POETRY.

TWO SONNETS.

RUSSIA.

"Russia! Russia! I behold thee from my wondrous beautiful distance."—Gogol.

Saturnian mother! why dost thou devour
Thy offspring, who by loving thee are curst?
Why must they fear thee who would fain be first
To add new glories to thy matchless dower?
Why must they flee before thy cruel power.
That punishes their best as treason's worst—
The treason that despotic claims would burst—
That makes men heroes who in slavery cower?

Upon thy brow the stars of empire burn;
Thy bearing has a majesty sublime.
Thy exiled children ever toward thee yearn;
Nor should their ardent love be deemed a crime.
O mighty mother of men, to mildness turn,
And haste the advent of a happier time!

SIBERIA.

"All hope forego, O ye who enter here!"
Here winds are sweet with breath of myriad flowers,
The skies arch blue o'er lands of richest dowers,
And all the fairest gifts of earth appear.
All hope forego? Why, surely hope, not fear,
Should view this land, whose belting Ural towers
With wealth of gold and precious stones, and powers
Of mighty rivers winding far and near!

Yet look! What mean those melancholy trains
Of desperate men and sad-eyed women, looking back
To bid that awful bourne a last farewell?
Oh, hear those groans, those sighs, those clanking chains,
As on they drag along the hopeless track
That leads, if not to death, to worse than hell!

SELECT STORY.

PAYMENT FOR THE MARE.

BY ALFRED BALCH.

Hank Barton found himself decidedly hard up. He had started out from home in the old farm full of hope, full of promise, full of expectation and trust in the future, and now as he sat on a stone musing over his prospects, he thought to himself what a fool he had been. He remembered, now that it was too late, how his old father had advised him to "stick to the farm and the farm would stick to him," and how he had laughingly replied he meant to make money enough in those new diggings to put the great irrigation ditch through, and turn all those waste acres on the western side into wheat. Then he would come home for good. His mother, too, had urged him to stay, more because she wanted his bright face around than because she doubted his ability to do all that he said he would. She had more confidence in his dreams than his father had. And then Susy, she wanted him to stay; and when he pointed out that Frank Carter had come back in one year with over a hundred thousand dollars, had married her old friend, Katie Blake, and built that beautiful house; and when he said he wanted a yet finer house to put her into, Susy said through her tears that she wanted no house better than Katie's—she only wanted him to stay. It was no use, though; go he would, and he did. And now what had come of it! Here he was in ragged clothes and broken boots, with the magnificent sum of fifty cents in his pocket, and no chance of getting more than he could see. He had tried hard and honestly enough. He had had his chance of success, only to be cheated out of it by sharper men than himself. He had worked at any and everything that turned up. He had been stricken down by fever, and left weak in body and mind, and now he was sitting here upon this stone and the farm was far away. As he thought it all over, it was not too much to say that he drew his hand once or twice across his eyes to dash away—what? He did so long to see the old folks once more—to see Susie and look into her clear gray eyes! He thought he would give a year of his life merely to drive a gang-plough once more, stupid and slow as he used to think that work was.

If he only had a horse, and could get out of that awful circle of mountains and across the desert, then he could walk the rest of the way. And as he thought, the idea of taking one flashed across him, and in a second he saw how easy it would be to do this. They were all down the valley and could be caught. At first he rejected the temptation, for he had been brought up in an honest home, and had in himself that ingrained honesty which makes men do right for right's sake. But his mind had been so affected by the fever that it could not resist the hunger of his heart for home.

A few days afterwards, when bitter, hard old Tom Smith went around among the men in Camp Hood asking "ef any one of you 'uns hez seen my gray mar'?" only to be answered in the negative, the impression got about that a horse was missing. Horse stealing on the boarder is, and always has been, looked upon as being one of the greatest of crimes, and the death penalty so often meted out for it is a severity of punishment only to be understood by those who have found their lives dependent upon their animals.

As a matter of course, there was the usual talk, and after a thorough search for the mare, and a polling of the inhabitants resulted in the discovery that she had certainly gone, and that Hank Barton had gone with her, the cursing at the absent man was both loud and deep. A party started after them, only to return, and in the course of a week or two things had settled down again as usual.

Old Tom had not been among the swearing crowd, although he had been one of the search party; but, for all that, his silence was not looked upon as being indicative of forgiveness. Bitter old Tom Smith, the man who never "let up" on any one who offended him, who had chased Charley Connors for six months, and shot him when he found him, for cheating at cards, who had many a time taken a bag of beans from a man who had nothing else for some small debt—no, Tom Smith was not very likely to forgive.

But the snow shut in the mountains, and, beyond an occasional reference to the stealing, no one thought of it. The winter passed, the summer came, and, towards fall, Tom Smith sold his claim to an Eastern company, and left Camp Hood.

"Don't forget your gray mar', Tom!" called out a man as the coach started.

"I haint," was the grim reply, almost lost in the whirl of dust as the six-horse team started.

"That ol' sinner's jes' capable of hunting down Hank," remarked Billy Gleason to the crowd.

"Wa'al, 'pears t' me ez how Hank orter t' be hunted."

"That's so, boys. Same time he weren't a bad chap, take him all in all."

"No, he weren't. But what'n time did he want t' take Tom's mar' fur? He weren't a bad fellow, but he didn't hev much head."

This being generally agreed to, the crowd, at the invitation of the sheriff, adjourned to the nearest saloon, where, while discussing the newest strike in the "Esmeralda," and the reported new find out towards Lone Pine Canon, the subject lost its interest.

As the weary man on foot, who had walked for days in the sea-like expanse of the great San Juaquin valley, saw the dim outlines of some buildings, his heart fairly leaped within him. He knew he was near home. Pausing on top of one of the little rolls of land in the "hog-wallow" prairie, he looked before him, and the sight rested him, even more than the short stop he made. As he came nearer and nearer, and saw the well-remembered places acquire more and more distinctness, he seemed to get fresh strength, and at last he reached the porch. There, sitting in her chair, just as he remembered her, was his mother, who glancing up, failed to recognize in the bearded man before her the young fellow who had left two years before.

"Mother!"

It did not need more. She knew him then, as with a cry of joy she fell upon his neck and kissed him again and again. Then his father came, whose welcome, if less demonstrative, was as warm. That evening after supper—and how good the old dishes tasted! Hank told his story—with one exception. He told them how he had toiled and worked, how he had been unlucky, how he had made up his mind to come home, how he had sold his horse after getting out of the mountains and had begged and tramped and worked his way along until he had got there at last. "And, father," he ended with, "I mean to stick to the farm in future if the farm will stick to me."

"Well, my boy," replied Mr. Barton, with a glance at his son's general appearance, "I reckon you've learnt the lesson, and I reckon the lesson's worth learning. However, we won't say any more about that now. To-morrow you must go to town and buy some new clothes, and then you'll just be in time to hitch up and put a plough into that eighty-acre field along the branch."

That night, as he sank to sleep in the comfortable old bed he remembered so well, Hank made up his mind he had "learned the lesson" for once and all. The next day he did as his father suggested, and the next he rode over to see Susy. There would be little use in prolonging this part of my story. He found her true and prettier than ever. It may have been two months after that when a quiet wedding took place, and Hank and his bride settled down to "stick to the farm."

Some two years had passed; Mr. Barton, the elder, was dead; the big irrigation ditch had been run, and the farm, with plenty of water, was better than a gold mine. One evening, about half-past six, as Hank was on the porch, he saw Charley Carter drive up, with another man in the buggy.

"Why, Charley, how are you? Light out an' come in, you and your friend."

"Look here, Hank, I want to talk to you," said the sheriff, as he led him to one side. "I've come to arrest you."

"For what?"

"Hoss stealin'."

An almost ashy paleness spread over Barton's face as he looked at the man in the buggy, and for the first time realized that he had stolen old Tom Smith's horse.

"You—you—won't do it afore my wife!"

"Harry," came in a voice from inside the door, "ask the gentlemen to stay to supper, will you? It's just ready."

"After supper, Charley, I'll come with you. But not now, man, not now. She mustn't know."

The sheriff nodded, and turning to the man in the buggy, said, briefly.

"We'll stay to supper here; afterwards he'll come with us."

Old Tom Smith climbed out and came up the steps, looking as wicked and as grim and hard as ever.

"Thought I'd find ye!" he said to Hank, as they passed into the kitchen.

There was Mrs. Barton and the old lady, and they welcomed the visitors pleasantly. During the meal the baby woke up, and insisted, as babies are apt to, that he wanted to sit in his mother's lap. Next to her was Tom Smith; and as the little one crowed and talked as babies talk, stretching out his hands to each in turn, he suddenly made up his mind to go to the old man. So Tom took him. The baby pulled at his beard, and laughed at him, and played with his watch, which it tried to swallow; and the grim old man sat there with the most extraordinary look of wonder on his face one ever saw. The sheriff reminded him it was time to go; but gruffly remarking he "war'n't in no hurry," Tom played with the little fellow, who, at last, went to sleep in the old man's arms. Mrs. Barton took him up and laid him in the cradle while Tom strode out on the porch calling the sheriff after him. The buggy stood there.

"Got that warrant, haint ye?"

"Yes."

"Le's see it."

Taking it from him, Tom tore it into a hundred pieces, and then going up to Hank, he said:

"Don't you worry no more 'bout that ar mar' ov mine. I aint a-goin' to."

"But, Tom, I'll pay for her. Here's a hundred—"

"Throw it in th' branch, or stay. Gin it here."

He took the five twenties, and stepping to the cradle, laid them there. Then stooping softly, he kissed the sleeping child, and turning, joined the sheriff in the buggy.

IF I WERE YOU, MY DEAR.

I wouldn't turn my head to look after fine frocks or impertinent men.

I wouldn't forget to sew the braid around the bottom of my skirt, or the button on my shoe.

I wouldn't feel that I was an ill-treated personage because, though I could play pleasantly, my friends didn't count me a modern Mozart.

I would not, when I could only have one frock, choose a conspicuous one that would mark me as the girl in the red plaid.

I would not, because I was tired and nervous, give snappy, ill-natured replies to questions asked me by those who really cared for me.

I would not get in the habit of speaking in a familiar way of the men I know; when you make them Tom, Dick or Harry they are apt to consider you as Kate, Nell or Molly.

I would not permit any girl friend to complain to me of her mother—it is like listening to blasphemy.

I would not when I brush the dust off my hat forget the cobwebs of distrust and suspicion in my brain.

I would not tell my private affairs to my most intimate girl friend, nor would I ask her impertinent questions.

I would not write silly letters to young men, nor permit them to be familiar with me.

"HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DISEASES."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

THEIR CORRESPONDENCE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"There! I can just see him; he waves his handkerchief again. Look, Lilly; that is Lennox Butler."

"Yes, mamma, I see the handkerchief."

"Well, I hope he will have a pleasant voyage. Don't you, Lilly?"

"Oh, everybody does at this season, mamma; and that is the best steamer on the water, they say."

"And I almost wish we were going, too," said the mother, with a pensive look in her eyes.

"I should like to go when the Grantleys do, if we could afford to do the thing in proper style," said the daughter. "They are so bright and pleasant."

The mother gave a little impatient glance at her daughter, and said no more for a few minutes. At last she said:

"What was he saying to you while I was talking to Mrs. Otterson? Tiresome woman. I tried to avoid her, but it was useless."

"Nothing very important. Several things—that my hat became me, for one thing. I knew that before—and that—oh, yes—he asked me if I would answer him if he wrote to me."

"Well?"

"Oh, I said that I should have to ask you. And he said he should write at any rate."

"I'm glad you are so prudent," said the mother; "but Mr. Butler is a gentleman at all points, and he pays you a compliment when he offers to correspond with you. Of course I shan't object."

"Oh, mamma," cried Lilly, with her own comical little laugh, "I hope you will. I said it on purpose. I hate letter-writing, and I—I shouldn't know what to say to Mr. Lennox Butler on paper. I never do in conversation."

"Oh, well," said the mother, "you can make two dimples in your cheeks, and look up under your eyebrows. And that seems to suit most men quite as well."

She was a fine looking woman, with firm features, and no dimples herself; and a brilliant woman, too. And there was a little pique in her tone.

The daughter did not notice it.

"I practiced that expression in the glass" she said. "When men get beyond me in their conversation I assume it. It saves me a great deal of trouble, but I cannot do it on paper, you know. I don't mind answering notes. 'Thanks. I will go with pleasure. So sorry I am engaged,' and that sort of thing; but a letter! Oh, you must object, mamma."

The mother said nothing. She was only thirty-six herself, very handsome and attractive in her own style. She often wondered how this girl, born when she was eighteen, came to be hers.

She had married a serious, fine-looking merchant of fifty, who had left her a widow before the child was five years old, and this pretty little doll was their only child. She was proud of her beauty, which, happily, she was possessed of means enough to display to the greatest advantage, but they had no likeness to each other whatever.

She said nothing more for a while, and they walked slowly on and mingled with the crowd of people who had been on board the steamer to bid their friends good-bye. Some were in high spirits, chattering of the pleasant weather and the luck of their friends in being able to cross in such a favorable season. Others walked gravely, pondering, perhaps, on serious matters connected with their friends' departure. A few only, and those of the foreign folk amongst the crowd, were shedding tears. Americans either do not feel strongly, or they have thoroughly taught themselves to repress all tokens of emotion.

Old and young, well-dressed and shabby gay or serious, they climbed the slope of the street. Those who had come in carriages passed the pedestrians swiftly and were rapidly lost to view.

It was not until they had reached the door of their own house that Mrs. Elwyn said to her daughter:

"You are very stupid if you do not understand that Lennox Butler is the finest man of our acquaintance, and that his social position and his means combined make him a remarkably good match for any girl."

To which Lily replied: "He is forty, and he never danced. I've no doubt he would want a wife who knows Greek and was scientific. I like a good many men much better."

It does not take long to cross the ocean in these days. A letter from Leunox Butler was amongst the little notes that lay at Lilly Elwyn's plate when she came down to breakfast one morning. She made a little face as she opened it.

"It's on foreign correspondence paper, and looks like a manuscript for publication," she said. "I never shall wade through it. And what a hand! I can't read it."

But the mother read it, and insisted on reading it aloud, and afterward wasted much time in urging her daughter to reply to it. Your lively little creatures are by no means always yielding and obedient. Lilly answered with merry giggles, and made her pretty dimples for her mother's benefit, and raising her arched eyebrows, and shook her dainty head in a comical way. But the sternest refusal could not have been made more final.

At last, in despair, Mrs. Elwyn wrote an answer to the letter herself. She enjoyed the task, and she wrote well. She also wrote a good hand—a hand like her face and person, agreeable to look upon.

So the correspondence began, and it continued.

Mrs. Elwyn having written one letter with Lily's signature, no longer felt any scruples in writing more.

Two of the brightest and best educated people in society matched their wits against each other, their knowledge of literature and human nature, their experiences in life.

"Great Heaven!" said Lennox Butler to himself, as he read those he received," what a wonderful being is that little girl with the flaxen hair and baby blue eyes. She is a companion for any man. The beauty of a child, the mind of a mature woman, the soul of an angel. What could be more delightful than to possess a wife like that? And by degrees the descriptions, the remarks and epigrams of his letters were intermixed with compliments, and finally with more than compliments. Mrs. Elwyn scarcely observed the change. She enjoyed her correspondence tremendously, and it was now a long while since Lilly had even opened the letters. She read and re-read with delight; and thus it came to pass that one morning Mrs. Elwyn sat locked in her own room, actually trembling with agitation, for the letter which had arrived that morning from Mr. Lennox Butler, ended thus:

"We have not known each other long, I know; but our long and frequent correspondence has made us better acquainted with each other than years of mere social intercourse could have done. I always thought you beautiful, but—pardon me—I never dreamed your mind all that it has proved to be—your ideas of life so true, your ambitions so lofty. It is this that has won my heart, and made my love for you a thing that must endure while my life lasts."

Poor Mrs. Elwyn! the situation almost made her ill. It seemed to her that there was no creditable extrication from this dilemma to be hoped for.

"You must accept him, Lilly," she kept repeating. "I am sure you will be mad not to do so. Oh! how can you laugh? I am sure you have encouraged him. I see now that the letters have really led him on to hope—"

"Your letters, not mine, mamma," said Lilly. "Remember that."

"As if I could forget it!" cried Mrs. Elwyn, bursting into tears.

Then Lilly went to her and kissed her.

"I will answer this letter, mamma," she said. "Don't cry. I will refuse Mr. Butler, and he will not wish me to do otherwise when he has once seen my literary effort."

Then she seated herself at her mother's desk and wrote rapidly, for she had really something to say.

"DEAR MR. BUTLER," she began, "I have your last letter here. In it you are flattering enough to offer me your hand and heart. However, you do it without knowing me in the least. You say you like my looks. Thank you, so do some other people; but as for those letters, they cannot tell you what I am at heart, for I never saw them. Yours came. I hate long letters, and I asked mamma to answer for me. I did not even read the next. You have a very fine collection of letters, no doubt. Mamma is all I am not in mind and education. As to heart, if I have any I suppose Will Melton has it, for I am engaged to him. So, you see, it is only a fancy about me. Mamma is desperately serious and blames herself terribly. I hope you won't blame her. It really seems only a good joke to me. I remain, your friend. LILLY ELWYN."

Lilly posted the letter, and Mrs. Elwyn took to her bed in despair. No answer came from Lennox Butler, who had now been abroad for two years. But one day Mrs. Elwyn, coming in from the street in her most becoming walking costume, found him waiting for her in her reception room.

She gave a little cry of surprise; but he came to her and took both hands in his and held them tight, and bent his head and kissed them.

"Say that you are glad to see me back, and want me to stay," he said.

And so it was Lilly's step-father who gave her away when she was married to young Will Melton. And there were at least two happy couples in the world that evening—four people who felt quite sure that they had chosen well and wisely.

GENUINE BOSTON BAKED BEANS

The baked beans and brown bread of Boston have been celebrated in story and song, and the most carping critic must admit that in the preparation of these famous breakfast dishes, Boston cooks have never been excelled. The long, slow process of baking in a covered dish to which the beans are subjected makes them perfectly tender, and yet each one retains its shape distinctly like the kernels in a well-cooked dish of rice. The orthodox beanpot is a pipkin of unglazed earthenware, with a handle and a cover. In the absence of the regulation Boston beanpot, however, a very good dish of beans can be cooked in an earthen gallon jar covered with a plate. It is not always possible to get the regulation beanpot, dealers usually offering iron pots and every kind of cooking pots except the right one with perfect sang froid. Select the small "pea" bean for baking, says an authority, buying it of a trustworthy grocer, to be sure of securing a supply of this season's crop. Old beans are a very unsatisfactory article, though they cost a cent or two less than new beans at retail. Where it is possible to get a winter's supply of these simple vegetables from a trustworthy farmer the difference in quality will pay for the trouble.

The regular method of baking beans in Boston is the easiest, but requires that scrupulous care in following directions which seems so difficult to an uneducated person. The night before the beans are baked they should be thoroughly washed and put to soak in the beanpot in water enough to cover them two inches in depth. In the morning turn this water off the beans, draining them in a colander. Rinse them again in clear cold water; and rinse and wipe out the bean pot. Add to the soaked beans a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of molasses and a teaspoonful of mustard. Mix this seasoning well with the beans; put them in the pot, putting about half a pound of nice salt pork (with rind well scoured or slashed) in the centre. If you object to pork, use a tablespoonful of butter. Cover the beans with cold water to the top of the pot, put on the pot cover and set them in a moderately hot oven at 9 o'clock in the morning. Watch the pot, in spite of the old warning that a "watched pot will not boil;" the water over the beans will soon be absorbed, and you must then cover them again with water—boiling water this time—and keep them under cover of water till about five o'clock in the afternoon. Remove the cover now, and let the beans brown a little on top. They will be nice at six o'clock, but will be better if they are covered and left in the oven till next morning—providing there is only a slight fire in the range. They will be ready to serve for breakfast.

DON'T TRY EXPERIMENTS.

Experimenting with a severe cold, now trying this remedy and then that, is dangerous business; for like lightning one can never tell where a cold may strike or finally settle. It may locate in the head and cause severe nasal catarrh; it may locate in the throat or large bronchial tubes, causing sore throat, laryngitis, bronchitis and consumption; it may locate in the pleura, producing dangerous pleuro-pneumonia; it may locate in the muscles, causing pains and aches, only equaled by rheumatism, or it may locate in the small bronchial tubes or air cells of the lungs, causing lobor-pneumonia, the most to be dreaded of all results from a cold. There is a right way to do everything, so there is a rational treatment for a cold, which must be cured promptly. The first result from a cold is the retardation of every secretive function in the body. Skin, lunge, kidneys and bowels, severally or all are affected. Therefore, the first thing to be done is to restore the functions of these organs. Because of its effect upon the skin, the old fashioned "rum sweat" was an excellent method to restore the action of the pores of the skin. But it is a dangerous method to use, because so few people are willing to confine themselves to the house long enough to recover, and to expose one's self immediately after a sweat or warm bath, is risking your life. In treating a cold among active people, some method must be used that will admit of a person attending to their daily labor as usual. Among such people, probably more colds, more cases of catarrh, bronchitis, sore throat cough and hoarseness, have been cured by the use of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment than any other remedy known. The large circular wrapper round each bottle contains simple and plain directions for treating and curing these complaints. The proprietors, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send to any address, free, a valuable pamphlet on the subject.

IN A NEW LIGHT.

That meanest of mean old sneers at life insurance, that it is providing money for one's widow to enrich another man with, got a superb counter not, long since from a man one of our specials was trying to insure. That was the best part of it; the solicited saw the truth without help from the solicitor, and his own heart argued with him as no outsider could have done or would have been listened to in doing. He was a workman with two small children. The agent had labored with him to no apparent result, and was urging the destitute condition in which his wife would be left in case of his death, when a companion standing by broke in—"Yes, and then she'll marry somebody else, and they'll have a good time on the money you've pinched yourself to put by." "That settles it. I hadn't thought of that," said the listener to the agent, and the latter began to put up his blanks in despair. "Give me an application for $2,000 and I'll fill it out now," he went on, and the gratified and surprised agent lost no time in doing so. "Now," said the applicant, turning to his adviser, "if I die, my wife won't have to marry such a——fool as you to get bread and butter for herself and the children. She married me because she liked to and wanted to; and if she ever marries again, I want it to be for the same reason, and not because she has to or starve. I know her. I know if she is left without a cent, and any decent man offers to support the children, she'll marry him for their sakes; and I know that if she has money enough to give them a fair show without it, she'll do what any woman will do if she can—stay single unless she gets an offer from somebody she wants to marry for her own sake. I can't keep her from marrying a first-rate man if I leave her a widow, and I wouldn't if I could; I can keep her from marrying a good-for-nothing cur for a home, and I'm going to."

WHERE THE WHISKEY SHOWED ITS STRENGTH.

Colonel X. was a south Carolinian, whose capacity in pints was greater than his ability in dollars. For years he had been in the daily habit of visiting the little village store and of going directly to the jug that held the whiskey and drinking a liberal portion without the preliminary of pouring it into a glass. One day the storekeeper turned just in time to see the colonel replacing the jug from which he had taken his customary deep draught. He grew white and stiff, for the jugs had in some way become displaced, and the one which the colonel had calmly set back was the one which held the village supply of sulphuric acid. The colonel walked out of the store without remark and the storekeeper waited in terror to hear the news of his horrible death. None came and the storekeeper marveled much. But the next morning, at his usual hour, in walked the colonel, rosy and cheerful as usual.

"Mornin', Jones," he said, as he made directly for the jug, "this new whiskey of yours has a queer flavor, but I don't object to it."

"Has it disagreed with you in any way?" Asked the amazed Jones.

"Disagreed with me? Why, no. But there is one peculiar thing I've noticed. Ever since I drank it yesterday I've seemed to blow holes in my pocket handkerchief."

SOME TUNNELS.

The Thames Tunnel begun sixty-five years ago, is only thirteen hundred feet long, and took eighteen years to build. The Mersey Tunnel is, with approaches, about four and a half miles long, and the roof of it is thirty feet below the bed of the river. It was found not difficult to make, and cost altogether one million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds; the subaqueous portion, however—about a mile—cost only one hundred and forty thousand eight hundred pounds. The Severn Tunnel is about four miles long, and cost about five hundred thousand pounds per mile. As some two miles of this are subaqueous, the Severn Tunnel is the longest of the kind in the world. Of land tunnels the Saint Gothard is the longest—nearly nine and a half miles—and it cost about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds per mile. The Mont Cenis Tunnel, which is about eight miles long, cost close upon four hundred thousand pounds per mile; while the Arlberg Tunnel, which is six and a half miles long, cost only one hundred and ninety thousand pounds per mile.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

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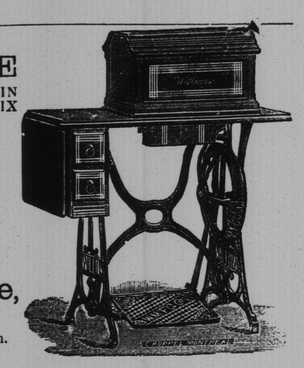
WE SELL THIS for $18, SEWING MACHINE AND THE HIGHEST PRICE MACHINE MADE IN CANADA FOR $27.50. AFTER USING THEM SIX MONTHS, AND NOT SATISFACTORY, MONEY REFUNDED.



CALL AND SEE THEM.

—WE ALSO SELL THE—

Celebrated "White" Sewing Machine,

which took the First Prize Gold Medal over all others at the Paris Exhibition.

ROOM PAPER—We have much pleasure in stating that we have bought in the United States before the rise in Wall Papers, 1700 Rolls, and will be in a position very shortly to show the BEST ASSORTMENT of WALL PAPERS to be had anywhere, in Brown and White, Blacks, Gilts, Granites, Engrain and fine Gold Papers, with Borders to match; and we will offer them at rices never known in this City.

BROWNS FROM 5 CENTS UPWARDS; WHITES FROM 8 CENTS UPWARDS;
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Call and see the Stock and Prices. To arrive this week from Montreal, 8000 Rolls (cheap) Wholesale or Retail.

McMURRAY & CO

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

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Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

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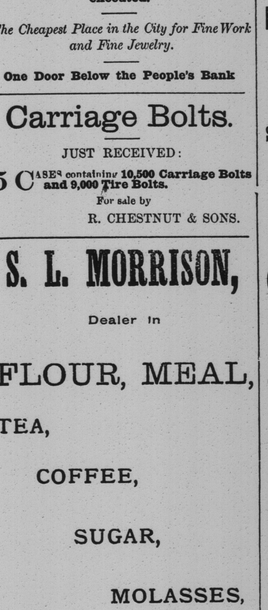

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WATCHMAKER and JEWELER,

HAS IN STOCK A FULL LINE OF

WALTHAM WATCHES

in Solid Gold, Gold Filled and Silver Cases.

Fine Rolled Plate Chains, etc.

and everything usually found in a first-class jewelry store.

A FULL LINE OF

C L O C K S

Of the best makes.

SILVERWARE

In CASTORS, SPOONS, etc., of the Finest Quality.

ENGRAVING

On COFFIN PLATES, SPOONS, etc., neatly executed.

The Cheapest Place in the City for Fine Work and Fine Jewelry.

One Door Below the People's Bank

Carriage Bolts.

JUST RECEIVED:

5 CASES containing 10,500 Carriage Bolts and 9,000 Tire Bolts.

For sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

S. L. MORRISON,

Dealer in

FLOUR, MEAL,

TEA,

COFFEE,

SUGAR,

MOLASSES,

TOBACCO,

CANNED GOODS

—AND—

General Groceries.

QUEEN STREET,

OPP. CITY HALL,

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"Greatest Thing In The World!"

—AT—

Hall's - Book - Store.

This Celebrated Book by DRUMMOND - - - - Can be Procured of M. S. HALL.

"Greatest Thing In The World!"

By DRUMMOND.

HALL'S BOOK STORE

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ALWAYS IN STOCK:

HAY, OATS, STRAW, BRAN, SHORTS, MIDDLINGS, CRACKED CORN, COTTON SEED AND OIL CAKE MEAL, LIME, LAND AND CALCINED PLASTER.

Hard and Soft House Coal.

Best Old Mine Sydney and Grand Lake Blacksmith Coal.

SEED BUCKWHEAT, SEED WHEAT, " OATS, " PEAS, " BARLEY, " CORN.

ALSO,

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,

all CHEAPER than the CHEAPEST.

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THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS, 1st JANUARY, 1889, - $39,722,809.59
ASSETS IN CANADA, " - 870,525.67

Fire Insurance of Every Description at LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

WM. WILSON, Agent.

Per S. S. Nova Scotian.

1 1-2 TONS assorted sizes of CABLE CHAIN, from 3-16 to 7-16 of an inch. Just received at

R. CHESTNUT & SONS

Fresh GARDEN, FIELD, and FLOWER SEEDS

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received his usual large supply of **Garden, Field and Flower Seeds** for the season of 1890 imported direct from the now celebrated house **STEELE BROS., Toronto,** whose seeds gave such universal satisfaction this season.

At the meeting of the Farmers' Convention held in this city during the past winter, the president in the course of his remarks said that the seeds grown by the Steele Brothers Co. of Toronto, were better adapted to the soil and climate of New Brunswick than any other.

ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES OF

Beans, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Parsnips, Onions,

and all small Seeds, either in bulk or in packages—wholesale and Retail.

My Onion Seed for this year is the finest I ever imported.

Yellow Dutch Onion Sets.

Special discount given to Agricultural Societies and Country Dealers.

REMEMBER THE OLD STAND,

GEO. H. DAVIS,

Druggist and Seedsman,

CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STS.

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AT THE

TINSMITHS, - GASFITTERS,

—AND—

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ESTABLISHMENT OF

LIMERICK & DUNCAN,

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THEY would inform the public in general that they will Sell their Goods Cheaper than the Cheapest, and they carry a full line of

KITCHEN FURNISHING AND LUMBERMEN SUPPLIES.

And guarantee all goods made by them to be thorough in Quality and Workmanship.

HOT AIR FURNACES fixed up in the most approved style.

REPAIRING done in all branches with neatness and despatch.

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FOR SALE—A fine MOCKING BIRD. Splendid Singer. Apply at HALL'S BOOK STORE, Fredericton, N.B

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JUST RECEIVED:

300 PAIRS 12 Do. Acme Club Skates; Long Reach "

For sale low, wholesale and retail, at

NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE.

WANTED

RELIABLE PUSHING MEN to sell choice nursery stock. Complete assortment. Splendid opportunity offered for Spring work. My Salesmen have good success, many selling from $100 to $200 per week. Send for Proof and Testimonials. A good pushing man wanted here at once. Liberal terms, and the best goods in the market. Write, R. G. CLYNE, Nurseryman, Perth, Ont.

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FROM NEW YORK.

10 BARRELS best AMERICAN COAL TAR. Just received by

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