Literature.

TEMPTATION:

OR

The Lady of Ashurst.

CHAPTER VII.

ENTRAPPED.

Overwhelmed with rage and anguish, Judge Ashley returned home immediately after the conclusion of the interview with Hunter.

This marriage, on which he had set his heart, which he had urged on without regard to the wishes of his son, had set the seal of ruin on the reckless young man, and he swore a dreadful oath that he would never forgive him for the dreadful deception that he had practised upon himself and the devoted woman who lay in her deserted home almost in a dying condition.

He bitterly realized that his only son, whose handsome person, acute intellect and popular manners had rendered him the pride of his heart, had been so utterly disgraced by the events of the night, that he would never again be able to hold up his head in the State in which his forefathers had so long lived in honor and respect.

Then the thought that Leon might be arrested, thrown into prison, and condemned to a disgraceful punishment, came as wormwood to to his haughty soul; but the danger that menaced his son did not soften his feelings toward him. No—it but embittered him the more deeply to reflect that Leon merited the sentence which might be passed upon him, and to his inflexible spirit there was little difference between that and bearing the legal consequences of his crime.

When he entered his apartment he found an old grey-haired negro, who had been his personal attendant from boyhood sitting up for him. Jupiter was extremely astonished at the appearance of his master at so early an hour, and he hurriedly asked:

"Hi, Marse Judge, what bring you back here afore de gran' supper's over? Is you sick? for you looks mighty white, an' strange like."

"Yes, Jupe, I am sick at heart, and of a sickness from which I shall never recover. Bring me wine, and do not talk to me now; I cannot bear it."

He sunk into a chair, and throwing his arms over a table, rested his head upon them in the attitude of a person completely crushed by grief.

Bewildered and anxious, though not daring to ask for further information in his master's present mood, the sable attendant went on his errand; but he stole a moment to run into the kitchen, where the carriage driver was telling the horror-stricken servants of the disgraceful denouement of the night.

Jupiter listened in breathless interest, and then asked:

"Whar is marse Leon? I hope de aint gone an' done nothin' to him"

"They didn't git a chance, for he run off befo' anybody had thought o' layin' han's on him. I s'pose he mus' be somewhar about here, but I hope he won't stay roun' long, 'case I heed say dat de perlease will be here airly to-morrow mornin' a-huntin, of him."

Jupiter listened with horror to this suggestion, and he indignantly said:

"A-huntin' of him for what, I'd like to know. Miss Grace would rather cut off her right han' than hurt a har o' his head; an' ef de other gal cares for him as she oughter, she won't do nothin' to him nyther. You's a fine sarvant o' dis family Jack, to dar' to talk dat ere way 'bont de young marster. Git 'long wi' you, you 'ceitful nigga you."

Jack fired up at this, and retorted:

"I aint no mo' 'ceitful den yerself, ole Jupe. I only tells de trufe, an' dat aint sayin' no wrong—git 'long yerself, ef it comes to dat."

Clenching his fist and shaking it at the speaker, the old man unwillingly retreated, but he feared to remain longer lest his master's bell should be rung for him.

When he returned with the wine, he found Judge Ashley pacing the floor of the apartment with that iron tread only used in the moments of deeply excited passion. He nearly filled a goblet with the sparkling fluid and hastily swallowed it.

Jupiter stared at this, for his master was a temperate man; he felt sure the fever of his mind would increase by such unusual excess, but he dared not express his fears. At such a time as this, he knew his master would brook no interference from any one.

Judge Ashley presently said:

"Go into the hall, Jupiter, and bring me the iron box in which my private papers are kept."

The place referred to was one of the odd nooks of the old house; it was a small square room, open from Judge Ashley's bedchamber, and communicating with no other portion of the building. It extended through the whole depth of the walls, rising several feet above the top of the house, and was dimly lighted from above by a dome of painted glass.

Shelves had once been placed around the lower portion of the walls, and the remains of a circular staircase were still visible where the stairs had been clamped to the wall. The explanation given of its origin was, that the first owner of Ashurst had cultivated the science of astronomy, and the tower was built by him as an observatory.

From this singular den the old servant brought an iron box about a foot square, and placed it on the table before his master. With rigid lips and eyes aflame with wrath that burned within him, the Judge unlocked it, and then turning to the negro curtly said:

"You may go now, Jupiter, and listen to the gossip that is going on among the servants. I see that you are dying to know what happened to-night, but the disgraceful story will never be told from my lips."

"I know it a'ready, marster; I heerd it an' my poor ole heart bleeds for you; 'deed it does. But sha'n't none o' we servants go out and find out what's come o' him?"

A heavy frown gathered on the father's brow, and he icely responded:

"It matters not what his fate is. He is no longer a son of mine. I have renounced him; there go."

He motioned imperiously to the old man to leave him; and he dared not disobey a mandate given in his master's present mood. Jupiter moved slowly toward the door, passed the threshold, and then pausing with tears streaming over his black and wrinkled face, he imploringly said:

"Oh. marse Judge, think twice afore you do dis awful thing, Let mercy come atwhen you an' de judgement, as you hopes fer it yersel in de las' great day."

As he finished speaking he closed the door precipitately, but he did not go to the kitchen, as he had been commanded; but he sat down just outside the door, to be at hand in case his master should need him.

The faithful old creature, who had carried Leon in his arms, who had taught him to ride, hunt, and fish, could not now bear the comments on his conduct, which he felt sure he should hear among the servants, so he sat down in darkness and solitude, and bewailed the calamity which had befallen the family of which he considered himself an integral portion.

Left alone, Judge Ashley unclosed the the box and took from it a formidable looking parcel heavily sealed, and labeled—"The last will and testament of Rupert Ashley."

Without opening it or glancing at its contents, he grimly held it over the lamp and saw it shrivel into nothingness. He muttered:

"I had given him all—all—to the utter exclusion of his sister and her son, and God help me! he has wounded me more deeply than she did. She shall not benefit by this act. I will make another will cutting them both off, and give it to charity, as I threatened; or better still, I can repay that poor deserted wife for all he has made her suffer, by making her child the sole heiress to all my wealth. I'll think of it, and in time, perhaps, I can bring down my pride to stand the presence of the beggar's brat beneath my roof."

His lips curled with scorn, even in that hour of bitter suffering, but outraged pride had even more to endure than wounded feeling, for Judge Ashley was naturally a hard man, and such tender impulses as he once possessed, had been indurated by the large criminal practice he had conducted for so many years.

He cherished a profound and cynical contempt for human nature, yet he held the opinion of the world at far more than its true value, and he writhed at the thought of what the guests bidden to the wedding were at that moment thinking and saying of his renegade son.

Judge Ashley continued to look over the papers contained in the box, more to employ himself and gain some distraction for his troubled mind, than to obtain information from them, for he was already familiar with their contents.

The hours rolled heavily away, till physical exhaustion compelled him to seek bodily repose, even if his tortured mind refused to permit the balm of sleep to fall upon his eyelids. He lay down, dressed as he was, on the outside of his bed, and poor old Jupiter, overcome with drowsiness, nodded in the hall, waking up at intervals and wondering if his master never meant to retire for the night.

Everything was hushed in the repose which falls upon a quiet country household in the deep silence of the night, and no sound broke the stillness, save the summer insects which made the air vocal with their Liliputian chorus. The lamp flickered in its socket, and died out, yet the miserable father lay with wide-stretched eyes gazing out upon the darkness. Suddenly a singular grating sound broke upon his ear, and he raised up, listened keenly, and then fell back muttering with 'bated breath:

"It must be some one trying to get into the house; some one who knows that gold was lately placed in my escritoire. Oh, my God! can it—can it be that wretched—wretched boy come hither to consummate his degradation by committing a theft!"

The suspicion at once took the form of certainty, and he lay for many moments completely unnerved. By a rare chance, the door opening from his room upon the passage before referred to, had been left open; the library door was also ajar, and the sound of a step bounding through the open window came distinctly to his ears. Then he heard steps moving about in the room with little caution, as if the burglar supposed the household to be wrapped in slumbers too deep to be broken by his presence there.

"His search will be vain," thought the unhappy father, "for I removed the money to the tower before I set out for that fatal wedding. When he finds it's not in the secretary, will he venture thither in search of it?"

"It would be like his reckless hardihood to do so, but if he does, I will catch him as a fox in a trap. I will lock him in my den, and make sure of him. Then—then I will play the part of Herod, or Brutus toward that wretched being. I believe that I can sternly assume the functions of judge, jury, and executioner myself, sooner than suffer him to live to bring disgrace upon my name—to drag it down in the very mire of iniquity in which he seems to revel."

Revolving these terrible thoughts in his mind, Judge Ashley lay perfectly still, bending all his perceptive powers to the task of comprehending the movements of the person in the library. He heard stealthy steps moving across the floor, then a key was placed cautiously in a lock, and as its click came to his ears, the unhappy father started, for the bitter conviction came to him that his son has possessed himself of a duplicate key to the receptacle in which he usually kept his private hoards.

Only that afternoon, in anticipation of his stay from home to a late hour, Judge Ashley had taken the precaution to remove the large sum of money deposited in the secretary in the tower, which had a strong patent lock upon it which he believed would defy the skill of the most accomplished burglar.

When he threw himself upon his bed, he had left the door of this place partially open, and he now congratulated himself that he had done so. He would feign sleep, and the robber would walk into the trap unconsciously prepared for him; then, nothing would be easier than to spring up, close the door upon him, and secure him.

These thoughts rapidly passed through the mind of the excited father; for after a very few moments, the intruder had satisfied himself that the money had been removed. Then his stealthy steps were heard crossing the narrow passage, which lay between the two rooms, with extreme caution. He had evidently removed his shoes, for there was no sound made by his light tread as he glided toward the door of the Judge's room, and paused upon the threshold to listen for the regular breathing which would give him the assurance that its inmate was asleep.

In his irrepressible agitation, the breathing was as heavy as if steeped in the deepest slumber, and apparently reassured by this Ashley entered the room, moved lightly across the floor, and sought a drawer in the table of which the key of the tower was usually deposited.

If anything had been wanting to confirm the suspicions of his father this would this would have sufficed, for Leon alone knew where the key was kept.

One of the window blinds had been left partially open, and through this a hazy light penetrated which was sufficient for the intruder's purpose. Foiled in finding the key, he glanced around, saw the open door, and softly glided towards it.

No sooner was he safely within the tower, than the Judge lifted himself, sprang toward the door with an agility scarcely to be expected in a man of his years, and suddenly threw it too with all his force; the spring closed, and before Leon was aware that danger was upon him, he found himself a prisoner to his outraged father.

He glanced upward—there was no escape that way; and in despair he threw down the roleau of gold he had already seized on, and fiercely demanded to be released.

No answer came, and then he struck against the walls with violence; but they were too solid to permit him to hope that he could effect a breach in them. In impotent rage he cursed and blasphemed in in a fearful manner, but still no answer came.

Appalled by the silence, and exhausted by his own violence, Ashley at length sunk helplessly upon the floor, moaning over the fate which seemed to have overtaken him in a single night. The Judge sat on the outside of the door, pallid and stern as the incarnation of Fate itself, and as he listened to the violence of his son an expression of grim determination deepened upon his face with every passing hour.

Aroused by the uproar his young master made, Jupiter ventured to come in, and the Judge ordered him to bring a light. He placed a candle on the mantlepiece, and then crouched down in a corner, tremblingly watching the cold, wrathful face before him, and a creeping dread which he could not conquer, seemed to benumb the faculties of the poor slave. Through all these long hours Judge Ashley spoke not once; but when the first glimmer of dawn crept into the apartment he turned to Jupiter and sternly said:

"No one save you and I must know of the prisoner confined here. If others discover where he is concealed, in may prove his destruction. You understand me, Jupiter?"

"Ye-es, marster, I b'lieves I does. But—but de ossifers will be here p'raps, caze dey'll naterally come to dis place fust to look arter Marse Leon. Why not give him a chance to escape at once?"

"There is but one chance to escape disgrace left to him, and that he shall have the full benefit of of," was the cold reply. "I shall not leave this room to-day. Bring me my coffee; I need nothing else; and do you remain within call all day. I shall have need of you."

"An'—an' de young marster? shan't I bring nuffin for him, sir??"

"No, let him do without food till he is weak enough to be dealt with by you and me. Should we open the door now to give food to him, he would overpower us both, and escape from us only to be taken by those who by this time are probably on the watch for him. I will at least save him from the disgrace of being seized on and thrown in the county jail till his trial can come on."

"But de weather's very warm, marster, an' dere's mighty little fresh a'r in dat ere tower. I's feared de young 'un will suffer mightily shet up in sich a tight place as dat."

"He'll soon be in a tighter one," muttered the Judge. He went on more audibly: "I have no choice left me, Jupe. Leon must either stifle there or in the jail, and I am sure he would choose the tower in preference. At any rate, it is my pleasure to keep him here, and you are to give no hint of his presence in this house."

"Who—I, marse? I'd cut my han' off sooner than do such a thing."

"Very well; I know that I can trust you Jupiter."

The old negro left the room on his errand, and in half an hour returned with a cup of steaming coffee, and a plate of toaste, which he hoped his master might be induced to take, for he felt assured that the Judge must need food after the exciting and sleepless night he had passed.

His thoughtful care was not entirely unrewarded, for his master mechanically lifted tho toast to his lips, and absently swallowed several morsels; suddenly they seemed to chooke him, and he pushed the plate away, while a deeper pallor overspread his face.

The cause of this was soon evident, for strange voices were heard upon she lawn, and on looking from the open window, two men were seen approaching the house.

The father, who believed he had nerve enough to play the part of the stoic, trembled and grew cold; but when a heavy knock was struck upon the door of the adjoining room, which he used as an office he controlled himself, and hurriedly said:

"I will receive these men myself; do you remain here; but as you value the safety of the prisoner in that place, make no noise while they are with me. They have scarcely come to arrest him at this early hour, for they have not had time to have a warrant issued, even if my neighbors were very anxious to lay violent hands on my son."

He drew the key from the lock of the tower door, dropped it in his pocket, and composing his features as well as possible went into the next room to meet his unwelcome visitors.

No sooner had the door closed on him, than the old negro placed his lips against the keyhole, and softly whispered:

"Marse Leon, how is it wid ye? Is ye mos' stifled in dat ere hole?"

"Is it you, Jupe?" replied a faint voice "Open the door, if you can. If I stay here much longer I believe I shall be done for. Oh! I am sure that I am dying in this hot den."

"My dear young marster, I'd open de do' wid all my heart, but he's got de key, an, I can't do nothin' to help yer."

There was an impatient groan in response, and nothing further was said between them.

In the meantime Judge Ashley carefully closed the door of communications, and admitted those he felt assured came there with no friendly intent. In the elder man he recognized the overseer of Arden place, and the younger one was George Lester.

He had vainly sought Ashley during the early portion of the night, and then concluded to snatch a few hours' repose before performing the errand he had undertaken.

At daylight he was astir, and on descending from his room he found the overseer mounting his horse in a state of great excitement. A frightened looking servant stood upon the steps, of whom Lester inquired how Miss Arden has passed the night, and whether he should go in search of her brother. The man answered:

"De nurse says Miss Grace is asleep yit, but Marse Erny aint to be found nowhars. He aint bin in his room dis night, an' nobody knows what's 'come o' him. Oh, Lord, ha' mercy on us, for we don't know what we's all a comin' to!"

Lester hastily descended the steps, and addressed the overseer:

"Mr. Watson, have you any idea where Ernest can be. We had an appointment together this morning, and it is imperative that I shall see him immediaaely."

The man gloomily, regarded him, as he replied:

"The lad is nowhere to be found, and I am afraid we shall never see him alive again."

"Why should you think so?" asked Lester, appalled by the gloomy certainty of his tones,

I can give you a reason that satisfies myself, but likely you won't think much of it.

Let me hear it, at all events.

After a pause Watson said:

I was lying between sleeping and waking last night about twelve o'clock, when I heard a sound like the firing of pistols. I tried to make out in what direction it came from, and I jumped up and looked out of my window. Everything was so still that I thought I must have been dreaming, so I went back to bed again.

I was falling off into a sort of doze, when a strange sound came whizzing through my room; I opened my eyes and my hair riz on my head, for as sure as I see you standing there before me, I saw Ernest Arden, dripping with water, within six feet of my bed. I had but a glimpse like, and then he vanished away, and though I called him he never answered.

After that I couldn't rest in my bed, so I dressed and walked up to the house. Everything was quiet there, and after making a circuit of the grounds I went to the pond. The moon was shining as bright as day, but I saw nothing there to make me think the vision was real; so I concluded that I might have been dreaming, and I went back home and went to bed; but I couldn't sleep, and at three o'clock I saddled my horse and rode around the place again. I came here as soon as it was day to ask for the young master, but he wasn't in hs room, and hadn't slept there last night.

Putting all these things together, I am mighty uneasy in my mind; I'm afraid he and young Ashley met last night, and something dreadful has happened.

That can hardly be, for I was in pursuit of Ashley all the earlier part of the night, for the purpose of settling a meeting between them. I did not come up with him, and it is my opinion that he has fled to the country.

Maybe so--I hope so for Miss Grace's sake, for she'd never get over a fatal duel between these two. I am doubtful about Ashley's going off, and I scarcely know what is to be done next. What would you advise, Mr. Lester?

Let us go over to Ashurst and see the Judge. Perhaps he may know something of the movements of his son after that wretched exposure last night!

It isn't likely; Judge Ashley is a dreadful stern man, and after such disgrace as the young man has brought on his name, he would be more afraid of meeting his father than anyone else.

We will try it, at any rate, Mr. Watson, for that is the most likely place to hear of Ashley, even if he is not found at Ashurst. Suppose we go around by the pond: poor Ernest may have drowned himself there, though that is scarcely likely. He is morbid enough on some points, but not to such a degree as to make him commit suicide for such a thing as this.

The horse Lester had ordered now made its appearance, and he mounted and spurred in the direction of the pond, followed by Watson. It was half a mile from the house lying in a deep dell, on one side sheltered by the walk before described, and on the other shaded by a group of golden willows.

There were evidences that the grass upon the terrace had been trampled in several places, but not more than was readily accounted for by the presence of a party of gentlemen anglers there on the day before. Baffled in their endeavors to gain a clue to Arden's fate in that direction, the two rode on to Ashurst.

When the master of the house appeared before them with that stormy expression of despair and resolution upon his features, Lester attributed his suffering to the disgrace his son had brought upon him, for he well knew the indomitable pride of the man before him.

Before he could speak, the Judge said:

To what am I indebted for so early a visit, gentlemen? Has anything been heard from my unhappy son? Perhaps he has been arrested, and you have come to break the degrading news to me.

He is not here, then? said Lester. We came hither to inquire if he has been heard from since last night. I am sorry to inform you that Ernest is missing, and we are apprehensive that the two may have met, and—and something fatal may have been the result.

Judge Ashley sank on a seat in overwhelming agitation; he hoarsely gasped:

"Ernest missing! Are you sure—quite sure that it is so?"

"He is certainly not to be found, and a singular dream Mr, Watson had last night fills his mind with apprehensions for his safety."

The Judge waved his hand and said:

"He must be safe so far as Leon is concerned. No, no, my son would never dare to harm the brother, after so deeply wounding the sister. I trust in God the poor boy may be found safe and unharmed; he is a singular youth; full of strange fancies and fantastical notions of honor; but Leon would not listen to any provocation from him in the state of excitement the event of last night must have thrown him into. Badly as Leon Ashley has acted, he is not so bad as that,"

"I think with you, Judge Ashley," replied Lester, respectfully, "and it seems useless to linger longer here, since it is evident that your son has not sought refuge at Ashurst. Come, Watson, let us resume our search in some other direction. Perhaps when we go back to Arden Place we may find that Ernest has returned there quite safe."

"I trust we may," replied the overseer, gravely, "but I have very strong doubts as to his safety."

"Yes, you will find him, I am sure you must find him there," said Judge Ashley, feverishly; for the most earnest desire of his heart was to rid himself of their presence, that he might at once proceed to such an investigation as would satisfy the terrible doubts which had arisen in his own mind.

The two visitors took their leave, after promising to send a messenger with tidings of Ernest, so soon as anything was heard of his whereabouts.

(To be continued)

That dreadful disease, diyhtheria, can be cured by the free use of Minard's Liniment internally and externally. Many testify to the above facts.

A rather venerable lady Countess married a man who did not belong to the nobility. "How did she come to marry him? She has a title and he has not," remarked one gentleman to another. "I don't know for certain, but I expect she preferred to have a husband without a title than to have a title without a husband,"

Quantity in medicine is no indication of value. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is concentrated and powerful; requires a smaller dose, and is more effective, dose for dose, than any other Sarsaparilla. It is the best of all blood medicines.

A bachelor uncle, to whom his niece applied for advice on the question of choosing between two suitors, one of whom was rich and the other poor—the latter, of course, being the most ardent, as well as the favorite lover—sententiously replied: "My dear, the question being stripped of all illusory elements, your choice simply lies between love and beef. Now, love is an idea, while beef is a reality. Love you can get along without; but beef you must have. Therefore make sure of your beef."

All persons about to visit foreign lands, sailors, fishermen, lumbermen and miners should take with them a supply of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. It is both for internal and external use and is worth it weight in gold.

The city of London with her vast population cannot well suffer for the want of ventilation. The people have access to Hyde park, containing 380 acres; Kensington gardens, 290; St. James and Green park together, 154; Regent's park, 403; Victoria park, 280; Battersea park, 230; Greenwich park, 174; Crystal palace, 168; Alexandria park, 192; Clapham common, 100; Epping Forest, over 5000; Kensington park, 15; Camberwell, 5—7391 acres all told, a very respectable area of pleasure ground even for so large a city as London.

Henry Clement, Almonte, writes: "For a long time I was troubled with chronic rheumatism, at times wholly disabled; I tried anything and everything recommended, but failed to get auy benefit, until a gentleman who was cured of rheumatism by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, told men about it. I began using it both internally and externally, and before two bottles were used I was radically cured. We find it a household medicine, and for croup, burns, cuts and bruises, it has no equal.

There is a family of seven persons in Holliston, Mass., comprising four generations and four different family names, and they all sit at the same dinner table each day, and are related to each other as follows:—One great grandfather, one great grandmother, one grandfather, one grandmother, two fathers, two mothers, two husbands, two wives, two sisters one son, one son-in-law, one daughter, one grandson, one great granddaughter, one neice, one grandniece, one great grandniece, one nephew, one grandnephew, one uncle, one aunt, two great aunts, one great grandaunt, one father-in-law, one mother-in-law, one brother-in law, one sister-in-law and two cousins.

The youngest person has neither father nor mother living, and the average of all their ages is 51 years. Where is there a family of the same number of persons, all under one roof, which can beat it?

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY OF MEDICATION is not to dose for symptoms, but to root out disease. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the Great Blood Purifier, has proved itself equal to this task. It is a most searching without being a violent remedy for Constipation, Biliousness and Indigestion. It is as well adapted to the needs and physical temperaments of delicate females as to the more robust sex, and a fine preventive of disease as well as a remedy for it.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

It is a great mistake to suppose that dyspepsia can't be cured, and must be endured, and life made gloomy and miserable thereby. Alexander Burns, of Coburg, was cured after suffering fifteen years. Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co. 106 Wall street, New York.

WARREN LELAND,

whom everybody knows as the successful manager of the

Largest Hotel Enterprises

of America, says that while a passenger from New York on board a ship going around Cape Horn, in the early days of emigration to California, he learned that one of the officers of the vessel had cured himself, during the voyage, of an obstinate disease by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Since then Mr. LELAND has recommended AYER'S SARSAPARILLA in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failure to effect a radical cure.

Some years ago one of Mr. LELAND'S farm laborers bruised his leg. Owing to the bad state of his blood, an ugly scrofulous swelling or lump appeared on the injured limb. Horrible itching of the skin, with burning and darting pains through the lump, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running ulcers formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND'S direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which allayed the pain and irritation, healed the sores, removed the swelling, and completely restored the limb to use.

Mr. LELAND has personally used

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

for Rheumatism, with entire success; and, after careful observation, declares that, in his belief, there is no medicine in the world equal to it for the cure of Liver Disorders, Gout, the effects of high living, Salt Rheum, Sores, Eruptions, and all the various forms of blood diseases.

We have Mr. LELAND'S permission to invite all who may desire further evidence in regard to the extraordinary curative powers of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to see him personally either at his mammoth Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, or at the popular Leland Hotel, Broadway, 27th and 28th Streets, New York.

Mr. LELAND'S extensive knowledge of the good done by this unequalled eradicator of blood poisons enables him to give inquirers much valuable information.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

ENGLISH BOOTS

Just Received:

Gent's hand made Calf Congress;
Gent's do. Balmorals;
Ladies' Glove Kid Congress;
Do. do. Balmorals;

and a large variety of

CHILDREN'S

BOOTS and SLIPPERS.

These are Genuine English Goods, are very fine in quality and will wear A 1.

J. B. McAlpine,

NEXT ABOVE C. H. THOMAS & CO.,

Queen Street, Fredericton.

March 18, 1885.

NEW GOODS.

NEW GOODS. NEW GOODS.

JUST OPENED:

LUNCH BASKETS, SATCHELS;
BILL and POCKET BOOKS, PURSES;
LETTER, CARD and CIGAR CASES;

Nobby Canes,
Stout Walking Sticks,

MEERSCHAUM and BRIAR PIPES.

Cigar and Cigarette Holders,

Pearl and Celluloid Stud, Collar and Cuff Buttons.

Carved Bread Plates and Knives,

CARVING SETTS.

Table and Desert Knives with Celluloid Handles.

S. F. SHUTE,

SHARKEY'S BLOCK.

April 15

ALWAYS READY TO Alleviate OUR PAINS AND ILLS.

That, Old, Reliable Killer of Pain,

Whether Internal or External, Perry Davis' Pain Killer should have a place in every Factory, Machine Shop and Mill, on every Farm, and in every Household, ready for immediate use, not only for Accidents, Cuts, Bruises, etc., but for Bowel Complaints, such as Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, sudden Colds, Chills, Neuralgia, etc., etc. Sold everywhere. Price, 20c, 25c and 50c per Bottle.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. Limited.

Wholesale Agents, Montreal.

HATS AND CAPS.

Spring and Summer.

FRANCIS DOHERTY

HAS NOW IN STOCK THE

Finest Assortment

—OF—

HATS and CAPS

ever seen in the City.

CALL AND EXAMINE

Prices to suit the times.

Fredericton, April 7, 1885

HAGYARDS YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

TEAS & COFFEE.

Just landed from London, direct:—

66 HALF Chests Choice Teas;
20 Sacks Superior Java Coffee.

For Sale on Retail at Wholesale Prices for cash.

GEO. HATT & SONS.

Fredericton, March 25

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to make more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

JAMES W. McCREADY,

Barrister-at-Law,

Notary Public & Conveyancer,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Collections a specialty.

Office with JOHN BLACK, Esq., Queen St.

Fredericton, March 4, 1885

JOHN BLACK,

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CONVEYANCER, ETC.

OFFICE: Queen Street, Fredericton,

Over W. U. Telegraph Office, directly opposite Post Office.

Loans negotiated Accounts collected.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

'84 Winter Arangement '85

On and after MONDAY, December 1st, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will Leave St. John.

Day Express,	7.30 a. m.
Accommodation,	11.20 a. m.
Express for Sussex,	4.35 p. m.
Quebec Express,	7.20 p. m.

On TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, a Pullman Car will be attached at Moncton.

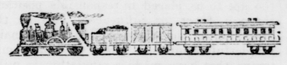
Trains will arrive in St John.

Express from Quebec,	7.00 a. m.
Express from Sussex,	8.35 a. m.
Accommodation,	1.30 p. m.
Day Express,	7.20 p. m.

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE.
Moncton, N. B., Nov. 27, 1884



NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

(Operating 443 miles.)

WINTER TIME TABLE.

All trains are run on Eastern standard time, which is 36 minutes slower than Saint John actua time.

COMMENCING OCTOBER 18th, 1884, Trains run as follows:

St. John Division.

DEPARTURES.

8 10 A. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Express for points West, and for Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and all points North and South.
3 30 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Express for Fredericton.
8 30 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Night Express for points West, and for St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North.
2 00 P. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.
7 25 A. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.
9 00 A. M.—From Fredericton for points West, North and South.
7 20 A. M.—From Gibson, for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVALS.

6 30 A. M., at St. John—Express Train from all points West, and from St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North
10 10 A. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from Fredericton.
5 40 P. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from points West, and from St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton, Fredericton, and all points North and South.
4 35 P. M., at Fredericton from points West, North and South.
7 00 P. M., at Fredericton from St. John.
11 50 A. M., at Fredericton from St. John.
5 35 P. M., at Gibson, from Woodstock and points north.

Pullman Sleeping Cars on Night Trains, and Drawing Room Cars on Day Trains, to and from Bangor. Berths secured at ticket office, Water Street—G. A. Freeze, agent.

No train leaves St. John Saturday night or Sunday morning.

A train arrives at St. John from the West Sunday morning and a train leaves for the West Sunday night.

Through connections are made from Boston on Sunday nights.

Connexion is made at Vanceboro with trains of the Maine Central Railway to and from all points West, at Fredericton Junction for Fredericton, and at Gibson by branch line, for all points North.

Tickets for sale in Fredericton at New Brunswick Railway Ticket Office.

Passengers for points north of Grand Falls will have to remain over at Grand Falls until next morning.

E. R. BURPEE,
Gen'l Manager.

N. T. GREATHEAD,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B, October 18, 1884

JAS. R. HOWIE

has, in consequence of the Fire, removed from his own premises on Queen Street, to

Fisher's Building,

Where he will carry on his business as usual.

He invites special attention to his well-selected stock of

NEW GOODS,

(ARRIVING DAILY,)

Consisting of all the Staple makes of

English, Scotch and Canadian

WOOLLENS,

And many Spring Novelties.

A FULL LINE OF

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Trunks, Valises, &c., &c.

A very large and varied stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

which will be sold low for Cash.

March 18, 1885.

'85 Spring and Summer, '85

WM. JENNINGS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

has now received his SPRING AND SUMMER stock consisting of

Cloths, Doeskins,

ENGLISH,

SCOTCH AND CANADIAN

TWEEDS,

Diagonal and Corkscrew Coatings, in Plain and Fancy Colors.

Also a beautiful assortment of SPRING and SUMMER OVERCOATINGS. Likewise Scotch and English TROWSERINGS in Woollens and Worsteds, making the most complete Stock ever opened in the city. Please call and examine.

WM. JENNINGS.

Fredericton, March 18, 1885

Oranges and Lemons.

JUST RECEIVED:

Florida Oranges;
Messina Oranges;
Messina Lemons.

At GEO. HATT & SONS.

WANTED LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who wish to make $3 to $4 a day easily at their own homes. Work sent by mail. No canvassing. Address with stamp Crown M'f'g. Co., 254 Vine St., Cin'ti, O.

EBEN MILLER & CO.,

BUILDERS OF

FINE CARRIAGES,

King Street, - - - Fredericton, N. B

Concord Wagons,	Piano Box Wagons,	Iver's Wagons,
Miller Spar Wagons,	White Chapel Wagons,	Top Phætons,
Brewster Wagons,	Cronin Wagons,	Open Phætons.

Soe Manufacturers of Miller's Patent Shifting Rail.

These Shifting Tops have no rival, as a glance at the cut will show for itself; it is so simple It requires only one person to take it off or put it on, and when off no one would think a Top had been on, as no unsightly ends are sticking out. When the Top is on it is as firm as a rock. It can be put on any carriage in use. Persons ordering Buggies or Canopy Top Carriages should see that they have this Rail, as it will be greatly to their interest.

These Tops were awarded a Diploma at the Provincial Exhibition in October, 1880

Particular attention given to orders. Repairing done in the best manner, and at the shortest notice

Price List.—BUGGY TOPS, $32 to $50; CANOPY, $15 to $25

Patented in Canada, March 31st, 1877, and in the United States, Dec. 10th, 1878

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

EBEN MILLER & CO

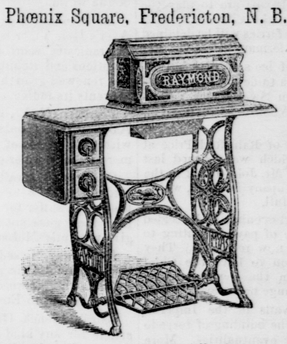
CALL AND SEE THE

NEW "RAYMOND,"

With Large Improved Arm, at

D. M'CATHERIN'S SALES ROOM.

Phœnix Square, Fredericton, N. B.



These machines can be had at the following offices, viz:—

Fredericton, N.B., Newcastle, Miramichi, N.B., Chatham, Miramichi, N. B., Bathurst Gloucester Co., N. B., Campellton, Restigouche Co., N. B., St. Stephen, N. B.

Agents wanted for P. E. Island and Nova Scotia.

D. McCATHERIN,
Manager for Maritime Province

Address all communications P. O. Box 162, Fredericton, N. B.

Fredericton, May 18, 1883

1885. MARCH 1885.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

FOR

Cash Buyers!

Men's Tweed Suits, Over Coats, Reefers, Pants, Vests, Rubber Coats, Hats and Caps, Boys' Clothing, Shirts and Under-Clothing—all sizes, Dress Goods, Tweeds, Prints, Cottons, Flannels, Blankets, Gossamer Cloaks, Corsets, Skirts, Bustles, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Laces, Hosiery, Gloves, Trunks, Valises, Umbrellas, Room Papers, &c.

BALANCE OF

FANCY GOODS

On our New Variety Counter, at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

TO CLEAR.

Cash buyers will find it to their advantage to call and examine this Stock before purchasing.

REMEMBER THE STORE:

Wilmot's Block, Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

SIMON NEALIS.

March 25, 1885

1884 Christmas-New Year 1885

AT THE

NEW BOOK STORE.

JUST OPENED:

A fine assortment of

Christmas and New Year

CARDS,

FROM

English, German, American, and Canadian Manufacturers,

AND MARKED AT THE

VERY LOWEST PRICES!!

Also a very large stock of

HOLIDAY BOOKS,

SUCH AS

Boy's Own Annual,
Girl's Own Annual,
Child's Own Magazine
Chatterbox,
Little Wide Awake,
Sunday at Home,
Leisure Hours,
Children's Friend,
Wood's Natural History,

and a variety of Miscellaneous Books.

FANCY GOODS, TOYS and GAMES.

New Styles of Photograph Albums, and a variety of articles suitable for XMAS PRESENTS

W. T. H. FENETY

Fredericton, November 26, 1884

KNABE

PIANO-FORTES.

UNEQUALLED IN

Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.

Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore
No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York.

TEAS. TEAS.

JUST RECEIVED:

20 HALF chests Tea, very fine
20 bbls. Sugar;
2 tons Smoked Hams and Shoulders—cheap for cash, at

W. H. VANWARTS.

April 1, 1885

COFFEE!

DO you wish for a Rich, Fragrant Cup of Coffee? If so, use

CHASE & SANBORN'S

STANDARD JAVA!!

the best Coffee in the world, warranted strictly pure and