

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E VARIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—(Ct.)

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

No 19

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 10, 1876.

Vol 43

AN UNLUCKY NAME.

The Doom that Waited on Lewis Lewis.

One Christmas morning I attended service in a suburban church, which was as profusely decorated with green boughs as if Birnam Wood had stopped in there on its way to Dunsinane. The day was a dazzling one, for the glittering snow literally took the shine out of the heavens, and the variegated windows were in a blaze of glory. Indeed, a flake of red light, which loomed like a damask butterfly on the hand of a stranger beside, was the means of attracting my attention to his general appearance. His skin and hair were preternaturally white, like those of the Albino, and I was not long in satisfying myself that the whiteness of his hair was premature, and that tears had washed the color from his cheek. For a while he appeared oblivious of everything about him, but he no sooner discovered the red stain upon his hand than he became fearfully agitated, and seizing my hat by mistake abruptly left the church. My curiosity was so excited that I was not sorry to follow him, and I must say that I felt still more inquisitive on finding him nervously rubbing his hand with snow, as if for the purpose of cleaning it. I accosted him in an off-hand way, so as to restore his composure, and the ex-cha-g of hats was duly effected; but in spite of my nonchalant air, he saw that I took a deep interest in his case, and as I turned to go he asked with an affection of indifference, whether I had observed anything peculiar about his right hand.

"No," I carelessly replied, "unless you refer to its being incarnated for a moment by the reflection from a red pane of glass."

"Was that all?" he eagerly demanded. "It looked to me like blood, and I have some reason to be nervous on that subject."

"As he said this he was overcome with emotion, and the muscles of his jaw became so contracted that he could only articulate with the greatest difficulty; so he brought the interview to a close by begging me to call upon him the following day, as I was just the sort of person with whom he would like to talk over a matter which had distressed him for a long time. I had not the heart of trusting myself to a stranger whose thoughts had taken such a sanguinary turn; and my confidence in him was not increased by the fact that in directing me where to find him he had been very careful not to divulge his name.

"By the way," I called after him—"What name shall I ask for?"

But he pretended not to hear me, and hurried off faster than ever.

The next day I called upon him pursuant to my promise, and when he appeared in answer to my knock, addressed him as "Mr. Andrews"—that being the name on the door-plate.

"My name is not Andrews," he gravely replied, "and I only wish it was for a reason which will presently appear. Mr. Andrews and I keep bachelor's hall here, and some might consider us a little eccentric, as we are somewhat radical in our notions, and believe in all the 'isms' of the day."

He then thanked me for being so punctual, and after ushering me into the parlor, insisted on treating me to something, as the proceeding next in order. While he was absent from the room for that purpose, I had ample leisure to look about me, and saw one article at least which I had subsequent reason to remember. That was a vase or urn, evidently modeled after what are known as cinerary urns, because the ancients used them for the ashes of their dead. On it was painted the Genius of Death—not leaning as usual on an inverted torch, but holding one aloft; while the space for the inscription was as yet blank.

On the return of my host he resumed the conversation as follows:

"I was speaking a moment ago of the 'isms' of the day. Do you believe in any of them?"

"I can't say that I do," was my reply, "and I regard the majority of them as humbugs of the most colossal proportions. Take spiritualism, for example; how can any intelligent person put faith in that, when the ghost of Daniel Webster misquotes the constitution of the United States, and the spirit of Lindley Murray is not aware that prepositions govern the objective case?"

The reader will perceive that I was trying to be as cheerful as possible, and I had the satisfaction of seeing that the face of my hearer had already lost something of its pallor.

"Then," said he, "I suppose you regard all the popular superstitions in much the same light?"

"Precisely so," I returned, "for, in my opinion, black cats and red ears of corn have less to do with mundane affairs than some people imagine."

"Would to heaven," he solemnly rejoined,

that no more potent agencies than those you mention were at work in our lives."

Here he hesitated for a moment, and then added with an increasing tremor in his voice—

"You have heard of such a thing as a fatality in names?"

"Yes," I replied, "it was once thought that any one named Agnes was doomed to go mad; that James was a bad name for a King of Scotland; and all that sort of thing. As for omens, or divination by the letters of a name, the luckiest names are supposed to be those in which the numeral letters amount to the highest sum."

"Well," he said with a perceptible shudder, "my name is Lewis Lewis—do you see anything peculiar in that?"

"Nothing," I coolly answered, "except that the Christian name and the surname are identical."

"And have you not heard," he asked in a husky undertone, "that the possessor of such a name is predestined to be hanged?"

"I have heard something of the kind," I replied, "but I never supposed such an absurd idea could give a moment's uneasiness to any one."

"Nevertheless," he rejoined, "I solemnly believe that events as much beyond me as the procession of the equinoxes, will yet place the black cap upon my brow. It was once the custom to bury murderers with a stake through the heart; but mine is pierced in advance whenever I think of the deep damnation of my taking-off."

"But," I reasoned, "consider the impossibility of your committing a capital crime."

"I have taken all that into consideration," he rejoined, "but it affords me little consolation in view of the fact that so many innocent persons have been the victims of circumstantial evidence."

Nothing could be said to that, so I started off on another tack by advising him to take a sea voyage as a means of diverting his mind.

"For," I continued, "when we once get to riding a particular hobby, it soon becomes like the enchanted horse in the Arabian Nights"—and with a levity which was perhaps ill-timed, I added—"You have no reason to fear the perils of the deep, when the proverb assures us that those born to be hanged can never be drowned."

"I have never experienced the slightest benefit from travel," he replied; "for in my mental condition I could only look upon Spain as the country of the garrote, and upon France as the country of the guillotine, and think how a death by either instrument would be less ignominious than mine, which will be the death of Jack Sheppard and Captain Kidd."

"Mr. Lewis," said I, "the morbid condition you describe might be occasioned by as simple a thing as dyspepsia, for I know a Quaker who always acts like a ruffian after eating a Welsh rabbit; and what we call total depravity is nothing more nor less than a deficiency of gastric juice. If, on the other hand, your trouble is a bare matter of superstitious employ in such cases. There is the medical ring, for instance, in which they wear a hyacinth stone for sleeplessness, an agate for eye disease, a Jasper for dropsy, an amethyst for inebrity, and a coral for nervousness and causeless fears—just the very thing you want. But, to be serious, Mr. Lewis, you may depend upon it that all your ghastly apprehensions will prove to be the merest shadows."

After a little more talk to the same purpose, our interview came to an end, and he presented me with a token of his gratitude in the shape of a handsome quarto, bound in Turkey morocco and illustrated by Dore; while I, in return, handed him my city address, with the jocular assurance that I would be happy to procure his acquittal whenever he was placed on trial for his life.

I returned to the city a day or two afterward, and had forgotten all about my friend Lewis, when his spiritual adviser came to me one morning by the early train and brought the appalling intelligence that he (Lewis) had murdered Mr. Andrews under circumstances of such exceptional atrocity that threats of lynching were openly indulged. I was so struck with amazement that it was some moments before I could master myself sufficiently to ask the particulars of the tragedy.

"Well," he began, "several residents of our village were returning from a political meeting late at night, when they observed a tremendous volume of flame and smoke issuing from the chimney of the house occupied by Andrews and Lewis. No signs of life being visible, the first thought of the spectators was to arouse the sleeping inmates, and with that object in view, they burst open the front door, some rushing up stairs and others down. The latter party were met at the head of the cellar stairs, by two men, who were a startled or, as some

thought, a guilty look, and made strenuous efforts to prevent anyone from descending into the cellar, from which proceeded an odor as of burning flesh. But, pushing him aside, they hurried down to see a most sickening sight. A furnace of unique design had cracked with the heat, exposing to view the calcined remains of poor Andrews. The murderer fled in the dark and at the time of his capture was engaged in burying a bloody razor, and a will by which his victim left everything to him. Of course, all he can do now is to prepare for the gallows."

"The case certainly has a desperate look," I remarked, "but there are always two sides to a story."

The clergyman looked at me as if he doubted my sanity, and said in a caustic way:

"The other side of the story is not wanting, for he has confessed the crime."

"Can you recall the precise language of that confession?" I asked.

"I can," he replied, "I was asking him whom he wished to retain as counsel, and he said it would not be worth while to interpose any defense, as he must inevitably be hanged."

I was much encouraged to find this so-called confession was not irreconcilable with the most perfect innocence and was simply a reiteration of his old belief that any effort to oppose his destiny would be like a nautilus coming into collision with a man-of-war.

"Then he concluded to send for me after all?" said I.

"No, what brings me here is this. Shortly before his murder, Mr. Andrews, who also belonged to my church, deposited with me a sealed envelope with directions to open it not less than three days after his death. That period having elapsed, we may as well examine the document at once."

It read as follows:

"October, 1874.

"To Whom it May Concern: Cremation is now an accomplished fact, and the chariot of fire is again called into requisition. The body of the wife of Sir Charles Dilke, Member of Parliament, who died recently in London, was burned at Dresden in the furnace invented by Herr Siemens. The brother-in-law of the deceased and many scientific gentlemen were present, and in the seventy-five minutes six pounds of ashes were placed in an urn as all that remained of Lady Dilke and the casket. Within the past few days, cremation of the dead has been ordered at Vienna, and the furnace of Dr. Reclam has been tested at Breslau before the National Science Congress. Sir Henry Thompson has shown the sanitary advantages of cremation, and the Bishop of Manchester has vindicated it from a religious point of view. Let the good work go on until death is associated only with the bright blue sky and the pictured urn, instead of the darksome ground and the dreadful prerogative of the worm. Let it go on until men like the historian Prescott and the novelist Bulwer are no longer tormented by the fear of premature interment. Let it go on until every churchyard rose has once bloomed upon some cheek, and that gray churchyard violet has the look of some blue eye."

"Having been assured by the best medical authority that I am liable to die at any moment of heart disease, I have had a furnace constructed in my cellar something on the principle of the one for which Professor Brunetti of Padua, exhibited models at the Vienna Exposition; and Mr. Lewis has consented to perform for me the same service which Lord Byron and Leigh Hunt performed for the poet Sully by the bay of Spezia."

"I have written this to show that Mr. Lewis has acted with full authority from me, and to request that the widest publicity be given to the facts of my case in order that something of a practical character may thereby be given to the cremation movement in America."

CALDER ANDREWS."

"Hurrah!" I shouted, waving the paper above my head. "Your great murder has literally ended in smoke, and our friend Lewis will escape the halter in spite of his name."

"Don't be too certain of that," replied the clergyman, "for, as I said before, there is a strong id position to lynch him, and you know it is still the tendency of human nature to drive the nail to its head and to dip the sponge in the gall. At all events we had better make the explanation at once."

We were not a moment too soon. A roaring mob led by a man whose open countenance reminded me of the mouth of the Mississippi, had already taken Lewis from the jail and were dragging him toward a buttonball tree which stood a short distance off. But my blood was not fairly up to a boiling point until I saw the poor fellow pitch headlong in consequence of

stepping on a rope which had been placed around his neck.

Calling on the clergyman to corroborate my statement, I succeeded in convincing the majority of the crowd that they were almost as much indebted to me as Lewis himself, for I had prevented them from committing one of those blunders which are said to be worse than crimes.

"But how about the bloody razor and the will?" asked one of the "most incredulous."

Lewis explained that as follows:

"Mr. Andrews made me promise that after his death I would sever his jugular vein before committing his body to the flames, so as to preclude the possibility of his being burned in a trance. On finding that I was suspected of murder, I was anxious to conceal what would be likely to afford additional grounds for that suspicion."

I have done with the unpleasant part of my story. Mr. Lewis was set at liberty; a matter of course, and found that the Andrews estate was left to him on condition that he changed his name—the testator thus considerably bringing him within the act authorizing a change of name on its being shown to the court that the petitioner will derive a pecuniary benefit from such a change. After thus getting rid of his "fatal name," there is every reason to hope that the evening of his life will be a moonlight one, and without a cloud, except those rose-colored ones which help to beautify the sunset."

An Interesting Relic.

Among the many relics, etc., to be exhibited during the continuance of the International Exposition, one of the most interesting is an ancient coach, said to have been made for the good Queen Bess, when she ascended the English throne in 1558, now on its way to this city from Boston. It was the state coach during the whole of her long reign. During the reign of James I. it was probably but little used, but Charles, during the war of the Commonwealth, used it as his travelling carriage while with the army, and the dilapidated covering inside, even now, shows numerous pockets, where he probably carried conveniences for his toilet and, perhaps, when hard pressed by the rebels, some of the necessities of life. At the disastrous battle of Marston Moor, in 1643, the carriage was captured by the insurgents, the royal occupants barely escaping. Soon afterwards it was bought by one Richard Langstroth, who emigrated to America the next year, 1644, and brought it with him to Boston. The State coach proved an elephant to the owners, for the simple habits and strict sumptuary laws of the province did not countenance the use of so gorgeous a vehicle by any private citizen, as is shown by an extract from the Selectmen of Boston, May 22, 1670, where may be found this entry: "Permit was given to ye gentle man Langstroth yt he use his coach at ye funeral of his wife."

This indulgence was probably granted because he had a crippled daughter unable to walk. The family records show, however, that it was sometimes loaned to the Governor of the Province on state occasions, and it doubtless many times caused a furore among the wackins of the future "hub." Longstroth died in 1700, and the vehicle remained in the family, passing to the eldest son, who removed to Dorchester, and his son, a feeble old man, verging on ninety, but fired with patriotism rode into Boston in it by the side of Gen. Washington, when Lord Howe evacuated the city in March 1775. From that time its history is uneventful. About 1800 it was laid up in a barn on Fort Hill, in Boston, and rested unused till 1831, when the barn being pulled down, it was presented to a distinguished archaeologist of Salem, who has preserved it with great care, with Melchior Higgins's harpsichord and many other ancient relics for many years.

A LUCKY MOVE.—A Western man had some sort of low fever, and the physician attended him a month without noticing any improvement. On the contrary, the patient seemed to be sinking, and fearing to lose practice if the man died on his hands, the physician decided to abandon the case. Calling the wife out doors he said:

"I can't come any more; I'm going to Cleveland to live."

When she asked about her husband's prospects he replied:

"He is certain to die. I never saw such a case before. I commenced with 'A' in the alphabet of medicine, and have run down to 'and so forth,' and haven't moved him a peg."

The patient fell out of bed and broke his arm next day, and in three months was able to carry a bushel of wheat on his shoulder.

In what key would a lover write a proposal of marriage?—Be mine, ah!

VARIETIES.

An Irishman once ordered a painter to draw his picture and to represent him standing behind a tree.

An old farmer once said, with more truth than elegance: "There are two talks in this world to one do."

A Washington physician argues that love proceeds from the stomach, and that heart has nothing to do with it. He says that corned beef and meaty potatoes beget love.

A Granger writes to a rural paper to ask "how long cows should be milked?" Why, the same as short cows, of course. —[New Commercial Advertiser.]

Servant!—"Please, sir, we ain't got no bread, and the baker says he won't trust you any longer!" "Irate Hibernian—"The man's baste!" "No bread? Bedad, then, I must have toast!"

A subscription paper was lately circulated with the following object in view: "We subscribe and pay the amount set against our names for the purpose of paying the organist and a boy to blow the same!"

What a mother lacks in skill she makes up in enthusiasm when she cuts her boy's hair. The back of his hair may look like thunder, but every scollap is a bright vision of devoted affection to the understanding mind.—Dunbury News.

An elderly Wicklow maiden, who has suffered some disappointment, thus defines the human race: Man—a conglomerate mass of hair, tobacco smoke, confusion, conceit and boots. Woman—the waiter, perforce, on the aforesaid animal.

A Western paper announces the illness of its editor, piously adding: "All good subscribers are requested to mention him in their prayers. The others need not, as the prayers of the wicked avail nothing."

A Trenton editor makes the statement for the good of correspondents, that they need not commence their communications "I take my pen in hand," as he don't care whether they write with their toes or with the pen in their mouth, so they send the news.

Some people seem to be extremely sensitive. At one of the churches on Sunday the minister read the prayer for a person in deep affliction, and a man who had just been married got up and went out. He said he didn't want public sympathy obtained on him in that way.—Norwich Bulletin.

Do not imagine when you see one of those broad-chested statesmen get up in his place on the floor of the House of Representatives, that your soul is about to be aroused by a burst of sonorous eloquence. He carries his paper of chewing tobacco in his coat-pocket, and is too fat to reach it without rising.

An American dentist in Paris is accused of accepting large fees to poison certain rich patients whose heirs wanted them out of the way. He can claim that their deaths were accidental.—Philadelphia Bulletin. By gum! that's good; but no doubt the dentist "looks down in the mouth" more than ever.—Norristown Herald.

A train was carrying a clergyman and five or six youths who kept scoffing at religion and telling disagreeable stories. The good man endured it all, simply remarking as he got out: "We shall meet again my children." "Why shall we meet again?" said the leader of the band. "Because I am a prison chaplain, was the reply."

A young lady, when invited to partake of the pudding, replied, "No, many thanks, my dear Madam. By no manner of means. I have already indulged the clamorous calls of a craving appetite, until the manifest sense of an internal fullness admonishes my stay; my deficiency is entirely and satisfactorily satisfied."

"Rather remarkable, isn't it?" But, "have you never noticed as mostly all the places on this line begins with a H?—Aw, beg your pardon?—I look at 'em?—Ampt-ston, Hightgate, 'Ackney, 'Ormeron, 'Brenton, 'Arrow, 'Olloway, and 'Omney." I speak proper English.

A gentleman in Paris paid a visit the other day to a lady, in whose parlor he saw a portrait of a lovely woman, of say, five and twenty. Upon the entrance of the lady her visitor asked her if the picture was a family portrait, and was told that it represented her deceased daughter. "Has it been long since you lost her?" asked the gentleman. "Alas, sir!" replied the lady, "she died just after birth, and I had a portrait painted to represent her as she would have appeared if she had lived until now."

Representative and Champion of American Art Taste.
PROSPECTUS FOR 1875—EIGHTH YEAR.
THE ALDINE,
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A MAGNIFICENT CONCEPTION. WONDERFULLY CARRIED OUT.

The necessity of a popular medium for the representation of the productions of our great artists, has always been recognized, and many attempts have been made to meet the want. The successive failures which so invariably attended each attempt in this country to establish an art journal, did not prove the indifference of the people of America to the claims of high art. So soon as a proper appreciation of the want and an ability to meet it were shown, the public at once rallied with enthusiasm to its support, and the result was a great artistic and commercial triumph—THE ALDINE.

THE ALDINE, while issued with all the regularity, has none of the temporary or timely interest characteristic of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of pure, light, and graceful literature; and a collection of pictures, the rarest specimens of artistic skill, in black and white. Although each succeeding number affords a fresh pleasure to its friends, the real value and beauty of THE ALDINE will be most appreciated after it is bound up at the end of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness, as compared with rivals of a similar class, THE ALDINE is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character. The power of a complete volume can not duplicate the quantity of the paper and engravings in any other sheet, or number of volumes. For the same cost, and then, there is the chromo, besides!

The national feature of THE ALDINE must be taken in no narrow sense. True art is cosmopolitan. While THE ALDINE is a strictly American institution, it does not confine itself entirely to the reproduction of native art. Its mission is to cultivate a broad and appreciative art taste, one that will discriminate only on ground of intrinsic merit. Thus, while placing before the public the productions of the most noted American artists, attention will always be given to specimens from foreign masters.

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July 19

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H. O'NEIL & SONS,
St. Andrews, Aug. 20, 1874.

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*Merry Foresters - Forest scene, 50
Rocking Waves - Transcribed, Mayall, 40
The Scottish Lassie - Reverie, Facher 40
*Femur - Polka Mazurka, 40
Fairy Land - Reverie, Norvel 35
Sparkling Jewels - Polka, Christie 30
*Think of me sometimes - easy waltz, Wagner, 20
(Temperance March) (easy) 20
*Men are such liars (easy polka) 20
*Mother Darling - easy March, 20

Peters' Household Melodies, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Collection of popular songs. Price, 12 cents each; yearly 12 numbers for \$4.
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One Case of Dictionaries
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BASE BALLS.
Peck & Snyder's Dead Red and White BALLS. Junior, Young America and other cheap balls and Base Ball Material. For sale by
H. R. SMITH,
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NOTICE.
ALL persons indebted to the late Mr. James Reed, of Waverley, 175th of St. Patrick, will please call and settle their accounts with the undersigned within thirty days from this date, and all persons having any legal demands against said Estate will please present them for settlement within thirty days.
MARY ANN REED,
Sole Executrix,
Waverley,
Co. of Charlotte, Oct. 14, 1874. 21

Debentures for Sale.
THE TRUSTEES OF SCHOOLS, ST. ANDREWS, District No. One, offer for sale DEBENTURES in sums of from \$100 to \$500, secured on the credit of the District.
Jan. 21, 1874.

ESTABLISHED 1861.
Parks' Cotton Manufactures
COTTON WARP.
WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE & GREEN.
Nos. 5 to 16.
Cotton Carpet Warp.
Made of No. 8 yarn 4-ply twisted. White, Red, Orange, Brown, Slate, Blue, Green, &c.
ALL FAST COLORS.
In manufacturing our goods, we take the greatest care to make them of such a quality as to give satisfaction to the consumer.
WM. PARKS & SON,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
St. John, N. B.
Aug. 25 3m

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Boots and Shoes,
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ALSO - A supply of imported Stock, consisting of Ladies and Misses Boots, Arctic Overshoes, and Rubbers,
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RING LOST.
1 OST on Saturday morning last, 1st instant, a Lady's Gold Ring, set with brilliant in shape of a Maltese Cross, with an Emerald in the centre. It being a family memento, the finder will not only receive the thanks of the owner, but likewise a liberal reward, on leaving it at the
STANDARD OFFICE.

BAY RUM
10 Gall. good Bay Rum, for sale at the
ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE,
Nov. 5
D. LEE STREET.

For sale or to Let.
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Just received - a quantity of choice
HYACINTHS and RUMBES.
Also Hyacinth GLASSES, at the
ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE,
Oct. 21.
E. LEE STREET.

Goods remaining in Store
8 1/2 Cheats
32 half " Five Congou TEA.
20 " " Breakfast Soulong Tea
19 " " Oolong do
8 Hbds.
10 Qr. Cases } Cognac BRANDY.
200 Cases qt. } do do
50 " pt. Hbds. } do do
19 " 2 pt.
20 Hbds.
15 Qr. Cases } Best Pale GENEVA.
250 Cases }
15 " } CLARET.
25 " } CHAMPAGNE.
5 Hbds. } Best Scotch & Irish
25 Qr. Cases } WHISKY.
50 Cases qt. } do
50 " pt. Hbds. }

LIQUORS.
8 1/2 Cheats
32 half " Five Congou TEA.
20 " " Breakfast Soulong Tea
19 " " Oolong do
8 Hbds.
10 Qr. Cases } Cognac BRANDY.
200 Cases qt. } do do
50 " pt. Hbds. } do do
19 " 2 pt.
20 Hbds.
15 Qr. Cases } Best Pale GENEVA.
250 Cases }
15 " } CLARET.
25 " } CHAMPAGNE.
5 Hbds. } Best Scotch & Irish
25 Qr. Cases } WHISKY.
50 Cases qt. } do
50 " pt. Hbds. }

PAINTS & OILS.
2 Tons Brander Bros. best white Paint,
1 " do do do
3 Casks Boiled and Raw Oil.
STREET & CO

GIN, WINE, TEA, &c.
Ex "Choice" from London.
10 Hbds.
30 Qr. Cases } Best Pale Geneva.
200 Cases }
20 Hbds. } Congou Tea.
10 Hbds. }
20 Casks } Bridges & Son's best Stout Porter.
10 cases "Guinness" Dublin Porter, guaranteed pure.
5 do London Brown Stout & Pale Ale.
30 Qr. Cases } Pale Sherry.
23 Hbds. }
71 Tons "Brander Bros" Best White Lead
4 Hbds. } Linseed and Raw
4 Qr. Cases } do Boiled Oil.
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Druggists and General Agents, San Francisco, California, and cor. West Market and Charles Sts., New York. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Gratified Thousands proclaim Walker's Bitters the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

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Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

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For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or the tern of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible. Jaundice. - In all cases of jaundice, rest assured that your liver is not doing its work. The only sensible treatment is to promote the secretion of the bile and favor its removal. For this purpose, use WALKER'S BITTERS. Cleanse the Vitiated Blood when ever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

H. H. McDONALD & CO.,
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THE
PUBLISHED
No 20

Dennis McFly woman's right to find vent in po Hurrah! for When ladies Och, won't the Wid filers Election day Will be the Whin lassies a Together the c

What's the use About wh An' sure, if tw To give up! An' be stayin' To find the A bollin' the l An' mendlin' t

This whin ele An' the lass Wid big band An' Biddy I'll be on the Wid a child in A cap wid a

An' whin a Before the Sure thin I w An' sit by l An' after l Och, thin, l An' off to the An' volin' l

An' whin a! An' Biddy I'll live like a Wid Honor The shanty l An' livin' l Wid a horse An' a nage

It's never a l But thrue It's mattle The rights If, a lassie, th Should sh Bed back to l'd black l

The way is f An' give t They'll trip No matter An' thin' sh An' for twi Who care

IT'S AN I N An Incid It was the r at, and all th sitting at the pacing restles As it was my desk, and I w fellow creatu Twice had knocke at m that dinner w out, "I don't alone!"

"Poor dear the chamber second time. on his mind! Something had! Would his mind, who Only two t taken my o in all Californ bless her aft loved me, aft by her first rushed off h prettiest litt had happene was nearly m owner was ab the whole ce price, which me to pay. nook and co right, fancyi would look w