POETRY.

ONE YEAR AGO.

What stars have faded from our sky!
What hopes unfolded but to die?
What dreams so fondly pondered o'er
Forever lost the hue they wore:
How like a death knell, sad and slow,
Rolls through the soul, "one year ago!"

Where is the face we loved to greet?
The form that graced the fireside seat?
The gentle smile, the winning way,
That blessed our lifepath day by day?
Where fled those accents soft and low,
That thrilled our hearts "one year ago?"

Ah! vacant is the fireside chair,
The smile that won no longer there:
From door and hall, from porch and lawn.
The echo of that voice is gone.
And we who linger only know
How much we lost "one year ago!"

Beside her grave the marble white
Keeps silent guard by day and night;
Serene she sleeps, nor heeds the tread
Of footsteps near her lowly bed;
Her pulseless breast no more may know
The pangs of life "one year ago."

But why repine? A few more years,
A few more broken sighs and tears,
And we, enlisted with the dead,
Shall follow where her steps have led
To that far world rejoicing go
To which she passed "one year ago."

SELECT STORY.

OONA SAVED HIM.

They sat at the door of the little cottage together. All about them spread the emerald sward of a patch of Ireland.

Oona, with her red-gold hair, her fair pink and white face and her white arms, with dimples at the elbows, looked very, very pretty, though her gown was green and not new and her small feet dressed in clumsy boots and roughly knitted stockings.

The grandmother, withered and toothless, was witch-like enough, in her cap, with its great ruffles, and her short gown of muslin, yellow with age, over a short frieze petticoat.

Before them the ground lay level for miles and miles, dotted with little shealings and dark bogs.

Two geese waddled in and out of a little pond not far from the door, and a dog snored in the shadow of the furze bushes. Oona was speaking.

"I want to go to Americay and be airning, grannie," she said; "airnin' and sendin' home the bit of money like the other girls. I'm weary suppin' milk and atin' praties I niver help to buy. I'll take this bit of money me uncle left me — God rest his soul — and buy me ticket to Americay with it and get a service place. Patsy and Beesy are goin', and I'll not be me lee lane on the great stame-ship. It's a foine toime to be startin' along with the two of of thim."

"Are you forgettin' Jamesie, darlin'?" asked the old woman.

"Forget Jamesie! It's him I think of day an' night, slapin' or wakin'," said Oona, with two big tears in her eyes.

"An' thin, where is the promise ye made him?" asked the old woman, rocking to and fro.

"Ye promised to bide until he sint for ye, or came to make ye his wife. 'Grannie O'Lynn, ye'll mind that she stays safe in the home nist', says he, 'until she flies to mine.' Thim's his words, darlin'; an' I tuk me oath to him. Bide home till Jamesie comes, lassie; there's enough for all."

"Jamesie will never come, grannie," said Oona. "Jamesie is passed out of my life like the flowers that faded last year. I'll see no more of him, unless it may be in Hivin. Some ill has come to him. It's three years since he wint away, an' there's no news of him. He's dead, grannie. He's a schollard, is Jamesie; an' he'd write once a week, he said; an' niver a line — niver wan line! The sea is deep, grannie, an' what is a steerage passenger to a big company, dead or alive? He's no more!"

"I've thought the same at times," said grannie; "but I don't seem to see him dead. I dream of white candles at the head of folks that are dead, an' thim' lyin' quiet; an' whin I drame of him, it's not like that. There's breath an' life in him, but he's troubled — troubled, darlin'."

"It may be some other woman has sthole his heart away from me. He might have been ashamed to let me know it, after the oaths he swore to be thrue to me while there'd be the breath of life in him," said Oona. "But how an iver that may be, I've bided without airnin' too long. You've no son, grannie; and it's fittin' your daughter's daughter that you've mithered since she was a babe, should take the place of them that's gone."

And then they both wept together, almost as women weep over the dead; for it was hard to part. Hard, too, to put away the hope of James O'Donnel sending for them to come to him, for both were to go — grannie to live with them at ease.

Alas! it must needs be done, for cold and hunger, those two wolves who are forever on the track of the Irish peasant, had been very near them of late. So Oona left the cabin and crossed the ocean, with no mischance; and her bright face won her a place, in spite of her "greenness," and she learned fast, and soon there was no want of meat or fire in the cabin. And Oona did not tell her old grannie how sore her heart was. She had hoped against hope, believing that, after all, she would find her Jamesie in America, still true to her, or that at least she would hear of him. Now she was aware of the vast distances of the land to which she had come. It was like looking for a needle in a hay stack to look for anyone even in New York. A year convinced her that she should never see Jamesie in this life, and all her hope was to be able to bring grannie over before age made the old woman too feeble to come.

It was Sunday. Oona, who had nothing to spare for finery, had been to church in her simple cotton gown and neat straw hat, in which she looked better than many other girls in their ribbons and feathers, for she was as fresh and sweet as a daisy. And now she had the rest of the afternoon to herself. She was fond of walking, and the home of her employer was not far from Central Park, and her steps turned into its shaded paths quite naturally.

There were plenty of people there. Girls and their lovers in plenty. The thought of her Jamsie arose within her, and she felt her throat swell. Oh, where was he? If he were dead, where had he perished, and how? If he were false, what fair face had won him?

"There's many a pretty girl, Jamesie," poor Oona said to herself, "but none that loves you so true as me, or ever will."

Tears arose to her eyes; she turned into a less frequented path, and wandered on until she came to a little rustic summer-house that stands alone on a projecting rock, not far from the block-house. Hoping to find herself alone, she entered, but saw in an instant that a man lay there asleep on the beech — a man in ragged clothes, with unkept hair and a stubby beard, with soiled linen, and shoes that were all crushed and trodden aside, with a face that wore the flush of intoxication — a man to run from and to fear, from a woman's point of view. But Oona did not run. She stood still and clasped her hands together, and gazed down upon him, for the face was a face she knew. Changed, degraded as it was, it was James O'Donnel who lay there; her Jamesie, whose silver betrothal ring she wore, the tidiest boy in the parish when he left old Ireland.

"Oh, Mother of Mercy, what has happened to bring him to this?" Oona moaned. "Him that nivir took a dhrop too much! Oh, why did I live to see this? Why?"

She looked at him, sick at heart. The smell of stale liquor lingering about him revolted her. But his head was in an uncomfortable position; his breath was labored.

"Maybe it was sickness brought him to this," she said; and took off her shawl and folded it up to make a pillow for his head.

"Jamesie!" she said softly, "Jamesie! Waken up! It's Oona!"

The man stirred, opened his eyes, and stared at her, then shut them.

"Jamesie!" she said again.

This time he started up, and cried:

"Who is this?" in a strange, quavering voice, like one who had seen a ghost.

"It's Oona, Jamesie," said the girl. "Look, and you'll know me."

"I know you well," he said.

He sat up now; rested his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his hands, and uttered a groan.

"I'm not good to look at, I suppose," he said, "but I'm your own work. You can get comfort out of that, ma'am, an' ye plaze."

He spoke with a sneer, and looked at her cruelly, but with so much reproach in his eyes that her heart told her he thought some ill thing of her.

"My work?" she said. "Oh, Jamesie! whativer did I do but be as thrue to you as a girl could be? Whativer do you mane wid it's bein' my work?"

"Thrue," he responded. "Yes, until a better man came. Oh! he was better; I knew it. But I loved you, and I had your promise, and I toiled, and wrought, and saved, and prayed to all the saints to help me, just for you, Oona; and that you'd come to me wan day was all my thought; and aven whin no answers to me letthers came, I wrote again, thinkin' it some mishtake of the post, until here comes Barry Muldoon, an' greets me in the street, an' shakes me by the hand. 'Och!' says he; did ye hear the news from Ballybofay?'

"'I did not,' says I.

"'Oona Malone is married to the young squireen,' says he. 'Sure her face was her fortune,' he says.

"That's bein' thrue, is it? I've not seen a sober day since that hour, and dhrink brings rags and dirt wid it. But it's your doin', Oona, yours. I thrusted you, and you desaved me."

"O, Jamesie," moaned Oona, "did you belave that of me? Of me, Jamesie? Why, its a lie Barry Muldoon told you, and all because I would not let him court me. 'That's the ring James O'Donnel put upon my finger,' says I, 'and I'll think of none but him until I go marry him in Americay.' Why, the squireen niver came nigh us but once, to get a dhrink of butthermilk from grannie, and took no heed of me. Why should he, with a foine young lady of his own, and thim like turtle doves? And it's him sthole the letthers, na doubt, for he promised to bring them over, grannie having no cart or horse at all. And, oh! if it had been so, Jamesie, what right had ye to change the man God made you to what you've come to now? I'd not have been worth it, Jamesie, if I was a queen."

Jamesie looked at her a moment, and broke down. The tears came dropping through his fingers.

"Not thrue!" he sobbed. "And I've come to this for naught."

"And I've mourned ye for dead, Jamesie, and find ye worse," sighed Oona.

"How did you come here?" Jamesie asked, when he had conquered his emotion.

"I jist walked in unknownst," said Oona.

"I'm livin' at sarvice this year here in Americay."

"I suppose you hate me now, Oona?" said Jamesie.

The girl looked steadily and sadly at him.

"I'm very discontented wid ye," she said, "at present. How can I help but be so?"

She reached out her hand for her shawl.

"Did you put that under me durthy head, Oona?" asked Jamesie.

"Yis," said Oona. "Yis, Jamesie."

"You don't hate me, Oona," said the man. "And look ye, my girl, that thought is enough to make me sthrong again the drink. I only took it to drown me sorrows. I hate the stuff."

"I'll not touch ye now, nor be seen wid ye to disgrace ye; but twelve weeks from this day mate me on the steps of St. Ann's church and ye'll find me ould self there, sober and dacent. Give me your promise for that, Oona. I'll not come unless all is as it should be."

"God bless and help ye, Jamesie," sobbed the girl. I'll be there."

She took a little rosary from her bosom and handed it to him.

"Let this be for a token betwixt us," she said.

Then he left her and she dared not look after him.

But every night she prayed that Jamesie might have strength to do as he promised, and on the twelfth Sunday she stood on the church steps. She did not see him at first, but suddenly an arm was thrust through the crowd, and a rosary was dropped into her hand, and turning she looked on Jamesie, the old Jamesie, sober and in his right mind.

"Never a drop has passed my lips since we met, Oona," said he, "nor ever shall. Are you discontented with me still. Oona — me faithful Oona, mavourneen?"

But she was quite content, and he knew that before she said it. And a year from that day, the old grandmother came to them and they were married.

A CHEAP FLOWER STAND.

A little model comes from the piazza of a southern country home. It was made by the home carpenter, and has been repeated in different heights for various corners. It holds the brass hooped water bukect, in the cover of which lies the cocoanut, or metal, or silver dipper. This convenient supply of drinking water is a marked feature in the southern home, and there is a peculiar charm nad feeling of health and purity about i.

A part of a beam, not too heavy, forms the suppor; a round of cross wood the top. This round may also form the base. or the joints may be separate pieces. It makes a solid. firm stand, for the large tub of hydrangea, or the less luxuriant geranium or begonia, besided the steps. Paint it green or red.

If needed in sitting room or library, use enamel paint, or the stain of walnut, oak or cherry. Put a covering of plush or felt over the top, and a deep furniture network fring around the circle, and it is a firm, handsome stand for a bronze or china ornamental figure or large lamp.

Washington Star: Trees have a boughing acquaintance.

LOVE'S MISTAKE.

"I do wonder," mused Nina Ross, as she twisted the pretty wild flowers in her large straw hat, "whether Edward Percy really cares anything for me? No, it can't be. Still," and a soft light stole into her merry brown eyes, "he certainly did pay me very marked attention at Lou Merritt's party the other evening; everyone noticed it. He is very handsome, so tall and stately, and with such magnificent eyes? Oh, dear? How silly I am! Quite likely he has not given me a thought since."

"What is silly, Miss Ross?"

Turning quickly, Nina discovered a pair of laughing blue eyes looking down upon her from an altitude of six feet. Coloring painfully, the girl arose to a standing posture, struggling hard the while to regain her composure.

"Pardon me if I came upon you too suddenly, but, seeing you sitting here so composedly, I was tempted to come and ask for a share in this rustic seat, as well as in your meditations."

How the blushes rose on Nina's cheeks as she thought of her meditations of a moment before! But summoning all her courage, she said, "Don't be alarmed. Mr. Percy, and deprecate yourself too much. I was just a trifle startled, not having heard your approach; but I have fully recovered from the shock."

And she gave vent to a little silvery laugh, as she made room for him on the seat beside her.

"Now, queen of the flowers," glancing at her flower-crowned hat, "tell me what you thought was so 'silly' when I disturbed you a few moments since?"

Again the hot blood rushed to Nina's face, and she looked up at him confusedly; but, seeing only a look of expectancy, which gave place to one of surprise, as he noticed her embarrassed manner, she quickly recovered herself, and answered gaily. "Oh, the whole of mankind in general, but more particularly myself, for indulging in such idle fancies."

"Give me an outline of your dreams this afternoon — allowing me to judge whether you should condemn yourself so severely."

"Positively they were of so little consequence that I couldn't bring half of them to mind. How long do you intend remaining in our little watering-place, Mr. Percy?"

"I had intended staying about two weeks when I first came; I don't know when I shall return now."

The accent on the "had" was so marked that there was no mistaking his meaning; and Nina's eyes fell beneath his searching glance. Rising hurriedly, she said, "Will you accompany me home? The sun seems to be invading our dominions."

"Certainly — with pleasure." And the least perceptible smile quivered round his mouth, as he rose to accompany her. "Permit me," and, taking the hat from her arm, he hung it by the ribbons on his own.

Ah! the walk through that lane they never forgot; the sunbeams, shining through the heavy foliage of trees, sported among Nina's curls, transforming every brown tress into a thread of gold; and, as she raised her sparkling eyes and flushed face to his, Edward Percy thought he had never seen so fair a picture.

For three years this man of the world had travelled over the Continent; no place in its whole domains had been unexplored by him; and now, weary with the wealth and glitter of fashionable life, he had taken refuge in the quiet town of Glendale for a short sojourn. He, of course, soon became the hero of the day; the eloquent Mr. Percy was in constant demand. As Nina was the acknowledged belle in her own circle, he soon made her acquaintance, and Edward Percy found his heart drawn towards this girl with a power hitherto unknown. His visit was already lengthened to a month; and, as he said, he knew not when he should return.

"Here we are at last," cried Nina; "and here is mamma waiting in the parlor for us with some iced lemonade; she must have seen us coming some time ago, and gotten it ready."

"Yes, you loiterers; it was indeed, some time ago when I first discovered you coming through the lane. It has taken you a good long time to reach home," said Mrs. Ross, mischievously.

"Ah, Mrs. Ross, you would have taken much longer than we did. Why, it is positively fairy-land! I never enjoyed myself so thoroughly in my life. See what I have brought as a memento." And Edward displayed a bunch of flowers which he had gathered. "Miss Nina," added he, turning to where she was standing, "may I have one of these roses in your hat to put with my memorials?"

They were alone now; she made no answer, but quietly detached a rose, and handed it to him.

"Thank you: I shall keep it for ever as a reminder of one of the happiest periods in my existence," said he, bending down until his lips almost touched her brow.

Nina was the first to recover her self-possession.

"Mr. Percy, we are neglecting our lemonade."

"Is it so very important that we should remember it?"

"Yes, indeed, just at present for I am very thirsty," said she, laughingly seating herself.

Edward followed her example. For a long while they chatted merrily on a variety of subjects; at last he thought of the time, and, glancing at his watch, was surprised to find how quickly it had flown.

"Really, I had no idea it was so late; it is after six o'clock."

"The hours have passed very pleasantly," she answered.

"I am glad," said he, in a low tone, as he took her hand. "Will you be disengaged to-morrow afternoon? If so, I should be pleased to call on you."

"I will be at home, Mr. Percy, and very happy to receive your call."

"Adieu, then," and, pressing the little hand slightly, he gracefully raised his hat and was off.

* * * * *

The days and weeks flew by, each hour fraught with its own particular pleasure. At the numerous little parties given in honor of Edward Percy, he and Nina were thrown much together. Courteous to all, none imagined there existed in his heart a warmer feeling and regard towards one of his numerous lady acquaintances more than to another; and Nina hid her true feelings skilfully. Both kept their secret locked in their own breasts.

It was now drawing towards the latter part of September, and over two months since Edward first made his appearance in Glendale. His friends loudly expressed their disapprobation as he talked of leaving.

"Time has fled delightfully," he said, "but important business calls me away."

And how had the autumn passed to Nina? Like a delicious dream. Oh, time seemed so short! Why could it not last for ever? Every one was so kind, and did so much to make her happy, that it seemed as though her cup of joy was filled to overflowing. And was this all? Was there no footfall that caused her heart to throb more quickly? No well-known voice that sounded sweeter than music to her ears? Ah, who has not experienced the bliss of their first love-dream — the purest, and happiest time of their lives? He had spoken no words of love, but in the glance, in the touch of his hand, she read the same "old story."

"Oh, have you heard the news?" cried Ada Roberts, one of Nina's intimate friends, bursting into the room where the latter was sitting reading, "I don't believe you have; so I'll tell you. Edward Percy is going away the day after to-morrow — and that is not all, he is going to be married? That is the important business he is going to transact. He — why, are you ill?"

"No, no! it was only an attack of faintness; it is over now; go on!" said Nina, in a constrained voice.

"Well, that is all. When I asked him about going away, he said he hoped to return very soon. I wonder if he is going to bring his bride here on a visit? He has quite fallen in love with our little town. Really, I must go, for I am in a great hurry. But ain't it funny? I always imagined he thought a great deal of you. There, I won't talk any more, for you are looking really ill. Good bye!" And, stooping, she kissed Nina, and danced merrily out of the room, little thinking how much mischief she had done.

For a full quarter of an hour after the light-hearted girl had departed Nina sat motionless as a statue, every vestige of color gone from her face, giving no sign of her inward suffering save a tired, strained expression which crept into her face, and which was more eloquent than tears. Suddenly a shudder convulsed her whole frame, her head dropped on her hands, and, as a heart-broken sob escaped her, she moaned, "Oh, Father, help me!"

The shadows of twilight were closing around her ere she moved her position. Rising, she walked to the window, and pressed her aching brow against the cool glass.

"I can't bear it — oh I can't bear it! So good, so noble, and so — false! Yes," and a bitterness came into her tone, "I will ride with him to-morrow as I have promised and then bid farewell to my hopes."

Her voice faltered, and tears, the first she had shed, rained down her cheeks; but they proved a blessing, and brought her relief which enabled her to gain the much-needed composure for the coming morrow.

"Miss Nina, you are not looking well this afternoon," said Edward, with an air of tender solicitude, as he assisted her to mount her horse.

"I am tolerably well, thank you," answered she, coldly; adding, with a forced laugh, "I fear you will find me rather a dull companion, as a severe headache of yesterday has not quite worn off."

He glanced at her quickly, as he noticed her tone was different from her usual happy one. A shadow was thrown over his heart, and for a long while they rode on in silence. At last, turning suddenly, he spoke in a low earnest tone:—

"Nina — Miss Ross — I go away to-morrow, but, before I go, may I have the pleasure of knowing that I am regarded by you with more interest than an ordinary acquaintance? During the months of my stay here I have learned to love you, deeply, truly, with such a love as comes to man but once in a life-time. Darling, has not my affection awakened one answering chord in your heart? Speak, if but one little word."

All this time, Nina, much surprised, had listened like one in a dream. Glad surprise and joy filled her heart; was it then false that he loved another? At that thought, doubt filled her mind again, and her face grew grave.

"Speak, darling!" he urged. "Why do you hesitate?"

She turned suddenly towards him.

"Mr. Percy, is it not true that you are to be married soon? You — you are trifling with me."

"Nina!" he cried, earnestly, "you cannot think that! I have spoken to your parents on this subject, have gained their consent and — Darling, you are ill!"

No she was not ill; but the revulsion of feeling was too much for her, and the girl nearly fainted.

Edward Percy was married soon, after all, but Nina was his bride, and a happier one never lived.

STAFFORDSHIRE DIALECT.

"The Staffordshire dialect," says E. L. Wakeman, "is somewhat similar to that of the lowly Cheshire. An old lady, impatient of what she conceived to be an 'oopstart' bookish way in arriving at exact information, remarked to me with some show of spirit: 'Theigh thenkst theyt sumbuddy, with theight dicsionary nonsense; but Oi thenkst theight a regular feu (foo, fool)!'

"A potter will greet a fellow with: 'Well, Tum (Tom), lad, haa dew?' 'Haa dew?' is the invariable answer. 'Er' is universally used for 'she'; and degrees of nearness are indicated by 'It's amyer nearer,' and 'It's aymest nearest.' The following conversation which I caught from two potter 'throyers' at their work on a Saturday morning, regarding a prospective visit to the playhouse, of which they are all very fond, is as good an illustration as can be given of Staffordshire dialect among the lowly:—

"We'rt goin' t'night?"

"Well, w'ats say bait going t' plee?"

"Well. w'ats theighr on?"

"King Dick."

"N' w'ats t' after-peyce loike?"

"Well, Oi canna just remember naa. But Oi dasseay et'll be a proper good fearce."

"Wer shan we meight (meet)?"

"Oi'll seey theigh 't thee ay-ter dooar."

"Aye; thait'll dew."

"Oi'll be theer!"

THE PERFECTION OF POLITENESS.

In a company in which I found myself lately, says a writer in the New York Star, the conversation turned upon politeness, which some one well defined as "timely thoughtfulness, with human sympathy behind it." One member of the party told of the most thorough bit of true politeness he ever saw.

"Some time ago," said he, "a friend of mine gave a little dinner, to which a young friend, his wife and their little child were invited. The child, only three years old, was a very precocious, bashful, and terribly sensitive little one. During the dinner she upset a glass of water upon the table-cloth, and hastily noticed the looks in her direction. Her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears.

"At that moment my friend who gave the dinner knocked over his own glass with a crash that drew every eye in his direction. He laughed over the matter, said it made no difference, etc., and completely succeeded in withdrawing attention from the child, who soon smiled again.

"That I consider to have been the perfection of politeness."

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms — Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

HE KNEW HER.

How A Mashing Dude Was Cooly Squelched by A Conductor.

A State street cable train was gliding along toward the suburban portion of Chicago city one afternoon of last week. On the side of a car containing about fifteen passengers sat a fashionably dressed young man and on the other side of the car sat a fashionably dressed lady. It somehow happened that the young man saw the lady and was favorably impressed with her appearance. He believed that the stylish fit of his clothes, added to his charms of face and figure, was sufficient to please almost any member of the fairer sex and he endeavored to make her aware of his presence. Her charming eyes wandered all around him but never for an instant rested on him, in spite of his endeavors to have them do so. His admiration for her was not lessened by the conclusion he finally reached that she would not commit herself to any action that might be presumed to even suggest the possibility of a flirtation. Just then he saw her give the conductor, who was standing on the rear platform, a very warm look. There was no mistaking its meaning for it certainly expressed more than mere chance acquaintanceship. Ah, those street-car conductors are sly fellows and they flirt with every woman along their line who is so indiscreet as to such foolish and dangerous things. They appear to be very busy harvesting their perennial crop of nickels, but if you will observe them very closely you will see them stealing side glances at almost every attractive woman who rides with them. And they watch the occupants of the car and if any flirtations are engaged in they always know it and make a mental note of the ones who take part in them. What a lot of private detective work street car conductors could do if they only would. All of this flashed through the young man's mind and for an instant he regretted that he had not become a street car conductor. He greatly envied that particular one, but thought that if the lady would smile on a car conductor she might do so on him and he resumed his endeavors to attract her attention. Presently she went to the door and the conductor smilingly assisted her from the car when waving him a pretty farewell she was soon lost to view. The young man went to the rear platform of the car hoping to receive some slight recognition that his presence in the car had been noted by her, but he was disappointed. "A very fine looking lady," said he to the conductor, hoping to draw him out and learn something concerning her without appearing to be overly anxious to do so. "Do you think so?" returned the conductor. "Well, I should say so," continued the young man. "Does she often ride on your car?" "Quite frequently," was the reply. "I wish I held your position. I've no doubt you know her name and address?" added he with a questioning reflection. "Yes, I may say I do," returned the nickel gleaner. Here the young man extracted a three for half-a-dollar cigar from his case and offered it to to the conductor. It was accepted with thanks. "Ah, er-would you mind telling me who the lady we were speaking of is and where she resides?" the young man finally ventured to ask. "Why, no; I guess she won't find fault with me for doing so," was the reply. "She never need know it," said the other. "Well, she is Mrs. John Smith, of No. so-and-so Blank street." "Mrs?" said the young man, with forceful sadness. "What does her husband do?" "He is conductor on this car," returned the other calmly. The young man evidently reached his destination, for he left the car just at that point.

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 mstake 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.

A smart little boy in Utica is — or was, rather — ambitious to become a letter carrier. A few days ago he secretly secured a bundle of old love letters that his mother had treasured since her courtship days, and distributed them from house to house throughout the neighborhood. The sequel is not related but the probability is that this bright youth has no further aspiration in the letter-carrier line

Somerville Journal: Poets are born not made—but a good many spring poets are maids and old maids too.

Boston Transcript: It seems to be the opinion of a large number of financiers that no stock can be floated without water.

TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper; at all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR TRADE MARK 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.

ROOM - PAPER.

—WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK OVER—

30,000 Rolls Room Paper,

And a large consignment of Fine Felts and Ingrains, with Borders to Match, now on the way from New York, which we will sell at Lower Prices than ever known in the history of Wall Paper.

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

M'MURRAY & CO.

P. S.—On hand, a large stock of

PIANOS, ORGANS,

— AND THE — CELEBRATED AMERICAN WHITE S. MACHINE,

Which took First Prize, the Gold Medal, from all competitors at the World's Exposition at Paris.

Prices Very Low, and if not satisfactory after using them three months, money Refunded.

We Employ no Agents, but give the Large Commission paid Agents to the Buyer.

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PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

R. BLACKMER,

PRACTICAL 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 CLOCKS

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, MOLOSSES, TOBCCO, CANNED GOODS —AND— General Groceries.

QUEEN STREET, OPP. CITY HALL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

JUST STORED:

BROOMS, (Extra Values.)

CODFISH, SPICES,

Armour's Canned Beef, (Patent Keg Attachment.)

Coffee, Soaps,

FOR SALE LOW.

A. F. RANDOLPH & SON.

C. C. GILL, PAINTER, House and Sign Decorator.

Tinting in OIL or WATER COLOR. PAPERING and GRAINING. EXPRESSES and WAGONS Painted at Short Notice.

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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.

Office and Warehouse: Campbell St., above City Hall

JAS. TIBBITS.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE IN THE CITY FOR SALE.

The Subscriber offers for Sale his Lot on the Corner of Smythe and Charlotte Streets, in the City of Fredericton, containing One Quarter of an Acre, with House and Barn thereon. The buildings are in first-class repair. The house is heated by a furnace, and the cellar is frost-proof.

Terms easy. Possession given on the 1st day of May.

The premises can be inspected between 10 and 6 p. m. on any week day.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned or to HENRY B. RAINSFORD, Barrister, Fredericton.

ROBERT H. RAINSFORD.

Fredericton, February 17, 1891.

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 last 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. FREDERICTON.

AT THE TINSMITHS, - GASFITTERS, —AND— PLUMBERS ESTABLISHMENT OF

LIMERICK & DUNCAN,

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They would inform the public in general that they will Sell their Goods Cheaper than he 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 fitted up in the most approved style.

REPAIRING done in all branches with neatness and despatch.

Telephone 166.

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.

$50.00 IN CASH GIVEN AWAY.

The publishers of the Fredericton Globe will present $50.00 in cash as a first, $10.00 as second and $5.00 as a third prize, to be given to the persons sending in the largest number of words made up from the letters contained in the words "Fredericton Globe." This offer is open to paid up subscribers only, and parties desirous of competing for these Cash Prizes must send in their names and P. O. address, accompanied by $1.00 for one year's subscription to the Globe.

No letter in the words Fredericton Globe to be employed more frequently than it appears in those words.

In case of a tie the first sender will be entitled to the prize. Send your list in early.

Write on one side of the paper upon which you send your list. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will govern the contest. Address.

CROCKET & MACHUM. Props. Fredericton Globe.

P. O. Box, 315. Fredericton, N. B.