...hen sin hath wrought,
... and trust has slain?
.. no! 'twere mockery, indeed,
To offer thanks for these,
More meet and fit it were to bow
In tears, on bended knees.

"In everything!" O Father, yes,
How easy it were then,
To render thanks, if only joy
And happiness had been
Our portion, and our guests alone
Thoughout the year just gone.
O surely, then, our lips and hearts
Would overflow with song,

"In everything!" O must we kiss
The rod Thy hand extends,
Until in deep humility
Our striken spirit bends?
Oh! then, dead lord, we ask of Thee,
Give patience, faith and grace,
And help us see behind the clouds
The shining of Thy face.

"In everything!" Ah, yes! at last
Our hearts can give Thee praise.
Our lips give thanks, that Thou in love
Hath ordered all our ways—
Whatever is, is right and best,
Forgive if we rebel,
For wheather joy or grief we know
Thou doeth all things well.

SELECT STORY.

THE HIDDEN HAND

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE CHANGED BRIDES," ETC. ETC.

CONTINUED FROM THE CAPITAL.

Then she lighted her chamber lamp, and taking it with her, went down stairs to her Uncle's bedroom.

Taking advantage of the time when she knew he would be absorbed in a game of chess with John Stone, and she should be safe from interruption for several hours if she wished, she went to Major Warfield's little armory in the closet adjoining his room, opening the pistol-case and took from it a pair of revolvers, closed and locked the case, and withdrew and hid the key that they might not chance to be missed until she should have time to replace them.

Then she hurried back into her own chamber, and wearied out with so much excitement, prepared to go to rest. Here a grave and unexpected obstacle met her; she had always been accustomed to kneel and offer up to Heaven her evening's tribute of praise and thanksgiving for the mercies of the day, and prayers for protection and blessing though the night.

Now she knelt as usual, but thanksgiving and prayer seemed frozen on her lips. How could she praise or pray with such a purpose as she had in her heart?

For the first time Capitola doubted the perfect righteousness of that purpose which was of a character to arrest her prayers upon her lips.

With heavy sigh, hurried into bed.

She arose by daybreak in the morning, dressed herself, went and unlocked her dawer, took out the pistols, carefully loaded them, put on her riding,-habit, and buckled around her waist a morocco belt, into which she struck the two revolvers. She then threw around her shoulders a short circular cape that concealed the weapons, and put on her hat gloves and and went below.

Ordering her pony she sprang into eer saddle and, bidding Jem fellow her took the road towards Tip-Top.

She knew that Mr. Le Noir was in the habit of riding to the village every morning, and she determined to meet him.

Probable Cavren Le Noir was later that morning than usual, for Capitola had reached entrance of the village before she heard the sound of his horse's feet approaching behind her.

She did not wish that their encounter should be in the streets of the village, so she instantly wheeled her horse and galloped back to meet him.

As both were riding at full speed they soon met.

She first drew rein, and, standing in his way accosted him with:

"Mr. Le Noir!"

"You most obedient, Miss Black," he said with a deep bow.

"I happen to be without father or brother to protect me from affront, sir, and my uncle is an invalid veteran whom I will not trouble. I am, therefore, under the novel necessity of fighting my own battles. Yesterday sir I sent you a note demanding satisfaction for a heinous slander you circulated against me. You replied by an insulting note. You do not escape punishment so! Here are two pistols; both are loaded; take either one of them: for, sir, we have met, and now we do not part until one of us falls from the horse!"

And so saying, she rode up to him offered him the choice of the pistols.

He laughed—partly in surprise and partly in admiration as he said, with seeming good humor:

"Miss Black, you are a very charming young woman, and delightfully original and piquant in all your ideas; but you outrage all the laws that govern the duello. You know that, as the challenged party, I have the right to the choice of time, place and arms. I made that choice yesterday. I renew it to-day. When you accede to the terms of the meeting, I shall endeavor to give you all the satisfaction you demand. Good morning, Miss."

And with a deep bow, even to the flaps of his saddle, he rode past her.

"That base insult again!" cried Capitola with the blood rushing to her face.

Then lifting her voice she again accosted him:

"Mr. Le Noir!"

He turned, with a smile.

She threw one of pistols on the ground near him, saying:

"Take that up and defend yourself."

He waved his hand in negation, bowed, smiled, and rode on.

"MR. LE NOIR!" she called, in a peremptory tone.

Once more he turned.

She raised her pistol, took deliberate aim at his white forehead, and fired—

Bang! bang! bang! BANG! BANG! BANG!

—Six times without an instant's intermission, until her revolver was spent.

When the smoke cleared away, a terrible vision met her eyes.

It was Craven Le Noir with his face [illegible]d with blood, reeling in his saddle, which he soon dropped to the ground. [illegible]alling, his foot remained hanging in [illegible] stirrup. The well-trained cavalry [h]orse stood perfectly still, though trembling in a panic of terror, from which he might at any moment start to run, dragging the helpless body after him.

Capitola saw this danger, and not being cruel, she tempered justice with mercy; threw down her spent pistol; dismounted [f]rom her horse; went up to the fallen [m]an; engaged his foot from the stirrup; [and] taking hold of his shoulders, tried

...s, to ...ut he in com- ...n was too much for ... And calling her ter- ...ssist her, they removed

Capitola then remounted her horse, and galloped rapidly into the village, and up to the "ladies' entrance" of the hotel, where after sending for the proprietor, she said:

"I have just been shooting Craven Le for slandering me; he lies by the roadside at the entrance of the village; you had better send somebody to pick him up."

"Miss!" cried the astounded inn-keeper.

Capitola distinctly repeated her words, and then leaving the inn-keeper, transfixed with consternation, she crossed the street and entered a magistrate's office, where a little old gentleman, sat at a writing-table, giving some directions to a constable, who was standing hat in hand before him.

Copitola waited until this functionary had his orders and a writen paper, and had left the office, and the magistrate was alone, before she walked up to the desk and stood before him.

"Well, well, young woman! Well, well, what do you want?" inquired the old gentleman, impatiently looking up from folding his papers.

"I have come to give myself up for shooting Craven Le Noir, who slandered me," answered Capitola, quietly.

The old man let fall his hands full of papers, raised his head and stared at her over the tops of his green spectacles.

"What did you say, young woman?" he asked, in the tone of one who doubted his own ears.

"I say that I have forestalled an arrest by coming here to give myself up for the shooting of a dastard who slandered, insulted, and refused to give me satisfaction," answered Capitola, very distinctly.

"Am I awake? Do I hear aright? Do you mean to say that *you* have killed a man?" asked the dismayed magistrate.

"Oh I can't say as to the killing! I shot him off his horse, and then sent Mr. Merry and his men to pick him up, while I came here to answer for myself!"

"Unfortunate girl! and how can you answer for such a dreadful deed!" exclaimed the utterly confounded magistrate.

"Oh, as to the dreadfulness of the deed, that depends on circumstances," said Cap., "and I can answer for it very well. He made addresses to me; I refused him. He slandered me; I challenged him. He insulted me; I shot him."

"Miserable young woman, if this be proved true, I shall have to commit you!"

"Just as you please," said Cap., "but bless your soul, that won't help Craven Le Noir a single bit!"

As she spoke several persons entered the office in a state of high excitement—all talking at once, saying:

"That is the girl!"

"Yes, that is her!"

"She is Miss Black, old Warfield's neice."

"Yes, he said she was," etc., etc., etc.

"What is all this, neighbors, what is all this?" inquired the troubled magistrate, rising in his place.

"Why, sir, there's been a gentleman, Mr. Craven Le Noir, shot. He has been taken to the "Antlers," where he lies in *articulo mortis*, and we wish him to be confronted with Miss Capitola Black, the young woman here present, that he may identify her, whom he accuses of firing six charges into him, before his death. She needn't deny it, because he is ready to swear to her?" said Mr. Merry, who constituted himself spokesman.

"She accuses herself," said the magistrate in dismay.

"Then, sir, had she not better be taken at once to the presence of Mr. Le Noir, who may not have many minutes to live!"

"Yes, come along," said Cap. "I only gave myself up to wait for this; as he is already at hand, let's go and have it all over, for I have been riding about in this frosty morning sir, for three hours, and I have got a good appetite, and want to go home to breakfast."

"I am afraid, young woman, you will scarcely get home to breakfast this morning," said Mr. Merry.

"We'll see that presently," answered Cap., composedly, as they all left the office, and crossed the street to the "Antlers."

They were conducted by the landlord to a chamber on the first floor, where upon a bed lay stretched, almost without breath or motion, the form of Craven Le Noir.

Around his bed were gathered the village doctor, the landlady, and several maid servants.

"The squire has come, sir; are you able to speak to him?" asked the landlord, approaching the bed.

"Yes—let him swear me," feebly replied the wounded mam, "and then send for a clergyman."

The landlady immediately left to send for Mr. Goodwin, and the magistrate approached the head of the bed, and speaking solemnly, exhorted the wounded man, as he expected soon to give an account of the works done in his body, to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but truth, without reserve, malice or exaggeration, both as to the deed, and its provocation.

"I will, I will, for I have sent for a minister, and I intend to try to make my peace with heaven," replied Le Noir.

The magistrate then directed Capitola to come and take the stand at the foot of the bed where the wounded man, who was lying on his back, could see her without turning.

Cap. came as she was commanded, and stood there with some irrepressible and incomprehensible mischief gleaming out from under her long eye-lashes and from the corners of her dimpled lips.

The magistrate then administered the oath to Craven Le Noir, and bade him look upon Capitola and give his evidence.

He did so, and under the terrors of a guilty conscience and of expected death, his evidence partook more of the nature of a confession than an accusation. He testified that Capitola, had waylaid him on the highway, offered him his choice of a pair of revolvers, and told him, that having met, they should not part until one or the other fell from the horse; he had again laughingly refused the encounter except upon the insulting terms he had before proposed;—she had then thrown him one of the pistols, biddding him defend himself;—he had laughingly passed her when she called him by name, he turned and she fired—six times in succession and he fell. He said in conclusion, he did not wish the young girl should be prosecuted as she had only avenged her own honor; and requested that he might be left alone with the minister.

"Bring that unhappy young woman over to my office, Ketchem," said the magistrate, addressing himself to a constable. Then turning to the landlord, he said:

"Sir, it would be a charity in you to put a messinger on horseback and send him to Hurricane Hall for Major Warfield, who will have to enter into a recognizance for Miss Black's appearance at court."

"Stop," said Cap," "don't be too certain of that! 'Be always sure you're right—then go ahead!' Is not any one here cool enough to reflect that if I had fired six bullets at that man's forehead and everyone had struck, I should have blown his head to the sky?—Will not somebody at once wash his face and see how deep the wounds are?"

... doctor who had been restrained by others now took a sponge and water and cleaned the face of Le Noir, which was found to be well-peppered with split peas!

Cap. looked around saying:

"Upon my word, neighbors, you look more shocked, if not actually more disappointed, to find that, after all, he is not killed, and there'll be no spectacle, than you did at first when you thought murder had been done."

"Will you be good enough to explain this, young woman?" said the magistrate severely.

"Certainly, for your worship seems as much disappointed as others!" said Cap. Then turning towards the group around the bed, she said:

"You have heard Mr. Le Noir's 'last dying speech and confession,' as he supposed it to be; and you know that maddening provocation inflamed my temper against him. Last night, after having received his insulting answer to my challenge there was evil in my heart, I do assure you! I possessed myself of my uncle's revolvers, and resolved to waylay him this morning, and force him to give me satisfaction, or if he refused—well no matter! I tell you, there was danger in me!—But, before retiring to bed at night it is my habit to say my prayers; now the practice of prayer and the purpose of 'redhanded violence,' cannot exist in the same person at the same time. I wouldn't sleep without praying, and I couldn't pray without giving up my thoughts of fatal vengeance upon Craven Le Noir. So at last I made up my mind to spare his life, and teach him a lesson. The next morning I drew the charges of the revolvers and re-loaded them with poor powder and dried peas. Everything else has happened just as he has told you. He has received no harm, except in being terribly frightened, and in having his beauty spoiled!—and as for that, didn't I offer him one of the pistols, and expose my own face to similar damage?—for I'd scorn to take advantage of any one!" said Cap., laughing.

Craven Le Noir had now raised himself up in a sitting posture, and was looking around with an expression of countenance which was a strange blending of relief at this unexpected respite from the grave and intense mortification at finding himself in the ridiculous position in which the address of Capitola and his own weak nerves, cowardice, and credulity had placed him.

Cap. went up to him and said, in a consoling voice:

"Come! thank Heaven that you are not going to die this bout. I'm glad you repented and told the truth; and I hope you may live long enough to offer Heaven a truer repentance than that which is the mere effect of fright. For I tell you plainly that if it had not been for the grace of the Lord acting upon my heart last night, your soul might have been in Hades now."

Craven Le Noir shut his eyes, groaned, and fell back overpowered by the reflection.

"Now, please your Worship, may I go home?" said Cap. "Yes—go! go! go!" said the officer.

Cap. immediately availed herself of the permission, and went out to look for her servant and horses.

But Jem, the first moment he had found himself unwatched, had put out as fast as he could fly to Hurricane Hall, to inform Major Warfield of what had occurred.

And Capitola, after losing a great deal of time in looking for him, mounted her horse and was just about to start, when who should ride up in hot haste but Old Hurricane, attended by Wool.

"Stop there?" he shouted, as he saw Cap.

She obeyed; and he sprang from his horse with the agility of youth, and helped her to descend from hears.

Then drawing her arm within his own, he led her into the parlor, and ordered her to tell him all about the affair.

Cap. sat down and gave him the whole history from beginning to end.

When she had finished her story he suddenly stopped before her, brought down the point of his stick with a resounding thump upon the floor, and exclaimed:

"Demmy, you New York newsboy, will you never be a woman? Why the demon did't you tell me, sirrah? I would have called the fellow out and chastised him to your heart's content. Hang it, Miss, answer me and say."

"Because you are on the invalid list and I am in sound condition, and capable of taking my own part," said Cap.

"Then, answer me this: while you were taking your own part, why the foul fiend didn't you pepper him with something sharper than dried peas?"

"I think he is quite as severely punished in suffering from extreme terror and intense mortification and public ridicule," said Cap.

"And now, uncle, I have not eaten a single blessed mouthful, this morning, and I am hungry enough to eat up Gyp, or to satisfy Patty."

Old Hurricane rang the bell and gave orders for breakfast to be served.

And after that meal was over, he set out with his niece for Hurricane Hall.

And upon arriving at home, he addressed a letter to Mr. Le Noir, to the effect that as soon as the latter should have recovered from the effect of his fright and mortification, he Major Warfield, should demand and expect satisfaction.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

BLACK DONALD'S LAST ATTEMPT.

Who can express the horror of that night,
When darkness lent his robes to monster fear?
And heaven's black mantle, banishing the light,
Made everything in fearful form appear.
—BRANDON.

Let it not be supposed that Black Donald had forgotten his promise to Colonel Le Noir, or was indifferent to its performance.

But many perilous failures had taught him caution.

Therefore he preferred quietly to abduct his victim, so as to leave no trace of her "taking off," but to allow it to be supposed that she had eloped.

He resolved to undertake this adventure alone, though to himself personally this plan was even more dangerous than the other.

It happened, therefore that about the middle of the Christmas week, being Wednesday, the twenty-eight of December, all the house-servants and farm-laborers from Hurricane Hall went off in a body to a banjo break-down given at a farm five miles across the country.

And Major Warfield, Mrs. Condiment and Capitola were the only living beings left in the old house that night.

Black Donald, who had been prowling about the premises evening after evening, watching his opportunity to effect his nefarious object, soon discovered the outward bound stampede of the negroes, and the unprotected state in which the old house, for that night only would be left. And he determined to take advantage of the circumstance to consummate his wicked purpose.

In its then defenceless condition, he could easily have mustered his force and carried off his prize without immediate personal risk. But, as we said before, he eschewed violence, as being lik[ely] to pr[o]voke after effects of a too fat[al] ...

When it became quite [dark he ap]proached the house, and hid [himself on] the steps beneath the back door leading from the hall into the garden, to watch his opportunity of entering. He soon found that his enterprise required great patience as well as courage. He had to wait more than two hours before he heard the door unlocked and opened.

He then peered from his hiding place. and saw Old Hurricane taking his way out towards the garden.

He had just time to open a side door on his right hand, and conceal himself in a wood closet under the stairs, when he heard the footsteps of Old Hurricane returning.

The old man came in, and Black Donald laughed to himself to hear with what caution he locked, bolted, and barred the doors to keep out housebreakers!

"Ah, old fellow! you are fastening the stable after the horse has been stolen!" said Black Donald to himself.

As soon as Old Hurricane had passed by the closet in which the outlaw was concealed, and had gone into the parlor, Black Donald determined to risk the accent into Capitola's chamber. From the description given by his men, who had once succeeded in finding their way thither, he knew very well where to go.

Noiselessly, therefore, he left his place of concealment, and crept out to reconnoitre the hall, which he found deserted.

Old Hurricane's shawl, hat and walking-stick were deposited in one corner. In case of being met on the way, he put the hat on his head, wrapped the shawl around his shoulders, and took the stick in his hand.

His forethought proved to be serviceable. He went through the hall and up the first flight of stairs without interruption; but going along the hall of the second story he met Mrs. Condiment coming out of Old Hurricane's room.

"Your slippers are on the hearth, your gown is at the fire and the water is boiling to make your punch, Major Warfield," said the old lady, in passing.

"Umph, umph, umph," grunted Black Donald in reply.

The house-keeper then bade him good-night, saying that she was going at once to her room.

"Umph!" assented Black Donald. And so they parted, and this peril was passed.

Black Donald went up the second flight of stairs and then down a back passage and a narrow staircase and along a corridor and through several untenanted rooms, and into another passage, and finally through a side door leading into Capitola's chamber.

He soon determined to hide himself behind the thick folds of the window curtain nearest the door, so that immediately after the entrance of Capitola he could glide to the door, lock it, withdraw the key and have the girl at once in his power.

That same hour Capitola was her uncle's papartment in a prolonged game of chess. It was near eleven o'clock before heartily tired of the battle, she permitted himself to be beaten in order to get to bed.

With a satisfied chuckle, Old Hurricane arose from his seat, lighted two bed-chamber lamps, gave one to Capitola, took the other himself, and started off for his room, followed by Cap. as far as the head of the first flight of stairs, where she bade him good night.

She waited until she saw him enter his room, heard him lock his door on the inside and throw himself down heavily into his chair, then she went on her own way.

She hurried up the second flight of stairs, and along the narrow passage, empty rooms steep steps, and dreary halls, until she reached the door of her own dormitory.

She turned the latch and entered the room.

She did not see a dark figure glide from behind the window curtains, steal to the door, turn the lock and withdraw the key. But as she turned again she stood face to face with Black Donald.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE AWFUL PERIL OF CAPITOLA.

Out of this nettle, danger.
I'll pluck the flower, safety!—
SHAKESPEARE.

Capitola's blood seemed to turn to ice, and her form to stone at the shight!

Black Donald looked at her and laughed aloud at her consternation, saying with a chuckle:

"You did not expect to see me here to-night, did you now my dear?"

She gazed at him in a silent panic for a moment.

Then her faculties, that had been suddenly dispersed by the shock, as suddenly rallied to her rescue.

In one moment she understood her real position.

Black Donald had locked her in with himself, and held the key; so she could not hope to get out.

The loudest scream that she might utter would never reach the distant chamber of Major Warfield, or the still more remote apartment of Mrs. Condiment; so she could not hope to bring any one to her assistance.

She was therefore entirely in the power of Black Donald, and fully comprehended this, and said to hirself:

"Now, my dear Cap., if you don't look sharp your hour is come! Nothing on earth will save you, Cap., but your own wits! for if ever I saw mischief in any one's face, it is in that fellow's that is eating up with his great eyes at the same time that he is laughing at you with his big mouth! Now, Cap., my little man, be a woman! don't you stick at trifles! Think of Jael and Sisera! Think of Judith and Holofernes! And the devil and Doctor Faust, if necessary, and don't you blench! All stratagems are fair in love and war—especially in war, and most especially in such a war as this is likely to be—a contest in close quarters for dear life!"

All this passed through her mind in one moment, and in the next her plan was formed.

"Well, upon my word, I think a gentleman might let a lady know when he means to pay her a domiciliary visit at midnight!"

"Upon *my word*, I think you are very cool!" replied Black Donald, throwing himself into the second arm-chair on the other side of the stand of refreshments.

"People are likely to be cool on a December night, with the thermometer at zero, and the ground three foot under the snow," said Cap., nothing daunted.

"Capitola, I admire you! You are a cucumber. That's what you are, a cucumber."

"A pickled one?" asked Cap.

"Yes! and as pickled cucumbers are good to give one an appetite, I think I shall fall to and eat."

"Do so," said Cap., "for Heaven forbid that I should fail in hospitality."

"Why, really, this looks as though you had expected a visitor—doesn't it?" asked Black Donald, helping himself to a huge slice of ham, and stretching his feet out towards the fire.

"Well, yes, rather; though, to say the truth, it was not *your* reverence I expected," said Cap.

"Ah? somebody else's reverence, eh? Well, let them come! I'll be ready for them!" said the outlaw, pouring out and quaffing a large glass of brandy. He drank it, sat down the glass, and turning to our little heroine!" Then you really are not afraid of me?" ask[e]d the robber, rolling a great piece of chee[se] in his mouth.

"Afraid of yo[u]?—No, I guess not," replied Cap., with a toss of her head.

"[I mig]ht do some harm."

"[You wo]n't."

"Why w[on']t I?"

"Because you couldn't do me any harm, unless you were to kill me, and you would gain nothing by my death, except a few trinkets that you may have without."

"Then, you are really not afraid of me?" he asked, taking nothing deep draught of brandy.

"Not a bit of it—I rather like you."

"Come, now, you're running a rig upon a fellow," said the outlaw, winking, and depositing a huge chunk of bread in his capacious jaws.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ISLAND SLIPPING AWAY.

The three hundred and fifty five years since Cartier's time are but an infinitesimally small period in the existence of a country, yet this island we call Prince Edward Island, and which the Indians colled Epygooiat (meaning "floating on the waves") has in that time undergone changes, not only in its physical features but in its animal life. I leave to geologists to ascertain where the Island came from, but I am much afraid that we know where it is going to; for the late Mr. Anderson. of Bedeque, an observant land surveyor, who lived to be upwards of a hundred, stated to me that, by the careful estimate of many years observation the decrease of Prince Edward Island on all its littoral may be set down at one foot per annum, all around its water margins. As we know how the land is seamed with tidal creeks (that thus widen at the rate of one foot per annum), it is evident it will be all washed away some day, although it is probable it will last our time.—Charlottetown Patriot.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

The engineers and surveyors have been practically at work on the route of the Nicaragua Canal for several months, but the formality of the official "turning over the first sod" was not gone through with until October 22, when it took place in the presence of Gen. Delgodillo and staff, of Nicaragua, and Chief Engineer Menocal and staff, representing the Nicaragua Canal Company. Then, amid the booming of cannon and cheers of crowds, 100 American picks were, at a given word, driven into the soil, the shovels and the wheelbarrows following, the crowd afterward with a great rush taking the picks, shovels, and wheelbarrows from the laborers, and all insisting on digging at least a shovelful each, in hearty recognition of the importance of the event.

NEWS AND NOTES.

She—"What do you suppose supports the vast arch of heavens?" He—"The moonbeams, I guess."

"Been writing?" "Yes." "Who to?" "Oh, dear! Why don't you speak grammatically? The idea—Who to? You should say, "To whom to."

GOOD BOYS DIE YOUNG.

Unless you are fed on Victuals made with Imperial Cream Tartar Baking Powddr.

Simeral—"That adage, 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure,' is all bosh." Maddox—"Why?" Simeral—"Because married men have no leisure."

"What is the matter?" asked a travelling man of a hotel clerk. "Are you out on a strike?" "No; I'm not; but my wife is."

FOR RICKETS, MERASMUS, AND ALL WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN

Scot's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is unequaled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful, "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing. In every case the improvement was marked,"—J. M. MAIN M. D., New York. Put up in 50c. and $1 size.

Teacher—Have animals a capacity for affection? Class—Nearly all. Teacher—Correct. Now, what animal possesses the greatest affection for man? Little Girl—Woman.

A recently published report of the weather bureau says that "snow storms may be looked for in Deoember." We have been fearing all along that this would be the case.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, DR. T. A. SLOCUM 164 West Adelaide street, Toronto, Ont.

The average number of hairs upon the human head is 120,000. The American wife will please bear this in mind when taking a large, generous handful from the head of paterfamilias. There is a limit to all good things.

Inquiring Friend—Where's your horse? I haven't seen you drive him lately. Short Purse—Had to let him go; couldn't hold him. Inquiring Friend—Indeed! why, I thought he was gentle. Short Purse—Yes, he was; but old Isaacs had a chattel mortgage on him.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

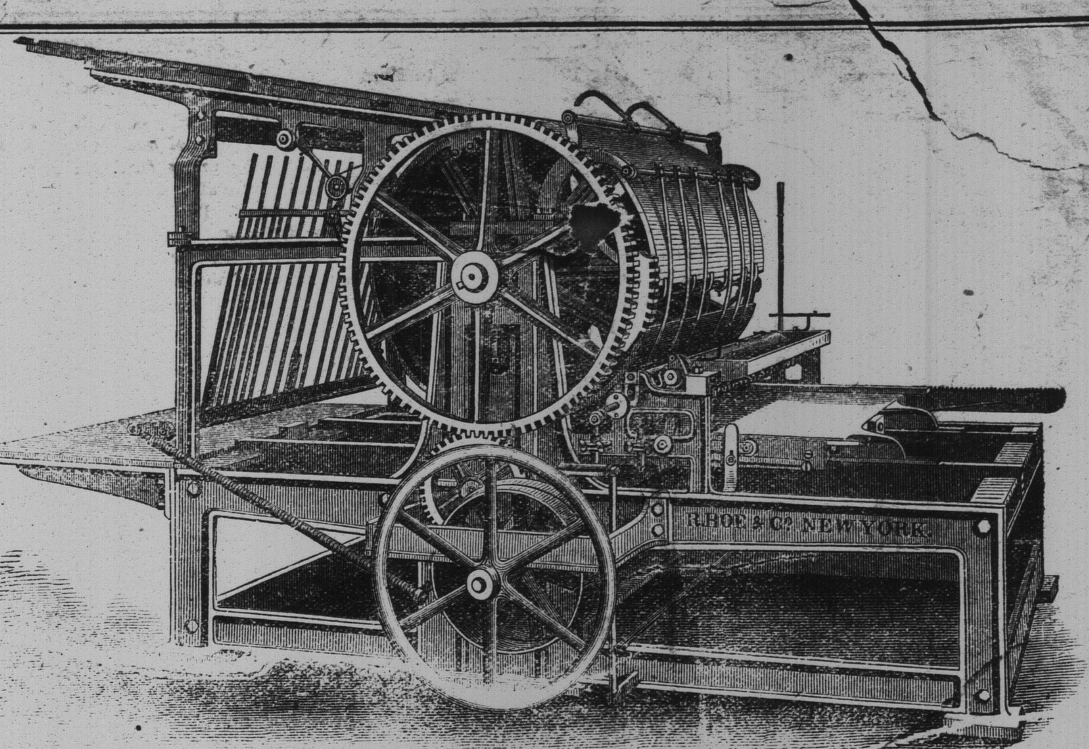
An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, their recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYLES 194 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP and take no other kind.

The pupils at a kindergaten were instructed to draw a landscape, the features of which should be a barn, brook and two cows. Little Helen High-strung handed in her sketch, and the teacher saw that had forgotten one of the animals. "Where's the other cow, Helen?" she asked, "Why—why—it's in the barn," said Helen.

Dolliver—"Young Pompano seems to have quite a reputation as a wit." Heavywaite (dryly)—"I have noticed it." Dolliver—"All the club men roar at his wit, while I fail to see a spark of fun in anything he says." Heavywaite (as before)—"You forgot that you have not borrowed any money from him."

Judge (to prisoner at the bar)—"Well young man, the officer says you were disorderly on the street. What have you to say?" Prisoner—"Please, your honor, I'll tell you how it was. You see, I was standing on the corner smoking a cigarette—Judge (interrupting)—"Sixty, da[ys] ... the next one."



THE HERALD

STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

Corner Queen and Regent Streets,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES. ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SANT, WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of Ring Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER, Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Prof. Loisette's
MEMORY
DISCOVERY AND TRAINING METHOD

In spite of adulterated imitations which miss the theory, and practical results of the Original, in spite of the grossest misrepresentations by envious would-be competitors, and in spite of "base attempts to rob" him of the fruit of his labors, (all of which demonstrate the undoubted superiority and popularity of his teaching), Prof. Loisette's Art of Never Forgetting is recognized to-day in both Hemispheres as marking an Epoch in Memory Culture. His Prospectus (sent post free) gives opinions of people in all parts of the globe who have actually studied his System by correspondence, showing that his System is *used only while being studied, not afterwards*; that *any book can be learned in a single reading, mind-wandering cured, &c.* For Prospectus, Terms and Testimonials address
Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

YOUNG MEN
OLD MEN

THE CELEBRATED DR. LE CARRON, OF PARIS, FRANCE, HAS ESTABLISHED AN AGENCY IN TORONTO FOR THE SALE OF HIS MEDICINES, WHICH ARE A POSITIVE CURE FOR ALL CHRONIC AND PRIVATE DISEASES OF LONG STANDING, ALSO SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS DEBILITY, YOUTHFUL INDISORETION, EARLY DECAY ETC., SHOULD WRITE FOR INFORMATION. CORRESPONDENCE CONFIDENTIAL.
ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
THE E. B. CRANE AGENCY
CAMERON PLACE, - - - TORONTO.

WHAT
SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES
CONSUMPTION
SCROFULA
BRONCHITIS
COUGHS
COLDS
Wasting Diseases

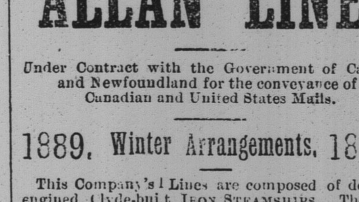
Wonderful Flesh Producer

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy Containing the stimulating Hypophosphite and Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.
PALATABLE AS MILK
Sold by all Druggists. 50c. and $1.00

IMPERIAL
CREAM TRADE MARK TARTAR
BAKING
POWDER
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST,
CONTAINS NO
ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES,
or any injurious materials.
E. W. GILLETT, TORONTO, ONT. CHICAGO, ILL.
Man'f'r of the CELEBRATED ROYAL YEAST CAKES.

Flour. Flour.
In Store and to Arrive:
8,500 B[ls] Flour.
Including the foll[owing well kno]wn Brands: Silver Spray, [illegible] ...ople's Dig... [illegible] ...Phœnix, [illegible] ...h, Jubilee, For sale, [illegible]

STEAMSHIPS.



ALLAN LINE.

Under Contract with the Government of Canada and Newfoundland for the conveyance of Canadian and United States Mails.

1889. Winter Arrangements. 1890.

This Company's Lines are composed of double-engined, Clyde-built IRON STEAMSHIPS. They are built in water-tight compartments, are unsurpassed for strength, speed and comfort, are fitted up with all the modern improvements that practical experience can suggest, and have made *the fastest time on record.*

The Steamers of the
WEEKLY MAIL LINE,

Sailing from Liverpool on THURSDAYS, and from Halifax on SATURDAYS, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland, are intended to be despatched as follows:

LIVERPOOL AND HALIFAX.

From Liverpool. 1889.	Steamships.	From Halifax. 1889.
7th Nov.	SARDINIAN	30th Nov.
21st do.	PARISIAN	14th Dec.
5th Dec.	POLYNESIAN	28th do. 1890.
12th do.	PERUVIAN	4th Jan.
19th do.	SARDINIAN	11th do.

A considerable reduction has been made in the ocean rates during the winter months, the rates of Cabin passage now being $50 and $60, according to accommodation, from Halifax, and the Intermediate and Steerage, $25 and $20 respectively.

Halifax, St. John's, N. F., Queenstown and Liverpool Service.

The sailings of the fortnightly service are arranged as follows:

From Liverpool. 1889.	Steamships.	From Halifax. 1889.
12th Nov.	CASPIAN	9th Dec.
26th do.	CIRCASSIAN	23rd do. 1890.
10th Dec.	NOVA SCOTIAN	6th Jan.
24th do. 1890.	CASPIAN	20th do. to L'pool direct.
7th Jan.		

Rates of Passage to Liverpool.

SALOON (According to accommodation). $50 to $60
RETURN $100 to $110
INTERMEDIATE $25
STEERAGE $.0

Rates of Passage to St. John's, N. F.

Saloon, $20; Intermediate, $15; Steerage, $6.

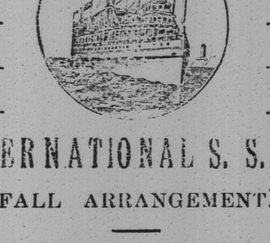
GLASGOW LINE.

Direct Sailings from Glasgow to Halifax.

Manitoban Dec. 13
Scandinavian " 27
Prussian Jan. 10

Steerage Tickets issued to and from the principal points in Great Britain and the Continent at cheap rates.
For Staterooms, Tickets, or further information apply to

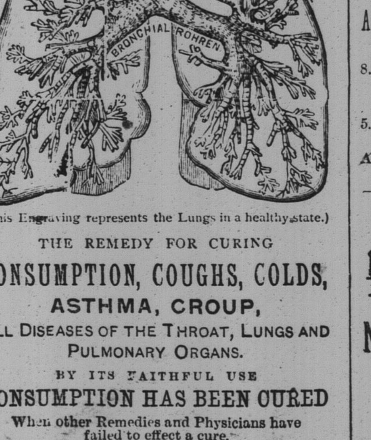
WM. THOMSON & CO., Agents,
ST. JOHN N. B.



INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.
FALL ARRANGEMENT.
Four Trips a Week.
FOR BOSTON.

ON and after MONDAY, Aug. 12th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John, for Eastport, Portland, and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.25 Standard.
Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5.30 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.
In addition to above, a Steamer will leave every SATURDAY EVENING, at 6.25 Standard, for Boston direct; also, a Steamer leaves Boston same evening for St. John direct, until Sept. 14th.
Connections at Eastport with steamer ROSE STANDISH, for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

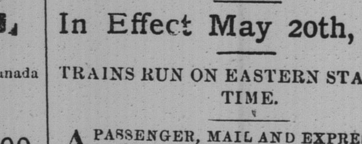
H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent,
Reed's Point Wharf, St John, N. B.



(This Engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

THE REMEDY FOR CURING
CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, CROUP,
ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT, LUNGS AND PULMONARY ORGANS.
BY ITS FAITHFUL USE
CONSUMPTION HAS BEEN CURED
When other Remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.
Recommended by PHYSICIANS, MINISTERS, AND NURSES. In fact by everybody who has given it a good trial. *It never fails to bring relief.*
AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL.
It is harmless to the Most Delicate Child.
It contains no OPIUM in any form.
PRICE 25c, 50c AND $1.00 PER BOTTLE.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited),
General Agents, MONTREAL.

RAILROADS.



NORTHERN & WESTERN RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMNET.

In Effect May 20th, 1889.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

A PASSENGER, MAIL AND EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

3:00 p. m; Gibson, 3:05; Marysville, 3:15; Manzer's Siding, 3:35; Durham, 3:45; Cross Creek, 4:20; Boiestown, 5:20; Doaktown, 6:05; Upper Blackville, 6:45, Blackville, 7:10; Upper Nelson Boom, 7:40 Chatham Junction, 8:05; arrive at Chatham, 8:30.

RETURNING, LEAVE CHATHAM

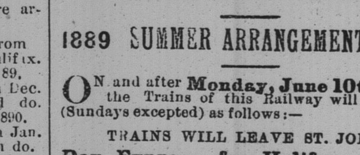
5:00, a. m; Chatham Junction, 5:25; Upper Nelson Boom, 5:40; Blackville, 6:20; Upper Blackville, 6:45; Doaktown, 7:25; Boiestown, 8:15; Cross Creek, 9:16; Durham, 9:50; Marysville, 10:25; Gibson, 10:30, arriving at Fredericton, 10:35.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. Railway for all points East and West, and at Gibson with the N. B. Railway for St. John and all points West and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S. S. Co. for St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

☞ Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN, Superintendent.

Gibson, N. B., May 18th, 1889.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 1889

ON and after Monday, June 10th, 1889, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton 7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene 11.10
Fast Express for Halifax 14.30
Express for Sussex 16.35
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal 16.35

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex 8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec 10.50
Fast Express from Halifax 14.50
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton 20.10
Express from Halifax, Picton and Mulgrave 23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1889.

For Tickets and other information, apply at the office of

JOHN RICHARDS, Agent, Fredericton

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.

ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON, &c.

The Short Line to Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect October 21st, 1889.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.20 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points North.
11.20 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.
3.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, Houlton, Woodstock. Connecting at the Junction with Fast Express via "Short Line" for Montreal and the West.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6.40, a. m.; 4.45, p. m. Fredericton Junction, 8.10, a. m.; 12.50, 6 25, p. m. Mc... Junction, 11.20, a. m.; 2.06, p.m. Vanceboro, ... a. m., 12.10, p. m. St. Stephen, 9.20, 11.30, a... St. Andrews, 6.45, a. m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.20, a. m.; 2.00, 7.15, p...

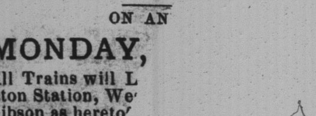
LEAVE GIBSON.

8.00 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

5.30 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

A. J. HEATH, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.
F. W. C[illegible] Gen[illegible]



NORTHERN AN[D] ...
RAIL[WAY] ...
ON AN[D AFTER]
MONDAY, ...
All Trains will L[eave] ...
[Fredericton] Station, We... Gibson as hereto...
All Freight t... received at Fr... and from Gib... Station.