I heard the bluebird yesterday; So now I know That winter hath an end, And underneath the snow The mayflowers wait, all patiently
For spring's glad dawn,
That after winter's night
Will come the Easter morn,

## A CHANCE DECISION.

The three young ladies visiting Miss Annie Castleton, and the two young lady friends who were spending their vacation with her, formed a pretty group on the lawn in front of Mr. Castleton's suburban residence that sunny autumn

A silence had succeeded an hour of merry chatter, and only the rasping call of the crickets broke the stillness.

A solitary bicyclist flashed down the almost deserted street, raising his hat in

smiling recognition as he passed.

The young hostess raised her head slightly, but without changing her position, and followed his stalwart figure with wistful eyes as long as it was in

"Heigh-ho!" Minnie Ashton broke the stillness with a sigh. "Leap year is nearly over, more is the pity! I wonder how many have taken advantage of its privileges, and how many more will

privileges, and how many more will before it is over?"

Annie Castleton's cheeks flushed, as she withdrew her eyes from the turn in the road where rider and wheel had disappeared, and glanced furtively at her companions to see if the direction of her gaze had been observed.

With a sigh of relief, she decided that no one had been observing her, and turned to the speaker to ask, smilingly:

"Why 'more is the pity,' Minnie? You," with marked emphasis, "are not thinking of taking advantage of it?"

"No," replied Miss Ashton, blushing rosily. "I spoke thoughtlessly. Had I given my words a second thought, I should not have said that. The truth is, I was thinking of Charley Harris. It was seeing him ride by, I suppose," she added, half apologetically.

Again the color tinged Annie Castle-Again the color tinged Annie Castle-ton's cheeks, as she looked keenly at the speaker; but Minnie's eyes met her own

frankly and innocently.

"Did you know Mr. Harris and Fannie Landon are engaged, Minnie?" she

"Yes," nodded Minnie; "that is, I farm and for have heard so, and it was of that I was before them. thinking, wondering, if she had not taken advantage of leap year."
"Why?" asked one of the ladies; for Miss Castleton did not speak.
"Why?" echoed Miss Ashton, in a surprised tone. "Because I cannot con-

ceive that a man like Charles Harris can really love a shallow, conceited butterfly like Fanny Landon-can you?" She is unfortunate in having won your disapproval," evasively replied the lady addressed. "I found her very

"So did I," responded Minnie. "She is in some respects a model, but she is shallow, just the same. She is pleasant; so is the froth of a syllabub, but one cannot live on froth. I am sure that she would break with Mr. Harris to-morrow, if she could make what she would consider a more eligible match. Don't you think she would?" "You are severe," commented the

lady.
"I am truthful," retorted Minnie,
"but you evaded the question." "To return to your first suggestion," said the lady. who had observed that the hostess was ill at ease. 'Do you seriously think that it would be well for ladies to take advantage of leap year?"
"Yes, i do," replied Miss Ashton.

"It might cause a great many unequal marriages, and secure good husbands for some shallow, conceited women,' suggested the lady.

Miss Ashton smiled good-humoredly. "So it might," she agreed, "in some cases; but a man would have no need to let his gallantry run away with his common sense, or be so bewitched by a pretty face that he could not refuse to inarry a woman who was not his equal; for he would have the privilege of refusing, if he wished. If he had not stamina enough for that, he would deserve to be tied for life to a woman whose choice would show that she had more sense than he did. It seems to me that in the case of an unhappy marriage the fate of the woman is worse than is that of the man. He has hopes and interests and ambitions outside of his home, but she has not. Therefore she should have every opportunity to make a wise choice. What folly it is, then, to bow to a custom that says you shall take the man that chooses you, no matter what your own choice would have been, or you shall go unmarried all your

"Novels and romances to the contrary notwithstanding," she continued, "there are few of us that have more than two, or at the most three, offers of marriage. I know a number of good women who have had but one, and several estimable women who have had none at all; but a man may choose from the whole circle of his feminine friends and acquaintances, and win the one of his choice if he can. What should you think of a lady who-supposing she went into a store to purchase a pair of shoes, if the merchant, without looking at her feet, or asking what she would like, should hand out a pair, saying, 'You can have these or none'-would meekly pay for tred. them, take them away and actually wear them?"

"Oh, ridiculous!" laughed one. "The illustration is, certainly," replied Miss Ashton, "but the idea is all right. Of course it is custom only that has bound us; but what folly to follow it year after year making its bands yet harder for those that come after!" The young hostess looked at the speaker with approving eyes, and the lady with whom she was conversing smiled over at her.

"Almost thou persuadest me," she said, lightly. "But," she added, would not the knowledge of the existence of an affection that he could not return be a lasting regret to a man who, because of some earlier attachment, an existing engagement, or for some other cause has been obliged to decline an offer of marriage from one whose esteem he valued?

"I do not think so," replied Miss Ashton. "On the contrary, to any noble soul it would be-as it frequently is to a woman-a life long inspiration. There are few who do not feel at times that the whole world is against them. At such times the knowledge of such an affection, that chose its object from all others, and was strong enough to dare repulse to declare itself, would be a continual help and comfort.

The conversation became more general, and much more was said upon the subject. But this much of the conversation lingered in Annie Castleton's mind long after her callers had de-

She could scarcely have forgotten it, even if she would, for much that had been said appealed to her strongly. For years she had loved a man in not to care for her except as a friend. She could make no sign, and he had wooed, and was about to be married to,

And although Annie Castleton's pride prevented her from giving any outward token, she had reached that undesirable mental state when she felt-as Miss Ashton had phrased it—as if the whole world was against her.

Ashton's assertion that the knowledge that some one loved us, even if that love opens. was not returned, would be a comfort. If the woman he had chosen had been worthy, perhaps her yearning tender-ness and pity for him would have been

It might have been this, or perhaps it Before I'd be married when I'm old was the fact that she had learned to look upon her love-being hopeless-as something so entirely apart from either, that it could effect neither him nor herself in the least, that lead her to do what a week before she would have led my expression. French bonnets or thought impossible and unwomanly. She knew he was making a mistake-

and in this belief she did not trust to own opinion alone—that the woman he would make his life wretched. Annie and Charley had been friends whose smile was worth waiting for. and playmates from early childhood; she knew he was a perfect gentleman, asked Hannah, as the girl left the room and that he would never, should they

either by word or look, that he remem- now. bered what she might say. say those few words that could make no him?" difference to either of them then, but the remembrance of which might be in his unhappy future a help and comfort

She pondered over the question long, and then let chance decide. Going, late, into the deserted parlor, she turned off the electric light, walked to the bookcase in the semi-darkness, and took down a volume. She opened it at random, placed her finger upon a verse, and, still keeping the place with her finger, walked to the lighted hall and read from Browning:

"Let us be unshamed of soul. How is it under our control To love or not to love?" She had long contemplated a visit to some relatives at a distance, and her friends wished her to return with them. She made preparations to do so.

The next day, after she had decided what she would do, she slipped out of the house before any one there was astir, and went for a spin on her bicycle

astir, and went for a spin on her bicycle
—for she was an expert rider.

The sun had not yet risen, but she was often out at this hour; in fact, she preferred it to any other for riding.

The roadsides, as she left the city behind her, were bright with golden-rod and asters, and a few late birds, were twittering cheerily; but she neither saw nor heard them. Her eyes were fixed upon the long stretch of road before her, but her thoughts were elsewhere.

Five miles out, she wheeled slowly up a long hill, and at the top stepped from her wheel and looked anxiously down the long decline on the other side. No one was in sight.

one was in sight. "Idiot," she murmured to herself, as she turned once more in the direction

But even as she turned she saw a bicycle resting against a low stile leading into the field, and heard a familiar voice call her name. It was the voice of Mr. "Come here," it said, "for a moment; there will be a beautiful view of the

sunrise from this hill-top.". Miss Castleton obeyed, wondering why she felt so calm and yet so solemn.

If she had not been so fully occupied with her own thoughts, she would have noticed the lingering pressure of her companion's fingers as he took her hand to help her over the stile, or have seen, perhaps, the tender light in the eyes that gazed down at her as she walked by his gazed down at her as she walked by his side for a few steps along the narrow pathway to the place where he had

"It is beautiful," she said absently.
Then she was silent. Indeed she saw
but little of the fair picture of field and farm and forest that was spread out

"What is the matter. Annie?" asked her companion, noting her abstraction. "I am going away, Charlie," she replied, "and I came out this morning oping I should see you.' "Going away!" he repeated, in sudden consternation. "Where?"

"I'm going East on a visit," she answered, "with the friends that have been visiting me. I shall not see you again until after you are married, and l wanted to tell you that I hope you will be happy, very happy, for I—I love you, dear. I have loved you a long, long time. I think I shall be happier that you know it. Good-by! She turned swiftly toward the stile. and would have left him, but he inter-

"Do you-you dearest of all women?" he exclaimed, rapturously. "Don't you know I have haunted this road for over a week, hoping to see you, and knowing I had little chance of seeing you alone if I called at your home just now, and I wanted to say that same thing to you-that I love you, dear? I have loved you a long, long time?"

"But your engagement!" she exclaimed horrified at the turn affairs had taken; for she had not expected this. "Was broken by her own wish almost a month ago, dear, to my great joy, for it was a mistake, as I soon learned, for I never loved her as I should love the woman I want to make my wife-as 1 love you dear. Come, look up, darling -the sun is rising for us now! But it was something more than sunshine that made the world seem so bright to those two as they rode back to the city side by side.

THE IMPATIENT HEN. "There's Mother Dominique next door, Her darlings number twenty-four, And they've been out a week or more, And now she wanders at her ease, As proud and happy as you please.

"So stir your pinky little pegs,
My yellow-bills, come out and walk.
Or else I'll doubt my eggs are eggs,
And think they're but a lump of chalk." Then something rash and sad befell: This old hen pecked each brittle shell And, not so wonderful to tell, Her treatment, which was very rude,

Killed on the spot her tiny brood! And now, despised by fowls and men, She lives a broken-hearted hen. This is the moral of my layreap success in work or play. Why spoil whatever you've begun, Through eagerness to have it done?

#### Remember poor Dame Bartlett's fate, Don't be impatient—learn to wait. MISS SYLVY'S WEDDING.

"What? I can't believe it!" "I never heern the like in all my Such were the exclamations of three talkative women, as they met for con sultation in my little front parlor, each one clutching a bundle upon which all their curiosity was, for the time, cen-

"All these goods are to be made into best 'gownds' and go-to-meetin' dresses, said Sarah, the eldest. Sarah was al ways called Sairy by her sisters, and they, in their turn, were respectively identified as Rushy and Harner, for Jer. usha and Hannah. They had spied out a handsome gray alpaca dress on my sofa, of such lustre and fineness that it challenged their united admiration. "Who's it for? Do tell us?" asked

"Oh, I couldn't; it's a secret," replied I, shaking my head in a wise manner. and putting on my demurest counten-

"But just us; you might tell us. Dear me! we shouldn't go and buy any like it, for our yearly purchases are all made,' pleaded Rushy.

"That alpaca wa'n't never bought here, never-why it's just like a silk. "No," I made reply, "it was not bought here; it was ordered from New

This information seemed for a moment to take away their breath, and they sat looking at the goods as if lost "Well, I wonder who it kin be for?" queried Miss Hannah, solemnly. "It's

nice enough for a wedding dress." "It ought to be, for that's what it is, or will be when it's made. "You don't say!" cried the three in chorus. "Who in the land is goin' to be married, girls, that we know?" asked Sairy, looking from one to the other of her sisters. "Now, I do think you might jest whisper it to us.'

I knew that whispering it to them would be equivalent to hanging up a card in the public square, informing the public generally of the contemplated ceremony, so I kept my lips shut reso every way worthy of her, but he seemed | lutely. But my good resolution was suddenly broken in upon. The door opened, and in came a little elf, all eyes and ears, with the message.

'Miss Sylvy says she can't match the braid 'thout she sends to New York, and please give her a little bigger pattern." In her small palm she held a schare bit of that identical alpaca, and my smile, as my eyes met those of the anxious sisterhood, revealed what my She could, therefore, endorse Miss lips had not told. Thereupon issued those ejaculations with which my story

"Well, if that isn't astonishment enough for one day!" exclaimed Sairy, drawing a long breath. "Sylvy Featherstone! why she's every mite an old as I I declare I wasn't lookin' for't. enough to be somebody's grandmother!" I thought of Sylvy-nobody called her Sylvia in our town—and the contrast in the two women presented itself so forcibly that it was with an effort I control the most jaunty of dress belongings could not lessen the effect of their homely features, while Sylvy Featherstone was a sweet little body, with laughing brown had chosen was no mate for him, and eyes, and a complexion almost as delicate as a young girl's, a gentle lady,

"Who is she going to be married to?" with a generous fragment of the gray meet in the years to come, suggest, alpaca; "you might as well tell us

"Yes, I suppose I might—to a captain, Would it be so very wrong for her to John Seabright. Did you ever hear of "I used to hear of Jack Seabright long ago," said Sairy, "but he was a wild piece; son of old Squire Josh Seabright, who died ten year back. Well, of all

things, I can't get over it-Svlvv Feath-

erstone going to be married? Will it be at the house or the church?" I did not know, so could not tell them. and not long after they left, to scatter the information as industriously as they

over to try on. Sylvy's little house stood at the base of Powder Horn Hill. It was a tiny one-story domicile, sur-rounded by a lovely garden, while great elms and oaks shaded a natural avenue that led to it from the main road. As I entered, the savory smell of plum cake and other delectable viands told of the preparations going forward. Sylvy herself let me in. She looked uncommonly animated and lovely; her gentle eyes were as bright as diamonds, and her cheek wore the flush of youth.

The captain was in the hall, hat in hand instead on the point of leaving.

The captain was in the hall, hat in hand, just on the point of leaving. He was a handsome man, upon whom age sat but lightly, and, though his hair was silvered and his thick beard gray, yet in all his movements was the elasticity of youth, and his happy face made one's heart light to look at.

"The dress does fit beautifully," said Sylvy as I turned her round and round. Sylvy, as I turned her round and round; "but dear me, to think I should be go ing to wear it!"

ing to wear it!"

"And why not you, pray?" I asked.
"I'm sure he's as good as handsome."

"Yes, that he is," she said warmly.

"I have known him for thirty two years; when I was a young girl of eighteen I was engaged to him. The course of true love never does run smooth, you know. My father was a well-to-do man, and John was poor, so our union was not to be thought of then, and the marriage was put off year after year.

"Then reverses came, My father's business had been steadily running down and John's father, through some lucky speculation, suddenly found himself the rich man of the place, so he would not hear to John's marriage, and, though John would have married me any moment, I, too, was proud then, and refused.

"So John went to sea, and there was an old sweetheart of his who was wicked enough to write him that I was married, and for that reason he did not come home for ten years, and when he did return, I had gone to England with Colonel Craik's family, as governess for little Florence, you know. When I came back he had gone again.

"Then, I heard of the loss of his ship, with all hands on board. Wasn't it strange? Why, child, I mourned for him as if he had been my husband.

him as if he had been my husband, and never expected to see him again this side of heaven. I bought this little place, hardly more than large enough for one, and settled, as I thought, for life. It used to belong to Miss Phemie Milson, that independent little body, you know, who took in washing. "I had set up my little domici's, and dug and planted my garden, and thought to end my days here with little Tilly and had grown accustomed to my lot. "One night, as I sat before the open fire in this very room. I heard a knock at the door. It was raining hard, I re member, and I had a queer loneliness of feeling, so I caught Muff up, who was purring on the rug, and opened the door with the cat in my arms. Somebody

son lived here. "I replied 'No, Miss Featherstone lives here now. "'Can I speak to Miss Featherstone' he asked, as if he wanted to come in. trembled a little, for I was afraid of strangers who called after dark, but I was even too cowardly to refuse, and so I told him to walk in, and when he was just juside the door there, he turned and

stood outside, a large body well wrapped

up, whose face I could not see, and a

strange voice asked if Miss Phemie Mil-

"Why, Sylvy. don't you know me?" and, oh, dear! I thought I should faint There stood John, whom I had buried years and years ago. I couldn't believe it for a long time, but it was Johnand there's Sally baking the cake in the kitchen this very minute.

"Things come round so strangely don't they. dear? Now, John's got the squire's house-they always called his father the squire, you know-and he said in his will that if John ever came back—and he always felt as if he would -he was to have the house. So we're to be married there. Just think, John almost insisted on my wearing white satin and a lace veil, just like a young girl, but I wouldn't, and I had my way

"Nobody would believe it," I said; 'but what kept him all those years?" "It would make a book dear, if I could tell you. He was wrecked, as was reported, but escaped, and spent some years on a foreign island. He has been all over the world since, never dreamed of coming home again, he said, when all at once the longing came over him to revisit his native country, and here he is, it's as good as a romance, but he is here. and, if nothing happens, why, we shall They were married, and I was at the wedding, which took place in the old aquire's mansion. - Miss Sylvy stood up in her gray alpaca, which looked as handsome and fitted as well as a silk.

The old minister who performed the ceremony was eighty years of age, and had known both bride and groom since they Engineer in Chief Melville says nearly all the town was there. They cruisers that for speed beat anything in the had a great supper after the ceremony and social amusements and games, in which the entire company took part. I am sure the bride and bridegroom were very happy, and as for Sylvy. though there were no superfluities of dress, and yet she looked like a young woman. You never would have thought

her to be over thirty. Rough and Ready. Bucolic wit, when it does blossom forth, is often very caustic. We were watching a tradesman's boy pushing a heavily-laden carrier tricycle up a steep hill, when a philanthropic-looking old gentleman called out: "Hi! boy! push it from side to side, it'll go up ever so much easier!" Much to the old gent's surprise, the lad returned: "Not so much o' yer bloomin' advice. Give us a shove!"

Upholding the Faith. Sunday-School Teacher.-Tommy, I was shocked to hear you swearing so dreadfully at that strange boy as I came Tommy-I couldn't help it, ma'am. He was making fun of our kind of

One Girl's Funeral. During the construction days of the Northern Pacific railroad many small towns were born that flourished until the road was completed-then died. The little story following actually occurred. and made an impression on me that I shall never forget. To me there was a tinge of sadness that went straight to the heart. I occupied the exalted position of justice of the peace. Now a justice of the peace in Montana in the early days was a bigger man than the chief justice of the United States is to day, and had a perpetual variety entertainfamily rows, preaches, makes speeches, For this aggregation of duties he is called judge; but if he renders a wrong decision his name is Dennis. One cold morning I was waited upon by a delegation of gamblers and informed that one of the girls was dead. They said she had passed in her checks during the night, and as she was the slickest girl in the camp she was to have a 24carat send-off and no mistakes. I went around to see the body to find out if possible the cause of her death. I was satis fied that the girl had taken morphine and died from the effects, and so I rendered my decision, which satisfied all. I set the hour for the faneral, and returned to the cabin to prepare my remarks. There was not a Bible in the camp, and so I had to play it alone. It was a cold, stormy, Montana winter day, and that added much to the sadness of the occasion. The grave was dug out among the pines, and a more Godforsaken place it would have been

hard to find, but it was the best we had or could get. The hour arrived, the procession formed, myself in front of the pallbearers, consisting of gamblers, with Before and After. of Tobacco, Opium or Stimuthe body in a rough pine box. Next came the girls of the town and the busi- Has been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of Maple, Yellow Birch and Beech ness men in the rear. We wended our cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Medicine way slowly to the last resting place, known. Askdruggistfor Wood's Phosphodine; if where, alone and unknown, amid the he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, rocks and pines, with the awful stillness | inclose price in letter, and we will send by return of the mountains, all that was earthly mail. Price, one package, \$1; six, \$5. One will of that unfortunate girl would stay until the last day. No one could pray; no one could sing.

I poured out my soul to my God in my

poor stumbling way—told Him all about it. We were unanimous in the belief that she was more sinned against than sinning, and would He in His infinite goodness and loving kindness forgive her, wipe out all the black spots on her soul, forget her past, and save her for her soul's sake? Would He suspend all rules, throw open wide the portals of heaven, have sweetest music played on a thousand golden harps, and bid that peop, tired, sin-stained soul enter the realms of happiness, purity and rest?

It was our funeral, because everybody did all they could. There were but few of all kinds, to be sure, but human with souls to save. There are many of the That afternoon I carried the dress of all kinds, to be sure, but human with souls to save. There are many of the old boys scattered through the Northwest who will recollect that stormy Montana day, and how we knocked at eternity's door for admittance for the girl's soul, and all will agree that our knocking was not in vain—that the gates were thrown open and forgiveness and

were thrown open and forgiveness and rest came to her. —Orting Oracle. THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE. Oh! to have lived when earth was young, And everything was charming, When bears and tigers were like lambs, And snakes were not alarming!

When every day the sun shone out The whole world went a-Maying, And lovely maids on every hand Through forests dense were straying!

Oh! to have known the peerless knights Who went out dragon killing. And who to succor innocence Distressed were more than willing! Oh! to have owned the purses which

With gold were always glist'ning! Oh! to have seen the fairles come To every baby's christ'ning. Oh! to have been for one hour on A magic carpet sitting. And in the twinkling of an eye From land to land go flitting!

Though at a civil distance, And to a princess in distress Have offered some assistance. Oh! to have had the lamps, the rings That friendly genii granted! Oh! to have met the fawns and swans Which always were enchanted!

Just to have once a giant seen,

Oh! to have lived when beggar men Great kingdoms could inherit, When princesses could marry churls, And wishing was a merit! When peasant lads and monarch's sons

Were equally undaunted, When every tree and rock and stream Was by some fairy haunted. Oh! to have known the time when tears Were always turned to laughter, And grief to joy, and people lived Happily ever after!

-New York Tribune.

THE KETTLE. There's many a house of grandeur, With turret, tower and dome, That knows not peace or comfort, And does not prove a home. I do not ask for splendor

But this I ask: a kitchen Where the kettle's always hot. If things are not all shipshape, I do not fume or fret. A little clean disorder Does not my nerves upset.

To crown my daily lot.

But one thing is essential,

Or seems so to my thought, And that's a tidy kitchen Where the kettle's always hot. In my Aunt Hattie's household, Though skies outside are drear, Though times are dark and troubled. You'll always find good cheer.

And in her quaint old kitchen. The very h miest spot, The kettle's always singing, The water's always hot. And if you have a headache, Whate'er the hour may be, There is no tedious waiting To get your cup of tea,

I don't know how she does it, Some magic she has caught. For the kitchen's cool in summer Yet the kettle's always hot. Oh, there's naught else so dreary In any household found As a cold and sullen kettle That does not make a sound. And I think that love is lacking

In the hearts in such a spot, Or the kettle would be singing And the water would be hot. -Ella Wheeler Wilcox THE MOVING WORLD.

Thirty horsepower petroleum engines for, you know, I'm nearly fifty years without boilers are now in successful oper-The new weldless chain has proven by experiments that its breaking strain is nearly double that of the steel of which it is made. Corn husks boiled in caustic soda are beng used in the manufacture of paper. The

husks are reduced to a spongy, glutinous paste, which is subjected to heavy pressure The gluten thus eliminated leaves an excel ent fiber. A four wheeled wagon whose motive power is supplied by a benzine engine has icen satisfactorily tested in Germany. It is ntended to carry passengers through city treets or country roads and can be run at

be rate of half a cent a mile. Only four of the survivors of Napoleon's great army are still alive: Jean Jacques Sebatier, 102; Victor Baillod and Jean Engineer in Chief Melville says that in the Olympia, Minneapolis, Columbia and It was an old-fashioned wedding, and New York, the United States has four

> Aluminium is now used instead of steel for the nails and heel plates of the German soldiers' boots. The results expected are quicker and better marching. Fifteen years after they were lost in the disaster at Isandhlwana, in Zululand, the colors of the Twenty fourth regiment, the South Wales Borderers, have been recovered. They come some way into the hands of a French nobleman, who has just transferred them to the British military attache at Paris.

In Portugal the tobacco tax brings £900. 000, the land tax £700,000. In parts of Peru taxes are paid in cocoa leaves and Peruvian back. The soap duty in Holland brings \$750,-000 a year to the government. Charles II. farme I all the customs for an annual payment of £390,000. A hearth tax was formerly assessed in many of the German states. The rate of taxation has nearly quadrupled in France since in 1830. Male servants are taxed in Great Britain

and several other countries. Richest Man in Prussia. The richest man in Prussia is Albert Hoesch, who owes his wealth to his manufacturing establishments (iron and paper). His income is about \$2,000,000 a year, and his taxes last year, when his wealth was rated half a million more, were \$108,000.

Thomas Leahy of Bathurst Village, in the County and had a per etual variety entertainment. He marries people, buries the dead, puts out fires, takes a drink with a property does fight a settle. everybody, referees dog fights, settles The trust deed now lies at my office in the town of Bathurst. Creditors desiring to participate in perfect fit guaranteed; men's and boys work will and must be ready for any kind of work. the trust estate are required to execute the same within three months from this date. Dated at Bathurst, the 21st day of August, A. D. JNO J. HARRINGTON,

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#### HOUSEHOLD NOVELTIES, AT D. CREAGHAN'S.

Our stores at Chatham and Newcastle present a regular parorama of Toys, Nic-Nacks, Notions, Japanese Goods, Silk Handkerchiefs, Mantle, Chair and Table Drapes, and goods suitable for Xmas presents, such as children dream about, ladies delight to select from and men purchase in order to make one and all happy and content this holiday time. We are opening this week a new lot of Ladies Dress Goods, Coats, Jackets and Furs, Boys

Youths and Mens Clothing, Fur Caps and Gloves. Our prices always defy competition. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

## J. D. OREAGHAN. CHATHAN AND NEWCASTLE

GENERAL INSURANCEAGENT FOR FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT COMPANIES

REPRESENTING: Travelers' Life and Accident, of Hartford, Conn] Norwich Union, of England Roya! Canadian, of Montreal. London and Lancashire Life Assurance Com pany, of London England and Montreal, Que. OFFICE-CUNARD STREET OPPOSITE E. A. STRANG COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES CHATHAM, N. B

Manchester House. XMAS & NEW YEAR 1894-1895. Our stock of general dry goods is full and complete in every line and we have on hand all the new W. S LOGGIE Co. LTD

MANCHESTER HOUSE TAILORING Made to order in the latest style Ladies Spring Jackets;

Capes and Mantles; receive special attention. Residence, Thomas Street, Newcastle N. B. S. H. UNDERHILL

TAILORESS.

The lower store in the Pierce Block lately occupied by R. Murdoch. Immediate possession given. For further information apply to

500 CORDS Seasoned Hardwood,

The subscriber has for sale on the line of 500 cords seasoned wood, (split,) consisting of

\$2.00 PER CORD, LOADED, freight rates from \$8.00 to 10.00 per car. W.R. McCLOSKEY,

FURNACES FURNACES, WOUD OR COAL, WHICH I CAN FURNISH AT

REASONABLE PRICES. STOVES

AT LOW PRICES. PUMPS, PUMPS,

also Japanned stamped and plain tinware in endless variety, all of the best stock which I will

A.C. McLean Chatham.

MILL FIRE WOOD Please take notice that all payments for fire wood must be made to Henry Copp, foreman in charge

or to my office Payments nade to teamsters wi-

J. B. SNOWBALL

ot be recognised

Z. TINGLEY, HAIRDRESSER, ETC.. REMOVED

SHAVING PARLOI

Water Street, Chatham. He will also keep a first-class stock of Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Smakers' Goods generally

Has been appointed agent for ROYAL INSURANCE CO OF ENGLAND. NORWICH AND LONDON CO OF ENGLAND, ONTARIO MUTUAL CO OF CANADA and hopes by strict attention to businees to merit a share of people's patronage.

Smelt shooks on hand and for sale by GEO, BURCHILL & SONS Bolestown, N. B. | Nelson, Dec. 22nd, 1894;

IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS

will be made a specialty. Stoves, Plow-castings, etc., always in stock ORDERS IN PERSON, OR BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. Estimates for work furnished on application.

JAS. G. MILLER.

## Established 1866.

Dunlap Bros. & Co.. AMHERST, N. S. Dunlap, McKim & Downs,

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO.,

WALLACE, N. S.

AMHERST, N. S.

DUNLAP COOKE & CO. MERCHANT TAILORS,

> GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS AMHERST.

-AND-

N. S. This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable for fine tra e Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from his establishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince you that

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

## AND

Stomach Liver Cure The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years.

It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar. It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk. This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians,

who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestic 2 dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the great nervine tonic qualities which it possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a broken-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption remedy ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine Tonic, almost constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curetive is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great. energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen,

#### bottles of the remedy each year. IT IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF

Broken Constitution. Nervous Prostration, Debility of Old Age, Nervous Headache, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Heartburn and Sour Stomach. Temale Weakness. Weight and Tenderness in Stomach: Nervous Chills, Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Nervous Choking. Weakness of Extremities and Hot Flashes. Fainting, Palpitation of the Heart.

Impure and Impoverished Blood. Boils and Carbuncles, Scrofula. Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers, Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough.

Liver Complaint,

Pains in the Back, Chronic Diarrhea, Delicate and Scrofulous Children, Failing Health, Summer Complaint of Infants. All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful

Nervine Tonic.

Mental Despondency,

Nervousness of Females,

Nervousness of Old Age,

Sleeplessness,

Neuralgia,

St. Vitus' Dance,

Pains in the Heart,

NERVOUS 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 digestion. 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 sepair 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 derangement. 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 forhave 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 medicine I could hear of, but nothing done me health was gone. I had been doctoring conany appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using

South American Nervine. Which done me more several bottles of it I must say that I am sur- good than any \$50 worth of dectoring I ever prised at its wonderful powers to cure the stom- did in my life. I would advise every weakly perach and general nervois system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.

J. A. HARDEE, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA. CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887. My daughter, eleven years old, was severely a tieted 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. State of Indiana, Montgomery County, \ 88: Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887. CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Publica

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 the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience 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 Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered tered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting 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 can not recommend it too highly."

through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and 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 cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle area. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boom. dle 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 cheeks and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.

Large 16 ounce Bottle, \$1.00. EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED. SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON

CHATHAM, N. B.