

THE HERALD
EVERY SATURDAY.

CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STREETS,
BY
THE HERALD PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

THE HERALD.

FREDERICTON, JUNE 6, 1891.
HIS HOURS NUMBERED.

For over a week the attention of all Canada has been riveted with painful interest upon the dying statesman at Exeter.

THE DYING LEADER.

LIFE OF A GREAT STATESMAN

Sketch of Sir John Macdonald's Political Career.

Sir John Macdonald was born in Glasgow, Scotland, January 11th, 1815. Five years later his father Hugh Macdonald and family removed to Canada and settled in Kingston, Ontario.

ARISTOCRACY.

When Goldwin Smith delivered, a few weeks ago, his admirable address upon "aristocracy," there were many who thought the professor's remarks were not a propos.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Nothing can exceed the enterprise of the Italian press nowadays. One of the daily papers of Rome publishes in every issue the following editorial notice: "For a report of a fight or fire in which one or more human lives were lost we pay 1 lire and 50 cents; for a report of a suicide, 1 lire; for a report of an attempt at suicide, 50 cents; for a report of an accident at sea, 10 cents; for a report of a murder, highway robbery, burglary and other happenings of this kind, we pay according to the importance of the event, but in no case less than 5 lire."

THE STRICKEN LEADER.

Hearing that one of Sir John Macdonald's oldest and most distinguished colleagues in the person of the late Hon. Sir John Tilley, of New Brunswick, would arrive in the city on Thursday, en route for the Dominion, the ex-minister at the Windsor depot, and showed his honor a despatch which he had sent away from the depot at 4.30. Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley were both very much pleased to learn that the premier still lived, and as they had been prepared for the worst possible news before reaching the city.

INDIGESTION.

If the great American republic should prove to be a failure, the men best qualified to bring about its demise will be indigestion—the inability of a nation filled with healthy origin to assimilate the vile materials that are poured into its system by immigration. It is hardly possible to conceive of a finer physical foundation for a great nation than had the United States. But within the short space of one hundred years Uncle Sam, from a hygienic point of view, has greatly degenerated. He is threatened with liver complaint, dyspepsia and all the kindred ailments that result from fast living and quack treatment.

THE DYING LEADER.

Few of our readers are aware, perhaps, of the extent of the danger with which the United States is threatened. The country is increasing rapidly in population by becoming a dumping ground for the rubbish and refuse of all other countries.

THE DYING LEADER.

A glance at what is taking place in New England affords small comfort to the American philosopher. The French-Canadians now comprise a majority of the population in five of the cities of New England. They will be able, says one writer, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of St. John Baptist society in less than fifty years in Boston, which would then be French-Canadian and the centre of the French-Canadian nation.

THE DYING LEADER.

It is not the quantity of the immigration but the quality of it that is causing alarm. Ignorance, vice, superstition and disease are its inseparable companions.

THE DYING LEADER.

LIFE OF A GREAT STATESMAN

Sketch of Sir John Macdonald's Political Career.

Sir John Macdonald was born in Glasgow, Scotland, January 11th, 1815. Five years later his father Hugh Macdonald and family removed to Canada and settled in Kingston, Ontario.

ARISTOCRACY.

When Goldwin Smith delivered, a few weeks ago, his admirable address upon "aristocracy," there were many who thought the professor's remarks were not a propos.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Nothing can exceed the enterprise of the Italian press nowadays. One of the daily papers of Rome publishes in every issue the following editorial notice: "For a report of a fight or fire in which one or more human lives were lost we pay 1 lire and 50 cents; for a report of a suicide, 1 lire; for a report of an attempt at suicide, 50 cents; for a report of an accident at sea, 10 cents; for a report of a murder, highway robbery, burglary and other happenings of this kind, we pay according to the importance of the event, but in no case less than 5 lire."

THE STRICKEN LEADER.

Hearing that one of Sir John Macdonald's oldest and most distinguished colleagues in the person of the late Hon. Sir John Tilley, of New Brunswick, would arrive in the city on Thursday, en route for the Dominion, the ex-minister at the Windsor depot, and showed his honor a despatch which he had sent away from the depot at 4.30. Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley were both very much pleased to learn that the premier still lived, and as they had been prepared for the worst possible news before reaching the city.

INDIGESTION.

If the great American republic should prove to be a failure, the men best qualified to bring about its demise will be indigestion—the inability of a nation filled with healthy origin to assimilate the vile materials that are poured into its system by immigration. It is hardly possible to conceive of a finer physical foundation for a great nation than had the United States. But within the short space of one hundred years Uncle Sam, from a hygienic point of view, has greatly degenerated. He is threatened with liver complaint, dyspepsia and all the kindred ailments that result from fast living and quack treatment.

THE DYING LEADER.

Few of our readers are aware, perhaps, of the extent of the danger with which the United States is threatened. The country is increasing rapidly in population by becoming a dumping ground for the rubbish and refuse of all other countries.

THE DYING LEADER.

A glance at what is taking place in New England affords small comfort to the American philosopher. The French-Canadians now comprise a majority of the population in five of the cities of New England. They will be able, says one writer, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of St. John Baptist society in less than fifty years in Boston, which would then be French-Canadian and the centre of the French-Canadian nation.

THE DYING LEADER.

It is not the quantity of the immigration but the quality of it that is causing alarm. Ignorance, vice, superstition and disease are its inseparable companions.

THE DYING LEADER.

LIFE OF A GREAT STATESMAN

Sketch of Sir John Macdonald's Political Career.

Sir John Macdonald was born in Glasgow, Scotland, January 11th, 1815. Five years later his father Hugh Macdonald and family removed to Canada and settled in Kingston, Ontario.

ARISTOCRACY.

When Goldwin Smith delivered, a few weeks ago, his admirable address upon "aristocracy," there were many who thought the professor's remarks were not a propos.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Nothing can exceed the enterprise of the Italian press nowadays. One of the daily papers of Rome publishes in every issue the following editorial notice: "For a report of a fight or fire in which one or more human lives were lost we pay 1 lire and 50 cents; for a report of a suicide, 1 lire; for a report of an attempt at suicide, 50 cents; for a report of an accident at sea, 10 cents; for a report of a murder, highway robbery, burglary and other happenings of this kind, we pay according to the importance of the event, but in no case less than 5 lire."

THE STRICKEN LEADER.

Hearing that one of Sir John Macdonald's oldest and most distinguished colleagues in the person of the late Hon. Sir John Tilley, of New Brunswick, would arrive in the city on Thursday, en route for the Dominion, the ex-minister at the Windsor depot, and showed his honor a despatch which he had sent away from the depot at 4.30. Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley were both very much pleased to learn that the premier still lived, and as they had been prepared for the worst possible news before reaching the city.

INDIGESTION.

If the great American republic should prove to be a failure, the men best qualified to bring about its demise will be indigestion—the inability of a nation filled with healthy origin to assimilate the vile materials that are poured into its system by immigration. It is hardly possible to conceive of a finer physical foundation for a great nation than had the United States. But within the short space of one hundred years Uncle Sam, from a hygienic point of view, has greatly degenerated. He is threatened with liver complaint, dyspepsia and all the kindred ailments that result from fast living and quack treatment.

THE DYING LEADER.

Few of our readers are aware, perhaps, of the extent of the danger with which the United States is threatened. The country is increasing rapidly in population by becoming a dumping ground for the rubbish and refuse of all other countries.

THE DYING LEADER.

A glance at what is taking place in New England affords small comfort to the American philosopher. The French-Canadians now comprise a majority of the population in five of the cities of New England. They will be able, says one writer, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of St. John Baptist society in less than fifty years in Boston, which would then be French-Canadian and the centre of the French-Canadian nation.

THE DYING LEADER.

It is not the quantity of the immigration but the quality of it that is causing alarm. Ignorance, vice, superstition and disease are its inseparable companions.

THE DYING LEADER.

LIFE OF A GREAT STATESMAN

Sketch of Sir John Macdonald's Political Career.

Sir John Macdonald was born in Glasgow, Scotland, January 11th, 1815. Five years later his father Hugh Macdonald and family removed to Canada and settled in Kingston, Ontario.

ARISTOCRACY.

When Goldwin Smith delivered, a few weeks ago, his admirable address upon "aristocracy," there were many who thought the professor's remarks were not a propos.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Nothing can exceed the enterprise of the Italian press nowadays. One of the daily papers of Rome publishes in every issue the following editorial notice: "For a report of a fight or fire in which one or more human lives were lost we pay 1 lire and 50 cents; for a report of a suicide, 1 lire; for a report of an attempt at suicide, 50 cents; for a report of an accident at sea, 10 cents; for a report of a murder, highway robbery, burglary and other happenings of this kind, we pay according to the importance of the event, but in no case less than 5 lire."

THE STRICKEN LEADER.

Hearing that one of Sir John Macdonald's oldest and most distinguished colleagues in the person of the late Hon. Sir John Tilley, of New Brunswick, would arrive in the city on Thursday, en route for the Dominion, the ex-minister at the Windsor depot, and showed his honor a despatch which he had sent away from the depot at 4.30. Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley were both very much pleased to learn that the premier still lived, and as they had been prepared for the worst possible news before reaching the city.

INDIGESTION.

If the great American republic should prove to be a failure, the men best qualified to bring about its demise will be indigestion—the inability of a nation filled with healthy origin to assimilate the vile materials that are poured into its system by immigration. It is hardly possible to conceive of a finer physical foundation for a great nation than had the United States. But within the short space of one hundred years Uncle Sam, from a hygienic point of view, has greatly degenerated. He is threatened with liver complaint, dyspepsia and all the kindred ailments that result from fast living and quack treatment.

THE DYING LEADER.

Few of our readers are aware, perhaps, of the extent of the danger with which the United States is threatened. The country is increasing rapidly in population by becoming a dumping ground for the rubbish and refuse of all other countries.

THE DYING LEADER.

A glance at what is taking place in New England affords small comfort to the American philosopher. The French-Canadians now comprise a majority of the population in five of the cities of New England. They will be able, says one writer, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of St. John Baptist society in less than fifty years in Boston, which would then be French-Canadian and the centre of the French-Canadian nation.

THE DYING LEADER.

It is not the quantity of the immigration but the quality of it that is causing alarm. Ignorance, vice, superstition and disease are its inseparable companions.

THE DYING LEADER.

LIFE OF A GREAT STATESMAN

Sketch of Sir John Macdonald's Political Career.

Sir John Macdonald was born in Glasgow, Scotland, January 11th, 1815. Five years later his father Hugh Macdonald and family removed to Canada and settled in Kingston, Ontario.

ARISTOCRACY.

When Goldwin Smith delivered, a few weeks ago, his admirable address upon "aristocracy," there were many who thought the professor's remarks were not a propos.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Nothing can exceed the enterprise of the Italian press nowadays. One of the daily papers of Rome publishes in every issue the following editorial notice: "For a report of a fight or fire in which one or more human lives were lost we pay 1 lire and 50 cents; for a report of a suicide, 1 lire; for a report of an attempt at suicide, 50 cents; for a report of an accident at sea, 10 cents; for a report of a murder, highway robbery, burglary and other happenings of this kind, we pay according to the importance of the event, but in no case less than 5 lire."

THE STRICKEN LEADER.

Hearing that one of Sir John Macdonald's oldest and most distinguished colleagues in the person of the late Hon. Sir John Tilley, of New Brunswick, would arrive in the city on Thursday, en route for the Dominion, the ex-minister at the Windsor depot, and showed his honor a despatch which he had sent away from the depot at 4.30. Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley were both very much pleased to learn that the premier still lived, and as they had been prepared for the worst possible news before reaching the city.

INDIGESTION.

If the great American republic should prove to be a failure, the men best qualified to bring about its demise will be indigestion—the inability of a nation filled with healthy origin to assimilate the vile materials that are poured into its system by immigration. It is hardly possible to conceive of a finer physical foundation for a great nation than had the United States. But within the short space of one hundred years Uncle Sam, from a hygienic point of view, has greatly degenerated. He is threatened with liver complaint, dyspepsia and all the kindred ailments that result from fast living and quack treatment.

THE DYING LEADER.

Few of our readers are aware, perhaps, of the extent of the danger with which the United States is threatened. The country is increasing rapidly in population by becoming a dumping ground for the rubbish and refuse of all other countries.

THE DYING LEADER.

A glance at what is taking place in New England affords small comfort to the American philosopher. The French-Canadians now comprise a majority of the population in five of the cities of New England. They will be able, says one writer, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of St. John Baptist society in less than fifty years in Boston, which would then be French-Canadian and the centre of the French-Canadian nation.

THE DYING LEADER.

It is not the quantity of the immigration but the quality of it that is causing alarm. Ignorance, vice, superstition and disease are its inseparable companions.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF
LIMERICK & DUNCAN,
TINSMITHS, PLUMBERS, &c.

You Can Now Find an Extra Bargain in Tinware.

They carry everything in the line of Tinware, Furnishing Goods, and guarantee all articles they sell to be thorough in quality and workmanship.

HOT AIR FURNACES
Fitted up and satisfaction guaranteed.

BATHS, BASINS, Etc.
Fitted at LOWEST RATES. Repairs and Alterations attended to with despatch.

LIMERICK & DUNCAN,
YORK ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.
Telephone 168.

FEED, - SEEDS,
-AND-
FERTILIZERS.

Just Received, a choice lot of Feed, Seeds, and Fertilizers, consisting of

CHOICE CANADIAN TIMOTHY SEED,
NORTHERN RED CLOVER SEED,
ALISKE CLOVER SEED,
RED TOP GRASS SEED,
CANADIAN VETCHES' SEED RYE,
SEED BARLEY,
CARLETON COUNTY SEED BUCKWHEAT,
P. E. I. SEED WHEAT,
GREEN SEED PEAS,
CANADIAN FIELD PEAS,
PURPLETOP TURNIP SEED,
BRADLEY'S X. L. PHOSPHATE and POTATO MANURE,
LIME, LAND and CALCINED PLASTER

ALWAYS IN STORE:
Hay, Oats and Feed.
Hard and Soft Coal.

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSES, } CAMPBELL ST.,
Above City Hall.

JAS. TIBBITS.

W. E. SEERY,
Merchant Tailor,
Has Just Received a splendid new stock of

CLOTHS AND TWEEDS,
-COMPRISING-
Spring Overcoating,
Suits, and Trousers, and Trousers, and

Which he is prepared to MAKE UP in the LATEST and MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES AT MODERATE PRICES.

W. E. SEERY,
WILMOT'S AVE.

WILLIAM ROSSBOROUGH,
MASON,
Plasterer, - and - Bricklayer,
SHORE ST., NEAR GAS WORKS,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

JOHN A. MORRISON,
Workmanship first-class.
Prices satisfactory.

FIRE, LIFE,
-AND-
ACCIDENT
INSURANCE.

NORTH BRITISH and MERCHANTILE OF EDINBURGH.
LIVERPOOL and LONDON AND GLOBE OF LIVERPOOL.
COMMERCIAL UNION (Limited) OF LONDON.
NATIONAL OF IRELAND OF DUBLIN.
PHENIX OF LONDON.
ROYAL OF LIVERPOOL.
TRAVELERS ACCIDENT OF HARTFORD.

The above Companies are represented in Fredericton by

FRANK I. MORRISON,
Office, Opposite Post Office.

GRAND DISPLAY

AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF
LIMERICK & DUNCAN,
TINSMITHS, PLUMBERS, &c.

You Can Now Find an Extra Bargain in Tinware.

They carry everything in the line of Tinware, Furnishing Goods, and guarantee all articles they sell to be thorough in quality and workmanship.

HOT AIR FURNACES
Fitted up and satisfaction guaranteed.

BATHS, BASINS, Etc.
Fitted at LOWEST RATES. Repairs and Alterations attended to with despatch.

LIMERICK & DUNCAN,
YORK ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.
Telephone 168.

FEED, - SEEDS,
-AND-
FERTILIZERS.

Just Received, a choice lot of Feed, Seeds, and Fertilizers, consisting of

CHOICE CANADIAN TIMOTHY SEED,
NORTHERN RED CLOVER SEED,
ALISKE CLOVER SEED,
RED TOP GRASS SEED,
CANADIAN VETCHES' SEED RYE,
SEED BARLEY,
CARLETON COUNTY SEED BUCKWHEAT,
P. E. I. SEED WHEAT,
GREEN SEED PEAS,
CANADIAN FIELD PEAS,
PURPLETOP TURNIP SEED,
BRADLEY'S X. L. PHOSPHATE and POTATO MANURE,
LIME, LAND and CALCINED PLASTER

ALWAYS IN STORE:
Hay, Oats and Feed.
Hard and Soft Coal.

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSES, } CAMPBELL ST.,
Above City Hall.

JAS. TIBBITS.

W. E. SEERY,
Merchant Tailor,
Has Just Received a splendid new stock of

CLOTHS AND TWEEDS,
-COMPRISING-
Spring Overcoating,
Suits, and Trousers, and Trousers, and

Which he is prepared to MAKE UP in the LATEST and MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES AT MODERATE PRICES.

W. E. SEERY,
WILMOT'S AVE.

WILLIAM ROSSBOROUGH,
MASON,
Plasterer, - and - Bricklayer,
SHORE ST., NEAR GAS WORKS,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

JOHN A. MORRISON,
Workmanship first-class.
Prices satisfactory.

FIRE, LIFE,
-AND-
ACCIDENT
INSURANCE.

NORTH BRITISH and MERCHANTILE OF EDINBURGH.
LIVERPOOL and LONDON AND GLOBE OF LIVERPOOL.
COMMERCIAL UNION (Limited) OF LONDON.
NATIONAL OF IRELAND OF DUBLIN.
PHENIX OF LONDON.
ROYAL OF LIVERPOOL.
TRAVELERS ACCIDENT OF HARTFORD.

The above Companies are represented in Fredericton by

FRANK I. MORRISON,
Office, Opposite Post Office.

FRANK I. MORRISON,
AGENT.

DEVER BROS.

Baby Carriages,
Bedroom Sets,
Parlour Suites,
Decorated Linen Blinds

Ask to see a Fine Stopper,
LEMONT & SONS.

The National Press says the marriage of Mr. Parnell to Mrs. O'Shea is set for next week.

Three bull fighters, two matadors and one banderillero, were killed respectively in Madrid, Aranjuez and Carlova ball rings last week and many of the other persons were more or less dangerously injured by the goaded and infuriated animals. The men who lost their lives in the arena were all given pompous funerals and the Queen has sent personal inquiries into the condition of the wounded bull fighters.

The temperance people of Boston, who were so anxious that a law should be passed abolishing public houses and compelling alcoholic drinks to be served at tables, are now clamoring for its repeal, as a year's experience has shown that the effect of the law has been to promote intemperance.

In the lower house of the Prussian Diet June 1st, Chancellor Von Caprivi stated that the ministry had decided against any reduction being made in the corn duties as a general state of distress did not exist. The crop prospects, he said, were better than they were a fortnight ago.

Maj. Day, the ped who started from the Boston & Maine depot, Boston, to walk 104 miles, in 24 hours on a wager of \$75, arrived there in 23 hours 37 minutes. This beats his time made recently at Furgott Park, Dover, N. H., by 14 miles.

The National Press says the marriage of Mr. Parnell to Mrs. O'Shea is set for next week.

Three bull fighters, two matadors and one banderillero, were killed respectively in Madrid, Aranjuez and Carlova ball rings last week and many of the other persons were more or less dangerously injured by the goaded and infuriated animals. The men who lost their lives in the arena were all given pompous funerals and the Queen has sent personal inquiries into the condition of the wounded bull fighters.

The temperance people of Boston, who were so anxious that a law should be passed abolishing public houses and compelling alcoholic drinks to be served at tables, are now clamoring for its repeal, as a year's experience has shown that the effect of the law has been to promote intemperance.

In the lower house of the Prussian Diet June 1st, Chancellor Von Caprivi stated that the ministry had decided against any reduction being made in the corn duties as a general state of distress did not exist. The crop prospects, he said, were better than they were a fortnight ago.

Maj. Day, the ped who started from the Boston & Maine depot, Boston, to walk 104 miles, in 24 hours on a wager of \$75, arrived there in 23 hours 37 minutes. This beats his time made recently at Furgott Park, Dover, N. H., by 14 miles.

The National Press says the marriage of Mr. Parnell to Mrs. O'Shea is set for next week.

Three bull fighters, two matadors and one banderillero, were killed respectively in Madrid, Aranjuez and Carlova ball rings last week and many of the other persons were more or less dangerously injured by the goaded and infuriated animals. The men who lost their lives in the arena were all given pompous funerals and the Queen has sent personal inquiries into the condition of the wounded bull fighters.

The temperance people of Boston, who were so anxious that a law should be passed abolishing public houses and compelling alcoholic drinks to be served at tables, are now clamoring for its repeal, as a year's experience has shown that the effect of the law has been to promote intemperance.

In the lower house of the Prussian Diet June 1st, Chancellor Von Caprivi stated that the ministry had decided against any reduction being made in the corn duties as a general state of distress did not exist. The crop prospects, he said, were better than they were a fortnight ago.

Maj. Day, the ped who started from the Boston & Maine depot, Boston, to walk 104 miles, in 24 hours on a wager of \$75, arrived there in 23 hours 37 minutes. This beats his time made recently at Furgott Park, Dover, N. H., by 14 miles.

The National Press says the marriage of Mr. Parnell to Mrs. O'Shea is set for next week.

Three bull fighters, two matadors and one banderillero, were killed respectively in Madrid, Aranjuez and Carlova ball rings last week and many of the other persons were more or less dangerously injured by the goaded and infuriated animals. The men who lost their lives in the arena were all given pompous funerals and the Queen has sent personal inquiries into the condition of the wounded bull fighters.

The temperance people of Boston, who were so anxious that a law should be passed abolishing public houses and compelling alcoholic drinks to be served at tables, are now clamoring for its repeal, as a year's experience has shown that the effect of the law has been to promote intemperance.

In the lower house of the Prussian Diet June 1st, Chancellor Von Caprivi stated that the ministry had decided against any reduction being made in the corn duties as a general state of distress did not exist. The crop prospects, he said, were better than they were a fortnight ago.

POETRY.

ACROSS THE WAY.

"Have you no friends across the way?" My little city darling said;

SELECT STORY.

AUNT STAFFORD'S LEGACY.

BY CHARLOTTE M. STANLEY.

"Earn your own living!" cried Ralph Stanton, earnestly, as he looked down with loving, pitying eyes, on the little, fragile, black-robed figure, standing, with an air of most pathetic patience, before him.

"My position is a poor one yet—so poor that, had you any better prospect, I should hesitate to ask you to share it; but your prospects are altogether sorrowful, my dear. As my wife will live at least a home, however poor, and be sheltered and cherished by the heart that loves you best, instead of being exposed to the insolence and caprice of strangers. My gentle little love," he added as he took her tenderly in his arms, "how could I ever bear to think of you toiling alone? We will be married, dear, at once, in spite of your sad bereavement; circumstances make our haste excusable; and we will be happy, too; love will make our happiness, Esie, notwithstanding our poverty."

Esie never doubted that. She was the kind of woman for whom love makes up all the happiness of life. She nestled closely to her lover's breast.

"Oh, could she but cling and rest there evermore!"

But she was as unfeeling as she was loving, and her conscience told her that this must not be.

"It would not be fair to you, Ralph," she said with patient sweetness. "If I can't be a help to you, I won't be a burden, dear. When I promised to marry you, I supposed that Aunt Stafford would leave me the little fortune she talked so much about; you know she always taught me to believe so. I can't think why she should have deceived me. It wasn't like her to deceive. And in that I should have helped you, not added to your difficulties. But when she died, we found that she had nothing except the annuity, which died with her. Even the furniture of the house had to be sold to pay her funeral expenses. Nothing was left for me but a great, big chest of clothes, and of them too old-fashioned to be of any use; and yet—yet—she seemed to attach the utmost importance to that stupid old chest. It was in her thoughts to the very last. 'For my sake,' she said to the clergyman and the friends who were with her—the trunk and all that's in it for my niece. And afterwards she whispered me—'It is your fortune. Poor aunt! I suppose that her mind was wandering at the last.'"

"I'm not so sure of that," cried Ralph eagerly. "She was a very eccentric woman, and did peculiar things some times; it would be just like her to have hidden money in the old trunk. Why did you never tell me this before, Esie, dear?"

The girl smiled sadly. "Because I knew you would find in this trunk the truth, and that would occur to me, for I had read of such things sometimes; and I searched—oh! most carefully and thoroughly; there's nothing at all but old clothes, Ralph, dear—nothing but worthless old clothes!"

But he could not be satisfied so easily. "One will succeed where another fails sometimes," he said. "Look again, dear, and let me help you. Think, Esie—if we could find only a few hundreds, how happy we might be!"

So they searched again—this time in company—and examined closely the contents of the old chest. "A motherly collection of old rubbish," Ralph pronounced it, disappointedly.

"If there's money, it's hidden in the chest itself," he decided. "A lumbering old thing! Let me break it up, Esie. Don't let us throw a chance away."

She consented. Aunt Stafford's old clothes could lie just as well at the bottom of her own trunk she thought. And oh! if they could find but some money, so that she could help Ralph!

Esie looked at him with eager, glowing eyes. "No," she said. "I will puzzle over the riddle a little longer before I decide to give it up. Auntie's last words were: 'The chest—in the chest'—and she died while speaking them. I haven't so

much property in the world, dear, that I should refuse to keep poor auntie's legacy for auntie's sake."

So the things were stowed away again, and the lovers parted, with many kisses and some tears, and went each to the performance of their duties. Estella to fill the position of companion in the house of a widowed lady friend, and Ralph to renew the good fight against "iron fortune," and gain, in spite of poverty, obscurity and long discouragement, a footing on the ladder of fame.

"And if I succeed," he said, "if my picture, which will be on exhibition in the winter, should meet with approval and a purchaser, I'll come to you once more and ask you to marry me, and then, Esie, you must not say me nay."

In the winter! It was summer now, and he had several months of hard work and privation before him, but his spirit was a brave one, and the thought of Esie gave him strength. He put the remembrance of her worthless legacy steadily away, and bent to his work with a will. A little before Christmas the picture was finished, and sent to an art gallery for exhibition.

Oh, the hope, the joy, the pride, with which he attended on the opening day! At last he would have a chance to be seen and judged. At last he should compare his work with that of others. At last he might hope for admirers, patrons, the promise of future success, the certainty of daily bread. With light heart and elastic springing step, he entered the brilliant, crowded rooms, and gazed around him. His picture was nowhere to be seen.

Surely there was some strange mistake. He propped a catalogue, commenced a long tedious search, and found it, at last, in a dark and out-of-the-way corner—the worst possible position in the room.

The disappointment crushed him. He had not even the heart or spirit to complain. It was the old, old story, he thought, wearily. The story of unknown and unrequited merit, pushed aside to make room for interest and wealth.

"I should have had money or interest to secure me a good position," he groaned, "and I have neither. There's no hope for Esie or for me."

Nevertheless, when the first cruel shock of disappointment was over, he did not feel disposed to bear the matter quite so calmly. Next day he waited on some gentlemen of the committee who had charge of hanging the pictures and made his grievance known.

It did no good. He was unknown, unimportant, uninfluential. Such complaints were always being made. Some people always were dissatisfied. Others had had more prominent claims than his. "Yours is an unknown name," they told him.

He answered, with some irritation, that it was likely to continue so with their disposal of his work. An indifferent shrug of the shoulders was answered, and "Some one must take the bad places, of course." With which remark the committee gave its attention to other business.

He wandered alone to the wretched place he called home, and lay down there alone with his despair. Hope, ambition, energy, fled from him. He was sick with the sickness of the soul.

So passed two days. The third was Christmas Eve. Quite early in the morning a knock upon his door surprised him. An elderly man stood there, awkward-looking and well-dressed. He stepped in and introduced himself abruptly.

"My name is Brush, sir, of the firm of Brush & Co., picture dealers. You know the firm, of course? A customer of mine has sent your picture at the academy—a fine thing, sir, but villainously hung—and offers you, through me, five hundred dollars for it. I named what I thought a fair price myself, as you had neglected to do so. It's worth more, of course; but your picture is not little known. My customer is willing that the picture shall go on exhibition at my art gallery, where it will be properly appreciated and seen, which will be to you a very great advantage. What do you say, sir?"

"Very little, indeed, in words. As little as might suffice to express brief thanks and acceptance of the offer. Mr. Brush paid the money down then and there, and the bargain was at once concluded.

From the depths of disappointment and despair, the fulfillment of a hope and of hope and joy—from the bitterest poverty to present ease, and the expectation of future success—this was the marvelous change that had befallen Ralph Stanton so suddenly. It was not until Mr. Brush had gone, and he himself had bewilderedly counted over the money in his hands, that he remembered his own neglect; he had not even ascertained his patron's name.

"But I can learn it at any time from Mr. Brush," he thought. "God bless him, whoever he is, and a merry Christmas to him! May he be as happy as I have made me to-day! And now for Esie!"

And he went to carry 'the good news, more than a moment's delay. His dress was more than shabby now, but he would not spare time to renew it.

"I'm rich!" he cried, catching her in his arms; "never mind that I don't look so. Rich folks can afford to dress badly, you know. I'll be better off than I do presently. My picture's sold! It's going on exhibition again. Brush said it was a fine thing! I've got five hundred dollars in hand, and success is sure to follow. Kiss me, my own—oh, my little, patient Esie! How can we be married to-morrow?"

She kissed him frankly and tenderly, and then drew herself away from his arms, blushing and smiling brightly.

"Yes, yes, yes!" she threw herself into his arms. "Our sorrows are over; good fortune has come to us both—thanks to poor auntie's legacy!"

They were married in the following spring. There's was a pretty, modest little house where Ralph proposed to work as hard in comfort and happiness as he had already done in poverty and sorrow. His picture had been taken from the Academy to Mr. Brush's gallery, and had achieved a genuine success. Larger sums had been offered for it than the one for which it had been sold, but the purchaser steadily refused (through Mr. Brush), either to part with it or let his name be known.

An eccentric fellow, evidently, Ralph decided, and his pretty wife agreed with him heartily.

"Eccentric enough to be a relative of Aunt Stafford's," said she.

One day, when he returned from some business in town, she came to the door to meet him; she slipped her little hands around his arm and looked up into his face.

"Don't be angry with me," she said. "I have been keeping a secret from you, but now I want to tell you all the truth. Come to the parlor. I have been making a purchase, and I want you to see what it is."

He followed her, wondering. There, in the parlor, his picture smiled down on him from the wall.

He uttered a cry. He turned to his wife with outstretched arms.

"Esie! You were my first patron!" She flew to his embrace.

The very day on which I found the money!" she whispered. "Could I bear that another should possess it? Besides," she added, archly, "you had said that as soon as your picture was sold you would ask me to be your wife. Naturally I wanted it to be sold as soon as possible."

He kissed her, and she murmured, "My best darling!"

"And so then, after all, we owe our good fortune to Aunt Stafford's legacy."

AMONIA FOR CARPET MOTHS.

From the frequent inquiries made regarding moth and carpet beetles, it appears that, in spite of all that has been written upon this subject, there are still unfortunate housekeepers who are unable to rid themselves of these small pests.

Let me suggest a remedy which is regarded as infallible in one household, where at one time nearly every carpet in the house was infested with them.

To exterminate carpet moths saturate a large cloth with water strongly impregnated with amonia. After wringing it as dry as possible spread upon the carpet and iron until thoroughly dry. It is not advisable to press hard, as that flattens the nap on the carpet. Go over the entire carpet in this manner. The hot steam not only kills the little pests and destroys their eggs, but with the addition of the amonia freshens and brightens the carpet also.

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. It followed to continue tumors by scratching. It followed to continue tumors by scratching. It followed to continue tumors by scratching.

And I opened it, and there was, too—bank notes. Lots of them, dear. More than ten thousand dollars!

"Ten thousand dollars!"

MINNIE'S MISCHIEF.

BY RUFUS HALE.

Captain Walker, a grim-looking seahunter, took with him, on a voyage to the coast of Alaska, his daughter Minnie, a rosy, bright-eyed girl of seventeen.

Minnie was a good girl in most every respect. Her only fault was a certain peevishness that had teased those who were fond of her. In that way she was full of mischief, and at times she caused both her father and lover no little anxiety.

The latter personage was the second officer, a rather grave young man, named John Tombs.

Although Minnie loved him very much, she had often loved him in a fashion which would have put some men out of patience, but which Tombs, who was very good-natured, endured with great resignation.

Her father, however, often reprimanded her for her fault, but, perhaps, not so severely as some parents would have done.

Twice during the voyage Captain Walker and Mr. Tombs had been driven almost to distraction with the fear that Minnie had been lost overboard and was drowned; but each time, just as they were about to lower the boat to look for her, she popped, laughing, from the roundhouse, where she had hidden herself amongst the balls of twine and heaps of spruce needles which were kept there.

Mr. Tombs, concluding that marriage would have the effect of making her more womanly, "proposed" to her as soon as possible.

This happened one evening while the schooner lay at anchor off the coast of Alaska, with all the crew and officers, except the second mate, who had been selected for ship-keeper, was ashore after seals. The wife of the first mate was aboard, but she had discreetly withdrawn into the companionway that the lovers, who were now on deck, might be left to themselves.

"I love you," said Tombs, earnestly. "I know that very well," answered Minnie.

"And I want you to marry me when we go to the Sandwich Islands, a few months from now."

"What's that about Sandwiches?" inquired Minnie, suddenly, looking up.

"Will you?" he continued, in a grave voice, as the girl, with downcast eyes, remained silent.

"It shall be done," answered Minnie, in a voice even more grave than his own, "because I'm a bachelor of this sort."

"Go on, dear girl," said Tombs, a shadow of misgiving stealing over his good-looking face.

"I was going to say I would be yours if I live to reach the Sandwich Islands."

"Why, what can you mean? Your health is perfect."

"Yes; but somehow I have a presentiment that I will never reach the Islands—that I shall be lost overboard or something of that kind."

"I grieve me that you should indulge so gloomy a fancy," said her lover.

"Nevertheless," she answered, a mischievous light in her averted eyes, "I cannot help it. Go below, John, as I would for while be left to my own sad thoughts."

more than four feet intervened between it and the canoe.

It was impossible to express Minnie's feelings at that moment. Of course, all mirth—all thought of the mischievous fun she had anticipated, was gone the instant she saw the great body leap from the rock.

Terror—wild, unreasoning terror had possession of her, and she could think of nothing but her danger.

Now, seeing the animal so near, she gave up all hope.

The sea-lion, with a sort of leap, threw itself upon the frail vessel, capsizing it in an instant, and its sharp fangs caught in the young woman's dress.

But just then something descended upon its head with tremendous force, and it let go its hold of Minnie, who seized the gunnel of the dingy—her lover's boat, in which he had been searching for the girl, after missing her.

Attracted by the cries, he had arrived at this critical instant and now, as he battled with his savage antagonist, he told her to get on the rock, and not into the dingy.

A spur of the rock was close to her; she seized it and pulled herself up on a rugged shelf, where, shivering with cold, terror, and anxiety, she crouched, watching John Tombs as he fought with the fierce monster in front of him.

The latter tugged at the arm, and then, with a sudden backward movement, drew the young sailor quickly over the bow of the dingy into the sea.

But now the blows of several huge clubs fell upon the head of the sea-lion, as Captain Walker, in a whaleboat, with his men, arrived upon the scene, to which he had been drawn from a neighboring bay by the cries he had heard.

The savage animal let go its hold of John; but, as he was being helped into the boat, it made a snap for his head, over which its jaws must have closed, but for another blow dealt by the Captain.

This nearly finished the animal, which succumbed to one more stroke from a club.

And now, Minnie, with tears of contrition streaming down her cheeks, was assisted into her father's boat, to the side of her lover, whose wounded arm caused her much anguish, and excited all the tender pity of her nature.

She felt that she was the cause of his injury, and after she had told him of the mischievous impulse which had actuated her to leave the schooner as she had done, she said she could never have forgiven herself and that her grief would have killed her had he been dead.

John, although his arm was badly hurt, made light of it, and endeavored to soothe the young girl. But, for days after, she would cry like a child every time she saw his bandaged limb.

The serious mischief Minnie had caused had no good effect. It entirely cured her of her kittenish pranks at the expense of others.

By the time the schooner arrived at the Sandwich Islands, John's arm was well enough to clasp Minnie, a happy bride, to his breast.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children.

UNDER THE WRONG WINDOW.

He bought a guitar and practiced for six long, weary months. But at the end of that time a smile of joy lit up his face, and he began to play with joy as he inspected the corn on the thumb of his right hand. The hour was 10 p. m., and as he wandered through the stilly night to the boarding house where she lived, and directly under that window which had been so often sanctified by her presence, he commenced to wail: (Twang, twang, him.) "I wandered b-i-d the brookside (clang, clang, boo), I wandered b-i-d the mill"—and the wail was gently mixed with a creak, and a deep bass voice called out: "I wish as you fell into your brook off your brookside and trow yourself in dose mill, or I plow my visil and call a polizeidreier." It was a cry of her to have changed her room without letting him know.

ROOM - PAPER.

WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK OVER—

30,000 Rolls Room Paper,

And a large consignment of Fine Felts and Ingrains, with Borders to Match, now on the way from New York,

which we will sell at Lower Prices than ever known in the history of Wall Paper.

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

M'MURRAY & CO.

—AND THE—

CELEBRATED AMERICAN

WHITE S. MACHINE,

Which took First Prize, the Gold Medal, from all competitors at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Prices Very Low, and if not satisfactory after using them three months, money Refunded.

We Employ no Agents, but give the Large Commission paid Agents to the Buyer.

Call and see us or write for prices.

M'MURRAY & CO.

—AND THE—

CELEBRATED AMERICAN

WHITE S. MACHINE,

Which took First Prize, the Gold Medal, from all competitors at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Prices Very Low, and if not satisfactory after using them three months, money Refunded.

We Employ no Agents, but give the Large Commission paid Agents to the Buyer.

Call and see us or write for prices.

M'MURRAY & CO.

—AND THE—

CELEBRATED AMERICAN

WHITE S. MACHINE,

Which took First Prize, the Gold Medal, from all competitors at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Prices Very Low, and if not satisfactory after using them three months, money Refunded.

We Employ no Agents, but give the Large Commission paid Agents to the Buyer.

Call and see us or write for prices.

M'MURRAY & CO.

—AND THE—

CELEBRATED AMERICAN

WHITE S. MACHINE,

Which took First Prize, the Gold Medal, from all competitors at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Prices Very Low, and if not satisfactory after using them three months, money Refunded.

We Employ no Agents, but give the Large Commission paid Agents to the Buyer.

Call and see us or write for prices.

M'MURRAY & CO.

—AND THE—

CELEBRATED AMERICAN

WHITE S. MACHINE,

Which took First Prize, the Gold Medal, from all competitors at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Prices Very Low, and if not satisfactory after using them three months, money Refunded.

We Employ no Agents, but give the Large Commission paid Agents to the Buyer.

Call and see us or write for prices.

M'MURRAY & CO.

—AND THE—

CELEBRATED AMERICAN

WHITE S. MACHINE,

Which took First Prize, the Gold Medal, from all competitors at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Prices Very Low, and if not satisfactory after using them three months, money Refunded.

We Employ no Agents, but give the Large Commission paid Agents to the Buyer.

Call and see us or write for prices.

M'MURRAY & CO.

—AND THE—

CELEBRATED AMERICAN

WHITE S. MACHINE,

Which took First Prize, the Gold Medal, from all competitors at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Prices Very Low, and if not satisfactory after using them three months, money Refunded.

We Employ no Agents, but give the Large Commission paid Agents to the Buyer.

Call and see us or write for prices.

M'MURRAY & CO.

—AND THE—

CELEBRATED AMERICAN

WHITE S. MACHINE,

Which took First Prize, the Gold Medal, from all competitors at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Prices Very Low, and if not satisfactory after using them three months, money Refunded.

We Employ no Agents, but give the Large Commission paid Agents to the Buyer.

Call and see us or write for prices.

M'MURRAY & CO.

—AND THE—

CELEBRATED AMERICAN

WHITE S. MACHINE,

Which took First Prize, the Gold Medal, from all competitors at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Prices Very Low, and if not satisfactory after using them three months, money Refunded.

We Employ no Agents, but give the Large Commission paid Agents to the Buyer.

Call and see us or write for prices.

M'MURRAY & CO.

—AND THE—

CELEBRATED AMERICAN

WHITE S. MACHINE,

Which took First Prize, the Gold Medal, from all competitors at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Prices Very Low, and if not satisfactory after using them three months, money Refunded.

We Employ no Agents, but give the Large Commission paid Agents to the Buyer.

Call and see us or write for prices.

M'MURRAY & CO.

—AND THE—

CELEBRATED AMERICAN

WHITE S. MACHINE,

Which took First Prize, the Gold Medal, from all competitors at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Prices Very Low, and if not satisfactory after using them three months, money Refunded.

We Employ no Agents, but give the Large Commission paid Agents to the Buyer.

Call and see us or write for prices.

M'MURRAY & CO.

—AND THE—

CELEBRATED AMERICAN

WHITE S. MACHINE,

Which took First Prize, the Gold Medal, from all competitors at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Prices Very Low, and if not satisfactory after using them three months, money Refunded.

We Employ no Agents, but give the Large Commission paid Agents to the Buyer.

Call and see us or write for prices.

M'MURRAY & CO.

—AND THE—

CELEBRATED AMERICAN

WHITE S. MACHINE,