













## Poetry.

### Is It Worth While.

Is worth while that we waste a brother,  
Or lose him on the rough road of life,  
Or see him while we are at each other,  
Or see him while we are at each other,  
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## Literature.

### TRUE THROUGH ALL.

"You fully understand me, Ethel! Un-  
derstand me as I wish in this matter, you  
must remain an inmate of the asylum."  
I do not have such an example of disobe-  
dience set to my own daughters. They  
are all as good as I am, and I am as good  
as they are. I am as good as they are,  
and I am as good as they are.

Mr. Stephen, brother and speculator  
in general, threw himself back in his  
chair at the breakfast table, and looked  
at a form of diatribe on his swarthy face  
the delicately beautiful girl who was  
sitting out his second cup of coffee.

A wealthy widow, with two plain  
daughters, had married, in a moment  
of weakness, the brutal and cruel  
man who had died deeply in debt.

Ethel, with the face of her dead  
father, who had been her rival at school,  
business alike—Ethel had been  
dear to him from her childhood.

The daily and nightly attracted the  
attention in society which he felt that his  
daughters ought to receive, and he  
made up to be rid of her at the  
earliest possible date.

Ethel Vere was proud as well as beautiful. She  
tried to be as good as the man who had  
ruined her father, and she was as good  
as the man who had ruined her father.

But her lips trembled, her dark eyes  
shined, and it was some moment  
before she could reply.

"Thanked Mr. Winslow for the honor  
he had done me," she said at last, and  
she looked at him with a smile.

"Then you must find another home,"  
frowned her stepfather. "I am in earnest,  
Ethel. Winslow will not have you  
in his house."

"I am not going to leave my mother  
and my home," said Ethel. "I am not  
going to leave my mother and my home."

"You mother is quite too ill to be  
disturbed by this nonsense, Ethel. I  
write to her last week. There is her  
answer. You must decide this very day."

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disturbed by this nonsense, Ethel. I  
write to her last week. There is her  
answer. You must decide this very day."

"With her mother's letter in her hand,  
Ethel hurried to her own room, and  
opened such articles as she would  
require. She wore her plainest  
dress and a thick veil.

"I have my watch and chain, and  
no watch," she said, looking at her  
watch. "I have my watch and chain,  
and no watch."

"What will bring my lady back to ask  
my pardon," he chuckled, returning to  
his paper.

"But the hours went on, till twilight  
deepened into night, and no Ethel  
came. Fearless, alone, and well-nigh  
penitent, she made her desperate plunge  
into the great city.

It was nearly dark when Ethel reached  
New York. The lamps were twinkling  
in the long, bleeding lines of the city,  
and she felt as if she were in a new  
world.

Young, loving, unprotected, coming  
on foot and with no luggage, it was no  
wonder that the "gentlemanly clerk" found  
that the lady was full.

But the wondering stare, and the audi-  
ble comments of several well-dressed  
ladies near his desk, sent the hot blood  
surging to Ethel's cheeks, and hurried  
her from the place at a speed which she  
could not have attained.

"What am I to do? Where am I to go?"  
thought the poor girl, when she  
reached a poorer and squalid part of  
the city, where she could pass unnoticed  
among the crowds who were too much  
absorbed in their own troubles to have  
leisure to think of hers.

What a waste, what a desert of houses  
the great city seemed to her, who there  
could claim no home!

It was the hour of reunion among the  
tumble-downs, and she found that the  
earnings of her daily bread.

Fathers were hurrying home from  
work, and at the good old street  
corner, with a smile, and the little one  
drummed eagerly upon the window-pane,  
or ran a race down the passage to claim  
the first fond kiss.

Some pale widow passed along, with a  
little parcel in her hand—the toy or cake  
which should make amends to her dis-  
tressed child for the long day's absence, spent  
in work for them.

One by one the cheery welcomes died  
away, and the door and window were  
closed on the festive groups within.

"Perhaps some of these people would  
be willing to shelter me till morning,"  
said Ethel, who was growing tired and  
faint from inaction, for she had eaten  
nothing all that day.

She searched for her purse, intending  
to ask the question of a meek-faced  
woman in mourning who had just passed  
her.

"The purse was gone!"  
Throwing open her cloak in an agony  
of horror to search its inner pocket, she  
found that her watch and chain had been  
taken too!

Where or when she had been robbed  
she knew not. It was useless to waste  
thought over that question. She had  
only to face the terrible fact that she was  
entirely without resources in a strange  
city, and to decide upon the course she  
was to pursue.

Hunger and fatigue were alike forgot-  
ten in the overwhelming shock of this  
discovery. Some words of prayer fell  
vaguely from her lips as she turned into a  
side street that looked darker and nar-  
rower than the others.

But she scarcely knew what she was say-  
ing; she only walked on, almost stuned  
by the appalling situation, till she heard  
the rippling of water near by, and knew  
by the cold breeze that blew toward her  
that she stood upon the river's bank.

By day this narrow street was a busy  
scene. At nightfall, being lined with  
tenements and leading to no pier, it was  
deserted and quiet.

Ethel leaned against a railing and  
looked out upon the dark river with its  
repeating of masts, and its twinkling of  
lights.

For the moment a terrible temptation  
possessed her. She thought of the  
"One plunge, and it will end the  
trouble," she sighed, leaning over the  
railing. "What have I to lose? I have  
nothing to lose for I live!"

She was young, strong, and full of  
life, and the dark mood could not  
withstand the shudder she drew back, and  
looked up at the dark walls around her  
with a gasp.

The door of the nearest warehouse  
opened softly. Two men came out, a third  
remained at the door, and the flash of  
a lantern was thrown across the girl's  
figure.

"All right. The cab is ready down  
below at the corner, and there is the girl.  
You know what to do," said the man in  
the doorway.

"All right," replied the other two.  
Ethel, frightened, yet sorely believ-  
ing that they could be speaking of her,  
had turned to fly, when the foremost man  
seized her by the arm.

"Not that way, Miss. The gentleman  
is waiting for you at the door, and he  
is trying to speak in a gracious and  
sensible tone."

"You are mistaken. I am not waiting  
for any one. Please to let me pass," re-  
plied Ethel white with terror.

"Look alive, Ben!" said the man in  
the doorway. "You'll have to have the  
cops here next, at this rate."

"That's so," said the second man in  
the doorway.

"I've got her safe and sound," he said,  
and he turned to go, as soon as they were  
safely within the carriage. "Run, Ben,  
and tell him; and stir yourself, my man,  
for this is one of the finest finds in  
this city."

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## A RAGE FOR A WIFE.

Ethel Morris was the only child of a  
wealthy farmer, and Solomon Dreef and  
Jonas Bilkes were suitors for her hand.

As a landed proprietor, Mr. Dreef was  
nearly the equal of Ethel's father, while  
Mr. Bilkes, the stylish merchant, was  
naturally fond of her in the sight of her  
mother.

But Ethel sided with neither party—  
her choice was George Wilson, whom she  
met off with and married in spite of con-  
sequences. He was not rich, but was rising  
in his profession, and able to supply his  
wife with every needed comfort.

Mr. Morris was much incensed at his  
daughter's disobedience, and, in the  
height of his displeasure, called in his  
lawyer and altered his will. After a while  
the whole of his estate was given to  
his daughter, instead of leaving it to  
Ethel as he had at first intended.

A man should never make his will in a  
passion. Death may come before he has  
time to cool. Mr. Morris furnished an ex-  
ample of this. The day after the angry  
codicil was signed he lay limp and helpless  
stricken with paralysis, and died.

At the death of his father, the whole of  
his estate was given to his daughter, in-  
stead of leaving it to Ethel as he had at  
first intended.

But a heavier stroke was yet to fall.  
George Wilson's business called for him  
to make a voyage abroad, and he was  
on the ship's arrival at the destined port,  
but she was not heard from. Days, weeks,  
went by. Anxious friends, and the  
shipping office, at last a message came.  
The vessel had gone down in a storm with  
all on board, save such as were able to  
crowd into one small boat and escape.

The eager listeners bent forward to  
catch the name of the lone survivor.  
At the end of a piercing cry was uttered,  
and a slight womanly form was seen to  
stagger back as if under a blow. The  
name of Ethel's husband was not in the  
list of the saved, and it was from her lips  
that the heart-rending wail came.

Solomon Dreef and Jonas Bilkes met  
one day in a small railway town in France.  
The former had gone abroad to look after  
an inheritance, the latter on some affair  
of business. They met cordially; for  
though both had been in mourning, the  
now a widow, her father's broad acres  
having passed to other hands, neither, at  
present, felt the slightest jealousy.

Astley stood chatting pleasantly the  
afternoon express came thundering by.  
A man, seemingly intoxicated, staggered  
upon the track before it. Warning signals  
failed to arrest his attention. The whistle  
screaked, the bell rang, the brakes  
were applied, but it was too late. The  
train was too great to be checked sud-  
denly, and in a few seconds the unfortunate  
man lay a crushed and shapeless mass of  
limbs, bleeding freely.

The face alone remained undisfigured  
as Dreef and his companion, who pressed  
forward with the crowd, caught sight of  
the features, they both started.

"Do you recognize him?" inquired the  
first.

"No. Do you?"

Both lied, for they both knew that it  
was the face of Wesley Hylke, the  
nephew in whose favor Mr. Morris had  
disinherited his daughter. The same  
thought had flashed through the  
minds of these two scheming men. Wes-  
ley Hylke was too young and improvid-  
ent to render it at all likely he had left  
any money behind him.

"Do you intend returning to America  
soon?" inquired Mr. Dreef.

"Not for the next week," replied the  
latter.

"Nor I either," returned the other.  
Then they talked of their travels, the  
nights they had seen everything, and  
but the subject uppermost in both their  
minds.

At Paris they separated, promising to  
meet together next day. But they never  
met, for the train for Calais, without  
meeting her; nor did they encounter  
her on the boat crossing the channel, for  
both were sequestered in their staterooms;  
and though they reached Liverpool by the  
same train, their meeting, if it took place,  
depended on the deck of the steamer on  
which they were to be fellow passengers  
to New York.

"Ah! I quite surprised to see you  
Dreef," said Bilkes, as they shook hands,  
thought you were going to spend some  
time in Paris."

"So I was," replied Dreef, "but an  
unexpected telegram has changed my  
mind."

"Just my case," said Bilkes.  
Again they both lied.

On the passage they had as little inter-  
course as was consistent with the plan of  
each to deceive the other, and at New  
York they went their several ways.

Mr. Dreef's first step was to ascertain  
at George Wilson's former office, the ad-  
dress of his widow. He had hardly got  
away when Mr. Bilkes, who was in the  
same boat, stopped him, and told him of  
a similar errand. Not long after a cab  
stopped in front of a three-story boarding  
house in an obscure street.

Mr. Dreef stepped out, and he found  
himself in the presence of the widow.  
She was alone, and she was in the  
same street, and she was in the same  
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## CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

### CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Headache, vertigo, and other troubles in-  
duced by a bilious state of the system, such as  
indigestion, constipation, and general  
debility, are cured by these pills. They are  
entirely harmless, and will cure the most  
stubborn cases.

These pills are small and easy to take,  
and they are entirely harmless, and will  
cure the most stubborn cases.

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## OWEN SHARKEY STAPLE and FANCY DRY GOODS!

Has now on hand, a full stock of  
LADIES' DRESS GOODS

IN GREAT VARIETY.  
Mantles, Hats, Hose, Corsets,  
Gloves and Parasols.

Tweeds, Cloths, Doeskins,  
WORSTED COATINGS,  
SHIRTS, SHIRTING, COLLARS, TIES,  
HATS, CAPS, BRACES,

Furnishing Goods & Underclothing.  
A LARGE STOCK OF  
Ready Made Clothing!

Equal to Custom Made—Good Material.  
Suits from \$5 to \$25.

Rubber Coats from \$2.50 to \$4.00  
Umbrellas from \$5 to \$8.00  
Trunks, Valises and Travelling Bags—Large  
and Small.

Also a large stock of Grey and White Cotton,  
Ducks, Drills, Oxfords, and many other  
goods, all of which will be sold at very low  
prices for cash.

OWEN SHARKEY,  
Frederick, July 11, 1883.

WATCHES!  
Gold, Silver and Nickel.

KEY AND STEM WINDERS.  
\$5 and UPWARDS.

CLOCKS  
From \$1.25 upwards.

JAS. D. FOWLER,  
Frederick, May 30, 1883.

CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH  
FACTORY!

King St., - - Frederick, N. B.  
R. COLWELL, Proprietor.

CARRIAGES, WAGGONS,  
SLEIGHS AND FUNGS

Built to order in the latest and most  
durable styles.

MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP OF THE BEST  
PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO  
Painting, Trimming and Repairing Carriages, etc.

ON HAND:  
FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE  
A LARGE LOT OF  
IVORY,  
PIANO BOX,  
TOP PHATONS,  
WAGON CONCORDS,  
GENERAL GRANDS.

AND A LARGE LOT OF  
SLEIGHS AND FUNGS  
TO BE SOLD CHEAP.

TERMS TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

LEWIS' EXTRACT LIVER PILLS.

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## FURNITURE JACKSON ADAMS' County Court House Square.

Now that the time has approached, it is neces-  
sary to have your

HOUSE AND FURNITURE  
put in order for the coming season.

WE HAVE FOR SALE  
Bedroom Sets,  
Bureaus, Sideboards, Desks, Tables,  
Lounges, Perforated, Cane and  
Wood Seat Chairs, etc.

We also Repair, Repolish, and Repaint  
Furniture, Window Frames and Cornices made  
to Measure.

UNDERTAKING.  
We have every facility for carrying on this  
branch of the business.

CASKETS & COFFINS  
from the plainest to the most elaborate.

Robes, Gloves, Crape & Hat Bands.  
JACKSON ADAMS  
County Court House Square,  
Frederick, April 18, 1883.

JAS. R. HOWIE  
HAS RECEIVED HIS  
SPRING AND SUMMER  
CLOTHS,

and respectfully invites the inspection of cus-  
tomers to his large and well selected  
stock of

British and Canadian  
TWEEDS,  
Diagonals,  
BROAD CLOTHS,  
DOESKINS, Etc.

GENTLEMEN'S  
Wedding and Mourning Outfits  
A SPECIALTY

The Furnishing Department  
is the Largest in the City.

JAS. R. HOWIE,  
QUEEN ST., FREDERICK.  
May 11, 1882.

Great Bargains  
IN  
DRY GOODS.

The Subscriber intending to  
Close his Business  
—AT THIS—

"GOLDEN FLEECE,"  
[Lower Store],  
Will, on and after  
TUESDAY, Jan. 2nd, 1883

ALLOW A  
Discount of 12 1/2 Per Cent.  
For cash, on delivery of goods, on all sums from  
\$1 upwards.

JOHN McDONALD,  
Frederick, Jan. 1, 1883.

Table Glassware.

JUST opened from Pennsylvania, U. S. A. a  
large stock of new patterns, including:

Preserve Jars with high and low stands;  
Small and large Pickle Jars; Pickle Dishes;  
Candy Jars, Jars, Jars, Jars, Jars, Jars, Jars,  
Salt Cellars, Candy Bottles;  
Candy Jars, Jars, Jars, Jars, Jars, Jars, Jars,  
New Table Sets, 4 pieces;  
Glass Jars, Jars, Jars, Jars, Jars, Jars, Jars,  
25 doz. 1 pint Tin Top Jelly Jars;  
Glass Jars, Jars, J