DOCTOR SMITH

Has Removed his Drug Shop to

UINN'S NEW BUILDING,

MAIN STREET,

Two doors South of B. Lynch's New Store,

WHERE his stock of DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, HORSE MEDICINES, STATIONERY, BOOKS, and FANCY GOODS, will be found equal in quality and as low in price as any in the market.

Woodstock, Feb 5, 1869

Dr. C. P Connell,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Office and Residence, next to Honorable Charles Connell's.

STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.

Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur

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. COLTER, M. D.,

(L. R. C. P. L., ENGLAND,)

Office and Residence, **GIBSON HOUSE.**

DR. COLTER has held public appointments in Medicine and Surgery at St. Thomas' Hospital, London. Consultation as above.

Woodstock, Feb. 7, 1868—3m-pd-7

Dr. REYNOLDS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

CENTRAL OFFICE:

UPPER CORNER, WOODSTOCK.

RESIDENCE—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jacksontown Road. [22-tf.]

FRANK H. PEABODY,

DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY,

McCausland's Building,

Opposite the People's Bank,

Queen Street, Fredericton,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

English and American Drugs Medicines, Chemicals, Genuine Patent medicines, Dye Stuffs, Brushes, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Roseine Dye, and other Aniline Colors, &c., &c.

☞ Physicians Prescriptions and Family Recipes compounded with care from the best materials.

Fredericton, Feb. 13, 1871.

James Edgar,

BARRISTER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

OFFICE,—Brown's Brick Building, opposite Cable House, Woodstock, N. B.

January 27, 1870—5

WILLIAM M. CONNELL

Attorney at Law, Solicitor Conveyancer,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

INSURANCE AGENT, &c.

6m WOODSTOCK, N B

JOHN C. WINSLOW,

Barrister and Attorney at Law,

FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.

OFFICE, in Hon. Charles Connell's Brick Building on Queen Street.

Woodstock, Nov 25, 1870.—1y-48

STEPHEN B. APPLEBY

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.

[9]

Donaldson House,

Late Caldwell or International Hotel.

THIS HOUSE is New, 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

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

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,

STAGE HOUSE — TOBIQUE.

☞ Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest notice for any point. [3

Russell House;

ON

PARK STREET,

NEAR THE

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,

OTTAWA.

J. A. GOUIN, *Proprietor.*

March 18, 1868—13.

AMERICAN HOUSE

C. F. ESTEY, PROPRIETOR.

39 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N.B.

☞ Good Stabling on the premises. [20]

PARK HOTEL,

KING SQUARE.....ST. JOHN.

H. FAIRWEATHER,

Proprietor.

☞ This House is now, is pleasantly situated, furnished in a superior manner and will be kept as a First-Class Hotel. [24]

UNITED STATES HOTEL.

PORTLAND, Me.,

E. CRAM & CO., Proprietors.

TRUNK FACTORY!

49 GERMAIN STREET.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE subscriber has now on hand a superior lot of

Domestic Trunks & Valises!

In all the varied styles and finish, viz:—Leather, Cloth, Composition, Zinc, Canvass, &c., made of best material, by experienced workmen. For sale at lowest market rated.

☞ Orders from the country attended to with promptness.

st john june 15 W. H. KNOWLES.

BARKER HOUSE,

Queen Street, Fredericton.

THE attention of travellers is called to this old and favorite first class Hotel.

No pains spared to make visitors at home and comfortable.

ROBINSON & COLBY,

Proprietors.

Fredericton, Dec 9, 1870.—1y-50

NOTICE

L. W. SHERMAN will continue the business of the late firm of SHERMAN & ROBINSON, at the old stand, in his own name and on his own account.

L. W. SHERMAN.

Fredericton, Oct. 1, 1870.

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS,] Our Queen and Constitution. [Editors & Proprietors.

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 27. WODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1871. WHOLE NO.—1173.

E. ELLINWOOD,

Surgeon Dentist,

TEETH FILLED by the latest improved process. Best ARTIFICIAL TEETH INSERTED in a thorough and skilful manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

Office over W. T. Baird's Drug Store.

Corner of Main and King Streets.

Woodstock, June 9, 1871.—3m-23

TO FARMERS.

ALWAYS on hand, a Large assortment of Lewis' Coulter Point Plows and Castings.

From China, Maine. Apply to CLARK & DAVIS, Houlton Me. or JOHN BRADSTREET, Richmond.

April 14, 1871.—tf-15

New Albion House,

McGILL STREET,

Montreal, Canada.

THE "NEW ALBION HOTEL," the largest Hotel in Montreal, has just been opened under the most favorable auspices.

Whilst the "*Old Albion*" has been long noted for the strict attention paid to its numerous guests, the "New Albion" takes its position as a first class Hotel, and is really, first class in every respect, except the charges, which better suit the ideas and requirements of the majority of travellers, than many of the so called, "first class Houses;" which deserve the title more through the amount of their charges than aught else.

Already the crowded state of the "New Albion" promises well for its future career; everything associated with its construction has been carried out with artistic taste and systematic correctness.

The large Hall, commodious office, spacious Reading room, convenient Dining, Coffee, Wash Room, etc, etc., on the ground floor; and the Reception Room and Suits of Splendidly Furnished and Thoroughly Ventilated Ladies' Parlors, on the second floor, will form no small luxury during the hot summer season. And, what is an exception to the general Rule in Hotels, the Bedrooms are all well ventilated and lighted, there is not being a dark room in the House.

Being situated on the widest and healthiest Street in Montreal, commanding a Magnificent view of the River St. Lawrence and the Victoria Bridge on the left, and a full view of the Victoria Square with its numerous "*Jets d' Eau*" and Mount Royal on the right, it cannot fail to commend itself to the travelling public.

From its situation on McGill Street, the great thoroughfare and commercial centre of the City, it cannot fail to be, as the "Old Albion" has always been a strong favorite with the Merchants of Canada.

Notwithstanding the very large outlay in building and furnishing the house, the old price of $1.50 per day will not be departed from.

We, therefore, bespeak for ourselves a continuance of the patronage so liberally accorded to us during the past twelve years.

DECKER & CO.

Montreal May 1st, 1869.—16

G. W. VANWART & Co.,

BANKERS AND

EXCHANGE BROKERS,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.,

DEALERS IN

Drafts on the United States. Sterling Exchange, Specie and Uncurrent Funds.

Collections made in the Provinces and the United States.

Particular attention given to buying and selling United States Currency.

ALSO—Life Assurance Policies issued from the best office in the Dominion. G. W. V. & CO.

Woodstock, March 23, 1871.—tf-12

A FIRST CLASS

HAIR DRESSING,

SHAVING AND

SHAMPOOING SALOON,

NOW OPEN.

THE subscriber would return thanks to his friends and the public for the patronage hitherto bestowed, since commencing business in Woodstock; he would likewise ask a continuance of such favors, as he is now prepared with enlarged experience and greatly increased facilities, to attend to the various branches of his business, as Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair Dying. Ladies' Hair cut in the latest style. Particular care given to Cutting Children's Hair.

☞ Razors carefully set.

Shop on Corner Main and King Streets.

GEORGE STAPLES

is a White Barber.

—49

JEWELRY STORE!

REMOVAL!

THE subscriber wish 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 took 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 establishment.

All goods warranted to be as represented.—Please call and examine our Goods before sending your orders abroad; you will find us attentive and obliging.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired as usual.

Remember the sign of the BIG WATCH.

BRIDGES, BROTHERS.

Woodstock, August 25, 1869—tf-35

WOODSTOCK MARBLE WORKS

THE business heretofore carried on by the firm of 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 and Mantles,

FREE STONE AND GRANITE CUTTING EXECUTED IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Place of business,—

Main street,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

☞ Orders filled at the shortest notice and cheapest possible rates. Patronage respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

B. W. HARVEY.

Woodstock, Aug. 20, 1868. 34.

W. H. OLIVE,

Insurance, Custom House, Forwarding, Commission

AND TICKET AGENT.

TICKETS SOLD

For California and all Points West, via Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad.

For all Points in Canada, via Vermont Central Railroad.

For New York and all Points South, via Fall River, Stonington and Norwich Line.

Office--Head of International S. S. Coy's. Landing, Reed's Point.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

REFERENCES BY PERMISSION.

Hon. S. L. Tilley, C. B., Hon. P. Mitchell.
Hon. A. M'L. Seely. Messrs. Jardine & Co.,
Hon. Thos. R. Jones. Messrs. Daniel & Boyd
Messrs. L. & E. Burpee & Co. W. O. Smith, Esq

st. John, June 8.—3mos-24.

FOR SALE!

A LARGE quantity of SALT, Coarse & Fine; Codfish, Herring, bbls. & hlf. bbls; Also Flour & Meal, Sugars; Molasses & Teas; Cotton Warps, White & Blue; Nails, Wrought and Cut, Horse Nails; Files of all descriptions, Grind Stones; White Lead, Paint Oils, Boiled & Raw; Glass & Putty, Carpenter's Tools; Locks & Hinges, Cross Cut Saws;

And a great variety of Goods constantly required, which are selling very low.

J. JORDAN.

Woodstock, July 29, 1870.—tf-31

NEW BRUNSWICK

Paper Manufacturing Company

PRINTING PAPER.

WE are now manufacturing **PRINTING PAPER**, and the greatest care has been taken to procure the most approved machinery and experienced mechanics from the old country. We can recommend the same as being a good article. We are prepared to execute orders for the above in all weights and sizes.

In Store—A good assortment of Wrapping and Straw Papers.

Orders for the above are most respectfully solicited.

Warehouse and Office, — Paradice Row, St. John, N. B.

Post Office Box 267.

M. W. FRANCIS,

Treasurer.

N. B.—The highest price paid for **Every Description of Paper Stock, viz:—Cotton and Hemp Canvass, Hemp and Manilla Ropes, Shakings, Nets, Rags, Waste Paper, etc.**

at john aug 25

Dominion Steam Washer!

SAVE LABOUR and Save your Clothes by buying the DOMINION STEAM WASHER which will wash without labor.

The undersigned having the right to manufacture and sell in Carleton and Victoria Counties.

F. W. BULL.

CERTIFICATE.

We have used the Dominion Steam Washer for some time, and the more we use it the better we like it, my wife could not do without it, she thinks the clothes are whiter than with ordinary washing, we believe it will pay for itself in a year, by not causing any wear on the clothes, besides the immense saving in the labor.

PETER RYAN.

P. S.—For sale at Hamilton's Tin Shop at $6.50.

F. W. B.

Woodstock, May 12, 1871.—19

Carleton Temple of Honor and Temperance,

Meets at its Lodge Room, Brown's Brick Building

Every Friday Een'g at 7.30 o'clock.

New Styles of ROOM PAPER

VERY CHEAP, AT

HUGH HAY'S.

READY MADE CLOTHING!

CHEAP AT

HUGH HAY'S.

Woodstock, April 15, 1870.

HIRAM SMITH,

MANUFACTURER OF

Buggies, Waggons and Sleighs,

ALL MANNER OF

REPAIRING;

Painting, Trimming and Blacksmith Work Promptly attended to.

Jacksonville, April 15, 1870.—16.

Surveying.

THE subscriber would return thanks to his friends and the public for the patronage hitherto bestowed. He would likewise ask a continuance of such favors, as he is now prepared, with enlarged experience and greatly increased facilities to attend to the various branches of his business, as a Surveyor of Lumber.

Parties entrusting Lumber, &c., to his care may rely upon his best attention being given to further their interests. He will also receive and make advances on *LUMBER* at SPRING HILL, when desired.

☞ **Office in Hamm's Building.**

STEPHEN S. STEVENS,

18—lypd Indian Town, St. John.

Foster, Swazey & Co.

LUMBER

AND GENERAL

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 15 Doane Street,

BOSTON.

ALEXANDER FOSTER, HENRY BUCK SWAZEY, GILMAN COLSON.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Robert Rankin & Co., St. John, N. B.
" E. D. Jewett & Co. " "
" Andre Cushing & Co. " "
" Cudlip & Snider, " "
" Scammell Bros. " "
J. D Lewin, Esq., Prest. Bank New Brunswick.

1y-33

Winter Arrangement.

Clark & Davis' Express

WILL, until further notice, leave Woodstock Station every Wednesday at 8.15 a.m. Leaves Boston every Monday morning at 8 o'clock.

Leaves Railroad Wharf, Portland, every Tuesday at 5 o'clock, p. m.

☞ Money and Freight of every description forwarded with despatch and promptly delivered.

Principal Offices:

57 Kilby Street, corner Water,.....Boston
Eastern Express Company,.....Portland
Gould's Block,.....Houlton

Legal Bafores—S. B. Appleby.

G. W. VANWART & CO., Agents.

Woodstock, Dec. 15, 1870

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

Fire Insurance Companies

Capital and Cash Assets, - $17,000,000
Deposited at Ottawa, - - - - - 400,000

ROBERT MARSHALL,

General Agent for New Brunswick.

" IMPERIAL," of London, Established 1803.
" ÆTNA," of Hartford, Established 1819.
" HARTFORD," of Hartford, Established 1810.

Rates moderate, and losses promptly paid.—Dwelling Houses Insured on specially favorable terms.

JOHN T. ALLAN, Agent.

Woodstock, July, 1869.

Fire & Life Insuance Agency.

THE Subscriber is agent for Woodstock and the upper St. John of the

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE Co of Edinburgh and London.

ESTABLISHED 1809.

CAPITAL, - - £2,000,000 stg.

Invested Funds, 1864, £2,804,512, 7s., 1d.

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 safety 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, August, 1866.

Poetry.

The Wind and the Rose—An Ancient Apologue.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

A little red rose bloomed all alone
In a hedge by the highway side;
And the Wind came by with a pitying moan,
And thus to the floweret cried:—

II.

"You are choked with the dust from the sandy sledge;
Now see what a friend can do!—
I will pierce a hole in the tangled hedge
And let the breeze come through!

III

"Nay, let me be—I am well enough!"
Said the Rose in deep dismay.
But the wind is always rude and rough,
And of course he had his way.

IV.

And the breeze blew soft on the little red Rose;
But now she was sore afraid,
For the naughty boys—her ancient foes—
Came through where the gap was made.

V.

"I see," said the Wind, when he came again,
And looked at the trembling flower,
"You are out of place; it is very plain
You are meant for a lady's bower!

VI.

"Nay, let me be!"—said the shuddering Rose;
"No sorrow I ever had known
Till *you* came here to break my repose;
Now, please to let me alone!"

VII.

But the will of the Wind is strong as death;
And little he recked her cries;
He plucked her up with his mighty breath,
And away to the town he flies.

VIII.

O, all too rough was the windy ride,
For a rose so weak and small;
And soon her leaves on every side
Begin to scatter and fall.

IX.

"Now what is this?" said the wondering wind,
As the rose in fragments fell;
"This paltry stem is all I find—
I am sure I meant it well?"

X.

"It means just this—that a meddling friend,"
Said the dying stalk, "is sure
To mar the matter he aimed to mend,
And kill where he meant to cure!"

Select Tale.

The Ruined Well.

Night was coming in. Along the bleak sea-coast the surf broke angrily, as if rebelling against the rock-ribbed shore which girdled it, and the sea-gull flew through the mist which encompassed the throbbing water, with wild, hoarse, mournful cries. The dark masses of clouds skirting the western horizon, over which the lightning now and then cast a fiery glow, grew denser each moment, and spread rapidly over the face of the sky, while the rising wind and sullen roars of thunder betokened an approaching storm.

On the broad bosom of the Atlantic rode a well-built steamer, with a motion at once light and airy, as if it knew its strength and dared the wild and angry waves to a test.

It was nearing Charleston harbor now; and at the rate it was steaming the city would soon be reached. It was evidently the captain's intention to cast anchor before the storm burst; and his terse commands rose above the clash of rigging and the creaking of timbers.

In a state room furnished with greater elegance than the majority, and reserved for distinguished passengers only, sat two young men. Both were handsome and well-dressed; and their appearance and bearing proclaimed them to be gentlemen in the true acceptation of the term. If this were all, however, they would be too ordinary to merit description. But there was a peculiarity in their appearance as striking as it was singular. This was their close resemblance. They were exactly alike in bearing, height and form. A casual acquaintance, or even intimate friend, would have been puzzled to identify them. What heightened the similarity to a great extent was their dress, which was of the same material, except their coats, they being different in style and make.

A desultory conversation had been going on between them; but both were silent now, seemingly absorbed in reflection.

"We shall reach Fane Hall to-night, shall we not, Adrian?" asked the eldest, rousing from his reverie.

"We shall, provided the Clyde rides the gale in safety."

"The ship has weathered heavier storms the captain assures me, than this will likely prove to be. I hope no disaster will overtake us. The ship is laden with many precious things, and is carrying us to genial climes—you to happiness, I to pleasure."

"Happiness!" his cousin repeated, in dreamy, enquiring tones.

"Yes. There await your kind friends, a dear uncle, and your beautiful betrothed, Flo Vane. Surely, Adrian, you are to be envied."

"If you mean to be blessed with the love of the beautiful girl you spoke of, it may be I am. But in other respects, my good cousin, you are equally fortunate."

A tinge of bitterness ran through his cousin's tone as he answered, vehemently,

"I cannot admit of that theory, Adrian. Just look at it. You are returning to your fair Southern home—your own—from college, where your's won high honors. Friends, a rich relative, a chosen bride, endowed with both beauty and wealth, are yearning for your society, and will joyfully welcome your return. You possess the three chief essentials of life—wealth, love, happiness—and in possessing these you are blessed beyond measure. What future more brilliant than this?"

Adrian Graves looked at the young man with astonishment. Never had he seen him so excited—so strangely vehement—before. He did not answer for a moment. Then he said, "I am too weary to argue to-night. Some day you may not think or feel as you do now."

Words lightly spoken, but full of prophecy.

Meanwhile the storm had burst. Rain fell in smoking sheets; peals of thunder rose distinctly above the din; while terrific flashes of lightening illuminated the scene with dazzling brightness.

At the first indication of the gale, Adrian Graves rose from his seat, and moved towards the door.

"I am going on deck," he said "where I can notice to my heart's content the wild war of the elements."

He was going out when Russel Innes stopped him, announcing his intention of bearing him company. Adrian looked pleased. He remarked that he knew that his cousin had a dread of storms, and so thought it useless to request the pleasure of his company. Russell's excuse was, that he would rather be anywhere than in the dreary state-room. But, before they started he proposed changing coats. Adrian wore a thick, heavy coat, and Russell, who was inclined to be delicate, a very thin one. Adrian complied. The change was made without comment, and they went out together.

The storm was at its height. The cousins made their way along the wet, slippery deck, with no little degree of caution. Russel was pale; he trembled violently, as if the fearful tempest awed him. Adrian, absorbed in the wildness of the storm, paid little heed to his companion. Now they had walked the length of the deck, and were standing close to the railing. Adrian leaned over it, watching the waves break against the side of the vessel. He was silent. The sublimities of nature seemed to hold him spell-bound.

What fiend was it that stood at Russell Innes' elbow and urged him to the commission of the most dastardly deed which man can commit? What thought passed through his scheming brain at that instant? Good and evil were fighting a desperate battle in his head just then, but he pushed the latter aside.

It was only a touch, whether accidental or intentional, one could not say; but Adrian Graves lost his balance and fell over the low railing, and into the eager embraces of the angry waves.

Russell stood quite still. He breathed heavily, and a tremour shook his frame. He stood there pale and ghastly, and silent. He seemed transfixed.—Suddenly, a wild, fearful cry smote upon his ears. The vessel had sprung a leak, and was sinking. The shock aroused him, and the confusion which the accident occasioned, were not diminished by the appalling words which fell from his lips, "Man overboard! man overboard!"

But none heeded him. Each one was trying to escape the catastrophe they knew was coming, yet felt powerless to arrest. It was a struggle for life. There was a wild rush for the boats, of which there were but two, and these incapable of accommodating half the passengers on board. Cries, curses, groanes, rose to the gale, as the men struggled to obtain passage; and every moment their chance of escape grew less. Innes had not moved from his position; and ere he could realize his peril, the vessel gave a violent lurch which flung him to the floor; he sprang to his feet, when a heavy spar fell, striking him violently on the head; he staggered wildly for a moment, then fell overboard, bereft of consciousness.

All night the storm raged, the wind blew fiercely, sky and sea were black as ink. With the first peep of day it began to abate; and as the sun faintly illumed the sky, the gale perceptibly slackened.

The beach presented a dreary picture of ruin and desolation. Timber, spars and rigging were scattered wildly about; and in the debris, half buried in the sand, lay a man. He had been one of the passengers of the ill-fated Clyde. It was Russel Innes.

He was drenched, exhausted, and half senseless with exertion and exposure, but making a violent effort, he partly raised and dragged himself entirely out of the wet, clinging sand. As he was struggling to his feet, footsteps fell upon his ears, and raising his eyes he met the steady gaze of Dick Gott, one of the crew, who, like himself, had been cast on the beach by the waves. Innes could not meet that scrutinizing glance, and his eyes dropped.

"Mr. Graves, is it not?" said the man hesitatingly.

"Yes," was the bold reply giving by Russel Innes, "it is."

"Are you hurt? You look ill."

"Not seriously. I am bruised somewhat, and my head aches sharply; but a plunge in the sea will restore my unstrung nerves. Were many of the crew saved?"

"There are probably others washed on the beach, like you and I.

Russel Innes started violently. He turned his eyes on the sailor with a look the latter never forgot. He seemed pained by the news, and opened his mouth as if to speak, but not a sound escaped him. This did not escape Dick Gott's notice.

"You are unwell, I fear, Mr. Graves," he said, with a strange smile. "I will run down the beach and see if any of our crew have been cast up. Make yourself as comfortable as possible till I return, when we will seek food and shelter at some of the houses hereabout."

Innes waited till his footsteps died away then rose up and walked, as well as his weakness would permit, to a little brook, some fifty yards distant, which was sheltered from observation by a thick, green hedge. He was bending to slake his thirst when he chanced to glance along the beach, and saw the body of a man lying amid the pebbles. A burning curiosity urged him to the spot. No sound escaped him when he saw it was Adrian Graves!

But he bent down. A sudden terror came over him. His heart stopped beating for an instant. This feeling did not last long. He shook it off, and his eyes sparkled with a strange resolve—a desperate determination. Casting a quick, hurried glance around, he dragged the body swiftly towards the sea, and flung it in.

"I can breath more freely now," he muttered. "The tide will carry the body out to sea, and it will never be found. He was unconscious, and will never waken. I am safe. No one saw me."

"No one saw me! Russell Innes was mistaken. He did not see the sharp eyes of Dick Gott watching him through the branches of the hedge. It was well he did not.

A planter's house stood but a short distance from the beach. To this Innes, without waiting for Dick to return, directed his steps: The latter did not join him; and whatever others of the crew were saved, Innes knew not, nor did he care. He remained at the planter's two days, at the end of which he set out for Fane Hall, the inmates of which he found in the wildest state of excitement, for the news of the shipwreck had been received, and the cousins were supposed to have perished. Innes received a warm reception as Adrian Graves.

Flo stood on the vine-wreathed porch tearing a letter into fragments. She was pale and ghastly as the dead; and although the greeting was warm, aye, even tender, he felt that it was assumed. It was not until the evening of the day of his arrival that the impostor had an opportunity to converse with the beautiful girl he intended to make his wife. The evening was exquisite, and he proposed a walk. Flo accepted the proposition.

After rambling through the grounds, they visited a ruined well, some distance from the house, which had been a favorite trysting spot for Flo and Adrian. It was a wild, gloomy place always, but now decay and neglect had set their mark upon it, intensifying the weireness tenfold. Innes shivered perceptibly. He would have turned away, but Flo detained him.

"I want you to observe this well particularly," she said, with a nervous laugh; "I want you to study it. Observe these walls," she continued, drawing nearer and pointing to them with a strange gleam in her dark, magnificent eyes; "they are built of brick, and cemented, thus making it an impossibility to scale them, and also incapable of echoing sound, for a voice at the bottom could not be heard above. It was built for the accommodation of plantation hands, by an eccentric planter whose property your uncle's estate then was, but the water failing, it was abandoned as being useless. The bottom is quite dry. Does it not remind you of an immense vault?"

As she spoke she leaned over it, but drew back quickly with a sharp cry. Innes saw something glitter an instant, then disappear.

"What is it, Flo?" he asked, tenderly.

My bracelet; somehow it came unclasped. And I prized it—you gave it to me on my nineteenth birthday—oh, so much! What, oh what shall I do?"

"What shall you do? Simply nothing. I will go down and get it. See, this rope is long enough to reach the bottom, and I can climb down and up easily."

At first Flo objected, but he insisted, and she finally yielded.

Innes then seized the rope, knotted it in several places, and dropped one end to the bottom, the other being firmly attached to a somewhat decayed, though still strong windlass, at the top. This done, he began the descent.

He descended about ten feet, when a slight jar on the rope caused him to look up. Flow was watching him. But a terrible change had come over her. Her face was flushed with excitement, and in her right hand she held a knife, which gleamed in the sunshine as it slowly descended on the rope.

"In the name of heaven, what do you mean?" cried Innes, paralyzed with terror at the dreadful peril which menaced him.

"Russell Innes! villain—murderer! your hour has come!" said the young girl, in low, measured tones, while her eyes gleamed with savage ferocity. "I know all. A person called Dick Gott wrote me a few hours before your arrival of your crime, and the monstrous imposition you intended to practice. I determined to revenge my lover's death. As you thrust him to a cruel doom, so will I condemn you!"

Russell Innes pleaded piteously for mercy. But Flo was immovable. Another instant, and the rope would have been severed, but a hand was laid firmly on her shoulder, and she looked up to see Adrian Graves standing beside her.

The shock was too great; a wild cry burst from her lips, and she sank fainting at her lover's feet. As for Innes, the sight of Graves had such an effect on him that he let go his hold on the rope, and fell to the bottom.

Flo was conveyed to the house, and Innes was drawn from the well by some negroes sent for that purpose by Adrian. But in his fall his head had come in contact with a sharp rock, which inflicted a mortal wound, of which he died in a few hours.

Adrian's escape was most miraculous. Dick Gott saw Innes fling the body into the sea; and waiting till he went away he rescued it and conveyed it to a house near by, when finding his resuscitation possible a physician was sent for. At first the doctor had no hopes of his recovery, and consequently, Adrain requested Gott to commmunicate full particulars to Flo. His recovery, however, was rapid, and in a few days he was able to proceed to his destination.

After Flo's recovery, which was somewhat protracted—the shock of Adrian's sudden appearance, and the fatel termination of Innes' fall having seriously affected her—she and Adrian were married; and peace, love and joy crowned their lives. Their truest dependent to-day is Dick Gott.

General News.

A WARNING.—The British Isles have not been protected by their insulatory position from invasion. In point of fact scarcely any country in Europe has experienced so many permanent invasions, or has had its institutions, customs and laws so frequently affected by outside influence. British History tells of a Roman and a Saxon ascendency—each of which left deep traces of their influence upon the original population. The municipal institutions of Great Britain are the Roman [illegible]racy. England's passion for the sea is traceable to the Danish sea-kings. The names of [illegible] days are Saxon, as those of our months are Roman. The Normans gave that love for freedom which produced Magna Charta, and from time to time devised with spirit and executed with boldness, all those schemes which the times rendered necessary for the preservation and extension of the liberties of the people. No invasion has there been but has been productive of ultimate good.

A writer in Blackwood's Magazine has prophesied a German invasion to wind up the list. He places the time, in the year 1875; the cause, the carelessness of the people; the result, the fusion of the Teuton with the English and the disappearance from history of the latter as distinguished from the former. The story as worked up by the essayist is a vivid picture of the evil results likely to result from the Radical rule in the British Isles, and from the unwillingness of the people to submit to the taxation and discipline necessary to provide the nation with a system as complete as the Germans. The story of the degradation of England is represented as being told by one of the survivors of the event, in the year 1875, and is of that same allegorical character, as "Dame Europa's School," and the other pamphlets called into being by that tract—a character which is eminently suited to impress ideas upon the British mind, as John Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress amply proves, at least in the domain of religious thought. Allegorical teaching has always been a favorite method with English political writers, and we should judge that this attempt to show the necessity of preparing for the evil day will be a fresh illustration of the success of the method.

The picture drawn is gloomy enough, though, sooth to say, it has, in all its details, counterparts in the earlier history of the country. The battle of Dorking, as described by the imaginary "Old Inhabitant," fifty years hence, is only the battle of Hastings over again, with such variations as the changes of weapons of war and military science have introduced. London has been sacked before; why not again? The trained military bands have, in the history of all countries, carried the day against the poorly trained militiamen; why not again? Counties have been overrun—the language itself has been changed *in toto*. What is there to hinder the English of to-day becoming obliterated for high or low Dutch? Such are some of the speculations of the Blackwood writer. They are curious and certainly adorn a tale as well as point a moral.—*Halifax Reporter.*

ROME THE CAPITAL OF ITALY.—The long promised event—the transfer of the Italian capital to Rome—has at last been announced to take place July 1st. The representatives of foreign Powers at Florence have been notified of the proposed change, and will probably accept the invitation to follow Victor Emmanuel to Rome. There is, however, still considerable doubt as to whether the French Minister to the Kingdom of Italy will accompany his diplomatic brethren to the Eternal City. It is well known that M. Thiers is personally in favor of the temporal power of the Pope; that he resented the ungrateful conduct of Italy in abandoning France to her fate by appointing a representative to the Holy See. Under these circumstances the position of the French Minister now in Florence is a singularly embarrassing one, and would become still more so if he were to remove to Rome, where he would be liable to clash with his colleague, who is accredited to the Pope.

On the other hand, it is a fact of great significance that the Austrian government has authorized its Ambassador at Florence to follow the Italian court to the new capital. Whatever hopes the Papacy may have placed on the active support of Austria is now dispelled by this announcement. The zeal of the prelates of Vienna, who but lately addressed a petition to the Emperor Francis Joseph, asking the government to restore the Holy Father to his sovreignty, must be considerably damped by this formal recognition of the Italian *status quo*. The hope of the Holy See now rests with France. We doubt, however, that France, in spite of M. Thiers' personal leaning toward the Papacy, will interfere by force of arms; and nothing short of armed interference will have any persuasive influence with the government of Italy.—*N. Y. Herald.*

WHAT DOES HE WANT.—The Chicago *Tribune* thinks it would be a curious problem for a woman to find out from mankind what is really expected of her. Man adores helplessness, and says it ruins him. He talks about economy and raves over spendthrifts. He decries frivolity and runs away from brains. He pines after his grandmother, who could make pies, and falls in love with white hands that can't. He moans over weakness and ridicules strength. He condemns fashion theoretically and the lack of it practically. He longs for sensible women and passes them by on the other side. He worships saints and sends them to convents. He despises pink and white women and marries them if he can. He abuses silks and laces and takes them into his heart. He glorifies spirit and independence and gives a cruel thrust at the little vines that want to be oaks. What would the critical lords desire?

A HORRIBLE FAMINE.—*Half a Kingdom Dying—Digging up and Eating Corpses—A Sickening Story.—New York, June* 19.—A correspondent writing to a Turkish journal from Tabreez, says: "The details which reach us here of the destitution and misery which the drought of last year has caused in the central and southern Provinces of Persia are fearfully heartrending. That the people are dying of hunger, even in the streets of the capital, is a minor phase of the terrible calamity. In Khorassan parents are selling their children as slaves to the Turcomans in order to keep them alive, and in Ispahan, men have been seized in the act of digging up corpses to serve as food for their starving families.—In Shirax, Kirman and Yezd, the wretched sufferers endeavor to support life on grass and roots which they may find in the neighborhood, and as might be expected, pestilence followed hard on the footsteps of famine. Between them the half of the kingdom of Persia is becoming rapidly depopulated."

THE BIGAMOUS CONGRESSMAN.—WASHINGTON, June 13.—This morning the Hon. C. C. Bowen, recently convicted of bigamy, was brought into the criminal court to be sentenced. Mrs. Susan Pettigre King, said:—

"If you sentence him sentence me too, for I am as much to blame as he is." Bowen then made a statement concerning the circumstances of his marriage, before which Mrs. King sent to New York and obtained a copy of the record of his divorce from his former wife. She, as well as himself, was satisfied that everything was right and that there was no legal obstruction in the way of their marriage. Judge Olin then sentenced Bowen to pay a fine of $250, and to be imprisoned for two years in the penitentiary. Bowen, after a pause, addressed Mrs. King, saying when his term expired, he would return to her; whereupon Mrs. King extended to him her hand, which he grasped, as in a pledge of faith. She appeared to be deeply affected. Bowen was subsequently taken to jail, where he will remain until the decision of the court in term, which meets next Monday, on the exceptions, to the ruling of criminal court his object being to obtain a new trial.

London, with an area of twenty square miles, [illegible] 417,286. In 1841 it [illegible] doubled within the [illegible] 876,594. The increase [illegible] the last thirty years [illegible] forty. It has 13,987 streets, courts, of which 141 are named Union, 97 John, 90 George; while Queen, Charles, James and William have [illegible] 60 to 80 each. Among other names are Addle street, Rotten row, Gutter land, Frying-pan alley, Vinegar yard, Mincing lane, The Poultry, Shoe lane, Inkhorn court, Candlewick street, Pater Noster row, Amen corner, Sermon Lane, Creed street, Cripplegate, Hounds ditch, Tripe court, Grub street, Half-penny alley, All Farthing lane, Bandyleg walk, Shoulder of Mutton alley, Cat's Castle, Hen and Chicken lane, Birdcage walk, Noah's Ark alley, Stinking lane, Turn Again Lane, Honey lane, Cut Throat lane, Do Little lane, Labor in Vain street, Pig alley, Sheep Gut lane, Blowbladder street, and Ebenezer place. London has a population greater than that of the eight principal cities of the United States.—It has three hundred and twenty three churches and chapels, and three hundred and thirteen newspapers. Its sewers discharge sixty-four thousand gallons per minute, in fine weather into the Thames. It has forty-five public parks and squares. Thirteen bridges across the Thames connect the different parts of the metropolis. One-seventh of its population are paupers; and one-third never saw a grain-field.

STARTLING SCENE AT A TRIAL.—On Friday af