Poetry.

I KNOW NOT.

I know not why warm hearts turn cold,
And eyes once filled with love sublime
Grow passionless: and days of old
Pass onward with relentless time—
Alas! I know not.

I know not why, hand placed in hand,
In sacred trust of friendship pure,
While journeying through this mortal land
Should sundered be, and not endure—
Alas! I know not.

I know not why old vows are broken,
Like some frail toy of infancy;
And each dead hope and every token,
Old age, through tears, again should see—
Alas! I know not.

I know not why some fatal weakness
Oft clouds the minds of noble men,
And proves the bar to that completeness
Which lends the power to the pen—
Alas! I know not.

I know not why, in summer hours,
When life is beautiful to see,
Death stalks amidst the fragrant bowers,
To still the young heart's thoughtless glee,
Alas! I know not.

I know not why the dead so calm,
Give back no answer to our cries;
To aching hearts no soothing balm,
From that strange realm beyond the skies
Alas! I know not.

I know not why we wait in vain,
For some sweet voice and love-lit eye;
And, in strange silence, bear the pain,
While cherished hopes within us die—
Alas! I know not.

I know not why on mother earth
We roam like pilgrims from afar,
And from the dawn of reason's birth
Till death's cruel night, in darkness are—
Alas! I know not.

Literature.

A LIFE FOURSQUARE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SEARCH FOR EDITHA.

Three months later saw Earle Wayne firmly established as the master of Wycliffe, and over all other property belonging to the former Marquis of Wycliffe and Viscount Wayne. His mother's character was cleared of every imputation of evil, her body removed to the vaults of her ancestors, where it rested as peacefully and quietly as the noblest of all the race of Vance, and the friends of her youth now looked back with sadness and regret upon the sufferings of the beautiful injured girl, which their own sneers and coldness had helped to aggravate.

All this change made no small stir in the social world.

Paul Tressalia first of all went down to Winchelsea, where he interviewed the old sexton of St. John's Chapel, who told him exactly the same story that he had told Earle seven years before. He next sought Miss Isabel Grafton, and craved permission to peruse her father's diary.

She received him with the same graciousness that she had accorded Earle, and talked long and freely with him upon the strange, sad events of Marion Vance's history, while he in return related much regarding Earle's manly battling with the cold world, omitting, of course, that sad epoch wherein he, too, had suffered so much for another's wrong.

In a simple, manly fashion he mentioned the fact that the establishment of his young kinsman's identity dethroned him from Wycliffe and one of the proudest positions in England, and Miss Grafton's expressions of sincere regret and sympathy were the sweetest and most comforting sounds that had fallen on his ear since that night when Editha Dalton had crushed his last hope of ever winning her love.

He was convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that Earle was the rightful heir, and he gave up everything to his possession without a demur; and then out of the nobility of his nature, took upon himself the defense of Marion Vance's character.

He caused a notice of the marriage to be inserted in all the leading papers, with the date of the event, wrote a brief and simple account of the manner in which it had occurred, the wrong that had been attempted but fortunately outwitted, and how at last the reil heir, her son, had been restored to his rights.

It was not long after this before the whole world, Marion's world—knew of her innocence, and immediately recognized and cordially received Earle as Marquis of Wycliffe and Viscount Wayne.

This accomplished, Earle's impatient heart told him he now might return to Editha and claim the reward of all his patient waiting, and to make one last effort to discover the criminals for whom he had so unjustly suffered.

He did not dream that when he should inform Mr. Dalton of the great change in his prospects, and the position to which he had attained, he would longer withhold his consent to his marriage with his daughter; and so it was with a light heart that he left Paul Tressalia to rule at Wycliffe until his return, and set sail for the United States.

The "wings of the wind" were not half rapid enough to bear him thither, for, for several weeks past, his heart had been filled with great anxiety.

Editha's letters had suddenly ceased, and though he wrote again and again, it was ever with the same result—not one came in reply.

He did not for a moment doubt her constancy; he knew she simply could not be untrue to him, and he was forced to believe that Mr. Dalton had discovered the fact of their correspondence, and had taken measures to stop it, in perhaps the same way that he had before intercepted her flowers.

The passage across the Atlantic was an unusually long one, owing to unfavorable winds and storms, and he was nearly sick with the delay, and his patience exhausted, when at last the vessel touched her pier, and he sprang ashore like a restless bird escaped from its cage.

Two hours later he stood on the steps of Mr. Dalton's residence, his heart beating with a strange, unaccountable fear of something wrong, though he knew not what.

A servant answered his impatient ring, and to his eager inquiry, "Is Miss Dalton at home?" returned a surprised "No, sir."

He then inquired for Mr. Dalton, and the reply suddenly stilled his rapid heart beats and drove every shade of color from his face and lips.

"No' sir, Mr. Dalton is not at home; he has been searching for Miss Dalton ever since her strange disappearance," the man said.

"Strange disappearance! Man! what do you mean?" gasped Earle, actually staggering beneath the unexpected blow.

The servant, pitying his distress, asked him to come in, saying he would tell him all about the affair.

He mechanically obeyed, and his heart nearly died within him as he listened to the strange account of her sudden disappearance and protracted absence.

Nothing had been heard of her during all that time beyond what has already been related in a previous chapter, although almost every one reasoned, from the account which the policeman gave of her encounter with the ruffian on her return from John Loker's house, that he must have something to do with it, since she seemed to possess something that he was bound to have, and she as determined not to relinquish.

The detectives employed to unravel the mystery could learn nothing; they were baffled at every point. They would seem to gain a clew to her whereabouts, and then would suddenly lose it again.

Her fate remained a dark and perplexing mystery, and seemed likely to remain so indefinitely, and it had created a great deal of excitement, not only in her own city, but all over the State.

At first Earle inclined to think that Mr. Dalton himself was criminally concerned in the affair, remembering as he did his excessive anger upon discovering that Editha had promised to be his wife, and also his insulting language, sneers, and sarcasm both to her and him the day before his departure for Europe.

But after he had seen and conversed with Mr. Felton, Editha's lawyer, he changed his mind upon this point.

Mr. Felton asserted that Mr. Dalton was now travelling in search of her, and had been unwearied in his efforts to find her ever since her disappearance.

He privately informed him also that his business affairs were inextricably involved and that for a long time he had been dependent upon Editha's income, which she had freely and generously shared with him.

Now, however, since she was of age and controlled her property, he would be cut off from that source of supply until she was found, as Mr Felton had no right to pay over anything to him without her sanction; so it was for his interest that he exerted every effort in his power to find her.

Earle's every interest and thought for himself was now also swallowed up in this great and unexpected trouble.

He no longer thought of seeking those unpunished criminals, or of clearing his own name from dishonor.

What cared he for any disgrace that might cling to him, so long as her fate remained such a dark mystery, and she, perhaps, sick and suffering, or—dead, for all any one would ever know?

For a week he was nearly mad, neither eating nor sleeping, but wandering aimlessly about the streets, peering into every face he met, as if he hoped that by some chance he might meet her. At night he was like some restless, caged lion, helplessly shut in by the darkness, as it were, behind its bars, against which he constantly fretted and fumed, until with the first sign of dawn, he could return to his vain search.

But at the end of the week he began to realize the uselessness of his present course, and then determined to settle down to some methodical plan upon which to work.

He resolved that he would visit every town, village, and hamlet in the State, and that failing, he would search every other State in the Union in the same way.

Of course, this would entail upon him a life-long search, and the detectives told him he would only have his labor for his pains—that he would never find her in that way. They held to the belief that she was either in that very city, or else in one of the adjoining cities, and within easy reach of the great metropolis, and they declared that they should confine their efforts to those places.

Earle wrote something of this to Paul Tressalia, begging him to remain and rule at Wycliffe until his return, even though it should be for a long time, and then he began his weary search.

It would be wearisome in the extreme to follow him, step by step, through the long week that followed, and during which he spared neither himself nor his money. He grew pale, thin and nervous, and disheartened, too, as the time went by, and he seemed no nearer the accomplishment of his object than at the very first.

"What shall I do?" he wrote, almost in despair, to Mr. Felton from a distant town. "I am nearly distracted, for all my efforts are vain. I have interviewed a number of detectives in different cities, and no two advise the same mode of procedure, and have advanced so many plans and theories that I am like a ship far out at sea, without rudder or sail. I suffer continually the tortures of the rack.—There is no rest for me, and there will be no charm in life for me until I find my lost one. Can you give me any hope? Has any clew been discovered? Telegraph me instantly if there is a single ray of hope."

"Poor fellow!" the lawyer sighed, as he folded the letter after reading it; "it is a hard case. It is a most trying case, and no one can tell how it will end. I am almost inclined to think the girl is dead," he mused, "else, with her resolution and natural keenness, it seems as if she must have found some way of giving us a hint of her whereabouts if she is detained any where against her will."

But he could only telegraph to Earle: "No clew has yet been discovered."

And the weary lover resumed his sad quest by himself.

But poor, frail humanity cannot endure everything; there is a point beyond which tired natures refuses to go, and at last, worn almost to a shadow, Earle felt that he must do something to recruit his strength, or he would give out entirely A fever seemed to be burning in his veins drying his blood and parching his skin; his appetite failed him, his strength was leaving him, and he grew so nervous and irritable that the slightest noise startled him painfully, the least opposition or disappointment tried him almost beyond endurance.

"I am going to be sick," he said one day, when he was nearly prostrated, and looking at his thin, trembling hands. "This anxiety and ceaseless search are fast wearing me out. I must rest, or I shall die, and who then will find my Editha?"

Longing for the sight of some familiar face, and hoping that Mr. Felton might by this time be able to give him a "drop of comfort," he returned with all speed to the city whence he had started.

Arriving in the evening, some unaccountable repugnance to repairing to the hotel where he usually stopped, and where he had before spent so many restless miserable nights, seized him, and calling a coach, he gave the name of a smaller, but no less respectable house, located in a quiet street, and was driven thither.

He sought the clerk and asked for a room.

As it happened, the hotel that week was overflowing with transient visitors, and at first the clerk told him that there was not a room to be had in the house.

"You must manage some way to accommodate me, for I am too weary and ill to move another step," Earle said; and indeed his looks did not belie his words.

The clerk went to consult with one of the proprietors, and then returned, saying they would give him a room in which to sleep that night, if he did not mind a little noise now and then, and by another day there would probably be better accommodations for him.

"I shall mind nothing, so that I can have a bed on which to rest," the tired traveler said, much relieved by the intelligence.

"I shall have to give you one of a suite of rooms hired by a lady and her daughter. It is reserved for her son, who occasionally visits her and remains over night. He went away this morning, and, as he probably will not be here to-night, you can have that room," explained the clerk.

"Will not the madam object?" Earle asked, instinctively recoiling from the idea of in any way incommoding a lady.

Oh, no; we have done the same thing, with her consent, once or twice before, when the house has been full," was the confident and reassuring reply.

"All right; I am ready to accupy it at once," Earle said, rising, and anxious to be at rest. The clerk hesitated before leading the way.

"I ought perhaps to tell you, sir," he began "that madam's daughter is an invalid—she is a little cracked," he added, touching his forehead significantly, "and sometimes takes on a little during the night. I thought you ought to be told this, so that if you were disturbed you might know the cause and not be alarmed."

"The door between the rooms can be locked, of course?" Earle asked.

"Oh, yes; madam keeps it lock on her side, and there is also a bolt upon the other side. The young lady is perfectly harmless, only her brother informed me that when the spell comes upon her she moans constantly, as if in distress, and they come on mostly in the night. She may not disturb you at all, however."

"I shall not mind it, now that you have told me this; it might have disturbed me otherwise," Earle answered, as he wearily turned to follow his guide.

Taking the elevator, they were borne into the fourth story, and he was shown into a room at the top of the house.

It was a long, rather narrow room, comfortably furnished, and having two doors to it, one leading into the hall, the other into the room adjoining. There was a tramson over both doors, and through the one leading into the others of the suite Earle could see a dim light, but all was perfectly quiet within.

He look to see that the bolt was perfectly fast in its socket, and then giving his neighbors no further thought, he hastily disrobed, and, wearied out, crept into bed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EARLE WAYNE'S BOLD VENTURE.

He almost instantly fell into a profound and dreamless slumber.

How long he slept thus he could not have told, but he was suddenly awakened during the night by a low, sobbing noise proceeding from the room on his right,

Arousing so suddenly, and being consequently somewhat confused, it seemed to him at first as if some one had called his name.

He sat erect in bed and listened.

All was silent for a few moments, then he heard the tones of a man speaking as if in anger, and the same low sobbing instantly began again, while a sweet voice seemed pleading for something.

Then he heard the man's voice somewhat louder, and speaking impatiently, as if he had commanded some one to do something, and had not been obeyed.

It was followed as before by a low sobbing, and a faint, heart-broken moaning that made Earle Wayne feel very strangely.

"There is something wrong going on in there," he muttered to himself. "The clerk said the man would not return here to night; but it seems he has, and I don't like the sound of things at all.

He rose and went softly to the door which led into the other apartment.

It was a very thick, solid door, and prevented his hearing distinctly anything that was said.

He bent his head to the keyhole, but even then could only catch the sound of a man and woman conversing in low tones, without distinguishing a word.

The sobbing had ceased for the moment, but, at a question apparently addressed to a third party, it immediately began again.

A cold sweet gathered upon Earle Wayne's forehead.

The sounds affected him as he had never been affected before. He longed to no what piece of wickedness—for wickedness he was convinced it was—was being enacted within those walls at that time of the night.

A faint light from the other room shone into his through the transom, so that he could distinguish every object in it. He glanced up at the light, a sudden thought striking him.

The transom, of course, was glazed, and he had no doubt that it was fastened upon the other side, but possible he might hear more distinctly if he could get up to it, and it would do no harm for him to investigate and see if it was fastened.

He brought the centre table and put it softly down by the door. He then took a blanket from his bed and covered the marble top, set a chair upon this, and then noiselessly mounting upon that by the aid of another, he found himself upon a level with the transom.

To his intense satisfaction, he discovered that it was not fastened; it was tightly closed, but it yielded beneath his cautious touch, and he knew that if he could open it ever so little without attracting the attention of the occupants of that other room, he could satisfy himself regarding the nature of the proceedings there.

While he stood there waiting for a favorable opportunity to push the transom open, a neighboring clock struck the hour of two.

"Unless the young lady has been taken suddenly sick, I am satisfied that mischief of some kind is brewing," he said to himself, and resolving not to leave his post until he had ascertained whether he was right or not.

He found he could hear more plainly now—could catch a word occasionally, though not enough to give him any idea of the nature of the conversation carried on there.

As soon as he heard that low sobbing again he gently tried to move the transom still more.

It yielded a trifle, but grated a little on the wood work. He waited a moment, and then made another effort, and it moved just enough to admit a line of light at the bottom, Then he could hear quite plainly.

A man seemed to be asking the strangest questions of some one.

"Your name is Ellen Wood?" he heard him say, in a mocking tone.

"Yes, Ellen Wood," came the reply, in a plaintive voice that made Earle's hair at once stand on end.

"You are sure your name is Ellen Wood?"

"Yes, Ellen Wood," in the same tone as before.

"Where were you born?"

"In Texas."

"Who is your father?"

"Judge Allen Wood."

"Where is he now?"

"He is dead."

"Who is this woman?"

"She is my—mother," with a shuddering accent on the last word.

"And I am your brother, am I not?"

"N-n-o, oh!" a gasping voice uttered, with a moan between each word.

"You ain't over fond of me, I see," the man returned, with a low, mocking laugh. "You've got your lesson pretty well learned, though, and if any one should ask you any questions to morrow when you go out to take the air—as you must do for the sake of your health—you'll know how to answer them. Now take that ring from your finger and give it to me," he commanded, sternly.

"I can't, I can't!" moaned the plaintive voice.

"Curse your obstinacy and my lack of power!" he growled. "Now tell me where that paper is—quick!"

"No, no, no! no, no, no!"

And immediately the sobbing and moaning were resumed, but in a way that seemed to show that the speaker's strength was almost exhausted.

The man swore a fearful oath and, then Earle heard another voice—a woman's—say:

"It's of no use, Tom—your power is not strong enough to make her tell that, and you are wearing her out; she can't stand this kind of thing much longer."

"I'll never let her go until she does tell me," he answered, fiercely, with another oath. "If I was sure," he added, "that it was hid in that house, I'd go and burn it down to night, and then let her go. I'm sick and tired of the whole thing."

"Better let her go anyway, and run the risk," said his companion; "you will soon kill her at this rate."

"Dead men never tell tales," he answered moodily; "but the risk is too great, for if that paper contains a description of me, I'm a marked man as long as I live."

Earle now ventured to push the transom a little more.

It was clear of the wood-work now, and swung quite easily and noiselessly, so that he could get a good view of the room, and he saw a sight that made his heart stand still with horror, while an almost superhuman effort alone prevented a sharp cry of agony escaping his lips.

Upon a bed in the corner opposite him lay Editha Dalton. She was as white as the counterpane covering her, and wasted to mere skeleton.

She was sobbing in a nervous, excited way, her thin white hands clasped upon her heaving breast, her eyes wild and staring, and fixed in a fascinated gaze upon a burly, repulsive-looking man, who stood by the bedside scowling fiercely upon her.

By his side there also stood a nicely dressed, rather prepossessing woman of about fifty five.

Their backs were toward the door where Earle was stationed, consequently they had seen nothing of the almost noiseless movement of that transom behind them.

It took all the force of Earle's will to control his intense excitement as he looked upon the scene just described.

Never in his life had he felt so dizzy and faint as he did at that moment, while a weakening, sickening tremor prevaded every nerve in his body.

"Better let her alone now, Tom, and don't come here again for a week. Let her get a little strength before you exert your power over her again," the woman said in reply to the man's last observation.

"The weaker she is the less will she will have," he muttered.

"Her will is so strong that you will never move her to tell what you want to know; and you do not want to kill her I know."

"No," he admitted, with a scrowl.

"She will do almost anything you tell her, except to reveal what will injure that one person; that seems to be an instinct which nothing can conquer, and your magnetic force is not sufficient to overcome it."

"You do not need to tell me that," he growled.

"Well, I want you to let her alone for awile; I don't want her dying on my hands," returned the woman, with decision.

The ill-looking man did not reply, but made few passes over Editha's head and face, touching her on the forehead and in the region of the epigastrium.

Almost instantly the wild look faded from her eyes, her clasped hands dropped apart, and fell limp and nerveless upon the counterpane, while she lay panting and exhausted, but looking much more natural to Earle than she had done a moment before with that strained look on her face.

The woman came forward, gently raised her head, and held a bowl to her lips, from which she drank eagerly, and seemed must refreshed.

Once more the villain turned toward her, and said, with sullen ferocity:

"Well, my plucky fine lady, how much longer do you suppose you can stand this kind of thing?"

Editha made no reply, but her eyes, which seemed unnaturally large, now that she was so thin gleamed defiance at him.

"You are getting weaker every day, and you're getting so pale and poor that that fine young chap you're so fond of would not know you if he should see you now," he continued, heartlessly.

A look of inexpressible sadness settled upon the fair face, the white lids quivered a moment and then drooped over the blue eyes, and the pale lips trembled painfully; but she made no other sign of her suffering, uttered no word to his cruel taunt.

Her silence exasperated him, and, leaning down so that his face came down almost a level with hers, he hissed:

"You shall tell me where that paper is, or you shall never see the outside of these walls again. Do you hear?"

"I will never tell you," she now said, in a weak voice, but with a firmness that made another fierce oath leap to his lips, and sent a shudder through her slight frame.

Earle ground his teeth, but waited to hear no more.

He noiselessly descended from his perch, dressed himself with all possible dispatch all excepting his boots; then quietly unlocking his door, opened it a crack, and stood there in the dark waiting.

His mind was made up to do a bold thing.

His weariness and illness were all forgotten; his nerves were steady and quiet, and the strength of a Samson seemed quivering in every muscle.

He waited perhaps fifteen minutes, when he heard the key turn in the door of the room on his right.

Another moment and the wretch whom he had seen there came forth and took a preliminary survey of the hall before proceeding further.

How he expected to get out of the hotel at that hour of the night without being discovered, particularly when he had three flights of stairs and as many halls to traverse, was a point Earle did not allow himself time to consider.

The man, apparently satisfied that there was nothing to impede his progress, glided velvet-shod over the soft carpet.

Earle allowed him to get well past his door, then, stealing out without a sound, he crept up behind him and hit out square from his shoulder a tremendous blow, which taking his prey just behind the ear, doubled him up in an instant

He caught him in his arms before he could fall to the floor, for he had no desire to make any disturbance at that hour of the night, and then by main strength half carried, half dragged him back into the room he had occupied, laid him upon the floor, and locked him in.

Not a sleeper had been aroused.

The blow he had dealt was quick and powerful, but not loud enough to awaken any one from a sound slumber, though it had rendered his victim unconscious for the time, and the noise of dragging him the short distance to his room had not disturbed any one.

The next thing was to get inside that other room without creating any confusion.

He knew that his captive was only stunned, and would doubtless soon recover from the effects of the blow he had given him; but locked within that room, he knew he could not escape, for he was in the fourth story, and could not, of course, make his way out by the window.

He did not think, either, that he would make any noise upon returning to his senses, for he would be sure to bring upon himself deeper trouble if he did so.

He stood and listened a moment or two outside the door of the room where Editha lay, thinking that something of the disturbance must have reached its occupants, since both were awake, and the affair had occurred so near to them.

He hoped the attendant would come to the door and look out to see what was the trouble, when he would easily be able to get inside, and into Editha's presence, without using any forcible means.

If her attendant had not been attracted, and she did not come, he had resolved to knock gently for admitttance, Even then he feared he should not gain it, since he surmised, and correctly, too, that the man must have some signal by which his presence could be known from that of any one else.

Earle's conjectures, however, proved correct. Editha's attendant had heard a slight noise in the hall and been startlby it.

"Did you hear anything?" she asked, turning to the girl on the bed.

"No, nothing," she answered, wearily.

"Something has happened, I fear," she said to herself, and then going to the door, bent her head to listen, an expression of great anxiety on her face.

She could hear nothing, however; but apparently not quite satisfied, she ventured to unlock the door and peer forth into the hall. This was Earle Wayne's opportunity.

With noiseless tread he stepped quickly up to her, and, before she was hardly aware of his intention, pushed the door open, forced her back into the room, and entered himself.

Another instant and the door was again shut, locked, and the key in his pocket.

His next movement was to see if the door leading into that other room was locked also.

It proved to be, but the key was in the lock, and he pocketed this, too, thus gaining all the power he wanted for the present.

The whole transaction had not occupied above six or seven minutes, nor had a word been spoken; but Earle had done a good thing, for in that time he had captured single-handed, one of the most successful robbers in the United States, as well as his accomplice, and doubtless had saved the girl he loved from eyen greater sufferings than she had already experienced.

With this accomplished, and both keys in his pocket, he now turned his attention to the occupant of the bed.

But Editha had fainted dead away.

(To be continued.)

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Three things as good as their better—dirty water to extinguish the fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward.

It is reported that the maple, heretofore a healthy tree, is dying of a mysterious disease. This is nature's way of removing what is no longer of use, since dealers in "maple sugar" now sell a compound composed largely of the settlings of molasses casks.

Still they come.

Mrs. Stephen Kaulbach says: Her daughter suffered for two weeks with Earache; could not rest day or night; tried many remedies without any relief; used "Minard's Liniment" and Sweet Oil in equal parts in the ear. It cured like magic. I would recommend it to all as the best family medicine known."

Very shortly after the death of his first wife, a Scotch laird made arrangements for a second marriage; and on asking his son, a well know author, to be present on the occasion the latter replied that "he regretted that he was unable to attend in consequence of the recent death of his mother!"

"Man's work's from sun to sun:
Woman's work is never done."

Work is a necessity to all; but, upon how many, women especially, does it fall with the burden of the "last straw," and this, because their peculiarly delicate constitutions are so liable to functional derangement. We cannot lessen your toil, ladies, but we can make it easier for you, by making you stronger and better able to do it Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will relieve you of nervous and other weaknesses, and all the many ills peculiar to your sex.

Says the Rev. Sam Jones, "Whenever a man can't laugh he is in need of liver medicine. There's something wrong with him. Many a fellow in this country has mistaken a disordered liver for religion—a miserable old dose it is to carry. I don't care whether a man laughs or cries at church. I want to know whether he's a good husband or father and a good neighbor."

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C. C. RICHARDS & Co.—I had the muscles of my hand so contracted, that I could not use it for two years. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT, and now my hand is as well as ever.
Yours, MRS. RACHEL SAUNDERS, Dalhousie, Lun Co.

Golden Medical Discovery

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

Perry Davis' Pain-Killer FOR CHOLERA CRAMPS AND PAINTERS COLIC DIARRHŒA DYSENTERY CHOLERA MORBUS AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

VOCAL CULTURE.

Mrs. JOHN BLACK

WILL GIVE INSTRUCTION IN

SINGING,

To a limited number of pupils,

Terms made known on application at residence corner of George and Sunbury streets.

NASAL BALM CURES HAY FEVER CATARRHAL DEAFNESS COLD IN THE HEAD ROSE COLD HEADACHE TRADE MARK CATARRH

EASY TO USE.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING. It Cures CATARRH, Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. STOPS Droppings from Nasal passages into the throat and excessive expectoration caused by Catarrh. Sold by Druggists, or sent pre-paid on receipt of price, 50c. and $1. Address FULFORD & Co., Brockville, Ont.

For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

AYER'S Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair. —Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray, and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. **My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.—Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

VIGOR, youth, and beauty, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. **A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff.—Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pain.—William L. Page, Richmond Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

OWEN SHARKEY

HAS DECIDED ON

Closing Business,

as soon as possible, and to effect that object, he now offers a large and well assorted Stock of

STAPLE and FANCY

DRY GOODS!

—AT—

Reduced Rates,

Comprising in part

DRESS GOODS,

IN GREAT VARIETY,

Gossamers, Parasols, Gloves, Corsets;
Prints, Cottons, Cottonades, Ducks;
Table Linens, Towelling, Flannels;
Shirtings, Shirts and Drawers;
Mens', Youths' and Boys' Clothing;
Mens' Suits, from $5.00 to $20;
Youths' and Boys' Equally Cheap;
Scotch and Canadian Tweeds;
Pantings' and Worsted Coatings—
Choice Paterns and Low Prices;
Brussels, Tapestry, Wool and Hemp Carpets;
Table and Floor Oil Cloths;
Trunks and Valises, Cotton Warps;
Room Paper and Remnants of all kinds always on hand.

All of which shall be sold at prices as Low as possible to sell, and pay 100 cents on the dollars.

OWEN SHARKEY.

Fredericton, May 11—Rep.

196 196

WILEY'S DRUG STORE!

Queen Street.

JUST RECEIVED:

200 lbs. Paris Green;
100 lbs. Slug Shop;
100 lbs. Dalmation Insect Powder;
50 lbs. Hellibore;
500 lbs. Copperas;
100 lbs. Carbolic Acid;
Case Condy's Fluid;
100 lbs. Chloride Lime.

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN M. WILEY,

FREDERICTON.

June 8, 1887

REMOVED!

F. J. McCAUSLAND,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Has Removed his place of Business from the stand in Wiley's Building, to the stand lately occupied by C. A. McCausland,

Corner Queen and Carleton Streets,

where he will attend promptly and carefully to Watch and Jewelry Repairing.

He has on hand, and will sell Low for Cash, a fine line of

WATCHES

—AND—

JEWELRY,

and a handsome line of Plush Goods.

Remember the place, corner Queen and Carleton Streets.

Fredericton May 18, 1887—1y

PHOTOGRAPHS

MADE IN THE FOLLOWING SIZES:

LOCKET,
CARD,
CABINET,
BOUDOIR,
PANEL and
LIFE,

—AT—

HARVEY'S STUDIO!

164, Queen Street, F'ton.,

Next below Peoples' Bank.

Old Pictures Copied and Enlarged. Childrens' Pictures a Specialty

Fredericton, December 1, 1886.

Hats and Caps.

HATS and Caps of all kinds, for Men, Boys and Children, at greatly reduced prices. Must be cleared out to make room for the Spring Stocks.

S. NEALIS.

Don't Read This!

Unless you want to buy Goods

CHEAP.

We claim to have the Largest and Best Stock of

SILVERWARE

in the City. Our Stock consists of

Tea Setts, Tete a Tete Sets, Pickle Stands;
Dinner and Breakfast Casters;
Cake and Card Baskets, Salvers, Vases;
Fruit and Preserve Dishes, Ice Pitchers;
Syrup Pitchers, Butter Coolers,
Spoon Holders, Biscuit Jars, Toast Racks;
Toilet Stands, Jewel Cases, &c., &c.

Also, a nice line of

Table, Desert, Tea, Sugar, Berry, Fruit, Mustard and Salt Spoons;
Fruit, Butter and Paper Knives;
Napkin Rings, Children's Mugs and Setts, &c

REMEMBER

that we sell goods from 20 to 30 per cent. Cheaper than any house in the City.

DON'T FORGET THIS

It is no Chestnut.

S. F. SHUTE,

Queen Street, Fredericton.

June 15

1887 Spring, Summer, 1887

J. R. HOWIE,

PRACTICAL TAILOR.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his numerous patrons that he has received his Spring and Summer Stock of the latest patterns, consisting of

English, Scotch and Canadian

TWEEDS,

Corscrews, Diagonals,

—AND—

WORSTED COATINGS,

&c., &c., &c.

In addition to myself and son, I have secured the services of a first-class Cutter from New York, and therefore I am prepared to guarantee a perfect fit and the very latest New York Fashions.

I have also a large and most thoroughly assorted stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps, and Ready-Made Clothing for adults and children.

JAMES R. HOWIE.

Fredericton, June 1

'87 SPRING GOODS. '87

Spring Overcoatings,

CHECK SUITINGS,

CHEVIOTS,

Wide Wale Diagonals,

Just Received.

WM. JENNINGS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley.

Fredericton, March 30

JOSEPH WALKER,

PRACTICAL TAILOR.

NEW GOODS,

Just Arrived.

The Subscriber has just received a full line of

SPRING TWEEDS

from the British and Foreign Markets, consisting of the latest designs and patterns.

Call and examine the above, before purchasing elsewhere.

Prices reasonable.

JOSEPH WALKER,

Next Door above Doherty's Boot and Shoe Store, Queen Street.

N. B.—Cutting promptly attended to.

Fredericton, April 13

GREAT

JUBILEE SALE!

Cheap Clothing.

Mens' Tweed Suits from $4 50 up.
Youths' Tweed Suits from $3.50 up.
Boys' Tweed Suits from $2.50 up.

Coats, Pants and Vests in great variety at very Low prices.

Our Clothing is all made in latest style.—Works guaranteed and equal to best custom work.

Hats, Shirts, Collars, Ties and every description of Furnishing Goods very cheap.

Please Call and Examine.

SIMON NEALIS,

Wilmots' Block, - - - Queen Street.

Fredericton, June 15

GREAT RUSH!

New 5 and 10 Cent Store,

Queen St., Fredericton.

JUST OPENED:

A large Stock of New Goods consisting of:

Glassware, Tinware, Woodenware, Hardware, Jewelry, Soaps, Pictures, Tops and thousand of Useful and Fancy Articles, at

5 and 10 Cents Each.

Fredecicton, June 22

If You Would Avoid Ammonia,

—USE—

WOODILL'S

German Baking Powder.

July 29

Axle Pulleys.

JUST RECEIVED:

2 CASES AXLE PULLEYS, containing 50 dozen, and for sale very low by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

August 3

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

'87 Summer Arrangement '87

On and after MONDAY, June 13th, 1887, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave St. John.:

Day Express, ... 7.00
Accommodation, ... 11.00
Express for Sussex 16.35
Express for Halifax & Quebec, ... 22.15

Sleeping Cars run daily on the night Train to Halifax, and Parlor Cars on the day Train.

On TUESDY, THURSD Y 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.

Trains will arrive at St. John:

Express from Halifax & Quebec, ... 5.30
Express from Sussex, ... 8.30
Accommodation, ... 12.55
Day Express, ... 6.00

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., June 24th, 1887.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.

ALL RAIL LINE.

Arrangement of Trains—In effect June 27th, 1887.

LEAVE FREDERICTON:

(*Eastern Standard Time.*)

6 00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.
6 40 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, and for McAdam Junction, and St. Stephen, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points West; St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and all points North.
11 40 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, and for St. John, and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

9 20 A. M.—From