

GONE BEFORE.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air, Which follows me ever and near, With smiling eyes and amber hair, With voiceless lips yet with breath of prayer, That I feel but cannot hear.

The dimpled hand and ringlet of gold Lie low in a humble sleep; I stretch my hand for a clasp of old, But the empty air is strangely cold, And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown, And a cross laid down in the dust; There's a smile where never a shade comes now, And tears no more from these dear eyes flow, As sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! And summer is come again, Singing her same old song; But oh, it sounds like a sob of pain, As it floats in the sunshine and the rain, O'er the hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies, And I long to reach its shore; For I know I shall find my treasure there, The laughing eyes and amber hair, O'er the loved one gone before.

-Post-Express.

THE SCOUTS STORY.

The following exciting escape from death by hanging is related by Col. Harry T. Murtha, late of the United States Army, known as the Cumberland Scout, who is now in Toronto:

What is related here is no fiction but truth, every word. In the early part of the month of August, 1862, the second year of the American war, the tenth division of the Cumberland Army was stationed at a village near the foot of the Cumberland Mountains, known as Macminville. The division was commanded by Gen. William Nelson, a good soldier and a brave man, but he was very generally disliked on account of his harsh treatment of officers and soldiers. The object of the commander-in-chief in stationing this division here was to watch the movements of the Confederate commander-in-chief, Gen. Braxton Bragg, who was suspected of attempting the invasion and conquest of the State of Kentucky. The United States and Confederate forces were constantly engaged in skirmishes between Chattanooga, the Confederate headquarters, and Nashville, the United States headquarters. Bands of guerrillas, who were nothing more or less than bandits and assassins of the most mercenary character, infested the country. Our young scout was an officer at the time, a captain in rank, who volunteered as a scout on account of his familiarity with the region of the country where the opposing forces were operating. Before the division entered the village of Macminville a dash was made by a body of United States cavalry. The dash was entirely unexpected and resulted in the capture of quite a number of Confederate soldiers who were on furlough, as well as a goodly number of ruffians known as guerrillas. The soldiers were well treated, as were all Confederate soldiers when captured, but the guerrillas when recognized were immediately shot. Closely following the cavalry came the whole division of infantry. Pickets were immediately posted on all roads entering into camp in and around the village.

The regiment to which the young scout belonged pitched their tents on some vacant ground on the outskirts of the village, just beside a handsome residence, surrounded by beautiful grounds, the property of a Mrs. Stubblefield, who was known to be a very warm supporter of the Southern cause. Our scout had his quarters very near by, and often admired the beautiful grounds, on a morning, arising from his cot he felt a peculiar feeling about his eyes, and taking a small looking-glass soon discovered that they were nearly closed. He sent immediately for the regimental surgeon, who informed him that the swelling was caused by the bite of some poisonous reptile or insect. Acting upon the doctor's suggestion the bed clothing was searched and a large black spider was discovered comfortably ensconced between the blankets. In a few hours the scout's eyes were entirely closed. A day or so afterward the doctor suggested a removal to some private house, where he would have better attention and said, "Mrs. Stubblefield will receive and care for you right royally." It was not much trouble to get his consent to the change. He was taken to the house and given an elegant room at once. The lady remarked that she was glad to welcome the young officer to her home, not only for humanity's sake, but because she would feel safer from intrusion.

Here he was so well treated that he often expostulated and asked of his hostess to take less trouble on his account or he would feel that he was a burden to the household, and would go back to his tent. Officers were calling on him every day, and several of them laughingly remarked: "A spider bite is a fortunate wound, and you ought to be a friend to spiders from this time on."

One day Mrs. Stubblefield suddenly entered our young friend's room sobbing violently. "What has happened, madam?" "Oh, captain, can you not protect me?" "Certainly, madam, I can and will, with my life if necessary."

"Captain, General Nelson has issued an order to search all houses for arms. Now I have concealed here in the house a very fine gun which belonged to my husband. They will find it and take it from me."

"By no means, madam. Bring the gun here to me. I will say it is my gun and save it for you."

"Thank you, captain, thank you. I will bring it into your room at once." The lady brought in the gun, placed it in a corner near the captain's bed, and again gave way to violent weeping. "My dear madam, do not be alarmed. I will be responsible for the safety of the gun."

"Yes," replied the lady, "but that is not all I am alarmed about. Captain, will you promise me, on your honor as a soldier, not to speak of this to any one?" "It is not inconsistent with my duty as

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soldier of the United States Army I will do so without hesitation. "Captain, you are my only hope, without trying to bind you with promises, I will tell you all. Your cavalry advance dashed into this village so unexpectedly, that many Confederate soldiers were captured, and many partizan rangers, which you call guerrillas, were shot in the streets. Now, I have a young nephew, a regular Confederate soldier, who happened to be here on furlough at the time your cavalry made the dash into this village. The boy was alarmed, fled to my house, and is now concealed in the attic. He is no spy, no guerrilla, but a Confederate soldier. If he is discovered by your soldiers while they are searching the house he will be shot. Can you save him? He is only a boy, a good boy; I love him as my son. For the love of God and your mother, here on my knees, I beg you to save my boy."

"The scout was affected to tears as he said, 'Rise, my dear madam, I will save your boy, if I can. Go put on him a suit of citizens clothes, bring him to my room, corroborate what I say and I will attend to the rest.'"

"He wants me to bring you up to his hiding place. I will lead you to him, if you will come. The poor boy will feel more confident."

The scout could resist no longer, but allowed himself to be led where the boy was concealed. He came out trembling when his aunt called him, and extending his hand, said, "Captain, I am neither spy nor guerrilla. I am a Confederate soldier and here is my furlough."

Young man, all is right as to the furlough; you should not have hidden here. The laws of war deal with a man as a spy, when found concealed within our lines, but do as I tell you and I think all will be well in the end. Put on citizens' clothes, take up your quarters in my room, refer all questions to me, and do not fear. When the searching party enters the house do not become alarmed but leave it all to me."

"Oh! captain, here comes the guard now." "Mrs. Stubblefield, let the servant receive them at the door, wait until you are called for, by that time you can control yourself better."

The guard entered the hallway and asked for the master or mistress of the house. Mrs. Stubblefield soon came out and invited them into her parlor. As they passed the scout's door the officer in command looked in—as the door was wide open—and calling to Mrs. S. asked, "Who is this party in this room?"

She answered in a trembling voice, "It is a captain of the 35th Infantry."

"What is his name?" "Come in, sir, and I will answer your question," called the scout. "I am captain of Co. D, 35th Infantry. I have been sick for sometime and this boy with me is a friend of mine who came up to see me in company with Major Nunes, the paymaster."

"There is a gun, whose property is that?" "That is my gun," replied the scout. "All right, sir."

Turning to the lady, he said, "This is a disagreeable duty, but I cannot help it. I must search from cellar to attic."

"Very good, sir," was the reply, "I will go and show you through the rooms."

The searching party, led by Mrs. S., were absent half an hour and returned. The officer in command came to the scout's door and laughingly remarked that everything was found all right. The moment they were out of the grounds Mrs. S. and her nephew turned to the scout, "We have relatives high in rank in the Confederate Army. Should you ever be captured and need friends, command us all, at any time."

A few days passed, the scout had improved very much and announced his intention of reporting for duty. That afternoon orders were issued for the whole division to move next morning at seven o'clock, with four days' cooked rations in haversacks. Bidding adieu to the lady and her nephew, the scout marched at the head of his company toward a mountain town known as Altamont. Months rolled by; the United States troops fell back through the states of Tennessee and Kentucky, followed by Bragg's Confederate Army. The two armies were in sight of each other for hundreds of miles and constant skirmishing was going on day and night.

The great popularity of Ayer's Pills as a cathartic is due no less to their promptness and efficacy than to their coating of sugar and freedom from any injurious effects. Children take them readily. See Ayer's Almanac for this year, just out.—Advt.

There was a race between the two armies for Louisville, the great city of Kentucky. The United States soldiers won the race, were re-inforced, turned upon their enemies, and fought and won the great battle of Perryville, in Central Kentucky, driving their enemies from the state. The young scout was with a small squad of soldiers reconnoitering a mountain pass on his return trip towards Murfreesboro and Macminville. The little party fell into an ambush; some were killed and others captured, by a mixed band of regular Confederate soldiers and guerrillas. In the band which captured the little party the scout soon recognized his young friend of Macminville. The captive said never a word by way of recognition, but awaited developments. The young Confederate made not the slightest sign of recognition, but gazed upon his old friend with apparent stoical indifference. The whole party moved in the direction of Chattanooga. The guerrillas in the party treated the prisoners harshly, the Confederate soldiers did not. As the party moved for Chattanooga, it began to rain, but the journey was continued. The guerrillas having taken the rubber blankets from the prisoners, appeared to be very comfortable. The Tennessee river was reached and crossed. It was nearly dark, and the drizzling rain continued, yet no sign of recognition from the young Confederate whose life had been saved by the scout in Macminville. The scout made up his mind not to be taken into Chattanooga. It was only a few miles. The entire party stopped at a country house, and the guerrillas ordered supper. The prisoners were not considered in the supper order, but were left standing out in the rain, with a guard who was well wrapped up and comfortable. The young Confederate passed slowly by and said to the scout in a low voice, "do not go into Chattanooga; you will be recognized. Make a dash from here and I will help you all I can if I have to shoot one of those fellows to do it. I have been watching for a chance to speak to you. This is the first one and will probably be the last; good-bye!"

"Good-bye; I never intended to go to Chattanooga with the party." The young Confederate entered the house or rather the door, where he stood in the open doorway for some time. "Now is my chance," said our scout to himself, "he is standing there to give me a good chance to start." He whispered to a fellow prisoner and asked him to go with him. "No, it's too dangerous," was the reply. "Good-bye, then, comrade, here goes for a trial anyway. It is life or death with me. They will hang me if they get me to Chattanooga and I don't propose to contribute to the amusement of those cut-throats in that way. Good-bye."

The guard was strolling slowly by; the scout threw his foot in front of the unsuspecting guard, at the same time striking him under the ear with terrible force. As the guard fell the young scout leaped over his prostrate form, then over the yard fence and ran for a dense forest which was only a few hundred yards distant. It was now dark. He was running in the direction of the river, and it he could reach it he would feel easy. Of course the alarm was given and the guerrillas started in pursuit, calling and cursing furiously. The scout reached the river in safety, but in attempting to secrete himself under the bank he slipped and was precipitated into deep water, where the current was very strong. A tree had fallen over the bank below; its branches were trailing in the water, collecting driftwood of all kinds, and forming what is known in that country as a "drift rack." Floating in the darkness against a log in this drift rack, the scout concluded to pull the log out into the middle of the stream and thus go down the river. He drew the log out, and swinging under it with only his face out of water, he floated sixteen miles in the darkness, thus eluding his enemies.

He concealed himself next day in a briar patch about three miles from the river. An old negro brought him an abundance of corn bread and bacon, and sent his little granddaughter, eleven years old, to guide him through a dangerous swamp so as to avoid passing along public roads where he was in danger of recapture. He passed on his way safely for several nights, but finally concluded he had footed it long enough and wanted to try riding. He entered a barn, and being unarmed, picked up a gun, a long pronged steel pitchfork. It was well he did, for while rummaging around to find a saddle he roused up a great dog. The dog rushed and almost instantly killed, and with very little noise. A beautiful horse and an elegant saddle was taken. Now for a gun and pistols, when he would be a match for half a dozen guerrillas. Reaching an elegant mansion by the wayside, he rode up and asked if he could get something to eat. "Come in, sir," was the reply from an old man who stood in the doorway. He dismounted and entered. He was shown in to the dining-room and given a good meal. While seated at the table he discovered a fine gun in another part of the room and determined to take it. After his meal he walked over, picked up the gun and examining it, remarked that it was a fine gun.

"Yes," remarked the old man, "that is a very fine gun." "Is this buckshot in this leather pouch?" said the scout. "Yes, sir."

"Is this powder in this beautifully carved horn?" "Yes, sir."

"The gun is loaded I see?" "Yes, sir; loaded with buckshot."

"It has caps on, too." "Yes, sir, the best of waterproof caps."

The scout put the pouch and powder-horn around his shoulders, and picking up the gun remarked, "Say, old gentleman, I am, or would be, pretty well fixed if I had a box of caps. I want to borrow this rig until I reach Winchester. Get me the caps." "I knew you were an escaped prisoner. You can have the gun, and I will give you all the caps you want. I am a Union man, sir. I wanted to see what you were before I spoke. I can save you trouble, by giving you directions which will enable you to reach the Federal lines with very little danger."

"Very good, sir," replied the scout. "I will be as good as my word and return the gun." The directions given were clear, and the scout reached his own lines in a few hours, having only had one chase. He rode into

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was introduced into the Maritime Provinces only last July. The great reputation it had attained in the the United States and Upper Canada, where it had effected many miraculous cures, assisted materially in introducing it here. Before it could be got in St. John there were many individuals who sent to New York for it. It has had a wonderful sale in the Lower Provinces, and its great reputation is entirely owing to the remedial qualities it contains, being such as to CURE ALL KNOWN DISEASES. The price is \$3.00 per wine gal. All Orders addressed to

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the camp of his own regiment at dress parade time in the afternoon. As he rode up to the lines the men yelled all about order or discipline and yelled themselves hoarse. One soldier, an Irishman, yelled out, "I towled ye so, they can't kill the little devil, nor they can't howl onto him when they catch him. Oh, but he is the lad to be on picket with. The devil himself can't get ahead of him."—Ex.

Advice to the Married Men. Just a few words my married friend at this time may be of much use to you in after years.

Are you one of the married men who, when you go home for a meal commence to grumble and turn over on the plate what your dear wife has provided for you, and act with it as if it were not fit to eat? Let me say that you might as well drive a dagger to your wife's heart, it could not give her greater pain. Of course you do not intend to hurt her feelings and annoy her; you do it because you are out-of-sorts and feel miserable. We know your trouble and will tell you how to get rid of it. Your liver is out of order; your digestion is bad, or you are worried mentally. Get rid of these troubles at once for your wife's sake. She has work enough and worry enough of her own, and you should at all times and in every way help and encourage her. You require that grand remedy Paine's Celery Compound to make your disordered liver work properly; your digestive organism is weak, and requires toning up by the use of this Compound. By its use you will be strengthened physically and mentally, and your irritability will vanish. You will be a different man in every respect; you will acquire happiness and contentment, and in this way will add much to your wife's joy.

To Civilize the Indian. Mr. Fowler, of Rapid City, S. D., a lawyer, who has had many opportunities for close study of the Indian character, has this to say about Indians: "The government can never make a civilized being of the Indian on its present plan of treating him. The only civilization is the strong arm of military force. He knows what it is to be at the mouth of a Hotchkiss or Gatling gun. But ordinary peaceful civilization agencies are simply thrown away on him. Old Sitting Bull was educated to speak several languages. Yet he remained a savage at heart to the day he died. The Indians who are sent East to the Indian schools learn languages easily. They are good linguists. They vary in their power to acquire other accomplishments, but they never lose their savage natures. Before the old sun dances were prohibited the educated Indians who had returned to the reservations were among the first to engage in those horrible performances. Among the ghost dancers under a proportion of educated as uneducated Indians. Old Two Strike, who is now in the front of the hostess, is an educated man. He traveled all over Europe with 'Buffalo Bill.' But he is a savage still. The only way to tame the Indian is to thoroughly cow him, and then keep him under as you would a dog."

How to Treat a Cold. Don't stuff a cold as the old adage advises, if you do you will have a fever to starve. A genuine cold is a shock received by the many million nerves which approach near the surface of a human body, and which control nearly the seven million pores of the skin. This shock closes the pores of the skin, is transmitted to the nerve centers and back to the mucous membranes forcing a great amount of blood to those membranes creating more or less irritation and consequent fever, inflammation, dryness then watery discharge and catarrh. The shock may have its cause from a chill, from improper eating, among frequent and various other causes which irritate the nerves of the skin and mucous membrane of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes. Excess of food, indigestion, and various other causes which irritate the skin so that effete matter which should be carried off by the natural courses is retained; which is ample reason for not stuffing a cold. Experimenting with a severe cold is a dangerous custom, as most people try one remedy only until some friend suggests another "sure cure." Who might hoarse, sore throat, or tightness of the nasal membranes warns one of a skin exposure or chill from whatever cause, act promptly; delays are dangerous, with children it may mean croup and strangulation; with adults, catarrh, bronchitis, perhaps pneumonia. In neglected nothing can prevent the sneezing, red nose, and watery discharge from the nose. Scores of mothers would as soon go to bed without matches in the houses, as without the old, fashioned remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Linctum near at hand for colds and croupy children. Used with a mild laxative, as described on the wrappers or in a pamphlet which I, S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send free to any one. Johnson's Anodyne Linctum will cure a cold quicker than any known remedy. A mild nutritious diet, a gentle pillow to open the secretions, and a bottle of that old Anodyne from your druggist, will conquer any cold.—Advt.

A Warning To Mothers. The great frequency with which pale, sallow and enfeebled girls are met nowadays is cause for genuine alarm. The young girls of the present generation are not the healthy, rosy, rosy lassies, their mothers and grandmothers were before them. Their complexion is pale and sallow or waxy in appearance, and they are the victims of heart palpitation, ringing noises in the head, cold heads and feet, often fainting spells, racking headaches, back-aches, shortness of breath, and other distressing symptoms. All these betoken chlorosis or anaemia—or in other words a watery or impoverished condition of the blood, which is thus unable to perform its normal functions, and unless speedily enriched with those natural remedies which give richness and redness to the blood corpuscles, organic disease and an early grave is the inevitable result. Is not this prospect sufficient to cause the gravest alarm? Mothers are your daughters suffering from any of the symptoms indicated above, or from any of the irregularities incident to a critical period in their lives? If they are, as you value their lives do not delay in procuring a remedy that will save them. Delays in such cases are not only dangerous, but positively criminal. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is a remedy compounded especially to meet such cases. These pills are not a patent medicine, but a remedy prepared with the greatest care for the formula of an experienced physician, who has used it for years in his daily practice with unvarying success. These pills are especially rich in those constituents which stimulate the blood and give it that rich, red color necessary to preserve health and life. They are in all cases a never-failing blood-builder and nerve tonic, acting upon the system in a natural manner and restoring health and strength to all who suffer from a watery or depraved condition of the blood or from any of those weaknesses peculiar to females. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Advt.

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