POETRY.

CALDWELL OF SPRINGFIELD, N. J. (1780).

Here's the spot. Look around you. Above on the height
Lay the Hessians encamped. By that church on the right
Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a well—
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball.
Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.

Nothing more, did I say? Stay one moment; you've heard
Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the World
Down at Springfield? What! not? Come—that's bad; why, he had
All the Jerseys aflame! And they gave him the name
Of the "rebel high priest." He struck in their gorge,
For he loved the Lord God and he hated King George.

He had cause, you might say! When the Hessians that day
Marched up with Knyphausen they stopped on their way
At the "Farms," where his wife, with a child in her arms,
Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew
But God—and that one of the hireling crew
Who fired the shot. Enough! there she lay,
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband away!

Did he preach? did he pray? Think of him as you stand
By the old church to-day; think of him and that band
Of militant plow boys! See the smoke and the head
Of that reckless advance—of that straggling retreat!
Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your view,
And what could you—what should you, what would you do?

Why, just what he did! They were left in the lurch
For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke the door, stripped the pews and dashed out in the road
With his arms full of hymn books, and threw down his load
At their feet! Then above all the shouting and shots
Rang his voice—"Put Watts into 'em—boys, give 'em Watts!"

And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball—
But not always a hero like this—and that's all.

—Bret Harte.

SELECT STORY.

POOR ARTIST'S TRIUMPH.

BY WILL H. EDMUNDS.

In an old house, in an obscure street of Nuremburg, there lived a little humpbacked man, whose face was wrinkled, and bore a somewhat morose expression, owing, doubtless, to the many difficulties which had beset his path through life, and the cruel ridicule cast upon him by more fortunate but unfeeling neighbors. This unfortunate individual, Samuel Duhobret by name, was about thirty-five years old, and obtained a livelihood by painting large signs (such as hung before inns), and the coarse tapestry which was formerly much used in Germany.

By some sudden change of fortune (almost the only one he had ever known), and in consequence of the generous disposition of Albrecht Durer, the painter and engraver, he had been admitted as a pupil into that great master's school, out of charity, for he was too poor to pay the high fee charged for instruction.

Here he studied hard, and was an example of indefatigable industry, for he was always there by daybreak, and seldom left till darkness closed in, either studying or helping Durer on his "lady accountant." This was the name Durer gave to his wife, Agnes, the daughter of Hans Frei.

Madame Durer possessed an irascible temper, which caused much domestic trouble, and often brought discomfort to her husband's pupils; but having a particular aversion to Duhobret, she vented most of her spleen upon him, for the others were either too cunning for her malice to reach them, or else they purchased their peace by conciliating the female tyrant. Yet, in spite of all her shrewish propensities, and the many contemptible but galling things put upon Duhobret, he had not a taint of envy or malice in his heart. He was the most even-tempered mortal living, and would frequently give his services to those who were the most bitter toward him.

The only peace he knew was after his day's work at the studio was over, and he had returned to his poor lodging, a lonely room at the top of the house, where he would often work till long after midnight to earn the scanty means of subsistence, or to push forward a picture which stood upon his easel.

After several years of this arduous toil his strength began to fail, and sickness laid him low. One night, after he had reached home with considerable difficulty, he went to the well to fill his earthen pitcher, but a mist covered his eyes, and a sudden dizziness caused him to reel like a drunken man. At last he regained his room and went to bed.

In the morning he was in a burning fever; an internal fire seemed to dry up his blood and scorch his brain. He was missed that day from the scene of his labors, but his absence only caused a brutal joke from his fellow-students; none cared to go to his lodging and inquire the cause, though but few among them were not under obligations for some service performed by the poor cripple.

Duhobret lay tossing to and fro in delirium for four days, quenching his thirst, during his lucid intervals from the feverish madness, by draughts of water, now stale, from the pitcher he had filled on the evening when he had first felt sick. It was the early morning of the fourth day when Samuel discovered that it was empty. What could he do? He was too weak to go out and refill it, he had no kind friend watching by his bedside to send. Death seemed very near; he could almost feel the icy finger at his heart, while his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and his throat was hot and dry as a lime-kiln.

"Oh, God," he prayed, "let me not die here with none to relieve me. Oh, Thou who didst thirst upon the cross, hear my cry and send me relief. Oh, Holy Mother, pray for me, now in the hour of my distress, pray that one drop of water may be brought to cool my parched tongue."

The darkness of the night began to pass away; the sun shone forth with golden radiance and threw long bright rays upon the floor of his room, but it brought no relief, and but little hope of succor from the outside world.

In the same house there lived a poor girl, named Bertha, who was a cripple. A disease of the hip-bone, engendered by a fall when an infant, had marred the beautiful proportions of her body, and caused her to limp, and use a crutch.

She was not pretty, but she had a tender heart, and she had often pitied the poor humpbacked lodger up stairs, although her pity was somewhat mixed with fear, for it was the common talk of neighborly gossips that he was a wizard. This report was strengthened by the certainty that Duhobret was not altogether ignorant of the science of letters.

He could read and write—great things in the days of which we write—and once he had been seen to enter his house bearing under his arm a ponderous book, fastened by huge brass clasps. This last was proof incontrovertible of his alliance to black art, and he was generally feared.

Then, besides, he was seldom abroad in the daylight, except when he went to church on Sunday; and no one had ever been seen visiting him, nor had he ever joined with his neighbors in the flagon of Rhenish wine with which they were wont to regale themselves on holiday times.

Bertha had missed his regular footsteps on the stairs, and she began to wonder what had become of the solitary lodger, so she turned to her widowed mother for an explanation.

"Mother, I have not seen Herr Duhobret lately, and I don't think he has left the house. Do you know what is the matter?"

"No, child, not I; maybe he's working some mighty spell, which our Lady deliver us from," said the old dame.

"Oh, mother, don't say such things of the poor man; I'm sure he does not look like a wizard; and as for his book lore, why the clergymen read and teach others to read, and they are not wizards. Besides, I've often seen him at church, and he looks very devout. I think he must be sick. May I go and see? Maybe he wants something, and you know that he has no one to send."

The mother rather reluctantly assented, and Bertha caught up her crutch and ascended the stairs to Duhobret's room.

Having knocked at the door several times, at last she heard a faint sound, which she interpreted into an invitation to enter. Accordingly she lifted the latch and went into the poor little room where Duhobret still lay unconscious.

She quickly divined what was wanted, and ran and filled the pitcher with water.

When she came back she began to bathe the burning temples of the sick man, and brush back the thick locks of matted hair which hung wildly about his eyes. Presently he became conscious of the figure so noiseless beside him, and gasped out;

"Water! water!"

She held up the pitcher while he took a long, deep draught of the cooling liquid, and as he drank, new life seemed to flow into his veins. He looked up into her face, his eyes filling with tears of gratitude.

"Oh, fraulien," he said, "you have saved my life. I did not think there was one who would go to see me."

"Can't I help you to something more?" she asked. "I thought you were sick, so came to see if I could help you."

There was no fear of magic spells; she had forgotten her thought of his being a wizard in her pity for the sick man.

"If you could be so kind, there is one thing I would like. Go to that casket. You will find a little money. Will you take it to the apothecary and get me some medicine? I have a high fever."

"Oh, no, I will fetch my mother; she is quite a skilful nurse, and she shall make you some herb-tea, and you will soon be well."

Bertha withdrew, and soon returned with her mother. After examining him, the latter said:

"Dear me! he has a fever, sure enough."

She was satisfied, however, that Duhobret was not in any imminent danger, and soon retired to make the necessary decoction of herbs.

Need we tell how Bertha watched by the bedside and tended her patient, being relieved by her mother, who administered the herb-tea, together with some nutritious broths, until he was fairly on his legs again, yet still too weak to work.

Then they invited him to come down into the front rooms, and he played upon the flute for them, to make the time pass away.

One day, while down there, as her mother sat busily spinning, Bertha was knitting, and she ventured to ask a question which had long been troubling her mind.

"Do you know, neighbor, that people say you are a great wizard?"

"Do they?" asked Duhobret, much surprised.

"Yes, indeed; but I don't believe it," she replied.

"You are right, Bertha. I am no wizard, nor do I ever believe in witchcraft."

"I am very glad I was right. But you are a learned man, are you not?"

"Oh, no. I can read a little, and I suppose that is almost sufficient to give cause for the assertion. When I was young I was taught by the Benedictines, and loved to study, but now I am content if I may some day become a painter, though I fear me I am too old to do much."

"Yes. I am studying under Master Durer, and they are the fruits of his instruction, but as yet I have not sold any. I must try soon, though, for I am not rich and may not allow your kind mother to have such a burden upon her hands."

"Oh, don't think of that; we are too glad to able to render you some little assistance."

Then Duhobret fell into a reverie, the subject of which was his pictures and how he could sell some of them. He determined to try next day, if he should feel strong enough to be able to go and search for a purchaser.

In the morning the first thing that Duhobret thought of was the picture he considered his masterpiece. He went over to where it stood facing the wall, took it up tenderly and examined it. Then he went back a little way to see its effects from a distance. How fondly he gazed upon it, as if loth to part with this the first fruit of his study. Surely it was life-like. Could he not almost see the leaves as they moved in the breeze? Did not the clouds seem the veriest ethereal, intangible matter, instead of daubs of paint? Poor Samuel! In an ecstasy of joy—mingled with regret at the necessity of parting from what he considered then the perfection of art—he seized upon his picture and left the house to seek a purchaser.

He had not gone more than a few paces along the narrow street, rendered almost dark by the over-hanging houses, when a crowd of noisy urchins, who had not seen him for some little time, ran up to him, shouting:

"There goes old humpy the wizard!"

One, more bold than the rest, tugged at the picture which was concealed beneath the long cloak worn at the time, and then as he rushed before Duhobret, he fell heavily to the ground.

The kind-hearted man stooped to raise the little fellow from the ground and asked:

"Are you hurt, my little man?"

But the boy, finding himself in the arms of the reputed wizard, kicked and struggled violently, while the ill-starred Duhobret still held him and endeavored to pacify his perturbed spirit.

The others then tried to release their comrade by shooting for help and throwing stones, one of which struck Samuel in the head and caused the blood to flow freely. He looked around him confusedly for a moment, but seeing the people flocking to the scene of the disturbance, he drew his cloak around him and retreated as rapidly as possible. No one attempted to follow him until he had turned out of sight, and then they concluded it hopeless, and gathered around the boy to see what glamor had been cast upon him. Nothing strange was perceptible in the boy's appearance, but as the parents very wisely remarked:

"It isn't likely to show at first."

Duhobret, as we have already seen, retreated, but now he stopped before a pump to wash the blood from his face. He then passed on to the principal street by the town hall and marked-place. Here he saw a small crowd collected around one of the booths which answered the purpose of stores. Having inquired the cause, he that there was to be a sale of pictures, the collection of a wealthy connoisseur.

Determined to try his luck here, Duhobret elbowed his way to the platform where the auctioneer stood, and timidly asked:

"Can you sell this picture, sir?"

"Who is it by?"

"Myself. I am a pupil of Albrecht Durer."

"Humph! That's no recommendation. He is only an engraver." (The general opinion at that time was that Durer was a first-class engraver, but no painter.)

"Indeed, sir, the great Raphael at Rome thinks that Durer has inaugurated a new era in German art," answered Duhobret.

"Well, perhaps so; I don't pretend to pass an opinion myself; I only say what I hear. But what do you call your picture?"

"It represents the Abbey of Newbourg and the surrounding landscape."

"What do you expect for it?" asked the man of business.

"Whatever it is worth. Whatever it will fetch," replied Duhobret, his hopes sinking very low at the cold, indifferent tones of the auctioneer, who really understood very little about paintings.

"I don't suppose you will get more than five thalers for it, but I will sell it for you. What's your name?"

Duhobret told him, and then retreated into a corner to watch the sale, which was about to commence. Several oil paintings were disposed of—that seemed to the poor artist much better than his own—at such low prices that he almost despaired of getting as much as had been intimated to him. At last his picture was announced.

"Here is a fine view of the Abbey of Newbourg, by Duhobret, one of Durer's pupils. What is bid for this? Who bids five thalers? Who bids three."

"Let me look at that picture," said a tall man in black, and as he pushed forward, several others, whose curiosity was aroused and who took an interest in the sale, pushed closer around the picture. In truth, it was well executed. The coloring was brilliant, and the perspective was much nearer the present state of perfection than were most pictures of those times; yet Duhobret was unconscious of where its excellence lay, or he would have expected much more than the paltry five thalers which had been intimated as its value.

"Twenty thalers," "eighty," and "ninety," were outbid by the offer of "one hundred thalers!"

Poor Duhobret was astonished. He clasped his hands with joy, and with uplifted eyes, softly murmured. "Thank Heaven."

"Five hundred," came from the man in black.

A murmur of surprise and admiration followed this jump, and the competitors began to thin out so that only three were left.

"One thousand thalers!" came from a well-known picture dealer.

"Five thousand!" vociferated the man in black with a clear, sonorous voice.

Then came a pause, while the picture dealer calculated whether his funds would allow him to bid any more.

"Six thousand thalers!" came at last, just as the auctioneer was about to knock it down to the man in black.

"Then you can't have it," whispered the latter, adding in a low tone. "Ten thousand!" and folded his arms, while a gleam of triumph shot from his eyes, as he saw the crest-fallen picture-dealer backing out from the crowd that pressed eagerly around.

And where was Duhobret? He had climbed up on a box and stood like one petrified, with his hands clasped, and his face beaming with pleasure, until several of the spectators saw him and raised a loud laugh at his grotesque appearance. Then he got down and moved toward the door, where he remained until the end of the sale.

Then he presented himself before the tall stranger, and taking off his hat, made a low obeisance.

The man in black put his hand to his purse, which hung at his girdle, and threw him a small silver coin, waving his hand to indicate that he wanted no thanks.

Duhobret stooped, picked it up, and handing it back, said:

"If you please, your honor, I am the painter of the picture you have just bought."

The tall man consulted with the auctioneer, then drew out a wallet and wrote.

"Here friend," he said, "is an order on my banker for your money. Upon presenting it you will be paid."

When Duhobret took it, he found that it was the Count Dunklesbach who had bought his picture. He was one of the richest nobles and most munificent art patrons in Germany.

Overwhelmed with joy at such sudden and unexpected good fortune, he hastened home to acquaint his friends with his altered circumstances, and repay them for the disinterested friendship they had evinced toward him.

When he entered the room he ran toward the old dame and her crippled daughter, and seizing each by the hand, commenced to shake them as if at work at a pump-handle, exclaiming:

"Congratulate me, my friends. I am rich! I am happy!"

They were astonished, and thought the poor fellow had surely gone mad.

"Well, neighbor," said the old dame, "don't shake the life out of me."

Then he explained all, and they gladdened his heart by their kind wishes. But there was something more that Duhobret wanted.

"My dear madam," said he, "you may know now what has been my wish for some time past—in fact since first Bertha came and ministered to me when I was sick. I would wed her. I know she will make a good wife, for she has already been so good to me. I will try and make her a good husband. What say you? And what does Bertha say? Will you be mine, Bertha?"

The old dame broke the silence which followed this request.

"Dear me, neighbor; first you took my breath away with your good news and the rough shaking I had, and now you want my daughter! Go to! that's almost too much to expect from an old women who is alone in the world."

"Hold, there! I don't want to take her away. We can all live together, and I will be a good son to you; so, mother dear—for you know you were almost like a mother to me—grant my wish."

"Well, if you can make such an arrangement, all I can say is, if Bertha is willing, take her, and may Heaven bless you." So saying, she turned toward Bertha for her answer.

"Well, Bertha, will you accept me?" asked Samuel.

"Yes, Samuel, I will be your wife, for I love you," said Bertha, blushing like a rose.

The promise having been given, you may be sure that no time was lost in getting the conjugal knot tied. One morning they walked out together, with a few friends following, to the cathedral, where good Father Hoecken married and blessed them.

When next Duhobret made his appearance at Durer's studio, he was well received, for the news of his success had preceded him, and his fellow-students gave to him their right hands in token of fellowship. Durer himself was no less pleased than surprised, but his wife still kept her old antipathy toward the "new man;" but Duhobret little cared in his prosperity for that which he heeded not in his adversity.

Duhobret lived a very happy life with his humble bride, and their lives, uninterrupted by domestic squabbles, flowed along as the clam waters of a river into the great ocean of eternity.

WHERE TO PUT THE STAMP ON A LETTER.

It has become a custom which all thoughtful persons always observe, to place the stamp on the upper right-hand corner of the envelope, but few people have ever stopped to think what was the reason for this choice position. The canceling stamp and the postmarking stamp are fastened side by side upon the same handle, and if the stamp is correctly placed one blow makes both impressions. If, however, the stamp is on the lower right-hand corner the postmark falls on the address, and both are illegible, while if the stamp is on the left-hand side, the postmark, which is always at the left of the canceler, does not strike the envelope at all, and a second blow is necessary to secure it. So, if the stamp is anywhere except in the upper right-hand corner, it makes just twice as much work for the clerk, and this, where he is stamping many thousand pieces every day, is no small matter. There has been in use for some time, in the post-office in Boston, a number of canceling machines, into which the letters, all faced upwards, are fed. These machines, if the stamps are correctly placed, do the work quite well, leaving on the envelope the row of long black lines which we all have noticed on Boston letters.

I am not able to learn, however, that there is any other office in the country, as yet, which uses these. The Boston office has also, quite recently, put in operation a most ingenious machine for canceling and postmarking postal cards which differs from the other in the greater rapidity of its work. Two hundred cards can be placed in it at once, a crank is turned, and click, click! they fall into a basket all stamped.

A TERRIBLE BOMBARDMENT.

A telegram from Chili gives particulars of the recent bombardment. It says:

"The most terrible disaster took place at Port Coronel. It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the Esmeralda appeared in the harbor and demanded the surrender of the town. This was refused. A perfect shower of grape and canister was followed by solid shot. The people fled to the heights for safety, while some took refuge in the railroad station. The bombardment continued amid the screaming of women and children and the imprecations of men when suddenly a shot struck the railway station. This was followed by several others, and before anybody could escape, the roof and the next wall fell in, burying over 200 men, women and children in the ruins. The firing continued and this, added to the cries of the dying, caused the commander to surrender to the cruiser.

"As soon as word was sent to the cruiser the surgeons of the ship, with a detachment of marines, was sent to help clear up the wreck and lend assistance to the wounded. Sixty-seven dead bodies were taken out and about 100 persons were more or less injured.

"The blockade of Valparaiso is beginning to tell. Provisions are scarce and expensive. The two cruisers which are now blockading the port keep up an incessant vigilance, and nothing can get in or out. A desultory fire is kept up, which is far more fatal than a bombardment.

"The commandant of the city will try to dislodge the enemy by means of a midnight attack with torpedo boats, of which the government has several here. It is not probable that this will have good results in view of the excessive vigilance kept up by the rebels and of the strong cordon of lookouts.

EDUCATED BABOONS.

The Hottentots say that baboons can talk, only they will not, for fear they should be made to work; and there certainly is but little work to be got out of those cunning hands. Nevertheless, we read of some baboons who have been taught to do useful work. There was an obituary notice a year or more ago in all the Cape papers of one of those trained baboons, well known in the colony, who used to act as signalman on the railway in place of his master who was lame. The story was doubted by the English papers, who copied it; but we have met with many people who have seen the animal at his work. Mrs. Carey Hobson, too, in one of her pleasant little "South African stories," tells of a baboon who had come under her own notice, who had been taught to ride after a Dutch Boer as groom, and to dismount and hold the horse by sitting on the bridle when his master went into a house;" and we have seen a troop of monkeys of various kinds taught to do a great many curious tricks; but in these again they have been rivalled by dogs.

THE FASTEST MILE.

The fastest mile run by a railroad train was made in 40 1-4 seconds.

The record for the fastest mile made on skates is 2 minutes 12 3-5 seconds.

The fastest mile made in rowing in a single boat took 5 minutes and 1 second.

The fastest mile ever made by a running horse was run in 1 minute 35 seconds.

The fastest mile by a man on a tricyle was made in 2 minutes 48 2-5 seconds.

The fastest time on snow shoes for a mile is recorded as 5 minutes 39 3-4 seconds.

The best time for a mile by a man on a bicycle is recorded as 2 minutes 29 4-5 seconds.

The fastest mile ever made by a man swimming was done in 26 minutes 52 seconds.

The fastest mile ever accomplished by a man walking was made in 6 minutes 23 seconds.

In running, the fastest mile made by a man was accomplished 4 minutes 12 1-2 seconds.

"HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DISEASES."

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy, Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

THROWN TO THE WINDS.

"Puck" Meyer's Dying Request Faithfully Carried out.

A funeral procession wound up the iron stairs of the statue of Liberty Sunday afternoon as the sinking sun spread a filmy counterpane of gold upon the bay.

At the head of the procession was Capt. Frank Rinschler of the Staten Island Scheutzen corps. He carried under his arm a japanned canister which contained the ashes of Henry Meyer, familiarly called "Puck" Meyer, whose ante-mortem wish was about to be fulfilled by his friends.

Mr. Meyer died Feb. 16. His body, escorted by a brass band that played nothing but cheerful music, was conveyed to the Fresh Pond crematory and incinerated on Feb. 21.

In pursuance of his dying request his ashes, except a small part that was given to his sister, were turned over to Moritz Wegerle, who, with other members of his corps, the New York Scheutzen corps, and the Germania Benevolent Association were instructed to scatter them to the four winds from the top of the Liberty statue.

That is what took Capt. Rinschler up the steep and winding stairs. Following the Capt. were Lieut. George Winter, Capt. Frederick Finck, Moritz Wegerle, Frederick Webber and Christian Boche. Two quart bottles of champagne protruded from Lieut Winter's overcoat pocket.

Capt. Rinschler had received the jovial beer drinker's remains from Mr. Wegerle in the Staten Island ferry house, where the New York members of the party had waited an hour for Mr. Wegerle.

Before he left Brooklyn, Megerle had divided the ashes into four equal parts, each weighing nearly a pound, and put each part in a little brown paper bag.

When the party got to the top of the granite pedestal of the bronze girl they stopped, and Capt. Rinschler opened the canister which he took from a satchel and took out the ashes, handing a bag to Lieut. Winter, one to Mr. Wegerle, another to Capt. Finck and keeping one himself.

Just before opening the canister Capt. Rinschler remarked: "Here are the ashes of old Puck Meyer. He was a good man. I never knew of any wrong thing that he ever did."

All the rest of Mr. Meyer's friends bowed in approval of the sentiment. The procession then moved on, with the four bearers of the ashes in front. It was a weary climb up into the windowed tiara of Liberty, and all of the party, composed in the main of heavy men, were not able to reach the top. Capt. Finch gave out early, and turned over his bag to Christian Boche. There were five women in Liberty's head when the procession got there.

Each man with a bag of ashes stood at an open window. Capt Rinschler said:

"We have come here to carry out the last wishes of jolly Puck Meyer." Then the four men threw the ashes out into the air, saying in unison as they had been requested to do by Mr. Meyer: "Here goes the last of Puck Meyer. Happy days."

Nervous headache, wakefulness, relieved by inhaling Johnson's Anodyne Liniment freely.

HENRY GEORGE'S PECULIAR MALADY.

The retirement of Henry George, the great single tax man and the brilliant author of "Progress and Poverty," is due to a rare and singular mental disease. His complaint is known by the name of "aphasia," and the term denotes a loss of the ability to express ideas in speech, and sometimes in writing. The patient loses his memory of substantives and names and misapplies words in a manner which renders his language unintelligible. A notable case on record is that of the late Bronson Alcott, who while thus afflicted made such curious mistakes as to employ the word "hogshead" for "sugar," "chair" for "table," "house" for "man," etc. Noticing the peculiarities in himself, Mr. George consulted a physician, who informed him that he was suffering from aphasia as the result of overmental exertion. As nothing but a total suspension of work will effect a cure, the brilliant author is completely withdrawn from the social and political causes with which his name is so intimately identified. Single-taxers, and thousands of others, for whom his name has had a powerful attraction, will hope for his speedy recovery.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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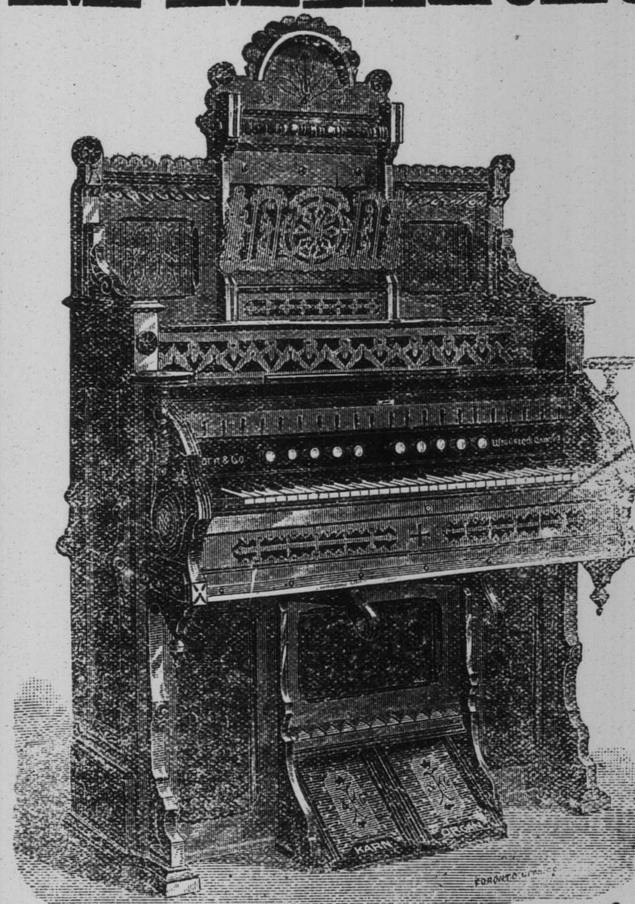

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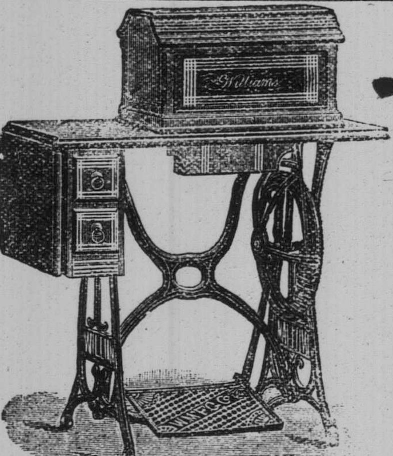
WE SELL THIS for $18, SEWING MACHINE AND THE HIGHEST PRICE MACHINE MADE IN CANADA FOR $27.50. AFTER USING THEM SIX MONTHS, AND NOT SATISFACTORY, MONEY REFUNDED.



CALL AND SEE THEM.

—WE ALSO SELL THE—

Celebrated "White" Sewing Machine,

which took the First Prize Gold Medal over all others at the Paris Exhibition.

ROOM PAPER— We have much pleasure in stating that we have bought in the United States before the rise in Wall Papers, 1700 Rolls, and will be in a position this year to show the BEST ASSORTMENT of WALL PAPERS to be had anywhere, in Brown and White, Blacks, Gilts, Granites, Engrin and fine Gold Papers, with Borders to match; and we will offer them at rices never known in this City.

BROWNS FROM 5 CENTS UPWARDS; WHITES FROM 8 CENTS UPWARDS; GILTS FROM 20 CENTS UPWARDS.

Call and see the Stock and Prices. To arrive this week from Montreal, 8000 Rolls (cheap) Wholesale or Retail.

McMURRAY & CO.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

R. BLACKMER,

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and JEWELER,

HAS IN STOCK A FULL LINE OF WALTHAM WATCHES In Solid Gold, Gold Filled and Silver Cases.

Fine Rolled Plate Chains, etc.

and everything usually found in a first-class jewelry store.

A FULL LINE OF CLOCKS Of the best makes.

SILVERWARE In CASTORS, SPOONS, etc., of the Finest Quality.

ENGRAVING On COFFIN PLATES, SPOONS, etc., neatly executed.

The Cheapest Place in the City for Fine Work and Fine Jewelry.

One Door Below the People's Bank

Carriage Bolts.

JUST RECEIVED:

5 CASES containing 10,500 Carriage Bolts and 9,000 Tire Bolts.

For sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

S. L. MORRISON,

Dealer in

FLOUR, MEAL, TEA, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES, TOBACCO,

CANNED GOODS —AND— General Groceries.

QUEEN STREET, OPP. CITY HALL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Just Stored:

PURE CANADIAN LARD

in Tubs and Cases of 5 lb. and 3 lb. tins (very choice).

Pork & Beans, New Codfish, CANNED SALMON, Queen and B. A. Brands.

Armour's Canned Beef

Lemon and Citron Peels, Spices of all kinds, and a full line of GENERAL GROCERIES FOR SALE LOW.

A. F. RANDOLPH & SON

Nov. 22.

C. C. GILL, PAINTER, House and Sign Decorator.

Tinting in OIL or WATER COLOR. PAPERING and GRAINING. EXPRESSES and WAGONS Painted at Short Notice.

SHOP AND RESIDENCE: 59 Brunswick Street.

NOTICE.

ALWAYS IN STOCK:

HAY, OATS, STRAW, BRAN, SHORTS, MIDDLINGS, CRACKED CORN, COTTON SEED AND OIL CAKE MEAL, LIME, LAND AND CALCINED PLASTER.

Hard and Soft House Coal.

Best Old Mine Sydney and Grand Lake Blacksmith Coal.

SEED BUCKWHEAT, SEED WHEAT, " OATS, " PEAS, " BARLEY, " CORN.

ALSO, CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED, all CHEAPER than the CHEAPEST.

Office and Warehouse: Campbell St., above City Hall

JAS. TIBBITS.

Per S. S. Nova Scotian.

1 1-2 TONS assorted sizes of CABLE CHAIN, from 3-16 to 7-16 of an inch. Just received and for sale at R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Fresh GARDEN, FIELD, and FLOWER SEEDS

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received his usual large supply of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds for the Season of 1890, imported direct from the now celebrated house STEELE BROS., Toronto, whose seeds gave such universal satisfaction last season.

At the meeting of the Farmers' Convention held in this City during the past winter, the President in the course of his remarks said that the Seeds grown by the Steele Brothers Co. of Toronto, were better adapted to the soil and climate of New Brunswick than any other.

ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES OF Beans, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Parsnips, Onions, and all small Seeds, either in bulk or in packages—Wholesale and Retail.

My Onion Seed for this year is the finest I ever imported.

Yellow Dutch Onion Sets.

Special discount given to Agricultural Societies and Country Dealers.

REMEMBER THE OLD STAND,

GEO. H. DAVIS, Druggist and Seedsman, CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STS. FREDERICTON.

AT THE TINSMITHS, - GASFITTERS, —AND— PLUMBERS ESTABLISHMENT OF LIMERICK & DUNCAN, YORK ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.

THEY would inform the public in general that they will Sell their Goods Cheaper than the Cheapest, and they carry a full line of

KITCHEN FURNISHING AND LUMBERMEN SUPPLIES.

And guarantee all goods made by them to be thorough in Quality and Workmanship.

HOT AIR FURNACES fitted up in the most approved style.

REPAIRING done in all branches with neatness and despatch. Telephone 166.

SKATES.

JUST RECEIVED:

300 PAIRS Acme Club Skates; 12 Do. Long Reach

For sale low, wholesale and retail, at NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

WANTED

RELIABLE PUSHING MEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. Complete assortment. Splendid opportunity offered for Spring work. My Salesmen have good success, many selling from $100 to $200 per week. Send for Proof and Testimonials. A good pushing man wanted here at once. Liberal Terms, and the best goods in the market. Write, R. G. CHASE, Nurseryman, Perth, Ont.

Coal Tar.

FROM NEW YORK.

10 BARRELS best AMERICAN COAL TAR. Just received and for sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.