W. D. CAMBER,
Surgeon Dentist.

Office, Corner Main and King Streets,
WOODSTOCK,
Lately occupied by Dr. ELLINWOOD.

DR. CAMBER has been in our Dental Office for three years past, and we have much pleasure in recommending him to the public as a competent, skillful, careful operator, and thoroughly informed in all the late improvements in surgical and mechanical Dentistry.
DOW & ELLIS.
Fredericton, April 18, 1871.—47

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, 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 at H. R. Baird's Drug Store. Residence, near the Methodist Chapel.
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.]

JOHN B. TRAFTON,
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
Fort Fairfield, Maine.
—1y-24

WILLIAM M. CONNELL
Attorney at Law, Solicitor Conveyancer,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
INSURANCE AGENT, &c.
6m WOODSTOCK, N B

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]

WHITNEY HOUSE,
(Late "Caldwell Hotel.")

THE undersigned having leased the House formerly known as the "Caldwell Hotel," desires to announce to the travelling Public that the House is now open for their accommodation, after having been newly furnished, and every preparation made for the convenience and comfort of its guests. No pains will be spared by the Proprietor to render his house in every sense a comfortable home for the weary traveller.
CORREN R. WHITNEY.
Woodstock, May 30, 1872—22

Donaldson House.
(POST OFFICE BUILDING.)

THE undersigned has removed to the premises formerly occupied by him, on King Street. Having secured the entire upper flats of the building, he is prepared to furnish FIRST-RATE accommodation to all who may call upon him.
☞ The TRAVELLER'S every want will be attended to.
ROBERT DONALDSON, - Proprietor.
Woodstock, May 3, 1872.

WOODSTOCK HOTEL,
RE-OPENED.
BEING thoroughly repaired, refitted, and furnished, is now opened for the accommodation of permanent and transient Boarders. This House being condected 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;
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]

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 rates.
☞ 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

LONG'S HOTEL,
MOST PLEASANTLY SITUATED,
Corner of King and York Streets,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
This is a Strictly Temperance House.
GEORGE HUME, PROPRIETOR.
☞ Superior Stabling and a careful hostler.
—15

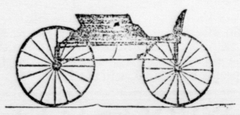
G. W. VANWART,
EXCHANGE BROKER,
WOODSTOCK, N. B,
ISSUES DRAFTS on St. John, Boston, and New York.
Makes TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS in St. John.
Particular attention given to buying and selling United States Currency.
Woodstock, March 9, 1o72.—10

The Carleton Sentinel.

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

VOL. XXIV.—NO. 28. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1872. WHOLE NO.—1217.

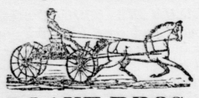
NEW CARRIAGE SHOP.



THE subscribers have entered into Co-partnership and are now prepared, at their Shop, in rear of "GIBSON HOUSE," (formerly occupied by S. E. BAKER), to turn out all kinds of
Caraiage & Sleigh Work
In the best style and of thorough workmanship and stock.
Their long experience in making and painting work of this description justifies the belief that they can give every satisfaction to parties patronizing them.
REPAIRING promptly and carefully attended to. Prices moderate.
J. W. BOYER,
C. F. KIRK.
Woodstock, Dec. 12, 1871.—3m-3

LAURILLIARD & SON.,
DEALERS IN
Pianofortes, Cabinet Organs,
SHEET MUSIC, AND
Musical Instruments.
VIOLINS, FLUTES, CONCERTINAS, VIOLIN STRINGS, GUITAR STRINGS, BANJO STRINGS, &c. All of which will be sold at a slight advance on cost.
A. LAURILLIARD,
H. LAURILLIARD.
St. John, Jan. 17, 1872.—3

Carriage Manufactory.



LOANE BROS.
Connell Street, Woodstock, N. B.
CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, PUNGS, SIDE-SPRING BUGGIES, END-SPRING BUGGIES, SINGLE and DOUBLE SEAT CONCORD WAGONS, SULKIES, EXPRESS WAGONS; in fact Wagons of every description made, and made to order.
PAINTING & REPAIRING punctually attended to.
A first-class Trimmer and Blacksmith always on hand.
☞ Nothing but the best Western Timber used, none but first-class Mechanics employed, and consequently *All Work done at this Establishment Warranted.*
Parties in want of any of the above description of Wagons or Buggies, would do well to call and examine for themselves, when they cannot fail to be suited.
Having in their employ a first-class Horseshoer they are prepared to do work of this description in a workman-like manner.
Cash paid for second growth Ash and Basswood.
JOHN LOANE.
ROBERT LOANE.
Woodstock, Jan. 26, 1872.—tf-3

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

Harness Shop!
2 Doors Below Baker & McCormac's Shoe Shop,
ON MAIN STREET.
HAVING REMOVED from my old stand, in front of American House, I take this opportunity to thank my customers, one and all, for their past patronage, and solicit a continuance of the same. Having an enlarged Shop and Stock I feel confident I shall be able to accomodate at short notice. Constantly on hand: Harnesses of all kinds, Harness Mountings, Whips, Bells, Horse Blankets, Curry Combs, Cards, Interfering Rolls and Straps, and everything usually found in a first-class Harness Shop.
☞ Please give me a call.
R. CLUFF,
Harness Maker.
Woodstock Nov. 10 1881.—45

2,000 Acres of Land for Sale.
2000 ACRES of Land, and several Mill Privileges, in the County of Victoria.
Apply to
S. J. BAKER, Attorney-at-Law,
Tobique, N. B
Tobique, Dec 10, 1870—tf-51

A FIRST CLASS
HAIR DRESING,
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

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. & F. 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

DR. J. E. GRIFFITH,
Dentist,
(Of Penn. College of Dental Surgery) late of St. John, N. B.,
RESPECTFULLY announces to the inhabitants of Woodstock and vicinity, that he has opened an office for the practice of his profession, in Brown's Building, corner of Main and Connell streets, Woodstock.
Special attention given to Filling and Preserving the Natural Teeth.
Owing to a recent improvement, Dr. Griffith is enabled to insert ARTIFICIAL TEETH 10 PER CENT. CHEAPER than former rates.
☞ *Teeth extracted without pain*, by the careful use of Anesthetics, when desired.
January 19, 1872—3

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,
STAGE HOUSE — TOBIQUE.
☞ Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest notice for any poin'. [3

Co-Partnersnip Notice.
STARRETT & BURTT.
WE have this day entered into Partnership for the purpose of carrying on HARNESS MAKING, in Shop directly over McLeod's Tailor Store, and we hope by strict attention to business to merit as large a share of trade as was bestowed on the late firm of Emery & Starrett.
ROBERT S. STARRETT.
SAMUEL O. BURTT.
Woodstock, Aug. 25, 1871.—34

JOHN C. WINSLOW,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER,
AGENT FOR FIRST-CLASS ENGLISH & AMERICAN
Insurance Companies,
FULL DEPOSITS AT OTTAWA.
ALSO,
Estate Agent,
OFFICE,—Hon. Chas. Connell's Brick Building, Queen Street.
Woodstock, Feb. 16, 1872.

Surveying.
STEPHEN E. STEVENS,
INDIANTOWN, ST. JOHN,
Office in Hamm's Building.
THE subscriber in returning thanks to his numerous patrons for past favors, begs to remind them and the public that he is still prepared with greatly increased accomodations, to prosecute his business as SURVEYOR OF LUMBER.
Parties entrusting Lumber to his care may be assured that his best and personal attention will be given to further their interests.
Lumber will be received, and advances made thereon, at SPRING HILL, when desired.
1y-18

EXPRESS NOTICE.
The Eastern Express Company
WILL FORWARD DAILY,
IN charge of their Special Messenger, via N. B. & C. and E. & N. A. Railway,
Money, Valuables, Packages and Freight,
To and from Woodstock, Fredericton, St. John, Calais, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and intermediate places. No Packages or Freight received at the Office after 8 o'clock, a. m.
G. W. VANWART,
Agent.
Woodstock, Feb. 2, 1672.—5

New Styles of ROOM PAPER
VERY CHEAP, AT
HUGH HAY'S.

READY MADE CLOTHING!
CHEAP AT
HUGH HAY'S.
Woodstock, April 15, 1870.

COTTON WARP.
THE COTTON YARN,
Manufactured at the
New Brunswick Cotton Mills
HAS the name of the mills and our name on a printed label on the end of the bundle.
White, Red and Orange Yarn is put up in Blue Paper.
Blue Yarn is put up in Buff Paper.
☞ All Yarn made by us is warranted of best quality, full weight, and correctly numbered.
WM. PARKS & SON.
N. B. Cotton Mills, St. John, N. B.,
September 1, 1871.—1y-35

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 Erery Description of Paper Stock, viz:—Cotton and Hemp Canvass, Hemp and Manilla Ropes, Shakings, Nets, Rags, Waste Paper, etc.
st john aug 25

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 INURANCE Co
of Edinburgh and London.
ESTABLISHED 1809.
CAPITAL, - - £2,000,000 stg
Invested Funds, 1864, £2,304,512, 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 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, 16.

CARDY

IN returning thanks to the inhabitants of Woodstock and surrounding country, for their patronage while doing business in Woodstock, the undersigned would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed to Waddell's Building, Water Street, St. Stephen, known as VICTORIA HOUSE, where will be found a full assortment of Staple Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, &c., &c.
☞ Please observe the Address.
—43 F. G. RAY.

Poetry.

THE BOOTBLACK.

Here y'are—? Black your boots, boss?
Do it for just five cents;
Shine 'em up in a minute—
That is 'f nothin' prevents.

Set your foot right on there, sir;
The mornin's kinder cold—
Sorter rough on a feller
When his coat's a gettin' old.

Well, yes—call it coat sir,
Though 'taint much more'n a tear;
Can't get myself another—
Ain't got the stamps to spare.

Make as much as most on'em—
That's so; but then yer see,
They've only got one to do for;
There's two on us, Jack and me.

Him? Why—that little fellow,
With a double-up sorter back,
Sittin' there on the gratin'
Sunnin' hisself—that's Jack.

Used to be round sellin' papers,
The cars there was his lay,
But he got shoved off the platform,
Under the wheels one day;

Yes, the conductor did it—
Gave him a reg'lar throw—
He didn't care if he killed him;
Some on'em is just so.

He's never been all right since sir,
Sorter quiet and queer—
Him and me go together,
He's what they call cashier.

Trouble—I guess not much, sir,
Sometimes when biz gets slack,
I don't know how I'd stand it
If 'twasn't for little Jack.

Why, boss, you ought to hear him,
He says we needn't care
How rough luck is down here, sir,
If some day we git up there.

All done now—how's that, sir?
Shine like a pair of lamps.
Mornin'!—give it to Jack, sir,
He looks after the stamps.
N. Y. Evening Mail

Select Tale.

THE STRANGE PERFUME.

Lounging carelessly in an arm chair, his eyes fixed on a lady beside him, with an open letter in her hand, was a tall, fair haired young man,

"What have you there, mother?" he said, throwing his arm around her in a caressing way. "That smile makes you positively young, I declare."

Losing his father in India, when a child, a small legacy from his godmother had, with the most severe economy, given George Roberts a liberal education, while his mother had her small pension to depend upon. Long years had passed, her father was dead, and her only brother, who inherited the estate, had ever refused any overtures toward a reconciliation. Not even in her wildest day dream had Mrs. Roberts hoped to behold her childhood's home again. No wonder, then, that her cheek flushed and her eye brightened over the letter in her hand, for it contained an invitation for herself and son to spend the Christmas at Locksley Grange. Though expressed in cold and formal terms, it was corteous, and the blurred years of the past were not alluded to. The young man took the letter, which she gave him without comment, and, glancing through it to the signature—"Paul Edward Hollawes"—looked up at his mother.

"Your uncle, my son," she said.

A flush of indignant feeling passsd over the pleasant face. Was this cold and haughty uncle who had so long ignored their existence to summon them to his presence by a wave of his hand? By hard study and perseverence George had won a place at the bar, but he was content to labor, trusting to time. But it was with an inward struggle, as he looked at the eager expectation on his mother's face, and thought of her lonely life, that he controlled his resentment.

"You would like to go, dear mother?" he said pleasantly.

"Yes, my boy; it seems as if I could die happier if I saw the old place once more."

"Then we shall go," he said. "I will make my arrangements for a holiday, and we shall leave town on Wednesday," and with a kiss he left her.

The master of Locksley Grange, a tall erect old man, of most imposing presence, with snowy hair and whiskers, and brilliant, piercing, deep set black eyes, shaded by shaggy eyebrows—like fierce fires overhung with jagged snow crags—greeted his sister and her son with stately courtesy, although no light of love beamed from his eye to the gentle woman who had been his childhood's playfellow. One sharp glance he shot at his nephew as he made some comment on the journey, and then bade a servant usher them to their apartments. When the dinner bell sounded George conducted his mother—looking so fair and gentle in her soft grey silk, still with the delicate flush on her cheek—into the state drawing room, where they were duly presented to the rector of Locksley and his curate. Still they waited and in a few minutes a young girl entered the room, of such unusal beauty that George Roberts stopped short in the middle of a sentence addressed to the curate, and never completed it. She might have been about seventeen, with a slight form, graceful as a deer, hair of pale gold, which deepened into shadows of a tawny sheen under the mellow wax lights and soft brown eyes, shaded by curling golden lashes. A dark silk dress, without ornament, displayed and heightened the delicately tinted skin and perfect figure. She approached the group timidly, and George, glancing at his uncle, saw, to his astonishment a scowl sweep over his face as his eyes rested on the fair visitor.

"Miss Kedar," he said carelessly, presenting the young girl to his sister, with a wave of his jeweled hand, "a penniless orphan whom I kept out of charity, as her mother was an old friend of mine. She has made a love match," he added with a sneer. "You can take her into dinner," he said to his nephew, with another wave of his white hand, as he turned to his sister with formal politeness.

George felt his indignation stir, as he saw the deep flush rise on the young girl's face, and then fade to a marble paleness. But she did not raise her eyes to see the sympathy expressed in his. The dinner passed pleasantly.

The rector was a fluent and graceful conversationalist, and the host excited young Roberts to bring forth his knowledge of men and things in his manly, earnest way, by the display of his own versatile powers to draw him out. The young man had almost forgotten the silent beauty by his side, until a glance from her soft brown eyes, lighted with appreciative feeling, met his, and revived the sympathy and wonder he had felt at his uncle's cruel nonchalance in alluding to her dependent position. When the ladies retired, and the political questions of the day came up, the young lawyer so startled the older men with his racy opinions so powerfully put, that they felt themselves in the presence of a master spirit which would soar far upward when its wings were fledged. Long did George Roberts set by his flickering fire before he retired to rest, wondering what might be the tie between his uncle and that lovely girl—what the cause of the singular hatred evinced toward her in so many trifling things. His uncle's morning greeting was cordial and kindly, seeming to have lost that disagreeable air of patronage which had so grated on his manhood the day before. After breakfast he accompanied him on a ride over the estate to view its improvements, and as they went the old man skillfully drew out the particulars of his nephew's life, his views and feelings, and plans and hopes. In the afternoon George accompanied his uncle into a little office adjoining the library, and saw the tenants come in with their yearly rents, where the bags of gold and silver were deposited in an iron chest. In this were secured the most valuable papers, and the family jewels. The little room was strongly protected with bars and bolts, as it contained other articles of value.

The next day a grand dinner and ball was to be given, to which all the gentry of the county were bidden, and the lower hall was also to be enlivened with a dance for the tenants and servants. Considerable was the excitement, therefore, on this sudden opening of its doors, and many a young belle prepared to enter its grey, time-honored walls, with a curiosity awakened by the tales of a mother or aunt. Virginia Kedar, simply dressed in a delicate robe of white muslin, with a wreath of scarlet berries on her siken hair, was the beauty of the whole assemblage, and many were the whispers as to her birth and parentage. Georgo Roberts had become more and more fascinated with her, and this evening completed his enthrallment. For the first time in his life he was in love. Yet he could not but notice how his uncle scowled at him when he danced with her, and his mind was filled with a dozen perplexities concerning her.

He laid wide awake until he heard the great clock strike three, his heart too full of the blissful dreams which come but once in a life time, to wish for slumber. Happy visions flitted before his eyes, in which he and Miss Kedar played a prominent part. Suddenly he heard a faint, grating noise in the silence of the night, although he could not tell from what direction it came, and listening attentively as it continued, he softly opened his door. It sounded louder, and then he perceived that it came from the library. The chest and its valuable contents flashed before his mind, and without pausing, he stole down the stairs. The noise had ceased by the time he reached the foot of the staircase, but he hastened into the library as silently as possible. The door into the office was ajar and a faint light perceptible. As George looked through the crack, he saw a dark figure bending over the chest, examining the papers. A slight exclamation escaped the robber as he took up a packet of letters, tied with a broad blue ribbon, and thrust into his breast. Then he arose from his kneeling posture, put a bag of gold into each pocket, and as the light from the dark lautern flashed for a moment in his face, George saw a deep, red scar on his cheek, where the black mask had slipped one side. The young man sprang toward the robber, calculating on the suddenness of the attack to be able to knock him down, but on the unseen footstep he fell headlong into the room, while the robber vaulted through the open window as lightly as a cat. When George picked himself up there was no sign of the thief, and while he hesitated a moment whether to give chase or not his uncle aroused with the noise of his fall, entered the room. He shivered when George described the robber, and still more when George picked up a glove on the floor—a small grey glove—delicately yet singularly perfumed. Grasping it in his hand the old man groaned bitterly, and paced the floor irresolutely for a time, while his nephew watched him in amazement. Presently he turned to the window and re-fastened it, shaking his head as he examined the bolts and saw them all unbroken. The thief had evidently had assistance from the inside of the mansion.

"Don't say anything about it, George," he said, in anxious tones. "I know the man; no common thief," and another groan escaped his lips. "Now go to bed. I'll tell you more to-morrow."

With his mind full of this new mystery the young man fell asleep. When he had breakfasted a message came from his uncle in the libray, and George hastened to obey. A feverish flush burnt on the old man's cheek, and his manner was hurried and impatient, very unlike from his usual haughty serenity. Motioning his nephew to a seat, he plunged into the subject on his mind without further reflection.

"Those papers taken last night, George, from the iron chest, were of incalculable value to me," the old man said vehemently. "Restore them to me, and you command anything I own. Renounce your profession for a time, dovote your life to the search, if need be, and Locksley Grange shall be your reward. I will make my will this day," and he rose from his chair regarding the young man with eager gaze. George hesitated overwhelmed with the idea.—Ambition was strong winhin him, but life was before him, and the reward great.

"But Miss Kedar," he murmured.

"You love that girl," said the old man with a sneer. "Oh, fate, fate!"

"Yes, uncle Paul, I do love her," said George boldly. "Add her hand to your offer and I will give myself up to do your will."

A great struggle seemed raging within the old man's breast, and he paced the floor rapidly.

"Young man you are honorable," he said, with a piercing glance at his nephew; "promise me, on your honor that you will not seek to marry Virginia Kedar until you find those papers and restore them to me if I am alive, or if not, burn them unread."

"I promise," the young man answered solemnly.

"Listen then," his uncle said, with an air of relief: "the robber wns a woman. All your legal skill and sharpness will be needed to trace her, but the perfume of glove is the strongest cue. I will give you a written description to aid you, and you must start at once."

When George Roberts left Locksley, it was as his uncle's acknowledged heir, and, what was of infinitely more moment to him, the accepted lover of Virginia Kedar. With the little grey glove treasured carefully, he proceeded to London, secured an accomplished detective, and pursued his search. His mother was to remain at the Grange.

First, they endeavored to find a name for the singular scent, but no perfumer in London or Paris could explain it. Both cities were searched, and every possible or impossible clue was taken up, as the days lenghtened into weeks and the weeks into months. When summer emptied the cities, they sought the watering places—Baden Baden, Hamburg, and so on, but all seemed in vain.

One evening, as George sat in his bed room, in one of the strange little German towns, pondering over a letter from his mother, which described his uncle's failing health and growing irritability, and almost cursing his own folly in thus giving up everything to gratify an old man's insane whim, he was roused from his despondent gloom by the entrance of a fresh little maiden with his clean linen. As she sorted out her snowy burden on the bed, a subtle, strange odor saluted his senses.

"Good heavens!" the perfume—the glove!" striving to conceal his excitement, he approached the girl, as to examine her work, and perceived a small parcel lying on one side from which the odor came. He did not speak German—how to obtain any clue to it? With a sudden movement he managed to overturn a table covered with books and papers, and while the girl with great good nature, assisted in replacing them, he had dexterously rolled the parcel under the draperies of the bed. She went away without missing it, and George instantly summoned his ally to consult over the unlooked-for good fortune. When she came back in a few hours, in search of it, the detective soon ascertained that the laces belonged to a sick lady named Madame Bernastine. The clue was rapidly followed up. Pratt formed an acquaintance with the invalid's maid, who was English, it seemed: found from her sufficient proof of her mistress, identy with the woman they sought, and, in a few weeks time, during which Madame Bernastine failed rapidly, gained access to her private desk, and secured the package of letters, still tied with the blue ribbon. Next day the maid found herself heiress to all her mistress' effects, for the adventuress lay dead, and there was no one to claim her goods.

George flew back to Locksley Grange, to find his uncle dying. The old man roused from his apathy when he saw the letters, bade his nephew burn them before his eyes, and with his last remaining strength drew a sealed paper from under his pillow, placed it in his nephew's hand, and fell asleep never to awaken.

George opened the paper. "That woman was my wife—an artful fiend. Virginia Kedar Hollowes is my lawful daughter. I hated her mother, and I hate her."

Accompanying this was a marriage and birth certificate. That was all.

SCOLDING.—Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness, and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired, or annoyed at some trivial cause, and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody within reach.

Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get in the way of scolding always figd something to scold about. If there was nothing else, they would fall a-scolding at the mere absence of anything to scold about. The constant rumbling of distant thunder, catawaulings, or a hand-organ under one's window, would be less unpleasant.

The habit is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain, in a short time, to affect all the members. It one of them begins always finding fault about something or nothing, the others are apt very soon to take it up, and a very unnecessary bedlam is then created.

People in the country more readily fall into the habit of scolding than people in town. We suppose it is because they have less to occupy and divert their attention. Women contract the habit more frequently than men. This may be because they live more in the house, in a confined and heated atmospere, very trying to the nervous system and the health in general: and it may be, partly, that their natures are more susceptible, and their sensitiveness more easily wounded. Women are sometimes called divine, but a scolding woman never seems divine. But we shall say no more on the subject, or some pretty creature may feel inclined to scold us for what we say about scolding.

IN A BAD FIX.—A very good widow, who was looked up to by the congregation to which she belonged, as an example of piety, contrived to bring her conscience to terms for one little indulgence. She loved porter, and one day, just as she had received half a dozen bottles from the man who usually brought her the comfortable beverage, she saw two of the grave elders of the church approaching her door. She ran the man out of the back door, and put the bottles under the bed. The weather was hot, and while conversing with her sage friend, pop went a cork.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the good lady, "there goes the bed cord; it snapped yesterday the same way. I must have another rope provided."

In a few minutes pop went another, followed by the peculiar hiss of escaping liquor. The rope would not do again; but the good old lady was not at a loss.

"Dear me!" said she, "that black cat of mine must be at some mischief under there. Scat."

Another bottle popped off and the porter came stealing out from under the bed curtain.

"O, dear me!" she said: I had forgotten; it is my yeast! Here, Prudence, come and take these bottles of yeast away!"

Items Foreign & Local.

A live fish has been discovered in one of the boiling springs of California, which died as soon as transferred to cold water. Under what condition might that fish be cooked?

Mr. Mori, the Japanese Charge d' Affaires at Washington, has been promoted from the rank of Jugnoi to that of Shogoi, which must be very gratifying to Mr. Mori.

The *Saturday Review* has a merciless article on James Gordon Bennett, whose career it declares "is a conspicuous example of prosperous infamy."

The Burmese Embassy, which recently landed in England, brought Queen Victoria a magnificent bracelet, the gold of which weighed seven pounds.

One of the members of the Jubilee chorus gave birth to a fine boy at the hospital room of the Coliseum Saturday afternoon.

The hot weather sent up the price of ice in New York, from forty to fifty per cent. retail.

It was a little hard on Mrs. Fisk to be mistaken for Josephine Mansfield and hissed and hooted at by a New York mob.

During the year 1871 there were built in the United States 6084 miles of railroad, at an average cost of $52,907 per mile.

A Pittsburg man is accused of chaining his wife to a heavy weight, and of burning her mouth with a hot poker, to break her of the habit of drinking.

A letter was received at the Fitchburg post office on the 18th inst., through the dead letter office at Washington, which was sent from there July 9, 1861, to a sailor at Calcutta, East Indies. After nearly eleven years sojouring in foreign lands it has at last been returned to the writer.

A youth applied at the registrar's office, in Boston, the other day, for a "recipe to get married." He got a certificate and went on his way rejoicing.

The physicians of New York report an alarming increase of cancer in the nose, caused by the practice of wearing eye-glasses which are held to the bridge of the nose by a spring.

Staten Island had a rain of small frogs the other day.

It costs $800 a day to guard and insure the Coliseum.

Thirty thousand people sailed from Liverpool for the United States in May.

Two Japanese men of war will shortly leave Yokohama on a tour round the world. They will pay about a month's visit to Hong Kong, and then proceed to Europe, through the Suez Canal and return by America and Hawaii.

France has maggot factories which turn out food for fish ponds. What next?

In a fire which occurred in Buffalo last Saturday one hundred hogs were roasted alive.

The Japanese are fast adopting our clothing and our social customs. A daily paper has been established at Yeddo.

Mr. Muggridge gives a curious instance of wise forethought on the part of a certain species of ant. In storing seeds for food it bites off the radicle to prevent the germination of the seed.

Only one hundred and eight women fainted in the Coliseum last Saturday, and queerly enough they were taken to the *firemen's* headquarters where they all recovered.

The profits of the Jubilee ball are stated at $33,000.

The oldest member of the Jubilee chorus is 78 years old.

Murderers will hereafter be executed in Austria by shooting.

The King of Italy is a confirmed invalid with chronic rheumatism.

Carlyle was offered a thousand pounds by an English country newspaper to write an account of Derby Day with his name appended.

—Relics of the Emperar Napoleon I. are bringing good prices in Europe. One of his teeth was sold the other day in Brussels, warranted genuine, for $33.00. At this rate his entire skull would be worth a fortune.—Prince Napoleon has recently made a pile of money out of his great relation, having sold his collection of relics of Napoleon I., in London, for about half a million. He is not the first of the family whose stock in trade was based on "my uncle."

—The Nation, in speaking of the trouble in the Methodist Book Concern, thinks that in churches there is a predominant feeling of grief for "scandal" rather than anxiety for truth, and that the ideal church for most people is not one of unquestionable purity, but one of undisturbed serenity.

The annual wages for labor in the United States iron trade exceeds $600,000,000.

Eighty thousand acres of land in Jackson County, Fla., are sold to pay taxes.

The Hawaiian Islands are hereafter to be included in the California Methodist Conferenbe.

The Germans have laid by 40,000,000 thalers of the French indemnity fund for the next war.

An Ohio paper says that Colorado bugs are sitting around on the fences offering 87 cents a bushel for potatoes, and a dollar a day for hands to plant them.

A child, three years old, received into the Buffalo asylum the other day, was found to be suffering from delirium tremens; its drunken mother having actually fed her offspring from the whiskey bottle.

The United States received over $100,000 tax on the last shipment of Alaska seal skins, besides the annual rental.

Not more than one-fifth of the land and less than that proportion of the inhabitants of New Mexico are fit for cultivation.

Sir Edward Landseer is said to be hopelessly ill.

Jenny Lind's eldest daughter, Virginia Goldschmidt, sings as ravishingly as her mother ever did.

FEUDAL TYRANNY STILL EXTANT IN ENGLAND.—A gentleman writes to the London *Times* to call attention to a very old and oppressive feudal custom in the county of Sussex, England; the custom of taking heriots on a change of tenants in copyhold estates. The sufferer in this case was a farmer in the village of Henkenbury, which adjoins the town of Tunbridge Wells, who, together with his farm, which is freehold, occupies a small piece of copyhold land under the Marquis of Camben. The farmer having lately met his death from an accident with a gun, the Marquis's came to the homestead of deceased and selected the finest cow out of a herd of only four kine as a heriot, and claimed the animal or its price from the son on his succession to his father's copyhold. The family is poor, and the fine consequently presses with unusual severity on the son at a time when he is also burdened with his father's funeral expenses. The custom of levying heriots the writer ventures to think is one "which needs only to be brought to general notice to be scouted as unworthy of tolerance in an enlightened age, to be reprobated as a relic of feudal barbarism, and abolished forthwith as a last remaining badge of the villianage and serfdom of ancient times."

AN ARISTOCRATIC BANK.—The banking house of Coutts & Co., of London, of which the principal partner is a lady, the well known Lady Burdett Coutts, keeps the accounts of Queen Victoria and many of the English nobility. The Queen's passbook is inlaid with gold and bears the royal arms, and is kept in the highest style of Penmanship by a clerk who attends solely to this duty. The sons of noblemen seeks positions in the bank as clerks, and none but college graduates are received. They are expected to be models of good conduct and correct deportment, to dress in the modest but elegant style of gentlemen, and not to wear mustaches during bank hours.

General News.

CUT THIS OUT AND SAVE IT.

The following extracts are from the Act passed at last session to amend the Act relating to Banks and Banking, and the knowledge of the changes they affect is important to business men everywhere.

In all matters relating to bills of exchange and promissory notes, the