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POOR DOCUMENT

DOLPH HEYLIGER.

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

[CONTINUED.]

As he said these words he reached out his hand to extinguish the candle, when he was suddenly struck with astonishment and dismay, for he thought he beheld the phantom of the haunted house staring on him from a dusky part of the chamber. A second look reassured him, as he perceived that what he had taken for the specter was, in fact, nothing but a Flemish portrait that hung in a shadowy corner just behind a clothes press. It was, however, the precise representation of his nightly visitor—the same clock and belted jerkin, the same grizzled beard and fixed eye, the same broad, slouched hat, with a feather hanging over one side. Dolph now called to mind the resemblance he had frequently remarked between his host and the old man of the haunted house; and was fully convinced that they were in some way connected, and that some especial destiny had governed his voyage. He lay gazing on the portrait with almost as much awe as he had gazed on the ghostly original, until the shrill house clock warned him of the lateness of the hour. He put out the light, but remained for a long time turning over these curious circumstances and coincidences in his mind, until he fell asleep. His dreams partook of the nature of his waking thoughts. He fancied that he still lay gazing on the picture, until, by degrees, it became animated; that the figure descended from the wall and walked out of the room; that he followed it and found himself by the well, to which the old man pointed, smiled on him, and disappeared.

In the morning when Dolph waked he found his host standing by his bedside, who gave him a hearty morning's salutation and asked him how he had slept. Dolph answered cheerily, but took occasion to inquire about the portrait that hung against the wall. "Ah," said Heer Antony, "that's a portrait of old Killian Vander Spiegel, once a burgomaster of Amsterdam, who, on some popular troubles, abandoned Holland and came over to the province during the government of Peter Stuyvesant. He was my ancestor by the mother's side, and an old miserly curmudgeon he was. When the English took possession of New Amsterdam in 1664 he retired into the country. He fell into a melancholy, apprehending that his wealth would be taken from him and that he would come to beggary. He turned all his property into cash, and used to hide it away. He was for a year or two concealed in various places, fancying himself sought after by the English, to strip him of his wealth; and finally was found dead in his bed one morning, without any one being able to discover where he had concealed the greater part of his money."

When his host had left the room, Dolph remained for some time lost in thought. His whole mind was occupied by what he had heard. Vander Spiegel was his mother's family name; and he recollected to have heard her speak of this very Killian Vander Spiegel as one of her ancestors. He had heard her say, too, that her father was Killian's rightful heir, only that the old man died without leaving anything to be inherited. It now appeared that Heer Antony was likewise a descendant, and perhaps an heir also, of this poor rich man; and that thus the Heyligers and the Vander Heydens were remotely connected. "What," thought he, "if, after all, this is the interpretation of my dream, that this is the way I am to make my fortune by this voyage to Albany, and that I am to find the old man's hidden wealth in the bottom of that well? But what an odd, round-about mode of communicating the matter! Why the plague could not the old goblin have told me about the well at once, without sending me all the way to Albany to hear a story that was to send me all the way back again?"

These thoughts passed through his mind while he was dressing. He descended the stairs, full of perplexity, when the bright face of Marie Vander Heyden suddenly beamed in smiles upon him, and seemed to give him a clew to the whole mystery. "After all," thought he, "the old goblin is in the right. If I am to get his wealth, he means that I shall marry his pretty descendant; thus both branches of the family will be again united, and the property go on in the proper channel."

No sooner did this idea enter his head than it carried conviction with it. He was now all impatience to hurry back and secure the treasure, which, he did not doubt, lay at the bottom of the well, and which he feared every moment might be discovered by some other person. "Who knows," thought he, "but this night walking old fellow of the haunted house may be in the habit of haunting every visitor, and may give a hint to some shrewder fellow than myself, who will take a shorter cut to the well than by the way of Albany?" He wished a thousand times that the babbling old ghost was laid in the Red sea, and his rambling portrait with him. He was in a perfect fever to depart. Two or three days elapsed before any opportunity presented for returning down the river. They were ages to Dolph, notwithstanding that he was basking in the smiles of the pretty Marie, and daily getting more and more enamored.

At length the very sloop from which he had been knocked overboard prepared to make sail. Dolph made an awkward apology to his host for his sudden departure. Antony Vander Heyden was sorely astonished. He had concerted half a dozen excursions into the wilderness; and his Indians were actually preparing for a grand expedition to one of the lakes. He took Dolph aside, and exerted his eloquence to get him to abandon all thoughts of business, and to remain with him—but in vain; and he at length gave up the attempt, observing "that it was a thousand pities so fine a young man should throw himself away." Heer Antony, however, gave him a hearty shake by the hand at parting, with a favorite fowling piece, and an invitation to come to his house whenever he revisited Albany. The pretty little Marie said nothing; but as he gave her a farewell kiss, her dimpled cheek turned pale and a tear stood in her eye. Dolph sprang lightly on board of the vessel.

They hoisted sail; the wind was fair; they soon lost sight of Albany and its green hills and embowered islands. They were wafted gayly past the Kaatskill mountains, whose fairy heights were bright and cloudless. They passed prosperously through the highlands without any molestation from the Dunderberg goblin and his crew; they swept on across Haverstraw bay and by Croton Point and through the Tappaan Zee and under the Palisadoes, until in the afternoon of the third day they saw the promontory of Hoboken, hanging like a cloud in the air, and, shortly after, the roofs of the Manhattoes rising out of the water.

Dolph's first care was to repair to his mother's house, for he was continually goaded by the idea of the uneasiness she must experience on his account. He was puzzling his brains as he went along to think how he should account for his absence without betraying the secrets of the haunted house. In the midst of these cogitations he entered the street in which his mother's house was situated, when he was thunderstruck at beholding it a heap of ruins.

There had evidently been a great fire, which had destroyed several large houses and the humble dwelling of poor Dame Heyliger had been involved in the conflagration. The walls were not so completely destroyed but that Dolph could distinguish some traces of the scene of his childhood. The fireplace, about which he had often played, still remained ornamented with Dutch tiles, illustrating passages in Bible history, on which he had many a time gazed with admiration. Among the rubbish lay the wreck of the good dame's elbow chair, from which she had given him so many a wholesome precept, and hard by it was the family Bible with brass clasps—now, alas! reduced almost to a cinder.

For a moment Dolph was overcome by this dismal sight, for he was seized with the fear that his mother had perished in the flames. He was relieved, however, from this horrible apprehension by one of the neighbors who happened to come by, and who informed him that his mother was yet alive.

The good woman had, indeed, lost everything by this unlooked for calamity; for the populace had been so intent upon saving the fine furniture of her rich neighbors, that the little tenement, and the little all of poor Dame Heyliger, had been suffered to consume without interruption, nay, had it not been for the gallant assistance of her old crony, Peter de Groodt, the worthy dame and her cat might have shared the fate of their habitation.

As it was she had been overcome with fright and affliction, and lay ill in body and sick at heart. The public, however, had showed her its wonted kindness. The furniture of her rich neighbors being, as far as possible, rescued from the flames, themselves duly and ceremoniously visited and condoled with on the injury of their property, and their ladies commiserated on the agitation of their nerves; the public, at length, began to recollect something about poor Dame Heyliger. She forthwith became again a subject of universal sympathy; everybody pitied more than ever, and if pity could but have been coined into cash—good Lord! how rich she would have been!

It was now determined, in good earnest, that something ought to be done for her without delay. The dominie, therefore, put up prayers for her on Sunday, in which all the congregation joined most heartily. Even Cobus Groesbeck, the alderman, and Mynheer Milledollar, the great Dutch merchant, stood up in their pews, and did not spare their voices on the occasion; and it was thought the prayers of such great men could not but have their due weight. Dr. Knipperhausen, too, visited her professionally, and gave her abundance of advice gratis, and was universally lauded for his charity. As to her old friend, Peter de Groodt, he was a poor man, whose pity and prayers and advice could be of but little avail, so he gave her all that was in his power—he gave her shelter.

To the humble dwelling of Peter de Groodt, then, did Dolph turn his steps. On his way thither, he recalled all the tenderness and kindness of his simple hearted parent, her indulgence of his errors, her blindness to his faults; and then he bethought himself of his own idle, harum-scarum life. "I've been a sad scapegrace," said Dolph, shaking his head sorrowfully. "I've been a complete sink pocket, that's the truth of it!—But," added he briskly, and clasping his hands, "only let her live—only let her live—and I'll show myself indeed a son!"

As Dolph approached the house, he met Peter de Groodt coming out of it. The old man started back aghast, doubting whether it was not a ghost that stood before him. It being bright daylight, however, Peter soon plucked up heart, satisfied that no ghost dare show his face in such clear sunshine. Dolph now learned from the worthy sexton the consternation and rumor to which his mysterious disappearance had given rise. It had been universally believed that he had been spirited away by those hobgoblin gentry that infested the haunted house; and old Abraham Vandozer, who lived by the great buttonwood trees, at the three mile stone, affirmed, that he had heard a terrible noise in the air, as he was going home late at night, which seemed just as if a flight of wild geese were overhead, passing off towards the northward. The haunted house was, in consequence, looked upon with ten times more awe than ever; nobody would venture to pass a night in it for the world, and even the doctor had ceased to make his expeditions to it in the daytime.

It required some preparation before Dolph's return could be made known to his mother, the poor soul having bewailed him as lost; and her spirits having been sorely broken down by a number of comforters, who daily cheered her with stories of ghosts, and of people carried away by the devil. He found her confined to her bed, with the other member of the Heyliger family, the good dame's cat, purring beside her, but sadly singed, and utterly despoiled of those whiskers which were the glory of her physiognomy. The poor woman threw her arms about Dolph's neck. "My boy! my boy! art thou still alive?" For a time she seemed to have forgotten all her losses and troubles, in her joy at his return. Even the sage grimalkin showed indubitable signs of joy at the return of the youngster. She saw, perhaps, that they were a forlorn and undone family, and felt a touch of that kindliness which fellow sufferers only know. But, in truth, cats are a slandered people; they have more affection in them than the world commonly gives them credit for.

The good dame's eyes glistened as she saw one being, at least, beside herself, rejoiced at her son's return. "Tib knows thee! poor dumb beast!" said she, smoothing down the mottled coat of her favorite; then recollecting herself, with a melancholy shake of the head, "Ah, my poor Dolph!" exclaimed she, "thy mother can help thee no longer! She can no longer help herself! What will become of thee, my poor boy?"

"Mother," said Dolph, "don't talk in that strain; I've been too long a charge upon you; it's now my part to take care of you in your old days. Come! be of good heart! you, and I, and Tib, will all see better days. I'm here, you see, young, and sound, and hearty; then don't let us despair. I dare say things will all, somehow, turn out for the best."

While this scene was going on with the Heyliger family, the news was carried to Dr. Knipperhausen of the safe return of his disciple. The little doctor scarcely knew whether to rejoice or be sorry at the tidings. He was happy at having the foul reports which had prevailed concerning his country mansion thus disproved, but he grieved at having his disciple, of whom he had supposed himself fairly disencumbered, thus drifting back, a heavy charge upon his hands. While he was balancing between these two feelings, he was determined by the counsels of Frau Ilsy, who advised him to take advantage of the present absence of the youngster and shut the door upon him forever.

At the hour of bed time, therefore, when it was supposed the recreant disciple would seek his old quarters, every thing was prepared for his reception. Dolph, having talked his mother into a state of tranquillity, sought the mansion of his quondam master and raised the knocker with a faltering hand. Scarcely, however, had it given a dubious rap, when the doctor's head, in a red night cap, popped out of one window, and the housekeeper's, in a white night cap, out of another. He was now greeted with a tremendous volley of hard names and hard language, mingled with invaluable pieces of advice, such as are seldom ventured to be given, excepting to a friend in distress or a culprit at the bar. In a few moments not a window in the street but had its particular night cap, listening to the shrill treble of Frau Ilsy and the guttural croaking of Dr. Knipperhausen; and the word went from window to window, "All about Dolph Heyliger come back, and at his old pranks again." In short, poor Dolph found he was likely to get nothing from the doctor but good advice—a commodity so abundant as even to be thrown out of the window; so he was fain to beat a retreat and take up his quarters for the night under the lowly roof of honest Peter de Groodt.

The next morning, bright and early, Dolph was at the haunted house. Everything looked just as he had left it. The fields were grass grown and matted, and it appeared as if nobody had traversed them since his departure. With palpitating heart he hastened to the well. He looked down into it, and saw that it was of great depth, with water at the bottom. He had provided himself with a strong line, such as the fishermen use on the banks of Newfoundland. At the end was a heavy plummet and a large fish hook. With this he began to sound the bottom of the well, and to angle about in the water. He found that the water was of some depth; there appeared also to be much rubbish, stones from the top having fallen in. Several times his hook got entangled, and he came near breaking his line. Now and then, too, he hauled up mere trash, such as the skull of a horse, an iron hoop, and a shattered, iron bound bucket. He had now been several hours employed without finding anything to repay his trouble, or to encourage him to proceed. He began to think himself a great fool, to be thus decoyed into a wild goose chase by mere dreams, and was on the point of throwing line and all into the well, and giving up all further angling.

"One more cast of the line," said he, "and that shall be the last." As he sounded, he felt the plummet slip, as it were, through the interstices of loose stones; and as he drew back the line, he felt that the hook had taken hold of something heavy. He had to manage his line with great caution, lest it should be broken by the strain upon it. By degrees the rubbish that lay upon the article which he had hooked gave way; he drew it to the surface of the water, and what was his rapture at seeing something like silver glittering at the end of his line! Almost breathless with anxiety, he drew it up to the mouth of the well, surprised at its great weight, and fearing every instant that his hook would slip from its hold and his prize tumble again to the bottom. At length he landed it safe beside the well. It was a great silver porringer, of an ancient form, richly embossed, and with armorial bearings, similar to those over his mother's mantelpiece, engraved on its side.

The lid was fastened down by several twists of wire; Dolph loosened them with a trembling hand, and on lifting the lid, behold! the vessel was filled with broad golden pieces, of a coinage which he had never seen before! It was evident he had lit on the place where Killian Vander Spiegel had concealed his treasure.

Fearful of being seen by some stragglers, he cautiously retired, and buried his pot of money in a secret place. He now spread terrible stories about the haunted house, and deterred every one from approaching it, while he made fre-

It was a great silver porringer.

quent visits to it on stormy days, when no one was stirring in the neighboring fields; though, to tell the truth, he did not care to venture alone in the dark. For once in his life he was diligent and industrious, and followed up his new trade of angling with such perseverance and success, that in a little while he had hooked up wealth enough to make him, in those moderate days, a rich burger for life.

It would be tedious to detail minutely the rest of this story—to tell how he gradually managed to bring his property into use without exciting surprise and inquiry—how he satisfied all scruples with regard to retaining the property, and at the same time gratified his own feelings by marrying the pretty Marie Vander Heyden—and how he and Heer Antony had many a merry and roving expedition together.

I must not omit to say, however, that Dolph took his mother home to live with him, and cherished her in her old days. The good dame, too, had the satisfaction of no longer hearing her son made the theme of censure; on the contrary, he grew daily in public esteem; everybody spoke well of him and his wines, and the lordliest burgomaster was never known to decline his invitation to dinner. Dolph often related, at his down table, the wicked pranks which had once been the abhorrence of the town; but they were now considered excellent jokes, and the gravest dignitary was fain to hold his sides when listening to them. No one was more struck with Dolph's increasing merit than his quondam master, the doctor; and so forgiving was Dolph that he actually employed the doctor as his family physician, only taking care that his potations should be always thrown out of the window. His mother had often her junto of old cronies to take a snug cup of tea with her in her comfortable little parlor, and Peter de Groodt, as he sat by the fireside, with one of her grandchildren on his knee, would many a time congratulate her upon her son turning out so great a man; upon which the good old soul would wag her head with exultation, and exclaim: "Ah, neighbor, neighbor, did I not say that Dolph would one day or other hold up his head among the best of them?"

Thus did Dolph Heyliger go on, cheerily and prosperously, growing merrier as he grew older and wiser, and completely falsifying the old proverb about money got over the devil's back; for he made good use of his wealth and became a distinguished citizen and a valuable member of the community. He was a great promoter of public institutions, such as beefsteak societies and catch clubs. He presided at all public dinners, and was the first that introduced turtle from the West Indies. He improved the breed of race horses and game cocks, and was so great a patron of modest merit, that any one who could sing a good song, or tell a good story, was sure to find a place at his table.

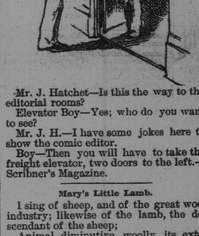
He was a member, too, of the corporation; made several laws for the protection of game and oysters and bequeathed to the board a large silver punch bowl, made out of the identical porringer before mentioned, and which is in the possession of the corporation to this very day.

Finally, he died, in a florid old age, of an apoplexy, at a corporation feast, and was buried with great honors in the yard of the little Dutch church in Garden street, where his tombstone may still be seen, with a quaint epitaph in Dutch, by his friend Mynheer Justus Benson, an ancient and excellent poet of the province.

The foregoing tale rests on better authority than most tales of the kind, as I have it at second hand from the lips of Dolph Heyliger himself. He never related it till towards the latter part of his life, and then in great confidence (for he was very discreet), to a few of his particular cronies at his own table over a supernumerary bowl of punch, and, strange as the hobgoblin parts of the story may seem, never was a single doubt expressed on the subject by any of his guests. It may not be amiss, before concluding, to observe that, in addition to his other accomplishments, Dolph Heyliger was noted for being the ablest drawer of the long bow in the whole province.

Striking toilets for very young women are made of red cloth or red Indian Poly (Christmas present from the Hub)—Oh, rats! Got any cold beans?—New York Sun.

Inexplicable.



"I dean know wat ails dat ar' chile. Dun nuffin but cry fur de longes' time." —Time.

Breadmakers wanted. Must not be loafers.

THE FATAL BARRIER.

And How It Destroyed the Romance of Two Young Lives.

"Miss Garpickle, you are trifling with me!"

Bardolph Kiljordan stood before her as erect, imperious, and gloomy as the star actor of a broken and dismembered dramatic combination standing on one side of the track half way between stations and watching a handcar propelled by section men sweeping rapidly past and disappearing in the hazy distance.

Mr. Kiljordan burned with the indignation of an abused, insulted man.

"For months and months," he said, "you have encouraged me. You have smiled upon me. You have accepted my attentions. You have listened to me with apparent approval when I have ventured to hint at a feeling stronger than friendship"——

"Mr. Kiljordan," interposed the young lady. "I will not deny that your attentions have been agreeable to me."

"Then why, Vinnie," he exclaimed, imploringly, "why do you tell me it can never be? Why do you look at me coldly and say we were not meant for each other?"

"I would have saved you this pain if I could, Mr. Kiljordan. I have waited and waited, hoping that the barrier between us might disappear—that you would—would see what it is that interposes so fatally."

"Vinnie," he exclaimed, tremulously and excitedly, "perhaps it is not too late, even yet! Perhaps I may be able to"——

"It is impossible, Mr. Kiljordan," replied the young lady, firmly yet kindly. "I shall always entertain the highest esteem for you as a man, a citizen, a friend, and an excellent judge"—here her voice faltered—"of post-theatrical refreshments, but any closer relationship, I am now convinced, can never be thought of."

"Vinnie Garpickle!" he exclaimed, with bitterness, "so be it! I shall not go down on my knees. It would do no good. The barrier, then," and the young man looked at it dejectedly—"if you will excuse me for saying so, Miss Garpickle, is not in that condition of—ah—of tidiness that—er—"

"Perhaps, Mr. Kiljordan," suggested the young lady, freezingly, "you will put an end to this painful scene by——"

"Going? Certainly, Miss Garpickle, certainly. But I think I have the right to ask you, since this will probably be the last time I shall ever have the opportunity, what the nature of the barrier is that separates us. Have I not?"

"You have, sir."

"Then why have you refused to be my wife?"

"Because, Mr. Kiljordan," she replied, with ineffable sadness, "I can never link my destiny with that of a young man who wears reversible cuffs."—Chicago Tribune.

Too Heavy.

Mr. J. Hatchet—Is this the way to the editorial rooms?

Elevator Boy—Yes; who do you want to see?

Mr. J. H.—I have some jokes here to show the comic editor.

Boy—Then you will have to take the freight elevator, two doors to the left.—Scribner's Magazine.

Mary's Little Lamb.

I sing of sheep, and of the great wool industry; likewise of the lamb, the descendant of the sheep;

Animal diminutive, woolly, its exterior covering being as devoid of color as the crystalized vapor which falls in flakes

Upon the Alpine mounts, and other spots which come high, but we must have them.

Mary was the owner of the lamb I sing.

Owner in fee simple, unencumbered by chattel or other mortgage.

Wherever Mary perambulated, the lamb also manifested an uncontrollable inclination to perigrinate likewise:

An inclination profound, inextinguishable, unconquerable, instinctive, necessitated, constrained, irrevocable, inexorable, irresistible.—Drake's Magazine.

Proof of His Wealth.

Old Gentleman—Mr. Quigsby, since you have asked me for the hand of my daughter, it will not be impertinent to inquire as to your financial standing, I suppose?

"Certainly not. I assure you that I am a man of unlimited means."

"Satisfy me of that, and Julia shall be yours."

"Very well; I have papers with me to show that I was proprietor of a hat store for a fortnight following the presidential election."

"Take my daughter, my dear boy, and may God bless you both."—Nebraska State Journal.

If Not, Ought to Be.

Young Man (to servant)—Is Miss Clara engaged?

Servant—Hiven rest your sowl, sorr, I hope she is. She's in the parlor now wid a young man's arm twict around her waist.—New York Sun.

A New Year's Resolve.

Twillingham—What are you going to swear off on this year, my boy?

Winclooker—I've thought it all over and concluded that giving up swearing off is the only thing I can keep with any certainty.—Time.

A Strong Support.

Jinks—It is said that a Spaniard can live on an onion and a few olives a day. How can a man keep up on such a diet?

Blinks—Dunno, unless he uses his breath for a cane.—Philadelphia Record.

A Parrot From Boston.

Mimi—Does Polly want a cracker?

Polly (Christmas present from the Hub)—Oh, rats! Got any cold beans?—New York Sun.

A Lost Recitationist.

Kind Officer—So yez is lost, is it, me bhoy? Well, don't be crayin' about it. Give me yer name, and yer father's address, an' Oile be hanged if Oi don't hey yez home afore night.

Lost Recitationist—My name is Norval, and on the Grampian hills my father feeds his flock, etc.—Once a Week.

Catering to Public Taste.

Great Publisher—What manuscripts are these?

Tired Reader—One is the trashiest sort of a love story not worth looking at, but the author is willing to let us have it for nothing, as it is his first work. The other is an alleged philosophical volume—a long drawn out, wearisome collection of chestnuts about science and religion, no use to anybody; but that author is also willing to give us the stuff for nothing. We'll accept both, and tell Mr. Scribbler to weave 'em into a divinity novel and put a woman's name to it. The public must be kept amused.—Philadelphia Record.

Didn't Understand the Technical Terms.

Lecturer on Art—Before I sit down I shall be happy to answer any questions that any of you may wish to ask.

Gentleman in Audience (from St. Louis)—I have enjoyed the lecture much, sir, and have understood it all except a few technical terms. Will you please tell me what you mean by the words perspective, fresco, and nicked angles?

(Lecturer sits down discouraged.)—Chicago Tribune.

The Pitfall of Marketing.

Young Housekeeper (to butcher)—You may send me some ducks, I think, today.

Butcher—Yes'm, canvas back, I suppose?

Young Housekeeper (who knows nothing about ducks)—Well—er—no, I guess now they might be tough. Send just plain ducks without the canvas backs.—The Epoch.

A German Compliment.

Young Lady—If you don't stop paying me compliments I'll put my hands over my ears.

The Fair Professor—Ach! Mees Chones, dey are too schmall!—Harper's Bazar.

The great popularity of Ayer's Pills as a cathartic is due no less to their promptness and efficacy than to their coating of sugar and freedom from any injurious effects. Children take them readily. See Ayer's Almanac, which is free to all.

EPISODES OF HOTEL LIFE.

Bill Nye Tells How He Got Breakfast and a Shave.

Nashville is one of the flourishing cities of the south, with good hotels, good railroad communications and a stirring, prosperous air which favorably impresses a stranger in five minutes. There are no cantharides on Nashville.

Elsewhere we stop at a hotel which adds ten years of misery to our lives. While we register people come in from a distance to look at us in an inquiring way, and with a dumb appeal seem to ask who in thunder we are. The general public can hardly wait till we get away from the register so that it can see who we are. When it ascertains a low, smothered snicker passes from mouth to mouth, and Mr. Vox Populi in a body follows us to the wash room to see how we look with our hats off. Wide eyed wonder possesses us as we fill our own eyes with soft soap and grope aimlessly around for the overworked roller towel. We add our autographs to the collection on the towel and go in to dinner. There is no menu, but we can tell what we are going to have by the atmosphere. The female garcon rests calmly against my shoulder and says:

"Tea or eggs?"

Mr. Riley, who insists on fried eggs "on both sides" and who, fearful of using professional terms as I do, and ordering them "blind in both eyes," insists on being grammatical, tells her that he wants them "fried on either side." She says, "Sir!" and he repeats the formula, only using the word eyether this time. She goes away cautiously with doubt. After awhile she come back and brings back my order. She asks Mr. Riley again how he wants his eggs. He says fried on either side. "Yes, but which side? I'd rather you'd say which side you want 'em fried on."

He tells her to cook them like mine, and she resumes her old air of cheerfulness and her gum.

Then we go to the barber shop. The barber lives over the shop and is eating his dinner. We can hear him. Out of our window hangs the sign

ROOMS TO RENT.
Saws Set and Filed Here.

By and by he comes down, and, seeing that we are strangers, sends us for a clean mucilaginous towel. I tell Mr. Riley to get in the chair, but he is generous and yields it to me because he has no one dependent on him as I have, but he says he will read the paper. The barber puts a large quantity of lather on my features and then wipes it off with a carriage sponge, which has carpet tacks in it. He then puts on another coat and strops his razor in a way that shakes the entire block. Then he turns my face the other way by means of my nose and making the gestures with his tongue, which fixes his memory on my mind for a long time to come. He is a Methodist and a veteran with but one leg, and while he shaves me he stands on this leg, meantime resting the stump of the other on my shoulder.

I get up out of the chair like a scolded child and Mr. Riley says he will wait till we reach Cincinnati.—Bill Nye in New York World.

Before and After.

Gentleman (to barber)—Have you one of these nickel weighing machines in the place?

Barber—Yes, sah. right da' in de cornah.

Gentleman weighs himself.

Barber—Hab a shave, sah?

Gentleman—No, I want to take a bath.

Barber (to boy)—Alexander, git a bath ready fur dis gemman. (After the gentleman has removed from the bath room.) Eberything all right, sah?

Gentleman—Oh, yes.

Barber—Does yo' wan' ter weigh yo'self agin, sah?—The Epoch.

A Terrible Ten Years.

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

A glass blower wanted. Parties who do their blowing over a glass not required.

Weak eyes and inflamed lids indicate an impure condition of the blood. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It vitalizes the blood, regulates the secretions, and expels all scrofulous humors from the system. Try it. Price $1.00. Worth $5 a bottle.

Wanted, a brass finsher to finish off book agents after they have been kicked down stairs.

A Severe Attack.

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

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 tenth day of December, A. D. 1888, a notice to the Registrar by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries signifying 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 a lighthouse, fog bell and 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 other parties 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, 305 feet, or to the intersection with a line crossing Campbell's Island, on a course of north sixty-five degrees west, and distant at right angles therefrom 190 feet from the extreme southerly point of said Island at high water mark; thence on said line north, sixty-five degrees west, 100 feet, to high water mark; thence, following the line of high water mark southerly, round the point of said Island, and northeasterly to the eastern end of the line crossing Campbell's Island, as aforesaid; thence on said line north, sixty-five degrees west, 12 feet; thence south, fifty four degrees east, 305 feet, to the north corner of the Fish House; thence north, sixty-six degrees east, 158 feet, to a point near Daniel Campbell's well; thence north twenty-three degrees, 410 feet; thence north two degrees and thirty minute west, 440 feet, to the northwestern side line of the grant to Hugh Campbell, aforesaid; thence on said line south, forty-nine degrees and thirty minutes west, 22 feet, or to the place of beginning, giving a road of uniform width throughout from the present highway to the lighthouse, lot of fifteen feet, and containing two roods and eighteen perches, more or less.

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

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

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

L. A. AUDETTE,
Registrar.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

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

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

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,

Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK —FOR— BOSTON

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

Returning, the Steamer NEW BRUNSWICK 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.

THE NATIONAL,

22 Charlotte St.

Choice P. E. ISLAND and BUCTOUCHE OYSTERS served in all Styles and shelled to order.

CHOICE LUNCHES

Served at all hours. Dinner from 12 till 2 o'clock.

CIGAR COUNTER, SHOOTING GALLERY, BILLARD and POOL TABLES.

Telephone Communication.

TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Thomas E. Burke, of the City of Portland, School Teacher, has this day made an assignment of his estate to the undersigned trustee, in trust for the benefit of his creditors, who may assent to the Trust Deed within three months from this date. The Trust Deed now lies at the office of Currey & Vincent, Chubb's Corner, St. John, Barristers: for inspection and execution. No preferences.

Dated November 14th, A. D., 1888.

JOHN L. CARLETON,
Trustee.

CURREY & VINCENT,
Solicitors.

A. B. SMALLEY,

WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER

91 Prince William st.,

Saint John, N. B.

EDWARD F. LAW,

Watchmaker and Jeweller.

For Thirteen years Watchmaker at the late SHERIFF HOWE'S.

A full line of CLOCKS, WATCHES, and JEWELLRY, at reasonable prices.

No 3 Coburg Street (near Union).

Saint John, N. B.

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.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

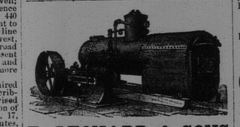
Cut Nails & Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads,

FINISHING NAILS.

Shoe and Hungarian Nails, &c.

Office, Warehouse and Manufactory:

GEORGES STREET, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.



E. LEONARD & SONS

Steam Engines and Boilers

for all purposes.

WOODWORKING MACHINERY, TURBINE WHEELS.

Dodge Wood Pulleys etc.

SAW AND PLANING MILL

outfits furnished.

New and Second hand Machinery in stock.

62 Water St., - St. John, N. B.

GEORGE H. EVANS, Representative.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1888 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

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

Trains will Leave St. John.

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

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

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

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

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

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

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

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

(ALL RAIL LINE.)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: in effect Jan. 7th, 1888. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

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

3.35 p.m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

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

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

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

10.00 a.m.—From Fredericton and intermediate points.

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

LEAVE CARLETON.

8.25 a.m.—For Fairville, Bangor and points west,