

POETRY.

NOTHING TO SAY.

Nothing to say, my daughter! Nothing to say—
Grylls that in love, I've noticed, gaily
has their way—
Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks
objected to me—
Yit here I am, and here you are, and your
mother where is she?

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO.

REVENGE OF EDMOND DANTE.

At half-past eight in the evening Dan-
gers' grand salon, the gallery adjoining,
and the three other drawing-rooms on
the same floor, were filled with a perfumed
crowd, who sympathized but little in the
event, but who all participated in that
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THE BEST. WILLEY'S EMULSION OF PURE NORWEGIAN OIL. GOD LIVER OIL. HYPHOPHOSPHITES.

Best Quality of Pure Norwegian Oil. Best Preparation of Hypophosphites. Best Value for the Money. 50c.

R. C. MACREDIE, Plumber, Gas Fitter, AND TINSMITH.

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he is a business on Queen Street.

OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE, where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL BELL HANGING, Speaking Tubes, &c.

FANCY GOODS AT FAIR PRICES. Gold Pens, Albums, Panels, Dressing Cases, Work Boxes, Manicure Sets, Ladies Companions, Smokers Sets, Fancy Baskets, Purses, Satchels, Opera Glasses, Ink Stands in Olive Wood, Books of Poetry, Books of Adventure, Books on Travel, Books on History, Books on Theology, Books for Children, Teachers Bibles, Besides many other requisites too numerous to mention.

Hall's - Book - Store. EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. ALL PERSONS having any claims against the Estate of the Hon. Richard Bellamy, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested, to the undersigned Executor, viz. to HARVEY CHERRY, Barrister, Fredericton, N. B., within three months from this date. All persons indebted on the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Dissolution Notice. NOTICE is hereby given that the professional co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name WILSON & WILSON, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

Scotch Fire Bricks and Fire Clay. Just Received from Glasgow. 5000 A Fire Clay. For sale by JAMES S. NEILL.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites is both a food and a remedy. It is useful as a fat producer and at the same time gives vital force to the body. It is beneficial in CONSUMPTION because it makes fat and gives strength, and because it cannot be assimilated when the system is in a state of debility. It is beneficial for SICKLY CHILDREN because it can assimilate it when they cannot assimilate ordinary food. It is beneficial for COUGHS AND COLDS because it heals the irritation of the throat and builds up the body and overcomes the difficulty.

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE FOR THE CHRISTMAS TRADE. Granite Iron Ware in Tea Pots, Coffee Pots, Sauce Pans, Pudding Pans, Rice Boilers, etc.; Pearl Agate Ware in the above line; Carpet Sweepers, Mrs. Potts' Irons, Clothes Wringers, Hearth Brushes, Coal Hods, Coal Vases, Fire Iron Sets, Dinner Bells, Call Bells, With a large line of Fancy and Plain House Furnishing Hardware. For sale low by JAMES S. NEILL.

NEW GROCERIES. New Valencia Layer Raisins; New London Layer Raisins; New Currants and Figs; New Citron, Orange and Lemon Peels; New Fresh Ground Pure Spices. A splendid assortment of Delicacies, Preserves, Jams and Jellies, Sauces, Pickles, Relishes.

ROLLED OATMEAL in Whole and Half Barrels. Graham Flour, OATS, BRAN and HEAVY FEED. G. T. WHELPLEY.

The Sun. During 1893 THE SUN will be of surpassing excellence and will print more news and more pure literature than ever before in its history. The Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year Daily by mail, - - - \$6 a year Daily and Sunday, by mail, - - - - - \$8 a year Address THE SUN, New York.

Meat Choppers. JUST RECEIVED: A DOZ. Enterprise Meat Choppers, Tinned from 4 Doz. Meat Choppers in the country - well established fact. The time is much better than the Baltimore Iron. These Choppers are simple, easily taken apart and cleaned, and will last a life time. Every family should have one. For sale by R. CHESNUT & SONS.

MCMURRAY & CO. Have now on hand an immense stock of

ORGANS AND PIANOS which they will sell at the lowest possible prices; also a few new First Class in every respect. - FOR ONLY - \$25.00. Fully Guaranteed. If not entirely satisfactory after three months trial, Money refunded. CALL AND SEE THEM. McMurray & Co.'s Book and Music Store.

Abraham Lincoln When leaving his home at Springfield, Ill., to be inaugurated president of the United States, made a farewell address to his old friends and neighbors, in which he said, "REMEMBER GIVE YOUR BOYS A CHANCE." These words come with as much force today as they did thirty years ago.

How give them this chance? Up in the Northwest is a great empire waiting for young, and sturdy fellows to come and develop it and "grow up with the country." All over this broad land are the young fellows, the boys that Lincoln referred to, seeking to better their condition and get on in life.

Here is their chance! The country referred to lies along the Northern Pacific R.R. Here you can find pretty much anything you want. In Minnesota, and in the Red River Valley, or North Dakota, the finest of prairie lands fitted for wheat and grain, or as well for diversified farming. In Western North Dakota, and Montana, are stock ranges limitless in extent, clothed with the most nutritious grasses.

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These seeking for new homes should take this train and go and spy out the land. To be prepared, write to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

The Deacon's Thoughts—Good Boy—Here is that penny you gave me to put on the contribution plate. I made a mistake and put it in a button instead. Father—Hum! What did Deacon Sharp say when he saw it? Good boy—He didn't notice it. I guess the church is out of kindling wood, 'cause I heard him mutter something about getting more chips from the old block.

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George—I never knew any one to have such atrocious taste as Ethel Pierce. She sent me that hideous vase for a birthday present. Look at it! Nellie—Good gracious! I sent it to her last year.

English spavin liniment removes all hard, soft or lumpy swellings and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bones, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, toughs, etc. Save \$50 by using one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

John—When I do marry I intend to marry a sensible girl, if I can find one. Tom—Now, there's Miss Slattery; she gave me a girl. John—Just the girl I want. Won't you introduce me.

Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry is the safest, surest and best known remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Troubles. The Children's Favorite. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

Annis—It is not very gallant for Mr. Bell to speak of ladies as brags. I should be mad enough if he called me that. Kate—Oh, he never will, I am sure. It was only last week he told me you were no chicken.

OPEN AS DAY. It is given to every physician, the formula of Scott's Emulsion being no secret; but no successful imitation has ever been offered to the public. Only years of experience and study can produce the best.

Pay as you go, is my rule, said the man who was about to rent a house. Excuse me, replied the real estate agent, but we can't wait for you to go. You'll have to pay in advance.

Rich, mange and scratches of every kind, on human or animal, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Miss Giddyon—I don't see why they put second hands on watches. Mr. Spout (newly elected to the legislature)—Why, my dear, no motion ever comes to anything without a second.

Nervous headache, wakefulness, relieved by inhaling Johnson's Anodyne Liniment freely. My old aunt out in the country has sent me a jar of branded peaches, said Mr. Lushforth to a row of friends. Now, while I don't like peaches, still I fully appreciate the spirit in which they were tendered.

CHAPTER XLII. THE FLIGHT TO BELGIUM. A FEW MINUTES after the scene of confusion produced in the saloons of M. Dan- gers' grand salon, the gallery adjoining, and the three other drawing-rooms on the same floor, were filled with a perfumed crowd, who sympathized but little in the event, but who all participated in that love of being present wherever there is anything fresh to be seen.

At each moment, in the midst of the crowd, the buzzing, and the laughter, and the usher's voice was heard announcing some name, and which was acknowledged by a slight movement in the different groups. But for one whose privilege it was to agitate that ocean of human waves, how many were received with a look of indifference or a sneer of disdain! At the moment when the hand of the massive timepiece, representing Edmond's asleep, pointed to nine on its golden face, and the hammer, the faithful type of mechanical thought, struck nine times, the name of the Count of Monte-Cristo resounded in its turn, and, as if by an electric shock, all the assembly turned towards the door. The count was dressed in black, and with his habitual simplicity; his white waistcoat displayed his expansive noble chest, his black stock appeared singularly remarkable, contrasting as it did with the deadly paleness of his face. The count perceived at once Madame Danglers at one end of the drawing-room, M. Danglers at the other, and Eugenie in front of him. He first advanced towards the baroness, who was chatting with Madame de Villefort, who had come alone. Valen- tine being still an invalid, and without turning aside, so clear was the road left for him, he passed from the baroness to Eugenie, whom he complimented in such rapid and measured terms, that the proud artist was quite struck. Near her, Louise d'Armillay, who thanked the count for the letters of introduction he had so kindly given her for Italy, which she intended immediately to make use of. On leaving these ladies he found himself with Danglers, who had advanced to meet him.

Having accomplished these three social duties, Monte-Cristo stopped, looking around him with that expression peculiar to a certain class, which seems to say, "I have done my duty, now let others do theirs." And, as if he were in an adjoining room, had shared in the sensation caused by the arrival of Monte-Cristo, and now came forward to pay his respects to the count. He found him completely surrounded; all were eager to speak to him, as it is always the case with those whose words are few and weighty. The notaries arrived at this moment, and arranged their scarlet papers on the velvet cloth embroidered with gold which covered the table prepared for the signatures; it was a gilt table supported on lions' claws. One set down, the other remained standing. They were about to proceed to the reading of the contract, which half Paris assembled was to sign. All took their places, or rather the ladies formed a circle, while the gentlemen commented on the feverish agitation of Andrea, on M. Danglers' riveted attention, Eugenie's composure, and the light and sprightly manner in which the baroness treated this important affair.

The contract was read during a profound silence. But as soon as it was finished, the buzz was rebuffed through all the drawing-rooms; the brilliant suns which were to be at the command of the two young people, and which crowned the display which had been made in a room entirely appropriate for that purpose of the wedding presents, and the young lady's delusion, had resounded with all their delusion on the jealous assembly. Mile. Danglers' charms were heightened in the opinion of the young men, and for the moment seemed to out- vie the sun in splendor. As for the ladies it is needless to say that, while jealous of these millions, they thought they did not require them to render them beautiful. Andrea, surrounded by his friends, complimented, flattered, beginning to believe in the reality of his dream, was almost bewildered. The notary solemnly took the pen, flourished it above his head, and said, "Gentlemen, the contract is ready to sign."

The baron was to sign first; then the representative of M. Cavalcanti, senior; then the baroness; afterwards the future couple, as they are styled on the ceremonious stamped papers. The baron took the pen and signed, then the representative. The baroness approached, leaning on Mme. de Villefort's arm. "My dear," said she, as she took the pen, "is it not vexatious?" An unexpected incident, in the affair of murder and theft at the count of Monte-Cristo's in which he nearly fell a victim, deprives us of the pleasure of seeing M. de Villefort.

"Indeed," said Monte-Cristo, approaching. "I am much afraid I am the involuntary cause of that absence."

"What! you, count," said Madame Danglers, signing; "if you are, take care, I shall never forgive you." Andrea pricked up his ears.

"But it is not my fault; as I shall endeavor to prove." Every one listened eagerly; Monte-Cristo, who so rarely opened his lips, was about to speak. "You remember," said the count, during the

"Capital! How did you get this passport?"

"When I went to ask M. de Monte-Cristo for letters for the directors of the theatres at Rome and at Naples, I expressed my fears of travelling as a female; he perfectly understood them, and undertook to procure for me a man's passport; and two days after I received this, to which I have added with my own hand, 'travelling with his sister.'"

"Well," said Eugenie, cheerfully, "we have then only to pack up our trunks; we shall start the evening of the wedding—that is all."

"How much have we, Louise?"

"Twenty-three thousand francs."

"And as much as least, in pearls, diamonds, and jewels," said Eugenie. "We are rich. With forty-five thousand francs we have enough to live on as princesses during two years, and comfortably during four; but before six months you will have your music, and I with my voice—we shall double our capital. Now, the portmanteau! let us make haste."

"You are a perfect Amazon, Eugenie!" And the two girls began to heap into a trunk all the things they thought they should require.

"There now," said Eugenie, "while I change the costume do you lock the portmanteau." Louise pressed with all the strength of her little hands on the top of the portmanteau.

"But I cannot," said she; "I am not strong enough; do you shut it!"

"Ah, you are right," said Eugenie, laughing; "I forgot I was Hercules, and you only the pale Omphale!"

And the girl, kneeling on the top, pressed the two parts of the portmanteau together, and Mademoiselle d'Armillay gave the bolt of the padlock through. When this was done, Eugenie opened a drawer, of which she kept a key, and took from it a wadded violet silk travelling cloak. "Here," said she, "you will see I have thought of everything; with this cloak you will not be cold."

"But you?"

"Oh, I am never cold, you know! Besides, with these men's clothes—"

"Will you dress here?"

"Certainly!"

"Do not be uneasy, you little coward! All our servants are busy, discussing the grand affair. Besides, what is there astonishing, when you think of the grief I ought to be in, that I shut myself up?—tell me!"

"No, truly, you comfort me."

"Come and help me."

"From the same drawer she took a complete man's costume, from the boots to the coat, and a provision of linen, where there was nothing superfluous, but every requisite. Then, with a promptitude which indicated this was not the first time she assumed herself by adopting the garb of the opposite sex, Eugenie drew on boots and pantaloons, tied her cravat, buttoned her waistcoat to the throat, and put on a coat which admirably fitted her beautiful figure. "Oh, that is very good!—indeed, it is very good," said Louise, looking at her with admiration; "but that beautiful black hair, those beautiful braids, which made all the ladies sigh with envy, will you get under a man's hat like the one I see down there?"

"You shall see," said Eugenie. And, seizing with her left hand the thick mass, which long fingers could scarcely grip, she seized with her right hand the net through the rich and splendid hair, which fell entire at the feet of the young girl, who leaned back to keep it from her coat. Then she passed to the front hair, which she also cut without expressing the least regret; on the contrary, her eyes sparkled with greater pleasure than usual under her eyebrows black as ebony. "Oh, the magnificent hair!" said Louise with regret.

"And am I not a hundred times better than?" cried Eugenie, smoothing the scattered curls of her hair, "and do you not think me handsome so?"

"Oh, you are beautiful—always beautiful!" cried Louise. "Now, whither are you going?"

"To Brussels, if you like; it is nearest the frontier. Will that do you?"

"Yes."

The two girls, whom every one might have thought plunged in grief, burst out laughing, as they cleared away every vestige of the disguise through all the doors, naturally accompanied the preparations for their escape. Then, having blown out their lights, with an enquiring eye, listening ear, and extended neck, the two fugitives opened the door of a dressing-room which the best friends importunate under great catastrophes. There remained in the banker's hotel only Danglers, cloaked in his cabinet, and making his statement to the officer; Madame Danglers, terrified, in the boudoir with which we are acquainted; and Eugenie, who with her haughty air and disdainful lip, had retired to her room with her inseparable companion, Louise d'Armillay. As for the numerous servants (more numerous than evening usual, for their number was augmented by the cooks and butlers on the Cafe de Paris) venting on their employers their anger at what they termed the insult. Of all this household, only two individuals deserve our notice; these are Eugenie Danglers and Louise d'Armillay.

The betrothed had retired as we said, with haughty air, disdainful lip, and the demeanor of an outraged queen, followed by her companion, paler and more affected than herself. On reaching her room Eugenie locked the door, while Louise fell on a chair. "Ah, what a dreadful thing," said the young musician; "who would have suspected it? M. Andrea Cavalcanti a murderer—a galley slave escaped—a convict!" An ironical smile curled the lip of Eugenie. In truth, it was fate! "said she; "I escaped the Mercers only to fall into the Cavalcanti's."

"Oh, do not confound the two, Eugenie."

"Hold your tongue! Men are all infamous; and I am happy to be able now to do more than detest them, I despise them."

"What shall we do?" asked Louise.

"Why, the same we had intended doing three days since—set off."

"What! although you are not going to be married, you intend still to go?"

"Listen, Louise! I hate this life of the fashionable world. What I have always wished for, desired, and coveted is the life of an artist, free and independent, relying only on my own resources, and accountable only to myself. This evening's adventure will serve for my excuse. I did not seek one, I did not ask for one. Heaven sends me this, and I hail it joyfully!"

"How strong and courageous you are!" said the fair, frail girl to her brunette companion.

"Did you not know me? Come, Louise, let us talk of our affairs. The post-chaise—"

"There is an excellent hotel at Compeigne. Andrea, who had often stayed there, recollected the Bell and Bottle; he obtained a horse, started off, and arrived there late in the evening, and began knocking at the door. It was opened by a waiter.

"My friend," said Andrea, "I have been dining at St-Jean-au-Bois, and expected to catch the coach which passes by at midnight, but like a fool, I lost my way, and have been walking for the last

four hours in the forest. Show me into a room, and bring me a cold fowl and a bottle of Bordeaux." While the waiter was preparing the room, Andrea assumed his most charming smile, and asked if he could have No. 3, which he had occupied on his last stay at Compeigne. Unfortunately, No. 3 was engaged by a young man who was travelling with his sister. Andrea appeared in despair, but consoled himself when the hostess assured him that No. 7, prepared for him, was situated precisely the same as No. 3, and while warming his feet and chatting about the last races, he waited until they announced his room to be ready.

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