

Poetry.

ONLY FRIENDS.

Summer's freshness left around us,
Nature dreamed its sweetest dream,
Every balmy evening found us
By the meadow or the stream.
With our hearts full of gladness
As the sunbeams shone so clear,
You're bright and golden bloomed in gladness,
While we wandered—only friends.

Not a word of love was spoken,
No hot blushes flushed in red;
Love's first step was left unspoken,
Bitter tears were never shed.
We were young and merry-hearted,
Dreaming not of future ends,
And without a sigh we parted;
Fate had made us—only friends.

But a little germ of sorrow
Wakened in my heart's recess,
When I wandered on the morrow
By the meadow or the stream.
And this germ found deeper rooting
As the weary days went on,
Till I felt a blossom shooting
In love's garden all alone.

No kind fate drew us together,
We had missed the lucky tide,
Golden days of summer weather
Not forever to be hid;
But for me, though vainly sighing
For love time never sends,
Still I left this thought undying:
We, alas! were only friends.

Literature.

Drifting: A Love Story.

"The boat is trimmed with sail and oar,
And all prepared to quit the shore,
Then off we go, with wind and tide,
Across the sunny waves to glide.
Then row! row! row!
Merrily over the waves we go.

The words of the boat song floated
lightly over the water, and died in many
echoes among the trees on the river bank.
They brought a smile to the lips of
Grant Clayton, artist and idler, as he lay
under the shadow of those same trees.

Lazily he lifted his handsome head,
resting it on his hand, and looked for
the singer.

There she was in her light little skiff
just "feathering" the oars, seemingly as
happy as a child, with her bare brown
arms showing the graceful and pretty from
the light muslin she wore, and the sunset
glowing on her dark, uncovered head.

"A perfect picture!" the young man
thought, his artist's eye kindling. I wonder
if I have time to make a sketch of
her? I might call it 'Drifting'."

He took out pencil and paper and was
soon at work. The girl noticed him as
soon as he began to sketch, and at first
she seemed surprised, then laughed softly
and bashfully "backed water," until the
sketch was under the shadow of the bank.

"Rex!" she called. "Come, show
yourself openly, sir! I'll never believe
you again when you say you cannot sketch.
Come and row me home; I'm tired."

Grant sprang up then—a tall, hand-
some, but rather shame-faced young man
—and approached the bank. The girl
gave him with perfect composure.

"I beg your pardon?" he stammered,
very much confused by those calm, dark
eyes. "I am not Rex, whoever he may be."

"So I see," she replied calmly.
And with a motion of her slender wrist,
she sent the skiff out from the shore,
then bending gracefully to him, she
seemed fairly to fly over the surface
that her boat scarcely rippled.

"Jove! what a face!" the young man
thought again, remembering all its calm,
dark beauty, as it had shone on him from
the shadows. "I will see it again if I
have to hunt the margin of this river for
ever."

The dark, glowing face went with him
the whole night long; it haunted the
reception rooms of Mr. Nettley, whose
guest he was, during the following day,
which was one of constant rain, and kept
him in doors.

He made half a dozen copies of his
last sketch, but not one of them did
justice to the face of his "lady of the
lake." He tore them up in despair, and
wondered what he had done, as many a
man had done before him, and probably
will do again, when the first light sketch
has flown from the bow of Cupid, and the
little god laughs to see how certain was
his aim.

When the sun came out, on the third
day, a very handsome young artist might
have been found in the very spot from
which he had seen the small boat first,
but, although he watched for it until he
almost lost his dinner, it never came.

"I am a masculine Marianne," he told
himself, in disgust. "She cometh not,
and I'm making a fool of myself."

So he went back to Mr. Nettley's and
found the daughters of the house ready
to remind him of an engagement which
had completely escaped his mind—a law-
dance, to which he was to escort them,
given by Mrs. Langton.

"You have never seen Inez, or you
would have remembered," Miss Nettley
told him, and he laughingly declared he
had not.

They arrived rather late at the pic-
nec house of the Langtons, and found
the merriest party possible—dancing and
laughing, and "turning all things to
mirth" in Mrs. Langton's grounds.

"If I should meet her here?" Grant
thought, as he bent over the fair hand of
his hostess.

And the lady, as if conscious of his
prayer, led him across the lawn, and
straight up to a stately figure, which was
standing directly under a fall of rose-hue
light.

The light came from a colored lantern
suspended from a branch above her, but
to the dazzled eyes of the artist it seemed
to come straight from heaven; for it
was the face of the girl he had seen
the first time, and the dark eyes
turned in his direction, and they were the
same calm, clear, magnificent ones that
had looked up to him through the shadows
of the sunset.

He was stammering forth some com-
monplace words when a burst of music
drowned his voice, and in another mo-
ment he found himself leading Inez Lang-
ton toward the platform, which had been
erected among the trees of the lawn.

He had taken her for some farmer's
daughter when he saw her rowing on the
river; but her beauty had taken captive
his artist's soul.

He found her a very queen of society,
possessed of every grace, when he met
her in her stately home, and ere the
night was over he knew that he had
found his fate at last—he loved her!

fell on me at that hour, too. I have been
under a spell of enchantment since. Is it
one which will end in death for me, I
wonder?"

The girls eyes softened as they went
dreamily over the water, and her lips be-
came tremulous.

"Oh, do not say such things to me!"
she pleaded; "they are so hard to bear.
When you—you joined in my song that
day—you remember it?—I thought you
were—were another. Ah, Heaven, how
we have drifted, you and I!"

"Into something new and strange, but
sweet as a dream of the lotos-eater," he
said softly, laying his hand on hers.

She drew her hand from him with a
sigh.

"Let me tell you," she said. "I called
you 'Rex' that day. You have never
asked me for whom I mistook you."

"I did not think to ask. Was it not a
friend?"

"A friend? Ah, no!—a lover—the
man who—who is to be—my husband."

Startled and white he sat there, looking
at her fixedly, half despairingly. She
gave him one sweet glance, then shrunk
back, a look of keenest suffering on her
face. At last he broke the silence.

"It was the song of the Lorelei, then?"
he said bitterly.

But that was all.

A wave of color burned transiently in
her face; her hands trembled.

"I can say nothing to you," she faltered.
"Do not think me weak—or—or wicked—
only—only it is sometimes too late
when we learn to read our own hearts!"

"Was it so with you?" he questioned,
his lips very white.

She bent her head and a sob broke from
her.

"Oh, do not remain here!" she cried.
"Go away; go back to your world—and
to your work. He is noble and true—and
he loves me!"

"Heaven help us both!" the young man
prayed, reading the full meaning of
her words.

Then he lifted the ears and shot the
boat shoreward. As it touched the bank
he sprang from it.

"Farewell, Inez," he said, simply.

And at that moment the trees had hidden
him from her.

Five years later a party of strangers
were going through one of the galleries of
St. Petersburg and halted before one pic-
ture.

"Inez," somebody called; "come here!
This is surely your face on the canvas.
Who can have painted it?"

A stately, dark-eyed woman obeyed the
summons and turned dead pale as she
gazed.

"It is a masterpiece!" somebody cried.
But she did not heed, did not hear.
She had gone back to that sunset hour
when a hand she knew had portrayed
her. Her own voice echoed about her as
it had that day, until another took up
the strain and mingled with its sweetness
a stronger melody.

She almost felt the last touch of sunset
on her face as it lay in the picture; for
she had gone idly through it that Sum-
mer day, and he had painted her—the man
who had loved her, whom she had sent
from her.

"Drifting," he had called it.
And the dark eyes of Inez filled as she
looked at the calm face of the girl, who,
she told herself, had died long since, leav-
ing a woman, sad and sorrow-worn in her
place.

She found his name—Grant Clayton—
and with hand that trembled, penned him
a line.

"I remain a week in the city. If you
have not forgotten an old friend, I will
be glad to see you at—"

Here followed the address.
An hour after he received her note he
stood before her with outstretched hand
and a face which the years had scarcely
ouched in passing.

"I knew how great a folly I committed
in coming here and looking on your face
again," he said to her; but I could not
help it—I came. In an hour we will again
be glad to see each other farewell; but I had
such a yearning for sight of your face and
sound of your voice, touch of your hand! I
did not mean to say this to you, but I broke
out suddenly, as for five years I have been
as the starving, as one dying of thirst.
The draught may have been bitter in it,
but 'twill cool my fevered lips. As for
that, to whom you belong—"

She lifted her shaking hand to silence
him.

"My husband has been dead for two
years," she said, softly.
Grant uttered a low cry.

"I never passed a finer time on horse-
back; but nothing interesting occurred,
and I will hasten on to the story."

"As night approached, and my com-
panion offered no information in regard
to our distance from the camp, I began to
consider that, as we had ridden at a
good rate all day, we must be near our des-
tination."

"Well, Frank," said I, "we are nearly
at the end of this journey, are we not?"

"I guess we are, Colonel," he replied.
"Then you are not certain about it?"

"I thought I was," he replied, in a
puzzled way, and looking about for land-
marks.

"Do you recollect where you are?" I
inquired, after a short silence.

"He admitted that he did not, and, al-
though he declared 'he didn't know how
he could have made such a mistake,' I
realized that he must be seeking a lodg-
ing for the night without delay, for the
storm had gathered violence, and would
soon discharge itself."

"We must make inquiries at the first
house," I said, and urging the tired horse
onward, we kept a sharp lookout for some
habitation.

"But this was not what we had de-
sired. We had ravaged the country, and a
great many of the houses we passed were
untenanted and dismantled."

"As it grew darker and darker, the
prospect of remaining outside at the
mercy of the storm began to cause some
discomfort."

"There's a house!" shouted Frank at
last, and following his eyes, I saw a light
short distance back from the road.

"It was a small building, unpainted, and
did not promise much in the way of enter-
tainment. Nevertheless, any kind of
shelter is better than none in a storm, and
we rode in through the open gate and dis-
mounted."

"We were saluted by the barking of
dogs from the back of the house, and be-
fore we had reached the door it was opened
and a man appeared."

"We asked the way to our destination
and soon found that we had strayed many
miles from the direct road."

"You'll hardly get to that night," said
the man, in harsh accents; and he did
not refuse lodgings for ourselves and
horses when it was requested."

"We accompanied him to the stable and
saw our tired animals introduced to the
company of a cow and a pair of oxen,
then followed our host back to the house."

"I had taken a strange dislike to the
man, and was not made more easy by his
unfriendly manner and unfriendly tone."

"The room into which he led us, was
already occupied by a short, brown woman,
the man's wife, and three very dirty chil-
dren. The children were ordered off to
bed by their mother, who, at her hus-
band's suggestion, placed bread, butter,
and a plate of cold potatoes upon the
table for our delectation."

"I had often eaten worse fare with the
relish which is given by sharp hunger,
and did not dispute the meal; my com-
panion was more dainty, and, while mak-
ing a pretense of eating, fastened his
eyes upon the master of the house."

"The latter would have created suspi-
cion in a saint. He bore the exact de-
scription of the ruffian in an old poem I
have read:

"A lean-faced wretch with knave
Hawk-nosed and very hollow-eyed,
With mighty frowns in his stormy brows,
Long hair down his shoulders curled;
His chin was bare."

In fact, I could not help sharing, to a
certain extent, in my comrade's fear; but
we were in for it now, if danger was in-
tended."

"We soon learned that our host a violent
partisan of the South; that he had
lost two sons upon the battle-field, and
that he would have shouldered arms him-
self if it hadn't been for the old woman!"

"He did not seem to consider us foes
and Frank thought it necessary to express
sentiment in favor of the man's principles."

"As we were preparing to retire for the
night, the door opened and a stout young
man entered, shaking the water from his
clothes."

"He was a neighbor, apparently, for
the master addressed him in a familiar
way, and as we followed our hostess from
the room, I observed a signal pass be-
tween them, followed by glances, menac-
ing, I thought, east in our direction."

"The apartment into which I was
ushered was small, with no furniture ex-
cept the bed, and without a door."

"My companion was to be in an adjoining
room. The woman made an awkward
apology for the 'poor place' as she called
it, and ending by saying, that her sons
had once occupied the room, and maybe
my friends had killed them."

"This suggestion came so abruptly that
it startled me. It was the first intimation
given that our profession was understood,
and made some commonplace remark,
and was left alone, to sleep if I could
which was not at once."

"I had retired to the room; then all
was still save the patter of the storm out-
side. I felt oppressed, as though with
the sense of approaching misfortune."

"The form of our ill-looking host was
conjured up before me, and I attended
all the villainous circumstances and
incidents that an active imagination
could furnish."

"At last, after toying about for hours,
I fell asleep. He came with a stealthy
movement of a murderer stealing upon his
victim."

Miscellaneous.

Husband—"That fence wants paint-
ing badly; I think I'll do it myself."
Wife—"Yes, do it yourself if you think
it wants to be done badly."

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as
a worm medicine; the name is Mother
Graves' Worm Extirminator. The
greatest worm destroyer of the age.

"Well, Uncle Zek, what compensa-
tion do you want for whitewashing that
fence?" "Doan want nothin' but a
mass Backus; only jist fo' dollars an' a
hat."

Adoring one (in lavender kids and
blue scarf)—"O, how I wish I were that
book you clasp so lovingly!" She—
"How I wish you were, and then I could
shut you up."

"Ah, John," she said, just before
marriage, "I fear I'm not worthy of you."
You are such a good man." "Never
mind, Martha, I'll change all that after
the wedding."

"What are chilled plows papa?" asked
the little son of an agricultural profes-
sor. "Oh, my son," was the wise re-
ply, "they are plows that have stood out
in the furrows all winter."

Revivalist (to young man loitering
near the door)—Are you seeking the
Lord, young man (he was only)—No, no, I am seeking Miss Polly
Smith, but I can wait until the meeting is
over."

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will posi-
tively cure chronic diarrhoea of long
standing, also dysentery, cholera morbus
and cholera, used internally. There is
no remedy known so valuable for imme-
diate use as this old life preserver.

Bobby was very much impressed by
the remark of the minister at church that
man was made of dust. "Ma," he said,
after a thoughtful silence, "was I made
of dust, too?" "Yes she replied—
"Well, how is it, then, that my birth-
day comes in January? There ain't no
dust in January."

An old bachelor asserts that the best
and quietest way to revive a lady when
she faints is to begin to take down her
hair, if it isn't her own she will grab it
in a jiffy. A better way to stop fainting
and to produce Hair of her own is to
use Minard's Liniment.

"The doctor said he'd put me on my
feet again in five weeks."
"Well, didn't he do it?"

"He did, indeed. I had to sell my
horse and buggy to foot his bill."

"And you've been footing it ever
since?"

"Precisely."

"Papa," asked a little three-year old,
"why do I stop a short prayer and you a
long prayer?" "Because you are not
old enough to learn a long prayer," ex-
plained the father. "Is that it? I
thought it was because I haven't got
wicked enough yet to have to say a long
prayer."

"Remarkable, isn't it, the great age
to which some animals attain? I have
just read that a Pittsburgh donkey has
recently died at fifty-seven years."

"Nor I. Oh, by the way, Hobbs, how
old are you? My wife was asking me
yesterday."

Pa, does the sausage come out of his
hole on the Candelmas day and look
around for its shadow so as to make an
early spring? Ma says it does. "What
are you talking about?" says the papa
to the little boy. "It is the ground hog
that comes out of its hole, not the sausage."

"Well, ain't sausage ground
hog?"

"And you are glad to see me, Bobby?"
asked the Bishop on his semi-annual visit
to the parish. "Oh, yes," said Bobby,
"cause we always have a good dinner
when you come. But I didn't expect
you." "No?" "No, I thought you'd
go somewhere else, 'cause Ma said yes-
terday that it was about time some other
member of the church offered to entertain
you."

Bog Ingersoll recently was talking
with an old colored woman in Wash-
ington upon religious matters. "Do you
really believe, aunty," said he, "that
people are made out of dust?" "Yes,"
said the Bible says dey is, an' so I be-
lieve it." But what is done in wet
weather, when there is nothing but mud?
Den I spees dey make infidels and sich
trash."

Mr. W. Thayer, Wright, P. Q., had
Dyspepsia for 20 years. Tried many
remedies and doctors, but got no relief.
His appetite was very poor, had a dis-
tressing pain in his side and stomach,
and general wasting away of flesh, when
he heard of, and immediately commenced
taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable
Discovery. The pains have left and he
rejoices in the enjoyment of excellent
health, in fact he is quite a new man."

Bagley—You say Ponsonby initiated
you, Amelia?
Amelia—He did Pa. We were sit-
ting together on the sofa, and he sud-
denly kissed me.

Amelia—Indignantly—Kissed you?
Great Scott!
Amelia—Yes, he did, repeatedly!
Bagley—Did you not resist?
Amelia, calmly—Yes, pa! I set my
face against it with all my might.

Glenn Laird, St. Margaret's Hope,
Orkney, Scotland, writes: "I am request-
ed by several friends to order another
parcel of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. The
last lot I got from you having been test-
ed in several cases of rheumatism, has
given relief in many doctory medicines
have failed to have any effect. The ex-
cellent qualities of this medicine should
be made known, that the millions of suf-
ferers throughout the world may benefit
by its providential discovery."

He Acted Wisely.
"I am so weak I can hardly move, al-
right down with a Chronic Summer Com-
plaint, said one gentleman to another
on our street the other day. Now, to my
advice, replied his friend, 'go to your
Druggist and get a bottle of Dr. Fowler's
Extract of Wild Serraria. I have never
known it to fail in curing any kind of
Summer Complaints."

"How old would you take me to be,
Mr. Snooks?" she whispered, looking un-
derneath his chin.
"I don't know," he replied, "but I
should think you to be about thirty-
three."

"Then you ought to wear glasses," he
replied earnestly.
"Why, Mr. Snooks, glasses at twenty-
three?"

"Yes, your eyesight must be bad."
"I'm sure I don't know why you
should think so," she pouted.
"Because I'm afraid about twenty-
three years have gone by you that you
haven't seen."

An Inventor's Advice.
Geo. Stearns when advising young
men how to get on "would finish by say-
ing: 'Do as I have done—persevere.'"
Now fifteen years he plodded and worked
before giving the finishing touches to his
locomotive. In as many days those per-
severing in the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden
Medical Discovery" have experi-
enced great relief and found themselves
on the high road to health. Liver com-
plaints, impure blood, chronic lung dis-
eases and many others yield to his healing
influences never to return. All Drug-
gists.

DREAMS, ETC.

Dream of eggs, sign of money.
Dream of snakes, sign of enemies.
Dreaming of muddy or rushing water
brings trouble.

Finding a horseshoe or a four-leaved
clover brings good luck.
If you cut your nails or sneeze on
Saturday you do it "for evil."

She who takes the last stitch at a
quitting will be the first to marry.
If you cannot make up a handsome
bed your husband will have a homely
niece.

If you spill the salt some one will be
"mad" with you unless you put some in
the fire.

Stab your right toe, you are going
where you are wanted; your left, where
you are not wanted.

If the rooster crows on the fence, the
weather will be fair; if on the doorstep,
he will bring company.

If the first Sunday in the month is un-
pleasant, there will be but one pleasant
Sunday during the month.

If your right ear burns, some one is
praising you; if your left, your friends
are raking you over the coals.

Returning to the house for a moment
after having once started out will bring
bad luck unless you sit down.

When, in dropping a fork, it strikes
the floor and stands upright, it will bring
a gentleman visitor; if a knife, a lady.

While at the washboard, if the suds
splash and wet the clothes you are wear-
ing, you will have a drunken husband.

If you drop your dishcloth you will
have company; if you sweep a black
mark; or if two chairs stand accidentally
back to back.

If a baby sees his face in the glass it
will be the death of him. If his nails
are cut he will be a thief. If he tumbles
out of bed it will save his being a fool.

Break a mirror, sign of death. Death
is also foretold by a dog howling under
a window; hearing a mourning dove,
a strange dog hovering about, or dream-
ing of a white horse.

If you see the new moon through the
glass you will have sorrow as long as it
lasts. If you see it fair in the face you'll
have a fall. Over the left shoulder bad
luck—over the right, good luck.

WILEY'S
DRUG STORE!
GERMAN
SOAPS AND PERFUMES,
from Moisson & Co., Frankfurt.

100 lbs.
INSECT POWDER.
500 lbs.
PARIS GREEN.

JUST RECEIVED.
JNO. M. WILEY,
Opp. Normal School, Fredericton.

Fire. Fire.
The Guardian Fire and Life
Insurance Company of
London, England.

ESTABLISHED, A. D., 1821.
Invested Funds, - - - \$20,000,000.
THIS Large and Wealthy English Company
has been opened an Agency in the city is
prepared to receive applications for Fire Risks on
all descriptions of Insurable Property at lowest
rates.

JOHN RICHARDS,
Agent, Fredericton.

HERRING! HERRING!
IN STORE:
CANSO HERRING,
Shelburne Herring, Bay Her-
ring, Mackerel, in bbls.,
HERRING,
IN BOXES.

FOR SALE LOW BY
JAMES HODGE.
Fredericton, July 11, 1886.

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NEW GOODS
—AT—
OWEN SHARKEY'S
DRESS GOODS

now on hand, a large stock of
all desirable Shades and Textures.

Manilla Cloths, Panama, Gaucho, Dolman's;
Glosters, Embroidered, Marcella, Rose
Gloves, Corsets, etc., etc.
Cottons, Lace Curtains, Lambrequins,
Laces, Muslins, Ribbons, etc.,
Cable Laces, Towels, Hollands,
Tickings, Ducks, Cottonades;
Gray and White Cottons;
Sheetings, Shirtings, Swansons;
Scot, Blue, White and Fancy Flannels;
Table and Floor Cloths;
Brussels, Wool and Hemp Carpets.

Mens' and Yonth's Clothing,
—AT—
FARM MOWERS,
FOR SALE LOW AT
NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

'86 Summer Arrangement '86
On and after MONDAY, June 14th,
1886, the Trains of this Railway
will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as
follows:

Trains will leave St. John:
Day Express, 7:00 a.m.
Accommodation, 11:00 a.m.
Express for St. John, 4:35 p.m.
Express for H. A. & Q. B., 1:15 p.m.

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 10:15
p.m. Train to Halifax.
On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a
Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to
the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday
and Friday, a Sleeping Car will be attached
at Moncton.