

Professional Cards.
DOCTOR SMITH
Has Removed his Drug Shop to
QUINN'S NEW BUILDING,
MAIN STREET,
Two doors South of B. Lynch's New Store,
WHERE HIS STOCK OF DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, HOUSE MEDICINES, STATIONERY, BOOKS, AND FANCY GOODS, will be found equal in quality and at low prices as any in the market.
Woodstock, Feb. 5, 1869

Dr. C. P. Connell,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Office—In Brick Building, near the Hay Scales.
Residence—At 140, Charles Connell's.
STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucher.
Has removed his residence, to his new building, two doors north of the Episcopal Church, Main Street.
Office—In Quinn's New Building, Main Street.
Woodstock, April 29, 1865.

N. R. COLLIER, M. D.,
(L. R. C. P. L. ENGLAND.)
Office and Residence, - GIBSON HOUSE.
Dr. COLLIER has held public appointments in Medicine and Surgery at St. Thomas's Hospital, London. Consultation at home.
Woodstock, Feb. 7, 1868—2nd fl-7.
Dr. REYNOLDS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CENTRAL OFFICE:
UPPER CORNER, - WOODSTOCK.
Residence—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jacksonton Road. [22-47]

WILLIAM M. CONNELL
ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER
NOTARY PUBLIC,
INSURANCE AGENT, &c.
6th WOODSTOCK, N. B.
STEPHEN E. APPELBY,
Attorney at Law.
Office—In Allen's Brick Building, (up stairs).
WOODSTOCK, N. B. [34]

SAMUEL J. BAKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.
ANDOVER, Victoria County, - N. B.
(Mouth of Tobique River).
RESIDENCE—At Newcomb's Hotel. [3]

James Edgar,
BARRISTER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR-CONVEYANCER, &c.
OFFICE—Brown's Brick Building, opposite the Cable House, Woodstock, N. B.
January 25, 1870—12.

HUGH DAVIS, JR.,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Pine, Spruce, Loblolly, Bass, Hemlock, Birch and Ash Lumber.
Bills of cantling Sawed to Order
CLAPBOARDS SAWED BY THE THOUSAND, AND LUMBER YARD
AT THE RAILROAD STATION.
Woodstock, N. B., 1870-1871.

CABLE HOUSE,
Main Street, Woodstock, N. B.
[THAT well known FIRST CLASS HOTEL, the "Cable House," has been leased by the subscriber, who will still keep up the reputation gained by the former proprietors. He hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the patronage heretofore received.
Open for Travellers at all hours day and night.
Woodstock, Oct. 4, 1869-1
COLIN CAMPBELL

DONALDSON HOUSE,
Late Caldwell or International Hotel.
[THIS HOUSE is now, pleasantly situated, near the Steamboat Wharf, furnished in good style and will be kept as a
First-Class Hotel.
ROBERT DONALDSON, - Proprietor.
Woodstock, N. B., April 1870-15

HIRAN SMITH,
MANUFACTURER OF
Buggies, Waggon and Sleighs
ALL MAKERS OF
REPAIRING:
Painting, Trimming and Blacksmith
Work Promptly attended to.
Jacksonton, April 13, 1870-16.

LONG'S HOTEL,
FREDERICKTON, N. B.
THOS. W. SMITH, Proprietor.
First Class Accommodation for
TRANSIENT & PERMANENT BOARDERS
AT REASONABLE PRICES.
Good Stabling, and a Careful Hostler always in attendance.
Frederickton, July 2, 1869-27.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
C. F. ESTEY, PROPRIETOR.
39 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Good Stabling on the premises. [20]

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,
STAGE HOUSE-TORQUE
[Comfortable Extra Fare provided at short notice for any point. [3]

PARK HOTEL,
KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN.
H. FAIRWEATHER,
Proprietor.
[This house is now, in a pleasant manner, and will be kept as a
First-Class Hotel. [24]

HAIR DRESSING
SHAVING AND
STAMPOING SALOON!
NOW OPEN.
[The subscriber would return thanks to his friends and the public for the patronage kindly bestowed upon him, and for the numerous kind and complimentary notices he has received. He is now prepared with enlarged experience and greatly improved facilities, to attend to the various branches of his business, as Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair Dressing. Ladies' Hair cut in the latest style. Particular care given to Cutting Children's Hair.
Shop on Corner Main and King Streets.
WOODSTOCK, N. B. is a White Barber. [49]

The Carleton Sentinel.

Our Queen and Constitution.
WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1870.
JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor
VOL. XXII.—NO. 45.
WHOLE NO.—1138

Business Cards.
Poster, Swazey & Co.
LUMBER
AND GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 15 Dossan Street,
BOSTON.
ALEXANDER POSTER, HENRY BUCK SWAZEY,
GILMAN COLSON.
Messrs. Robert Rankin & Co., St. John, N. B.
" E. D. Jettett & Co., " "
" Andrus & Co., " "
" Cadby & Snider, " "
" Seaman Bros., " "
J. D. Lewis, York, Pa., Bank New Brunswick.
July 13

WOODSTOCK HOTEL
Re-Opened.
BEING thoroughly repaired, refitted, and furnished, is now opened for the accommodation of permanent and transient boarders. This House being conducted on strictly TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES, the subscriber hopes to receive a liberal share of patronage. There is attached to this House a Good Stable and attentive hostler. Charges moderate.
J. MARSHALL, - Proprietor.
Woodstock, May 13, 1870-20

RUSSELL HOUSE,
SPARK STREET,
NEAR THE
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
OTTAWA.
J. A. GOUIN, Proprietor.
March 18, 1868-13.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
PORTLAND, Me.,
E. CRAM & CO., Proprietors.
PIANO-FORTE WAREHOUSES,
Sheffield House.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
THE HARRISON WAREHOUSES, of the Sheffield House, have been completely renovated and furnished. We now offer a large Stock of Pianofortes from the manufacturers of
Hallett, Davis & Co.,
and other celebrated makers.
Persons in want of a good Piano, at a reasonable price, are respectfully requested to call and examine the assortment now on hand. A liberal share of patronage is solicited.
J. A. LAURILLARD,
at John Dec. 1

Woodstock Marble Works
[The business heretofore carried on by the firm of H. HARVEY & ALMOND, will in future be conducted in this place by the subscriber, as an
IMPORTER OF MARBLE,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
MONUMENTS, TOMB TABLES,
GRAVE STONES, &c.
Centre, Pier Tables & Mantels.
FREE STONE AND GRANITE CUTTING EXECUTED AT ALL SEASONS.
Place of business,
MAIN STREET,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Orders filled at the shortest notice and cheapest possible rates. Patronage respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
D. W. HARVEY.
Woodstock, Aug. 29, 1868. 24.

JEWELRY STORE!
REMOVAL!
[The subscriber wishes to inform their numerous friends and customers that they have removed to the new and elegant shop, fitted up expressly for their business, next door to the new store of Hon. Wm. Lindsay. They have now on hand a carefully selected stock of
Clocks, Watches, Jewelry,
Silver and Plated Ware, Fancy Goods,
And a good variety of all such articles as are usually found in a first-class jewelry store. All goods warranted to be as represented. Please call and examine our goods before sending your order abroad; you will find us attentive and obliging. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired at usual rates. Remember the sign of the BIG WATCH.
WILKINS, BROTHERS.
Woodstock, August 25, 1869-1535

Fire and Life Insurance Agency
[The subscriber is agent for Woodstock and the up per St. John of the
NORTH BRITISH MARITIME INSURANCE CO.
of Edinburgh and London.
ESTABLISHED, 1809.
CAPITAL, £2,000,000 stg.
Invested Funds, £84, £230,512, 7s. 10.
AND OF THE
Standard Life Assurance Co.
OF EDINBURGH.
ESTABLISHED, 1825.
Accumulated and Invested Funds over £3,500,000.
These Companies are of the most reliable class in Great Britain, and do business on the most reasonable terms, consistent with a duty to the insured. As such, I can confidently recommend them to my friends and the public generally, and shall be glad to receive application from those desirous of insuring their property or lives.
JAMES GROVER.
Woodstock, Aug. 1869.

See Here! See Here!!
[The subscriber having had a long experience in the business, has
TIN SHOP.
where he will be pleased to see and supply customers with on hand at all times, all kinds of work in TIN AND SHEET IRON.
He cannot fail to give satisfaction.
Cutting Lags, Wood, Pewee and Copper, taken for hire.
SHOP next door to J. McCaffrey's, Esq's, Office, and opposite "Sentinel" Office.
C. C. CHURCHILL.
Woodstock Oct. 13, 1869-42.

CARRIAGE FACTORY!
JOHN & ROBERT LOANE,
Proprietors.
SHOP, next Building West of the
CABLE HOUSE.

WELL, until further notice, leave Richmond and Woodstock Stations every Monday at 3 a. m., and leave Boston every Thursday morning at 8 o'clock. Leaves Railroad Wharf, Portland, every Monday at 5 o'clock, p. m.
Money and Freight of every description forwarded with dispatch and promptly delivered.
Principal Offices:
57 Kilby Street, Boston.
Eastern Express Company, 100 North Street, Boston.
Legal Referees, - B. Appleby, Portland.
G. W. VANWART & CO., Agents.
Woodstock, May 17, 1870

Prang's Chromos.
SOME of the best subjects of Prang's Celebrated CHROMOS. For sale at
WOODSTOCK BOOK STORE.
Woodstock July 15, 1870-29

Charles Dickens.
[The Complete work of CHARLES DICKENS. 18 vols., Paper, \$5.00.
The Complete Library Edition, Illustrated, extra Cloth, 6 vols., \$10.00.
P. B. BOWERS,
St. Stephen's,
Mark's Hall
July 15, 1870

Fire Insurance Companies.
Capital and Cash Assets, - - \$17,000,000
Deposited at Ottawa, - - - 400,000
ROBERT MARSHALL,
General Agent for New Brunswick.

LOOK SHARP!
BARGAINS THIS WAY!
FURNITURE WAREHOUSES!
South Side Mcdunakak.
[The subscriber has been constantly on hand a fine assortment of
BEDSTEADS, BUREAUS,
Rocking Cane and Wood Seat Chairs,
Tables, Washstands, Sinks, &c.
Anything in the Furniture line not on hand, made order at short notice.
Undertaking attended to with promptness and at low rates.
J. A. D. G. VANWART.
Woodstock, Dec. 25, 1869-12

A NEW GRIST MILL!
[The Building formerly used for crushing copper ore, at the Copper Mine, near Abner Bull's, is converted into
A First Class Grist Mill,
which is in complete running order, and can do work that will compare with the best in the County. Undertaking attended to with promptness and at low rates.
J. A. D. G. VANWART.
Woodstock, April 29, 1870-13

NOTICE
To the Travelling Public!
THROUGH TICKETS
FROM HOULTON TO PORTLAND & BOSTON.
PASSENGERS are ticketed from Houlton to Portland and Boston at the low following rates:
From Houlton to Portland, - - - \$8.00, Am. Cy.
From " " Boston, - - - - - 10.00, do.
Apply at the EASTERN EXPRESS OFFICE, or to
EBEN WOODBURY,
OR JOHN E. MCINTYRE.
Houlton, Feb. 14, 1870-8

W. SKILLEN,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND
FORWARDING AGENT,
MAIN STREET, WOODSTOCK.
CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.

REMOVAL!
[The subscriber has removed his Large Stock of HARDWARE to his New Store, next adjoining his old one, on North side of the Bridge, where he will be happy to meet his old customers and to give many new as well as to give him their patronage. He is equally well supplied with the best of the market, for Cutlery, he will be enabled to sell as low as any in the trade. He will keep for sale
Harness, Upper and Sole Leather,
Harness Mountings, Oils &c.
Give us a call and see for yourselves. Terms Cash.
Parties indebted by Note or Book account of one year and upwards, will do well to call and arrange, or for forbearance will cease to be a virtue.
MARKET SQUARE, WOODSTOCK, July 21, 1869-30

GRAHAM'S PAIN ERADICATOR
The best remedy in use for the following complaints:
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spinal Complaints,
Felon or Whitlow, Abscess, Broken Breasts,
Sores, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum,
Furuncles, Strains, Sprains,
Hives, Diphtheria, Frost Bites,
Asthma or Phthisis, Coughs, Pains in the Chest or Back, Cold, &c.
It quickly and effectually reduces INFLAMMATION and eradicates PAIN and HUMOR.
PREPARED BY T. GRAHAM & SON,
37, N. B. ST. JOHN, N. B.
PRICE 25 cents. Sold by Drug Dealers Generally.

49. FIRST PRIZE. 49.
For Domestic Manufacture of
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARRIAGE ETC. ETC.
AWARDED TO
W. H. KNOWLES, 49 Germain street
WHOLESALE and Retail dealers in Ladies' and Gents' Trunks, Saratoga, Eugene, California and Sole leather Trunks, Common Dress and Children's Trunks.
Together with Ladies' Bonnet Bags, valises of all kinds, pelisse Bags, Carpet Bags, letter carriers, hat boxes &c.
Zinc Trunks, and all kinds of Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Canvas Coverings, &c. made to order, and Repair neatly done.
Union Trunk Depot, St. John, N. B.

Spring Arrangement
Clark & Davis Express,
WILL, until further notice, leave Richmond and Woodstock Stations every Monday at 3 a. m., and leave Boston every Thursday morning at 8 o'clock. Leaves Railroad Wharf, Portland, every Monday at 5 o'clock, p. m.
Money and Freight of every description forwarded with dispatch and promptly delivered.
Principal Offices:
57 Kilby Street, Boston.
Eastern Express Company, 100 North Street, Boston.
Legal Referees, - B. Appleby, Portland.
G. W. VANWART & CO., Agents.
Woodstock, May 17, 1870

Poetry.
THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.
[ACTS, III 2]
It was well for the poor paralytic
Suffering his hopeless fate,
That they carried him daily and laid him
Down at the Beautiful Gate.
By the corners of streets and of alleys
He long might have taken his place,
And found in the hard-hearted city,
Few passers to pity his case.
But laid in the highway of Prayer,
Beseeching both early and late,
Who could pray after passing by heedless
That they at the Beautiful Gate?

For on the path of devotion
True charity loves to alight,
Where the rich man comes with his bounty,
And the widow comes with her mite.
And where, at the temple's great altar,
The saint and the sinner await,
And with footsteps mingled go in
And out at the Beautiful Gate.
It was well for the poor paralytic
That they laid him daily there;
That he missed not his post when Peter
And John went up to pray.

For he found that while gold and silver
Have no power to ease our pain,
The faith of the poor Apostles
Can raise us to life again.
Let all, then, learn the sweet lesson,
Who relief from sorrow await;
It will come by the Way of Prayer,
As you lie at the Beautiful Gate.
—Northern Monthly.

Select Tale.
A STRANGE STORY.
The English papers announce that the Marchioness of Tweeddale has died at her residence, Edinburgh. If the fact is mentioned now, it is not to have an excuse for speaking of the virtues of the deceased lady, nor for sketching the principal features of her long career, but because her name is connected with a strange event, which is worthy of being narrated.
The Duke of Gordon was a dissipated man. In a few years he ran through the immense fortune he had inherited from his ancestors. Ashamed of his excesses, or perhaps annoyed that he was no longer able to occupy in the world the high position to which his rank entitled him, he withdrew to a solitary mansion, situated close to the sea, in Lincolnshire. There he shut himself up like a hermit for several years, living somewhat like a wild man, holding no communication with men, and passing his time in roaming about, except in the hunting season, when he would occasionally ride with the foxhounds.
One evening he was startled by piercing shrieks. He rushed to the window and looked out toward the sea, but all was dark. A horrible tempest was raging; the waves dashed furiously against the walls of the mansion. The violence of the storm terrified the Duke. Suddenly a tremendous flash of lightning rent the clouds, and by its light he perceived a dismantled ship, almost a wreck, being driven toward the shore. He could see persons running about, as if demented, on the deck; then all was dark again. Suddenly he heard a fearful crash; the ship had been dashed upon the rocks. In the midst of the howling of the tempest, the duke fancied he heard the piercing cry of a woman. He ran out upon the beach and listened, while he held his breath. The same cries continued to be heard, and he thought, notwithstanding the darkness he could distinguish something moving.
The sea appeared to redouble its fury. A monstrous wave rose and broke upon the beach with such rapidity that the duke had scarcely time to run a few paces back. It enveloped him up to his waist, threw him far on to the ground and retreated. He was stunned for a moment; but, recovering himself, he perceived at a little distance from him the fragment of a boat which the wave had cast up on to the shore, and to which an almost insupportable woman was convulsively clinging. Another wave, not less monstrous than the preceding, thundered on the beach. The duke seized the woman hastily, lifted her on to his shoulder and bore her to the mansion. A good fire was burning on the hearth, and it was not long before the unknown regained her senses.
The duke gazed upon her, dazzled, fascinated! The lady was marvellously beautiful—so beautiful, indeed, that the young nobleman held his breath for fear of causing this exquisite apparition to vanish. The unknown opened her eyes, looked around her with astonishment, stared at the duke and uttered some words. Her dress, her manners, her features, all indicated a foreign origin, and the words she uttered were in a language—which he did not understand. Who was she? Whence came she? Where was she going?
The unknown remained several months in the mansion. The duke had resumed his former gallantry and became her devoted cavalier. He taught her in a short time sufficient English to enable her to hold a conversation with him; and partly by words, partly by pantomime, they got along exceedingly well. The duke became desperately enamored of his companion. He implored her to unite her lot with him; but the young lady smiled sadly, and replied, "No, I will never be your wife." The duke became more and more pressing, but the lady did not cease repeating that she would never become his wife.
One day she declared to him in the most positive manner that he must renounce all hope, and that it was perfectly useless to try to make her change her determination; but, seeing his deep distress, she added:
"I am your friend. Will you follow my advice?"
"Say on, madam,"
"Well, then marry the daughter of Lord Howth, who lives near your estate; she will make you happy."
"Never," replied the duke, "I will have no other wife than you."
He rested long, but at last he yielded to the entreaties of the lady, and went to visit Lord Howth, promising to himself that he would be the first and only time. But he reckoned without his host, for Lord Howth succeeded in gradually overcoming his repugnance to stay. His lordship's daughter however, was by no means to be despised, and the duke began to entertain the idea of making her his wife. In short, one day he demanded her

How MARBLES ARE MADE.—The chief place of the manufacture of "marbles," those little pieces of stone which contribute so largely to the enjoyment of "Young America," is at Oberstein, on the Nahe, in Germany, where there are large granite-quarries, the refuse of which is carefully turned to good paying account by being made into the small balls employed by experts to knock over, which is most sent to American market. The substance used in Saxony is a hard calcareous stone, which is first broken into blocks, nearly square, by blows with a hammer, these are thrown by the one hundred or two hundred into a small sort of a mill, which is formed of a flat stationary stone, of a diameter of a block of concentric furrows upon its face. A block of oak, or other hard wood, of the same diameter size, is placed over stones and partly resting upon them. The small block or log is kept revolving while water flows upon the stone slab. In about fifteen minutes the stones are turned into spheres, and then, being fit for sale, are homestead called "marbles." The establishment, containing only three of these mills, will turn out fully thirty thousand marbles in each week. Agates are made into marbles at Oberstein; by first chipping the pieces nearly round with a hammer, handled by a skillful workman, and then wearing down the edges upon the surface of a large grindstone.

FIXED IDEAS.—One of the greatest obstacles to men of much ability, is the prevalence of fixed ideas about them. Not prejudices against them, but fixed ideas which their merit. The prevalence of those fixed ideas is very visible in criticisms upon literature, so that it is extremely hazardous for a writer, who has excelled in one branch of literature, to take up another.
The same thing is to be seen as affecting all forms of human endeavor.
To take an instance, suppose a man has shown considerable skill in laying down oyster-beds. But the same man has, or thinks he has, much skill in writing elegies. It is a hard task for him to persuade the world that his elegiac stanzas are worth anything. The world looks at his elegies, but asks, where are the oysters for? It is a fixed idea that nothing but the culture of oysters is to be looked for from that man.
The foregoing are commonplace observations and have before been made by this present writer, who has quoted the remark of Sir Walter Scott upon the accomplished Lord Peterborough—namely, how slow he was to believe that the same man can do two different kinds of things equally well.
But what I now want to speak about is the way in which the man of varied ability should look at and deal with those fixed ideas about himself. He should first think whether he cares supremely about his secondary qualifications in poetry. This way of putting the question is not whether he can write elegies, but the foregoing example: does he care to be an elegiac writer, more than he does to be a skillful breeder of oysters? If so, let him, in the second place, consider whether he has time (whether he is young enough, for instance) to overcome the fixed idea about him, that he can only cultivate oysters. Let him remember, and this is the gist of the whole matter, that the question is not whether he can write elegies well, or which perhaps he has no doubt; but whether he can persuade the world that a man who has shown such skill in oyster cultivation can also write good elegies.
Sir Walter Scott had time and energy enough to persuade the world that he was a good writer of novels, as well as a good writer of romances in poetry. This way of putting the question will either make an oyster-breeder desist from the enterprise of elegiac writing, to reconcile him to defeat, if he fail in it, or encourage him to perseverance, if he has at the outset but little success.

THE TERN OF LIFE.—Between the years of forty and sixty a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered as in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attack of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgement. His mind is resolute, firm and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes the mastery over business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has formed in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a critical period in the road of existence; the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand still. But afterward this river is crossed, called the "Turn of Life," which, if viewed in safety, leads to the valley of life. The duke uttered some words. Her dress, her manners, her features, all indicated a foreign origin, and the words she uttered were in a language—which he did not understand. Who was she? Whence came she? Where was she going?
The unknown remained several months in the mansion. The duke had resumed his former gallantry and became her devoted cavalier. He taught her in a short time sufficient English to enable her to hold a conversation with him; and partly by words, partly by pantomime, they got along exceedingly well. The duke became desperately enamored of his companion. He implored her to unite her lot with him; but the young lady smiled sadly, and replied, "No, I will never be your wife." The duke became more and more pressing, but the lady did not cease repeating that she would never become his wife.
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SELFINESS.—Live for some purpose in the world. Always act your part well. Fill up the measure of duty to others. Conduct yourselves so that you shall be missed with sorrow when you are gone. Multitudes of our species are living in such a selfish manner that they have they needed? Who would undertake the life of life to readmit them to existence? or what face would greet them back again to our world with a smile? Wretched, unproductive mode of existence! Selfishness is its own curse; it is a starving vice. The man who does no good, gets none. He is like the health in the desert, never yielding fruit nor seeing when good cometh, a stunted, dwarfish, miserable shrub in marriage, and obtained her hand. He returned to give an account of his visit to the foreign lady. He was sad and cast down.
"You will soon love her," said the unknown with a strange smile. "Here is my wedding present to you."
She drew out of her hair a blue ribbon, which she fastened around the duke's wrist, and said:
"Will you swear to me that you will never separate yourself from this ribbon?"
"I swear."
"So long as you have it on your arm happiness will smile on you, but beware of separating yourself from it."
She then took the duke's hand tenderly, pressed it and withdrew, saying, "Adieu!"
"You mean until I see you again," said he, his heart burning as he followed her to the door of her chamber.
"She shut the door, repeating the word 'Adieu!' In the evening she disappeared.
Years rolled on, and the Duke of Gordon had, for a long time, ceased thinking of the unknown. He had married the daughter of Lord Howth, and was living very pleasantly in his mansion in Devonshire, where he had numerous visitors, for his wife had inherited her father's fortune. The Duchess of Gordon would have been the happiest woman in the world but for that mysterious blue ribbon. That ribbon troubled her night and day. One evening, when her husband was asleep, she gently doctored the armlet from his wrist, and approached the fire to decipher, by its light, the inscription which was marked on it in letters of gold! The most at the same instant her husband made a start. The duchess, alarmed, let fall the ribbon into the fire, and it was soon devoured by the flames. Three days afterwards there was a grand banquet at the mansion. In the middle of the banquet loud barks were heard; they became at last so noisy that the duke sent a servant to inquire into the cause of the tumult.
"A rat, my lord, it's a rat," cried the man returning.
"All the pack are after it. It has already run through all the rooms in the house, pursued by the dogs, and it is now coming toward this one."
Almost at the same instant a rat entered the room, followed by the pack. The rat sprang on to the table, and stopping before the duke, fixed his piercing eyes upon him! All the guests arose.
"What dogs?" cried the duke, troubled.
The life of the rat was spared. It became the inseparable companion of the duke of Gordon, and followed him like a dog. Nevertheless, his presence soon became intolerable to him. At first he had been amused with it, but after a time it annoyed him.
"Why don't you kill it?" people asked him.
"Why should I? I am superstitious," replied the duke, "and I never shall dare get rid of him by violence."
His brother had advised him to travel.
The duke decided upon going to Malta. He left his mansion, crossed the channel, and in a few days found himself at Marsailles. He had just arrived in that city and met his brother in the saloon of a hotel, when they heard a singular noise was heard on the staircase. The duke opened the door, and to his great amazement saw the rat enter, drenched to the bones and walked up to the fire.
"Is it the devil?" cried the duke, bewildered.
His brother, in a fury, seized the poker and struck the animal a blow with it, stretching it upon the floor. The duke uttered a terrible cry, and staggering forward, fell, saying:
"Wretched man, you have killed me!"
And he expired.

THE TERN OF LIFE.—Between the years of forty and sixty a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered as in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attack of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgement. His mind is resolute, firm and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes the mastery over business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has formed in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a critical period in the road of existence; the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand still. But afterward this river is crossed, called the "Turn of Life," which, if viewed in safety, leads to the valley of life. The duke uttered some words. Her dress, her manners, her features, all indicated a foreign origin, and the words she uttered were in a language—which he did not understand. Who was she? Whence came she? Where was she going?
The unknown remained several months in the mansion. The duke had resumed his former gallantry and became her devoted cavalier. He taught her in a short time sufficient English to enable her to hold a conversation with him; and partly by words, partly by pantomime, they got along exceedingly well. The duke became desperately enamored of his companion. He implored her to unite her lot with him; but the young lady smiled sadly, and replied, "No, I will never be your wife." The duke became more and more pressing, but the lady did not cease repeating that she would never become his wife.
One day she declared to him in the most positive manner that he must renounce all hope, and that it was perfectly useless to try to make her change her determination; but, seeing his deep distress, she added:
"I am your friend. Will you follow my advice?"
"Say on, madam,"
"Well, then marry the daughter of Lord Howth, who lives near your estate; she will make you happy."
"Never," replied the duke, "I will have no other wife than you."
He rested long, but at last he yielded to the entreaties of the lady, and went to visit Lord Howth, promising to himself that he would be the first and only time. But he reckoned without his host, for Lord Howth succeeded in gradually overcoming his repugnance to stay. His lordship's daughter however, was by no means to be despised, and the duke began to entertain the idea of making her his wife. In short, one day he demanded her

SELFINESS.—Live for some purpose in the world. Always act your part well. Fill up the measure of duty to others. Conduct yourselves so that you shall be missed with sorrow when you are gone. Multitudes of our species are living in such a selfish manner that they have they needed? Who would undertake the life of life to readmit them to existence? or what face would greet them back again to our world with a smile? Wretched, unproductive mode of existence! Selfishness is its own curse; it is a starving vice. The man who does no good, gets none. He is like the health in the desert, never yielding fruit nor seeing when good cometh, a stunted, dwarfish, miserable shrub in marriage, and obtained her hand. He returned to give an account of his visit to the foreign lady. He was sad and cast down.
"You will soon love her," said the unknown with a strange smile. "Here is my wedding present to you."
She drew out of her hair a blue ribbon, which she fastened around the duke's wrist, and said:
"Will you swear to me that you will never separate yourself from this ribbon?"
"I swear."
"So long as you have it on your arm happiness will smile on you, but beware of separating yourself from it."
She then took the duke's hand tenderly, pressed it and withdrew, saying, "Adieu!"
"You mean until I see you again," said he, his heart burning as he followed her to the door of her chamber.
"She shut the door, repeating the word 'Adieu!' In the evening she disappeared.
Years rolled on, and the Duke of Gordon had, for a long time, ceased thinking of the unknown. He had married the daughter of Lord Howth, and was living very pleasantly in his mansion in Devonshire, where he had numerous visitors, for his wife had inherited her father's fortune. The Duchess of Gordon would have been the happiest woman in the world but for that mysterious blue ribbon. That ribbon troubled her night and day. One evening, when her husband was asleep, she gently doctored the armlet from his wrist, and approached the fire to decipher, by its light, the inscription which was marked on it in letters of gold! The most at the same instant her husband made a start. The duchess, alarmed, let fall the ribbon into the fire, and it was soon devoured by the flames. Three days afterwards there was a grand banquet at the mansion. In the middle of the banquet loud barks were heard; they became at last so noisy that the duke sent a servant to inquire into the cause of the tumult.
"A rat, my lord, it's a rat," cried the man returning.
"All the pack are after it. It has already run through all the rooms in the house, pursued by the dogs, and it is now coming toward this one."
Almost at the same instant a rat entered the room, followed by the pack. The rat sprang on to the table, and stopping before the duke, fixed his piercing eyes upon him! All the guests arose.
"What dogs?" cried the duke, troubled.
The life of the rat was spared. It became the inseparable companion of the duke of Gordon, and followed him like a dog. Nevertheless, his presence soon became intolerable to him. At first he had been amused with it, but after a time it annoyed him.
"Why don't you kill it?" people asked him.
"Why should I? I am superstitious," replied the duke, "and I never shall dare get rid of him by violence."
His brother had advised him to travel.
The duke decided upon going to Malta. He left his mansion, crossed the channel, and in a few days found himself at Marsailles. He had just arrived in that city and met his brother in the saloon of a hotel, when they heard a singular noise was heard on the staircase. The duke opened the door, and to his great amazement saw the rat enter, drenched to the bones and walked up to the fire.
"Is it the devil?" cried the duke, bewildered.
His brother, in a fury, seized the poker and struck the animal a blow with it, stretching it upon the floor. The duke uttered a terrible cry, and staggering forward, fell, saying:
"Wretched man, you have killed me!"
And he expired.

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