

A GREAT MISTAKE.

Miss Samantha Arnott was going to be married. It made quite a sensation among the boarders—who had long looked upon her in the light of a convenient necessity—when Mr. Bruce announced their engagement, though to be sure it was in many respects a very suitable one.

They were both young, good-looking and honestly in love with each other; but Miss Arnott was poor and worked like a slave to save her mother's servant hire, while Harry Bruce was the fortunate possessor of one hundred thousand dollars. He was perfectly sure, however, that his money was no object with Miss Arnott, and that she loved him for himself alone.

She was so sweet! so pretty! Such a good, loving, helpful daughter, that he felt his heart warm toward her every time he caught sight of her pink cheeks and blue eyes.

He insisted that Mrs. Arnott should hire a strong, capable woman, so that Miss Arnott should have leisure to go about with him.

Then he took her everywhere, loaded her with presents and flattered her to such an extent that, if she had not been one of the most sensible little women in the world, her head would have been completely turned. As it was, she took an innocent delight in this surprisingly long holiday, this new and pleasant companionship.

Matters might have gone on thus indefinitely had not an unexpected event occurred. Nothing more nor less than the advent of a new boarder. Not only was she a strikingly handsome woman, but she was also an old friend of Mr. Bruce's.

There was, moreover, a certain evidence of their acquaintance of a peculiarly painful character, so painful, indeed, that he had never mentioned to Miss Arnott that period of his history in which she was concerned. He would have accepted an introduction to her, ignoring any former meeting, but she made such a course impossible by a very impressive gesture of welcome.

"Ah! Mr. Bruce, I am delighted to meet an old friend," she said, with a dazzling flash of her dangerous dark eyes.

If Mr. Bruce shared her delight he said nothing to that effect, but taking her arm led her direct to the corner where Miss Arnott sat, demure as a kitten and quite watchful.

"Mrs. Ulmer," said he, "this is my Miss Arnott. We are to be married soon, and anybody in the house can give you all the particulars. I thought I would tell you that much myself, because I remember that you used to take a keen interest in my affairs. Miss Arnott, I want you to be very good to Mrs. Ulmer because—"

With a sudden evil inspiration—"she once did me a very great favor."

For an instant anger and surprise flashed into her wonderful eyes, and they were lighted by a gay and careless smile.

"Why, so I did!" she said. "I had nearly forgotten: it was ages ago."

Then she settled herself beside Miss Arnott with the manner of one who had come to stay, and began with malicious satisfaction to discuss Bruce in all possible moods and tempers, with an easy familiarity that well nigh distracted her listeners.

At last, to hide the angry tears that were getting dangerously near her eyes, Miss Arnott excused herself and left the room.

Powerless to help, Harry had watched with deep indignation the discomfort of his little love; now he would have followed her but Mrs. Ulmer claimed his attention so openly that he could not get away without positive rudeness; so he suffered himself to be half amused and wholly astonished by the young widow's assumption of a long and friendly intimacy.

Poor Miss Arnott, however, could see nothing amusing in the affair. She could not help blaming Harry a little, and, much to his surprise, grew at times quite snappish with him.

At first the idea that Miss Arnott might be jealous struck him in the light of a huge joke. Afterward, as a dim, masculine perception of the elder woman's attractions and fascinations dawned upon him, he took himself sharply to task. He knew his little honest, true-hearted love to be worth a dozen accomplished flirts like Mrs. Ulmer, and so one day, when he caught her quite alone, he told her the true story of his former acquaintance with the lady.

"It was a year ago," said he, "I was a young fellow, headstrong and romantic; she was pretty, and in no end of trouble, all on account of being mixed up with a very ugly bit of scandal. The woman would not look at her and the men hardly dared to."

"I began by pitying her, I ended by falling in love and offering to marry her."

"She accepted me gladly enough, and for a few weeks I lived in a fool's paradise; then the very day before we were to have been married, she left me and ran away with Bert Ulmer."

"He was a bad lot, and led her a hard life, I have heard; I rather think she is taking more comfort as a widow than she ever did as a wife. I cannot help feeling a trifle amused when I see what a difference Uncle Hall's money makes. Without it I did not deserve even fair dealing and common courtesy; with it, I am worth cultivating."

"So I perceive," said Miss Arnott, with much asperity; then, with a sudden smile lighting her sweet, indignant face, "was that what you meant when you said that she once did you a great favor?"

"It was. I would have told you before, but I was ashamed of the whole affair, and I did not know how the idea that I ever wanted another wife would strike you."

"Very favorably, seeing you did not get her," laughed Miss Arnott. And from that time forward she held her own with the Widow Ulmer.

Mr. Bruce could not help an occasional twinge of masculine pride in the self-evident fact that this very beautiful woman deeply regretted her youthful escapade.

He had such perfect confidence in his own integrity and Miss Arnott's devotion that he never avoided her in the least.

One evening, when most of the boarders were attending a concert, and Miss Arnott was so seriously indisposed as to be confined to her room, he settled himself to a solitary chat with Mrs. Ulmer, without any serious misgivings.

To be sure he would have left the parlor immediately, when he found her its only occupant, but she requested a moment's conversation so directly, that he found himself in a manner compelled to listen to her.

"Mr. Bruce," said she, sweetly flushed and tearful, "I am going away in the morning; we may never meet again. Perhaps I ought to let a dead past rest in peace, but when I look at Miss Arnott and think of my own wrecked youth, my lips will speak."

Bruce bowed profoundly; he could think of nothing to say.

"Not many years ago," she continued, "a girl young and fair as Miss Arnott just as well; you won her heart, and threw it back to her with scorn, crushed, wounded, worthless. I bore it. Mad with rage and pain, I married Bert Ulmer, and lived. Miss Arnott would die. The anguish that drove me to despair would crush her into the grave."

"Mrs. Ulmer," said Harry, somewhat impatiently, "I know that years ago you killed me. I have lived down all regret, and I fail to see how the act can have any bearing upon the future happiness of a lady whose name—excuse me—I would rather not drag into this conversation."

The woman's face darkened ominously. "So I am not worthy even to speak her name!" she cried. "And yet I was to have been your wife. I wonder if she would regard the position as so desirable if I showed her the letter, the infamous letter, that gave you freedom, and made me Mrs. Ulmer?"

"You speak in riddles," said Mr. Bruce coolly, "but I hardly think that Miss Arnott would care to look over your correspondence."

"That is because you think this is destroyed," said she, taking from the bosom of her dress a note, soiled, yellow by age, broken in folds, a rumpled, disreputable bit of paper.

"I do not wish to threaten," she went on more quietly. "You were false to me, you may be to Miss Arnott; but I have not the heart to injure you. I have said enough, too much perhaps, and I know that I have kept this wicked letter too long. Take it, destroy it if you please; I know that if I were a man I should wish to."

"She handed him the paper, open. He took it mechanically, glanced at it, read it from beginning to end, his face growing set and stern; it was an infamous letter, written in his hand writing, signed with his name."

"Dolly Ulmer," said he, "as sure as there is a heaven above us, I never saw this thing before. I could not write like that to any woman, and in those days I loved the very ground you walked on."

"In those days! in those days!" she cried bitterly.

"Yes, Dolly," he said, sadly; "that is the worst of some wrongs, they can never be righted. I am sorry for you, sorry for myself; if I could find the person who did this, I would thrash the life out of him; but I cannot put time back five years, and I could not want to if I could, because these years brought me Miss Arnott."

"Miss Arnott!" said she; "your heart is full of Miss Arnott! for you are a man, and men change, but women never."

Mr. Bruce was profoundly moved.

There was silence for a moment and then she went on, all the passion and pain of years trembling in her voice.

"Oh, Harry! Harry! look at me once with no sneer upon your lips, with no contempt in your dear eyes."

"What man could resist such an appeal; moreover, he owed her something for all the sorrow and disappointment that had come to her through him."

So when the trembling lips tempted, and the dusky eyes entreated, he took her in his arms and kissed her as in the old days.

At this inauspicious moment fate, in the person of Miss Arnott, opened the door and walked steadily toward them.

Her face was very white, but she did not seem at all surprised or embarrassed. In one hand she held a long, dark garment that trailed behind her as she walked, and in the other several curious slips of paper.

"Mrs. Ulmer," said she, speaking in a low, quiet tone, "as you have taken the trouble to show Mr. Bruce that very clear note, I thought he might like to see other and less perfect copies. To force a letter which vilifies no one but yourself is not a State prison offence; to call yourself a widow, and try to extort money from a man who has never injured you, only proves that you are scheming and dishonest; but the private detective in your room has found evidence of other and more punishable crimes. A police officer is waiting outside to arrest you; but because you once did Harry a great favor, I am going to try and help you. Take this cloak, pass from here into the dining-room, down the cellar stairs, and out through the back door. Once in the back yard you can easily slip away."

Mrs. Ulmer never spoke; but all the high color faded out of her face, leaving it gray and corpse-like.

She caught the dark garment from Miss Arnott's arm and glided like a shadow from the room.

When she heard the cellar door close softly, Miss Arnott turned to her companion.

"She is a wicked woman," said she, "and no more a widow than I am. Her husband sent her here to make money out of her old acquaintance with you; and I rather think that that detective upstairs had not disturbed her little game she would have played it successfully."

Then, with a toss of her pretty head, she left the room, not banging the door behind her, but shutting it decisively.

Mr. Bruce, crushed, bewildered, overwhelmed, dared not call her back.

To tell the truth, however, the young lady was not one half so angry as she appeared to be, because, womanlike, she placed all the blame where most of it belonged—on Mrs. Ulmer's handsome shoulders.

After a time, when Mr. Bruce lost all his appetite and began to fall away perceptibly, she relented, and in some occult and unexplained manner she made it manifest to him that

"While the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return."

All had paid up.

Police Commissioner—"You are accused of having fallen asleep on your beat. What excuse have you to offer?" Delinquent Cop—"Please, yer Honor, everybody on the beat had paid oop, an' dheres was no wan to watch."—Puck.

Pa Cornered.

Tommy—"Pa, may I ask you a question?" Pa—"Certainly, my child." Tommy—"Well, where is the wind when it doesn't blow?"—Texas Siftings.

SOME CURIOUS WILLS.

The Great Scheme—Jeremy Bentham's Mummy—Napoleon's Spite.

A remarkably curious will has just been published—so remarkable, indeed, that it might well be added to the already copious catalogue of eccentric documents of this nature. The testator was a wine merchant of Bristol, who left personality valued at a little less than sixteen thousand pounds.

He bequeathed one-half of his property in trust to secure an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds to his wife during her widowhood, and directed that the other moiety should be divided into as many shares as he has children, for whom, until they respectively attain the age of 16 years, the trustees are to provide "plain food, simple clothing, and bare necessities," together with a sound practical education at a day school or boarding school. At the conclusion of their scholastic course the boys are not to have any payments made on their behalf, excepting such as may be requisite for teaching them some honest trade or handicraft, just as if they were the children of some workman who had only left behind him a certain sum to pay for the education of his offspring.

If, however, any one of the lads is found to display exceptional capacity for a profession, such as to give promise that he would gain distinction therein, the trustees are authorized to spare no expense in his training for such profession, and may even if they think it desirable, trench on the capital of his share; but if any one child, incapacitated from earning his own living, the trustees may apply part of the income of his share to his maintenance. On attaining the age of 25 years each son and daughter is to receive his or her share of the testator's property, the payment of which, however, may be deferred, if circumstances demand it, for another two years.

This, perhaps, unprecedented will would not, on the face of it, appear to comprise any clauses contrary to public policy, such as those which parliament contemplated, when in 1800 the so-called Thellusson act was passed, restraining testators from devising their property for purposes of accumulation for more than 21 years after their death.

It will be remembered that Mr. Peter Isaac Thellusson, a merchant of Swiss extraction, who had long carried on a prosperous business in London, who died in 1797, left a hundred thousand pounds to his widow and children, and the residue of his property—more than six hundred thousand pounds—left to trustees to accumulate during the lives of his three sons and the lives of their sons; then the estates directly to be purchased with the produce of the accumulated funds were to be conveyed to the eldest lineal male descendant of his three sons, with the benefit of survivorship. Peter Thellusson's will led to protracted and costly litigation, which was not concluded until 1859, when the long-pending questions were decided on an appeal to the House of Lords; but it was stated, when their lordships' decision was given, that, owing to the immense sums spent in legal costs, the value of the estate did not very greatly exceed the sum to which it had amounted 62 years previously. This colossal scheme for accumulating wealth beyond the dreams of avarice may or may not have been original, but, curious to relate, Peter Thellusson's idea was made use of by Eugene Sue in his romance of *The Wandering Jew*.

A normally large sum of money was supposed to have been accumulating at compound interest for upward of two centuries, and the mainpring of the plot was a conspiracy on the part of the Jesuits to get hold of this tremendous pecuniary. The general of the Jesuits did at last succeed in clutching the untold treasure, but he was unaware of the contents of the parcel, which was accidentally burned, and the untold treasure vanished into the infinities.

The most curious and perhaps the most spiteful will on record is that of Queen Austrigilda, consort of King Gontram, who by her nuptial or verbal testament enjoined her husband to slay and bury in the same grave with herself the two physicians who had attended to her majesty during her last illness. Scarcely less vindictive was the will of the selfish husband, who forbade his wife to marry a second time, concluding with the threat, "If she disobeys me I will come again, if I can." Quite at the opposite pole of sentiment was the direction of the married woman, who predeceased her husband, to the executors to seek out some nice, good, pretty girl who would make an affectionate second wife to her spouse.

Electricity, and nothing else, distinguishes the will proved in 1724 of Henry Trigg, of Stogage, in the county of Hertford, grocer, who directed that his body should be committed to the west end of his hovel, to be decently laid there upon a floor erected by his executors; and only thirty years ago, it is said, the bones of Mr. Trigg still remained unburied in the rafters at the west end of his hovel aforesaid. A provision, quite as bizarre, was made in the will of the philosophic Jeremy Bentham, who enjoined his executors to enclose his corpse and dress it in the clothes which he was accustomed to wear in his life time, in order that he might form the

Eagar's Wine of Rennet.

The Original and Genuine!

It makes a delicious Dessert or Dish for Supper in 5 minutes, and at a cost of a few cents.

This is the strongest preparation of Rennet ever made.

Thirty drops will coagulate one Imperial pint of Milk.

BEWARE of Imitations and Substitutes.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

text of a lecture to be delivered annually at a literary institute held at a school of anatomy in Windmill street, Haymarket. On the occasion of one of the lectures on Jeremy Bentham's mummy the venerable philosopher's head fell off and came to irreparable grief, whereupon an artificial head was modelled in wax by Miss Margaret Gillies, the distinguished miniature painter. But the mummy with the waxen head has long since faded out of the public ken.

Peter the Great is said to have made a will in which he exhorted his heirs to approach as nearly as possible Constantinople, and toward India, but the authenticity of this document has been disputed, and it is shrewdly suspected to have been forged late in the eighteenth century by August von Kotzebue. Of the genuineness, however, of the last will and testament of the first Napoleon there can be no manner of doubt. One of its clauses was as vindictive as the testamentary injunction of Queen Austrigilda to her husband to have her two doctors killed and buried with her. The Exile of Longwood absolutely bequeathed ten thousand francs to a fellow captive Cantillon, who had been tried in Paris for an attempt to murder the Duke of Wellington. The man was still surviving in Brussels when Napoleon III. came to the throne, and Cantillon was duly paid his abominable legacy.—*London Telegraph*.

The Reason for her Refusal.

"Say you will be mine!" he pleaded. But she hesitated.

"You have been very kind to me," she said.

"And I swear to devote the balance of my life to you," he protested.

"Your devotion has always been marked," she assented. "I admit that you have paid every possible attention. You discovered my favourite flower and kept me supplied with them all last winter. It was very thoughtful of you."

"It was my love—" "And sweets, George. You seldom let me be without them. It must have taken a great deal of your salary to—" "Pray don't speak of salary. Luella. How can one think of money when trying to anticipate your wishes? It was and is, my greatest pleasure."

"You have seemed to think that I was too fairy like to walk anywhere, no matter how short the distance," she went on.

"A hansom, dearest—you'll let me call you dearest—a hansom is a small matter when one enjoys your company. How could I ask you to walk when I knew you preferred to ride?"

"I appreciate it all, George," she said; "I appreciate it fully. And I like you, George. I—I—perhaps I could truthfully say I—but I can't marry you. I have thought the matter over calmly and seriously, and I feel that I could not be happy with you."

"Why not?" he asked, anxiously.

"You are too extravagant."

Sue's "Wandering Jew."

There is a good deal to be learnt from that wonderful book *An Englishman in Paris*, the publication of which has excited so much interest. The "Englishman" was on terms of intimacy with many celebrated men, amongst them Eugene Sue. The latter is described as an overdone snob who posed as Count d'Orsay, wore spurs to his boots, and was suspected of sleeping in white kid gloves. Sue appears to have been employed by the editor of the clerical *Gazette de France* to write articles against the Jesuits; but even the *Gazette de France* judged the attack on the followers of Ignatius Loyola in the *Wandering Jew* too strong, and refused to publish it as a serial story. That famous novel seems, in fact, to have been in danger of not being published at all. Dr. Vernon, however, the eccentric director of the Paris opera, came

Extracts from Letters:

One says:—"I would not be without your Wine of Rennet in the house for double its price. I can make a delicious dessert for my husband, which he enjoys after dinner, and which I believe has at the same time cured his dyspepsia."

Another says:—"Nothing makes one's dinner pass off more pleasantly than to have nice little dishes which are easily digested. Eagar's Wine of Rennet has enabled my cook to put three extra dishes on the table with which I puzzle my friends."

Another says:—"I am a hearty eater, but as my work is mostly mental, and as I find it impossible to take muscular exercise, I naturally suffer distress after a heavy dinner; but since Mrs. — has been giving me a dish made from your Wine of Rennet over which she puts sometimes one, sometimes another sauce, I do not suffer at all, and I am almost inclined to give your Rennet the credit for it, and I must say for it that it is simply gorgeous as a dessert."

Another says:—"I have used your Wine of Rennet for my children and find it to be the only preparation which will keep them in health. I have also sent it to friends in Baltimore, and they say that it enables their children to digest their food, and save them from those summer stomach troubles so prevalent and fatal in that climate."

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RAILWAYS.

Shore Line Railway

ST. JOHN and ST. STEPHEN.

NEW PASSENGER CARS!

The Scenery of Mountain and Valley along this Road Cannot be Surpassed.

Cool Resorts for Pleasant Outings, the Tourists' Paradise.

FISHING.

In the Lakes and Streams bordering on the Rail way there is abundance of fish.

PICNICS.

Special inducements to Picnic Parties and Special Low Rates to parties of five or more.

The Railway has hired for the season the beautiful grounds of Dr. Reynolds, at Lepreau. These grounds are not excelled by any in the Province for Picnics. Tables, Swings, Stoves, a large building with good floor for dancing, abundant shelter in case of rain and other conveniences are provided free of charge.

SCENERY.

Every variety of scenery can be found at Lepreau—Mountains, Lakes, Cataracts, Inlets, Bays and Islands are seen in all their natural beauty and free from the intrusion of the crowd. Fishing, Shooting, Walking, Driving, Bathing and Boating can be enjoyed with a freedom and comfort which is the essence of true pleasure.

SATURDAY EXCURSIONS.

Tickets One Fare, good to return on Monday. Train leaves St. John, West Side, daily at 7:30 a.m., connecting with Ferry leaving East Side at 7:44 a.m. Returning, leave St. Stephen at 1:20 p.m., arriving St. John at 5:50 p.m., Standard time.

No charge for Commercial Travellers' excess baggage. Baggage and Freight received and delivered at Montreal's, W. C. Street.

For special rates for Picnics and Excursions apply to G. G. RUEL, Treasurer, No. 3 Pugsley Building, corner Prince William and Princess Sts., THOMAS AGOSTINI, for Bangor, Portland, St. John, St. City, Jules T. Whitlock, Windsor Hotel, St. Stephen.

Telephone No. 18, St. John, N. B., June 20, 1892.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE

FROM

St. John,

In Effect June 26th, 1892.

14.25 a.m.—"Pacific Express," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and all points West.

16.25 a.m.—"Yankee," for Bangor, Portland, Boston and South-West; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points North.

17.30 a.m.—"Accommodation," for Fredericton and intermediate points.

18.30 p.m.—"Express," for Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

19.45 p.m.—"Suburban," for Welsford and intermediate points; on Saturdays this train will leave at 12.5 p.m.

8.30 p.m.—"Night Express," for Bangor, Portland, Boston and South-West; daily, except Sundays, for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock and points North.

RETURNING, leave Fredericton, 7.10, 11.40 a.m., 4.20 p.m.; St. Stephen 15.35, 17.45 a.m., 11.50 p.m.; St. Andrews 16.07, 20 a.m., 12.00 p.m., 14.00, 18.10 p.m.; Woodstock 17.20 a.m., 14.30, 17.50 p.m., arriving St. John at 5.30, 19.30 a.m., 11.50, 11.00 p.m.

Daily, "Daily except Sunday," "Daily except Saturday and Sunday," Monday and Tuesday only, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday only.

D. MCNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt., MONTREAL. ST. JOHN, N. B.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y.

Summer Arrangement.

On and after Monday, 27th June, 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m., 11.50 a.m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p.m.; arrive at Weymouth 4.32 p.m.

LEAVE ANAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p.m., 4.45 p.m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.50 a.m., arrive at Yarmouth 11.05 a.m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passenger and Freight Friday at 8.13 a.m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a.m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with "Main of Way," at Digby with Steamer City of Montserrat from and to St. John daily. At Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BRUNELL, Yarmouth, N.S. General Superintendent

Intercolonial Railway.

After June 27, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.00; for Point du Chene, 10.30; for Halifax, 13.00; for Sussex, 16.35; for Quebec and Montreal, 22.10.

Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8.30; from Quebec and Montreal (excepted Monday), 3.55; from Point du Chene, 12.40; from Halifax, 15.30 from Halifax, 3.55.

KEEP COOL! ICE

ORDERS through Mail or Telephone promptly attended to. Telephone No. 414. Office: Leinster Street. Parties going out of town, can have ice delivered at regular rates until their departure and upon their return to the city.

3 mos. MRS. R. WHETSL.

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Marvellous Effect!! Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion. DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

The ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM.

The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.

JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any coloring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. REDWOOD, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.; T. HORSBRED, F.I.C., F.C.S.; A. J. DE HAILES, F.I.C., F.C.S.

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Harry Wilkes,

1896.

Season of 1892 at St. John.

TERMS—\$35.00 for the season, to be paid at time of first service.

Harry Wilkes, 1896, is by George Wilkes, 519, dam Belle Rice by Whitehall.

He will stand at Ward's One Mile House on the Marsh Road.

The intention is to send the stallion down about the first of May. Should he be required before that time, arrangements may be made to send him down earlier by applying at this office.

JULIUS L. INCHES.