RETRIBUTION. Upon the porch most drowsily Is stretched the setter sleek and red, While circles wild a honey-bee Among the roses overhead.

He sharply eyes his longed-for prey.
Then like a tiger swiftly springs;
But from his teeth and far away
The bee with little effort wings.

And then the bee comes darting down; Swift as an arrow to the plain. And Fido feels upon his crown A lump that undulates with pain.

Poor Fido doesn's look as proud
As usual while flying fleet,
Enveloped in a great dust cloud,
And howling madly down the street. I'm glad he's stung; I'm sure it's right
That one so big and strong as he
Should come to grief for trying to bite
A little inoffensive bee.

A TYPEWRITER GIRL.

There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the St. Clair household. Caroline, the youngest daughter, had decided to carve her own fortunes, as those of the family were getting in a most entangled condition, and "unbeknownst" to her worthy relatives had sought and secured a situation as type-writer in one of the big, wicked Chicago's well known business houses. "It's a disgrace to the family!" Brother Bob declared, and he donned his

overcost and repaired to the clubhouse around the corner. Mamma wept loudly; papa fumed faintly.

"John Vandergast!" moaned mamma.

"He will never look at you again! A daughter of mine a typewriter!" Caroline's short upper lip curled slightly more than already curled by nature, although an apprehensive look did come into her great hazel eyes.

"If you think, my dearest mother, that I am going to starve here in this remote quarter of the woods, even in the most centeal style just for one look the most genteel style, just for one look from Mr. Vandergast, you are vastly

"There are other employments for a woman—such a public position! And typewriters are always so—so talked "In the newspapers," added Caroline.
"But no one will ever talk about me!"

she finished, with stern bravery.

Before it was time for Caroline to leave for the distant city, her father had altogether ceased his fuming and was considering the advantages of his daughter's assistance. Of late years the struggle had been a hard one for him. His wife had always been a society wo-man and extravagant; indulged sons and fashionable daughters, whose marriages had cost him a small fortune, had so reduced the estate made in his prime that now, in his old age, bankruptcy constantly stared him in the face.

"I regret, daughter," he said as the train whistled and they were out on the station platform," that you are going so far from home. But I know how you would feel to begin labor here, and I fully apprieciate your efforts in assisting me. The burden is growing heavier every year," and he sighed.

"Somebody has to do something," re-

turned the daughter sententiously. "And I know you are fully capable of taking care of yourself. God bless you, my girl.' And the careworn father was prouder

of his typewriter girl than of his wealthiest and most beautiful daughter. But once on the car, and steaming Chicago-ward, Caroline was not quite so brave, and despite her tall, dignified self, one or two tears rolled down her aristocratic nose and defied the superior little curl of her short upper lip.

What if John Vandergast—they had been such friends before he left for

Europe, and although Caroline had not given her promise, for she was not sure of herself, she had consented to speak to him again upon the subject when he would return. Now she was sure of herself-but

"It is one more test," she said sternly to herself as she brushed away the impertinent tears, "and a good one too. I am so glad I defied mamma and took the business course at college."

In the excitement of her new life Car-oline forget her little thoughts that might have been called sentiment. She passed the ordeal of critical examination by the other typewriters in the office with supreme indifference and so impressed her employers with her dignity that they were half afraid of her.

As a typewriter she was invaluable—rapid, correct, distinct, her every sheet perfection itself, but there was no social intercourse or pleasant conversation. "That girl," declared the junior partner, "ct a ly scares me. She's too pret-'Ye—es," drawled the senior, and that

afternoon the gentleman asked her how she spent her evenings.

and not homely, and you will pardon an old man if he takes an interest in your welfare in this great city."
"Ah yes!" Caroline drew a long, ex-

pressive breath, and a close observer would have said her nostrils dilated something like those of a high strung half bad there. The house had only six "Ahem!" coughed the consulto of the said half bad there. horse. "Sunday evening I attend services at St. James; Monday evening I but they were sufficient. I frequently steward!"

And there, the house had only six rooms, and all were on the ground floor, but they were sufficient. I frequently steward!" and Renan, being my favorite authors; Tuesday evening I attend the musicales, and Wednesday evening I attend prayers, Thursday I again devote to read ing; Friday evening I generally attend the opera or concert, and Saturday evening I give to preparations for the Sab-Then she turned to her Remington.

and the old gentleman groaned in an Caroline was flushed and wrathful. "The old sinner!" she was fuming to

herself as she took his dictation in shorthand. "As though he thought I could not understand!' Caroline was past twenty and considered capable of taking care of herself,

yet she felt as injured and insulted as though the white-haired man had ogled her as he did the youngest and most flippant girl in the house. But Caroline did not wish to lose her

position, for it was an unusually paying one, and it began to be an effort to her tage. to repel the insinuation of the senior partner without offendind him. She soon detested him most heartily. in very much flurried.

and then grew pale.

"Hey? You don't say! Well, that's on tiptoe and stole alongside of the bed.

There was a peculiar little wheezing deucedly inconvenient just now."

"He will be looking into accounts and It was pitch dark in the room, but I we are not prepared for that at present," knew that haby was there said the youth significantly.

catch every word. her outward appearance was one of such disturb the mother. I undressed noise-indifference. Evidently it was of lessly and, donning my nightgown, lay enough importance to not trust her down on the opposite site of the bed

will be the best plan. We will secure | Buster still kept ap a loud breathing, the bonds of the bank to put a good face | but it didn't disturb me, though as I on things, and then he will not be likely | fell asleep I remember thinking that he to look deeper until after the crisis. It | seemed more snuffly than usual. would ruin us for him to withdraw his share now.'

All this was Greek to Caroline until she remembered several communications she had taken which were in regard to speculations, and then it was clear to her. The junior partner went at once to the bank, and the old gentleman seemed somewhat worried Caroline made no sign, but made a resolution, and when three o'clock, hour

for quitting work, came, she said calm-"I believe I must sever my connection with this office to-day. I wish to return home."

"Ah-ahem! Do I understand you mean to quit us at once.' "Yes. I wish to return home tomorrow morning," she returned imper-

"This is rather sudden. Indeed, I do not see how I can let you go at once." "But you must, sir!" said Caroline So he made out her check and bade her a suave good-bye, and a few min-

utes later found her in the hotel waiting for John Vandergast. Whether it was her John or some other Vandergast, she had deter-mined to warn him and then go home for a vacation until she secured another position. And when she looked on the hotel register she knew it was her John.

Why, Caroline," he said, when he came in, his face lighting up. "This is a most unexpected honor. I was hurrying business matters so as to get home

to morrow to see you."

Industry breathing for the baby's foolish little snore? Just because I said to my-self that it was the baby.

"I can't describe my feelings as I lay there. First I grew cold and my skin seemed to shrivel up in horror. My nerves contracted so that it was positive lay usinful. Then same a received another little snore?

to-morrow to see you." __.

He shook here hand warmly and looked up to see if he might venture any further greeting.

No one would be apt to take even a lover's liberty with Caroline "You have made my stay a long one and a tedious one to me by denying me the privilege of writing to you," he said

in reproach "Yes, I know, John," she rejoined hastily, for she was afraid her blushes might encourage an embrace, "but you know I am a typewriter now, or was an And she looked at him defiantly. He

"I understood in one of my letters from home that you had accepted some position here in the city, but I could not learn where or what it was. I am sure you are the same if not more to me for that. Typewriters are a fine set of girls."-An unmistakable satisfaction came into Caroline's face.

"I am—so glad you did not think less of me than you did," she said, under her breath. Then she recollected her er-She told him what she knew, and he listened with a grave face. "I am glad you told me. It is provi-

dential you were employed there. So they are speculating, and from what you tell me my thousands would have been higher than the moon by day after tomorrow. I will withdraw them for you, my queen, this very day." Then as there was not a minute to lose, Caroline bade him good-bye and hurried to her boarding house. The

next morning she was home-ward bound, John Vandergast's promised Several months later there was a quiet wedding in the St. Clair homestead, and the typewriter daughter was the highest honored the worldly mother had.

BABY OR TIGER?

The steamship Colon of the Pacific mail line was only twenty-four hours out from the Isthmus, but already four convivial spirits had formed a friendship, and were seated in the smoking room talking of the business and pleasure that marked their years of life in different countries of South America, for all had come from points below the equator.

It was 11 o'clock A quiet little poker

It was 11 o'clock. A quiet little poker game had passed time for a while, but table for an hour. The night was lovely, hardly a ripple could be seen on the lated moon-frosted water, and the Colon forged ahead as if crossing a pond, throwing aside a phosphorecent spray and kicking up a swirl of fire with her propeller as she knocked off fourteen

It was the perfect night that had induced the four occupants of the smoker to leave their cards and sit beside the large door, where they could look over the vessel's rail and at the same time converse together, I

John Devine, a civil engineer who had been working along the line of the Oroya railroad in Peru, had been telling about the marvellous construction of this roadway, and had identically remarked that during all the time he spent in South America he had not seen a wild animal except one small tiger, and that far in the interior. As he mentioned this, one of the party was noticed to draw back and shudder as if

"What is it, Captain? Let's have the story," said an American consul, who was going home on leave, "I'll warrant there's something rather interesting if you would tell it. "Yes, let's hear it!" chimed in the other two. Capt. Paul lighted a second long, black

cheroot and replied: "Well, it's a curious yarn, and I sometimes wonder whether I really passed through it all or not, but when it seems only a dream to me all I have to do is to look into my trunk. There is something there that is a vivid reminder of the night I will tell you about, that something I will show you in the morning. "Of course, gentlemen, you know that Mrs. Paul accompanies me, but I don't suppose that you have noticed my 3-year-old son who is cared for by a Peruvian

"I have," remarked the consul. "and a sturdy-looking fellow he is." "When the lad was a ten-months old baby," continued the captain, "I was ordered to Guayaquil, Ecuador. As you probably know, I have been representing marine underwriters in South America, having been sent there to prevent agents for damaged ships making too expensive repairs at our expense. I had been sent by my employers to superintend work on a steamer which had sunk in the

Guayaquil river at that point.

"It meant four months' stay at that hot little town sixty miles from the sea coast, and so I at once rented a is spent her evenings.

"Sir?" enquired Caroline.

"You—excuse me, but you are young and not homely, and you will pardon an horse and rode back and forth every morning and evening. It was hot and the mosquitoes were plenty, to say nothing about fleas, but our little place was so told Mrs. Paul that it was dangerous to leave any of the doors ajar at night, for although burglars are not to be feared in Ecuador, yet once in a while animals came out of the jungle, and they had been seen near the city. But as time

> both grew careless. "One day I had been detained in town. and it was nearly midnight when mounted my horse to return, for there had been a survey held that day on the steamer, which by this time had been raised, and I waited to hear the report. The night was a perfect one, much like this. I had moonlight to cheer my way until near home, but the last rays came over the hill as I rode past the house, and they just showed me that the front door was half open. 'I must have these doors closed at night, thought I as I rode into the stable, and taking off Tom's saddle I threw him

some hay and walked back to the cot-

passed and nights became warmer we

"You are all aware how carefully a man walks when he enters a house where a year-old baby is. Indeed, it is self-preservation in many cases. And One morning the junior partner came in this instance I did what many a father has done before me, I took off my "Vandergast is in tewn," he said.
And despite herself Caroline reddened shoes on the doorstep. My room was the first one off the hall and I entered it noise coming from one side of the bed. knew that baby was there. At first I thought I would go into my wife's room "No," mused the other, and then they in the front of the house, but as I slowheld a lengthy conversation, during ly undressed I argued that her placing which Caroline was on the qui vive to | the baby in my bed proved that she had had a pretty bad evening, so I decided But they spoke guardedly, for all that | to crawl in beside the youngster and not "Yes," said the senior at last, "that I did not pull even a sheet over me.

Buster still kept up a loud breathing,

> "'Uugh!' A weight had fallen across my chest. I didn't make this exclamation aloud. I had been in training as a paterfamilias too long for that. Halfwake, I realized that Buster had thrown imself across my body. I slowly milled one arm out, then took hold of im gently to lift him off without waking him. Strange how long and hairy Buster's head is,' I thought.

> "Did you ever read 'Alice in Wonder-"Well, I had much the same sensations as are described in that book, for, as I slowly passed my hand along my baby's head, it seemed as if it was drawn out for yards. At last I reached the end. 'What teeth he has,' thought

"Just then the teeth curled them-"Whether it was that motion or what, I never shall know, but in an instant was wide awake as I ever was, and in another moment I realized that the baby was not in bed with me, but that the heavy object that lay across my chest was the hind paw of a large animal. I had sense enough to lie perfectly still. How could I have mistaken that hoarse breathing for the baby's foolish

ly nainful. Then came a reaction and

the perspiration poured all over my body. It was still pitch dark, and to add to my horror I had forgotten the lay of the land. My head didn't work just right—I couldn't locate the door. Try as I might, it was impossible for me to remember which side of the room my bed faced. Of course the only thing to do was to lie still until there was enough light to see the door, and in the meantime to pray that the object beside me might not be roused by any noise in the house. I had no idea what time it was. I had no ideas at all, except tha some enormous beast occupied part of

my bed, and that a heavy, curly paw, with claws on the end, lay over my "I believe I was going crazy when I heard baby sob a little. Yet, he was in my wife's room. How happy I felt as heard that noise, for I didn't know but before it lay down. Then I feared that the baby would cause the brute besidene to awake, but at that moment his mother's soothing voice quieted him. Those words of Mrs. Paul's never seemd so sweet, never so musical.

But all was again still except the breathing of that beast. All this time I had lain in one position, not even daring to move my hand that rested on the fir of the paw. It was growing cold, the early morning chill filled the air, and there I lay, uncovered, and in a clammar sweat. There was no more noise. On the pays I have no idea how long I recourse. I have no idea how long I recourse. course, I have no idea how long I re mained. I counted one thousand breath taken by the animal; then, strange to say, I felt sleepy—exhaustion was doing for me. That must not be. I collected my faculties again and once more was in abject terror.

"A faint glow appeared at the side of the room. It was the glint of dawn that lightened the space at the window. 'Only a few seconds more,' I said to myself. Slowly the objects in the room began to stand out, and finally I could outline the door which was opposite the foot of the bed. It was standing had

"Mrs. Paul can do better justice to the rest of the story, but as she is no

here I will tell it as she has often re

"She was awakened by the most terrific vells, interspersed by the growls of an animal, and the whole house was jarred as if cannon balls were being hurled against the walls. Running into the hall, she found me holding onto my door knob with both hands and jumping up and down. I had on only my short nightshirt, and she said my legs moved up and down like pistons in and out of a cylinder. All this time I was yelling at the top of my lungs, and by this time Buster had joined in the chorus. Mrs. Paul thought me crazv. but fortunately I had enough of my wits left to tell her to call the men, and in a few minutes the gardener and the stable boy came in.

"I sent for a rope and in a few moments we had the door fastened. There was a rifle in my wife's room, fortunately, and ordering the gardener to get a ladder, I sent Mrs. Paul with Buster to the stable, for I was fearful that the brute would break through the partition. Then without stopping to put on any clothes, which, by the way, I could not have done, as they were all in my room, I hurried around the side of the house and climbed up the ladder to my open window, which was about six feet from the ground, and was more of a port hole than anything else. I must have been a peculiar spectacle standing there in my bobtailed nightshirt with my repeating rifle to my shoulder.

"I soon caught sight of the brute's eyes and fired. There was a yell and a crash. The animal had jumped for me. Completely unstrung by the terrible hours I had passed, I fell from the ladder, and, knocking the gardener off his feet we both rolled on the ground. He was certain that the animal had him, and his cries caused Mrs. Paul to run from the stable, she believing that we were both being killed. In my fall I sprained my ankle, and when I tried to get up I fainted

"A half hour later I found myself lying in my wife's bed and a doctor standing beside me. After I had fainted Mrs. Paul, who—by the way is a very clever shot—had replaced the ladder and seizing my rifle, despatched the animal, which was nearly dead by that time, for my bullet had entered its brain." There was a hush as the captain finished his story and everybody felt a little "creepy" as he turned in that night.

The four men stood beside the captain's steamer trunk the next morning. Mrs. and Paul took out a heavy skin that had been carefully preserved and

"Poor old Jumbo!" she exclaimed. "Capt Paul had to pay \$200 for killing neighbor Garcia's fire Newfoundland

"Ahem!" coughed the consul to Capt.

A New Species of Live Stock. A cricket farm is conducted by Mrs. Colin Campbell in Rochester, N.Y. She sells the insects to the superstitious, who believe in luck that the cricket trings.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

"Dear me," Edna said, tossing aside a small paper-bound volume, "this will not do at all. It is stupid.' "Stupid!" Jennie cried. "Is that all? All the rest are too long, or too short. or have too many parts, or some other insurmountable objection. But mere stupidity!"

"Don't be sarcastic, Jennie," Dollie said, looking up from her book. There were six of the girls, and on the table, chairs and even the floor were sixty, at least, of the books. It was just as Dollie spoke that Aunt Martha came in; tall, prim and stately, aut as sweet as a rose for all that, and prettier at sixty than half the women of this world are at twenty. "What are you doing?" she asked

with mild astonishment. "Selecting a play for private theatri cals. We want to help the fund for the sufferers at the B- Street fire," said Cassie, collecting scattered books in one great pile.

"Private theatricals!" said Aunt Martha, with a very odd smile. "It is a long time since I took part in private theatricals. Forty years and more."
"You?" we all cried in chorus, for Aunt Martha, although she never interfered with us, was well known to disapprove of theatres and all that belonged

"The audience was very small," said Aunt Martha, still with that puzzling smile, "and there were few performers Shall I tell you about it?" "What was the play?" asked Edna, perhaps hoping for aid in her perplex

"'The Midnight Alarm," said Aunt Martha. "Can I get it?" "I think not. It was composed for the occasion and never written out." By this time we had deserted the table and array of "acting copies" of popular dramatic works, and were urawn up in a circle near aunt Martha's

chair, keerly interested in hearing all "It was when I was a young girl," said Aunt Martha, "and had been in vited to be bridemaid for my very dear friend, Dora Burke. She was the only child of a very wealthy widow, who lived in Willow Banks, and had one of the most luxurious homes I ever visiteu.

as boarders for the winter. "So, when it was decided to have a grand wedding, it was also arranged that it should be at Willow Banks, where there were many spare bedrooms, and which could be reached by carriages | SOUTH from the city. One peculiarity of the domestic life I must mention here. Years before Mrs. Burke had been rob-Years before Mrs. Burke had been robbed by burglars, admitted to the house by a dishonest servant, and from that time she would have no servant sleep in her house A generate begins above company, will be held at the secretary'e office in Newcastle, on Thursday the tenth day of choosing directors for the ensuing year, and transacting such other business as may be deemed kept house for the gardeners, stablemen

and maid servants, who were summoned when wanted by a bell from Mrs. Burke's room. A second bell, also connecting with her room, was an alarm, only to be pulled if the men should be wanted at night for a fire or burglary. wanted at hight for a fire or burglary.

"The wedding was very grand, but, while the festivities were at their height. I was taken ill with a severe pain that I was subject to. I tried in vain to conceal my suffering, and finally whispered to Dora's cousin, Mollie Burke, that I must go to my room and lie down. "She wanted to go with me, but that I would not allow, as she was filling Dora's usual place in assisting Mrs.

"I will come in before I go to bed,' she said, and I slipped away unnoticed.
"My room was at the end of a long entry, a room I liked because it commanded a magnificent view, but it seemed lonely to me that night, going there from all the light, gayety and music in the drawing-room. There was an immense closet in it, as large as many modern hall-rooms, and in that was stowed much of the 'rubbish' that most families own odds. that most families own, odds and ends whose usefulness is over, but which are too good to throw away. In this, I carefully hung up my fine dress, slipped carefully hung up my fine dress, slipped on a woollen wrapper and crept to the bed, having only the bright moonlight to guide me. I could not sleep, but the pane wore away and I lay quiet, wondering how soon the guests would leave. Already Dora and her husband had driven away to the city, to start upon their wedding trip, but the rooms had been still filled when I left thorn.

RAILWAY BILLS, been still filled when I left them. "I cannot tell what made nie think then of the temptation for burglars there would be in the house that night. The family plate, usually stored in a bank vault in the city, and only displayed on great occasions, was all spread in the supper-room. In the library were Dora's presents, valuable jewels, silver, lace and other costly offerings.

"As if in answer to my fears, I suddenly became aware that someone moved softly along the entry, creeping, creeping, to my door, and so across the room to the closet. As the figure crossed the window, I could see that the inintruder was a tall, powerfully-built man. He entered the closet, and I could hear him stealthily crouch down in the corner, probably pulling over him some of the articles on the floor.

"I dared not move. Alone, a weak girl, far from the other inmates of the house, I was afraid he would murder me if I tried to get to the door. I lay shivering one minute, hot the next, my heart beating so hard I was afraid the uing someone good night. Even then I was terrified. What were two girls in the grasp of a man presumably armed to resist arrest?

"As Mollie entered my room, dears, the private theatricals commenced, one actress for an audience of two. She spoke to me, and I moved my head uneasily, muttering like a person waking suddenly in delirium. Her fears at once took the alarm "'Oh, Mattie, Mattie, dear,' she cried,

'I had no idea you were so sick! Fanny!' she called, going to the door. "Fanny, Miss Mattie is very sick.' Mollie said. 'Can you stay here while I call Mrs. Burke ? "All this time I had been murmuring any nonsense that came first to my lips, but now I said in French

"'Wait! I must speak to you before you send for Mrs. Burke. I am not "'On, marm,' cried Fanny, 'what awful gibberish she do talk, to be sure! "'Yes, she has fever,' said Mollie coming to the bedside. 'Get some cold water, Fanny, to bathe her head.' "'Don't start or scream,' I muttered still in French, in a low tone, keeping my head in motion; there is a man hidden in the closet who has designs on the plate and wedding presents, I am sure. Can you ring the alarm bell in Mrs. Burke's room and get the manservants here?'

"'Oh, you poor, poor darling!' said Mollie, caressing me. 'To think you have been lying here suffering while we were dancing and enjoying ourselves! But you must have something to take. Fanny,' as the mail came with a pitcher of water, 'bathe Miss Mattie's head, while I see what medicines are in the

"I said there was but one actress, and I was wrong. Mollie walked coolly to the closet, knowing the thief was crouched down in the far corner behind some bundles, and took from a narrow shelf a few bottles, crossing the room to read the labels by the candle on a table beside the bed, and returning again, two or three times, while I moan ed and muttered, and Fanny pitied and soothed me.

"Really, my dears," said Aunt Martha, complacently, "considered as a first appearance, without study or rehearsal. I must say that it was very well done. The last bottle Mollie took back was put upon the shelf, and without hurry, but quite naturally, she closed the closet door and locked it. "I knew then, what I had almost doubted, that she had understood me.

"There is nothing here that will do, Fanny,' she said, quietly. I must see if Mrs. Burke has anything. Don't leave Miss Mattie until I come back.' "Then I heard her go lightly and swiftly down the long entry, and my heart throbbed almost to suffocation, a I wondered if the wretch in the closes would burst out upon us. And all the time I was keeping up the delirious moaning and muttering. Oh, how long the time seemed! But at last I heard the sound of heavy feet, the confusion of many voices and, while Fanny stood in open-mouthed wonder, s; illing over me the cup of water she held in one hand.

five sturdy men walked into my room, headed by the upper gardener, and all armed with pokers, sticks or other weapons. The head gardener alone held a pistol. "Cocking this, he opened the closetdoor, and said: "Suppose you come out! If you've

got a pistol, perhaps you'd better not shoot, 'cause what you'll get for burglary what ain't actually done ain't noth in' to hangin', if you murder me. And there's five of us, so you can't get away. "Then he came out, sullen and ugly, His fir t look was at the bed, but I had added to Fanny's amazement by suddenly recovering and joining Mollie and Mrs. Burke, who had followed the men into the room. "'Oh,' said the ruffian, 'that's it, is it? Gibberish as was giving information. If I'd a knowed there was a gal on that bed when I came in, I'd a stopped her

clack. I'd a strangled her, that's what "And then, my dears, I finished up my private theatricals by falling to the floor in a fainting fit in which there was

no acting at all." WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE, The Great English Remedy. Six Packages Guaranteed to promptly, and permanently त के बिल क cure all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Impotency and all Mental Worry, excessive use

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Sold in Chatham, by J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE. Druggist. NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

Thomas Leahy of Bathurst Village, in the County of Gloucester, in the Province of New Brunswick, Merchant, has assigned all his estate and effects But it was in the country, ten miles from a large city, where Mrs. Burke owned another house in which her winof Bathurst. Creditors desiring to participate in ters were passed, but which was rented the trust estate, are required to execute the same to a lady who took Mrs. Burke and Dora | within three months from this date. Dated at Bathurst, the 21st day of August, A. D.

JNO J. HARRINGTON, Trustee.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of th her house. A separate building for their use was connected by a covered same day at eleven o'clock a m., to audit the way and fitted up comfortably. Here treasurer's accounts, and wind up the business for the year. ALLAN RITCHIE. Newcastle, 24th Dec , 1894.

Miramichi Advance, THE CILLESPIE CHATHAM FOUNDRY,

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and other requisite plant constant-ly running. Equipment equal to burglar would hear it. I cannot tell how long it was before I heard Mollie's voice at the end of the long entry, bidthe Province.

> The only Job-Printing office outside of St. John that was awarded

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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.

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CHATHAM, N. B Manchester House. XMAS & NEW YEAR 1894-1895.

Our stock of generol dry goods it full and com plete in every line and we have on hand all the new est goods for the Holiday season. W. S LOGGIE Co. LTD

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Made to order in the latest style

Capes and Mantles; effects of Abuse or Excesses, perfect fit guaranteed; men's and boys work will receive special attention. Residence, Thomas Street, Newcastle N. B. S. H. UNDERHILL

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J. J. PIERCE.

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urther information apply to

500 CORDS Seasoned Hardwood.

The subscriber has for sale on the line of

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\$2.00 PER CORD, LOADED,

freight rates from \$3.00 to 10.00 per car.

W.R. McCLOSKEY, Bolestown, N. B.

FURNACES FURNACES. WOOD OR COAL, WHICH I CAN FURNISH AT

REASONABLE PRICES. STOVES OFFICE-CUNARD STREET OPPOSITE E. A. STRANG COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES AT LOW PRICES.

PUMPS, PUMPS Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, 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

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SHAVING PARLOR

Water Street, - Chatham. He will also keep a first-class stock of by R. Murdoch. Immediate possession given. For Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Smakers' Goods generally

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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.

CORDWOOD FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale 200 cords firewood Hare good and Softwood, cut in lots to suit purchasers and delivered to any place in Chatham. Orders Woodburn Farm,

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The subscriber having leased the above **FOUNDRY** AND MACHINE SHOP. is prepared to meet the requirements of Railway, Mill and Steamboat

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will be made a specialty. Stoves, Plow-custings, etc., always in stock ORDERS IN PERSON, OR BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Estimates for work furnished on application. JAS. G. MILLER.

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DUNLAP COOKE & CO. MERCHANT TAILORS,

-AND-GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS. AMHERST.

AMHERST, N. S. N. S. This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable for fine trade. 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

ULMUNIC UNIU

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

general public This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestion 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.

Debility of Old Age,

Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams,

Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Heartburn and Sour Stomach,

Weight and Tenderness in Stomach,

Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Sick Headache, Female Weakness, Nervous Chills, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and

Neuralgia,

Failing Health,

Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Nervous Choking, Weakness of Extremities and Hot Flashes, Fainting, Palpitation of the Heart, Impure and Impoverished Blood, Mental Despondency, Boils and Carbuncles. Sleeplessness, Scrofula, St. Vitus' Dance, Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers, Nervousness of Females, Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs, Nervousness of Old Age,

Bronchitis and Chronic Cough, Pains in the Heart, Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhea, Pains in the Back, Delicate and Scrofulous Children.

Summer Complaint of Infants. All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nervine Tonic.

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 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 de-To the Great South American Medicine Co .: 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 somach 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 doctoring I ever

CRAWFORDSTILLE. IND., Aug. 20, '86. | REBECCA WILKINSON, 61 Brownsvalley, Ind., prised at its wonderful powers to cure the stom- did in my life. I would advise weakly per-

ach 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 ticted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles 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, \ ss: 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

MRS. ELLA A. BRATTON, Of New Moss, Indiana, says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the 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 Nerv-through several generations. I began taking ne Tonic improved me so much that I was able to the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. about six months, and am entirely cured. It 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 reme pares 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 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 aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use the if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not 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.