

POETRY.

"HOW DID YOU REST LAST NIGHT?"

"How did you rest last night?" "I've heard my gran'paw say them words a thousand times—that's right, 'jest' them words that away."

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

REVENGE OF EDMOND DANTES.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE PART.

"The dead are everywhere," said Morrel; "did you not yourself tell me so as we left Paris?"

"Maximilian," said the count, "you asked me during the journey to allow you to remain some days at Marseilles. Do you still wish to do so?"

"I have no wishes, count. I am so unhappy. I have known a man much more unfortunate than you, Morrel."

"What can be more wretched than the man who has lost all he loved and desired in the world?"

"Listen, Morrel, and pay attention to what I am about to tell you. I knew a man who like you had fixed all his hopes of happiness upon a woman."

"He was young, he had an old father whom he loved, a betrothed bride whom he adored. He was about to marry her, when one of those caprices of fate deprived him of his mistress, of the future of which he had dreamed."

"He remained there fourteen years, Morrel," said the count, placing his hand on the young man's shoulder. Maximilian shuddered.

"Fourteen years!" he muttered. "Fourteen years!" repeated the count. "During that time he had many moments of despair."

"Well!" asked Morrel. "At the height of his despair God assisted him through human means. At first, perhaps, he did not recognize the infinite mercy of the lord, but at last he took patience and waited. One day he miraculously left the prison, transformed, rich, powerful. His first cry was for his father; but that father was dead."

"My father, too, is dead," said Morrel. "Yes; but your father died in your arms, happy, respected, rich, and full of years; his father died poor, despairing, almost doubtful of providence; and when his son sought his grave ten years afterwards, his tomb had disappeared and no one could say, 'There sleeps the father you so well loved.'"

"Oh!" exclaimed Morrel. "He was, then, a more unhappy son than you, Morrel, for he could not even find his father's grave!"

"But then he had the woman he loved still remaining?" "You are deceived, that woman—"

"She was dead?" "More than that; she was faithless, and had married one of the persecutors of her betrothed. You see then, Morrel, that he was a more unhappy son than you."

"And has he found consolation?" "He has found calmness, at least."

"And does he ever expect to be happy?" "He hopes so, Maximilian."

"The young man's head fell on his breast. 'You have my promise,' he said, after a minute's pause, extending his hand to Monte-Cristo. 'Only remember—'

"On the fifth of October, Morrel, I shall expect you at the Island of Monte-Cristo. On the fourth a yacht will wait for the count. You will deliver your name to the captain, who will bring you to me. It is understood—is it not?"

guide in the anteroom, who immediately entered into conversation with two or three industriousillers, who are always to be found in Rome at the doors of banking houses. With the Frenchman, the man who had followed him entered too; the Frenchman knocked at the inner door, and entered the first room; his shadow did the same.

"Messrs. Thomson & French?" inquired the stranger. "Whom shall I announce?" said the footman.

"The Baron Danglars." "Follow me!" said the man. A door opened, through which the footman and the baron disappeared. The man who had followed Danglars sat down on a bench. The clerk continued to write for some time, and then he raised his head, and appearing to be perfectly sure of a chat,—"Ah, ha!" he said, "here you are Peppino, with the laconic reply."

"You have found out that there is something worth having about this stout gentleman?" "There is no great merit due to me, for we were informed of it."

"You know his business here, then?" "Rather! he has come to draw, but I don't know how much!"

"You will know presently my friend." "Very well, only do not give me false information?"

"But you must let me make my observations on the Frenchman will obstruct his business without my knowing the name." Peppino nodded, and taking a rosary from his pocket, began to mutter a few prayers, while the clerk disappeared through the same door by which Danglars and the countman had gone out. At the expiration of ten minutes the clerk returned, with a bright countenance.

"Well!" asked Peppino of his friend. "Joy, joy!—the sun is large." "Five or six millions, is it not?" "Yes, you know the amount."

"On the receipt of the Count of Monte-Cristo?" "Hush!—here is our man!" The clerk seized his pen, and Peppino with one was writing, the other praying, when the door opened, Danglars looked radiant with joy, the banker accompanied him to the door.

Peppino followed Danglars. According to the arrangements the carriage was waiting at the door. The guide held the door open. Danglars leaped into the carriage like a young man. The clerks reclosed the door, and sprang up on the seat by the side of the coachman. Peppino mounted the seat behind.

"Will your excellency visit St. Peter's?" asked the clericone. "I did not come to Rome to see sights," said Danglars aloud; "I came to touch money!"

"Then your excellency is going—" "To the hotel." "Casa Pastrini!" said the clericone to the coachman, and the carriage drove rapidly on. Ten minutes afterwards the baron entered his apartment, and Peppino stationed himself on the bench outside the door of the hotel, after having whispered something in the ear of one of the descendants of Marius and the Gracchi, who immediately ran down the road leading to the Capitol at his fastest speed. Danglars was tired and sleepy; he therefore went to bed, placing his pocket-book under his pillow. Peppino had a little spare time, so he had a game of morra with the fachins, lost three crowns, and then, to console himself, drank a bottle of Orviato wine.

The next morning Danglars awoke late, though he went to bed so early. He breakfasted early, and ordered post-horses at noon. But Danglars had not reckoned upon the formalities of the police and the identity of the posting-master. The horses only arrived at two o'clock, and the clericone did not bring the passports until three. All these preparations had collected a number of idlers round the door of Maitre Pastrini's; the descendants of Marius and the Gracchi were also wanting. The baron walked triumphantly through the crowd, who, for the sake of gain styled him "your excellency."

"Which road?" asked the postilion in Italian. "The Ancona road," replied the baron. Pastrini interpreted the question and answer, and the horses galloped off. Danglars intended travelling to Venice, where he would receive one part of his fortune, and then proceeding to Vienna, where he would find the rest, he meant to take up his residence in the latter town, which had been told was a city of pleasure.

He had scarcely advanced three leagues out of Rome when daylight began to disappear. Danglars had not intended starting so late, or he would have remained; but his agitated features presented the appearance of pale and hideous terror. "The man is tired," said the captain, "conduct him to his bed."

"Oh!" murmured Danglars. The banker uttered a groan and followed his guide; he never spoke again. He had no longer possessed strength, will, power, or feeling; he followed where they led him. At length he found himself at the foot of a staircase, and he mechanically lifted his foot five or six times. Then the door was opened before him, and he entered a small room out of the rock. Danglars on beholding it, brightened, fancying it a type of safety. "Oh, God be praised!" he said; "it is a real bed!"

"Ecco!" said the guide, and pushing Danglars into the cell he closed the door upon him. A bolt grated; Danglars was a prisoner; besides, had there been no bolt, it would have been impossible for him to pass through the middle of the garden which held the catacombs of St. Sebastian, encamped round a master whom our readers must have recognized as the famous Luigi Vampa. Danglars too, recognized the bandit, whose existence he would not believe when Albert de Morcerf mentioned him in Paris; and not only did he recognize him, but also the cell in which Albert had been confined. He stretched himself on his bed, and, after turning round two or three times, fell asleep with the tranquillity of the hero whose life Luigi Vampa was then studying.

CHAPTER LXX. PEPPINO. At the same time that the steamer disappeared behind Cape Morgion, a man, travelling past on the road from Florence to Rome, had just passed the little town of Aquapendente. He was travelling fast enough to make a great deal of ground without becoming altogether suspicious. This man, dressed in a great coat, or rather a surtout, a little the worse for the journey, but which exhibited the riband of the Legion d'Honneur still fresh and brilliant, a decoration which also ornamented the under coat, might be recognized, not only by these signs, but also from the accent with which he spoke to the postilion, to be a Frenchman. On reaching La Storta, the point from whence Rome is first visible, the traveller exhibited none of the enthusiastic curiosity which usually leads strangers to stand up and endeavor to catch sight of the dome of St. Peter. No, he merely drew a pocket-book from his pocket, and took from it a paper folded in four, and after having examined it in a manner almost reverential, he said—"Good! I have it still!"

The carriage entered by the Porto del Popolo, turned to the left and stopped at the Hotel d'Espagne. Pastrini, our old acquaintance, received the traveller at the door, hat in hand. The traveller alighted, ordered a good dinner, and inquired the address of the house of Thomson and French, which was immediately given to him, as it was one of the most celebrated in Rome. It was situated in the Via del Banci.

The Frenchman had been so impatient to reach the house of Thomson & French that he would not wait for the horses to be harnessed, but left word for the carriage to overtake him on the road, or to wait for him at the banker's door. He reached it before the carriage arrived. The Frenchman entered, leaving his

which in the first moment of strong emotion enables them to see distinctly, and which afterwards falls from being too much taxed. Danglars observed a man in a cloak galloping at the right hand of the carriage.

"Some gendarme!" he exclaimed. "Can I have been signalled by the French telegraphs to the pontifical authorities?" He resolved to end his anxiety. "Where are you leading me?" he asked.

"Dentro la testa," replied the same voice, with the same menacing accent. Danglars turned to the left; another man on horseback was galloping on that side. "Decidedly!" said Danglars, with the perspiration on his forehead, "I must be arrested." And he threw himself back, not to sleep, but to think. Directly afterwards the moon rose. He then saw the great aqueducts, those stone phantoms, which he had before remarked, only they were on the right hand, not they were on the left. He understood that they had described a circle, and were bringing them back to Rome. "Oh! unfortunate," he cried, "they must have obtained my arrest." The carriage continued to roll on with frightful speed. A terrible hour elapsed, for every spot they passed indicated they were returning on the road. At length he saw a dark mass, against which it seemed the carriage must dash; but it turned round, leaving behind it the mass, which was no other than one of the ramparts encircling Rome.

"Oh! oh!" cried Danglars, "we are not returning to Rome; then it is not justice that it is pursuing me! Gracious heavens! another idea presents itself; what if they should be—" His horse stood on end. He remembered those interesting stories so little believed in Paris respecting Roman bandits; he remembered the adventures of Albert de Morcerf had related. "They are robbers perhaps!" he muttered. Danglars hazarded a look at the side of the road, and perceived monuments of a singular form, and his mind now recalled all the details Morcerf had related, and he felt sure he must be on the Appian Way. On the left in a sort of valley, he perceived a circular excavation. It was Caracalla's circle. On a word from the man, who rode at the side of the carriage it stopped. At the same time the door was opened. "Scendi!" exclaimed a commanding voice. Danglars instantly descended. More dead than alive he looked around him. Four men surrounded him, besides the postilion.

"Di qua," said one of the men, descending a little path leading out of the Appian Way. Danglars followed his guide without opposition, and had no occasion to turn round to see whether the three clerics reclosed the door, and sprang up as though they stopped at equal distances from one another, like sentinels. After walking for about ten minutes, during which Danglars did not exchange a single word with his guide, he found himself between a hillcock and a dump of high weeds; three men, standing himself, formed a triangle, of which he was the centre. He wished to speak but his tongue refused to move.

"Avanti!" said the same sharp and imperative voice. This time Danglars had double reason to understand. This guide was our friend Peppino, who dashed through a thicket of high weeds, through a path which none but lizards or polecats could have imagined an open road. Peppino stopped before a road leading to the Capital at his fastest speed. Danglars was tired and sleepy; he therefore went to bed, placing his pocket-book under his pillow. Peppino had a little spare time, so he had a game of morra with the fachins, lost three crowns, and then, to console himself, drank a bottle of Orviato wine.

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to propose it. The last alternative seemed the most prudent, so he waited until twelve o'clock. During all this time a sentinel who had been relieved at eight o'clock, had been watching his inclination. Danglars suddenly felt a strong inclination to see the person who kept watch over him. He had remarked that a few rays from a lamp penetrated through the ill-jointed planks of the door; he approached it just as the brigand was refreshing himself with a mouthful of brandy, which sent forth an odor which was extremely unpleasant to Danglars. "Fugh!" he exclaimed, retreating to the extreme corner of his cell.

At twelve, the man was replaced by another functionary, and Danglars, wishing to catch sight of his new arrival approached the door again. He was an athletic, gigantic bandit, with large eyes, thick lips, flat nose, and red hair fell in dishevelled masses like snakes around his shoulders.

Danglars knocked at the door; the bandit raised his head. Danglars knew that he had been heard, so he redoubled his blows. "Che cosa?" asked the bandit. "Come, come," said Danglars, "I think it is quite time to think of giving me something to eat!" But whether he did not understand him, or whether he had received no orders respecting the nourishment of Danglars, the giant, without answering, commenced eating his dinner.

Danglars immediately recognized him as the man who had called out in such a furious manner, "Put in your head!" He assumed his most agreeable manner and said with a gracious smile: "Excuse me, sir, but are they not going to give me any dinner?"

"Happen to be hungry! that's excellent when I have not eaten for twenty-four hours!" muttered Danglars. Then he added aloud, "Yes, sir, I am hungry—very hungry!"

"What would your excellency like?" and Peppino placed his pan on the ground so that the steam rose directly under the nostrils of Danglars. "Give your orders!" "Well, a fowl, fish, game, it signifies little to me, I eat."

"As your excellency pleases! You mentioned a fowl? I think?" "Yes, a fowl!" Peppino turning round, shouted, "A fowl for his excellency! His voice yet echoed in the archway when a young man, handsome, graceful, and half-dressed, appeared, bearing a fowl in a silver dish on his head without the assistance of his hands. "I could almost believe myself at the Cafe de Paris!" murmured Danglars.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Abraham Lincoln When leaving his home at Springfield, Ill., to be inaugurated president of the United States, he had a farewell address to his old friends and neighbors, in which he said, "SEVERE GIVE YOURS A CRACK."

These words came with as much force today as they did thirty years ago. How give them this chance? Up the North-west is a great empire waiting for young, and sturdy fellows to come and develop it and "grow up with the country." All over this broad land are a young and vigorous people, who are waiting for the boys that Lincoln referred to, seeking to better their condition and get on in life.

Here is their chance! The country referred to lies along the North-west coast of the United States, in the Red River Valley, or North Dakota, the finest of prairie lands fitted for wheat and grain, or as well for diversified farming. In Western North Dakota and Montana, are stock ranges limitless in extent, clothed with the most nutritious of grasses.

The farming region is wanted there is the whole state of Washington to select from. As for scenic delights the Northern Pacific Railroad passes through a country unparalleled. In crossing the Rocky, Bitter Root and Cascade mountains, the greatest mountain scenery to be seen in the United States from the car window is found. The wonderful bad lands, wonderful in grandeur and glowing color, are a poem. Lake Pend d'Oreille and Coeur d'Alene, are alone worthy of a trans-continental trip, while they are the fisherman's Ultima Thule. The ride along Clark's Fork of the Columbia river is a daylight dream. To cap the climax this is the only way to reach the far-famed Yellowstone Park.

To reach and see all this the Northern Pacific railroad furnish trains and service of unsurpassed excellence. The most approved and comfortable Palace Sleeping cars; the best Dining car that can be made; Pullman Tourist cars good for both first and second class passengers; easy riding Day coaches, with Baggage, Express, and Postal cars all drawn by powerful Baldwin locomotives, make a train fit for royalty itself.

Those seeking for new homes should take this train and go and spy out the land. To be prepared, write to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., ST. PAUL, MINN., advt.

It Takes Material—Let's see, said the lady, how many yards are there here? Fourteen yards, madam, answered the salesman. Enough for a dress? Quite enough. Then give me fourteen yards more. For another dress? No, for the sleeves.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blenches from horses, blood spurs, curbs, splints, ring bones, sweency, stifles, spavins, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful bleasch cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

The Sermon—Papa—Well, Johnnie, you went to church this morning? Johnnie—Yes, papa. Papa—How did you like the sermon? Johnnie—The beginning was good and the end was good, but there was too much middle to it, papa.

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When She Sits on His Lap—Helen Hyler—Don't you think it is very bad form for a man who is calling on a young lady to sit down before the door? Jack—Certainly, but under some circumstances he has to.

PROF. WIGGINS' DISCOVERIES.

He Claims to Have Done Wonderful Things.

OTTAWA, May 15.—Professor Wiggins, the Canadian astronomer and weather prophet, has come before the public again. In an interview with a star correspondent yesterday he said that after a quarter of a century's hard work, he had solved one of the problems pronounced by ancient and modern mathematicians as impossible by Euclid's elements. These problems are the squaring of the circle, the duplication of the cube, the insertion of two geometrical means between two given straight lines, and the trisection of a given rectilinear angle.

The solution of the last-named, professor Wiggins said, was more eagerly sought than any of the others, for it would enable mathematicians to increase the number of regular polygons inscribable in a given circle. The equilateral triangle, the square, the regular pentagon and such regular polygons can be derived from them, have been the only regular figures known to be inscribable in a circle by elementary geometry. There is, for instance, no regular nonagon given in our school books on geometry, because no one, not even Euclid or Newton, could divide the angle of an equilateral triangle into three equal parts; in other words, find the ninth of four right angles. This is the problem prof. Wiggins has solved and has brought within the third book of Euclid. The construction is simple, but that for the demonstration and the demonstration itself are not by any means easy. He says the solution of the problem will cause universal joy among mathematicians, and it is his intention to publish the solution in a few days.

FRANCE ON GERMANY'S FRONTIER. BERLIN, May 15.—The Wolfe News Agency asserts, on semi-official authority, that the reinforcement of the French troops stationed on the eastern frontier of France is proceeding with method and regularity. The French government, according to the same authority, it likewise extending and strengthening the military lines adjoining the German frontier, and planning with a view to prompt and effective concentration. The barracks at the entrenched frontier camps are being greatly enlarged, and at Epinal two new barracks have been built and an addition made to the garrison.

On the same semi-official authority it is stated that a double line of rails on the line of the Paris and Nancy railroad, between Bliesme and Revigny, in order to hasten the mobilization of the French troops.

The Frankfort Zeitung, commenting upon the foregoing statement and on other semi-official news despatches of similar character, states that reports of the kind are obviously intended to influence the electors in the coming election for the Reichstag in favor of candidates who support the Army bill.

THEIR NAME IS LEGION. There is no lack of so-called cures for the common ailment known as corns. The vegetable, animal and mineral kingdoms have been ransacked for cures. It is a simple matter to remove corns without pain, for if you go to any druggist or medicine dealer and buy a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and apply it as directed the thing is done. Get Putnam's—and no other.

A Burning Shame—Museum Manager—Go downstairs and tell the freaks they can't smoke cigarettes here. Janitor—That ain't a cigarette you smook, Museum Manager—What is it? Janitor—The India rubber man got pushed agin' the stove.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the inflamed and swollen joints, and disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Made an Impression—Father—Who is that young man who calls here so regularly? Mother—That's young Mr. Bullock. I think Dora has made an impression on him. Little Johnny—Yes, indeed; there's a big white place on his shoulder.

On several occasions, writes Rev. Wm. Lawson, formerly of Carmarthen Street Methodist church, St. John, I have suffered from severe nervous exhaustion and general debility. I was advised to use Hawker's justly celebrated Nerve and stomach tonic, and had great pleasure in testifying to its restoring, toning, invigorating and building up properties.

They Both Court—Laura—I think I should like to marry a count. Louise—So do I, Laura—And I think I should like to marry a German count. Louise—Well, I am rather more particular. I want a bank account.

GET THE BEST. The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article a second time. On the contrary they want the best! Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emulsion is the best form of Cod Liver Oil.

The Indication.—This bump, said the phenologist indicates that you are of a combative disposition. No, said the subject. It indicates that my wife is of a combative disposition. That's where she hit with a hair brush this morning.

Itch, mange and scratches of every kind, on humans or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sulfur Lotion. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Her Excuse.—He—So you have been dancing with that cad Flaabpot, while I've been to get your ice? She—Well dear, I thought I would get warmed up so as to enjoy the ice.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blenches from horses, blood spurs, curbs, splints, ring bones, sweency, stifles, spavins, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful bleasch cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

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Feed a Cold

Yes, but feed it with Scott's Emulsion. Feeding the cold kills it, and no one can afford to have a cough or cold, acute and leading to consumption, lurking around him.

SCOTT'S EMULSION Of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Strengthens Weak Lungs, checks all Wasting Diseases and is a remarkable Fish Product. Almost as Palatable as Milk. Prepared only by SCOTT & BOWNE, Baltimore, Md.

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE —FOR THE— SPRING TRADE. Granite Iron Ware in Tea Pots, Coffee Pots, Sauce Pans, Pudding Pans, Rice Boilers, etc.; Pearl Agate Ware in the above lines; Carpet Sweepers, Mrs. Potts' Irons, Clothes Wringers, Hearth Brushes, Coal Hods, Coal Vases, Fire Iron Sets, Dinner Bells, Call Bells, With a large line of Fancy and Plain House Furnishing Hardware. For sale low by

JAMES S. NEILL.

NEW SEEDS. Has now on hand, a Large Stock

G. T. WHELPLEY, Timothy Seed, Clover Seed, White and Black Seed Oats.

Bradley's Superphosphate, In Large and Small quantities. 310 Queen Street, Fredericton.

The Sun. During 1893 THE SUN will be of surpassing excellence and will print more news and more pure literature than ever before in its history.

The Sunday Sun. Is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the World. Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Daily, by mail, - - - \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, - - - \$8 a year.

Address THE SUN, New York.

McMURRAY & Co. Have Just Received A CAR LOAD OF WALL PAPERS, And are now prepared to show the largest stock of Wall Paper in the city, in Canadian American Makes. CALL and SEE the GOODS. Also a lot of REMNANTS, Which will be sold Low, to make room for New Goods.

P. S. Expected daily a Large Stock of INGRAIN paper with BORDERS to match. Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines in Great Variety at the Lowest Prices. No Agents.

McMurray & Co.

BAKING POWDER. PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST. Contains no Alum, Arsenic, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

THE BEST.

WILEY'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Best Quality of Pure Norwegian Oil. Best Preparation of Hypophosphites. Best Value for the Money.

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ASSETS, 1st JANUARY, 1880, - \$30,722,809.56 ASSETS IN CANADA, " - 870,525.67

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