MAN'S UPS AND DOWNS.

One who had found the world all bright
Fell by the wayside on a day,
But hope bent down and kissed his cheek
And bade him rise and go his way.

He toiled in hungry loneliness;
The friends he knew in former days
Forgot, somehow, to seek him out
Or help him on with words of praise.

The weary years dragged slowly by;
One morning fame stood at his door,
And lined up in an anxious row
Were all the friends he'd known before.

So failure or success attends
The man who loses or who wins,
That he may know where friendship ends
And where self interest begins.

—Cleveland Leader.

ROSE OF WASHOE.

BY M. QUAD.

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One day in the early spring a pioneer's wagon approached within a mile of Black Hill diggings, and a rough looking man got out and started to climb the trail. He was yet half a mile away when he fell down exhausted, and half a dozen miners hurried down to succor him. He struggled up before they reached him, and, waving them back, he shouted:

"Don't come near me, for I've got smallpox, but for God's sake bring me some provisions! Me and my gal hev not had a bite to eat fur these two days!"

Smallpox was the dread of the camps. When a miner was taken down with the loathsome disease, he was as good as dead. The miners stopped dead in their tracks as they heard the pioneer's words, and after a brief consultation he was warned to remain where he was while they returned and gathered up a liberal lot of provisions. These were placed on the trail, and when he had picked them up they threatened him with their pistols to hurry him away. The man neither returned thanks nor berated them for their seeming harshness. They saw him reach his wagon, they saw him feebly climb up beside a child on the seat, and when the vehicle slowly rolled on they heaved sighs of relief. That night Joe of Washoe arrived at Black Hill. It was dark, with a cold rain falling, when he heard of the incident of the day. His face went stern and his eyes grew hard as the story was told, and when it was finished he rose up and asked:

"Did the man say thar was a gal with him?"

"Yes."

"And you saw her in the wagon?"

"Yes."

"And you driv 'em off to die when you could hev 'lowed 'em to camp at the foot of the hill! If that's the kind o' men you ar' at Black Hill, I want to git out quick."

"But it is smallpox," persisted one of the men.

"More's the pity. Think o' that sick man drivin away with that leetle gal alongside o' him—drivin away to his death! There may hev bin a wife and mother—other children. Mebbe they was dead in the wagon. Men, you did a cruel, wicked thing!"

"But think of the 90 men the smallpox took out o' the camp at Red Rock last fall!"

"But I ain't thinkin o' that. I'm thinkin o' a man drivin off to die, with a leetle gal sittin up alongside o' him!"

He packed up some provisions, rolled up his blankets, and, picking up a water jug and his rifle, he said:

"I'm goin to overhaul 'em and stand by 'em unless I find both dead!"

A score of protests were hurled at him, but the man stepped forth into the black night without a word in reply and almost instantly disappeared from sight. At noon next day the wagon reappeared. Joe of Washoe was driving, and on the seat beside him was a child. When the wagon halted, he unharnessed and turned loose the horses, made a fire, and then, climbing half way up the hill, he called to the men 20 rods above him:

"When I found the wagon last night, the man was dead and the leetle gal was prayin to God. Thar was a mother and two more children, but they ar' dead. Don't come a-nigh us. The leetle gal's touched, and I'm sure to come down!"

That night the fever came to the child, and men who crept down the trail heard her crying out and heard Joe talking and singing to her. The next day he reported her as dreadfully sick, and so it went on for days and days. It was time for him to develop the disease, and each morning as the men crept down the trail to leave provisions on the flat rock they feared he would not show up. But, strangely enough, the danger passed him by. One morning, when he stood up on the wagon with the girl in his arms, it was taken as a sign that the crisis had passed, and 300 men gathered on the hill above and cheered the pair. It was a week after that when he set fire to the wagon, called for fresh clothes and came up the trail into camp with the girl wrapped in a blanket. Nobody was permitted even to see the tip of her nose until she had been dressed up as a boy from old garments cut over. Then she was placed on the head of a barrel in the center of camp, and half the men cheered and the other half wept. She was a girl of about 7, pale and wan from her sickness, but there was never a pit or a scar to show how she had suffered. By that we knew that Joe of Washoe had watched over her with more than a father's care. She was fatherless and motherless among strangers. Fright and illness had so benumbed her brain that she could remember nothing, not even the family name. She said that they had traveled for days and days, but from whence she could not tell. The one thing that she did remember was that her name was Rose, and she had insisted from the first that Joe was her uncle. It was queer to see this prospector and miner, this man who had fought Indians and renegades and knocked about through a hundred adventures and was not supposed to have a soft spot about him—I say it was queer to see how he was knocked out when the little girl kissed him and called him her dear Uncle Joe. He looked so sheepish and shamefaced that we had to turn our faces away, and I tell you in the same breath that we also felt ashamed of ourselves that we had left that father and child to drive away from our camp as we did. In the mining camps a case of smallpox meant isolation, neglect and death. The partner with whom you had worked and hungered and suffered for years would flee from you in terror at the first sign, and if a patient got up and walked about in his delirium no hand was outstretched to prevent him from stumbling over a cliff.

In our shame we gave Joe all the respect and admiration he could demand, and it did us good to see the little one take to him and realize that she owed her young life to his heroic sacrifice and fatherly care. As we crowded around the pair the child knelt down on the barrel and clasped her hands and prayed:

"Mother is dead, and father is dead, but God bless Uncle Joe and everybody else!"

A good many of us turned our heads away at that, and, to our surprise, we found that years in the camps hadn't turned our hearts quite as hard as the quartz among which we labored. I caught a glimpse of Joe of Washoe shutting his teeth hard together and looking up at the clouds, and I wondered if he was more strongly affected when he charged a camp of five outlaws single handed and left three of them lying dead for the sheriff to bury.

That evening we had a public meeting on the public square, and Judge Watkins hushed the crowd to silence and said:

"Thar will be fustly, secondly and thirdly in these remarks o' mine. The fustly is that if Joe Washoe will accept this yere airth we'll gladly buy it fur him; secondly, the gal has got to hev another name, and I'm fur callin her Rose o' Washoe; thirdly, she's an orphan, and Black Hill diggin's is goin to adopt her and provide fur her and be the biggest kind o' father to her. Now, then, let every critter give three cheers and yell his loudest!"

A month later, when Rose of Washoe was sent to the states to be properly cared for, the sum of $1,000 went with her. She was brought out and stood on the same barrel again, and 300 men filed before her and shook hands and said goodby. Joe of Washoe came last. He lifted her up in his arms and kissed her and patted her head, and her voice was broken with sobs as she said:

"God bless all, but God bless Uncle Joe most of anybody!"

When she was lifted to the saddle to ride away, Joe turned his back and seemed to be gazing off over the foothills. The crowd cheered and cheered, but he was mute. As the girl disappeared from sight down the trail some one asked:

"What the blazes is the matter with Joe that he don't yell with us?"

"Hush, you fool!" cautioned Big Jim. "Fall back, all of you! He'll be turnin purty soon to catch a last glimpse o' the gal, and it might shame him if we saw the tears in his eyes and knowed that his heart was swelled to bustin over her goin away!"

His Quiet Flattery.

"This is an interesting article," said Mr. Meekton's wife.

"What is it about?"

"Life insurance statistics. It says that in some parts of Europe the women live decidedly longer than the men."

"Yes, Henrietta. That theory is as old as the hills. Survival of the fittest, you know."

Deserved to Have Two Bad Ones.

"How will you have you eggs fried—on one side or both?" asked the waitress of the youth who spends all his spare money for vaudeville tickets.

"Fry one on one side and the other on the other," answered the youth, with a real Seabrookish expression.

The Automobile Outranked.

First Horse—Well, thank goodness!

Second Horse—Thank goodness for what?

First Horse—When we get sick, we call in a doctor; we don't have to be tinkered with with a monkey wrench.—Detroit Free Press.

Wanted to Be a Centenarian.

Doctor—You're all run down. What brain work have you been doing?

Patient—Been trying to memorize all those newspaper rules for longevity.

Particularly If Her Mother's Fat.

During a girl's engagement it is the duty of all her kin to keep so far in the background that a telescope couldn't locate them.—Atchison Globe.

Useful, Anyway.

"I have prescribed here an oil for your husband. Give him three or four teaspoonfuls of it a day. If it doesn't do him any good you can use it to grease boots with!"

The Professor's Prophecy Failed.

While a student at Harvard university Phillips Brooks was walking in the yard one day with a professor, who asked him what he intended making of himself.

"I am thinking of the ministry," answered the youth.

"Then banish such thoughts," said the professor earnestly. "Your manner of speech would forever bar you from being successful in that calling."

Many years later, when Phillips Brooks was one of the world's great pulpit orators, the most expert stenographer in England took down one of his sermons and said:

"Any stenographer who thinks he has conquered fast talkers should try Phillips Brooks."—Ladies' Home Journal.

He Was Fresh.

"Have you any nice fresh eggs today?" asked the woman with business like ways.

"Madam," answered the man, who has just started in the grocery business, "permit me to remind you that nice eggs are necessarily fresh and fresh eggs are always nice. Moreover, if I have any, I have them today. My possession of eggs yesterday or tomorrow does not in the slightest degree affect the situation. Therefore, time being precious to a business man, I will simply content myself with replying that I have nice eggs."

Oregon.

In the date of admission Oregon is one of the oldest states beyond the Mississippi, entering the Union in 1859. It was the first new state to have the political honor of naming the vice presidential candidate (Joseph Lane) for one of the great parties in the first year of its statehood.

Ignorance Everywhere.

Ignorance is everywhere. In Boston there are persons who don't know a symphony from a sonata and in Chicago persons who don't know a prime ox from a canner.

Deep Disgrace.

"I believe," said the police judge, who was in a garrulous mood that morning, owing to the presence of an extra number of reporters—"I believe you are entirely lost to the sense of shame."

"Please, your honor," said the frowsy specimen before him, "you got another t'ink comin. Dis is de first time since de year of de World fair I've got so loaded dat one copper could take me in all by hisself. I never was so 'shamed in all me days."—Indianapolis Press.

Rather Pleased.

"So," said Senator Sorghum thoughtfully, "that vituperative critic said I was liable to be a politician out of a job."

"That was his remark. You see, he was a little angry and"—

"Oh, there is no occasion to apologize. I kind of like it. You see, I have been accused of being in so many jobs that it's a relief to be mentioned as being out of one.

She Has No Chance.

Miss Gilgal (reading)—A girl in Pennsylvania has saved an express train from destruction by taking off her red petticoat and waving it as a signal.

Miss Tenspot—Oh, dear, I could never do anything heroic like that!

"Why not?"

"Because I don't wear red petticoats."

Blessing In Disguise.

"Good morning," said the proud mother of the girl who foozled the piano wretchedly. "I hope my daughter's playing didn't disturb you last night."

"No," said Mrs. Nexdore; "it pleased us immensely. Some most uninteresting people came to call on us early in the evening, but they didn't stay long."

The Hubbub Club.

"Julia and I have organized a lovely conversation club among the girls."

"What do you call it?"

"The Hubbub club."

"Gracious! What does that mean?"

"Oh, we meet around in the mornings on one another's porches and all talk at once."

In Heart Disease it works like magic.—"For years my greatest enemy was organic Heart Disease. From uneasiness and palpitation it developed into abnormal action, thumping, fluttering and choking sensations. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave instant relief, and the bad symptoms have entirely disappeared. It is a wonderworker."—Rev. L. S. Dana, Pittsburg, Pa.—155

Mexican Letter Writers.

Perhaps there is no more characteristic sight in Mexico than the so called "evangelistas" who ply their trade in the Plazuela de Belem and the Plazuela of Santo Domingo. Those who operate in the former spot make a specialty of writing letters to the inmates of the prison for their illiterate relatives on the outside, but the "evangelistas" who may be seen any day in the Plazuela of Santo Domingo do a general business.

They write love letters, blackmailing letters and all sorts of letters for those who do not know how to write at a rate of 3, 6, 9 or more cents, according to the length of the missive. They also undertake without extra charge to write the address on the envelope and to attach the required stamp, but for the latter they make an extra charge of a cent. It is hardly necessary to state that only very ignorant people, who are totally unacquainted even with the simple formalities of mailing a letter in addition to not knowing how to write, have recourse to the evangelistas for stamps.

Had Seen Them All Before.

Once while James Whitcomb Riley was visiting a southern town where he was booked to give a reading a committee called to take him in a carriage over the city. In acknowledging the compliment he said:

"I'll go with you, gentlemen, provided you promise that you will not show me the new courthouse, the new town hall, the new bridge, the new gas well, the new school building and the new jail, for I've seen them all a hundred times in as many towns, and they invariably wear me out before the time arrives for the curtain to rise on the evening entertainment!"

Her Cynicism.

"Why does a fairy tale customarily end 'and they were married and lived happily ever after?'"

"That has come to be essential," replied Miss Cayenne. "That is what shows it is a fairy tale."

The Ax Supplants the Shears.

"Old Li Hung Chang ought to make a successful sensational journalist."

"Why so?"

"He brightens up his proclamations of foreign friendliness with a profusion of heads and cuts."

Justified.

Fuddy—Mrs. Brownrigg always speaks of her physician, Dr. Stickker, as an "old war horse." Isn't it odd?

Duddy—Oh, I don't know. They say he is a terrible charger.

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april 5—d&w6m.

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COACHING—For a coach ring up Telephone 173, and you will have prompt service.
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If you are thinking of making any Repairs or installing
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in your house, it will be to your interest to consult us, as we do it cheaper and better than anyone in the city.
WE also make a specialty of FURNACE and TIN WORK of every description.
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OWEN SHARKEY
Sincerely thanks his customers for their patronage, and wishes them one and all many happy and prosperous years.
Having still on hand a large quantity of seasonable goods, is bound to clear them out if low prices will do it.
Dress Goods in endless variety.
Fur Collars, Muffs and Capes at cost.
Corsets 25c. up.
Ladies' Wrappers, 90c., $1 and $1.25.
" Under Skirts, 65c., $1.25 and up.
Grey Flannels, 12c, 15c, 17c and 20c.
Fur Coats, $10 and $16.
Men's Ulsters, $3.55 to $7.50.
" Overcoats, $3.25 to $9.00.
" Pants, 75c 85c to $1.10.
" Vests, 75c, 90c to $1 and up.
Sleigh Robes, $6 to $8.50.
Men's Fur Caps from $1.75 up.
All Mitts, Gloves and Mufflers at cost.
10 per cent discount on all Trunks and Valises during January.
OWEN SHARKEY.

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CASTORIA
Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.
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One way second class tickets, good to start on Tuesdays, March 12th, 19th, 26th, April 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd, 30th, 1901.
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NOTICE.
An application will be made at the next sitting of the New Brunswick Legislative Assembly for the incorporation of a Railway Company to be called The St. John Valley Railway Company, with power to build a line of railway from the City of Saint John, or from a point on the Canadian Pacific Railway at or near Westfield, to Fredericton, following the valley of the St. John River as nearly as may be reasonably practible, also from the northerly terminus of the railway which the Woodstock and Centreville Railway Company is authorized by its charter to construct to St. Leonards, in the County of Victoria, to connect with the Restigouche and Western Railway, and also with power to build from St. Leonards to Edmundston, and with authority to make arrangements for running powers over portions of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Westfield and St. John, and from St. Leonards to Edmundston, if found advantageous and feasible, likewise with power to amalgamate with or acquire running powers over The Saint John Valley and Riviere Du Loup Railway, and The Woodstock and Centreville Railway, when constructed, and with all other powers incident to a Railway Company, and for the purpose of obtaining rights of way, lands for the purposes of the company and all necessary Railway powers for building, equipping, managing and maintaining the railway lines of the Company.
Dated the 2nd day of January, 1901.
C. N. SKINNER,
Feb 11—d4w Solicitor for Applicatsn

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IMPERIAL LIMITED ROUTE
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ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS
In Effect Sunday, Oct. 21st, 1900
LEAVE FREDERICTON
EASTERN STANDARD TIME
6.00 a m—Express for John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north; Bangor, Portland and Boston.
7.45 a m—Mixed for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston and points north via Gibson Branch. Leaves St. Marys 8.15 a. m.
9.20 a m—Accommodation for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Express for St. John and points east, and Accommodation for McAdam Junction.
4.00 p m—Accommodation for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and with the Pacific Express from Montreal for the west, Northwest and Pacific Coast, also with Pullman express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc, St Stephen, St Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock
Palace sleeper Fredericton Junction to Montreal.
Pullman sleeper Fredericton Junction to Boston.
7.25 p m—Express for St. John and points east, and mixed train for McAdam Junction, and Short Line to Megantic, etc.
ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON
8.50 a m—From St. John, McAdam Junction etc
11.50 a m—From Boston, Montreal, St Stephen, St Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton
5.30 p m—Mixed from Woodstock and points north via Gibson Branch
7.00 p m—From St. John and east
9.15 p m—From Bangor, Portland, St Stephen, St Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton, etc
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Backache, Sideache, Swelling of Feet and Ankles, Puffing under the Eyes, Frequent Thirst, Scanty, Cloudy, Thick and Highly Colored Urine. Frequent Urination, Burning Sensation when Urinating.
These symptoms indicate a deranged condition of the kidneys, and some of them are caused by uric acid in the blood, and unless attended to immediately may eventually cause Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, etc., which very often result in life-long misery. Doan's Pills not only relieve but cure all the above complaints.
Here is what Mr. Young, of Harcourt, N.B., writes:
THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO.,
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DEAR SIRS,—Some time ago I was greatly troubled with pains in my back, hips and legs. My water was very scanty and was the color of strong tea and very thick, containing a sediment very much like fine sand and had a very offensive odor. I am very glad to say that after I had taken one box of Doan's Pills all of the above troubles have disappeared and I am perfectly cured and feel like a different person. I might also say my brother was troubled with his kidneys and used Doan's Pills and was completely cured.
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On and after Monday, March 11, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
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Express for Sussex .. 16.30
Express for Quebec, and Montreal .. 17.00
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Express from Sussex .. 8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec .. 12.40
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene .. 16.00
Express from Halifax and Campbellton .. 19.15
*Accommodation from Halifax and Sydney .. 24.45
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