A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Pretty and pale and tired
She sits in her stiff-backed chair,
While the blazing summer sun
Shines in on her soft brown hair,
And the tiny brook without,
That she hears through the open door, Mocks with its murmur cool.
Hard bench and dusty floor.

It seems such an endless round— Grammar and A, B, C, The blackboard and the sums, The stupid geography; When from teacher to little Jem Not one of them cares a straw, Whether "John" is in any "case,"

But Jemmie's bare brown feet But Jemmie's bare brown feet
Are aching to wade in the stream,
Where the trout to his luring bait
Shall leap with a quick bright gleam;
And his teacher's blue eves stray
To the flowers on the desk hard by,
Till her thoughts have followed her eyes
With a half-unconscious sigh.

Her heart outruns the clock,
As she smells their faint sweet scent;
But when have time and heart Their measure in unison bent?
For time will haste or lag,
Like your shadow on the grass,
That lingers far behind, Orflies when you fain would pass.

Have patience, restless Jem,
The stream and the fish will wait;
And patience, tired blue eyes—
Down the winding road by the gate, Under the willow shade,
Stands some one with fresher flowers;
So turn to your books again,
And keep love for the after hours. -Omaha Herald.

THE 'PISCOPAL LOT.

"Have you heard what Lyman Silsbee's been doin' now?" The Porter girls were pickling and preserving, and the great kitchen was redolent of spices and boiling syrups, when the pretty form of their neighbor, Mis' Deacon Hart, darkened the door-way. The Porter girls were twins, and they were close upon 45. It was no delusion in respect to their age which led all Carmel to call them still the Porter girls, but rather because their lives had been so monotonous and Time's depredagirls, but rather because their lives had been so monotonous and Time's depredations had been committed so gradually, that there had never seemed to be a proper time to leave off calling them so. Charlotte had grown stout and Charlissy had grown thin, and the time certainly seemed very far away when they had worn red and blue necklaces respectively, to enable people to "tell them apart"; but the events of this long time had been few. The event from which Charlissy was apt to date everything was the first time that Lyman Silsbee came home from singing-school with her. He home from singing-school with her. He house!" had begun to "keep company" with her then; he had been keeping company with said Mis' Deacon Hart. "I expect the her more or less ever since. People had Piscopals is puzzled what to do. but the ceased to speculate whether anything would ever come of it. They had almost for- than a toad under a harrer. And the rain gotten that they had ever said "Lyman leaks right down on to him, and they say, Silsbee hadn't treated Charlissy Porter come a good wind, the old buildin' would well." His accustomed weekly visits were be liable to go all to pieces. Silas Webregarded merely as those of an old neigh-ster he was tellin' me that there was talk of regarded merely as those of an old neigh-

The Silsbees were odd, and Lyman was the consummate flower of his race in this respect. He was "as close as the bark of a tree," "as set as the meetin'-house," and on his head. There ain't nothin' that can the comments of his rustic neighbors were move Lyman Silsbee when he's took a apt to be summed up in the despairing thing into his head. Old Mis' Nichols she conclusion that "there wa'n't no accountin" for him nohow."

He was awkward in appearance and brusque in manner, but he had caught Charlissy's youthful fancy. She had poured out upon him all the affection of her opening heart, and as she sometimes acknowledged to herself, half regretfully, she "wa'n't one that knew how to take back." Dr. Knights, who was handsome and wellmannered, had stood no chance beside him. Now when Mrs. Dr. Knights came into church, with her tall son and two pretty daughters, and with her husband showing And the 'Piscopals is poor. One thing Now when Mrs. Dr. Knights came into her a charming gallantry, Charlissy was sensible of a vague regret or, more truly, a

sense of loss. She had even felt a momentary bitter- get Lyman out somehow. If they should ness against Lyman Silsbee, who had absorbed both her past and her tuture. b'lieve he would be burnt up before he'd Charlotte's grim and matter-of-fact prophecy in the early days came back to her at such times. "He'll make an old maid of you, and that's all it will amount to."

Charlotte herself was thoroughly contented with her estate; she was perfectly sincere in saying that she "wouldn't marry it she could have her pick even of the ministers": but she nevertheless always

spoke of spinsterhood as an untoward fate. It was only within a few years that Charlissy had ceased to speculate on the great problem of her life—why Lyman had never asked her to marry him. Time and even her limited experience had taught her that the simplest explanation of such problems is apt to be the true one; she had come to a conclusion which even ten years before she had scarcely admitted as a possibility, preferring all sorts of mysterious conjectures: he had simply never been sufficiently in love with her. Long, long looks and hand-pressings might mean much or they might, alas! mean nothing. In spite of her to be sure to ask Mis' Luke Pat-momentary feelings of bitterness she had ten what the 'Piscopals did mean to do companionship, and had found hers con- Charlissy won't think nothin' about it." genial. He had never spoken or hinted of love or marriage. Sometimes she was applied by the feeling that this, which had that Charlissy's got a weak streak." made almost all the color and substance of her life, was purely a creation of her own us above likin' to know what's goin' on, imagination. After the first year or two of pertikerlerly when it's old friends and their acquaintance, perhaps even then, Lyman had thought no more of her than of | couldn't always "get along" with Char-Widow Moorhead and her son, on the back | lotte. road, whom he also visited regularly. But Charlissy was more than thirty-five before

she harbored such thoughts as these.

She flushed a little at Miss Deacon Hart's it was."

With this somewhat mysterious question—she always felt as if people looked | remark, Charlotte retired behind a cloud few people remembered that there had ever sation. been any reason for doing so.

charlissy, as she entered the door after an hour's absence.

Charlissy, as she entered the door after an hour's absence.

"What recipe? Oh, the sweet pickles," said Charlotte, with sarcastic emphasis.

"You didn't happen to think to ask what life six months sence they've used the old meetin'-house, 'count of its bein' ready to tumble down over their heads, and they couldn't raise money enough to repair it, they're so kind of run out; but sence they've head to be at home," said Charlissy, as she entered the door after an hour's absence.

"What recipe? Oh, the sweet pickles," said Charlotte, with sarcastic emphasis.

"You didn't happen to think to ask what the 'Piscopals was goin' to do about Lyman, did you?" said Aunt Nabby.

"They was talkin' about it. Luke happened to be at home," said Charlissy, as she entered the door after an hour's absence.

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"They was talkin' about it. Luke happened to be at home," said Charlissy, as she entered the window, and peeped through think. By the fitful light of a said Charlotte, with said Charlotte, with difficulty, to de

that if Lyman had any friends they'd ought to persuade him to come out."

hadn't give up usin' it for meetin' purposes.

lous to see him livin' in that old meetin'-

jeerin'. If Lyman didn't look comical

a-settin' there beside his cook stove, with

there; she's been sayin' she didn't see as

she could stan' it through the winter with him nohow, he's sich dretful poor com-pany; she's kind of lame, you know, and can't get out much, and she couldn't find

out nothin' that was goin' on. I expect he finds it kind of hard and messy doin' for

himself—in a meetin'-house, too."
"I want to know! I want to know!"
repeated Aunt Nabby, coming out of the

boys they won't let him have no more peace

h'istin' it up on to rollers and movin' it off.

I don't expect Lyman would budge if he

knew they was rollin' him into the river or

that the meetin'-house would tumble down

says she don't believe he'll ever come out

"Land sakes! I guess the law will fetch

him out if he is Lyman Silsbee," said Char-

lotte, who spoke and moved with great

decision and vigor, and clicked her false

teeth together at the end of her sentences

"Well, law is expensive and draggin',

and it's resky, too. Always seems to me

as if folks that's goin' to law had ought to

say they're goin' to build a new meetin'-

her way to talk the matter over with other

"I thought I'd just step over to Mis"

"Sweet pickles!" echoed Charlotte, and

"I declare if she ain't clear 'n out of

"Sakes alive! I guess we ain't none of

"You ain't a twin sister, Aunt Nabby,

nor you hain't the responsibilities of one,

come out."

nervous and flurried.

Charlissy.

after her.

in a way that sounded like a challenge.

of there till he's fetched out a corp.'

Don't seem as if he would have done jest "Persuade him! He must be dreadful as he has if he hadn't been so mad with little acquainted with Lyman Silsbee," said Frank Hurd. Frank is one of the leadin' Charlotte.

men 'mongst the 'Piscopals, you know.
Well, we can't say nothin'; there's folks
that ain't what they'd ought to be 'mongst
all persuasions. They do say he has "I don't expect there's nobody in the world that has the least mite of influence over him," said Aunt Nabby, meditatively.

lars, and Lyman's paper-mill has got to suspend on account of it. I declare I can't help pityin' Lyman; he has had real poor luck, his father leavin' about all his propputty to his second family so, and there ain't nothin' ever seemed to prosper real well that he set his hand to. He ain't calc'lated to get along in the world, and that's a fact. But if it ain't orfle ridickerlous to see him livin' in that old meetin'serves, and Charlotte was writing labels for house! I'm most ashamed to tell of it, but her jars of goodies with great pains and

I went and peeked in at the winder last night. I had to hang round there a consid'able spell to get a chance; there was a lot of men folks and boys a-hootin' and primness. "I thought I'd ought to tell you," said Charlissy, with great embarrassment and difficulty. "I'm thinkin' of offerin' to lend Lyman my money that's in the bank.
There must be nigh upon two thousand dollars. I thought it might help him out of his business troubles, and then mebbe he his kettle a-boilin' and his supper-table set out! And there was his bed up there inside the railin' next to the altar, as they call it. Of course he couldn't get old Mis' Nichols that keeps house for him to go wouldn't be so bitter 'n' set 'bout the 'Piscopal lot. I thought I'd go down and tell him that he could have it."

"Charlissy Porter, have I lived to see this day-my own sister's mind a-goin"!" cried Charlotte. "Has Lyman Silsbee took such good care of his own property that you're a-goin' to trust him with yours? And you're a-goin' down to offer it to him! Seems as if it would look remarkable friendly, wouldn't it? Seein' what's been and gone, seems to me you might as well ask him to have you without any shilly-shallyin'! I've heard that was gettin' to be the fashion amongst women, but I didn't expect but what my own twin sister thought more of herself. Seems as if 'twas kind of

late in the day, too."

"I ain't thinkin' of marryin' anybody,
Charlotte." Charlissy's thin cheeks had a color which they had scarcely known for twenty years. "If I ever thought about Lyman that way, why, it—it wa'n't any use; he never cared about me. And anyhow, it's too late, as you say. I shouldn't think anybody could think of such a thing now. I don't b'lieve Lyman would anyhow. And I should take a sight of comfort in thinkin' I'd helped him."

There was an appealing tone in Charlissy's meek voice, which might have been expected to touch her sister's heart, but it had the opposite effect; it was Charlotte's boast that she had never tolerated any kind

over it if there's anything to her; but when blushed or stammered. it hangs on till she's an old woman, why, it's jest as if the whoopin'-cough or the measles had got chronic; it's ridickerlous, and tolks can't help havin' more contempt than pity for her. And then if she 'ain' got no more proper pride than to go and let the man know it! Charlissy Porter, it's most as if you wa'n't what you'd ought to

Charlissy was shrinking as if from blows. She always shrank in that way from Charlotte's sharp tongue. Aunt Nabby, who still perseveringly counselled her to "stand up agin" Charlotte, had long ago decided that it was "agin nater" for her to do so, and consequently a hopeless case. Charlissy was timid and gentle, and unready of speech. Charlotte "seemed somehow to have got hold of the tongue that was meant for both of 'em," Aunt Nabby said.

Charlotte had no sentimental weaknesses of her own, and had always telt it to be her duty to root them out of Charlissy, her own declaration, never knew what it was to flinch from duty.

"And as for thinkin' that what you could Lyman's done, he's spunked 'em up so they do would make any difference," continued Charlotte, "that is ridickerlous. Lyman house right off. If they do they've got to Silsbee ain't one that would touch your money, nor you couldn't turn so much as set fire to the old meetin'-house I declare I his little finger.' Charlissy had turned away.

"I don't know as I really expect I could, "I expect Lyman would enjoy bein' burnt Charlotte," she said; "but it didn't seem up a-havin' his own way," said Aunt to me as if 'twas no more'n friendly 'n' neighborly to try." Mis' Deacon Hart shortly afterward went

"Frendliness and neighborliness had better start from the men folks' side of the neighbors. Charlissy had slipped out of house," said Charlotte, crisply. And then the room, and she returned dressed for a Charlissy slipped away, looking guilty and

Luke Patten's, and see if she hadn't a good "That's the end of about the worst foolishness she ever undertook! It a mercy receipt for sweet pickles," she said. There was a flush on her thin cheeks, and she was I can set down on Charlissy," said Charotte to herself, complacently.

But as the shades of evening were falling, Charlissy stole out of the front door, an clicked her false teeth energetically; but it was not until the door had closed behind entrance remote from the living room of I feel as if I was happy enough to die this the house, and used only upon state occasions. She had thought of an errand as an Aunt Nabby opened the door and called excuse, but she did not mean that Charlotte should offer to do it. Her heart ish whoopings. throbbed wildly. It was a desperate deed, sight and hearin'. Seems to me I never this "standin' up agin" Charlotte for the first time in her life. And they were dreadknew her to be so spry. I wanted to tell ful things that Charlotte had said. Al- ginin' all these years. Charlotte would say never felt sure that Lyman was at all to about Lyman. She and her husband are blame. He had been lonely, and sought both foremost amongst 'em. Like as not Charlotte, these things were too dreadful Lyman ain't one to be drove nor one to to be true. Poor, meek Charlissy felt her- say more'n what he feels. I wish 't I had self so utterly devoid of the spirit of "the had a chance to say more about his lettin" "That's all she's gone for," said Charwoman who dared" that she could not be- | the 'Piscopals have that lot. I don't know lieve that Lyman would have any such as it would have done any good, but it does suspicion. He would never think of such kind of appear as if he cared something a possibility as marriage in connection with about what I thought." her; why, both their heads were nearly white! She was not at all sure that she neighbors, ' returned Aunt Nabby, who should wish it herself, if it could be. Love had flown with youth; this, in spite of Charlotte's sneers, was but neighborly kindness and friendship. So Charlissy comforted and fortified herself as she hurried along in the darkness.

"If he hain't ben and set up house-keepin' in the old 'Piscopal meetin'-house! You see, when his father gave the 'Piscopals that it wa'n't hardly worth writin' off," said Charlissy, as she entered the door after an hour's absence.

Charlissy raised herself, with difficulty, to hour's absence.

Charlissy raised herself, with difficulty, to hour's absence.

Charlissy raised herself, with difficulty, to hour's absence.

What Would be Nice"?

A PAIR OF

FAIRALL & SMITH'S

REMARKABLE 64c.

Kid Gloves—Equal to "Josephine."

that way. I most wish 't I had brought the either, seein' I didn't speak when I'd ought

Before she had left home Charlissy had She had taken a deep and generous pump-kin pie from the shelf, and opened the pan-try window a little, so that the theft would be attributed to their ancient cat Abigail. It was a deed which sorely troubled Char-lissy's conscience, especially the wrong done to Abigail, a cat of great integrity. And then she was suddenly overwhelmed by the recollection of Charlotte's accusations. A loan of money was a matter of business, she said to herselt, but the pie really seemed

placed it upon the shelf. "If he only had a mite of apple-sauce!" she repeated, anxiously. She went around to the door and knocked, lightly at first,

to savor of indiscretion. So she had re-

Lyman was not eager for visitors. "It's nobody but me, Charlissy Porter, Lyman," she said, as she heard him approach the door and hesitate.

He opened the wide doors, and quickly shut and fastened them again after Char-

lissy had stepped in. "The boys are pesterin' me consid'able most of the time," he said. He manifested no surprise at the visit, and, in fact, so oblivious was Carmel to conventionalities that no one would have thought it unof foolishness.

"When a girl is in love, why, it's kind of natural; its silly, but folks know she'll get over it if there's anything to her; but when

> "I've heard that you was in tro Lyman, and there's that money that Uncle Eli lett me layin' idle in the bank - I thought mebbe if you could use it-It's nigh upon two thousand dollars now."

"I hain't been used well, Charlissy, and that's a fact. I ain't one to be as conspicious as some, and there's folks that's took advantage of it. I take it kind of you, Charlissy, but I couldn't use your money nohow. Mebbe you think like most folks that I hain't any right to be here protectin' of my property?"
"I don't know enough about the rights

of it to say, and you know, Lyman, I ain't one to argerfy or give advice, but I wish 't | "I give up to her when nothin" else on you wouldn't stay here."

"Well, folks has said 'most everything to me, but I don't know as anybody has said that before," said Lynam, with a short laugh that had a softer sound than his speech. "I couldn't take your money nor any other woman's, Charlissy, for I hain't who would read novels and poetry, and had the best of luck with money, that's a never could learn the multiplication table. fact: but if I was goin' to hear to anybody" And Charlotte was one who, according to | _Lyman's voice actually trembled slightly -"as fur back as I can remember there ain't never been anybody but you, Charlissy, that I've-'

Clatter! clatter! Crash! crash! Tommy Jessop, with a bean slinger, was just outside the chancel window, preferring that because it was stained, and it would consequently be greater mischief to break it. Through a rent in Elias's yellow robe beans and pebbles came rattling down into the broad aisle, even so far as to threaten the safety of Lyman's kerosene lamp.

"It ain't safe—it ain't a mite safe! I do wish 't you wouldn't stay, Lyman," said Charlissy, trembling.

She slipped out as Lyman opened the door to go out in pursuit of the disturber. As soon as her nerves were steadied by the reflection that boys with pebbles were not likely to be Lyman's death, a peaceful happiness filled her soul.

"I don't know what more he was goin' to say; I don't know as I want to know. 'Twas enough! I hope it ain't perfane, but | bless me, she is doing nicely," was the

very minute!" Tommy Jessop, with his bean-slinger, an unconscious Fate, rushed by her with fiend-

"I can't seem to feel sorry that he broke in. Seems as if 'twas all right. I know now that I hain't been dreamin' and ima-

She borrowed a cup of yeast of a neighbor-her ostensible errand out that night -and when she reached home she slipped quietly into her place at the supper-table, trying hard to look as meek and subdued as usual. But Aunt Nabby said:

"The air is real kind of bracin' tonight, ain't it? I declare if it ham't made you To her great relief she found no loungers rosy. You look 'most as if you was a girl

when all Carmel was likely to be taking its and they always look young," said Char"Seemed to be so much like our recipe tea. The blinds were all closed and but a lotte, who had no suspicion of the extent of is feared that they cannot live.

ben worshippin' in Thompson's hall they've the church, but he said some 'mongst the surroundings, was powerless to rout them. there was so much that I could see for and kind of spunked up and made a start toward raisin' money to repair it. Lyman
he put in his claim as soon as ever they
left the meetin'-house, but they wouldn't
hear nothin' to it, 'cause, they said, they 'cause, they said, they 'cause, they said, they contains the said some 'mongst the surroundings, was powerless to rout them.

"It's enough to give anybody a turn—
they wanted to get him out; and he said they wanted to get him out; and he sa

to, and she must have expected it. Kind of cur'us that, so set as I be and always was, slipped into the pantry. Charlotte and Aunt Nabby being engaged meanwhile with old Solomon Hitchings, who was to mend an umbrella to pay for his supper.

She had taken a deep and generous pump
of cur us that, so set as I be and always was, I should have been so backward and unstiddy about courtin'. And I always set by Charlissy too. She wanted to lend me her money, about all she's got, too, I know!

She felt bad about my bein' here; she really felt bad. I hain't been thinkin' much of anything about Charlissy for a long spell now. Beats all that it should upset me so, her feelin' bad l"

"Lyman Silsbee's been fetched to a better mind," said old Solomon Hitchings who had come the next morning to finish his job of umbrella-mending. "He's cleared out and left the old meetin'-house; gone home jest as peaceable as a lamb, and they say he don't calc'late to hender the 'Piscopals nor make no claim on 'em no more. There ain't nobody that can make out what changed him so sudden, such a one for ain't nobody that can make out what to the door and knocked, lightly at first, then more vigorously several times. Clearly, then more vigorously several times. Clearly, ain't nobody that knows nothin' about it." ain't nobody that knows nothin' about it."

Charlessy was flushing and trembling, with a blissful suspicion. Could it be possible that Lyman's strong will had bent at her light touch?

He came the next Wednesday evening, picking up the thread of habit so quietly that he seemed unconscious of having dropped it. He was even more taciturn than usual, and made no mention of his late experiences. His business difficulties were only slowly overcome, and it was evident mind the only one who suspected would | never tell.

When he hired Squire Meacham's new top buggy and took Charlissy to the Agricultural Fair and County Conference the gossips whispered. Even Aunt Nabby was heard to say that she "shouldn't be a dretful sight surprised if 'twas a match. Lyman Prepared by G. A. MOORE, wa'n't one that would be everybody's fancy, but it kind of seemed as if he suited Char-

But Lyman Silsbee knew in his heart that he should never be able to finish the sentence which Tommy Jessop's beanslinger had interrupted.

"It's cur'us now," he said to himself. earth could 'a made me give up. But to fetch myself right to the p'int of askin' her to have me, I can't! There's some that has the gift of courtin' and marryin' and some that hain't, and that's jest where 'tis."-Sophie Swett, in Harper's Weekly.

FOUR AT A BIRTH.

The Babies Were All Girls and All Together

On the morning of Nov. 2, says a Millbury, Mass., dispatch, a wagon drove up to a house overlooking the valley of the Blackstone river. A pale-faced woman alighted from the wagon and walked slowly to the door of the house, where she was met by an older woman, its mistress. "You have come to pass the day with me, Anna?" said the elder. "I have, mother, if you are willing," was the reply of Mrs. Frank De-

Mrs. DeGroote sat down and began to talk with her mother, Mrs. Nudick. Suddenly she was taken ill and a doctor was summoned. Before he arrived a five pound baby was born. When he rapped at the door a second girl came into the world. It weighed four and three quarter pounds, and looked as much like its predecessor as one twin looks like another. "Twins, doctor," remarked Mrs. Nudick, as she helped him take off his overcoat. "Why, doctor's reply.

When they again entered the room another girl, the third of the series, had been born. It weighed four pounds and a half, 'Triplets," said the doctor. "Oh, dear, what will Anna do and what will Frank say?" was Mrs. Nudick's observation. Before these questions were settled the fourth and last character in this romance of girls had appeared, and then the doctor grew excited. "Bless my soul!" said he; "I wonder if there are any more?" But no more came. It was the last and the least of the lot, and, on the whole, was one of the smallest babies that ever visited this earth. The length of its body, from heel to crown was eleven and one-half inches. The weight was just three pounds.

The babies were named at once. The oldest was called Laura, the youngest Lillian, the others Anna and Alice. Just four weeks from the day of its birth Lillian The died. She had always been the weakest of the four. The others seemed strong and healthy, and bade as fair to live as any child, but three days before Christmas the curiously at her when they mentioned Lyman's name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was that showed a disinclination for further converform a name, although the truth was the name of the

> The case has attracted much attention among medical men, for the birth of quad-

When weather bureaux tell the truth,
When dudes give up their canes
And carry bundles in the street
And cultivate their brains;
When free trade is the principle
To win in politics;
When bunco steering is no more,
When ostriches hatch chicks;
When Bismarck is a man of peace,
When gold is cheap as tin—
Then is the time to open up
And let the Dominion in.
—New York I

-New York Press.

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