

Made Themselves Scarce.

"No, Miss Philena, I never went to a surprise party. Indeed, I have always considered them an impudent and unwarrantable intrusion on the privacy of a family."

"Why, Mrs. Ellesworth, you surely don't mean that—honest now?"

Mrs. Ellesworth did not trouble herself to reiterate, and Miss Philena went on: "Mr. and the rest of the girls and boys have had lots of fun that way, this winter, and we've been to nearly every house in town, and we've had it here twice."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bangs, with a smile, "they like to come here; the parlor is so good for dancing. It uses up lots of gas, to be sure, but her pa never makes a fuss about that, like he used to."

"Do you ever have reason to suppose your parties an inconvenience to the people who receive them?" asked Mrs. Ellesworth.

"Oh, I dunno," was the half-sarcastic reply. "You see, when we once get there, of course it wouldn't do for 'em to tell us we ain't welcome—wouldn't be polite, you know. And then, sometimes, the folks want to come—want to have fun without the cost of an out-and-out party."

"That is well enough, but that is not a surprise party."

"And sometimes we give the folks a kind of a hint that we are coming."

"Then, that is not a surprise party, either. But I heard something early in the winter, about a party going where a prayer meeting was being held. Was that really so?"

"Well, yes," said Miss Philena, with the grace to color a little; "but there was no trouble about it. You see, we had made all our arrangements, and they saw we weren't going to back out, so the prayer-meeting folks left and we went on and had the jolliest kind of a time."

Mrs. Ellesworth did not allow even her face to express her thoughts, and presently Miss Philena continued:

"We've been thinking it's your time to have a surprise party, Mrs. Ellesworth. Our set think they'd like to have a good dance in those nice, big parlors of yours, before the season's over. We've all heard your house is such a pleasant place to go to."

Miss Philena thought she had said this very adroitly. Most of the members of "our set" stood a great deal in awe of quiet Mrs. Ellesworth, and felt a little backward about taking the liberty of crowding themselves upon her in any irregular or unauthorized manner. But having exhausted their list of families upon whom, acceptably or otherwise, they had ventured to impose themselves, they had commissioned Miss Philena Bangs to make overtures with a view to ascertaining what might be the prospect of a successful descent upon the Ellesworth domicile.

So Miss Philena had begun her light skirmishing, fondly flattering herself that the insinuating manner and matter of her skillfully-managed advance could not fail of at once carrying the enemy. How could any lady, in common politeness, do otherwise than respond with a bow and a smile, and some civilly-worded intimation that their presence in her house would be more than delightful?

But the anticipated bow was not forthcoming, and the smile decidedly frosty with which the lady remarked, with an air of considering the subject closed:

"I have always thought, Miss Philena, that one of the most valued privileges of the mistress of a home is that of choosing her own guests and her own time for receiving them."

Miss Philena was disconcerted, but not vanquished. She had assured her friends that she could "get round" Mrs. Ellesworth, and had even gone so far as to fix an evening for their appearance as her uninvited guests. She continued the charge:

"It seems to all of us, Mrs. Ellesworth, that your Helen must have awful dull times. I've never seen her at a party yet. We think we ought to stir her up a little. She's most as old as me I guess."

Mrs. Ellesworth was getting a little out of patience with the girl's insolence.

"Helen is sixteen," she answered coldly. "It will be time for her to go to parties when she leaves school."

"Sixteen? Bless me! I went to dozens of parties before I was sixteen. Tell her we'll be 'round when we get ready."

This was said facetiously, but Mrs. Ellesworth paid no attention to it, being occupied with listening to something Mrs. Bangs was saying about a younger child whose lingering illness had been the occasion of this, almost her first appearance in Mrs. Bangs' glary parlors.

When the Bangs' mansion, bristling with cupolas and Gothic points and marvelous superduperation, had reared its front with the wonderful celerity of modern architectural skill in close proximity to the sober, substantial-looking home of the Ellesworths, the mistress of the latter had arrived at an early conclusion that she should not "neighbor" with Mrs. Bangs. As time went on, they came to the exchanging of bows and smiles, or a few words, as they met in market or elsewhere, but Mrs. Ellesworth had never seen any reason to desire to improve the acquaintance, and Mrs. Bangs never could satisfy herself as to why it was that she was unable to feel at ease in Mrs. Ellesworth's society.

It puzzled her that the utmost demonstration of their abundant newly-gotten wealth never seemed to help her here. The point on the architectural elaboration of the Bangs' mansion, which she renewed at proper intervals, always with a luster which put to shame the plain stolidity next door; and the small grounds with their mosaic of flower beds were kept with a precision which gave a very homely and old-fashioned air to the perennials and flowering shrubs alongside. Even when Mrs. Bangs took a morning drive, and her stylish turnout tied before "Livingston Brother's Fashion Emporium," close beside Mrs. Ellesworth's little, old phaeton with actually a basket of green, grocer's stuff in it, and she stood in her faultless turtled suit (for Mrs. Bangs had the good taste to yield herself to her dress-maker's taste), beside Mrs. Ellesworth in her water-proof cloak, the feeling was there still. And now that Mrs. Ellesworth had obeyed her neighborly

instinct to call and make kindly inquiries concerning the sick child, Mrs. Bangs felt a fluttered consciousness that all the "neighboring in the world would never do away with the feeling; and even Miss Philena had found her abundant stock of assurance severely taxed in her efforts to place herself on familiar footing with Mrs. Ellesworth.

"I may not be down again to-night, dears," said Mrs. Ellesworth to her daughter and a son next younger, as she rose from a hastily-eaten supper. "Eddie does not seem to get any better and dislikes to have me leave him. I wish your father was at home."

"Let me go with you, mamma dear," said Helen. "If I can't be any help I can at least keep you company."

"No, thank you, dear; you had better stay with George and attend to your lessons. I have no idea there is much the matter with Eddie, but you know I always think it best for those who can to keep out of a sick room till we are sure."

She saw, as she dismissed the servant who had been in temporary charge, that the child seemed rapidly growing worse his feverish restlessness being on the increase, with short intervals of dozing, and she awaited anxiously the coming of the doctor, who had promised to see him before bedtime.

She gave a nervous start as about eight o'clock, a loud ring at the door-bell resounded through the quiet house. Eddie sprang up with a scream of fright and listened with dilated eyes to the sounds of loud voices and laughter which filled the hall below. As soon as she could prevail upon the trembling child to lie down, Mrs. Ellesworth ran to close the door, and caught sight of Miss Philena Bangs, heading a gay procession, ascending the stairs. She was in the act of removing an opera cloak from her bare shoulders as she led the way to the guest-chamber, exclaiming:

"This is the way! I've been here before!"—she had once attended a church social in the house. Let's light the gas. Dear me!—she shrugged her shoulders—it's rather cold here for a jolly set like us. We'll have to get 'em to stir up their furnace a little."

It was evident Miss Bangs considered herself mistress of the occasion, excitement amply stimulating her courage. Mrs. Ellesworth retreated within the room. Eddie when Helen quickly came in.

"It's a surprise party, mamma! There's a whole crowd of them, and there's a man to play for dancing, and they've lit the gas all over the house."

"You stay with Eddie, Helen, and I must go and tell them their coming is unseasonable."

Helen looked distressed. "I almost hate to have you do that, mamma," she said hesitatingly. "You see a good many of the school-girls are here, and it would be so—"

Mrs. Ellesworth paused a moment in thought. She saw that it might make things very unpleasant to her daughter if she took the summary measures her sense of outraged privacy prompted her to take, and for her sake she wisely made up her mind to endure the infliction, now that it had been carried so far. She presently said:

"Go down, dear, and tell a few of those you know best, of Eddie's illness. Keep the doors of the parlors shut, if you can, and, as the hall is between them and us, little of the noise will reach us."

The merry-makers, somewhat abashed at perceiving that their presence was ill-timed, really did keep themselves moderately quiet.

About ten o'clock the doctor appeared at the room-door, wearing an expression of astonishment which brought a smile to Mrs. Ellesworth's anxious face.

"What in the world is going on?" was his wondering question.

"Only a surprise party."

He was an old friend, was well acquainted with her views on the subject, and in full sympathy with them. With a vigorous exclamation or two, he addressed himself to a close examination of the child, from which he looked up with a face which puzzled and rather alarmed the mother.

"What is it, doctor? Is he very sick?"

"No, madam, he is not, I do assure you. But he took a little journey lately, I understand. On what day did he get home?"

"A week ago last Tuesday."

"Yes, he must have taken it then."

He had to tell her, and was not at all surprised when she leaned back in her chair with a white, dismayed face. But she was a brave woman, and soon nerve herself to listen to his reassuring words and his plans for making the best of the present emergency. Very soon he said:

"The first thing must be to dismiss your guests, Mrs. Ellesworth."

He descended the stairs, entered the parlor, and shut the door behind him. With a set, sober face he walked toward the musician, who, at a signal from him, broke off in the middle of his waltz.

A few petting words and looks of inquiry as to who should thus interrupt their sport, were cut short by the doctor's words.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I very much regret that Mrs. Ellesworth should have chosen such an unfortunate time to invite you to her house. I am sorry to be obliged to inform you that there is a suddenly-developed, well-defined case of small-pox here, but I can assure you all that, as yet, there can be little, if any danger."

But his words were unheeded in the suppressed screams and exclamations which followed. There was a general rush for the door; not one would go upstairs for wraps, nor allow them to be brought down to them. In less than a minute there was dead silence in the house. Helen's first thought was for her mother, and she was flying toward her stairs, when the doctor caught her hand.

"No, no, my lassie, you can't go there."

There was, the next morning, a clamorous demand on the several physicians of the town for vaccination. The liberal supply of outdoor wear left by the guests on their unceremonious leaving-taking was, after efficient disinfection, bestowed, through a benevolent society, upon the poor of the town, who certainly must have warmly acquiesced in the

General Business.

old-time assertion that "Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

When, in due course of time, Mrs. Ellesworth thought proper to exercise her "privilege" of inviting to her house whom she pleased, on the occasion of an entertainment given in honor of the debut of her only daughter, Miss Philena Bangs was obliged to make up her mind that only on her own invitation could she hope to be that lady's guest.

The only variation in quality which will ever be found in "Myrtle Navy" tobacco is in the degree of moisture which it contains. Tobacco is a very ready absorbent of moisture, and in unusual states of the weather it may become a little too moist or a little too dry to suit the taste of some. This is a minor matter, however, as the essential quality of the tobacco is not changed. Its combustion is a little slower or a little faster according to the degree of moisture, that is all. The darker the plug the greater the moisture, and many prefer the dark. In each caddy, however, the preference for either can be met.

For Whitelows, Felons and Bolls—Keep the parts affected covered with a cloth kept moist with Perry Davis Pain-Killer till the pain is relieved. Take the medicine internally at the same time.

General Business.

BEST REFINED IRON.

Lowmoor, Swede, Londonderry and English

COMMON RAIL IRON and PIPE IRON.

CAST STEEL.

Thos. Firth and Son's Extra Axle, Tool and Drill Steel

Spring, Sleigh Shoe & Tire Steel.

ALSO:—

ROUND MACHINE STEEL.

Manufacture of SPARK & JACKSON.

Tinplates, CHARCOAL, Sheet Iron, and COKE.

Black and Galvanized.

A special lot of Galvanized Sheet Iron—

8 x 20 in. x 20 gauge.

First class make (Davies) and well adapted for LOSTER BOLLERS, &c. Besides a heavy stock in store, we expect early in March, per good Ship "Alfred,"

11,224 Bars x 2 1/2 in. x 1/4 in. Hoop Iron.

I. & F. BURPEE & CO.

St. John, N.B.

To Rent.

THE SUBSCRIBER will rent to a good tenant, on the usual terms, a portion of the premises on Wellington Street, Chatham—either four or eight rooms. There is a good cellar, Woodhouse, &c.; and also

Excellent Water on the Premises

Apply to

GEO. TRAER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW.

HAMILTON, Ont., June 14th, 1881.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents.—This is to certify that I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure and have found it to be a most reliable and in fact more so; I have removed by using the above

Calves, Bone Spavins, Ringbones, Splints, and can cheerfully testify and recommend it to be the best thing for any spavin I have ever used and I have tried many as I have made my study for years.

Respectfully yours,

P. V. CRIST.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE,

NEW HAMBURG, Ont., Dec. 28th, 1881.

Ma. F. H. McLaughlin, Dnr Sir.—The bottle of Dr. Kendall's Spavin Cure, bought of you last summer, gave me the utmost satisfaction and performed a wonderful cure upon a mare nineteen years old, belonging to me, which was badly spavined for ten years. She was so lame that I could hardly get her to move. The lameness is entirely cured. I have tried many a bottle of the cure, and she is like a young horse again.

Yours truly,

J. F. ROTH.

From the Oneonta Press, N. Y.

OSKUNTA, New York, Jan. 20th, 1882.

Early last summer Messrs. B. J. Kendall & Co., of Enosburgh Falls, N. Y., made a contract with the publishers of the Oneonta Press for the removal of one year's sett, for the merits of Kendall's Spavin Cure. At the same time, secured from the firm a quantity of books, entitled Dr. Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which we are giving to advance paying subscribers to the Press as a premium.

The time the advance first appeared in this paper, Mr. P. G. Schermerhorn, who resides near Colliers, had a spavined horse, he read the advertisement and concluded to test the efficacy of the remedy, although his friends regarded him as credulous. He bought a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and commenced using it on the horse in accordance with the directions. He informed us this week that it effected a complete cure, that an expert horseman, who examined the animal, recently could find no trace of the spavin or the place where it had been located. He has secured a copy of Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which he prizes very highly and would be loath to part with at any price, provided he could not obtain another copy. So much for advertising reliable articles.

FROM

COL. L. T. FOSTER.

YORKSHIRE, Ont., May 10th, 1882.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents.—I had a very valuable colt that I prize very highly, he had a large bone spavin on one joint and a small one on the other which made him very lame. I had him under the charge of a veterinary surgeon who failed to cure him. I was one day reading the Oneonta Press and saw an advertisement for Kendall's Spavin Cure. I determined at once to try it, and I ordered three bottles. I took them all and thought I would give it a thorough trial. I used it according to directions and the fourth day the colt ceased to be lame and the lameness has disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colt's lameness is as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the state. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles who are now

Very Respectfully,

L. T. FOSTER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ON HUMAN FLESH

PATENT MEDICINE, N. Y., Feb. 21st, 1878.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents.—The particular case on which I used Kendall's Spavin Cure was a malignant ankle sprain of sixteen months standing. I had tried many things, such as sprains, splints, rings, callosities, swellings, and all sorts of remedies, but all failed. I was one day reading the Oneonta Press and saw an advertisement for Kendall's Spavin Cure. I determined at once to try it, and I ordered three bottles. I took them all and thought I would give it a thorough trial. I used it according to directions and the fourth day the colt ceased to be lame and the lameness has disappeared. I used but one bottle and the colt's lameness is as free from lumps and as smooth as any horse in the state. He is entirely cured. The cure was so remarkable that I let two of my neighbors have the remaining two bottles who are now

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