared a Quaker. Burrows is a native of Pennsylvania, and Henderson of Scotland. Cannon is the oldest, being 53; Reed is 50; Burrows, 51; McKinley, 45, and Henderson, 48. All are men of exemplary habits. McKinley smokes and chews, but never drinks, not even at big dinners. Reed drinks but sparingly, and his chief amusement is playing billiards. Cannon likes to tell stories and dance old fashioned quadrilles. Henderson is fond of after dinner speaking, while Burrows would rather make a stump speech than eat. Not one of the five is rich. One of them will make a good speaker.

WALTER WELLMAN.

The Atlantic Record.

The steamships have not yet done with the Atlantic record. But the proof of the pudding is not more in the eating than that of the ship in her actual sailing or steaming. Vessels built, so far as appeared, exactly alike have showed wide difference in speed. The newer craft will illustrate the question of the double screw. The principle has been successful in its application to smaller boats on rivers and in harbors. If it works well in rough water it will largely revolutionize marine construction. So, as the romance of the "wet sheet" and the "flowing sea" and the "wind that follows fast" blows the fleet ocean horizon, science renews the charm and mystery.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Apt Quotation.

from a letter by Mrs Sullivan, 124 West Ave. Hamilton, Ont.: After trying a number of medicines for liver complaint, from which I suffered for years, I bought two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and found a complete cure. My house is never without it.

* * *

It is said that the skull of John Theach known as "Blackbeard," the Virginia pirate of 1718, is in possession of a Virginia family, in the form of a silver-rimmed drinking cup.

Tickling Torture.

Mrs. Henry M. Kitchen, St. George, Ont says: "I had a bad cold which settled in my throat, causing a continual tickling and I just coughed all the time. I got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam and in 5 days was getting better, and in 10 days I went to church. Our neighbors know this to be true.

* * *

A St. Louis taxidermist, who recently preserved a large bald eagle, says the muscles of the breast were of great size, and formed nearly one-fourth the weight of the entire bird.

* * *

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

* * *

A good share of letters intended for Horseheads, N. Y., are addressed "Mule-heads," "Horsefeets," etc.

* * *

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.

TALKING IN SLANG.

She was a Boston maid of high degree,
With eyes that shone like incandescent lights,
And just such pouting lips as seem to me
The kiss invites.

I met her on the Common's grassy sod,
Near where the fountain plays in squitrive mood;
She stood reflective, while a plastic wad
Of gum she chewed.

"It does one good to seek this spot," said I,
"When weary of the city's hum and buzz."
She ceased her waxio pastime to reply:
"That's what it does."

"This sylvan spot," then softly I averred.
"The foot of man seems almost to defile."
Her voice came, sweet as notes of woodland bird:
"Well, I should smile."

"The balmy breezes whispering overhead
With such enchanting softness kiss the brow!"
In tones of liquid melody she said:
"You reshoutin' now!"

"And have you noticed, fair one, how each bird
Seems here to choose the sweetest vocal gem?"
I dwelt in rapture on her every word:
"I'm onto them."

"And now the leaves like moving emeralds seem,
When in response to the sweet breeze they shake!"
Her voice came soft as echo from a dream:
"They take the cake."

"Dost wander often to a sylvan spot,
The dreamy scene of quietude to seek?"
Soft purled her answer: "Well, I take a trot
'Bout once a week."

In converse sweet I lingered by her side,
And felt that there forever I could dwell,
And as I left her after me she cried:
"So long, old fel."

I was not captured by her voice so rich,
Nor with her lovely face, so fresh and young,
But with the sweet dexterity with which
Her slang she slung.

—New York Clipper.

Selling Cattle by Weight.

A writer in Mark Lane Express severely deprecates the custom in vogue in England with buyers and sellers in estimating cattle, or buying by the head instead of by actual ascertained weight. By this system he believes farmers are cheated and robbed of much of the profits in raising cattle, and advises them to supply themselves with weighing machines of their own, so long as butchers and salesmen resume their aversion to buying by weight. There can be no doubt that in such cases the farmer is at a great disadvantage with buyers, whose opportunities for determining the dead weight of living animals are so much better, from the nature of their occupation, and the wonder is that English farmers should have submitted to such a practice so long.

Much of this business of buying by the head, says the agricultural editor of The World, has been done in this country, and, it is scarcely to be doubted, quite generally to the farmer's disadvantage; but of late years the system of selling at actual weight has been growing in favor, and cattle scales are now so common as to have become common in towns, as well as on stock farms, so that there is no longer any necessity for the element of chance in the buying and selling of stock as it is picked up through the country by butchers or shippers. No good reason can be given why a farmer should sell a bullock on an estimation of its weight that would not apply with equal force to the buyer after the meat was dressed. It is true that the dressing and dead weight varies considerably in different animals according to breed and feeding, but an accurate knowledge of the live weight is an important factor in determining the value of the animal before it has been slaughtered.

A Penalty of Unconventionality.

A young man who dared to break through stern custom and go to see an Oakland young lady during the eclipse last New Year's day was, upon retiring, rewarded with a remark which must be regarded as rather mean if the young lady understood the full significance of her words. She said as she was closing the door: "I hope you will call again the very next time we have another total eclipse." Now he is waiting for an answer from Professor Holden to know if it be a fact that we shall not have another such for 110 years.—San Francisco Report.

A Forcible Fact.

Constipation is the most frequent cause of headaches, bad blood, humors, dizziness, vertigo, etc., and because of this should never be allowed to exist. It may be readily cured by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which never fails to cure even the most obstinate and chronic cases.

In digging among the ruins of Pompeii they have found a piece of brass made to fit over the human cheek.

A Useful Article.

"I can certify to the great usefulness of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. We use it for burns, bruises, cuts, sores, rheumatism, sore throat, croup, etc., and recommend it to all as an excellent remedy." T. W. Appleby, Wingham, Ont. All medicine dealers sell Yellow Oil.

At a church fair in Troy they blindfold the men and let 'em kiss the women at 15 cents apiece. One man kissed his wife several different times, and when he ascertained the base deception he demanded the return of his money and got it.

Poison Ivy Eruption.

For poison ivy eruption and for all burns, sore throat, rheumatism, etc., Mr. C. W. Wood, of Hall's Bridge, Ont., advises the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which has been in use in his family for years. He regards it as a perfect cure.

In a minute the lowest sound your ear can catch has been made by 990 vibrations.

The Field of Chateaugay.

From this historic ground Mr. Frank Curcotte writes that he was greatly afflicted with constipation, together with pain and swelling of his body. "I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and it gave me immediate relief. I can now sleep well and can eat heartily without any ill effects."

The only populous centre of the world's population that remains shut up from travel is Lhassa, the capital of Thibet. Only six or seven Europeans ever set foot in the city, and none of them are alive. Prejevalsky, a Russian traveller, has made three attempts to enter the city, and is about to make the fourth.

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 Sarsaparilla, which she took, and was completely cured. She is now one of the fairest of the fair.

Four negatives were recently taken of a cannon ball that occupied only one-fortieth of a second in passing a given space.

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 diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, 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.

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

VALENTINES

Wholesale and Retail

—BY—

J. & A. McMILLAN,

Booksellers and Stationers,

98 and 100 Prince Wm. St.,

St. John, N. B.

Corporation Contract.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the Common Clerk's office, until MONDAY, 25th inst., at 12 o'clock, noon, for Paving

WATER STREET

with CEDAR BLOCKS, according to plans and specifications to be seen at the City Engineer's office.

No tender will be recognized unless signed by the parties tendering, with their occupation and place of residence.

Tenders must be accompanied by a certified bank cheque for Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines or neglects to enter into a contract when called upon so to do. All cheques except those of party whose tender is accepted, will be returned as soon as contract is entered into.

The lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

February 6th, 1889.

By order.

HURD PETERS,
City Engineer.

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, Port Hope, 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 Contractor, 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.

Information 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 aforesaid 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 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 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 entered into by the persons 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, 31th 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 1838 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, 205 feet, to its intersection with a line crossing Campbell's Island, on a course of south, sixty-five degrees west, and at an angle of eighty degrees from 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, at a course of north, sixty-five degrees east, 155 feet, to a point near Daniel Campbell's well; thence north twenty-three degrees, 410 feet; thence north twenty-three degrees and thirty minutes west, 440 feet, to the northwestern side line of the grant to Hugh Campbell, aforesaid; and thence on said line south, forty-nine degrees and thirty minutes west, 325 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 rods and eighteen perches, more or less.

That Her Majesty Queen Victoria has acquired title to the land or property expropriated, under and pursuant to the Act 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 barons 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.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,

Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK

—FOR—

BOSTON

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 17th, and until further notice, (except 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 will leave 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.

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

Tenders for a Bridge at the Grand Narrows, C. B.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Bridge," will be received until noon on Wednesday, the 6th March, 1889.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways, Ottawa, where forms of tender may be obtained on and after Wednesday, 20th February instant.

Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit equal to 5 per centum of the amount of the tender. This deposit may consist of cash or of an accepted bank cheque made payable to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and it will be forfeited if the person tendering neglects or refuses to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if after entering into a contract he fails to complete the work satisfactorily according to the plan, specification and contract.

If the tender is not accepted the deposit will be returned.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 7th February, 1889.

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 manufacturer of the

Double Washboard.

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

W. W.

FREE FREE FREE FREE

Sewing Machine

CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

FOR

1889.

Madam! See what **15 Cents** will do! It will bring you a sample copy of CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, which will tell you how to get the STARSKIN 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 "CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK" The Great Family Magazine of 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 hints, 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 enrichment by NELLY BLY, *who got herself locked up in a lunatic asylum to find out how they treated the insane*, ELLA RODMAN CHURCH, EMILY LENNOX, OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON, MRS. HIESTAND, EDGAR W. GERTY, DAVID LOWRY, etc.

Every Lady Her Own Dressmaker

who subscribes to Codey'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 Codey'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. **"Codey"** is only **$2.00** a year.

Address **"CODY'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