Literature.

BARRIERS BURNED AWAY.

BY THE REV. EDWARD P. ROWE.

CHAPTER LI.

BILL CRONK'S TOAST.

After all, it was a long day to Christine. Tears would start from her eyes at the thought of her father, but she realized thas the only thing for her to do was to shroud his memory in a great forgiving pity, and put it away forever. She could only turn from the mystery of his life and death—the mystery of evil—to Him who taketh away the sin of the world. There was no darkness in that direction. She busied herself with Mrs. Learned, and the distribution of food to others, till six o'clock, and then she stood near the door to watch till her true knight should appear in his shirt sleeves, with shovel on his shoulder, and an old burnt, tattered felt hat on his head, instead of jewelled crest and heron plume.

Dennis had gone to his work not very hopeful. He knew Christine would be his grateful friend while she lived, and might even regard him as a brother, but all this might be and still she be unable to respond to his deeper feelings. Moreover, he knew she was Baroness of Ludolph, and might be heiress of such titles and estates in Germany as would require that she should go at once to secure them; and so she seemed clearly to pass beyond his sphere.

As he shovelled the hot bricks and cinders hour after hour among other laborers the distance between himself and the Baroness of Ludolph seemed to increase: and when, begrimed and weary, he sat down to eat his dinner of a single sandwich saved from breakfast (for as yet he had no money,) the ruins around him were quite in keeping with his feelings. He thought most regretfully of his two thousand dollars and burned picture.—The brave resolute spirit of the morning had deserted him. He did not realize that few men have lived who could be brave and hopeful when weary and hungry, and fewer still, when, in addition, they doubted the favor of the lady of their love.

The work of the afternoon seemed desperately hard and long, but with dogged persistency, Dennis held his own with the others till six, and in common with them received his twodollars. Whether Christine would accept the supper he brought or not, he determined to fulfil his promise and bring one. Wearily he trudged off to the west side, in order to find a store. No one who met him would have imagined that this plodding laborer was the artist who the week before had won the prize and title of genius.

If he had been purchasing a supper for himself, he would doubtless have been sensible about it; but one that the Baroness of Ludolph might share was a different matter. He bought some very rich cake, a can of peaches, a box of sardines, some fruit and then his money gave out. But, with these incongruous and indigestible articles made up into one large bundle, he started for the church. He had gone but a little way, when some one rushed upon him, and little Ernest clasped him round the neck and fairly cried for joy. Sitting on the sidewalk near were the other little Bruders, looking as forlorn and dirty as three motherless children could. Dennis stopped and sat down beside them (for he was too tired to stand), while Ernest told his story—how their mother had left them, and how she had been found so burned that she was recognized only by a ring (which he had) and a bit of the picture preserved under her body. They had been looking ever since to find him, and had slept where they could.

As Ernest sobbingly told his story the other childrin, cried in doleful chorus, and Dennis' tears fell fast too, as he realized how his humble friend had perished He remembered her kindness to his mother and little sisters, and his heart acknowledged the claim of these poor little orphans. Prudence whispered, 'You cannot afford to burden yourself with all these children,' and pride added, 'What a figure you will make in presenting yourself before the Baroness of Ludolph with all these children at your heels,' But he put such thoughts resolutely aside, and spoke as a brother might; and when one of the children sobbed, 'We so hungry!' out came the Baroness of Ludolph's fruit and cake, and nothing remained for Christine but the sardines and peaches, since these could not be well opened on the street. The little Bruders having devoured what seemed to them the very ambrosia of the gods, he took the youngest in his arms, Ernest following with the others; and so they slowly made their way to the church where Christine was now anxiously waiting with many surmises and forebodings at Dennis' delay.

At last, in the dusk, the little group appeared at the church door, and she exclaimed:

'What has kept you so, Mr. Fleet?'

He determined to put the best face on the situation, and indulge in no heroics, so he said: 'You could not expect such a body of infantry as this to march rapidly.'

'What!' she exclaimed, 'have you brought all the lost children in the city back with you?'

'No, only those that fell properly to my care,' and in a few words he told their story.

'And do you, without a cent in the world, mean to assume the burden of these four children?' she asked in accents of surprise.

He could not see her face, but his heart sank within him, for he thought that to her it would seem quixotic and become another barrier between them, but he answered firmly:

'Yes, till God who has imposed the burden, removes it, and enables me to place them among friends in a good home. Mrs. Bruder, before she died, wrote to her family in Germany, telling her whole story. Relatives may take the children; if not, some way will be provided.'

'Mr. Fleet, I wonder at you,' was her answer. 'Give me that child, and you bring the others.'

He wondered at her as he saw her take the child and imprint a kiss on the sleepy dirty face; and Ernst, who had been eyeing her askance, crept timidly nearer when he saw the kiss, and whispered:

'Perhaps her old outside heart has been burnt away.'

They followed to a lobby of the lecture-room, and here she procured a damp towel and proceeded to remove the tear and dust stains from the round and wondering faces of the children. Having restored them to something of their original color, she took them away to supper, saying to Dennis with a decided nod:

'You stay here till I come for you.'

Something in her manner reminded him of the same little autocrat who ordered him about when they arranged the store together. She soon returned with a basin of water and a towel saying:

'See what a luxury you secure by obeying orders. Now give an account of yourself, as every lady's knight should on his return. How have you spent the day?'

He could not forbear laughing as he said: 'My employment has been almost ludicrously incongruous with the title by which you honor me. I have been shovelling brick and mortar with other laborers.'

'All day?'

Her glance became so tender and wistful that he forgot to wash his hands in looking at her, and felt for the moment as if he could shovel rubbish forever, if such could be his reward.

Seemingly by an effort, she regained her brusque manner, which he did not know was but the mask she was trying to wear, and said quickly:

'What is the matter? Why don't you wash your face?'

'You told me to give an account of myself,' he retorted, at the same time showing rising color in his dust begrimed face.

'Well, one of your ability can do two things at once. What have you got in that bundle?'

'You have forgotten, but I promised to bring you home something that you chose to regard as charity.'

'If I was so ungracious, you ought to have rewarded me by bringing me a broken brick. Will you let me see what you brought?' But without waiting for permission she pounced upon the bundle and dragged out the peaches and sardines.

'He, having washed and partially wiped his face, was now able to display more of his embarrassment, and added apologetically:

'That is not all I had. I also bought some cake and fruit and then my money gave out.'

'And do you mean to say that you have no money left?'

'Not a penny,' he answered desperately.

'But where is the cake and fruit?'

'Well,' he said laughingly, 'I found the little Bruders famishing on the sidewalk, and they got the best part of your supper.'

'What an escape I have had!' she exclaimed. 'Do you think I should have survived the night if I had eaten those strangely assorted dainties, as in honor bound I would have done, since you brought them?' Then with a face of comical severity she turned upon him and said, 'Mr. Fleet, you need some one to take care of you. What kind of economy do you call this, sir, especially on the part of one who has burdened himself with four helpless children?'

There was a mingling of sense and seriousness in her raillery, which he recognized, and he said, with a half-vexed laugh at himself:

'Well, really, Miss Ludolph, I suppose that I have not wholly regained my wits since the fire. I throw myself on your mercy.' (The same expression he had used once before. She remembered it, and her face changed instantly.) Turning hastily away to hide her feelings, she said in rather a husky voice:

'When I was a wicked fool, I told you I had none; but I think I am a little changed now.' Then she added sharply, 'Please don't stand there keeping our friends waiting,' and she led the way into the lecture-room now filled with tables and hungry people.

Dennis was in a maze, and could scarcely understand her. She was so different from the pensive lady, shrinking from the rude contact with the world, that he had expected to meet. He did not realize that there was not a particle of weak sentimentality about her, and now that pride was gone, her energetic spirit would make her a leader in scenes like these as truly as those in which she always had been at home. Much less could he understand that she was hiding a heart brimming over with love to him.

He followed her, however, with much assumed humility. When in the middle of the room, who should meet him squarely but Bill Cronk?

'Hollo!' he roared, giving Dennis a slap on his back that startled even the hungry apathetic people at the tables.

Dennis was now almost desperate. Glad as he was to see Cronk, he felt that he was gathering around him as incongruous a company as was the supper he had brought home. If Yahcob Bunk or even the red-nosed bar-tender should appear to claim him as brother, he would scarcely have been surprised. He naturally thought that the Baroness of Ludolph might hesitate before entering such a circle of intimates. But he was not guilty of the meanness of cutting a humble friend, even though he saw the eyes of Christine resting on him, In his embarrassment, however, he held out the wash-basin in his confused effort to shake hands and said heartily:

'Why, Cronk, I am glad you came safely out of it.'

'Is this gentleman a friend of yours? asked Christine with inimitable grace.

'Yes!' said Dennis firmly, though coloring somewhat. 'He once rendered me a great kindness—'

'Well, Miss, you bet your money on the right boss that time,' interrupted Bill. 'If I hain't a friend of his'n I'd like to know where you'll find one; though I did kick up like a cussed ole mule when he knocked the bottle out of my hand. Like a nuff if he hadn't I wouldn't be here.'

'Won't you present me, Mr. Fleet?' said Christine with an amused twinkle in her eye.

'Mr. Cronk,' said Dennis (who had now reached that state of mind when one becomes reckless), 'this lady is Miss Ludolph, and, I hope I may venture to add, another friend of mine.'

She at one put out her hand, that seemed like a snowflake in the great horny paw of the drover, and said:

'Indeed, Mr. Cronk, I will permit no one to claim stronger friendship to Mr. Fleet than mine.'

'I can take any friend of Mr. Fleet's to my buzzom at once,' said Bill, speaking figuratively, but Christine instinctively shrank nearer Dennis. In talking with men Bill used the off-hand vernacular of his calling, but when addressing ladies, he evidently thought that a certain style of metaphor bordering on sentiment was the proper thing. But Christine said:

'As a friend of Mr. Fleet's you shall join our party at once,' and she led them to the farther end of the room, where at a table sat Dr. Arten, Professor and Mrs. Learned, Ernst and the little Bruders, who at the prospect of more eating were wide awake again. After the most hearty greetings they were seated, and she took her place by the side of the little children in order to wait on them. Few more remarkable groups sat down together, even in that time of chaos and deprivation. Professor Learned was without vest or collar, and sat with coat buttoned tight up to his chin to hide the defect. He had lost his scholarly gold-rimmed spectacles and a wonderful pair of goggles bestrode his nose in their place. Mrs. Learned was lost in the folds of an old delaine dress that was a mile too large, and her face looked as if she had assisted actively in an Irish wake. Dr. Arten did the honors at the head of the table in his dress coat and vest that were once white, though he no longer figured around in red flannel drawers as he had on the beach. The little round faces of the Bruders seemed as if protruding from animated rag babies, while nothing could dim the glory of Ernst's great spiritual eyes, as they gratefully and wistfully followed Dennis' every movement. Cronk was in a very dilapidated and famished state, and endured many and varied tortures, in his efforts to be polite while he bolted sandwiches at a rate that threatened famine. Christine still wore the woollen dress she had so hastily donned by Dennis assistance on Sunday night, and the marks of the fire were all over it. Around her neck the sparks had burned a hole here and there through which her white shoulders gleamed. While she was self-possessed and assidious in her attention to the little children, there was a glow of excitement in her eyes, which perhaps Mrs. Learned understood better than anyone else, though the shrewd old Doctor was anything but blind

Dennis sat next to Christine in shirt-sleeves once white, but now through dust and smoke as many colors as Joseph's coat. He was too weary to eat much, and there was a weight upon his spirits that he could not throw off, the inevitable despondency that follows great fatigue, when the mind is not at rest.

Christine sprang up and brought him a huge mug of hot coffee.

'Really, Miss Ludolph,' he remonstrated, 'you should not wait on me in this style.'

'You may well feel honored, sir,' said Mrs. Learned. 'It is not every man that is waited on by a Baroness.'

'The trouble with Christine is that she is too grateful,' put in the old Doctor.

'Now I should say that was scarcely possible in view of—' commenced the Professor innocently.

'I really hope Miss Ludolph will do nothing more from gratitude,' interrupted Dennis in a low tone that showed decided annoyance.

The Doctor and Mrs. Learned were ready to burst with some suppressed amusement, and Cronk seeing something going on that he did not understand, looked curiously around with a sandwich half way to his open mouth, while Ernst, believing Dennis wronged from his tone, turned his great eyes reproachfully from one to another. But Christine was equal to the occasion. Lifting her head and looking round with a free clear glance she said:

'And I say that men who meet this great disaster with courage and fortitude, and hopefully set about retrieving it, possess an inherent nobility such as no King or Kaiser could bestow, and were I twenty times a Baroness, I would esteem it an honor to wait upon them.'

A round of applause followed this speech in which Cronk joined vociferously and Mrs. Learned cried, 'Oh, Christine, how beautifully I learn from your face the difference between dignity and pride. That was your same old proud look, changed and glorified into something so much better.'

Dennis also say her expression and could not diguise his admiration, but every moment he felt more how desperately hard it would be to give her up, now that she seemed to realize his very ideal of womanhood.

And Cronk, having satisfied the clamors of his appetite, began to be fascinated in his rough way with her grace and beauty. Nudging Dennis he asked in a loud whisper heard by all and which nearly caused Dr. Arten to choke:

'The young filly is a German lady, ain't she?'

Dennis, much embarrassed nodded assent.

A happy thought struck Bill. Though impeded by the weight of indefinite sandwiches, he slowly rose and looked solemnly round on the lttle group. Dennis trembled, for he feared some dreadful bull on the part of his rough but well-meaning friend, but Dr. Arten in a state of intense enjoyment, cried,

'Mr. Cronk has the floor.

Lifting a can of coffee containing about a quart, the Drover said impressively and with an attempt at great stateliness:

'Beautiful ladies and honorable gentlemen here assembled, I would respectfully ask you to drink to a toast in this harmless beverage: *The United States of Amerika!* When the two great elemental races—the sanguinary Yankee and the pleagmatic German—become one, and, as represented in the blooded team before me (waving his hand majestically over the heads of Dennis and Christine), pull up in the traces together, how will the ship of state go forward?' and his face disappeared behind his huge flagon of coffee in the deepest pledge. Bill thought he had uttered a very profound and elegant sentiment, but his speech fell like a bombshell in the little company.

'The very spirit of mischief is about today,' Dennis groaned. And Christine with a face like a peony snatched up the youngest little Bruder, saying, 'It is time these sleepy children were abed,' but the Doctor and the Learneds went off again in uncontrollable fits of laughter, in which Dennis could not refrain from joining, though he wished the unlucky Cronk a thousand miles away. Bill put down his mug, stared around in a surprised and non-plussed manner, and then said in his loud whisper:

'I say, Fleet, was there any hitch in what I said?'

This set them off again, but Dennis answered good-naturedly, slapping his friend on his shoulder:

'Cronk, you would make a man laugh in the face of fate.'

Bill took this as a compliment, and the strange party thrown together by an event that mingled every class in the community, broke up and went their several ways.

CHAPTER LII.

EVERY BARRIER BURNED AWAY.

Dennis was glad to escape, and went to a side door where he could cool his hot cheeks in the night air. He fairly dreaded to meet Christine again, and even where the wind blew cold upon him his cheeks grew hotter and hotter, as he remembered what had occurred. He had been there but a little time when a light hand fell on his arm and he was startled by her voice:

'Mr. Fleet, are you very tired?'

'Not in the least,' he answered eagerly.

'You must be: it is wrong for me to think of it.'

'Miss Ludolph, please tell me what I can do for you?'

She looked at him wistfully and said:

"This is a time when loss and disaster burden every heart, and I know it is a duty to try to maintain a cheerful courage, and forget personal troubles. I have tried to-day, and, with God's help, hope in time to succeed. While endeavoring to wear in public a cheerful face, I may perhaps now, and to so true a friend as yourself, show more of my real feelings. Is it too far—would it take too long, to go to where my father died? His remains could not have been removed.'

'Alas, Miss Ludolph,' said Dennis, very gently, 'there can be no visible remains. The words of the Prayer Book are literally true in this case—'Ashes to ashes.' But I can take you to the spot, and it is natural that you should wish to go. Are you equal to the fatigue?'

'I will not feel it if you go with me, and then we can ride part of the way, for I have a little money. (Dr. Arten had insisted on her taking some.) Wait for me a moment.'

She soon reappeared with her shawl cut in two equal parts. One she insisted on folding and putting around him as the Scotsman wears his plaid. 'You will need it in the cool night wind,' she said, and then taking his arm in perfect trust, they started.

In the cars she gave him her money, and he said, 'I will return my fare to-morrow night'

'What!' she replied, looking a little hurt. 'After spending two dollars on me will you not take five cents in return.

'But I spent it foolishly.'

'You spent it like a generous man. Surely, Mr. Fleet, you did not understand my badinage this evening. If I had not spoken to you in that strain, I could not have spoken at all. You have been a brother to me, and we should not stand on these little things.'

'That is it,' thought he again. 'She looks upon and trusts me as a brother, and such I must try to be till she departs for her own land; yet if she knew the agony of the effort she would scarcely ask it.'

But as they left the car, he said: 'All that you would ask from a brother please ask from me.'

She put her hand in his, and said: 'I now ask your support, sympathy and prayer, for I feel that I shall need all here.'

Still retaining her hand, he placed it on his arm and guided her most carefully around the hot ruins and heaps of rubbish till they came to where the Art Building had stood. The moon shone brightly down, lighting up with weird and ghostly effect the few walls remaining. They were utterly alone in the midst of a desolation sevenfold more impressive than that of the desert. Pointing to the spot where, in the midst of his treasures of art and idolized worldly possessions, Mr. Ludolph had perished, she said in a thrilling whisper:

'My father's are there.'

'Yes.'

Her breath came quick and short, and her face was so pale and agonized that he trembled for her, but he tightened his grasp on her hand, and his tears fell with hers.

'Oh, my fathor,' she cried in a tone of indescribable pathos, 'can I never, never see you again? Can I never tell you of the love of Jesus, and the better and happier life beyond? Oh, how my heart yearns after you! God forgive me if this is wrong, but I cannot help it!'

'It is not wrong,' said Dennis brokenly. 'Our Lord himself wept over those He could not save.'

'It is all that I can do,' she murmured, and leaning her head on his shoulder, a tempest of sobs shook her person.

He supported her tenderly as a brother might, and said in the accents of the deepest sympathy: 'My poor sorrowing sister, let every tear fall that will; they will do you good.' At last she became calmer, he added: 'Remember that your great Elder brother has called the heavy laden to him for rest.'

At last she raised her head, turned, and gave one long parting look, and, as Dennis saw it in the white moonlight, it was the face of a pitying angel. A low 'Farewell!' trembled from her lips, and leaning heavily on his arm they turned away, and seemingly the curtain fell between father and child to rise no more.

'Mr. Fleet,' she said pleadingly, 'are you too tired to take me to my old home on the north side?'

'Miss Ludolph, I could go to the ends of the earth for you, but you are not equal to this strain upon your feelings. Have mercy on yourself.'

But she said in a low dreamy tone:

'I wish to take leave to-night of my old life—the strange sad past with its mystery of evil; and then I will set my face resolutely toward a better life—a better country. So bear with me, my true kind friend, a little longer.'

'Believe me, my thought was all for you. All sense of fatigue has passed away.'

Silently they made their way, till they stood where, a few short days before, rose the elegant home that was full of sad and painful memories to both.

'There was my studio,' she said in the same dreamy tone, 'where I indulged in my wild ambitious dreams, and sought to grasp a little fading circlet of laurel, while ignoring a heavenly and immortal crown. There,' she continued, her pale face becoming crimson, even in the pale moonlight, I most painfully wronged you, my most generous, forgiving friend, and a noble revenge you took when you saved my life and led me to a Saviour. May God reward you, but I humbly ask your pardon—'

'Please, Miss Ludolph, do not speak of that. I have buried it all. Do not pain yourself by recalling that which I have forgiven and almost forgotten. You are now my ideal of all that is noble and good, and in my solitary artist life of the future, you shall be my gentle yet potent inspiration.'

'Why must your life be solitary in the future?' she asked in a low tone.

He was very pale, and his arm trembled under her hand; at last he said in a hoarse voice:

'Do not ask me. Why should I pain you by telling the truth?'

'Is it the part of a true friend to refuse confidence?' she asked reproachfully.

He turned his face away, that she might not see the evidences of the bitter struggle within—the severest he had ever known; but at last he spoke in the firm and quiet voice of victory. She had called him brother, and trusted him as such. She had ventured out alone on a sacred mission with him as she might with a brother. She was dependent on him, and burdened by a sense of obligation. His high sense of honor forbade that he should urge his suit under such circumstances. If she could not accept, how painful beyond words would be the necessity of refusal, and the impression had become almost fixed in his mind that her regard for him was only sisterly and grateful in its character.

'Yes, Miss Ludolph,' he said, 'my silence is the part of true friendship—truer than you can ever know. May Heaven's richest blessings go with you to your own land, and follow you through a long happy life.'

'My own land? This is my own land.'

'Do you not intend to go abroad at once, and enter upon your ancestral estates as the Baroness of Ludolph?'

'Not if I can earn a livelihood in Chicago,' she answered most firmly. 'Mr. Fleet, all that nonsense has perlished as utterly as this my former home. It belongs to my old life, of which I have forever taken leave to-night. My ancestral estate in Germany is but a petty affair, and mortgaged beyond its real worth by my deceased uncle. All I possess—all I value, is in this city. It was my father's ambition, and at one time my own, to restore the ancient grandeur of the family with the wealth acquired in this land. The plan had lost its charms to me, long ago—(I would not have gone if I could have helped it) and now it is impossible. It has perished in flame and smoke with something else more substantial. Mr. Fleet, you see before you a simple American girl. I claim and wish to be known in no other character. If nothing remains of my father's fortune I shall teach either music or painting—'

'Oh, Christine,' he interrupted, 'forgive me for speaking to you under the circumstances, but indeed I cannot help it. Is there hope for me?'

She looked at him so earnestly as to remind him of her strange steady gaze when before he pleaded for her love on that same spot, but her hand trembled in his like the flutter of a frightened bird.

In a low eager tone she said, 'And can you still truly love me after all the shameful past?'

'When have I ceased to love you?'

With a little cry of estacy, like the note of joy that a weary bird might utter as it flew into its nest, she put her arm around his neck and buried her face on his shoulder and said:

'No *hope* for you, Dennis, but perfect *certainty*, for now EVERY BARRIER IS BURNED AWAY!'

What though the home before them is a deserted ruin? Love is joining hands that shall build a fairer and better one, because filled with that which only makes a home—love.

What though all around are only dreary ruins, where the night wind is sighing mournfully? Love has transformed that desert place into the Paradise of God; and if such is its power in the waters of earthly desolation, what will be its might amid the perfect scenes of Heaven?

Our story is finished.

It only remains to say, that Christine stands high at court, but it is a grander one than any of earth. She is allied to a noble, but to one who has received his patent from no petty sovereign of this world. She has lost sight of the transient laurel wreath which she sought to grasp at such cost to herself and others, in view of the 'crown of glory that fadeth not away,' and to this already, as an earnest Christian, she has added starry jewels.

Below is the Ludolph Hall in which sturdy independence led her to commence her married life. But she is climbing the mountain at her husband's side, and often her hands steady and help. The ash-tree, twined with the passion-flower, is not very far above them and the villa, beautiful within and without, is no vain dream of the future. But even in happy youth their eyes of faith see in airy golden outline their heavenly home awaiting.

THE END.

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New Seasons Tea of 1880, just received via Anglia, from London:

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1 SOUVENIR ORGAN, 2 3-5 sets of reeds, 8 stops, Diapason, Dulciana, Principal, Flute, Celeste, Echo, Dulcet and Vox Humana.
1 BOUDOIR ORGAN, 5 octaves with 12 stops, and patent grand organ and knee swells.
1 FAVORITE ORGAN, 5 octaves, 3 sets of reeds, 10 stops, sub-bass with patent grand organ and knee swells.
1 VESPER ORGAN, 5 octaves, 4 stops and patent grand knee swells with book-case.
1 STRAUSS ORGAN, 5 octaves, 5 stops, Diapson, Forte Vox Humana, Vox Celeste, Melodia and organ knee swell, received to-day.
1 STRAUSS ORGAN, 5 octaves, 9 stops, Viola, Diapason, Dulcet, Octave Cupler, Vox Humana, Forte, Dulciana, Melodia, Vox Celeste and grand organ knee swell stop, of very beautiful finish, received to-day into store.
2 WAGNER PIANOS, 7 1-3 octave, front round corners, large size, plain case, rosewood, full iron frame, overstrung bass, soft pedal, carved legs and lyre, French grand action and agraffe treble.
2 style 4 WAGNER PIANOS, 7 1-3 octave, front round corners, large size, serpentine bottom, rosewood case, full iron frame, top and plinth mouldings, carved legs and lyre, overstrung bass, soft pedal, French grand action and agraffe treble.

These Pianos and Organs are all warranted for 5 years, are of Horace Watters & Sons, Bell Organ Co.'s make. We have sold 10 new pianos and 13 new organs in the last three years, and can give the best testimonials of their excellent quality. These have been sold in our store without sending out drummers. We will give the best value in instruments ever offered at regular sale in the Province. Instruments sold for cash or on installments. Pianos and Organs hired by the quarter.

LEMONT & SONS.

July 28.

H. A. CROPLEY,

MANUFACTURING STATIONER,

FREDERICTON, N. B.,

manufactures and keeps always on hand a complete stock of

BLANK BOOKS

Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, Cash Books, Record Books, Minute Books, &c.,

Unequalled in this city for cheapness

My Stationery Department

is unsurpassed in the Province, being constantly supplied with

Writing Papers & Envelopes,

of the best English, French and American manufacturers, and

STATIONERS' SUNDRIES.

School Books and Stationery, Wholesale and Retail.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

Every kind of **JOB WORK** and **Book Printing** rapidly executed. ☞ I make a specialty of fine work.

Bookbinding.

I execute all descriptions of **BINDING** in the very neatest manner. ☞ At the Provincial Exhibitions, 1870 and 1878, I was awarded First Prizes and Diplomas for Job Printing and Bookbinding and Blank Books.

☞ *Printing Office, Blank Book Factory, and Bookbindery, over my Bookstore, Corner of Queen and Regent Streets, Fredericton.*

H. A. CROPLEY.

First Premium

Provincial Exhibition, 1878.

REED & REED

WOULD respectfully call the attention of the GOOD HOUSEWIFE to the superior quality of their

BROOMS & WISPS.

They manufacture an article not excelled by any in the market, either domestic or imported.

MERCHANTS near the upper St. John will find it especially advantageous to deal with them. All orders promptly filled, and satisfaction guaranteed.

REED & REED

Fredericton, April 25th 1870.

Varnish, &c.

1 CASE Carriage Varnish, containing Wearing Body, Rubbing and Gearing, in 1 and half gallon Cans;
4 doz. Apple Parers; 2 rolls Asbestos Roofing;
1 box Gauge Glasses; 5 rolls Enamelled Duck;
25 doz. Table Knives;
6 doz. Hollow Ground Razors;
25 doz. Pocket Knives, assorted;
9 doz. Scissors, extra quality;
3 Grain Cradles, complete;
10 kegs genuine White Lead for fine finish;
19 rolls Dry Sheathing; 12 Family Scales;
1 Fanning Mill, cheap; 1 case Paint, Whitewash, Wall and Paste Brushes.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

September 1.

SILVER PLATED WARE

4 CASES JUST OPENED. All new and elegant designs, suitable for Wedding and Birthday Presents, at

S. F. SHUTE'S,
Sharkey's Block, Queen St.

F'ton, Sept. 16.

$200 A MONTH warranted. $5.00 a day at home. Our agents, men, women, boys and girls are getting rich. Costly outfit with $5.00 premiums free to agents. Capital not required. Write at once that this great offer may not pass you. The work is light and pleasant, any one can do it. Write to us, you will never regret it. We can start you. One agent in Portland, Me., cleared $20 in one day.

J. M. SHAW & Co.,
Hallowell, Me.

FOR SALE!

THAT Property situate on Queen Street, at present occupied as a Barber and Hair Dressing Shop, owned by the late Hon. Charles Macpherson. Apply immediately to

FRASER, WETMORE & WINSLOW

September 9, 1880.—2in

TO LET.

SEVERAL OFFICES in the Brick Building in York Street, next adjoining the Corner of Queen Street.

J. L. INCHES.

Fredericton, Feb, 12, 1880

IMPORTANT!

To All Who Wear Clothes!

J. R. HOWIE

CALLS the attention of all who wear Clothes to his

SPRING IMPORTATION OF

CLOTHS,

Comprising the latest Novelties and Best Makes.

A FULL LINE OF

ENGLISH WORSTEDS,

in the latest patterns. A large variety of choice patterns of

SCOTCH TWEEDS.

A few very Choice Patterns in

FRENCH GOODS

A full line of

English & Canadian Tweeds

Always on hand a full line of the Best Quality of **TRIMMINGS.**

Employing a large staff of experienced workmen, I am prepared to fill orders promptly in the **LATEST NEW YORK STYLE.**

☞ Satisfaction guaranteed or no sale.

JAS. R. HOWIE,

Merchant Tailor & Clothier,

QUEEN STREET,

NEXT DOOR TO BRAYLEY HOUSE.

Fredericton, May 6, 1880.

CARRIAGE and SLEIGH FACTORY!

King St., - - Fredericton, N. B.

R. COLWELL, Proprietor.

CARRIAGES, WAGGONS,

SLEIGHS and PUNGS

Built to order in the latest and most durable styles.

MATERIAL and WORKMANSHIP of the BEST.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO

Painting, Trimming and Repairing Carriages, etc

ON HAND:

FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE

A LARGE LOT OF

IVERS,
PIANO BOX,
TOP PHÆTONS,
WAGON CONCORDS,
GENERAL GRANDS,

AND A LARGE LOT OF

SLEIGHS AND PUNGS

TO BE SOLD CHEAP.

☞ *Terms to give satisfaction.*

F'ton, Oct. 30, 1879.

FOR SALE.

THAT Freehold Property situate on Charlotte Street, owned by the late Mrs. Thos. Davis. Terms easy. Apply to

WILSON & QUINN

September 9, 1880.

TO LET.

THE BRICK HOUSE and premises occupied by Benjamin Atherton, situate on King Street, opposite the Methodist Meeting House. Possession given the first of May.

RAINSFORD & BLACK.

March 30, 1880

Daily Expected:

150 BOXES POINTED AND FINISHED HORSE NAILS.

Bar Iron and Steel.

A LARGE and well assorted stock of IRON and STEEL for sale at the Lowest Market Rates.

JAMES S. NEILL.

Sept. 16—Rep.

TRUTHS.

HOP BITTERS,

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Female Complaints and **Drunkenness.**

$10,000 IN GOLD

will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and free books, and try the Bitters before you sleep. Take no other.

HOP BITTERS MANUFACTURING CO
Rochester, New York and Toronto, Ontario

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGSTS.

CLOCKS. CLOCKS.

JUST RECEIVED:

A LARGE LOT of the BEST AMERICAN CLOCKS, in Carved and Plain Black Walnut Cases, suitable for Parlor, Dining Room, Hall, Kitchen, School Room, etc.

Call and examine at

S. F. SHUTE'S,
Sharkey's Block.

F'ton, Sept. 15.

IRON. IRON.

85 BARS Tire Iron; 26 bundles Horse Shoe Iron; 30 bundles Plow Plating;
20 kegs Cut Nails;
30 doz. Butchers' Mill Files;
1 " Half-Bushel Measures;
1000 lbs. Pure White Lead.

Just received and for sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Sept. 16.

Plow Points.

6 DOZ. Plow Points for Small & Fisher's Plows
3 doz. Land Sides for " "
4½ " Plow Points for Connel Bros.' Plows,
3 " Land Sides " " "
9 " Plow Points for Frost & Wood's Plows,
6 " Land Sides (steel and iron) for Frost & Wood's Plows,
6 " Mould Boards (steel and iron) for same,
3 " Standards for same, Clevises, Bolts and Rods, extra.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Sept. 16.

EXHIBITION.

MANUFACTURERS and others who may desire to secure space in the Exhibition Buildings

FOR A LARGE EXHIBIT

are requested to make early application, it being desirable to locate the large exhibits as soon as possible.

JULIUS L. INCHES,
Exhibition Rooms, City Hall.

YORK COUNTY ELECTIONS

THE ANNUAL ELECTION of County Councillors for "The Municipality of York" will be holden on the THIRD TUESDAY IN OCTOBER next (19th).

HENRY B. RAINSFORD, JR.,
Secretary-Treasurer.

September 16th, 1880—Rep.

D. McCATHERIN,

GENERAL AGENT FOR

NEW BRUNSWICK,

FOR THE

QUEEN

OF ALL

SEWING MACHINES,

THE

"RAYMOND!"

Easy to Run. Easy to Learn.

☞ Needles, Fine Oil, and repairs for all Machines kept on hand. Old Machines exchanged or refitted.

Come to Phœnix Square and read the sign

D. McCATHERIN.

Fredericton, Oct. 30, 1879

GOLDEN FLEECE.

Spring, 1880.

Just opened

☞ 22 ☜

BALES AND CASES

NEW WALL PAPERS!

IN

Tints, Gilts, Marbles, Oaks and Common.

A few Patterns of handsome

GILT DADOS.

NEW CARPETS

in all the Latest colorings and designs.

Tapestry Carpets from 55 cents to $1.00 per yard.

Brussels Carpets from 90 cents to $1.50 per yard.

JOHN M'DONALD

Fredericton, April 1, 1880

LUMBER.

The subscriber begs to announce to the public that he has always on hand and for sale a good and varied stock of SPRUCE, PINE, AND HEMLOCK LUMBER, consisting of Dry Pine Plank, 1¼, 1, and 2 inch, thoroughly seasoned and planed; Dry Pine Boards, well seasoned, planed on one and both sides, and tongued and grooved. Also good Dry Laths and Cedar Shingles of every quality; together with a stock of Hemlock Logs, from which we are prepared to saw to order at short notice.

BILLS OF SCANTLING of any dimensions.

A large quantity of REFUSE LUMBER on hand.

All orders promptly delivered. Please call at my Yard, WEST END MILL.

RICHARD A. ESTEY.

☞ *CEDAR SHINGLE STOCK WANTED, by the cord or otherwise.*

R. A. E.

Fredericton, Dec. 4, 1879.

HOOKS, SICKLES, CUTLERY, &c.

AUGUST 2.

WE have received the following ENGLISH GOODS by late Steamers:

1 Case POCKET KNIVES;

1 Cask Reaping Hooks and Sickles.

4 CASKS CONTAINING

Padlocks, Fire Irons, Gal'd Basins, Buckles;
Carriage Lamps, Plated Ware;
Table mats, Coffin Cord, Heel Plates;
Iron Wire Cloth, Cornice Hooks and Slides;
Em