

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH,

E. VARIES SUMMENDUS EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLV.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 16, 1878.

NO. 42.

Transitory.
The spring-time comes, the wild bee hums,
And birds make music everywhere;
From windy March to tranquil May
Fresh flowers expand from day to day,
And heaven and earth become more fair.
Oh, hours of childhood and delight,
When pleasures bloom like wayside flowers,
How soon, how far, ye wing your flight!
How storms of care your fragile bowers
How childish joys, like visions, fly!
How childhood and how spring go by!

The summer comes with thunder-drums
And with the lightning's fashion keen;
The rose's breath perfumes the air,
And love cheers many a wedded pair.
Oh, hours of summer and of love—
Elysian hours for human hearts,
How transient, too, ye prove!
How soon the rose's tint departs!
How youth's bright dreams, like visions, fly,
How summer and how love go by!

The autumn comes, the gales' shrill hums
His death-march 'mong the withering leaves;
The golden grain has long been reaped;
With golden fruit the bins are heaped;
But fade the flowers, the west-wind grieves,
Oh, hours of autumn and decay—
Commingled hours of trust and fear,
Ye, also, quickly glide away!

We know the end is drawing near.
How hopes mature, like visions, fly!
How manhood and how fall go by!

The winter comes, the frost's numbness
All tribes that walk or creep or fly;
From the chill north fall tempests blow;
The streams are frozen, and fast the snow
Is sifted from the cloudy sky.
Oh, hours of winter and of gloom,
When no bird in the woodland sings,
Ye, too, are fleeting—such the doom
Of man and all sublunary things.
How pain and dread, like visions, fly!
How winter and how age go by!
—W. L. Shoemaker, in *Home Journal*.

A Wild Western Adventure.
Sam S. Hall, "Buckskin Sam," and old Rip Ford were trapping in the Arkansas river region. They were men of desperate courage, who had taken their lives in their hands too often to care for the danger they were exposed to. Old Rip was a man who stood five feet eleven in his moccasins—a man whom you would hardly care to meet in the close tug of a desperate battle. His hard brown face was scarred with scars from bullet, knife and claws of wild beasts, and his muscular body showed the marks of many a desperate struggle. "Buckskin Sam" was the *beau ideal* of a mountaineer and plains man; the Western hunter that the novelist paints and the school boy dreams of and wishes some day to be. Although not so powerful as old Rip, he was a man of great personal strength and desperate courage. For many years these two had roamed the trapping grounds together, fighting Indians, grizzlies and wolves, chased by night over the burning prairies, defending their camp against the sudden attacks of red fiends, or spending recklessly at the monte board the money they had earned so hardily on the trapping ground.

They had been out all winter, and as spring approached, the last cache was covered and the trappers now began to think of returning home. The camp was built up near the river, a tributary of the Canadian, which flowed through the dismal canons in which the light of day never shows, under the shadow of gigantic cliffs upon which human beings never set foot, and only spreading out at places where the cunning beaver had built his dams. The river was broken by great rapids, and abounded in rare fish, upon which they had fastened royally for many a day. They had a canoe, and had been discussing the chances of going down the stream in that in order to save time.

"I am ready to take the chances, if you are, Rip," said Sam.
"I don't like to give myself away," said Rip. "What do you know about the river after we get down to the big canon, and whoever passed through it?"
"That's the fun of the thing, Rip. We do what no one else dare do," said Sam.
"I don't like it," replied Ford, who was by far the more prudent of the two. "I—ha! what in Jehu is that?" They seized their weapons and ran to the door of the hut, just in time to see a dozen Indians running down through the grass, blocking up the only way of escape. The moment the repeating rifles began to play upon them they went off to sight among the rocks and began their gradual approach, which could only end in one way—the white trappers would be overwhelmed!

"There's only one chance, Rip," cried Sam.
"And that?"
"The canoe."
"I am your man," cried the giant trapper. "You push the canoe into the water and throw in the weapons while I keep those fellows at bay. Oh, would you? Take take."
An Indian had raised his tuffed head to get a better shot at the trappers, but before he could get back the unflinching

eyes of the trapper had looked through the double sights and the rifle cracked. The Indian sprang suddenly to his feet, spun sharp around upon his heel and fell dead in his tracks.
The next moment the canoe shot from the bank and headed down through the boiling flood, plunging in the canon below so rapidly that the Indians had scarcely time to recover from their amazement at the sudden exodus before the trappers were out of sight. One of the Indians bounded to his feet and uttered a low signal-whoop, and two large canoes, containing in all about fifteen men, rounded a point in the river above the canon and came flying down under the strokes of the paddlers. The Indians on the shore simply pointed down the stream, and the canoes dashed by at a furious speed; the wild yell of the paddlers announcing to the white men that they were pursued. The first rapid passed, they entered a long stretch of water where the current was only four or five miles an hour, and where the propelling force in the other canoes began to tell, and the Indians gained rapidly.

On each side of the canoe the canon was like a wall, 200 feet in height, and the trappers could only put all their strength in the paddles and dash on as fast as they could. Two miles further and the pursuing canoes were scarcely a hundred yards behind, the Indians yelling like demons as they saw the white men almost within their grasp. Rip Ford shook his head as he looked over his shoulder, when suddenly his canoe was seized by a mighty force and hurled downward, like a bullet from a rifle. They had struck another rapid more powerful than the first, and the rocks absolutely seemed to fly past them.

"This is something like it," cried the larling Buckskin Sam. "How do we do now?"
"I should say we did, old boy," replied Rip. "I am only afraid we are moving too fast."
"Don't you believe it, those fellows seem to be standing still," said Sam.
"They will get in the current in a moment," gasped Rip. "Look at that." The headmost canoe of the Indians appeared upon the crest of the rapid and came flying down after the trappers at a furious speed. The Indians no longer used their paddles with the exception of the man who sat at the stern, and by a touch on the water, now on one side, now on the other, regulated the course of the canoe. The second canoe followed in a moment, a little further in shore. As they gazed, the bow of the last canoe was suddenly lifted into the air as it struck a brown rock in the channel, which the occupants tried in vain to avoid. The fierce current, caught the stern, and in an instant there was nothing left of the craft save broken fragments, while the occupants, with loud shrieks of terror, were borne swiftly on by the resistless tide. "That ends them," said Rip Ford. "Be careful, Sam, for your life!"

On, on, borne by the power which they could not resist, the two canoes were hurried. There was a sense of wild exultation in the hearts of the white men, for they could see that their enemies would have gladly escaped if they could from the perils that surrounded them. Their mad desire for scalps and plunder had led them into a trap, and they no longer thought of the canoe in advance. They knew, as the whites did not, the terrible danger before them, for they had explored the banks of the stream on foot many times. The river suddenly narrowed, and the trappers rushed into a canon barely twenty feet wide and nearly roofed over by the cliff on each side. The current was not quite so rapid here, and they guided the canoe easily.
"This gets interesting, Rip," said Sam, as they went on through the narrow pass. "We are going"—"To our death," interrupted Rip Ford, in a solemn voice. "Do you hear the falls?"
Through the splash of water and the dip of the paddles they heard a low, deep, tremulous roar, which was the sound of falling water. For a moment the bronzed face of Sam blanched, and then he drew his figure up proudly, saying: "Better than the scalping knife or stake, old friend, as the Frenchman says, 'Vive la mort!' Long live death!"
It was, indeed, before them, for as they shot out of the narrow pass they saw the falls—how high they could not tell, but the smoke which arose showed that it was not a small one. "Keep her head to it," cried Rip. "If we don't get through, it's good-bye forever, Sam."
The swift current caught them, and the canoe, hurled forward with terrible force, went flying toward the verge. A moment more and it shot out into the mist and went down into the unknown depths. Each man clung to his paddle as he went down, held by an invisible power, whirled to and fro, as in a maelstrom, and then shot up into the light

below the falls. Far below them the canoe floated, and as the current swept them down the two men looked back in time to see the Indians' canoe come over the fall sideways without an occupant. It was hurled far out and fell lightly on the strong hand of Buckskin Sam.
The Indians, appalled by their danger, had kept the canoe in their frantic efforts to escape. What became of them the trappers never knew, for when they reached the foot of the rapid, far below the falls, and righted the canoe, they made no pause, but hurried down the stream, and before night were safely floating in the waters of the Canadian river. Two days after they reached Fort Sill in safety.

England and Afghanistan.
The trouble between England and Afghanistan, arising out of the refusal of the ruler of the latter country to permit a British mission to pass through his territory, leads a New York paper to give some facts relative to an earlier difficulty between the two countries. The paper says: The smallness of the force employed in it has given to England's Afghan campaign of 1841-2 a less prominent place in history than it deserves. In reality, it was the severest check ever experienced by the British arms in Asia, and quite as disastrous, in proportion, as Napoleon's retreat from Moscow; the destruction barely stopping short of absolute annihilation. The crisis of irresolution have seldom been more fatally exemplified. When the revolt first broke out in November, 1841, the city of Cabul itself was held by 16,000 Anglo-Indian troops, who might either have crushed the nascent rising with one vigorous blow, or have maintained themselves in the impregnable citadel of the town till the arrival of reinforcements. But Gen. Alphonso, a sickly old man, lingered inactive day after day, till at length the capture of his commissariat by the insurgents, leaving him almost destitute of supplies, opened his eyes to the necessity of retreat, when retreat was already too late. The scene which followed has no parallel in military history. Half starved, and already running short of ammunition, the ill-fated army, in the depth of a winter whose intolerable cold swept down the Hindoo soldiers like leaves, dragged itself wearily through a gloomy gorge many miles in length, shut in by unscalable precipices, which were all one blaze and crackle of hostile musketry, every bullet telling fatally upon the helpless mass below. "The breath froze upon our mustaches," said one of the few officers who survived that fatal day, "and the fingers of the men were so numbbed that many of them let fall their muskets." A regimental surgeon named Brydon was the only man who reached Jellalabad, and but few of the captured officers escaped the treacherous cruelty of Akbar Khan. The heroic defense of Candahar by Gen. Nott, and of Jellalabad by Sir Robert Sale, did, indeed, retrieve the lost prestige of England, and Cabul was again occupied in the ensuing autumn; but with the tragedy of the Khoord-Cabul Pass ended all thoughts of conquering Afghanistan.

A Ballad of Ice Cream.
Tell us not in mournful numbers that this life is but a dream, when a girl that weighs one hundred gets outside a quart of cream, and then wants more.—*Elmira Gazette*. Life is real, life is earnest, and the girls know what they need, but on cream they are the blindest set.—*N. Y. News*. Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate; but never let us go a-wooing girls who want a second plate. How's that?—*Newspaper*. Lives of such girls all remind us, as we float down the stream, that the boys who come behind us, have to pay for lots of cream. N-e-x-t!—*Yonkers Gazette*. Be not like the dumb driven cattle, be a hero in the strife; never with your mother battle, save the ice cream for your wife. Proceed.—*Boston Transcript*. Ice cream that perhaps a sister, trailing through the pelting rain, walked her feet into a blister that she might her share obtain. Give her some too.—*High Private*. Art is long, and time is fleeting, and our hearts, though stout and brave, can't endure this ice cream eating; we shall have to quit and have. March on.—*First Corporal*. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way; let the girls have cream to-morrow, let them have it every day. Pass it along.—*Orderly Sergeant*. Still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labor and to wait; no more billing, no more cooing, no more ice cream from this date. Scot!—*Rome Sentinel*. Trust no future, however pleasant, get ice cream for girls now, for there's no time like the present—get it, least you have a "row." And "no cards."—*Meriden Recorder*.

FOR THE PAIR SEX.
News and Notes for Women.
The British medical association still declines to admit women to its ranks.
Nevada ladies run "egg races," each contestant being required to carry an uncooked egg in a tablespoon.
A Chinese exhibitor at the French exposition has imported 30,000 Chinese peaked hats, and it is said that the Parisians will wear them.
French grandmothers are said to be the best dressed in the world. They wear quantities of lace and gauze near their faces, gray silk gowns, and loves of caps.
The Memphis *Avant-courier* says that although parents deserted their children, and children their parents, and husbands their wives, in Memphis, not one wife deserted a husband.

Rosina Stolz, the singer, is going to sue for the annulment of her marriage with the Prince of Pesco, a descendant of Godoy. She has published a volume of "Thoughts," ostensibly dictated to her by Joan of Arc.
It is asserted that the yellow-clay colored suits, fashionable in Boston this year, were introduced by a young man who wished to make his dress harmonize with the surroundings when standing on his sweetheart's doorsteps.
The imperial decree, requiring the wives of all Japanese office-holders to dress in the European fashions, has flooded the French market with Japanese dresses, and the French ladies are wearing them for dressing gowns.
Ladies buying perfumes of any kind, whether French or American, should beware of those which are put up in showy bottles with gay labels. Square or octagonal crystal bottles with glass stoppers, and with the name of a good firm on the label, are to be preferred to any amount of gilt and colored paper and green glass.

Fashion Notes.
Old gold color and pink is a favorite mixture for bows.
Black velvet dresses are to be trimmed with peacock feathers.
Plain black velvet slippers are most desirable for house wear.
Silver bangles at some of the jewelers are thickly studded with diamonds.
The latest novelty in veils is black dotted net, lined with white illusion.
It is said that moire antique silk will be used for trimming hats and bonnets.
Among novelties for trimming are plaid foulards. Plaids will be worn early this winter.
Two, three and four kinds of material will be used in the fabrication of fall and winter dresses.
Satin and brocade are the most popular materials in the imported dresses for fall and winter wear.

A gold cord passed around the crown and knotted on the top, is the sole trimming of some black velvet bonnets.
Toile de sanglier is the name of a new rough, loosely-woven fabric of worsted that comes in all colors for winter suits.
Flat fur collars, with long narrow fringes finished with fur tassels, will be more stylish but less common than those this year.
Stephanotis is the newest sachet powder. Its scent is like that of the extract of pond lily, but is a little more pungent.
What they Studied.
One of the first proofs that "the world moves" is seen, of course, in the changes of the world's text-books—the different kind of lessons deemed necessary for young students to learn.
The change in educational methods and aims in the last century has been most extraordinary. Dr. Noah Porter, of Connecticut, father of the present president of Yale College, gives a sketch of his college studies in a letter to a friend. He entered Yale in 1799, the same year that the late Prof. Silliman became professor. He says:
"As though we had come fresh from the common school, we were put back into our grammar, geography, and the common learning, and kept in them a great part of the first two years, so that at their close we had scarcely advanced farther than is now requisite for admission. And what poor barren things our grammars, lexicons and text-books then were, compared with such as are now furnished.
"And our teachers were as scantily furnished as our books. I wonder that any of us came out men, or ever became such. And yet we were fully employed, and on such things as were put into our hands we were kept hard at work. Though we were perhaps half a year on Morse's two large volumes of geography, we were required to recite the whole of them, and our memories, if no other faculties, were severely tasked."

Natural History in Small Chunks.
"What is this?"
"This is a lion, called by some folks the king-of-the-beasts. Take a sharp look at him so you may hereafter tell a lion from a mule."
"What is the color of a lion?"
"His natural color is tawny. Where you see one fixed off with red, white and blue you may be sure that some circus man has been painting him."
"Lions must be very strong?"
"So they are. It is a pity that their strength cannot be used in drawing street cars."
"Are there any wild lions in this country?"
"Not very many; but then we'd advise you to get into the house as soon as night comes. Africa is the home of the lion. He has every chance to spread himself there; the nights are so warm that he doesn't have to draw his tail into his den for fear of frost."
"Can a lion carry off an ox?"
"It is said that he can, but it would be far better for the ox to carry himself off before the lion got hold of him. There isn't much doubt that a lion could trot off quite easily with a rabbit."
"Does a lion ever attack a white man?"
"Very rarely. When a man is home at reasonable hours, keeps plenty of wood split, buys his wife four hats per year and votes our ticket, he is not often disturbed by lions. They walk right past him to grab one of those fellows who will never lend his wheelbarrow or snow-shovel, and whose sidewalk is always in need of repairs."
"Do lions roar very loudly?"
"They do. The sound is almost as loud as that of a dish-pan falling off its nail in the dead of night."
"Why do they roar?"
"Naturalists differ about that. Some say that he roars to let other denizens of the forest understand that he is on deck and ready to argue matters, and others assert that he roars when he has nothing else to do—just as Congressional speeches are made. The roar won't hurt you, no matter how they decide it."
"Can a lion catch a horse?"
"Yes, unless he stubs his toe or stops to pick up a tender and juicy child for luncheon."
"Can a man look a lion out of countenance?"
"That depends. Some of these modern defaulter could look a lion out of countenance with one eye shut. In ordinary cases it is better for the man who tries the experiment to be up a tree."
"Can the lion vanquish the elephant?"
"If the elephant had sore eyes, and had been speering around all night, and the agnes was kind o' hovering up and down his spinal column, a lion would be apt to do so."
"Can a lion ever be tamed?"
"Never. After one has been jolted around the country with different circuses for twenty years, sold at bankrupt sale a dozen times, fed on shin-bonnet and shavings, and poked up with hot crowbars, he no sooner gets out of his cage than he eats ten or fifteen people and half kills as many more. You will always see an account of it in the papers just before the menagerie comes around."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Wonders of America.
The greatest cataract in the world is the falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three-fourths of a mile in width, and then being suddenly contracted plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of 165 feet. The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth cave of Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river and catch fish without eyes. The greatest river in the known world is the Mississippi, 4,000 miles long. The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains 5,000,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions of the globe. The largest city in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains over 2,700 acres. The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago. The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 430 miles long and 1,000 feet deep. The longest railroad at present is the Pacific railroad; over 3,000 miles in length. The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Pilot Knob of Missouri. It is 350 feet high and two miles in circuit. The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard college for orphans, Philadelphia. The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton aqueduct, New York; its length is forty and a quarter miles; and it cost \$12,500,000. The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually and appear to be inexhaustible.

Time is money—there's something in it. For silver dollars are coined in a min't.

Items of Interest.
A starving fellow—A cooper.
Watches were first made in 1476.
A taking person—The policeman.
Postoffices were established in 1464.
Watered stock—Cows from the brook.
Paper money—A newsboy's receipts.
Never stroke a mustache when it is down.
The German and Austrian law forbids the sale of dead fish.
There are sixty thousand commercial travelers in the United States.
A medical report gives a case of poisoning from wearing a green shade over the eyes.
Horses are different from men in this, that when they get on their last quarter they are glad of it.
Nature very properly located the nasal organ midway of the head—simply because it is the head-center.
Two pieces of ice may be rubbed together until sufficient warmth is developed to melt them both.
What is the difference between fixed stars and shooting stars? The first are "suns," the second "darters."
Nothing betrays the innocence of men's natures more than to see one feeling all over his coat-tails to find a pocket which is in his coat at home.
Near Fort Osborne, Manitoba, is a dwelling-house sheeted and roofed with tin obtained from old oyster and tin cans. All the joints are perfect and the house is water-proof.
Some time since the *Detroit Free Press* inquired incidentally if fish could talk. One paper answered, "Seal skin." Another, more recently, says, "Certainly; out in Colorado, Pike's Peak."
There is a touching beauty in the pale wild-rose that grows by the dusty roadside, half choked with thistle-down; but it is all lost upon the man who breaks both his back suspenders when he stoops to pluck it.
Flowers are so universally loved, and accepted everywhere as the necessities of the moral life, that whatever can be done to render their cultivation easy, and to bring them to perfection in the vicinity of, or within the household, must be regarded as a benefaction.

A suggestion is made by the correspondent of a French paper that bodies might with advantage be buried in the sea, which he considers to be the natural cemetery for the dead. He proposes that funeral boats, large enough to contain several bodies, be periodically dispatched from convenient places on the sea shore, and that the bodies be committed to the deep at such a distance from the land as will prevent all possibility of their interfering with the public health.

Some Nice Executions.
Mr. Sala says in the London *Illustrated News*: Hoedel, the would-be regicide, has had his head duly cut off at Berlin; and, assuming that we are entitled under any circumstances to inflict capital punishment on the cowardly and conceited assassin of the aged sovereign of Germany certainly deserve his fate. Civilization, nevertheless, must score a good many points when we contrast the comparatively merciful execution undergone by this wretched man Hoedel with the dreadful torments wreaked on Count Ankerstrom, the assassin (a masked fool) of Gustavus III., of Sweden, and the yet more horrible agonies endured by Damiani, who wounded Louis XV., of France, very slightly with a penknife. Ankerstrom, who was a widow was living within the recollection of persons still surviving) was scourged with iron chains for three consecutive days preceding his execution, until he was nearly flayed alive. As for the miserable Damiani, we have all read and shuddered at the account of the "bed steel" to which he was strapped; the "questionnaire et extraordinaire" to which he was subjected; the melt lead and boiling oil, pitch and sulphur which were poured into the wounds which the pinners had made in his limbs; and his final exorcism, the pulling of him to pieces by four horses. The horses were slugged the performance of their abominable task, and it was necessary to stimulate them by the lash.

or coughs and colds
ever fails. Hold by
regulate. See a box,
no list free. Address
Johns & Co.,
No. Nassau Street,
New York, N. Y.
Lancashire (leg. for
Indian Contract, N. Y.)
Household Articles,
No. 10, Madison St.,
New York, N. Y.
Wanted—200 best
of one sample free.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
What come &
of. Catalogue free
to St. Boston, Mass.
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 111. Grand
F. Washington, N. J.
ing for the Fire
N. Y. August, Maine,
ar, to begin work at
Business Directory,
NEW YORK, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
N. Y. City, N. Y.
MONTHLY—10
N. Y. City, N. Y.
120 N. 5th St., N. Y.
R. W. R. W. R.
writing original. No
of for circles. Every
will there at night.
H. A. S. JONES &
SWEET
arranged at my desired
of any kind. Material
N. Y. City, N. Y.
RD, Havana, Ohio.
Novelties
No. 100. PIANO
No. 11