Trapper Tom lived alone in a "dug-out" in the Black Hills. Tom had a hard time of it, for someone, or something, was forever stealing his things. First he lost his hat, then a goods. boot, then a piece of bacon; this was followed by the disappearance of his washing basin, and there was a robbery

from his traps. It was perplexing in the extreme, for if he went away even for a couple of days, and left his door open, which, by the way, he could not avoid, having no means of securing it on the outside, something was sure to vanish.

Tom was not a capitalist, but in sum-mer he earned a living by digging cellars for new settlers, and in winter by trapping. Neither was Tom's house a work of art; he had literally dug it on the top of a knoll, and roofed it with sods, so that from the outside it had very much the appearance of a large mole hill. The knoll which Tom had selected for his home was bounded on one side by the lake, and on the other side by a popular grove which abounded in rabbits.

In the winter Trapper Tom, as he was familiarly called, trusted almost entirely to this grove to supply him with food. He always kept several gin traps in the rabbit runs among the red willows, which grew in profusion around the outskirts of the heavier timber.

One evening at sunset Tom arranged his traps, and as usual went directly to bed, for he could not afford to burn much oil. He had been sleeping for several hours when he was suddenly awakened by a succession of loud cries from the direction of the poplar grove. Believing that he must have caught a fox in one of his rabbit traps, Tom sprang out of bed, put on his pants, coat and boots, seized his spade, which was the best weapon he possessed, and

the cries on account of the persistency with which the animal kept them up.

tunate creature turned toward him, bristling with rage, and revealing quite plainly the broad bands of brown with. which nature had decked the sides of the wary and troublesome wolverine. The animal was caught by one of its hind feet in a steel trap, which in turn was secured by a chain to a small log, in no way adequate to hold so large an animal. Fortunately, however, the chain was fastened to the middle of the log, and this, owing to the number of small trees, made the escape of the wol-

verine almost impossible Had Trapper Tom been armed with a gun there would have been little merit, or little difficulty in winning the battle, but as his only weapon was a spade, he realized that the conflict would not by any means be one-sided. Nevertheless, Tom was no coward, and he began circling round the animal, watching for an opportunity to close with it. As he walked round and round he noticed that the wolverine also kept turning, so he concluded to keep it up till the animal had twisted the chain into a knot

As Tom kept circling and the animal kept turning the chain kept getting shorter, until the animal's leg was drawn close to the log. This was the desired opportunity, and Tom rushed in and dealt his captive a violent blow with the blade of the spade.

In attempting to avoid a secondattack, however, the wounded animal sprang back and pulled the steep spring of the trap so violently against the log that the jaws flew open and set it free. Instead of running away the half-stunned and maddened wolverine glared for one moment at its assailant, and then

sprang open-mouthed at his throat. Tom leaped behind a friendly poplar just in time to avoid the attack, and as the animal passed he dealt it a second blow, this time on the back; but in doing so he lost his balance and stumbled forward into the deep snow.

Before he could regain his feet the animal was upon him, and he found himself engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with the savage creature. It seized his heavily-coated arm in its teeth and commenced striking at him with its muscular hind legs, which, being armed with heavy claws, would have inflicted terrible wounds had they been able to get in their work.

With his free hand Trapper Tom gripped the animal by the throat and compressed his windpipe till it released his arm; then he thrust it over upon its back into the loosened snow, and with both hands tried to strangle it. In this he might have been successful had not the struggling animal, just at the supreme moment, struck him squarely

in the chest. The blow staggered Tom and caused him to relax his hold; while the animal finding itself once more free sprang to its feet and prepared to renew the at-

The young man grabbed the spade, which lav beside him, and quickly scrambled to his feet. Then, for one moment man and beast stood confronting each other, silent, watchful and de-

But the wolverine was nearly disabled; its hind limbs appeared to be half paralyzed, and it was soon evident to Tom that so far he had had much the best of the fight. Without waiting for attack, therefore, he lifted his spade and stepped forward to deliver the blow of mercy. Just as the spade fell, however, the animal threw itself forward, and instead of receiving the blow upon the

head received it upon its back.

Before Trapper Tom could recover his balance the wolverine seized his leg and the next instant he felt the agony of its sharp fangs tearing his flesh.

Again he lifted his spade, clutched it with both hands and brought it down

with a digging motion upon the back of the animal's head. It was the finishing stroke, and Tom had the satisfaction of dragging his prize after him as he limped back to his dugout

Next day Tom nailed the pelt to his door as a trophy; and it was the finest wolverine pelt ever taken in that district. Trapper Tom is doubly rejoiced to find that in capturing the beast he has also captured the robber, for he has never missed anything either from his dugout or his traps since the day he worsted the wolverine.-The Inter-

An Old Title. The Shah of Persia pretends to date his title back for a thousand years. A POSTAL EPISODE.

It was a pretty room, this cell 29, as Katherine Gray called her parlor and alcove suite in the Norman, Cedar street, Blank city. Behind a gay screen, slightly ajar, there was a tiny gas stove and a singing kettle; a half-opened door of a cabinet revealed odd pieces of china and shining silver.

This is what the sun shone upon through the big east bay window. This and Katherine Gray at her breakfast table. The postman had made his one round for the day. Some business house had sent her a calendar, and there was one letter. This she was reading. She made a pretty picture as she sat thus. With all the rest of the world she was having a heliday. having a holiday.

"I wish," she said, "I wished that this letter could have been delayed until to-morrow. I don't like being so dis-turbed on a holiday." Then she laughed, and looked very pretty when laughing. "I wonder if I'm to have a

proposal of marriage?" Then she rose and walked to the mirror. The reflection was not unpleasant; she smiled as she looked at it. But she hire a policeman to go along with you and said: "There's no use in being flattered see that you don't lose the shoes off your by the glass, Katherine; the fact re- | feet!' "you hesitate. With little lines coming | then quietly asked: around your eyes and mouth, with | "Did you have much money in it, Mr. work and weariness stretching out in- Bowser?'

definitely before you-you hesitate. 1 am surprised. You don't show your usual good business sense, your keen appreciation of a good bargain. Truly, she was not insensible to the material advantages that were offered to her in this letter from Mr. Browne, wholesale grocer and dealer in canned

As she sat thus, with her hands clasped above her head, she thought: "If it were not for that letter received and answered 10 years ago I know what my reply would be to this one. If I could only forget—but I may as well start my life anew to-day as any time.

Then she went to her desk and took down the old calendar. "You've had your day, and you may as well go with the rest. One nail drives out another. Your successor is here with his readymade wisdom. By the way, I'll see what sort this is," she said. "It's some advertising scheme, no doubt, but it may have a message for me, just the

She read: "Be more afraid of the companionship that enslaves than of the solitude that leaves you free." Use the Highflyer bicycle. Best in the world." She read the quotation twice, smiling as she did so, and hung the new calen-

At 3 o'clock she made a careful street toilet and went for her dinner. Determined not to dine alone, she invited little Joe, the newsboy, who brought her morning paper and who did small errands for her and other occupants of the Norman, to go with her. To be sure, when she asked him if he had been to dinner, he admitted that he had been "wid de gang to the mission. But dat," he said, "don't cut no figger. I kin eat jes' as well fer all dat."

Katherine sat in the early winter twilight at her piano, singing some sweet old song of her early youth.

Then there came a vigoreus ring at her door. It flashed across her mind started for the grove.

The moon was shining brightly and the light was good, for the white poplars were not very tall, but even if this had not been the case Tom would have experienced very little difficulty in locating the cries on account of the persistency with which the animal kept them up.

The moon was shining brightly and the that possibly Mr. Browne was going to forestall the postman and know his own fate by word of mouth. Before going to forestall the postman and know his own fate by word of mouth. Before going to the door she lighted the gas and went to the mirror. Standing there, she said:

"Woman I see through it as clear as noonday! You got me robbed for revenge on me for criticising your carelessness, and you have no doubt divided the boodle with the thief! Robbed your own husband! Could human iniquity sink deepwith which the animal kept them up.

"Woman I see through it as clear as noonday! You got me robbed for revenge on me for criticising your carelessness, and you have no doubt divided the boodle with the thief! Robbed your own husband! Could human iniquity sink deepwith the crief of the mirror. Standing there, she said:

"Statistics show, Katherine, that women over thirty—"

At the trapper's approach the unfor- panionship that enslaves than of the ing: solicitude that leaves you free. "Ah! that helps," she said.

Then she opened wide the door. It certainly was not Mr. Browne who stood there. Mr. Browne was short and rotund; florid also. This man was tall, of fine proportions, with clear cut features and a fine mustache. "Miss Gray?" he said, interrogatively.

"My name is-but perhaps you remember my name," and the tall man stepped uninvited into the room. "Yes," she said, her eyes blazing, "I remember your name. It is the name of the only man who ever treated me with disrespect. Go back to the silence that has covered you for years." "Not yet," he said. "The morning mail brought me this letter that you wrote me 10 years ago; you accepted me then; you said that you loved me. I've the proof of it in my hands-," and he opened a letter yellow and stained. 'You say:-

"Dear Everil—I'—— "Oh, don't!" she cried. "Listen, dear," he said. "The postoffice in the city where we both lined 10 vears ago has recently undergone re pairs. A package of letters has been exhumed by the gasfitters or plumbers. This is one of them. I only hope the others have been forwarded to as happy a destination. For the words in the letter-they are true now as then, are they not, Katherine?"

"Oh, I don't know!" she said. "Find out, dear, as quickly as you can. The years have been long and hard, but these last eight hours have been torture. I had no idea where to look for you ---

"What do you think I must have endured?" she asked. "I don't dare think of it." Then he added, as ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have done: "We won't talk about it or think of it. We will forget the sadness of the past and plan for our future." "How did you find me?" asked Kath-

"I saw you at the restaurant where you were entertaining that little hoodum. I knew you at once. There's no woman in the world like you. I, too. had a guest with me and could not follow you. But an hour later I caught the boy on the street, and by my silvery eloquence and a dollar learned your name and where you lived."

'My name?' "Yes. You might have changed it, and then-I should not be here.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER

THEY EXCHANGE COMPLIMENTS A HIGHLY AMUSING MANNER.

For Once, Mrs. Bowser Starts the Conversation Going, and Through Devious

Ways She Leads the Old Man up to and Against the Usual Snag. "Mr. Bowser," began Mrs. Bowser after fidgiting about for two or three minutes,

'suppose a lady should lose her purse on "Millions of 'em do!" he replied as he looked at her over the top of his glasses. "Do you think it would do any good to

"Not the slightest good. A woman who hasn't sense enough to get down town and AND SEVERAL OTHER ARTICLES, SUCH AS back with a dollar or so shouldn't make things worse by advertising the fact to the world at large. So you lost your purse to-

"I-I think I left it in the street car. know I had it-"That's a smart piece of business, isn't it?" he interrupted. "You think you left it in a street car, but the fact is you may have left it in forty other places. How much money did you have?"

"Not much-not over \$7." "Seven dollars! You ought to be sent to an idiot asylum for the rest of your life That makes over \$1,000 you've lost in the "It's the only money I ever lost, Mr Bowser, and that may have been picked out of my pocket.

"Worse and worse! A woman who will sit down in a street car and go to sleep deserves to have the bonnet stolen off her head! Seven dollars! Seven big dollars! It's bad enough to lose the money, but the idea that my wife hasn't got more sense than that cuts me to the soul." "And you wouldn't advertise?"



street as the husband of the woman who shut her eyes and opened her mouth and crossed her feet in a street car and let somebody pick her pocket?" "But you might inquire at the street car

office. If I happened to leave it on the "I shall make no inquiries! After this when you want to go down town I will

mains that this is your birthday, and Next day Mrs. Bowser called at the street that you are thirty-four years old to-day. car office and found her purse. She had Here in my hand is an offer of marriage | laid it on the seat beside her while arrangfrom an eminently worthy and respect-able man, who would take you away found it and turned it in. She decided from Cell No. 29 and its 'kitcheny-parlor air,' and set you in a handsome home, where you wouldn't have to hide ed strangely preoccupied when he came your head in a bureau drawer, bake and | home to dinner. She noticed that he carboil in a dish, or eat 'boughten pie'- | ried his hand to his breast pocket every who would make a lady of leisure of | two or three minutes, as if feeling to see if you, and who, best of all, or what ought | his wallet was safe, but she waited until | COMMISSION MERCHANT to be best of all, would love you and be | she caught him looking over the "Found" good to you. And yet," she continued, advertisements in the evening paper and

"Are you addressing me?" he sharping replied, as he glared at her with flus "Certainly. I hope you didn't been much money with you. Was it done

"If you are talking to me instead of cat, then go ahead and speak English!" ne exclaimed, as he bobbed around in his

"Then how did you lose your wallet?" "I haven't lost it, "Let me see it please?"
"Am I running my wallet, or are you?"
"You are, of course, but I didn't know
but you had left it in the street car or had

it picked out of your pocket and had advertised a reward. I am glad that such was not the case. "When I can't go from the house to the office without losing my wallet, I'll ask the courts to give me a guardian! I don't go to sleep in the street car and lose \$7!"
"But I got it back, Mr. Bowser!"

"W-what?" "I got it back all right at the lost property office. It was careless of me to lay it down on the seat, but the con—" "Mrs. Bowser, do you mean to say you got your purse back?" he exclaimed as he rose up and towered above her. "Of course. There it is."

"And some slab-sided son of a gun picked \$65 out of my pocket on the hind platform this morning, and I shall never see hide nor hair of it again!' "You don't say! Why, Mr. Bowser. how could you have been standing there with your eyes shut, your mouth open and your feet crossed and let somebody rob you? Sixty-five big dollars! It's bad enough to lose the money, but the

Mr. Bowser had boxed himself up in his excitement. He had taken an oath as big as a house that he'd never let Mrs. Bowser know of his loss. He had blurted out the fact, however, and now felt that he was gone, but all of a sudden an inspiration came to him, and he waved his arms and jumped up and down and shouted:

And he rushed to the library and banged Before he had advanced fifty yards through the deep snow he found himself face to face with a shaggy-coated animal.

Then the bell rang again. As if wather the door shut after him, and she saw him no more that evening. She listened at the door after a bit, however, and heard him walking around the room and growl-

> 'You're a nice old hayseed, you are! Pitch into your wife for losing \$7 and then let a gander-shanked, squint-eyed critter go through you for 10 times as much and tell her all about it! I hope you won't hear the last of it for 10 years!"

Somewhat Stooped. Friend-How tall are you, Wheeler? Mr. Wheeler (champion bicyclist)-That epends on the way I am measured. With straight edge, about 5 feet. With a tape pe. 6 feet 1 inch .- Indianapolis Journal.

General Business,

Five Thousand Hides Wanted.

I will pay cash on delivery for all the hides I can procure; also, I will buy one thousand calf skins ither for cash or for exchange, Parties in any part of the County needing plasterng hair can be supplied by sending in their orders WILLIAM TROY. Chatham, May 15th, 1893.

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Through express for St. John, Halifax and Pictou, (Monday excepted) Accommodation for Moncton and St. John, Accommodation for Campbellton,

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ALL TRAINS ARE RUN BY EASTERN STANDARD TIME. D. POTTINGER, General Manager RailwayOffice, Moncton N. B. 2nd Jan. 1894.

MARKED DOWN SALE. The balance of stock in my lower store not di posed of at the auction sales, is now offered at

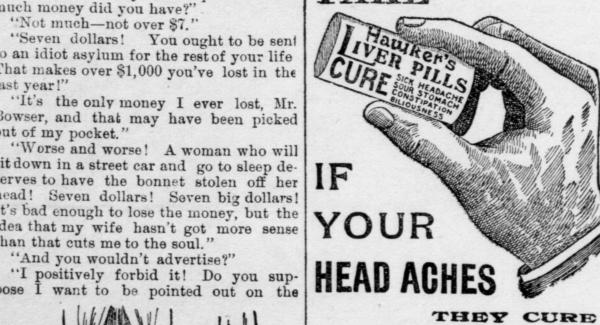
REDUCED PRICES RANGING FROM 15 TO 50 PER CENT. This saie will continue until all the goods are

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and physical solution, but at the same time thor oughly decolorizes and deodorizes the water during purification, thereby rendering it a product equal to the finest chemically distilled water, pure and yet sparkling, without the aid of chemicals in any form All rooms of every description, even to clothes closets, are lighted by electricity, thus avoiding the vitiated air caused by gas and the danger of in The house is more thoroughly fire-proof than any other building ever constructed, no wood being used except for cabinet purposes.

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Telephone in every room. Long distance telephone when desired. Individual safes for each guest in One block from the Sixth Avenue Elevated railroad station. Fifth Avenue stages and Fifty-Ninth Street Crosstown cars pass the door.

Theatre ticket and telegraph office. Bowling The price of rooms will range from \$2.50 per day Ferdinand P. Earle,

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The hotel is fitted with the most complete system of electric appliances ever devised to insure the afety of guests in any similar establishment. Every room is connected by direct speaking tubes

with the office, and guests will be able to announce their wishes, or give orders to the office, ascertain the name and business of callers, etc., without having to call on bell-boys; or, when a guest desires to leave his room, by notifying the office, the room can be connected with a system of alarms, so that no one can enter it by the door, the window or fanlight without the fact being announced in the office; also, fire alarm signal to every room and to the Metropolitan Fire Department.

The hotel contains 200 rooms, en suite and single all heated by steam, and conducted on the European plan, with a restaurant, cafe and salons of peculiar

Special arrangements made to families. Rooms range from \$2.00 per day and upwards. Ferdinand P. Earle,

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I take My Meals, I take My Rest, AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON: getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

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Fainting, Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers, St. Vitus' Dance, Consumption of the Lungs, Nervousness of Females,

Catarrh of the Lungs, Nervousness of Old Age, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough, Liver Complaint,

NEEVOUS DISEASES. As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired diges-When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the

essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous demedicine I could hear of, but nothing done me any appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottles of it I must say that I am surseveral bottles of its I must say that I am surseveral bottles of its I must say that I am surseveral bottles of its I must say that I am surseveral bottles of its I

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Aug. 20, '86. REBECCA WILKINSON, of Brownsvalley, Ind.,
To the Great South American Medicine Co.:

Says: "I had been in a distressed condition for DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I says: "I had been in a distressed condition for have suffered for many years with a very serious three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the disease of the stomach and nerves. I tried every Stomach, Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, until my prised at its wonderful powers to cure the stom- did in my life. I would advise weakly perach and general nervous system. If everyone son to use this valuable knew the value of this remedy as I do you would few bottles of it has not be able to supply the demand.

J. A. HARDEE, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co. consider it the grande

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887. My daughter, eleven years old, was severely a nicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half botues of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause. JOHN T. MISH. State of Indiana, Montgomery County, \ ss:

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA. The Great South American Nervine Tonic Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887. CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public,

perience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the one and only one great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic. HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: | MRS. ELLA A. BRATTON, of New Ross, Indiana, "I owe my life to the Great South American says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I

the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incal-culable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the ex-

I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and can not recommend it too highly." lungs I have ever seen No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all compare with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to pepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. It build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle aged. It is a great-friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon; if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeka, and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.

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