The Carleton Sentinel.

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

VOL. XXIX.—NO. 39. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1877. WHOLE NO.—1487.

M. F. Bruce, M. D.

Late Resident Physician at L. I. Hospital, Brooklyn, New York.

Special attention given to Diseases of the EYE and EAR.

Office—At Mr. McFarlan's, near Railway Depot.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

May 26, 1876—tf-41

Dr. C. P. CONNELL,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Office and Residence at Mrs. Charles Connell's.

Dr. N. R. Colter,

Office at his residence, Chapel Street.

Woodstock, June 8, 1877—23

Dr. REYNOLDS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

CENTRAL OFFICE:

UPPER CORNER, WOODSTOCK.

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

DR. E. CHURCHILL,

Office—Residence of Mr. Israel Churchill, Main Street, Woodstock. 40

DR. F. A. NEVERS.

Physician and Surgeon,

6m Hartland, Carleton Co., N. B. p19

W. F. COLEMAN, M. D., M. R. C. S. ENG.

FORMERLY Surgeon to Toronto Eye and Ear Infirmary.

Practice limited to diseases of the Eye and Ear.

Office: 32 Germain Street,

Corner North Market Street, St. John, N. B.

Hours—10 to 12, and 2 to 5. 1y-16

W. A. BALLOCH,

Dentist.

Office—At his Residence, Connell Street.

Woodstock, May 17, 1877

W. D. Camber,

DENTIST.

Office—In Connell's Wooden Block, Queen Street.

RANDOLPH K. JONES.

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,

WOODSTOCK, N. B

Office,—Until further notice, at his residence, west side Main Street, fifth house above office of Registrar of Deeds.

Woodstock, May 20, 1875—21

APPLEBY & COURSER,

BARRISTERS and ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Conveyancers, Notaries, &c.,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

SAMUEL J. BAKER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.

Grand Falls, Victoria County, N. B

Conveyancing!

IN CARLETON COUNTY: WILLS, DEEDS and BILLS OF SALE executed by

Henry Tyson Scholey, J. P.,

Collector of Customs, Centreville. 1y-23

G. W. VANWART,

EXCHANGE BROKER,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.,

ISSUES DRAFTS on St. John, and Boston. Makes TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS in St. John.

Particular attention given to buying and selling United States Currency.

Agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies:

"Queen" and "Lancashire."

Woodstock, March 9, 1872.—10

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,

STAGE HOUSE—TOBIQUE.

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

J. T. FLETCHER,

Architect and Builder,

RESIDENCE, WATERVILLE.

HAVING a thorough practical knowledge of Constructive Architecture in all its details, I am prepared to furnish Plans, Specifications, Bills of Items and Estimates for all kinds of Buildings, either public or private, on reasonable terms. A specialty made of first-class work.

REFERENCES, BY PERMISSION:

Hon. S. B. Appleby, Woodstock.

Lieut. Col. C. R. Upton, Florenceville

G. W. Boyer, Esq., Victoria Corner.

D. W. Smith, Jacksonville.

Waterville, May 11, 1875—1y-20

Architecture!

D. E. DUNHAM,

ARCHITECT,

ROOMS: NOS. 1, 2 and 3 BAYARD BUILDING,

123 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.

PLANS and SPECIFICATIONS carefully prepared, also personal superintendence for the erection of all classes of Public and Private Buildings. Having a practical experience of nearly 20 years in designing and superintending several hundred of Buildings, many of which are among the finest in this city, and vicinity, he is enabled to offer the best buildings at the least possible cost, in combining modern and elegant design, durable and economical construction, convenient arrangements with the most modern interior fittings and appliances.

Business Solicited.

D. E. DUNHAM, Architect.

May 31, 1877—6m-22

REMOVAL!

ROBT. S. STARRETT

WOULD inform his many customers and the Public generally, that he has removed into his new and commodious Shop, next R. B. Belyea's King Street,

By strict attention to business and making better work than ever, he hopes to meet with a generous share of public patronage. He now has on hand a Fine Assortment of Single and Team Harness, Whips, Bells, Brushes, etc. etc., and will sell at prices to suit the times.

Woodstock, Jan. 17, 1877.

STIR UP YOUR HENS!

HANSON

IS COMING,

To visit the different Country Traders and pay HIGHEST CASH PRICE

FOR EGGS

during the season of 1877.

U. R. HANSON,

Office with J. F. Leonard.

Woodstock, March 1, 1877

Up and at it Again!

Burned Out,

But Still We Live!

HAVING erected large and commodious Buildings on the burned site, we are now prepared to wait on all who want anything in the Carriage Manufacturing line, either in wood or Iron Work.

☞ Don't forget the Shop, on Connell Street first building from Main Street corner.

JOHN LOANE.

Woodstock, June 8, 1877—23

Honey in the Comb.

JUST RECEIVED, a superior lot of PURE White Clover BEES HONEY. Which we will sell by the Box at lowest rates.

T. B. BARKER & SONS,

35 and 37 King Street.

St. John, Sep. 19.

GIBSON HOUSE,

Queen Street, - Woodstock, N. B.

A First-Class Temperance Hotel.

Superior STABLE in Connection.

30 A. GIBSON, JOHN C. GIBSON, } PROPRIETORS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

QUEEN STREET, - - FREDERICTON.

J. P. BURNHAM, Proprietor.

(Formerly of "Snell House," Houlton, Me.)

Livery Stable in connection with the House.

Sept. 1, 1874—1y-36

Stephenson's Hotel.

THE above pleasantly and centrally situated house has been put in good condition, and is again open to the public, under the charge of its old proprietor.

Good stabling and careful hostler.

M. STEPHENSON.

Woodstock, July 27th, 1876.—31

ROYAL HOTEL,

King's Square,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, - - - Proprietor.

1y-31

ALFRED LETTS,

Teacher of Piano and Organ.

TERMS, $7.00 Per Quarter.

A large quantity of Book and Sheet Music at a discount of one-third.

GIBSON HOUSE.

Woodstock, March 16, 1876—1yp-12

DR. E. W. PERRY,

Victoria Corner,

CARLETON COUNTY.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE AT REV. J. PERRY'S.

July 16, 1877.—1y-29.

James W. Boyer

OFFERS FOR SALE, AT THE STEAM MILL,

VICTORIA CORNER,

40,000 FEET Seasoned PINE; 35,000 feet seasoned Spruce; 100,000 feet seasoned Hemlock Boards;

A quantity of BASSWOOD, ASH, and other Hardwood, sawed to suit all kinds of work.

A quantity of SHINGLES also for sale.

Sawing done to suit customers.

Victoria Corner, July 2, 1877—tf-27

Carriage and Sleigh

FACTORY!

King St., - Fredericton, N. B.

R. COLWELL, Proprietor.

CARRIAGES, WAGONS,

Sleighs and Pungs

Built to order in the latest and most durable styles.

Material and Workmanship of the Best.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO

Painting, Trimming, and Repairing Carriages, &c.

☞ Terms, &c., to give satisfaction.

Fredericton, November 26, 1875—48

Carriages and Sleighs.

Selling at Prices never before heard of.

FACTS WILL TELL!

AND you have only to look to be convinced that I am manufacturing CARRIAGES and SLEIGHS, superior in style and durability, which will be sold at prices that will rush them off.

I am prepared to furnish anything in the Carriage Line that want can suggest; consisting of

PHÆTONS, SUNSHADES,

PIANO BOX and JACKET BUGGIES,

Concord Waggons,

Road and Track Sulkies, Skeleton Waggons, Sleighs and Pungs,

built from the latest patterns, some of which are not manufactured by any other concern in the Province.

Every Carriage warranted to give satisfaction.

Painting, Trimming and Repairing done to order.

☞ Terms to suit the times.

Any one in want of a Carriage or Sleigh can save money by giving me a call.

THOMAS DONOHO,

Upper end of Main St., Woodstock.

May 12, 1876—1y-20

HARNESS! HARNESS!

New opening in Fine Harness,

King Street, Woodstock,

OPPOSITE "WOODSTOCK HOTEL."

J. D. REID

Manufacturer and dealer in

Fine Carriage, Buggy, Road,

AND TRACK HARNESS,

in Gold, Rubber, Nickle Silver and Oreide Trimmings; together with every description of Farm and Plain Harness, Interfering Boots, Blankets, Halters, Sursingles; the improved Driving Rein, very neat and stylish; with a full line of Goods of superior quality, which my experience abroad enables me to furnish.

All of which will be sold low for cash.

Woodstock, May 24, 1877—1y-21

New Harness Shop.

THE Subscriber has taken a shop in McCormac's New Building, on Connell Street, and is prepared to furnish to all requiring such articles,

Harness of Every Description,

at the very lowest prices. Intending purchasers will find it to their advantage to call here before buying elsewhere.

Mr. R. Cluff would state to his friends that he may be found at this establishment, where he will sell the balance of stock saved from the recent fire, at greatly reduced prices to close out.

L. K. BARKER.

Woodstock, June 21st, 1877.—tf-25

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale a Dwelling House and Store at Shiktehawk. The building is new, nearly completed, well insured, and situated near Kent Station. Shiktehawk is a rising village, and any one wishing to trade or carry on the Shoe or Harness business will find the building and locality suitable. Garden and Young Orchard sold either with or without the building. Terms favorable—part down and the balance can remain a term of years, at reasonable interest For further particulars enquire of the subscriber at the residence.

D. S. JONES.

Shiktehawk, August 11, 1877—33

S. L. CHURCHILL

Has Moved

INTO the Store of John S. Leighton, Esq., and wishes to inform his many friends that at his Store can be obtained almost everything in the Grocery line.

A complete assortment of SPICES of every description.

Flour, Oatmeal, Corn Meal,

Rice, Barley, Tea, Sugar,

Molasses, Tobacco;

Stone Tea Sets, China do.;

Milk Pans; 109 doz. Flower Pots.

All of which will be sold to suit customers.

Accept thanks for past patronage, hoping a continuation of the same, with the promise of taking every pains to make things pleasant to suit customers.

COME ONE! COME ALL!

S. L. CHURCHILL.

Woodstock, May 4, 1877

Valuable Mill Property

FOR SALE.

THAT valuable and well known FARM and Mill Property situate at Three Brooks, Tobique, and now occupied by the Tobique Gypsum Company. Formerly known as the Ketchum Mill Property. The property consists of 100 acres of good land, part of which is first-class interval; a Saw Mill with one up-and-down saw; a Clapboard Machine and Sapper; a Plaster Mill, with a large cast iron cracker and run of stones for grinding plaster; saws for cutting and jointing staves; with a large cooper shop and appliances for making casks. There is on the premises two comfortable Dwelling Houses, a good stable and barn, and a blacksmith shop and tools. It would be the best place on Tobique River for a Grist Mill. The Three Brooks Stream is large, and a very large amount of power can be obtained.

Also, the Plaster Lot of 100 acres of land, and the best and most accessible Plaster quarries on Tobique.

For further information enquire of

JARVIS DIBBLEE,

Woodstock, N. B.

Or JOHN EDGAR, on the premises, Three Brooks, Tobique.

Woodstock, July 26, 1877—tf-30—pioneer cop

REAL ESTATE

By Public Auction!

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Office of the Clerk of the Peace, Grand Falls, Victoria County, N. B, at 12 o'clock noon, on Monday the first day of October next, fourteen (14) Lots of Block Eight (8), Town Plat of Colebrook, with Court House and County Offices. These lots are very desirable as they are nearly in the centre of the village and each lot fronting on a street, and well situated for public and private buildings.

Terms made known on day of sale. Further particulars may be had on application to either of the undersigned.

By order of the Municipality of Victoria County.

A. J. BEVERIDGE, Warden.

SAM. J. BAKER, Secretary Treasurer.

Secretary Treasurer's Office,

Grand Falls, V. C., July 23, 1877—10i-30

Teas, Sugars, Rice, Soda, Raisins.

LOGAN, LINDSAY & CO.

16 and 18 Germain Street,

ARE receiving to-day from London, Liverpool and United States:

434 half-chests fine Congou Teas;

100 bbls. Granulated Sugar;

30 bbls. Crushed and Cutloaf Sugar;

22 casks No. 1 Scotch Sugar;

150 sacks Cleaned Rangoon Rice;

150 kegs Bi-Carb of Soda;

425 boxes London Layer and Layer Raisins;

10 sacks Jamaica Coffee;

25 boxes Real Castile Soap;

4 cases assorted Toilet Soaps;

25 bbls. 5 and 10 lb. Salt, etc., etc.

St. John, August 1, 1877

A. GILMAN'S

LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES,

REMOVED to the OLD STAND,

CONNELL STREET.

THE subscriber would thank the public for their patronage since his commencement in the LIVERY BUSINESS, and hopes to receive a continuation of the same.

He is now prepared to furnish EXTRAS to all parts, at moderate charges.

Coaches in attendance at Boats, Cars, or private parties.

A. GILMAN.

Woodstock, August 24, 1877—34

WANTED! Agents to sell the MAGIC PEN.—Writes with cold water. No ink required. Is indelible. Everybody wants it. Sample 10 cents; three for 25 cents. Catalogue for stamp.

MONTREAL NOVELTY CO., Montreal, Que.

D. S. F. 1y-23

Fire, Life, Marine,

ACCIDENT and GUARANTEE

Insurance Company.

CANADA FIRE AND MARINE

Insurance Company.

CITIZENS'

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT and GUARANTEE

Insurance Company.

Losses by the late fires at St. John, Woodstock and St. Stephen, over $240,000.00, *all* promptly paid by the above Companies.

Mutual Life Association

OF CANADA.

W. SKILLEN,

GENERAL AGENT,

WOODSTOCK.

September 14, 1877—1m-37

BACK AGAIN.

THE subscriber would intimate to his numerous friends and customers that he is now back again to his old stand, No. 26 South Wharf, and in a position to serve them as formerly.

Consignments solicited.

J. H. ALLEN.

St. John, N. B., Sep. 18, 1877—38

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

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

Poetry.

My Baby.

They made a little crown in heaven
  When she was born—
Only the breath of angels on it;
Neither flower nor leaf upon it;
  Never a single thorn.

Slowly it grew in form and beauty
  As the days passed on—
Tinged her eyes with love-light's dawning;
Ruby lips to love-words forming;
  Lisping future song.

Brighter still the crown was budding
  As the year grew old;
And my simple heart beguiling,
Angels showed it to me smiling;
  So the days grew cold.

"Look! O, mother! look upon it!"
  (Baby lay asleep);
"In the heavens' sunny bowers
Twine we everlasting flowers;
Think upon it in the hours
  When you will weep!"

"Look!" O, mother! fair we've made it
  For an angel's head!"
There was something strange and wild
Struck my heart—the angels smiled;
I turned to look upon my child—
  And she was dead.

Select Tale.

Clara's Punishment.

"Now, girls, the next thing to decide is whose charms will be most likely to melt the hard heart of the redoubtable Alec. I vote for Henriette and Clara, our queen and fairy, and surely he will be made of adamant if he withstands both."

"If Mr. Alec Gordon withstands me, when I have set my heart on captivating him, he will be the first who has done so," said Henriette, a tall, handsome girl, with a proud, defiant air.

"As for me, I am ready for fun of any kind," said Clara, laughing; "more especially if there is any spice of wickedness in it."

"I am very sorry anything of the kind has been thought of," said Mary Howard. "I think it is very unladylike, to say the least, and if I could I would put a stop to it; but if is to go on, I warn you two to beware that in trying to catch you are not caught. What is Alec Gordon to us, that we should concern ourselves about him, and feel ourselves insulted because he thinks us—what we are—a set of giddy, heartless girls, never so happy as when we know we are paining some heart, whose only fault is, that it trusted us too fondly?"

"Well done, Mary!" cried all.

"I suppose," continued Kate Groves, "since you have become so solemnly engaged to a parson, Mary, you have grown too good for flirting; but, you see, we have not had any such good luck, and so we have to remain as bad as we were before; however, you may lecture us as much as you please—only don't give the alarm, don't tell our victim for the world."

"I shall say nothing to him, Kate," replied Mary. "I only wished to warn Henriette and Clara."

"You need not fear for me, Mary," said Henriette; "my heart is not of the melting sort. Perhaps Clara may make more use of her warning."

"I!" said Clara, laughing merrily; "if I fell in love, Mary, it should not be with a leviathan. Why, I don't reach up to his elbow! Just fancy what an absurd idea, every time he wanted to kiss me he would have to put me on the table before he could reach me. I should have to use an opera-glass whenever I felt inclined to look at his face."

"Never mind, Clara," said Kate. "People generally fall in love with their opposites; and I think you have a first-rate chance. Mind you both get yourselves up in first-rate style for the picnic to-morrow, and open the campaign well. Come, I'll back Clara; who will bet for Henriette? or is my lady sufficient for herself?" she added, marking Henriette's haughty and displeased look at the manifest preference shown for Clara.

The next day came bright and lovely, and all seemed to promise well for the success of the scheme Clara and Henriette were both looking their best, and it would have been difficult to find two more lovely girls, in their peculiar style; but, as the day proceeded, Henriette's brow clouded, and her dark eyes flashed fire, as she marked Alec Gordon's devotion to Clara. Yes, invincible as he had hitherto seemed, it was clear to her jealous eyes that he, if not yet conquered, was on the point of yielding; and the merry whispers of her companions at her failure and Clara's success still further embittered the heart of the proud girl. And Clara—what were her feelings? She could not analyze them; but prominent among them was anger with herself for her levity in consenting to what she now saw in its true light, but what, the night before, she had regarded as only a good piece of fun.

The day passed on—a day of pleasure to most, but to Henriette fraught with bitterness; and scarcely could she command the emotions which oppressed her heart. She separated herself from her companions and sought a quiet, sheltered spot, where she gave herself up to her feelings of bitterness and longings for revenge. She sat there for some time, and when at last she rose her features were once more calm; but the light of her dark eyes, and the compression of her lips, showed that some resolve had been formed; and those who knew Henriette could have said that, when her determination was once taken, no earthly power could divert her from it.

When Henriette joined the party, Alec and Clara were not with the others, and with an impatient heart she awaited them, anxious to gather from their looks the state of their feelings; nor was she disappointed. When they appeared it was evident that Clara's conquest was complete, for Alec Gordon's every word and look were devoted to the fair girl at his side, whose confusion and blushes seemed tacitly to contradict her words the night before: "If I fall in love, it should not be with a leviathan."

Yes, Alec Gordon had that day confessed to Clara that, warned by the case of a friend, whose heart had been broken by a women's cruelty, he had resolutely determined never to yield himself to the enchantress' yoke, and had in vain striven to make himself cold and hard. He told her how that day his resolve had melted; and Clara—would she, could she forgive him for his previous opinion of her sex in general?

Did the memory of her words the night before come into Clara's mind then and stop her utterance? Whatever the cause, she said but little, but that little appeared to be very satisfactory to Alec, and when at last they joined the party it was evident not only to the jealous Henriette, but to any casual observer, that Alec and Clara were almost, if not quite, unconscious of aught save each other.

Henriette marked this with satisfaction, and concluded that the best opportunity for the execution of her design would be at the dance, which was to conclude the festivities.

Alec was standing alone, watching the dancers, or rather, watching the graceful form of Clara as she moved in the dance. He had in vain endeavored to keep her by his side all the evening, for she laughingly reminded that they both had duties to perform, and that she could not possibly refuse every invitation to dance on the plea that she wanted to sit by him. He was standing there, lost in happy thoughts, when he heard her name pronounced close behind him. Without thinking, he involuntarily listened to hear what they said of her, but was soon riveted to the spot by what he heard.

"I cannot contain my indignation when I see Clara playing with the heart of that noble Alec in that base manner. If he only knew that she actually bet upon her success!"

"I really can scarcely believe it of Clara," replied a soft voice, which Alec recognized as that of Mary Howard. "If I had thought her efforts had been so successful, I should certainly have stopped them at any cost. Even now I wish I could warn poor Alec that Clara is trying to entrap him, merely to laugh at him."

"Yes," answered Henriette, "when I consented last night, I little thought that he could be caught by any artifice; and I cannot bear to think of his love being related by Clara in triumph, and the jests of the giddy girls who encouraged her to try. Oh Mary, when I think of her boasts last night, you cannot imagine how I reproach myself for not having stopped it."

The speakers moved on, but Alec was riveted to the spot. Was it true? No, it could not be; and yet, when he remembered the words, when he remembered that it was Mary Howard who spoke, who pitied him, she, whom he knew to be both kind and true, he could not keep conviction from his mind. Yes, Clara had lured him on simply to display her own power, and laugh at him.

With bitter thoughts Alec left the room, resolved never more to see the girl who had so deceived him.

When Clara returned to her place, Alec was no where to be seen: and after waiting for some time, she went home wondering where he could be gone, but without having a thought of mistrust or fear.

When Clara reached home her maid put a note in her hand, which, she said, a gentleman had told her to give her mistress. Clara had never before seen the writing, but she felt assured that it came from Alec. She opened the note and glanced over it, and then with a wailing cry, fell senseless on the floor. The note ran as follows:—

"As you have won your wager, and triumphed over my heart, your seeing me again is of no consequence. If your companions do not believe your report, you can show them this note as a proof."

* * * * * * *

About three years after this event, Mary Howard, now Mary Graham, once more met Alec Gordon, at the house of a friend. They both recognized each other, but Mary saw that the rencontre was painful to Alec, by the contraction of his brow and the flush that rose to his cheek when she addressed him. He was much altered; his expression naturally rather grave, was now almost stern, and there were traces of sorrow and care on his brow; yet Mary was rather glad than otherwise to see this alteration.—They spoke on indifferent subjects, but carefully avoided all mention of former days, until, as they were parting, Mary asked Alec if he would come to her house next morning, as she wanted to say something of importance to him; he hesitated, and at last said in a low tone, "I will come if you wish it; but if old wounds are opened, there is the less chance of their ever healing."

"We shall see," replied Mary, "only mind, I shall expect you."

Alec feared, yet he wished to go; he felt she would speak of Clara, and though he tried to persuade himself that it had been a mere passing fancy, yet he could not now disguise from himself that his love for her was as strong as ever. He endeavored to fortify himself as well as he could, and at the appointed hour he was with Mary. Now at least the opportunity she had so longed for was granted her, and with eagerness, yet caution, she approached the subject he so wished for yet dreaded. She told him how the night after the picnic Clara had been found insensible on the floor, with his note in her hand—of despair which terminated in a fever; how, when she was slowly recovering, she told her grief to Mary, but yet, with touching sweetness, declared her punishment was just: how she had by degrees become stronger, and how, instead of yielding to her sorrow, she had borne up; and how perfectly resigned, was the good angel, not only of her own family, but of the neighboring poor, who almost worshipped her. And then she told Alec all about the silly, girlish frolic, which had terminated so fatally, and asked him whether for this slight thing he would give up her who loved him so truly.

What did Alec answer? Mary never knew. He hastily rushed out of the house, and the next time she saw him it was with his bride, the sweet and gentle Clara, by his side. He took the first train, and in three hours arrived at her house. Clara was not in; so he had to stifle his impatience, and wait as quietly as he could. He posted himself at the window, and soon saw Clara appear, but how changed! He remained at the window and Clara entered without perceiving him, and, with a heavy sigh, sat listlessly down.

"Shall I never be resigned?" she said, "I fear not."

"I shall never be resigned without you, Clara," said a well-remembered voice.

"I have more to repent of than you have; can you forgive me?"

We do not know of how much a man is capable, if he has the will, and to what point he will rise if he feels free.

HIGHLAND COTTAGES.—Here and there, with their smoke curling upward amid silver birches and pine woods, or the newer plantations of beech and chestnut, may be seen some of those Highland dwellings so peculiar to the district. The walls are often rough stones taken from the bed of the nearest stream, and pointed with clay or mortar; the cabers that support the thatched roof are the undressed stems of the smaller mountain pine; the chimney is perhaps nothing better than a herring-barrel, inserted in the straw or heather of which the roof is composed, and underneath it the kail-pot hangs on an iron hook, as there is seldom a fireplace. In some instances they are formed without even walls, the cabers being merely fixed in the hillside. They are usually floored with hard-beaten clay, and consist of a *butt* and *ben*—*i. e.*, an inner and outer apartment. In these stand indiscriminately the meal-girnels and square-box beds, which are formed like rude wardrobes, with hinged doors. The seats are usually stools, called "three-legged creepies." A cow-house, a little garden patch enclosed by a rugged stone wall, and perhaps a *bught*, or fold wherein the ewes are enclosed at milking-time, make up the appendages of those humble dwellings wherein have been born and bred a race of men who, in defence of their country in ancient times, where second to none, and before whom, in later wars, the Invincibles of Napoleon bit the dust; but in too many instances now the places from whence those gallant ranks were manned have been reduced to desolate solitudes, the abode of the grouse and deer.—*Picturesque Europe.*

SWAPPING WIVES.—When Sir Samuel Baker, the African traveller, was taking leave of Kramrasi, King of Unyoro, that potentate asked him, as a particular favor, to leave Lady Baker behind. This cool request raised Sir Samuel's ire, and in high indignation he told the King that if he ever made such a request again, he would shoot him. Lady Baker, too, who overheard and understood the offer, felt that a word from her would not be out of place, and gave the monarch a piece of her mind in the strongest language she could command. His majesty, for a while, was greatly astonished, being unconscious of having given any offence.—At last, seeing that his guests were really angry, he said in a deprecating tone, "Don't be angry. I did not mean to offend you by asking for your wife. I will give you a wife if you want one, and I thought you would have no objections to giving me yours. It is my custom to give my visitors pretty wives, and I thought you would like to exchange.—Don't make a fuss about it; if you don't like to do so others do, so there's an end of it."

TWO SHARP ONES.—As an instance of sharp practice, it is recently related that a merchant, going to America, went to an insurance office in London, and wished to insure, separately, one thousand cigars, valued at £200, against loss by water or fire. The insurance was agreed to. After the lapse of six months, he made his appearance at the insurance office and demanded his money, as the cigars had been all burned. "But not on board the vessel, sir," said the secretary, "for she is in dock now." "Yes, on board the vessel; I smoked them, and therefore burned them all myself, and the insurance says 'against fire.'" The secretary seemed taken aback, and had nothing to say; so the merchant said he would call the next day for his money. The next day he did call, but was met by the solicitor of the company, who told him, if he did not relinquish his claim, he would be prosecuted, as one who had knowingly and wilfully set fire to goods assured by the company. The biter was bitten.

CHARITY.—Open thy hand to the poor according to thy ability. Meddle not with other men's occasions but where thou mayest do good, and hast a calling do it. And if it be in thy power to hurt thine enemy, let it pass; do him good if thou canst, and boast not of it: He that sees thee in private will openly reward thee. Lastly, let thy heart be kept always in awe of this want of charity, by continually remembering that thou hast of thy Saviour no other form of prayer to desire forgiveness for thyself, than that wherein thou covenantest to forgive others. All the other petitions we present to God absolutely; only this is conditional, that He forgive us as we forgive others. Our Saviour hath taught us no other way to desire it; and, in Matthew xviii., he shows God will no otherwise grant it.

Jim Brown, a worthy German, died in Franklin recently, and his next friend, also a worthy German, was appointed administrator, to settle up the affairs of his estate. The administrator called at a printing office the other day to have posters printed, announcing that the goods of the late Brown would be sold at public auction. "I vant you write up dose bills in some kind of sthyle," said the administrator, whose mind runs much to business. "I vant somedings dat vill addract der public eye, und pring der beoples from der koundry." The printer asked for a suggestion or two. "Mrs. Brown und mineself haf dalked it over," continued the business man, "und we vant you to head dose bills somedings this way"—and he marked on the wall with his cane to show that he wanted big letters—"Hoor-raw! hoor-raw! Jim Brown is dead!"

Wherever the shadow of sin has come, a blight has passed over beauty. In humanity, in world-history, art does not find all beautiful. But beauty is bound up in the purpose of ages; the good, the true, the beautiful struggle on together, to celestial music, through the night of time; with every new throb of the heart of mankind towards a higher life and loftier nobleness, a fresh glory and loveliness passes, as it were a blush along its countenance. At the meridian splendor of this loveliness, ideal art guesses and gazes from afar. And thus art's function, whether in the real or the ideal, is ever with the beautiful.

A rich but parsimonious and very old gentleman, on being taken to task for his uncharitableness, said: "True, I don't give much, but if you only knew how it hurts me when I give anything, you wouldn't wonder. I hope to feel different when I inherit brother Bill's property."

The greatest glory of a freeborn people is to transmit their glory to their children.

General News.

WHAT CAPITAL DOES.—Capital is the best friend that labor has had or will have. To quarrel with capital therefore is folly. Capital is nearly always at work, and when it is active labor reaps a benefit—often, too, when capital receives none. For instance, a line of steamships is to be operated between Boston and Brazil, and capital comes to the front with a half million or so. The steamers are commenced, labor is given employment and is paid. They are completed, sails and rigging are purchased, again giving employment to labor (which is paid cash down), and provisions are brought and sailors hired. Manufacturers make goods for the Brazil market, and every where is activity owing to the enterprise of capital. But the scheme fails. There is no return upon the money invested. The half million dollars are sunk and two or three hundred thousand dollars besides. The collapsed enterprise drags down capitalists, widows and orphans, and ruin follows in its wake. But how is it with labor? From the start it has profited. It has been paid promptly good fair wages, and thousands have thriven where capital alone has lost.

Again, a railroad is to be built. Capital comes to the front. It will help the business of the section in which it is interested. And so the five millions of stock are purchased. With this the road is built: labor is given employment; cars are built, locomotives and depots, rails bought and laid down. The employment of labor is immense. Labor in short gets all the first advantages, while those of capital are problematical.—More often than otherwise, bonds are issued, secured upon the materials paid for originally by the enterprise of capital, and issue follows issue, but not a copper falls to much abused capital Meanwhile labor is profiting from the outlay of capital, and enjoying an enlarged capital. If wages are reduced labor is the first to growl, and demagogues step to the front and endeavor to make labor think that capital is all the time plotting its destruction and feeding on its vitals. The boot is on the other leg. It is labor that everywhere thrives upon capital—and to injure the latter is to injure labor tenfold.

Again, certain goods are in demand at home and abroad, and capital desires to build a factory at a certain place for their manufacture. Immediately labor is given employment. Masons, carpenters, builders, architects, lumber-workers, brick-makers, all receive employment. Then comes the machinery; and machinists, iron and steel workers are employed. Capital pays cash down, and at last the magnificent building, equipped with the latest improved machinery, and giving regular employment to 300 hands, stands before the people. The great engines drive machinery all over the building, and the noise of industry is heard. Two hundred families are supported by that great building—that enterprise of capital. Three hundred thousand dollars have been required just to get it ready for the start. And the most of that money has gone to labor! And yet it often does not come. Business grows dull, there is no market for the goods made. Raw materials cost too much. The goods cannot be exported. Labor is high and unreasonable. Hours of labor laws prevent a profit in hiring labor. There is no money in the business. And so the great building is shut up and the concern wound up. Capital receives nothing. The money goes to pay wages and for raw material. Creditors take everything, and capital nothing.

These are no fanciful pictures. They are happening, and have happened, daily. The risks of capital are immense. A freak of Congress in changing the tariff laws and a business is ruined. Municipal and State taxation, combined with high wages and restricted hours of labor, strikes when good contracts have been secured, costly raw materials, failures due to bungling National legislation encouraging rascality and fraud—these are some of the hardships of capital. And yet who is it that champions capital as against demagogues? Capital does not strike. It does not pillage, burn and destroy. Whenever one body secures a profitable occupation thousands of dollars rush to compete for it. Capital is, in short, entitled to our sympathies and our good opinion. It fathers enterprise everywhere, and is the great distributing power of prosperity to labor. The latter should struggle to make it active—to encourage it to come to the front and start new enterprises. To war upon it is to kill the goose laying the golden egg. Capital is more sinned against than sinning. There is no organized effort to deny prosperity to labor. For years capital has encountered hardships, misfortunes, panics, dull times, etc. Labor is feeling its share of these misfortunes. It is no more than its share—indeed, it is certain that labor has been prosperous in the past, while capital was active only to suffer later. Now, still later, labor is in trouble, and to turn round and abuse capital is cruelly mean. Better, on the contrary, aid capital to be enterprising and active, and thus restore prosperity to labor. For labor lives on the enterprise and prosperity of capital.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

"PERPETUAL FORCES" IN MAN.—The brain of man has methods and arrangements corresponding to these material powers, by which he can use them. See how trivial is the use of the world by any other of its creatures. While these forces act on us from the outside and we are not in their counsel, we call them Fate. The animal instincts guide the animal as gravity governs the stone; and in man that bias or direction of his constitution is often as tyrannical as gravity. We call it temperament, and it seems to be the remains of wolf, ape, and rattlesnake in him. While the reason is yet dormant, this rules; as the reflective faculties open, this subsides. We come to reason and knowledge; we see the causes of evils and learn to parry them and use them as instruments,—by knowledge being inside of them and dealing with them as the Creator does. It is curious to see how a creature so feeble and vulnerable as a man, who, unarmed, is no match for the wild beasts, tiger or crocodile, none for the frost, none for the sea, none for a fog, or a damp air, or the feeble fork of a poor worm,—each of a thousand petty accidents put him to death every day,—is yet able to subdue to his will these terrific forces, and more than these. His whole frame is responsive to the world, part for part, every sense, every pore, to a new element, so that he seems to have as many talents as there are qualities in nature.

No force but is his force. He does not possess them; he is a pipe through which their currents flow. If a straw be held still in the direction of the ocean-current, the sea will pour through it as through Gibraltar. If he should measure strength with them, if he should fight the sea and the whirlwind with his ship, he would snap his spars, tear his sails, and swamp his barque; but by cunningly dividing the force, tapping the tempest for a little side-wind, he uses the monsters, and they carry him where he would go. Look at him; you can give no guess at what power is in him. It never appears directly, but follow him and see his effects, see his productions. He is a planter, a miner, a shipbuilder, a machinist, a musician, a steam engine, a geometer, an astronomer, a persuader of men, a lawgiver, a builder of towns,—and each of these by dint of a wonderful method or series that resides in him and enables him to work on the material elements.

We are surrounded by human thought and labor. Where are the farmer's days gone? See, they are hid in the stone wall, in that excavated trench, in the harvest grown on what was shingle and pine-barren. He put his days into carting from the distant swamp the mountain of muck which has been trundled about until it now makes the cover of fruitful soil. Labor hides itself in every mode and form. It is massed and blocked away in that stone house for five hundred years. It is twisted and screwed into fragrant hay which fills the barn. It surprises in the perfect form and condition of trees clean of caterpillers and borers, rightly pruned, and loaded with grafted fruit. It is under the house in the well; it is over the house in slates and copper and water-spout; it grows in the corn; it delights us in the flower-bed; it keeps the cow out of the garden, the rain out of the library; the miasma out of the town. It is in dress, in pictures, in ships, in cannon, in every spectacle, in odors, in flavors, in sweet sounds, in works of safety, of delight, of wrath, of science.

These thoughts no man ever saw, but disorder becomes order where he goes; weakness becomes power; surprising and admirable effects follow him like a creator. All forces are his; as the wise merchant, by truth in his dealings, finds his credit unlimited,—he can use in turn, as he wants it, all the property in the world, and first or last vast amounts pass through his hands,—so a man draws on all the air for his occasions, as if there were no other breather, on all the water as if there were no other sailor; he is warmed by the sun, and so of every element; he walks and works by the aid of gravitation; he draws on all knowledge as his province, on all beauty for his innocent delight, and first or last he exhausts by his use all the harvests, all the powers of the world.—For man, the receiver of all, and depository of these volumes of power, I am to say that his ability and performance are according to his reception of these various streams of force. We define Genius to be a sensibility to all the impressions of the outer world, a sensibility so equal that it receives accurately all impressions, and can truly report them without excess or loss as it received. It must not only receive all, but it must render all. And the health of man is an equality of inlet and outlet, gathering and giving.—Any hoarding is tumor and disease.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson in North American Review.*

DIPHTHERIA AND SCARLET FEVER.—Dr. May, of New York, who has so successfully treated very many cases of scarlet fever and diphtheria with the newly utilized remedy of sulpho-carbolate of soda, gives the following as cures for the above diseases:—

The use of the sulpho-carbolata soda in diphtheria has become a settled fact by the best physicians in New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia, to be the only certain specific known for that dreaded disease diphtheria, which has taken off so many children in the United States during eight years. In its use it is certain to destroy the parasitic fungous in the throat and gland in two hours; 10 grains dissolved in a tumbler half full of cold water and take half to a full teaspoonful every hour until the parasite is destroyed, then once in two or three hours, according to circumstances of the case. There is no use of physicians fighting against this remedy for they will have to use it if they have success in the treatment of diphtheria, as well as scarlet fever. It is a specific in both diseases, as they are both zymotic in their nature, and are produced by the parasite in the system. It will prevent both diseases if given before an attack, as well as a remedy. This remedy has been used for diphtheria and scarlet fever for over three years with perfect success, and if given in time before gangrene sets in the throat it will work wonders and save every case. It was discovered in 1871 by an English physician and has grown in favor as a specific ever since in all symotic diseases, particularly with children. The trichina parasite of pork as soon as it enters the stomach is absorbed in the blood, then into the muscles of the body. It is not so with the diphtheria parasite; it is generated into the stomach and when it spreads up the œsophagus it produces such a high stage of inflammation that gangrene sets in, which then dissolves the parasite and carries it all through the blood, which is always fatal.—Gangrene always dissolves the parasite, but before that takes place the use of the sulphocarbolate soda will save every case. I have written these few lines by special request of very many citizens and friends who desire it made public for the benefit of all.

THE BRITISH WHEAT CROP.—Mr. James Caird, under date of August 31st, gives an estimate of the wheat crop of Great Britain for the present season. The extent of wheat is greater by nearly 200,000 acres than last year, but it is 400,000 acres, or one-ninth, below the average of the ten preceding years. The general yield is better than that of 1853, 1867 or 1875, but it will not be equal to even the defective crop of last year, and notwithstanding the increased average there will not be more than between nine and ten million quarters of a home crop. The average consumption of the past ten years has been 5½ bushels per head of the population, and under these circumstances 11,000,000 quarters, or about 90,000,000 bushels, will be required, and this taking the most favorable view. In addition the writer refers to the fact that Britain is not the only country that requires help, as with the exception of some parts of Spain all Western Europe is deficient, and the ports of the Black Sea are closed, while the great severity of the famine in India can hardly admit of any increase of the large supply received from that quarter during the present year. The unusually good yield in the United States and Canada places us in a position to make up this deficiency, and we may anticipate for our wheat surplus a good demand at somewhat above average prices.

BOOK NOTICES.—*Harper's Magazine*, for October, contains one hundred and five beautiful illustrations, and is a very attractive number.

The most important paper in the number is General McClellan's article on the Regular Army of the United States, advocating its increase, and making suggestions for its more efficient organization.

The very able and richly illustrated paper on the "Campaign of Burgoyne," by W. L. Stone, is timely in connection with the approaching celebration at Saratoga.

Mr. Benjamin's article, "From Brusa to Constantinople," with twenty-one engravings, gives considerable information of an historical character, but is in the main a lively description of scenes connected with the Eastern war.

William H. Rideing contributes a very entertaining paper, profusely illustrated, entitled, "The Life of a New York Fireman."

Horace E. Scudder concludes his admirable and suggestive review of New England classical schools.

There are two beautiful illustrated poems: "An Old Umbrella," by C. P. Cranch, and "The Home Concert," by Mary D. Brine.

In his vivacious description of Walrus Hunting (*illustrated*), Mr. W. L. Alden writes in his most humorous vein.

But the most charming of the illustrated papers is that which opens the Number—"Mytown," under which title Rose Terry Cooke, describes a characteristic New England town. All but the title is real, and the illustrations, beautiful as they are, are from bona-fide sketches; if we except Mr. Abbey's pictures of Ethan Allen and the "Disgusted Deacon."

Mr. J. W. Draper, in his seventh paper on the "Popular Exposition of some Scientific Experiments," treats of Burning-Glasses and Mirrors.

Blackmore's "Erema" approaches its conclusion.

Constance F. Woolson contributes one of her best stories, "Raspberry Island." Mr. Phillips' short story, "On a Melon Schooner," is novel and entertaining.

The Editorial Departments cover their respective fields as comprehensively and satisfactorily as usual, the *Drawer* for this month being especially good.

Appleton's Journal for October presents a varied list of contents, some of the papers being specially noteworthy. Mr. Charles Carroll's "Good Bohemians" is a fresh and charmingly-written essay, with the object of showing how many of the better characteristics of the Bohemian tribe—its elasticity, wit, imagination, hopefulness, courage—are to be found in some circles everywhere. Another paper in an unusual direction is entitled "With Couture the Painter," and describes a brief sojourn, as pupil with this famous and eccentric French artist, who lives in primitive simplicity near Paris, and both amuses and delights by his sayings and doings a large circle of eager pupils. That excellent novelette of the Franco-German War, "A Struggle," is completed; and the second installment is given of "By Celia's Arbor," by the authors of "The Golden Butterfly," which promises to be one of the most charming novels of the season. There are many other papers. Julian Hawthorne continues his "Out of London" series; Mr. Austin instructs us in the methods of taming and rearing nightingales and mocking-birds; there is a paper on the "Wise Women of the East," being an account of what some famous women have accomplished; "M. E. W. S." passes "A Night in the Garden" to good and pleasant effect; and, in addition to the usual number of poems, a brace of humorous ones are given under the general title of "The Comic Muse." There is a well-written essay by Edgar Fawcett, on "Poetry as an Art," and a whole group of short stories, Rudolph Lindau, Nora Perry, and Mrs. Barr, being the authors thereof. The "Editor's Table" is more varied and has a lighter touch than usual.