

OUT OF THE RING.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

I reckon I'm jest as happy
As a feller on aith kin be—
I ain't a-seekin' the office,
An' the office ain't seekin' me!

I ain't beholdin' ter no one—
Got no 'possum ter tree;
Never did want the office,
An' the office—it don't want me!

Don't have ter talk in the meetin',
N'er tromp from the land ter sea;
N'er swear myself in the office,
When the office don't swear me!

Don't have ter kiss the children
That's black as the black can be,
All fer the sake of a office
That ain't got a kiss fer me!

Ain't so, I'm livin' as happy
As a feller on aith kin be
K-e I ain't a-seekin' the office,
An' the office ain't seekin' me!

EMILE ZOLA AS HE IS!

The Man Who Has Stirred all France to Revolutionary Heat.

Even if the body politic of the French people, in all its blind devotion to the military fetic and the traditions of anti-Semitism, acquiesce in the actions of the army dictators in refusing to ex-Captain Dreyfus a trial that civilized people considered fair and just, these same civilized people have learned one thing of which they were egregiously ignorant. They have learned what manner of man Emile Zola is.

Emile Zola lives at No. 21 Rue de Bruxelles. The house is set back from the street, and is approached over a paved courtyard. The home is one of luxurious garnishings, but the atmosphere is subdued; there is no extravagance on one hand, and no lack of artistic preception of the other. Just within the vestibule stands a painted wooden statue of the Virgin Mother. The halls are walled with oak panelings. On the left is the billiard-room, around it are hung old Rouen and renaissance plate. Severe high-back oaken chairs are arranged at regular intervals around the room. The chairs are upholstered with Spanish leather, and are simply carved. This was formerly the dining-room, whose function has lately been removed to a large room in the newly finished wing. Overhead is the study.

When in town M. Zola works here every morning from 9 o'clock until 1. This room gives no suggestion of the sanctum of a hard-working author. The style that characterized the lower halls and billiard-room is here, but more pronounced. There are only two bookcases, containing between them, perhaps, 500 books. One is beside the hugh tiled fireplace. Over it hangs a portrait in oils of Gustave Flaubert. The fireplace extends from floor to ceiling, and is enclosed, as it were, in a frame of oak elaborately carved in the style of the renaissance.

Before the window is a huge oblong table covered with a dull-colored piece of tapestry upon which have been worked religious subjects. Upon it lie many curious and valuable pieces of writers' bric-a-brac. In the centre of the table is a huge glass tube. It is the inkstand, and near it is a tray containing quill pens and a pad or two of foolscap divided through the middle. Half a dozen books lie upon the tapestry. On the floor, at the right of the window, stands an Oriental Cabinet, and before the window a large chair, a chancel chair, episcopal, severe, with huge square legs, and a straight high back. Over this back hangs a richly embroidered stole. There is a definite, an orderly, a consummate taste in all this; but the motive is not of religion. It is ascetic and ecclesiastic, but there is no breath of holiness. Hang a picture of "The Descent from the Cross" in the place of Flaubert's portrait and the apartment might well be taken for the retiring-room of a bishop.

Zola sits in the chancel chair. His features are not gross, but finely cut. His beard destroys the effect of their true contour. His stature is not burly; there is no suggestion of the phlegmatic sensualist. He is a small, nervous man, with an ascetic face, deathly pale, face of sorrow, where great mental and physical tortures have left deep lines in the forehead and cheeks. He seems to have been unable to shake off all traces of those twenty years of sordid poverty. He dresses simply; he wears a low collar and common black or gray cravat. He buttons his coat up close and shuts his arms to his sides as though depending upon his animal heat to keep him from freezing. His shoulders rise toward the ears, and his eyes, seen through his pince-nez, have a cross-squint look. When he writes he bends far over the page, pausing at the end of each completed sentence. He rarely makes a correction. He sweats his brain before he drops his pen to the paper. That is Zola, the novelist.

He talks rapidly, in well modulated tones. On topics that are trivial to him he is rarely positive, rarely aggressive; he yields a point for the sake of hearing more. He does not speak with the air of one who knows a great deal, notwithstanding that he is one of the best informed men in Paris. He talks easily, like a man of the world, whose knowledge is general.

When he speaks he removes the pince-nez. His shoulders gradually straighten against the back of his chair and seem to rise from it.

His sentences at first come more slowly, but are deep in tone and have well-rounded periods. His articulation becomes more rapid. Then he often mis-places a word. He corrects himself. Presently the word appears again in its proper context. He taps the table lightly with the pince-nez, but with exact emphasis. He speaks positively, ex cathedra, as one having absolute knowledge. Suddenly he pauses, readjusts his pince-nez. His face at once loses its animation. The expression, however, remains congealed as it were. All the sorrow and pain are visible there, and the indomitable will. It is the "face of one wholly in protest and life-long, unsundering battle against the world. Affection all converted into indignation: an implacable indignation; slow, equable, silent like that of a god." That is Zola, the polemic, the defender of Dreyfus.

He prepares his books with great care and spends much time in thinking over the motif of the story, in sketching in the plan, in defining the characters, and placing them in the scenes. Then he begins his studies of human nature in its natural environment. For "La Faute de l'Abbe Mouret" he took copious notes from mountains of religious tones and attended mass constantly for many months at the little church in the Bagtinnolles. For "La Ventre de Paris" he visited Halles an unnumerable number of times. He spends much time in the libraries, in the newspaper offices, in the prefecture of police. Like Balzac, he believes in naming his characters so that they will not be forgotten. For this the Paris directory and the signs on the street furnish him with symbols he wants.

Over the fireplace of M. Zola's beautiful summer home at Medau in Seine-et-Oise is inscribed a line from Pliny. "Nulla Dies Sine Linsa." The author's daily literary labor consists of about 1,500 words. And figuratively, he applies the Latin legend to all that he does. He works fiercely at everything he understands. His brain is always active. He believes in carrying things to their logical conclusions. He has never but once failed to accomplish what he set out to do. And even this defeat may not be final. The doors of the Palais de l'Institut have not yet opened at his knock.

Just now he is fighting for recognition of his dominant principle where its prevalence or downfall may mean the fate of a nation. A cell in Ste. Pelagie yawns before him. Practically he stands alone. Perhaps, like Ibsen's "Enemy of the People," he is strongest that way.—New York Times.

THE "SMITHY'S" DAUGHTER

Attacked by That Most Insidious of Marauders—Kidney Disease—Gets Good Health Back by Using South American Kidney Cure—A Kidney Specific.

Theophile Gadbois, of Annapolis, writes: "My daughter was a great sufferer from kidney disease. Medical men did their best for her and we tried all remedies at command, and not until South American Kidney Cure was tried did she get any benefit. Their doses brought great relief. Two or three bottles completely cured her—not a sign of pain or distress of any kind left. It is truly a wonder worker." Sold by Garden Bros.

Family Dines on Government Cow Peas.

A southern congressman, says the Washington Post, received a letter some time ago, which, being like hundreds of other communications, did not attract attention. It read as follows:

"BLANKVILLE, Jan. 4, 1898.
"Dear Sir: Will you please send me a parcel of cow peas from the government distribution? Very truly yours,
"JAMES LANCASTER."

The package was duly sent. A week later there came another letter. It made the following request:

"BLANKVILLE, Jan. 10, 1898.
"Dear Sir: Please send me some cow peas. I only want one package.
"MARY LANCASTER."

The congressman promptly complied with the request, and thought no more about it until five days later, when there came still another letter. It was postmarked at the same country town, and was evidently from a member of the same family as his two previous correspondents. The congressman rather smiled as he read:

"BLANKVILLE, Jan. 15, 1898.
"Dear Sir: I should very much like to have one of the bags of cow peas which you are sending free. I am your friend, and hope you will be re-elected. Yours truly,
"SAMUEL P. LANCASTER."

The letters did not stop coming. Three more arrived, one from the mother of the Lancaster family, one from a daughter and another from a son. The congressman thought that his constituents intended to plant a ten-acre lot with cow peas. Nothing of the kind. Yesterday he received a letter which told of the use to which the government seeds had been put. It said:

"BLANKVILLE, Jan. 29, 1898.
"Dear Mr. Congressman: We got all the packages of cow peas and thank you very much. We put all the peas together and boiled them for dinner. It was the best meal we have had for a long time. With many thanks. Yours truly,
"JAMES LANCASTER."

Yonge St. Fire Hall.
Toronto, March 16th, 1891.
Gentlemen,—I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for Biliousness and Constipation, and have proved them the best that I have ever used. I will use nothing else as long as they are obtainable. Remaining yours, respectfully,
E. C. SWEETMAN.

Confession Arouses Suspicion.

"I dunno," remarked Piute Pete. "I'm beginnin' to feel kind o' doubtful about that case."

"Ye mean about that hoss thief we jes' 'tended to?"

"Yes."

"But he confessed."

"I know it. An' it wasn't till he confessed that I had doubts. There ain't no circumstances whatsoever under which I'd take his word for anything.—Washington Star.

Catarrh of Ten Years' Standing Cured by Dr. Chase.

I suffered from Catarrh for ten years and was treated by some of the best physicians in Canada. I was recommended by Mr. C. Thompson, druggist, Tilsonburg, to try Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and can state positively it cured my Catarrhal Sore Throat.

Yours respectfully,
J. D. Phillips, J. P. WITNESS. ANNA A. HOWEY, Eden, Ont.

A certain young widow of Indianapolis, who had changed her weeds for brighter hues gave a dinner party not long ago. The rooms were decorated with great profusion of flowers. Roses in masses were on the mantels, and the dinner table fairly blossomed; in fact, the abundance of flowers was unusual. One of the guests could restrain her curiosity no longer, and, when the dessert was brought in, said: "Well, Mrs. Blank, you're rather spreading on the flowers tonight." "Yes," replied the fair widow brightly, "but tomorrow I'm going to take them out to Crow Hill and put them on poor Tom's grave." A regular "thirteen" shiver went round the table.

Don't Let it Ache.

If your stomach, liver and bowels are working properly you will have no headache. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will keep you right, so there is no need to let your headache. There is lots of proof that this is so. "I had severe headache for over three years and was not free from it for a single. Finally I used BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, with the result that it has completely cured me." MRS. AFFLECK, Toronto.

FOR THE LADIES.

We make to order all kinds of Ladies' Coats, Capes, Ulsters, Mackintoshes and Outside Wraps, in the Latest Styles, and Perfect Fit guaranteed. We make to order Ladies' Gaiters of all kinds to match costume. Ladies can furnish own cloth if they wish. Give us a call and get prices.

Hanson & Grady
Merchant Tailors,
HOULTON, MAINE.

CONSUMPTION CURED

"I continued to exist (can hardly say I lived) until the fall of 1892, when a lady (Mrs. Alex. Kidd, of Warsaw, Ont.) who had been cured of hemorrhage of the lungs by your Consumption cure, Cannabis Sativa, urged me to try it. Accordingly I got a package and took it, but something had for a long time been working in my system which prevented this package from taking hold as it should have done. This "something" developed into Nervous Neuralgia, and for seven weeks held me in torment. I immediately got two more packages of the Remedy and began taking it, upon which there ensued a regular battle between the Cannabis Sativa and the Nervous Neuralgia, and I verily believe that were it not for the Remedy, I would have inevitably succumbed to that disease. The results are incalculable. It is over a year since I have taken any of the medicine; but since then I have not had the slightest touch of Asthma, Catarrh, Inflammation, Bronchitis or Congestion. I have had an attack of neuralgia, but it was comparatively light; my spirits have revived, my body has become robust (I now weigh about 140 lbs.), my system is stronger, my color brighter and fresher, dyspepsia has little or no power over me. I am happy, working hard every day. All of these blessed results I attribute, under God, to the efficacy of the Cannabis Sativa, or East India Consumption Cure. I know of other cures that it has wrought, but consider none so marvellous as mine."

I am yours very gratefully,
Rev. WM. H. STEVENS, Paisley, Ont.
"I cannot tell you what a change one package of Cannabis Sativa wrought in me. I had a terrible cough, was low spirited, and had no strength; my skin was dry and covered with dark brown spots. My friends had no hope that I would get better. They said it was no use sending for the Remedy; but I had been cured of Catarrh by it, and recommended it to others who had been benefited by it. I commenced improving as soon as I began taking the Remedy and when it was gone my cough was nearly gone, and in a few weeks I was able to work as well as ever. The spots left my skin and have not returned. I do not feel any pain in my lungs as I used to for years, and never since my childhood have I been through a winter without Rheumatism until now; I have not had a touch of it this winter. I wish you every success, and ask God to bless you in the good work you are doing." Mrs. JOHN ELLIOTT, Richard's Landing P.O., Ont.

Consumption can be cured; surely and permanently cured. Many cases are on record to prove this statement. Many cases that were given up as hopeless by eminent physicians have been cured by DR. STEVENS' CANNABIS SATIVA REMEDY—nature's specific for all ills of the throat and lungs. So much faith do I place in the efficacy of CANNABIS SATIVA REMEDY; so positive am I that it will cure Consumption, Catarrh, Asthma, and all diseases of the throat and lungs, that I will send a package sufficient for twelve days' treatment absolutely without cost, duty prepaid, to every sufferer who will send me an accurate statement of his or her case. I do not say that one package will effect a complete cure, but believe so much benefit will be derived from it that the treatment will be continued until a complete cure is brought about.

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H. V. DALLING,
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FALL OF 1897.

If you intend purchasing a
SLEIGH OR PUNG

This Season, kindly drop in and inspect our stock before buying and we will be pleased to show you the Largest and Best Lot of PUNGS in the market in all the Latest Styles and Designs in Coverings. These goods are made from the Best Material and great care has been taken in their construction.

Sleighs and Pungs Repaired and Painted at Short Notice and at Lowest Prices.
We have several SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES which will be sold away down to make room for SLEIGHS.

CHESTNUT & HIPWELL,
Opposite Small & Fisher Co.,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

TO RETURN THANKS

For favors is no more than right. Therefore, we thank our many customers for their patronage during the past year, and solicit a continuance of the same in future, and we trust through honest dealing and our very low prices for cash or produce only, to gain many more. Wishing all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

We are yours,

C. M. SHERWOOD & BRO.
WOODSTOCK.