







Poetry.

A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

I wonder who those people are
That live across the way?
I wonder what their business is,
And how they pass each day?

Literature.

The Longest Night in Life.

It was one of those old-fashioned winters
in the days of the Georges, when
the snow lay on the ground for weeks,

friend as she congratulated herself
on having dear Ellen under her own roof:
more especially as she owed this good fortune
to Mr. Atherton's exertions in releasing her.

"It is the merest chance, too, that he is
at home at present," she said; "he ought
to have been in Scotland, but the state
of the roads in this bleak country has kept
him prisoner here for weeks."

soon thoroughly aroused by feeling the
bed have under her. She started up,
and awaited with a beating heart a repetition
of the movement, but it did not come.

Again she started up! This time there
was no doubt; the bed had heaved
more than once, accompanied by a strange
gurgling sound as if of a creature in pain.

How long his absence seemed! Could
he have understood her? The occupant
of the bed was growing every instant
more and more restless; he was rising
from the bed, and he was groping round
the room. They would come too late,
too late!

But no steps in the courtyard—the
key turning in the lock—the door opening
—then with a yell that rang in Ellen
Stirling's ear until her dying day, she
rushed to his hiding-place;
dashed the slight window frame to
pieces, and finding himself balked of
purpose, escaped by the strength
of the iron bars outside, turned, like a wild
beast, on his pursuers. She was the
first on whom his glance fell. He clasped
her throat; his face was close to hers;
his glittering eyes were glaring at her in
frenzy; when a blow from behind felled
him.

Sham Deafness.
A marine, while serving on board a
ship of war, complained from time to
time to the surgeon that he was gradually
losing the sense of hearing, and at the
end of several months ascertained that
he was completely deaf. It being, how-
ever, presumed that the alleged infirmity
was to perform his duty, he was
brought to the gangway and flogged;
but previously to his being paraded for
punishment, and during its infliction, he
was informed that he should be pardoned
if he would admit the fraud and re-
turn to his duty. Every means that
promised to be successful in surprising
him into showing that he possessed the
sense of hearing, was resorted to, but
without success; firing a pistol close to
his ear, and endeavoring to alarm him,
elicited nothing satisfactory. The officers
of the hospital, to which he had been
sent, resolved to punish him a second
time. The physician of the hospital
requested that punishment be deferred,
with the view of gaining time to try by
another experiment whether the man
was an impostor or not. His request
was granted. The doctor chose a favor-
able opportunity, and coming unper-
ceived behind him one day, he put his
hand on the man's shoulder, and said, in
an ordinary tone of voice: "I am happy
to tell you that you are invalided at
last." "Am I?" replied the corpulent
marine. The imposture being thus re-
futed, he was forthwith punished
and sent on board ship.

Irish Spoils.
The late General B., going in haste
to Ireland on some extraordinary business
that would not permit the incumbrance
of a retinue, stopped to dine at the inn
on the Chester road, and ordered a duck,
which he saw at the kitchen fire up to
but the poor man, who had been
just then just complied with, when some
country bucks came in, hungry as hounds
after the morning's sport. They eagerly
inquired what could be had to eat,
and the General, who had the land
enumerated what he had not, to apologize
for what he had, and among other
things mentioned the duck which had
been only a moment before served up
for the Irish gentleman's dinner. "Irish
gentleman," said the General, "I am
of the group; 'I'll lay fifty to five that
the fellow don't know B. from a bull's
foot. Here, waiter, take my watch up
to the gentleman, presenting my compli-
ments, and request him to tell me what
'clock it is."

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"Oh, no, no, it is not that! I had it
fitted up for my brother William when
he used to be here more frequently than
of late, and it is often occupied by gentle-
men when the house is full; but as it is
detached from the house, I have of course
never asked any lady to sleep there till
now."

"Oh! if that be all, I am quite willing
to become its first lady tenant," said Miss
Stirling heartily. So the matter was set-
tled, and orders were given to prepare
the Pavilion for the unexpected guest.

The evening passed pleasantly; music,
dancing and ghost stories made the hours
fly fast. It was long past ten—the usual
hour for retiring at Belfield—when Miss
Stirling under her hostess's guidance, took
possession of her outdoor chamber. It
really was a pleasant cheerful little apart-
ment. The crimson hangings of the bed
and window looked warm and comfortable
in the flashing firelight; and when the
candles on the mantelpiece were lighted,
and the two easy chairs drawn close to the
hearth, the long parted fingers found it
impossible to resist the temptation of sit-
ting down to have, what in old days they
used to call a "two-handed chat."

So she kept to her purpose, and early
in February took her seat in the mail for
London, being the only passenger (who
was booked for the whole journey).

By-and-by the creature began to snore,
and it struck her feverish fancy that the
snoring was not like that of a dog. After
a little time, she raised herself gently,
and with trembling hands drew back a
lock or two of the curtain and peered out
thinking that any certainty was better
than such terrible suspense. She looked
towards the fire-place, and there, sure
enough, the huge creature lay; a brown
hairy mass, but of what shape it was im-
possible to divine, so fitful was the light,
and so strangely was it coiled up on the
hearth. By-and-by it began to stir itself
out, to open its eyes which shone in the
flickering ray of the fire, and to raise its
paw above its hairy head.

She had not to wait long. The creature
moved again—stood upright—mis-
givingly towards her. For one moment
—a dreadful moment—she saw his face,
his pale pinched features, his flashing
eyes, his black bristling hair; but, thank
God! he did not see her. She
shrank behind the curtains; he advanced
to the bed, slowly, hesitatingly, and
the clanking sound of the book-chain fell
meaningly on her ear. He laid his hand
upon the curtains, and, for a few moments
fumbled to find the opening. These mo-
ments were all in all to Ellen Stirling.
Despair sharpened her senses: she found
that the other side of the bed was not so
close against the wall but that she
could pass between. Into the narrow
space between, she contrived to slip
noiselessly.

She had hardly accomplished the diffi-
cult feat, and sheltered herself behind
the curtains, when the creature flung
itself on the bed, and drawing the bed-
clothes round him, uttered a sound more
like the whinnying of a horse than the
laugh of a human being.

When I saw I could not mean merely
to stop them for a time, and then have them
return, I have made the disease of

A Hermit Stung to Death.
An old man named Tim Williams,
aged seventy-six, who has lived alone
in a small farm, and who had a
thicket, at Lebanon, Connecticut, almost
his entire life, was found dead there
five days ago. His place was seldom
visited, owing to his eccentricities. He
was devoted to his small garden, his
chickens, and a cat and a dog, and
his large herd of bees swarmed
upon a huge apple-tree, just back of his
hut. Fearing that they would escape,
he climbed the tree, a distance of twenty
feet, whence he fell to the ground, stir-
ring up the bees in his descent. The
bees followed him down and completely
covered him in their anger, stinging him
in hundreds of places. With his head
and neck covered with stings, he was
practically at their mercy. They literally
stung the old man to death. When he
was found the bees still swarmed upon
his body, which presented a pitiable
sight.

Jealousy's Criticisms.
"Who is that beautiful lady in the
carriage?"
"Who? that's Ann Smith; she married
rich, and she is a very nice lady, they
say."

Why They Hear so Well.
Commenting on the fact that women
hear better than men, a witty bachelor
discusses as follows a basis for mas-
culine self-satisfaction. But the boy of
the last quarter of the nineteenth cen-
tury may retort, "when you were a boy,
and had an attack of green-apple stomach
ache, you had to take calomel and jalap;
but I am treated to Dr. Pierce's Pleasant
and Purgative Peppermint Cure, and
just as nice as chocolate caramels; no
blue mass and castor oil for me—I'd
rather fight it out with the pain!"

When I saw I could not mean merely
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return, I have made the disease of