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VOL. XLVII.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 31, 1879.

The Old Year and the New.

And the latest hour draws near; The cold dew shines on his hoary face, And he hobbles along with a listless pace To his lonely and snow-covered resting place

See how his stiff joints faint and shrink As the cold breeze whistles by; He hath a bitter cup to drink As he watches the sand in his hour-glass sink, Standing alone on the icy brink Of the gulf of eternity

His scanty robe is wrapped more tight As the dim sun dwindles down; And no stars arise to cheer the night Of him whose temples they once made bright, When crimson roses and lilies white Half hid his golden crown.

He reels-he slips-no power at hand And each movement falls like the stroke of a

e already took weak to stand-He falls-he is seen no more

And, lo! in the east a star ascends, And a burst of music comes—
A young lord, followed by troops of friends, Down to the broad equator wends, While the starthat travels above him bends O'er a sea of floating plumes.

THE AGATE RING.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

-Miles O' Reilly.

Evening's shadows were closing in over a great and populous Western metropolis. Without, the storm-king reigned supreme; the wind blew its figful, violent gusts; the snow-flakes fell thick and fast, and the air was sharp and chilling. To an interior scene where none of the accessories to comfort and content existed save warmth and light, we would conduct the reader this cheerless wintry night, the fourth evening preceding that most joyous of all merry seasons in the year, Christmas

While without, despite the falling snow and general inclemency of the weather, a thousand merry sleigh-bells keep time to the happy harmony of cheerful hearts and intensify the smiles of hopeful anticipation on joyous faces, within the walls of the city prison com-parative silence and gloom alone exist. Here, with no hope of participation in the gay festivities of the season, moody or sallen under restraint, or reckless and phlegmatic under long usuage to incar cerations, the hundred and more prisoners behind the iron-barred doors either converse in a low, dreary undertone, or

years of age, and whose manner, words and dress betaken the gentleman. The prison register tells us that this man is held on a charge of forgery. His companion is a mere boy, whose pale, sad features tell a story of suffering and want more than of vice or crime. It is

own, I cannot reme uber a kind voice for own, I cannot remember a kind voice for years. I shall leave when the turnkey goes the evaning rounds. Is there any-thing I can do for you outside?" A look of thoughtful meditation crosses

the other's brow at the query. Then a the other's prow at the query. Then a quick flush comes across his face, succeeded by one of intense pallor.

"It is hopeless to try it!" he murmurs, "and yet—. Yes, my friend, you

murs, "and yet—. Yes, my friend, you
can do me a favor. I am held in this
prison on a false charge of forgery.
Since I have been here systematic
better than this implex wandering. The person with can do me a layor. I am held in this prison on a false charge of forgery.

Since I have been here systematic bribery and influence have rendered my incarceration a complete isolation from all my friends. I have sent letter after the property of the prope letter from here to the woman whom only pledge of friendship I ever pos-I have loved—to the woman who pledged sessed shall not go until I am absolutely herself to become my bride. Guilty in the eyes of the world, condemned by the stience of my own lips, I must atone for the crime of another, unless she gives me permission to speak. Oh, but to see her for one brief hour! Then, with the crime of another, unless she gives me permission to speak. Oh, but to see her for one brief hour! Then, with her avowed sanction to the sacrifice, knowing her to be still true to me (for if she knew all she could not but love me the stronger). I could suffer in the blessed belief that when my period of punishment was ended she would be mind the comfortable dining-room of the mansion at the door of which he had mansion at the door of which he had mind the comfortable dining-room of the mansion at the door of which he had mansion at the door of which he had mansion at the door of which he had been supported by the comfortable dining-room of the mansion at the door of which he had mansion at the door of which he had been supported by the comfortable dining-room of the mansion at the door of which he had been supported by the comfortable dining-room of the mansion at the door of which he had been supported by the comfortable dining-room of the mansion at the door of which he had been supported by the comfortable dining-room of the mansion at the door of which he had been supported by the comfortable dining-room of the mansion at the door of which he had been supported by the comfortable dining-room of the mansion at the door of which he had been supported by the comfortable dining-room of the mansion at the door of which he had been supported by the comfortable dining-room of the comfortable dining-

mine!"

The tramp gazed upon his companion with genuine sympathy in his eyes.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, impetuously. "I do not know your cold!" story beyond the few words you have "I w Inex," re just fold me, but I know you are an innocent man, and your friendship for a In his sense of dreamy languor, induced

I will do it for you!"

"Thank you, my friend," said the other in a sut dued tone of voice. "My story I will not tire you with. Suffice it that it is in the interest of a certain man to procure my conviction speedily, and to prevent me communicating with ann I love. I am satisfied that have my letters to Inez Saltore tained, but that his misrepresentation of the same and the same of the ring was still on his finger.

"His ring!" cried Inez Saltore, for it was the young lady in question at whose tained, but that his misrepresentation of steel was the young lady in question at whose the ring was the ring was still on his finger.

Did you ever see them make wire?

It is simple enough. I can make it now. You start in with a great ingot of steel not only have my letters to Inez Saltore been detained, but that his misrepresentations to her have prevented her coming to me. See here," he said, produc ing a letter, sealed, addressed and stamped. "When you leave here will you place it in the most convenient letyou place it in the most convenient letter-box? And here," taking from his finger a ring, a plain circlet containing a peculiar agate setting, "is a slight remembrance from me. No. Take it. It Inez Saltore." "Now, tell me all about it. You knew Edward Vane? I am membrance from me. No. Take it. It Inez Saltore." finger a ring, a plain circlet containing a poculiar agate setting, "is a slight relation as poculiar agate setting, "is a slight relation as a poculiar agate setting, "is a slight relation agate setting," is a slight relation agate setting agate setting agate setting agate setting agate setting agate setti

and hunger."

He pressed it upon the tramp as he spoke, and started with an exclamation of alarm as a form quickly passed the "Can he have been listening?" he

murmured. "What, going?" as the turnkey opened the door. "Good-bye! Good-bye!" The tramp left him with mo

eyes and a choked utterance. Through his tear-dimmed eyes he did not notice the form which followed him stendily; kept him in view and watched him as he dropped the letter given him by his fellow-prisoner into a letter box. "It must not reach its destination!"

muttered the man, who was none other than the enemy referred to by the prisoner in his conversation with the tramp.
"I have played my cards to skillfully to be trumped now. If thez Saltore ever sees Edward Vanc my plans will end in their reconciliation and his liberty."

He consulted his watch as he spoke, t was seven o'clock. The last mail had een collected for the night, and as an scemed to strike him, fercioly he eft the spot, walking hurriedly away. It was fully ten o'clock in the evening when he returned. The street was deserted, yet he looked cautiously around as he lifted the cover of the slot in the end of the letter box into which the tramp had dropped Edward Vane's let-ter. Into the hole used for the admission of letters he slipped a small, pact package, narrow and long. however, touching a fuse which pro-truded from the end of it to the lighted end of a cigar he had in his mouth, when converse in a low, dreary undertone, or stand gazing at the few late visitors in leard the report of a sharp explosion in the corridors importuning them for pecuniary or other favors. To one of the cells, where its two occupants are seated its intended destination. A charred on the iron bed engaged in earnest dis- mass with the other letters in the box course, let turn our attention.

The elder of the occupants of the cell left it.

And sad and disappointed the poor

Christmas Eve! The suppressed excitement of the preceding few days, the busy preparations crowded into their happy and swiftly-flying hours, had culminated in decorated parlors, ablaze with light of lamp and minor candelar keeping me here for nearly a month, until the weather is too cold to tramp it far without freezing to death, they say that, was the only charge against me is vagrancy. I am free to leave here, provided Pleave the city within twenty four busy preparations crowded into their happy and swiftly-flying hours, had culbra on festooned and present-loaded evergreen trees Happy, light-hearted children made their homes ring with laughter and mirth, passed and revaided Reave the city within twenty-four hours. A dreary lookout, indeed. I have no home, no friends. Except your and opening a veritable vista of paradise in the eyes of a miserably-clad, half-starved man who had wandered along the streets of the most aristocratic portion of the city in the hope of receiving a pittance from the passers-by. all were too thoroughly engrossed with their own enjoyments to heed poor, homeless, starving John Alden, the

than this aimless wandering. The ring!" he continued, as he gazed at the circlet only pledge of friendship I ever pos-

He little knew how near he was to it

regarding him with a sympathetic, anxious expression, as he opened his eyes.
"Poor man!" she said to the house-"He must be very hungry and

"I will attend to his wants, Miss

poor vagrant has won my heart to you. by the wandering reason gradually re- A Humorist Tells How Wire is Made.

doorstep the stramp had so strangely that will weigh as much as the new fallen; "where did you get it?"

mind Hunger and cold-"

clined the ring.

"You must," persisted the prisoner. hurried on her wraps and was soon "You will need what you may-obtain whirling away in a carriage to the city from its sale to keep you from freezing prison.

> There were two guests at the Saltore mansion on Christmas day who were little expected there the day previous. They were Edward Vane and John Alden, but the latter, arrayed in a neat suit of clothes and fresh from the hands of the harber, but little resembled John Alden, the tramp.

For Inez Saltore had gone straight to the prison, and then the true story came out. It seemed that about three weeks before \$1,000 had been abstracted from John Saltore's money-drawer, and a forged check on a well-known business man substituted. Edward Vane, Arnold Peters and Mr. Saltore's son were clerks in the place, and suspicion, augmented by Arnold Peters' covert insinuations, at once attached itself to young Vane, who was arrested. Peters, by bribery and other cunning schemes, had inter-cepted all Vane's letters, and by false stories and insinuations had almost per-suaded her of her lover's guilt and lack of love for herself. Then Vane told her the entire story. It was her brother who had committed the forgery, but rather than expose him, out of love for Inez, he had resolved to suffer for an-

other's crime John Saltore was not long in procur ing bail for his wronged clerk, and under promises of reformation, which he well kept, young Saltore was not prose-cuted. He confessed his crime and evinced sincere contrition, but had not courage enough to free his feilow-clerk from the crime. The matter was hushed up, and Ardold Peters discharged. A pleasant Christmas dinner led to

better acquaintance with the fellowprisoner of Edward Vane, and when the latter became old John Saltore's partner and son-in-law, the ex-tramp became an employee of the firm, and all through the influence of the Agate ring

What this country is yearning for just now is a sleighing that will come on along in November when it should and stay. We've cutters, horses and good-looking girls enough in this country, and for the government not to furnish a better article of sleighing is an minated in decorated parlors, ablaze oversight that blocks the wheel of com-

different kind of ice. The style of ice now in fashion may be good enough to give bodyto creams in the summer se but it is entirely too fragile and brittle to be safe for the use of skaters. We want a kind of ice made without any air holes in it, and a kind that is just as thick in one place as it is anywhere. Then could the gay skater and skatess go bounding over the frozen surface of the deep mill pond without fear of a premature bath. Then too, if a plan could be devised to raise the temperature of the ice a little, it would be better for awkward and timid skaters like our-selves. We freezestly states the same seek to recover:

Anneke Jans 1,000 \$317,000,000 Baker 87 \$250,000,000 awkward and timid skaters like our-selves. We freezestly states and states and seek to recover:

Chedicide 1 \$250,000,000 \$250,000,0 when he again realized what breathing existence was, he was lying on a sofa in hid in a few square feet of ice offers too much enco agement to the la matism. If this ice could be taken in by

At a recent concert it was the subject of remark that in what fine "voice" the singers were; in commending his good judgment the leader will pardon us for whispering that he al ways recommends Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup to

the fire, or heated by the Holly system

we should want to skate oftener than

now .- Ed. L. Adams, in Marathon In

Command me in anything in my power, I will do it for you!"

"Thank you, my friend," said the other in a sut dued tone of voice. "My story I will not tire you with. Suffice it that it is in the interest of a certain it that it is in the interest of a certain regard to know property of the wantering reason gradually related the man say. "Inez?—yes, that was the name—Inez safe?"

"Mercy on ws! what is the man say."

"I we wanted the complete of the man say."

"Mercy on ws! what is the man say."

ing?" ejaculated the housekeeper as Alden half arose and raised his hand to ing combination of fact and fun:

court-house, and you come out with a "Pardon me, I was wandering in my tiny thread of wire, fine as a boy's mus tache. And it is done quickly. was her rivg, but it is all I have left of value, and it may save you from starvation."

And he told her all—of his incarceration with Edward Vane; of the mailed letter which she had never received; end of which you used to sit, while your gentle mother held the small end in her The tramp took the missive, but delined the ring.

"You must," persisted the prisoner.

Lictter which she had never received; after which, acting under a wayward impulse and filled with a new idea, she hurried on her wrong and continued the ring. active hand. The iron paddle of the Gautier iron works is perforated with holes, very large at one end and very small at the other. You beat and file down the rough, large wire until you get it pushed through one of these holes, thon the reel takes bold of it, and you wouldn't believe me if I told you how rapidly that wire was reeled up, sent through another and another process until it was ready for the market. All the steel for the Brooklyn bridge is made here, every pound of it. I went in to see them galvanizing the wire for this bridge. Formerly, this wire was all coiled as soon as it came through the bath. Coiled hot, it cooled in the coil, and its tendency was to remain coiled. You have often noticed that when you were swearing at a bit of wire you wanted to straighten out. They used to have sixteen machines at the Brookwire. But now they do things better straight, and its tendency is to keep

> The Bath in Cold Weather. Dr. Arthur W. Edis, writing to the

says: "Now that the weather is be-coming very cold in the morning. the question of giving up the cold sponge bath, forces itself upon the attention of many who, without being invalids, are not in such robust health as to enable children continue to be born. them to establish a reaction after even emporary immersion in cold water. have experienced it. This method of a very high seat, with one foot on standing in warm water is one that might, with advantage, be more frequently followed during the winter months by all who indulge in cold bathing. In place of sitting in an ordinary sponge bath of tepid water, a far more let a herd of runaway cattle appear a invigorating plan is to fill the hand basin a bend and set the horses wild, with cold water, pour a small canful of then see what will happen. The daywarm water into the bath placed c.ose dream of love. Some winters we have a little sleighing that melts right off, and other winters it gets all covered up with snow so as to be of no use. We have the basin. Where the full-length bath is tart up beneath him, places a foot of with snow so as to be of no use. We would throw out the suggestion that Congress abolish the present snow used for sleighing, and construct a more which a little warm water has been start up beneath min, places a foot of item on the brake. The horses snort and regression that then getting out into a foot bath in which a little warm water has been and the huge wheels turn fatally faster for sleighing, and construct a more permanent sleighing by making the road beds of plate glass, and have them greased with lard oil daily from a sprinkler. Of course the oil would be a sprinkler. greased with lard oil daily from a sprinkler. Of course the oil would be a trifle costly, but the saving in time to the public, and the corps of officers who would officiate on the sprinklers would compensate for the expense.

water resorted to, enables one to enjoy the invigorating effects even in the invigorating effects even in the other side of the way may end all in one horrible plunge. Muscle, eye, brain, skill are then brought to work so splendidly together that the peril is averted, and the looker-on, who knows not the way of the land, regards the teamster

In Pursuit of Vast Estates.

The New York World has an article giving a history of some large estates in America and England that various fami hies are striving to recover. The article closes with the following tabulated summary, which gives the names of the

ı	each, and the amounts which the claim-		
ŧ	ants seek to recover:		
٤		Hei s.	Estate.
۱	Anneke Jans	1,000	\$317,000,000
ı	Baker	87	250,000,000
3	Carpenter		200,000,0 0
ŧ	Chadwick	5	37,000,000
۱	Edwards	160	90,000,00)
8	Hyde, N. S	200	12,500.000
1	Hyde, Ann	150	360,000,0 0
9	Hyde, Bklyn	1	5,000,000
1	Jennings	1,835	400,000,000
g	Kern		200,000,000
3	Leake		100,000,000
9	Mackey	. 1	10,40 ,000
9	Merritt	80	10,0 0,000
9	Shepherd	15	175,000,000
8	Trotter	200	200,000,000
ı	Towneley		1,800,000,000
3	Lawrence-Townley	50	500,000,00
3	Van Horn	20	4,000,000
1	Webber	6)	50,000,0 10
ı	Weiss		20,000,000
d	Grand total-20 estat	tes; 3;86	88 heirs; value
ı	of estates, \$4.748,500,00		

TIMELY TOPICS.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes occupies a house in Beacon street, looking out upon a charming view of the Charles river He built the house himself and filled it full of books. Many of these are theological books, for, inheriting his father's theological 'tastes, the doctor is fond of reading commentaries and annotating them. In the attic Dr. Holmes keeps his bench and tools, for he is mechanic as well as professor, doctor and writer. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says that Holmes began to write poetry in his fifteenth year, and when he penned a line which had in it the sentence:

The razing billows murmured into calm, his mother who belonged to the Jackson family of Boston, said to her son: "You

Dr. Finsch, in his just published trav-els to western Siberia, tells us that the great road from Nijni-Novgorod to Tiugaps, by an alley of birches, which are sometimes in double rows. This, as Dr. Finsch ventures to conjecture, must be the longest avenue in the world. It was planted by order of Catherine II., and was to have been continued to Irkutsk. It was forbidden under the severest penalties—banishment to Siberia or death-to fell the smallest of these trees, a precaution without which this uniqu avenue would never have been finished. Many of these trees are now shattered by age, and those planted in their stead are no longer protected against damages or destruction by laws so severe

The will of ex-Governor McArthur, now before the United States circuit court at Washington, is a rather queer document. More than fifty years ago than that at the Gautier company's works. They trot the wire along about Ohio, died, and left an extraordinary one hundred and lifty feet between the bath and the reels; it cools while it is but very peculiar. His estate amounted to tome millions of dollars, but by his willy was not to be divided until the youngest grandehild should reach the age of twenty-one years, and then be apporstraight and to spring from the con. If you go to the Brooklyn bridge now you will find these sixteen machines for straightening wire as idle as a colony of straightening wire as idle as a colony of twenty-one years, and then be apportioned equally among the entire family. The will was indefinite in an important say whether he meant living grandchildren or included those yet un-born. The executors declined to act under these unusual conditions, and the county court appointed a trustee to take British Medical Journal on the subject, charge of the property. Fifty years says: "Now that the weather is becoming very cold in the morning. the and grandchildrer continued to be born. Finally some of the heirs thought or converting it into the tepid about time an understanding was arrived is before the courts yet and the grand-

Fifteen-ton loads of lumber, piled on The French method of providing a small immense eight-wheeled wagons and tub of warm water to stand in whilst dressing, on returning from a bath in | nules, are to be seen on the mountain the sea, is a luxury few will forget-who roads in California. The driver sits on with profound respect thereafter.'

An Ill-Fated House.

The house built by Commodore Rogers with his prize money long years since in Washington, has brought bad luck to many inmates. Philip Barton Key, after being shot by Sickles, died there, it being the headquarters of his club. Mr. Seward and his son Frederick, just resigned, were living there when nearly assassinated by Paine. Two members of Tyler's cabinet, Palmer and Gilmer, killed by the explosion of a gun on the Princeton, had lived there. The secretary of war, John C. Spencer, was living there in 1822, when his son was hung at the yard-arm of the brig Somers for mutiny. Secretary Belknap lived there when he became involved in disgrace. Superstitious people believe there is always a curse attached to houses built with prize money.—Detroit

The small boy who asked for "more stuffin'" right out before all the company got all the "dressing" he wanted after dinner was over.—Merritt

NO. 1.

On Christmas Morning. Heaven is nearer The sun shines brighter, Our hearts are lighter, On Christmas mor

Heaven is nearer, Our friends are dearer The air is rarer,

Joy-bells ring praises; on music's pinions,

On Christmas morning. The shadows drifted, Of sin, seem lifted;

And care and grieving Find sweet relieving On Christmas morning. Mankind seem purer; Our hope seems surer, Our doubting ceases: We hail Christ Jesus

On Christmas moraing! -George Biraseye

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A novel scheme-A proposition write a romance.

Out on a fly-A canary escaped fro its cage .- New York Herald. Missouri girls are sweet enough to

called Mo-lasses - New York News. "Tis rather neat upon your feet A pair of skates to find; When skates slip up behind."

Mr. Gough says he found this greatly changed in England. There a there two pledges—the total abstiner and the moderation pledge, and the are more total abstainers than when was there before.

It's Chicago's boast that she coul more hogs within her borders than a other city in the Union [To the copositor: Be careful in setting up tword "border" not to insert an "a." Rochester Express.

"Mamma," said a five-year old, other day, "I wish you wouldn't ler me to take care of baby again. He was bad that I had to eat all the sponge ca and two jars of rasberry jam to am him.—San Francisco Post.

"How far," asks an exchange, " pees go for honey?" The answer to t conundrum is unknown to us, but miles out of its way for the purpose stinging a barefooted boy on the hee Norristown Herald.

" I want to sell you an encyclopedi said a book agent to one of our forem pork men, the other day, who, by way, is better posted on pork than h on books "What do I want with ye encyclopedia?" snarled the pork m "I couldn't ride one if I had it." thought it was a new variety of e.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

PROBABLY IT WILL ROLL ON. Through pathless realms of space, What though I'm in a sorry case?

What though I cannot meet my bills? What though I suffer toothache's ills? What though I swallow countiess pills

Roll on! Roll on, thou ball, roll on! Through seas of inky air. It's true I've got no shirts to wear; It's true my butcher's bill is due; It's true my prospects all look blue; But don't let that unsettle you! Never you mind!

Roll on!

-New England Homestea

Gloomy Thoughts and Gloomy Weath Dull, depressing, dingy days pro-dispiriting reflections and glo dispiriting reflections and gloo thoughts, and small wonder when remember that the mind is not only motive, but a receptive organ, and all the impressions it receives from w out reach it through the media of ser which are directly dependent on the ditions of light and atmosphere for t action, and therefore immediately fluenced by the surrounding conditi It is a common-sense inference that the impressions from without reach mind through imperfectly-acting org of sense, and those impressions ar themselves set in a minor aesthethic of color, sound, and general quali the mind must be what is ca "moody." It is not the habit of e sensible people to make sufficient a ce for this rationale of dullness subjective weakness. Some person more dependent on external circ stances and conditions for their en or the stimulus that converts po tial kinetic force-than others; I feel the influence of the world with and to this influence the sick and weak are especially responsive. H