

Poetry

Things That Never Die

The pure, the bright, the beautiful, That thrill our hearts in youth...

Literature

TICKETS FOR A BALL

CHAPTER I

THE TEMPTATION

It was such a raw, foggy winter's night, that Con O'Reilly shivered as, with his hands in his pockets...

"Jolly cold this evening, aunt!" cried Con, in his rollicking, boyish voice, hoarse at one moment and rising to a squeak at the next...

"For which reason you keep that bring ask my rheumatics," was the tart reply. "Very sorry, ma'am. I'm off. Good night, Miss Rice."

Let him go to bed and get warm there, was the stern rejoinder. "I very much disapprove of late hours for young people and must beg you not to encourage my nephew in breaking the rules of my establishment."

Meanwhile Con had already reached the upper story, and bounded into a long narrow room without a fireplace, where, with her feet wrapp'd in an old blanket to keep them warm...

In this emergency they appealed to the only relation they had—Mrs. Lathom, the sister of their deceased father. She having never forgiven her sister for marrying an Irishman, was seriously displeas'd by the appeal, and would have refused it had she known how...

Miss Rice—the daily, hourly victim of Mrs. Lathom's self-sufficiency—marvelled that a woman so proud of her position—she was the widow of a merchant, and had sunk thousands of her money in handsome annuities—could permit her young relations to labor thus for their daily bread...

"They have nothing to expect from me indeed I have nothing to leave them, and so they cannot learn too quickly to depend upon themselves. I secure them from the young temptations that assail thoughtless young people by giving them an asylum in my own house, and insisting that their Sundays are spent under my own eye, instead of gadding about with idle companions. I can do no more."

"Haven't you stitched enough all day that you must be at it now?" demanded Con, twitching away the silken skirtling in his sister's lap. "You took blue with the cold, you poor darling? Get yourself blanketed off your bed and wrap yourself in it, and I'll give you a declaration from Shakespeare. What shall it be—blood, blood—the dagger scene from Macbeth? Or sentimental Romeo and Juliet? Sit on the table, and that shall be the balcony."

But Ellen held up her hands in supplication. "Oh, Con, ma'vourneen, just hear me first, and do give me back my trim! It's only to put black lace where the trimmings were white, and I could only get away by promising to bring it back in the morning."

"They've no business to make you work after hours."

ner into which he had flung it, but was renewing his grumbling when Ellen broke in: "Guess to whom it belongs? But no, how should you? It's that pretty Mrs. Bryanton Eaton's that's like a picture, and an old fifty-ninth cousin of her husband's had died suddenly and put her into slight mourning; and think of the disappointment to Con. Her lover and her husband were to have gone to the grand fancy ball to-night to be given at the big house round the corner that's always so well lighted up. The city you may know, with the heaps and heaps of money. Con made a grimace.

"I'm I expected to pity them? Poor souls, and they survive it! It's little 'I care if they don't!" "But Ellen was not to be silenced by ridicule. "It's her own maid that was talking about it, and the lovely dress direct from Japan that Mr. and Mrs. Eaton were to have worn, and she turned out of the pocket of this very gown the identical tickets they had bought for the ball."

"I'm sure, now, didn't I tell you, Con—and if I didn't I mean to tell you for a charity, and the city man only lends his house and pays for the music! A military band—Con—fancy the dancing to it! Oh, what could equal such a pleasure?" "Maybe dancing to two bands would do that same, because when one stopped the other could begin, and you'd have no occasion to stop for a moment."

"I'm sure I'd never tire of dancing!" Ellen protested. "Look here, Con, these are the tickets! I picked them up when the maid threw them down. What a pity that they should be wasted, isn't it?" "I'll take them downstairs and offer them to that Miss Rice. As they're bought and paid for, it can't signify who uses them. One could go as a lump of ice, and the other as a milk pudding."

"Oh, Con, but if it's true what you're saying why shouldn't we use them ourselves? I never thought of that before, but why shouldn't you and I go to the ball? Not to dance, you know, but just to get a peep at the brilliant scene it will be, and exchange for one happy half hour this dull house for lights, and warmth, and splendour."

"Where's my hat? Wait till I have put on my boots and I'm ready!" was the laughing reply. "I shall see how Mrs. Lathom's carriage, or walk to the scene of the festivities! Will you go wrapped in your blanket, or will you not?" "A hat, my dear, and a pair of shoes! And to be sure, it was silly to forget that poor papa is dead, and we are friends, and must never hope to be merry again."

"I don't see how the mud can fall off when I carry them so carefully, do you? I shouldn't wonder if it would. Shall her self that left such dirty marks on the stairs. Very disgraceful indeed; she's old enough to know better."

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Ellen's uneasiness became so apparent that when the dance was at an end he cavalier led her into the conservatory, and finding her a seat in a quiet corner, asked her frankly what was spoiling her pleasure.

One look into his kindly eyes and the impulsive Irish girl was telling him the history of the ball tickets, and tearfully entreating that Con might not suffer by yielding to the temptation of using them. She was consoling with the promise she sought; and as she could not resolve to dance again, Mr. Merton went in search of Con, who was dancing a Highland schottische with a quakeress, and persuaded him to take her home.

Yet before he could be induced to withdraw from the gay scene, Ellen, still carefully guarded by her cavalier, had almost without knowing it, told him the history of her life, and photographed briefly, but eloquently, a fair picture of her Irish home, a sorrowful one, of the grudgingly given asylum at Mrs. Lathom's. With a lovely bouquet in her hand, and pressed into it at parting by Mr. Merton, Ellen hurried away beside her brother, who was a little sickly at being dragged from the ball just as his enjoyment was at its height. But his good humor returned before they reached the house of their aunt.

"It's been jolly fun, and I'm glad we had it," he whispered, and he slipped the key into the lock. "What would the dear old lady say if she knew where we have been?" "But Ellen clutched his arm in dismay, for the opening door showed her that there were lights in the hall, and the next moment they found themselves confronted by Mrs. Lathom's maid. "The bitter things she said it is not necessary to repeat. At first she threatened to turn them out, and let them do their best or worse elsewhere; but finally she consented herself with locking them in their several rooms nightly at nine o'clock, and forbidding them her presence till they were thoroughly repentant."

Con laughed at her wrath, but Ellen pined; perhaps she missed the readings, the merry chats with her brother, which were now imperatively forbidden, and found her dull, dreary, and solitary; or perhaps that glimpse of a brighter world had filled her with longings to escape from her cheerless prison. "One evening, however, regardless of his muddy boots and Sarah's wrath, Con burst in just as she had returned from madame's, and was languidly taking her tea. "Ehly, my darling, good luck's come at last; I'm going abroad!"

"Going to leave me?" Oh Con! "Only for six months, and with Mr. Merton—to help him copy some rare manuscripts in the libraries at Rome and Florence. And listen, Ehly; he makes a condition that concerns you. Half my salary is to be devoted to finishing your education, so that you may be something better than a human sewing machine. I'll settle, even to the place you are to go. A widow lady at Folkestone, who only takes half-dozen pupils; a particular friend she is, of Mr. Merton, who vouches for your being happy with her."

"I don't know how more than one party can be so kind to me," said Con, with quivering lip, as he was bidding her farewell. "Wait till we come back, and then I'll tell you," he replied. "Will you be glad to see me again, Ehly?" "Those eloquent Irish eyes of hers answered the question in the affirmative, and when he does return, which he will shortly, she will not refuse to requite him with the boon he will ask—herself."

"Idleness and sloth are twin sons of the devil." "To try up the rock of success—try enger, four and six years respectively, for the purpose of killing time. Two of the children died within two hours, and but for the arrival of a physician the other would have died also."

"Weighed in the balance, but not found wanting. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure has been weighed in that just balance, the experience of an impartial and intelligent public. But remedially and sanatorially it is a success beyond all constantly increasing testimony in its favor is daily pouring in. The question of its efficacy in Dyspepsia, liver Complaint, Kidney Affections, and for Blood Impurity, is decided."

"A correspondent writes that he knows of a man who is an applicant for an important federal office, who recently wrote on a bill of lading 'Paid Threw.' You know that vulgar person at the adjoining table who is eating with his knife? Another Young Lady—Is it possible you don't know Mr. Smith, whose uncle has just died and left him a million dollars?"

"Young Lady—No; is that he? How gracefully he handles his knife." "Your honor, I am summoned to serve on a grand jury, but I wish you would excuse me."

"What is your business, sir?" "I am a coal merchant, your honor, and very busy this cold weather." "You are excused, sir, on the ground that it would be impossible for a coal merchant to weigh a matter properly and find a true bill."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones, "when my daughter was born I swore I would make her a lady when she grew up, and I have kept my word." "Indeed," said Mr. Smith, "has she married well?" "No; she is still single." "And you have made her a lady, you say?" "Yes, a salaried."

"It can't be stopped no sooner than a locomotive that carries 1,000 lbs of steam. For everybody who has used Minard's Liniment says it is nothing like it. It cures all aches and pains, and gives universal satisfaction to every user. The sales during the past year have been immense and are rapidly increasing. When the public have tried a good thing and it does all that it professes to do, as Minard's Liniment has done in every case, the sale cannot be stopped."

"If you do not at once remit the \$100 you owe our firm," wrote a dun the other day to a delinquent debtor, "we shall be obliged to put the bill into the hands of a lawyer for collection." "My dear sir," replied the client unobtrusively, "if you are happily acquainted with a lawyer who is able to collect \$100 from me, I beg you to send to me at once, for I shall be glad to employ him in my own interest."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

News Notes and Notions of Everything. Pugilist Sullivan's wife is suing for a divorce on the ground of cruel treatment. In the United States the average cost of food to the working classes is one-third the value of labor, in Great Britain it is one-half, and in France still more.

There are sixty-one cigar factories in the State of Maine. During the year 1884 they manufactured 3,986,407 cigars. The revenue tax thereon at \$3 per thousand would be \$11,959.21. A person sleeping on his right side, according to a celebrated French physiologist, will have incoherent and absurd dreams, but when sleeping on the left side the dreams will be of an intelligent nature.

It is spring. A resurrection of nature's latent forces is taking place. Like the world around you, renew your complexion, invigorate your powers, cleanse the channels of life. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the means to use for this purpose. President Diaz, of Mexico, has been but two months in office, yet he has inaugurated and carried out reforms in government expenditure that will result in a saving of at least \$1,000,000 per annum.

Have your inflammatory sore throat, stiff joints, or lameness from any cause whatever? Have you rheumatic or other pains in any part of the body? If so, use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is the most wonderful internal and external remedy known to medical science. The "Father of Freemasonry" has just died in England, and he was William Elliot, who attained the ripe old age of ninety-one years. He was the oldest Freemason in Europe, if not in the world.

James Gordon Bennett's yacht Na-mouha has been provided with a dense air machine, which is able to produce 1,000 pounds of ice per day. Yet it is so compact that it occupies a space seven feet long, four wide, and four high. Mr. William Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes: "Having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, I have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains in the neck and shoulders. I have also used it in cases of cramp in children, and have found it to be all that you claim it to be."

Mr. Cyrus W. Field is a man who does not fritter away his money in the gratification of any foolish sentiment, but he has often felt that he would freely give \$100,000, if he didn't bear such a strong resemblance to Jefferson. Cameron, the correspondent who was killed in the Sudan recently, was unmarried, but his aged mother was dependent upon him for support. The London Standard, for which he regularly works, has granted her a handsome life pension.

We caution all persons not to buy the extra large packets of dust and ashes now put up by certain parties and called condor powders. They are utterly worthless. Buy Sheridan's Condition Powders if you buy any; they are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Small packs 25cts.; large cans \$1.00.

In Hawkins County, Tenn., a few days ago, James Reynolds put kerosene oil on the heads of his three children, aged two, four, and six years respectively, for the purpose of killing time. Two of the children died within two hours, and but for the arrival of a physician the other would have died also.

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FUN, FACT AND FANCY.

Five Minutes Light Reading for Everybody. A Sweetheart's Suggestion. Pat Kelly was taking a ride on an elegant summer morning. As he sat close by his side, Bright smiles her face adorning.

And she looked so shy and neat, Her figure so plump and trim, No girl half so pretty and sweet Had ever appeared to him. Said Pat: "Your eyes are so blue, And your lips so temptingly red, They're the prettiest I ever knew, And belong to the coldest I've wed."

"Ah! darling, if it wasn't this haste That's pulling my poor arms apart, They would tenderly steal round your waist, And yourself be pressed to my heart. There is hope for duodes. A French scientist claims to manufacture artificial bottom's from his own excrement."

Skating is the devil's device, says Rev. Turnout Snuggs. Probably. But how did he get the ice? The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

He tried to kiss me and I just told him to behave, said an irate young lady after a sleighride down the road the other day. Well, did he kiss you? asked her friend. No, the idiot, he behaved. "Pah," said young Johnnie Japhely, "what is a defaulter?" "He is a man who loses money that does not belong to him, my son," replied Mr. Japhely. "And what is a financier?" "One who hangs on to it."

DOUBLE VALUE.—Minard's Liniment is not only the best Liniment ever yet in bottles, but it is put up in a bottle double the size of any other 25 cent preparation. "I held her tiny hand in mine, and clasped her fairly form, and told my tale of ardent love, in language sweet and warm. And when I paused for want of breath, she raised her dimpled chin, and whispered low, 'I don't catch on, please sing your song again.'"

"You seem to have all kinds of drinks behind your bar, including beef tea, hot soda, and if my eyes do not deceive me I see 'yeast' on a card." "Of course you do." "Who drinks that?" "How green you are. Follows that will raise money, to be sure."

Amos Hudgin, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for the past six years. All the remedies I tried proved useless, until Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was brought under my notice. I have used two bottles with the best results, and can with confidence recommend it to those afflicted in like manner."

"I understand that Smith has called you a thief and a rascal?" "Yes, sir, and I propose to sue him for \$3,000 damages." "He claims he can substantiate the truth of what he has said." "That's the beauty of it, my dear fellow. The greater the truth, the greater the libel. I've got the dead wood on him."

Caller—"What a good little boy you are becoming?" Little Dick—Yessum. Caller—"You were not so good when I was here before, but you had not begun to go to Sunday school then, I remember. Are you good all the time now?" Little Dick—"Yessum; I have to be. Ma's corns hurt her, and she wears slippers now."

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it does me so much good, I got another, and before it was used, I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild-fire, and makes cures wherever it is put."

Young lady (at hotel table)—Do you know that vulgar person at the adjoining table who is eating with his knife? Another Young Lady—Is it possible you don't know Mr. Smith, whose uncle has just died and left him a million dollars?"

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AYER'S Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, and keeps black, when faded. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It cures itching of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth of hair. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and keeps the hair every disease peculiar to the scalp. As Ladies' Hair Dressing, the only one unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY '84 Winter Arrangement '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, 1:35 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 to the St. John Express.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY (Operating 443 miles.) WINTER TIME TABLE. All trains are run on Eastern standard time, which is 30 minutes slower than local time.

ST. JOHN DIVISION. DEPARTURES. 8:10 A. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Express for points West, and for Fredericton, Woodstock, and all points North and West.

ARRIVALS. 6:30 A. M., at St. John—Express Train from Woodstock, West, and from St. Stephen, Woodstock, and all points North and West.

WELCOME SOAP. Acknowledged the "STANDARD" of LAUNDRY SOAP. There is but one. Every bar is stamped with a pair of hands, and no Grocer should be allowed to offer any substitute. In the WELCOME SOAP people realize "VALUE RECEIVED" and discover that superiority in WASHING QUALITY peculiar to this Soap.

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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 Phaetons, Brewster Wagons, Cronin Wagons, Open Phaetons. See Manufacturers of Miller's Patent Shafting Rail.

Price List.—BUGGY TOPS, \$32 to \$50; CANOPY, \$15 to \$25. Patented in Canada, March 21st, 1877, and in the United States, Dec. 10th, 1878. ALL WORK WARRANTED.

CALL AND SEE THE NEW "RAYMOND," With Large Improved Arm, at D. McCATHERIN'S SALES ROOM. Phoenix Square, Fredericton, N. B.

Image of a carriage with text: SEED WANTED TO GROW. GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE. FAY'S CURRANT AND GRAPE SEEDS.

Fall and Winter Goods. JAS. R. HOWE, The Fashionable Tailor and Clothier, has now received his Fall and Winter CLOTHS, including English and Canadian TWEEDS, Diagonals, CARRIAGES, WAGGONS, SLEIGHS AND PUNGS.

GENTLEMEN'S Wedding and Mourning Outfits. JAS. R. HOWE, PRACTICAL TAILOR. Fredericton Oct 22 1884.

INSURANCE AGENCY! Fire, Life and Accident Insurance Companies. THE MILD POWER CURE—HUMPHREYS'.

THE NORWICH UNION. THE ROYAL CANADIAN. Travellers Life and Accident Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

FRANCIS DOHERTY HAS NOW IN STOCK THE Finest Assortment of HATS and CAPS ever seen in the City.

KNABE PIANO-FORTES. Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability. 18 lbs. 10 lbs. DRY GOODS.

British House. JOHN McDONALD, Opp. Normal School. NEW FALL GOODS! Mantle Cloths, plain and figured, Ulster Cloths, Blankets, Comforters, Flannel, Bedlin, Coors, Knitted Shirts and Drawers.

DRY GOODS. JOHN McDONALD, Wilnot's Bldg., Fredericton, N. B.

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