

LASCA.

I want free life, and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in the battle,
The melody of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;
The green beneath, and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love.

And Lasca! Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,
With blue scrape, and bright-belted spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or of creeds;
An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs;
Little she cared save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride
From San Xaba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the bilows that beat,
She was wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet,
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter, and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left, an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be mauling her here tonight;
And she sobbed, and sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn rebozo about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip, and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of Old Spain.
She was alive in every limb,
With feeling, to the finger-tips;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining, soft sapphire
One does not drink in little sips

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side and forgot—forgot,
Forgot the heat that was taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close oppress,
That the Texas north comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;
That, once let the herd at its breath take fright,
Nothing on earth can stop the flight,
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in the front of their mad stampede!

Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
Of my swift mustang without a word,
I sprang on the saddle, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared,
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how
We fared,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one—
Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your stars; if not, good-by
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were prest;
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise—Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in earth's arms I laid her to sleep,
And there she is lying and no one knows,
And the summer shines, and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into a rift in a cotton-wood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still like a ship at sea,
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are, like the things that were,
Does half my heart lie buried there,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

Prince Von Bismarck.

Within the collection of men, and probably
also within the knowledge of the most
painstaking historian, no statesman has
received such world-wide recognition of his
services and achievements as Otto, Prince
von Bismarck, upon the occasion of his eightieth
birthday in the year of grace 1895. In his
"Sturm und Drang" period, which may be
said to have begun with the moment he
entered the service of the State, and to have
ended only the day of reconciliation with
his Sovereign, Prince Bismarck frequently
expressed and proved his contempt for the
tribe of "ink-slingers."

In the early summer of 1886 a goodly crowd
was assembled at the railway station of
the town of Gorlitz, in Silesia, to see the King
of Prussia pass through on his way to the
front to assume the command of his army
against Austria. On the arrival of the train,
his Majesty was cheered with the utmost
fervour until he disappeared in the Royal
waiting-room. In his suite was then de-
scribed the famous Minister von Bismarck, but
the crowd made way for him in silence. A
boy, indeed, called out from the balcony of
the station, "Bismarck hoch!" but the
"Hoch" was half stifled as he caught the
glare from about five thousand upturned,
angry faces, and there was no response. Bis-
marck seemed rather amused than annoyed
and smiled cynically. The thought was prob-
ably in his mind, "It will be different when
we return." And he was right. But what
gave Bismarck that confidence, which was
shared only in part even by the King? It
was Moltke, whose assurance that there
would be no difficulty in defeating the Aus-
trians was accepted absolutely by Bismarck.
Who took the lion's share of credit for
the result of the campaign—i. e. for Prussia's ad-
vancement? Bismarck. He grudged the
Crown Prince and the Red Prince their hard
won laurels, and took no pains to conceal
his dislike for them. Moltke was scarcely
mentioned. When the Franco-German War
broke out, there was no man in Germany
more confident of the result than Bismarck.
And why? Because Moltke had assured
him in his quiet way that the German army
was, and that the French was not, prepared.

Who took, again, the lion's share of credit
for the result of the campaign?—the creation
of the German Empire? Why, Bismarck!
And he has never ceased since, by word of
mouth, by writing, and through his organs in
print, to impress the German nation and
the world at large: "It is I to whom this is
due. I am beholden, of course, to my good
old master for not having opposed me, where-
by I was enabled to carry through my
long-conceived magnificent scheme, and I
am also quite willing to acknowledge that I
could not have done so without the
efficiency of the army." The splendid
services of the Crown Prince and
and Red Prince, however, were ignored.
These Princes had again given offence to
the old egotist by their achievements on the
battle-field and their consequent popularity,
and it may be said without exaggeration that
one at least was pursued beyond the grave by
Bismarck's implacable hatred. And Moltke?
He was honored by the old Emperor openly
to the full, and in his Majesty's heart, per-
haps, more than any other man alive. He
was acclaimed by the army and the people,
and—made use of by Bismarck whenever the
latter required his sage counsel and assistance
in Parliament. But no public acknowledg-
ment has Bismarck ever given to the really
greatest German of this century of bogus
reputations. In all his lengthy birthday
speeches one searches in vain for even a
slight allusion to the unrivalled services of
the Grand Old Silent One, whose stupendous
successes in the field he, the great Bismarck,
has undoubtedly marred at the council-
table. For is it not wonderful that scarcely
five years after France had apparently been
crushed in the most complete manner possi-
ble, there should have arisen anew the
spectre of war beyond the Vosges, and
threatened Germany?—threatened it so
gravely, indeed, that the order for mobilis-
ing the army had actually been signed by the
old Emperor with reluctant hand, when at
the last moment wiser counsel prevailed in
France, and prevented a renewal of the
struggle. What has happened ever since?
Why, every year we are impressively re-
minded that the danger is still there, and
must be followed by disaster in the fighting
forces of Germany increased therewith. If
this long-continued insecurity, this constant
threat of invasion, is not Bismarck's fault, I
should like to know who else could possibly
be made responsible. To create an empire is
one thing—for the sake of argument I will
admit that Bismarck did it all by himself—to
secure its safety in another. Has Bismarck
done the latter? If not, why not? Have a
quarter of a million of German lives been
sacrificed only to produce a fine show, which
directly afterwards turns out to be in daily
danger from the very foe who was crushed to
produce it?

In fact, Bismarck, Count Guido Henckel,
and the late Baron Bleichroder bungled the
settlement of the French indemnity between
them—at any rate, as far as the interests of
Germany were concerned. This is beyond
dispute, and reflects little credit on the trio.
So much for Bismarck's share in the creation
of the Empire. Now, as to his management
of affairs in the piping times of an insecure
peace: this is specially remarkable for the
following events, incidents, and features.
He provoked a totally uncalculated, prolon-
ged, and fiercely waged religious struggle,
misnamed the Kulturkampf, which ended in
the most complete discomfiture of the Great
Chancellor. He created the power of the
Socialists by encouraging them to organise
themselves into a Parliamentary party. For,
when Bismarck became Minister-President
of Prussia, the Socialists in that kingdom
numbered only a few thousands; now their
electors are counted by millions. Bismarck
had, of course, not the faintest idea that he
was creating a Frankenstein for himself and
for the German monarchy. All he aimed at
was to create another party for his use in the
political kicking game which he knew how to
play with such dexterous skill and vigour, a
game in which kicking was at first done only
by himself or by his leave. When one party
displeased him he used to set another, or
more, to give it a good kicking. The Social-
ists, however, soon emancipated themselves
from his authority, played the game on their
own account, and improved upon its former
methods by taking the Chancellor himself for
their butt. Germany is thus indebted to
Bismarck for a very troublesome and danger-
ous factor in politics, a power which the Ger-
man Parliament is at present endeavouring
to reduce within safe limits. No fair-minded
critic will grudge Bismarck his fair share of
praise, but this must not be allowed to eclipse
the great and active parts played by the old
Emperor, the Crown Prince, Count Moltke,
and others, who did quite as much as Bis-
marck to knit and anneal the great work.—
H—B—, in the "English Illustrated Maga-
zine."

As the name indicates, Hall's Vegetable
Sicilian Hair Renewer is a renewer of the
hair, including its growth, health, youthful
color, and beauty. It will please you.

Newfoundland's Budget.

The Newfoundland budget was presented
the other day. Last year the deficit was
\$600,000, and for the six months of this year
ending with June there is a shortage of
\$436,000 or a deficit of over \$1,000,000 for a
colony of 200,000 persons. The financial
affairs of the colony for 1894 showed a total
revenue of \$1,640,945, and a total expendi-
ture of \$2,236,000 or a deficit of \$594,000.
For the half year of 1895 the total estimated
revenue was \$430,000 and the expenditure
\$866,000. The public debt is now \$11,792,-
000 including Mr. Bond's loan of \$2,677,000.
For the ensuing year beginning on July 1st
1895, the estimated revenue is \$1,725,220,
expenditure \$1,331,000, leaving a surplus of
\$400,000.

CATARRH CURED.

Health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's
Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Inject-
or free. Sold by Garden Bros.

Music is the lament of love or a prayer to
the gods.

25 double sheets of best sticky
fly paper for 20 cents at H.
Paxton Baird's Drug Store.

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GREATEST
convenience
known.

Best of all FOUNTAIN PENS. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, which will be mailed FREE. Orders filled promptly. Address
L. E. ALEXANDER Box No. 6, Hartland, N. H.

CHASE'S CHAPTER

1. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a
combination of valuable medicines in concen-
trated form as prepared by the eminent Physi-
cian and Author, Dr. A. W. Chase, with a
view to not only be an unfailing remedy for
Kidney and Liver troubles, but also tone the
Stomach and purify the Blood, at a cost that
is within the reach of all. The superior merit
of these pills is established beyond question
by the praise of thousands who use them—one
pill a dose, one box 25 cents.

2. When there is a Pain or Ache in the
Back the Kidneys are speaking of trouble
that will ever increase unless
relieved. We have the re-
liable statement of L. B.
Johnson, Holland Landing,
who says: I had a con-
stant Back-Ache, my back
felt cold all the time, appetite poor, stomach
sour and belching, urine scalding, had to get
up 3 or 4 times during night to urinate, com-
menced taking one Kidney-Liver Pill a day,
Back-Ache stopped in 48 hours, appetite re-
turned, and able to enjoy a good meal and a
good night's sleep; they cured me.

3. Constipation often exists with Kidney
Trouble, in such a case there is no medicine
that will effect a permanent cure except Chase's
combined Kidney-Liver Pill, one 25 cent box
will do more good than dollars and dollars
worth of any other preparation, this is endor-
sed by D. Thompson, Holland Landing, Ont.

DR. CHASE'S
BACKACHE
PURIFY
YOUR BLOOD
BACKACHE

KIDNEY-LIVER

BACKACHE
CURE
25
CENTS
A BOX
KIDNEY DISEASE
BACKACHE

PILLS

WOMAN'S NEED

Women suffer unspeakable tortures from
muscular weakness, caused by impaired nerves
and poor blood. Uric Kidney acid poison,
unsuspected, weakens the nerves and poisons
the blood. By and by, if the Kidneys do not
properly purify the blood, then comes pro-
lapse, retroversion, etc. Blood 75 per cent,
pure is not a nourisher—it is a death breeder.

Delicate women need not be told how much
they would give to get and STAY well. If
their blood is free from the poisonous ferments
of the Kidneys and Liver, they will never
know what "weakness" is. The blood is the
source and sustainer of health.

One Kidney-Liver Pill taken weekly will
effectually neutralize the formation of Uric
Acid in the blood and prevent any tendency
to Bright's Disease or Diabetes.

For purifying the Blood and renovating the
system, especially in the Spring, one 25 cent
box is equal to \$10 worth of any Sarsaparilla
or Bitters known. Sold by all dealers, or by
mail on receipt of price, EDMANSON, BATES
& CO., 45 Lombard Street, Toronto.

The Importance of Kiel to Germany.

Those who imagine that Kiel will inaugu-
rate an era of peace and happiness have not
much ground for their imaginations. More
than one navy has sent its ships unwillingly
to compliment Germany, and the eating and
drinking goes on with an uneasy sense of
thunder in the air. A naval display makes
neither for peace nor war, in so far as intend-
ing aggressors are alarmed by the strength of
those against whom their aggressions are di-
rected. It is pleasant for Englishmen to
have shown the assembled spectators of the
Continent that this country is not wholly
effete, and that we are prepared to hold our
supremacy on the water. We should how-
ever have liked to see some of our splendid
new destroyers sent to the Baltic. They are
perhaps our finest specimens of naval archi-
tecture, and, as the fastest vessels in the
world, deserve to have a place in what is vir-
tually a great exhibition of naval material; to
have shown them might have brought our
shipbuilders orders from foreigners—a result
always to be desired, and most of all when
our trade is depressed. The strategic effects
of the new canal will be most important.
Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say
that it doubles Germany's strength for de-
fensive war.—Broad Arrow.

A NATURAL BEAUTIFIER.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the blood and
gives a clear and beautiful complexion. Sold by
Garden Bros.

The "Wooden Spoon."

There is a curious custom in which the B.
A. degree is conferred at Cambridge upon
the last man on the pass list for mathematical
honors. While he kneels before the Vice-
Chancellor in the senate-house, a wooden
shovel, such as maltsters use for turning the
grain, is lowered from the gallery until it
nearly touches the head of the recipient of
this honor. On rising the young graduate
takes the shovel and marches out of the
senate house amid the laughter of the grave
assembly and the cheers of his college chums.
Outside a procession is formed, the hero
shouldered, and carried to his rooms to the
accompaniment of "See the conquering hero
comes." Sometimes he is put in a hand-cart
and wheeled the streets. It is the under-
graduates' day of days, and is the only occa-
sion upon which such performances would be
tolerated by the authorities.

All Recommend It.

Ask your physician, your druggist and your
friends about Shiloh's Cure for Consumption.
They will recommend it. Sold by Garden Bros.

Murder of an American Cyclist by Kurds.

Mr. Terrell, United States minister at
Constantinople, is in possession of trust-
worthy information that the American cyclist
Lenz was murdered by six Kurds, whose
names are known, on May 10, 1894, between
the villages of Kurtali and Dahan, in the dis-
trict of Alashgerd, sixty-five miles from
Erzerum. The body was buried by the vil-
lagers, who feared to inform the authorities.
Mr. Terrell has made vigorous representa-
tions to the Porte demanding the immediate
arrest and punishment of the guilty parties.
The Porte has promised to comply with the
demand. As the United States government
has at present no consul at Erzerum, Sir
Philip Currie, the British Ambassador, has
courteously consented to permit Mr. Graves,
the British consul, to take up the matter.

THE ILLS OF WOMEN.

Constipation, causes more than half the ills of
women. Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant
cure for Constipation. Sold by Garden Bros.

Lumber Sales.

An extensive sale of lumber is reported at
Ottawa. Messrs. Hale and Booth have dis-
posed of their entire winter's cut of logs to
the Minnesota Lumber Company, of Palo,
Illinois. The cut consisted of about 165,000
logs, or about 20,000,000 feet, and the
amount involved is something over \$200,000.
The logs were taken from the Spanish river
district. They are to be towed to Bay City,
Mich., where they will be sawed up.

Take K. D. C. for sour stomach and sickhead
ache.

Every man is a volume if you know how
to read him.

Bicycles Repaired

—BY—
R. WOTTRICH,

OPPOSITE WILBUR HOUSE, Woodstock, N. B.

\$10.00.

Summer Suits Made to Order at

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—FOR—

Ten : Dollars.
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The New Patent Dress Distender.

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—AND—

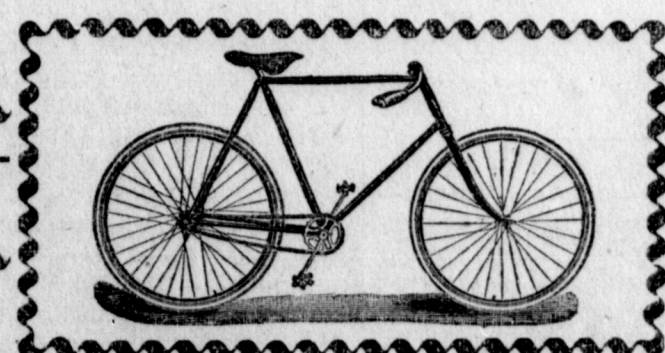
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IN ALL QUALITIES.

—AT—

B. B. MANZER'S.

119 Prizes in one day were
won by the Stearns, May
30. All of them Firsts,
Seconds and Thirds. Most-
ly Firsts.



"Watch the Sun-
light Glisten

On those Orange
Rims."

The fastest bicycle is necessarily the best built bicycle, of easiest
running bearings and finest construction.

That's the Stearns Yellow Fellow.

FOR SALE ONLY BY US.

Balmain Bros.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JUNE 19, 1895.