

Poetry.

TROUBLE EVERYWHERE.

There's trouble in the dwelling,
Trouble on the street;
There's trouble in the bosom
Of every one we meet.

There's trouble in the garden;
Beside the sweetest rose,
Beside the fairest lily,
The thorn of trouble grows.

There's trouble on the ocean;
There's trouble on the land;
And when the sunshine brightens
There's trouble everywhere.

From troubles that pursue us
We never can escape;
There's trouble to overcome us
In some peculiar shape.

To circle slowly round us
Or seize us, unaware;
Trouble's sure to find us
Where there's trouble everywhere.

But after storms of trouble,
How blessed is the calm!
And after wounds of warfar,
How soothing is the balm.

So trouble has its mission,
As through the world it goes,
A message into mortal,
In every breeze that blows.

It moves the stagnant water;
It stirs the pulse of health;
It gives courage to the hero;
To every laborer's wealth.

'Tis trouble that inclines us
To leave and daring deeds;
'Tis trouble that prepares us
To feel another's needs.

Each heart must bear its burden
Of suffering and care;
For man is born to trouble,
And he finds it everywhere.

Literature.

THE BLOOD OF THE KING.

An old man lay, moaning with pain,
Upon a bed in a large but squalid chamber
Of an ancient and dilapidated house
That stood alone in the half ruined
Suburbs of a large city.

By the dim window sat a young man
Of perhaps five and twenty, with a book in
His hand, which, however, he was gazing
Upon with frowning brow, but abstracted
Eye, that showed its pages had no connection
With his thoughts.

A more than usual deep groan caused
Him to turn his head toward the occupant
Of the sick bed.
"Why does he not die?" he muttered.
"John, give me a drink," said the old man,
In a faint and broken voice. "Come!
You won't—ugh! ugh!—have to wait long,
My son, for—ugh! ugh!—for you money?"

The young man rose, and taking a
Cracked glass from a small table, held it
To his father's lips, saying as he did so:
"O! you are worth a good many dead
Men yet, John. And then you'll have to
Wait a little longer, eh?—he! he! he!
—ugh! ugh! ugh!—oh, John?"

"D—nation, father, don't aggravate
Me—I mean don't exhaust yourself by
Talking. There—go to sleep! I'll send
Bridget up, and go out for a while. I'm
Choking for a breath of air." And he
Sighed his hat and hastily left the chamber.

In a few moments, the woman called
Bridget entered, and approaching the
Bed of the sufferer, asked him how he
Did.
"O! 't is me, Bridget—gone to
Death. John says I shall get over it, but
I know better. I am sinking rapidly, and
I shall go down with the sun. Has Lizzie
Been here to-day?"

laws, with the fatal key in his fingers.
As he did so, a small stream of blood
Flew out upon the grizzled beard of the
Murderer, and the fingers of his
Unnatural assassin were dyed with the
Crimson evidence of his fearful crime.

The murderer, leaving his victim as he
Had fallen, wiped the blood rapidly from
His hand with his handkerchief, and going
To the foot of the bed, knelt down, and
With some effort drew forth a strong steel-
Bound box. This he opened with the key
In his possession, and searched eagerly
Among its contents, which were chiefly
Papers, till he found what he wanted. It
Was a document with three seals, and for
A moment John Henshard hesitated
Whether or not to break them then and
There. But a noise in the street appar-
ently decided him, and thrusting the
Paper into his bosom, he locked and
Replaced the strong box, laid the key under
The dead man's pillow, and stealthily but
Rapidly left the chamber and the house.

Ten minutes later Bridget arrived, with-
Out Lizzie, whom she had been unable to
Find at home—ten minutes too late! The
Old woman entered her master's chamber,
Beheld the ghastly form stretched in death
Upon the bed, with the blood still oozing
From the dropped jaws; and instinctively
Recoiling with the awful shock, she rushed
Down stairs and into the deserted
Street, starting its solitary silence with the
Terrible cry of "Murder! murder!
Murder!"

Simon Henshard was a prodigal in his
Youth, and a miser in his age—not an un-
Common transition. He married, for
Money, at forty, and two children were
Born to him, in five years interval, the
Lad of whom, John Henshard, cost his mother
Her life. For this reason, perhaps, it was
That Old Simon (as he was even then
Called) never loved his child, regarding
Him somehow as the cause of his wife's
Death, and he had come to look upon her,
Not exactly with real affection, but as
Something necessary to his selfish com-
fort. Shortly after her death Simon re-
moved to the squalid quarters described
In the first chapter, and commenced the
Sordid life that became them, leaving the
Younger boy to the teachings good and
Evil, of vagabond chance, and his own
Inclinations. The fruit thereof was that
He had been briefly shown. The wind was
Sown, and the whirlwind inexorably
Reaped.

The elder son, Lester, meanwhile had
Gone away from the mansion that his home
Life must inevitably have produced.
But when young Lester was one-and-
Twenty, his father had recalled him, and
For a year made him a drudge and a slave.
Then, however, he rebelled, and put a
Fatal seal upon his rebellion by wounding
And wedding Lizzie Martden, a soft-eyed,
Gentle blonde of eighteen, good as she
Was fair, but poor unto direst poverty,
And with a crippled mother to support.
For this Simon Henshard drove his eldest
Son from house and heart (if he had such
A thing) for ever. So Lester had gone
Into the army, and to the battle-fields,
And upon one of them had yielded up his
Life—so said the war-bulletins, though his
Body was never found. And his death
Simon, with strange inconsistency, laid at
Lizzie's door, instead of at his own, and
Thereafter hated her, and forbade her
Name being mentioned in his presence.

During this time John Henshard had
Grown prematurely old and hardened in
Evil courses, and was a bitter thorn in
The side of the old man; his father, who had
Been forced to loosen his grip of money,
Had been forced to raise his name from in-
Famy in the person of his son.

And lo, he had had, at last, his reward.
An awful reckoning had smitten him.
But that of his son, the partridge, the ro-
ber, was yet to come.
Simon Henshard had died—said the
Law—by violence at the hands of a person
Or persons unknown.

John Henshard escaped suspicion, for
The time, both on account of his known
Absence from the house at the moment of
The crime, and from his admirable coun-
terfeited horror of the deed. There was,
At first, a disposition to accuse Bridget of
The fearful act; but she proved a com-
plete "alibi" in her errand to the mur-
dered man's daughter-in-law, and besides,
Her faithful attachment to her master was
Fully attested, both by Lizzie and by John
Henshard himself.

"It cannot be! no! it cannot be!" he
Muttered; "and yet that voice! but"—
He had recourse to the wine again—"ha!
Ha! your friend frightened me, Drake
With his stage voice and his infernally
Mug. He did, upon my soul!"

"The captain's mug, as you call it, was
Made as it was by a hazzard of war, Hen-
shard, replied Drake. "A caisson blew up
Under his nose, and saved him the trouble
Of disguising himself for the future in
Case he should want to avoid the recognition
Of his former acquaintances. I invited him
To meet us to-night—the first of his arrival
—in order to judge if the change were
So entire as he believed; and for the captain
Was once known to you, I think."

John Henshard had listened to this with
Fast increasing signs of agitation, and the
Conclusion he again rose from his chair
And said in a voice of concentrated rage:
"I will stand this mystification no longer!
I neither know nor care who your grim-
faced friend may be; but this I know:
That I will be your sport no more, and
So good-night to both of you!" and he
Made a step toward the door.

But the captain was before him, and
Placing himself with his back to the por-
tal:
"Out of this room you do not go, John
Henshard, till you render an account of
Our father's murder!" said he, sternly.
"Ha! you know me now, for you tremble.
Aye! I am Lester Henshard, your elder
Brother, whom you would have killed by a
Lie even as you have killed my father by a
More visible weapon. I saw the blood on
Your ring, and I see the stain on your
Soul, partridge. On your knees and con-
fess, or—"

But Henshard was by this time nearly
Crazed between his rage, the liquor he had
Drunk, and the consciousness that he had
Betrayed himself, as well as rendered de-
spaired by the startling and unexpected
Crisis in which he found himself.
"Out of my way, impostor!" he cried,
With clenched hands and glaring eye, and
Even as he spoke, he bounded upon Lester like
A tiger, and the two men fell to the
Ground, clenched in a deadly struggle.
The strife would have been short, for
John Henshard was a powerful man, and
Made infuriate by his mental and physical
Excitement, while the soldier was en-
feebled by wounds and illness. But Drake
After a desperate but vain attempt to
Loosen the partridge's grasp on the cap-
tain's throat, caught up a heavy decanter
From the table, and struck John Henshard
A heavy blow upon the temple, which in-
stantly stretched him lifeless upon the
Floor.

"You have killed him, Drake," gasped
Lester, as he rose with some difficulty to
His feet.
"Not a bit of it," replied the other.
"Though I should not care if I had. I
Owe him as much. But the gallows will
Not be cheated this time. See, he breathes.
Help me to lay him on my bed, and we
Will soon bring him to his senses."

To his senses, however, John Henshard
Did not return for several days, during
Which he was carefully tended by Lester
And his wife, as well as by a skillful phy-
sician. He had, meantime, been removed
To his former residence, and—was it a
More coincidence?—placed in the same
Chamber, on the same bed whereon his
Father had undergone his death agony.

Drake had surrendered himself to the
Authorities, and after a careful investiga-
tion, had been released on heavy bail to
Await the result of John Henshard's
Wound.

The sigh of a seamstress—A hem!
"YOUTH is the time to serve the Lord,"
Is a hymn most popular with old sin-
ners.

The man who wants but little here
Below generally gets it, but is not satisfac-
ted.

The world owes every man a living,
but some of us are finding collections
very slow.

It was a Fredericton girl who told
her lover that the engagement ring he
had presented her with the handsomest
one she ever had given her.

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When Ethalinda De Wiggs visited her
cousins in the country last week, one of
them said:
"Linda, don't you want to help me
pick peas this morning?"

"I'd like to, dear," replied Ethalinda,
"but I am not properly dressed for pick-
ing peas."

"Why, how is that?"
"I forget to bring a pea-jacket with
me."

"And you pretend to say," remarked
a lawyer to a witness, "that you remem-
ber the exact words this man said to you
ten years ago?"

"Well, if my memory serves me, I
met you in Saratoga about five years
ago, and I should like to know if you
can swear to any expression which I then
made?"

"I can."

"Now, Mr. J., I want you to remem-
ber that you are under oath—now, under
oath, you swear that you can quote with
great accuracy a remark I made to you
at Saratoga five years ago?"

"I can."

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, 11.0 a.m.
Express for New Brunswick, 4.35 p.m.
Express for Halifax & Boston, 11.15 p.m.

Trains will arrive at St. John:
Express from Halifax & Boston, 3.30 a.m.
Express from New Brunswick, 8.30 a.m.
Accommodation, 11.15 a.m.
Day Express, 6.10 p.m.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.
Arrangement of Trains--In effect June 27, 1886.
LEAVE FREDERICTON:
(Eastern Standard Time)

WILEY'S DRUG STORE!
GERMAN SOAPS AND PERFUMES,
FRASER'S HORSE REMEDIES,
INSECT POWDER,
PARIS GREEN,
JNO. M. WILEY,
Opp. Normal School, Fredericton.

ADVERTISERS can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York.

CHEAP FLOUR.
186 Bbls. Cheap Flour, WHICH WE ARE OFFERING BELOW COST TO CLEAR.

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

EBEN MILLER & CO., BUILDERS OF FINE CARRIAGES, King Street, Fredericton, N. B.

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

NEW "RAYMOND," With Large Improved Arm, at D. M'CATHERIN'S SALES ROOM, Phoenix Square, Fredericton, N. B.

HUMPHREYS' FANCY GOODS! We have now in stock the GREATEST VARIETY ever offered in this city, and at Very Low Prices!

JOHN HARVEY PHOTOGRAPHER! Queen Street, Fredericton. Next below Peoples' Bank.

BIRDCK BLOOD BITTERS WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DISPEPSIA, DRIPPS, INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, HEADACHE, AND every species of disease arising from impure blood.

FRANCIS DOHERTY HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, Gents' Furnishing Goods.

READY-MADE CLOTHING of every description, which will be sold cheaper than the cheapest.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness.

W.M. JENNINGS, MERCHANT TAILOR. English and Scotch SUITINGS, CHECKS and PLAIDS, IRISH TWEEDS, CHEVIOTS.

DR. PIERCE'S PEPPERS - Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO. Arrangement of Trains--In effect June 27, 1886.

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