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A Sappho of Green Springs.

An Idyl of the South-west—The Editor's Sanctum—The Lumber Woods and the Fields.

Continued.

The open horizon towards the west had taken a warmer color from the already slanting sun when Mr. Hamlin, having rested his horse, turned to that direction. He had noticed that the wood was thinner there, and, pushing forward, he was presently rewarded by the sound of far off wheels, and knew he must be near the high-road that the boy had spoken of. Having given up his previous intention of crossing the stream, there seemed nothing better for him to do than to follow the truant's advice and take the road back to Green Springs. Yet he was loath to leave the wood, halting on its verge, and turning to look back into its charmed recesses. Once or twice—perhaps because he recalled the words of the poem—that yellowish sea of ferns had seemed instinct with hidden life, and he even fancied, here and there, a swaying of its plumed crests. Howbeit, he still lingered long enough for the open sunlight into which he had ridden to protrude the bravery of his handsome figure. Then he wheeled his horse, the light glanced from polished double bit and bridle-fripperies, caught his red sash and bullion buttons, struck a parting flash from his silver spurs, and he was gone!

For a moment the light streamed unbrokenly through the wood. And then it could be seen that the yellow mass of undergrowth had moved with the passage of another figure than his own. For ever since he had entered the shade, a woman shawled in a vague shapeless fashion had watched him wonderingly, eagerly, excitedly, gliding from tree to tree as he advanced, or else dropping breathlessly below the fronds of fern whence she gazed at him as between parting fingers. When he wheeled she had run openly to the west, albeit with hidden face and still clinging shawl, and taken a last look at his retreating figure. And then, with a faint but lingering sigh, she drew back into the shadow of the wood again and vanished also.

CHAPTER III.

At the end of twenty minntes Mr. Hamlin reined in his mare. He had just observed in the distant shadows of a bye-lane that intersected this road the yaniking flutter of two light print dresses. Without a moment's hesitation he lightly swerved ont of the high-road and followed the retreating figures.

As he neared them, they seemed to be two slim young girls, evidently so preoccupied with the amusement of edgeing each other off the grassy border into the dust of the track that they did not perceive his approach. Little shrieks, slight scuffings, and interjections of "Cynth! you limb!" "Quit that, Eunice, now!" and "I just call that real mean!" apparently drowned the sound of his canter in the soft dust. Checked his speed to a gentle trot, and pressing his horse close beside the opposite fence, he passed them with gravely-uplifted hat and a serious preoccupied air. But in that single, seemingly conventional glance Mr. Hamlin had seen that they were both pretty and that one had the upper lip of his errant little guide. A hundred yards farther on he halted, as if irresolutely, gazed doubtfully ahead of him, and then turned back. An expression of innocent—almost child-like—concern was clouding the rascal's face. It was well, as the girls had drawn closely together, having been apparently surprised in the midst of a glowinge eulogium of this glorious passing vision by its sudden return. At his nearer approach the one with the rosy lip hid that piquant feature and the rest of her rosy face behind the other's shoulder, which was suddenly and significantly opposed to the advance of this handsome intruder with a certain dignity, half affected, but wholly charming. The protectress appeared—possibly from her defensive attitude—the superior of her companion.

Audacious as Jack was to his own sex, he had early learned that such rare but disconcerting graces as he possessed required a certain apologetic attitude when presented to women, and that it was only a plain man who could be always complacently self-confident in their presence. There was, consequently, a hesitating lowering of this hypocrit'es brown eyelashes as he said, in almost pained accents,—

"Excuse me, but I fear I've taken the wrong road. I'm going to Green Springs."

"I reckon you've taken the wrong road wherever you're going," returned the young lady, having apparently made up her mind to resent each of Jack's perfections as a separate impertinence: "this is a private road." She drew herself fairly up here, although gurgled at in the ear and pinched in the arm by her companion.

"I beg your pardon," said Jack, meekly. "I see I'm trespassing on your grounds. I'm very sorry. Thank you for telling me. I should have gone on a mile or two farther, I suppose, until I came to your house," he added, innocently.

"A mile or two! You'd have run chock ag'in' our gate in another minit," said the short-lipped one, eagerly. But a sharp nudge from her companion sent her back again into cover, where she waited expectantly for another crushing retort from her protector.

But, alas! it did not come. One cannot be always witty, and Jack looked distressed. Nevertheless he took advantage of the pause.

"It was so stupid in me, as I think your brother"—looking at Short-lip—"very carefully told me the road."

The two girls darted quick glances at each other. "Oh, Bawb!" said the first speaker, in wearied accents,—"that limb! He don't keer."

"But he did care," said Hamlin, quietly, "and gave me a good deal of information. Thanks to him, I was able to see that ferny wood that's so famous,—about two miles up the road. You know,—the one that there's a poem written about!"

The shot told! Short-lip burst into a display of dazzling little teeth and caught the other girl convulsively by the shoulders. The superior girl bent her pretty brows, and said, "Eunice, what's gone of ye? Quit that!" but, as Hamlin thought, paled slightly.

"Of course," said Hamlin, quickly, "you know,—the poem everybody's talking about. Dear me! let me see! how does it go? The rascal knit his brows, and said, "Ah, yes," and then murmured the verse he had lately sung quite as musically.

Short-lip was shamefully exalted and excited. Really she could scarcely believe it! She already heard herself relating the whole occurrence. Here was the most beautiful young man she had ever seen—an entire stranger—talking to them in the most beautiful and natural way, right in the lane, and reciting poetry to her sister! It was like a novel,—only more so. She thought that Cynthia, on the other hand, looked distressed, and—she must say it—"silly."

All of which Jack noted, and was wise. He had got all he wanted—at present. He gathered up his reins.

"Thank you so much, and your brother too, Miss Cynthia," he said, without looking up. Then, adding, with a parting glance and smile, "But don't tell Bob how stupid I was," he swiftly departed.

In half an hour he was at the Green Springs Hotel. As he rode into the stable yard he noticed that the coach had only just arrived, having been detained by a land-slip on the Summit road. With the recollection of Bob fresh in his mind, he glanced at the loungers at the stage office. The boy was not there, but a moment later Jack detected him among the waiting crowd at the post-office opposite. With a view of following up his inquiries, he crossed the road as the boy entered the vestibule of the post-office. He arrived in time to see him unlock one of a row of numbered letter-boxes rented by subscribers, which occupied a partition by the window, and take out a small package and a letter. But in that brief glance Mr. Hamlin detected the printed address of the Excelsior Magazine on the wrapper. It was enough. Luck was certainly with him.

He had time to get rid of the wicked sparkle that had lit his dark eyes and to lounge carelessly towards the boy as the latter broke open the package and then hurriedly concealed it in his jacket-pocket and started for the door. Mr. Hamlin quickly followed him, unperceived, and, as he stepped into the street, gently tapped him on the shoulder. The boy turned and faced him quickly. But Mr. Hamlin's eyes showed nothing but lazy good-humor.

"Hullo, Bob. Where are you going?"

The boy again looked up suspiciously at this revelation of his name.

"Home," he said, briefly.

"Oh, over yonder," said Hamlin, calmly. "I don't mind walking with you as far as the lane."

He saw the boy's eyes glance furtively towards an alley that ran beside the blacksmith's shop a few rods ahead; and was convinced that he intended to evade him there. Slipping his arm carelessly in the youth's, he concluded to open fire at once.

"Bob," he said, with irresistible gravity, "I did not know when I met you this morning that I had the honor of addressing a poet,— none other than the famous author of 'Underbrush.'"

The boy started back and endeavored to withdraw his arm, but Mr. Hamlin tightened his hold, without, however, changing his careless expression.

"You see," he continued, "the editor is a friend of mine, and, being afraid this package might not get into the right hands,—as you didn't give your name,—he deputized me to come here and see that it was all square. As you're rather young, for all you're so gifted, I reckon I'd better go home with you and take a receipt from your parents. That's about square, I think?"

The consternation of the boy was so evident and so far beyond Mr. Hamlin's expectation that he instantly halted him, gazed into his shifting eyes, and gave a long whistle.

"Who said it was for me? Wot you talkin' about? Lemme go!" gasped the boy, with the short intermittent breath of mingled fear and passion.

"Bob," said Mr. Hamlin, in a singularly colorless voice which was very rare with him, and an expression quite unlike his own, "what is your little game?"

The boy looked down in dogged silence.

"Out with it! Who are you playing this on?"

"It's all among my own folks; its nothin' to you," said the boy, suddenly beginning to struggle violently, as if inspired by this extenuating fact.

"Among your own folks, eh? White Violet and the rest, eh? But she's not in it?"

No reply.

"Hand me over that package. I'll give it back to you again."

The boy handed it to Mr. Hamlin. He read the letter, and found the enclosure contained a twenty-dollar gold-piece. A half-supercilious smile passed over his face at this revelation of the inadequate emoluments of literature and the trifling inducements to crime. Indeed, I fear the affair began to take a less serious moral complexion in his eyes.

"Then White Violet—your sister Cynthia, you know," continued Mr. Hamlin, in easy parenthesis,—"wrote for this?" holding the coin contemplatively in his fingers, "and you calculated to nab it yourself?"

The quick searching glance with which Bob received the name of his sister, Mr. Hamlin attributed only to his natural surprise that this stranger should be on such familiar terms with her; but the boy responded immediately and bluntly,—

TO BE CONTINUED.

Children Killed by a Train.

Fall River, Mass., June 27.—Two girls named Harrington living in Mechanicville, in this city, were struck and instantly killed by a train this forenoon in the cut near Brayton's Station, South Somerset.

One of the children was on the track as the train was approaching and the other attempted to save her, but the engineer could not stop the train in time and both were struck.

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Symptoms—Moist ure; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tu mors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Sunk by Collision.

London, June 27.—The Dutch steamer Prins Federick, from Amsterdam for Java, sunk in the night of June 25, lat 47, long 6, by collision with the British steamer Morphessia, from Tagaurog for Dunkirk.

The Morphessa has arrived at Falmouth badly damaged. She had on board a crew and 93 passengers. The Prins Federick had 6 lives lost in the collision.

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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. Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

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Chicago, June 27.—Chauncey M. Depew declines the presidency of the World's Fair Commission.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

AGAIN AMONG THE NOMADS.

A Dissertation on Gipsy Character—A Gipsy Poet—His Letter—They are not Ishmaels.

Camp, Near Dover, N. J., June 16, 1890.

There is something truly remarkable about the almost unchangeable reserve of the Gipsy in the presence of any other than his own people, and of his singular shifts and efforts to be as one dumb. Catch him in a city or trading in a village or come upon him in any sort of mixed company, and his reticence is so marked that the ordinary observer would set him down as inordinately stupid. This habit is universal among these people and they break through it only under great stress of badgering or necessity. A wagon-load of Gipsies once halted in front of a wagon-maker's in a small Pennsylvania town, where I frequently make my home, and while one of them tried to dicker for a sulky for one-half its value, a really intelligent clergyman in the presence of admiring townspeople put a set of stereotyped questions to them about their mode of life and the state of their souls, varying the same with other proddings of like nature in his line. But the lot of lost heathen were so bad as to smile at him, so dumb as not to answer him, and so down right wicked as to give him no chance for an argument; whereupon the good man lost his temper entirely, and consigned them to eternal perdition in one compact and canonical sentence. Standing next the team and thinking to have a little fun at the parson's expense I said wickedly in an undertone to a particular lively old dame in the waggon:

"A shan gaugie—a grye ehor! Tell him so and jaw the drom," or, in plain English: The man is a bad one himself—a horse thief! Tell him so and go away.

The woman gave me a quick look of half inquiry and recognition, which I returned with all good assurance. Then she called the Gipsy from the wagon-shop by a word. He came out nimbly, looked quickly at the crowd, and sprang into the wagon. Just as they started rapidly away she turned full on the clergyman who was still forensically disposing of their souls in different forms of future torture, and said, quietly: "Tell me said you're no better nor a horse-thief yersel. Howsumdever hus be, mebby ye might be a-tendin' yer own soul wi' profit!"

Everybody was too astonished to laugh; and the good man sorely felt that his powder had been burned for naught. Ashamed as I was at my own part in the retort, my astonishment was at the unheard-of departure of the brave Gipsey rule to never betray spirit or the brightness of indignation under the most exasperating circumstances. Full retribution came in a learned disquisition from the clergyman on Gipsies, the burden of which was that Gipsy writers and students were in league to give the race place as the most canny and cunning of men, when everything proved them the most brainless and stupid people on earth.

Nor was his idea an uncommon one. That it generally prevails is not singular when it is remembered that their whole life motive seems to appear to all but themselves just that sort of people. It is only with the most ignorant of country-side folk, or among those not of their own race who are thoroughly known and have been unqualifiedly tested, that they relax from this sodden manner and pretense of brainlessness. Test this at any time and in any way and you will find it to be true. As is almost true of one or two other races we have with us; they resist all association with us; they cannot bear any manner of intermingling or mixing up. All people not Gipsies are, to their notion, made for them to forage from, to subsist upon. Therefore, and because this is true of the whole race, and not exceptionally true of a part of it, or of individuals, their ways among us are, and forever will be, the exact opposite of what they are themselves. Pretense, affectation, deceit, lies, are become their nature. Nor must these qualities be reckoned against them as parts of their real selves. Foxes may be quite sociable and jolly and generous at home. But the Gipsy nature is the fox nature, limitless in degree, in all that side of him, in all things, which must be presented to all other mankind. That is the very essence of Gipsyism. Rapidly as they are increasing among us, because all conditions for the same are with us infinitely more favorable than the world ever gave them elsewhere, large as is the wealth they are piling up in farms and city property, they do not lose an iota of that impenetrable armoring of eternal alertness of pretended non-alertness, unintelligent simplicity and unassailable repellance, that have protected them through the centuries with wonderful isolation from every possible race encroachment. Today, and right here among us, they pursue, concerning the most absurdly trivial happenings, precisely the same, suspicious exclusiveness, wary and all unnecessary precaution, and what would appear to us as outrageously silly finesse that they did when battling for their very lives against continental edicts of extermination in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In this regard their precaution and circumvention are often laughably ridiculous. Countless little incidents of this sort have happened in my own wanderings among them, all too trivial to relate, yet all enabling a sure judgment of a noteworthy characteristic. One instance, illustrative of them all, I may be pardoned for repeating.

I had been generously entertained by several families of Gipsy friends in the spring of 1879, near Chicago, in the little village of Lyons, on the Desplanes river, a sleepy, old, and nest-like place which the Gipsies much frequent. Thinking to return their goodness, I proposed a trip to the theatre. The consented only after great urging; and, looking forward to a rare treat in the enjoyment of their enjoyment and wonderment, on returning to the city I bought and mailed them twenty seats for a Wednesday evening's performance at the Haverly theatre, then occupying the site of the present First national bank. Full of delighted expectancy I arrived at the theater, only to find the seats I had purchased for my Gipsy friends entirely filled with ordinary city folk. After sitting out a part of the play, I left the place disappointed and disgusted, not, however, without catching a glimpse of one of the Gipsies lurking near the entrance, who, as soon as he was seemingly sure of having seen me in my discomfiture, skulked away in the darkness.

Business called me away from the city for a few days, but this desertion by my Gipsy protegees worried me. Hoping for some clue to their action, when I returned I applied to the box-office, where I learned, and with some asperity from the management; that my Gipsies, who had kept the audience in an uproar the entire evening of their visit, on receiving the tickets by mail at Lyons had immediately sent one of their number to the city and secured an exchange of seats from Wednesday evening's performance to that for Friday evening. I could thus see that their natural and unchangeable race suspicion and caution of one not of their people, though a tried friend, prompted the cunning ruse to first defeat my entire plan, then set a watch upon me to observe whether my action was consistent with genuinely disappointed friendly interest, and then to deceive me as to the true motive of such action. The latter was attended to on their part in the following epistle taken from my Gipsy relics, which is now before me as I make its exact copy.

Lyons, li 6th May, 1878.

deer Fren

i tak the tim to adres you theas fu lins and Thanks for the Ticits welcomly reseíd we cudn cum wensdy For the old Foks didn git Hoam, and the riverSide rodes was bad we Cum fridy and was Loken al Oaver for you and had a Hi old Tim that Acten was wunful where was you

hopin this Fids you in God helt i Cloas and best Regars from

Al your Fren

George W. Carpenter.

This George Carpenter is a wonderful fellow in his way; a veritable American Gipsy John Bunyan; and author of many goodly Gipsy rhymes in my possession. The letter bore every evidence of serious effort, and I wisely let it stand as a friendly regret rather than an unpleasant deception. The entire matter was simply a true expression of the universal Gipsy trait. Had they met me at the theatre according to agreement in a straightforward manner, that would have been indubitable proof that they were not Gipsies at all.

But in the home-life of the camp, safe and secure in the seclusion of the spot which holds all he owns and loves, then it is that the Gipsy has a happy heart, a radiant face, a laughing eye, a waggish tongue, and many lightsome ways, merry, care-free, and jubilant as the birds. Nor would I be just to those strange people did I not bring this truth about them into the strongest light and best relief. To know Gipsies—they are so rapidly increasing in numbers through wonderful fecundity, care of their children, with constant vast additions from Europe, that by the close of the present century they will comprise from 2 to 3 per cent. of the entire population—and they must ere long be well and wisely known, we must be large and generous enough to perceive and appreciate their own hearth-side, heartful life. We must see that they love and treasure and hope, not just in our way, but in a way which, to their kind, is full of the simple truthfulness, the patient and true affection, and the devoted loyalty, which with us have been set as types for the world to love by eloquent tongues and inspired pens, since true sentiment thrilled the heart of man. Hence, whatever Gipsies are to you and the world at large, while you may judge them never so harshly for what you may call vagabondism, there is behind what you conclude in your superior intelligence to be wholly bad, a condition you know nothing about which must enter into any honest estimate of the race. This condition is one which all Gipsy instinct resents your participation in your knowledge of. But it is a condition which, if fully known and recognized, would immeasurably redeem the race from contumely and reproach. And because the world-mind is narrowed and fixed upon a determined notion that Gipsies are utterly worthless to society at large, the task of conveying any adequate and true revelation of the slightest good in them is a woful one indeed.

Here is a likeness to that which I wish I could convey fully: Take the average men of the world, the business men, weighed down by interminable duties and responsibilities, which none but themselves realize. Of these how few are there who have not gained a reputation, among the most who lock horns in business affairs with them, for cruelty, niggardliness, hard heartedness, and, may be, downright meanness? And yet these men's true natures are not that at all. Within the circle of their chosen friends, and in their homes, these men's true natures are in the main of generosity, fidelity, goodness. And it is in some way like this the Gipsy should be made known. Crafty, stupid, wary, hard, unknown vagabond though you deem him, as he faces you and mankind in his battle for life and those he loves, he has another side, a cheery, good, and manly one, too, which without one iota of the prompting all modern society possesses, glows with kindness, generosity, helpfulness, good cheer, and a spirit of positive loveliness.

An ugly word is never heard in a Gipsy camp. A selfish act is never seen in a Gipsy camp. The eternal goading of a bad man, the hateful jealousies of neighbors, the contemptible rivalries of pretended friends, each and all are as unknown as poison in the pure air of heaven they breathe. There is a quality of tenderness and sincerity in their doings with each other that is ever simple, childlike and beautiful. Their mirth, merriment and jollity are all considerate. Raillery is tolerant; with never a murderous weapon. With them good cheer, is not license; merry-making leaves no sting, liberty never knows lewdness. Ignorant as they may be of your books; obstinately as they refuse the civilization of which we boast; secretly proud as they are of ostracism which brands them as outlaw race; heathenish as you will continue to call them because they hold your creeds in contempt, they are yet more than the peers of any living people in everything tender and true and loyal growing into and out of the domestic relation, and in all that which yields, without law or force, and as if unconsciously, the helpful goodness which ever prompts and ever exceeds exact justice to one's fellows.

Probably at meals and in the long evenings, bright with camp fires and melodious with merriment, is the Gipsy man or woman most truly this good-natured and genial animal that never reveals meanness and ever acts with genuine, unstudied goodness. The breakfast, though always a meal of cheery brightness, is taken with little jollity, for the duties and doings of the day are ahead of them all. The dinner is seldom a regular meal, for there are but few in camp, and the old men, old women, children, and dogs, have everything their own way. But the supper is overflowing with good things and good spirits, and all sorts of pranks are allowable. The camp has suddenly become with three-fourths of its members, who have been away during the day on divers expeditions, and the breeziness and activity consequent upon the return of the brought the camp a wonderful life and vigor. The substantials for the meal have been sizzling and simmering from the kettle-sticks for hours. These are all accounted for; but there is an element of pleasure and surprise in many little garnishments which find their way into camp with the incoming troop of Gipsies. Tin cups—usually rubber buckets with linen spreads upon them—are laid upon the clean grass plats. Everybody helps at bringing the dishes and food. Laughter and badinage go hand in hand with preparation; and the repast itself, be it sumptuous, as it often is, or meager, as it is not often, is washed down by more genuine mirth and hearty merriment—and, I must confess, with something a thought stronger, sometimes—than falls to the lot of but few in this world, however much good fortune enters into their condition. If stragglers from town come and stare at them with exasperating calmness, as if the Gipsies were animals in some zoological garden, a sudden hush falls upon the feast until the intruders retire, or the merriment goes on in their own tongue and under faces of ridiculous wonder. If town folk, however, until the long slowly taken meal is ended, there are such rallyings of friends such greetings of husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, parents and children, such kindly notice of the old, old folk, such revelries with the babies, and such proud, glad heart-word for everybody, that no earnest eyes can look upon it all, and not moisten; because all this is true of an outcast race, and so barren and meager in the homes of our own people, where too often insincerity, ambition, and heartlessness have taken the place of those tender things which are the salvation of a land through its homes.

Then the evening comes and glows again with this good nature. There is not another care or thought-weight on the Gipsy's mind. All give themselves up to unrestrained enjoyment. The great fires are piled high, and seem to crackle and sing an added accompaniment of happiness. High up along the tree-trunks are hung cressetts filled with flaring knots. The fires below shut out even the light of the blazing stars above and draw the night and the dark, lovingly interlaced with century-old tree-arms over the bright place like a protecting canopy. By this camp-fire is a crowd merrily playing at cards, which the Gipsies love. By another and another are groups telling old tales or singing old songs. In between and all about are happy children playing at hide and-seek in the flash and shadow of the camp. Over there is a score of tawny forms dancing with the freedom and gaiety of lads and lassez to the music of some tinker violinist who sways and weaves and stamps and shouts, enraptured by his own vociferous melodies. Everywhere are simple-hearted peace and content; while in the harder world of your cities and towns countless hearts are breaking from their loads of ambition rivalry, greed, injustice, mercilessness, envenomed malice, as the stars and the God above them look down upon these, the uncivilized, and upon those of the proudest civilization—loving which most?

Edgar L. Wakeman.

London Lancet strongly recommends "Montserrat" Lime-Fruit Juice as an absolutely and delicious hot weather drink.

The grand jury have failed to find a bill against Mrs. Weeks for poisoning Mrs Sutherland of Charlottetown.

A Bad Case.

Ex-Mayor Robert Bowie, Brockville, Ont., says: I used Nasal Balm for a bad case of catarrh, and it cured me after having ineffectually tried many other remedies. It never fails to give immediate relief for cold in the head.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.

LACE CURTAINS CLEANED AND DYED ALL SHADES.

Office, King Square—Works, Black Spring Road, North End, St. John, N. B.

Zaldivir's Opinion.

Paris, June 27.—Dr. Rafael Zaldivir, for ten years president of San Salvador, says, of the revolution in his country; "Gen. Menendez, who during my absence usurped the power, is dead. General Marzial, his partisan, who endeavored to oppose the popular upheaval with an armed force has been killed and his men routed. Gen. Ezeta, the patriotic soldier statesman, who has the good wishes of all the friends of the Republic, has been proclaimed president of the provincial Government and I have been invited to return immediately to my country. These are the facts." The whole country, continued president Zaldivir, have been disgusted with Menendez despotic rule, during which he has shot more than 200 of his political opponents.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis is immediately relieved by Shiloh's cure

Attempts to Compromise Fail.

Chicago, June 27.—The conference between the Illinois Central and the strikers' committee and railroad officials has ended with a positive refusal on the part of the railway company to discharge the obnoxious superintendent. A general strike on all the Illinois Central lines is probable.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents.

Acquitted of the Charge.

Seattle, Wn. June 27.—Herbert F. Beecher, son of Henry Ward Beecher, has been acquitted of the charge of larency preferred against him while he was collector of customs at Port Townsend.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

Gales on the Scotch Coast.

London, June 27.—The details of the damage done by the gales on the Scotch coast, to the middle of the week show nine vessels wrecked and 35 persons drowned.

NURSERIES OF DISEASE.

A REPORTER'S RAMBLES AMONG THE CLUB HOUSES OF DISEASE GERMS, MICROBES, AND MIASMATIC ODORS. THE CONDITION OF ALLEYWAYS AND BACK-YARDS.

"Every householder, whether rich or poor, should give personal attention to the cleanliness of his premises, especially to the cellar and yard. Health is too important a thing to be intrusted to subordinates. No decaying matter should be allowed in the cellar.

When one of our leading physicians wrote the foregoing, he gave advice that should be acted upon at once. This city is far in advance of many as respects cleanliness of streets, yards, and alleyways. Yet there are a few spots that are a disgrace and a source of diseases. Malarial poison rises unseen and lurks in the very air you breathe. It brings disease and death to thousands, and is rightly regarded with as much fear as a pestilence. To fortify the system against its attacks, we earnestly recommend the use of Paine's Celery Compound. By keeping the nervous system strong and vigorous, the health becomes so robust that the poison of malaria is successfully resisted. This medicine regulates the circulation, and sends the rich, pure blood pulsating joyously to every part of the body, and removes all feelings of heaviness, weight, and dullness.

In malarial districts if a free use was made of Paine's Celery Compound, there would be no fear of chills, low fever, bilious attacks, and all that train of evils. A specific for all nervous diseases, it has a remarkable power in malaria and liver complaints, owing to the fact that the perfect performance of the functions of the liver depends upon the strength and well-being of the nervous system. It has cured chronic cases that no other treatment could even benefit. Its enormous sale has been created solely by its own virtues and the thousands of remarkable recoveries which it has wrought.

COAL.

SYDNEY COAL.

To arrive ex schr. "Magellan:"—About 350 Tons Fresh Mined Old Mine Sydney Coal. For sale very low by R. P. McGIVERN, No. 9 North Wharf.

COAL. DAILY EXPECTED, 1000 TONS Victoria (Sydney) Coal. Fresh Mined and Double Screened. For sale low by JOHN F. MORRISON, *27 and 29 Smythe street.*

Hard Coal. Landing ex schr. "Oriole" Broken Stove, Nut and Chestnut Sizes. PRICE LOW. W. L. BUSBY, 81, 83, and 85 Water St. sun, tel

THE SPRING OF 1890 Has been backward but R. D. McArthur is on hand with a full and choice assortment of Vegetable —AND— FLOWER SEEDS, including all the latest varieties suitable for this climate. As this space is too small to enumerate all the different kinds, he will be pleased to have you call before purchasing elsewhere. R. D. McARTHUR, MEDICAL HALL, SAINT JOHN, N. B. Telegraph.

NOTICE OF MEETING.

The first general meeting of THE EASTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY, (Limited), incorporated by Letters Patent under "The New Brunswick Joint Stock Companies Letters Patent Act" and the Acts in amendment thereof, will be held at the office of ARTHUR L. TRUEMAN, Barrister-at-Law, No. 4 Church street, in the City of Saint John, on TUESDAY, the Eighth day of July next, at Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for the organization of the said Company, Election of Directors, adoption of By-laws, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting.

Dated at the City of Saint John, the Nineteenth day of June, A. D., 1890.

JOHN F. ZEBLEY,
FRANK W. RENNELL,
WILLIAM WIRT HEWITT,
SAMUEL W. SMITH,
JOHN D. PURDY,
Provisional Directors.

Stoerger's PHOTOGRAPH STUDIO. Formerly Bruckhof & Co., Corner Charlotte and King S