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DUST FOR MANY AGES.

The Industrious Cliff-Dwellers of Southern Colorado.

Relics of a Peaceful Race of Men Found Among the Wind-Worn Caves of Montezuma County, Col.—Why They Became Extinct.

The archaeologists of Denver should be happy. Almost at their very door they can now see the skulls and handiwork of men and women of pre-historic time. The caves of the cliff-dwellers in the Mancos, of Southern Colorado, have been once more entered by vandals, but this time only ruin and the dust of departed centuries were to be found.

The existence of these caves has long been known, but no thorough examination was ever made until a few months ago, when Charles Mcloyd, a prospector and miner of the San Juan, and four companions concluded that it would be at least a lark to look into the abandoned dwellings. A writer in the Denver Republican describes the result of their investigations. No definite idea of securing a collection was thought of, but after wandering from one ruin to another on the top of the cliffs, and where the land could be made fertile, they commenced exploring the caves. Among the first entered little of interest was to be found, but they finally came to a place that was almost inaccessible. On the mesa above a large reservoir was to be seen, and it is the opinion of the explorers that this great tract of ground was once tilled by the people who lived in the caves below. But now pinon trees of great age are standing on all sides, and how many of them have sprung up, lived their days, decayed and then have been succeeded by others, no man living today knows—it may have been hundreds, it may have been thousands of years ago.

Mr. Mcloyd says that the dwellings in Montezuma County were found on the sides of walls of the canyon of the Mancos and its tributaries in wind-worn caves or crevices caused by falling water, and were so completely protected from the elements that many of their effects were found in a perfect state of preservation. As a rule, these caves are in almost inaccessible places. When inhabited they were reached quite frequently by notches cut in the rock, and at other times rope ladders must have been used.

Quite a number of the houses found were of pretentious dimensions, the largest being a building on the ground floor of which are 112 rooms, and 200 in the upper stories. This building was four stories in height with a tower, and was built of dressed stone and a cement made of the surrounding soil mixed with a substance now unknown, and the architecture now would be called that of the Roman period.

The race which inhabited it is thought to have been related to the Zunis, Moquis and Pueblos, and it is supposed was the ancestors of those tribes. This, however, is simply supposition, and is based on the formation of the skulls and the relics of different kinds left.

The race, according to the theory advanced by the Smithsonian Institute, existed about ten thousand years ago. This theory is based upon the idea that the people lived and farmed on the banks of the Saltriver before the bed of that stream was changed and the finding of trees and fungi in the ruins.

The adjoining natives, the Navajos, are the only race that have any tradition concerning these people, and theirs is that the cliff-dwellers became extinct by being overcome by numbers, and, preferring death by drowning rather than at the hands of the enemy, jumped into the water below their homes, and, instead of drowning became fish. The cliff-dwellers were a quiet, inoffensive race, judging from the lack of instruments of war and the many articles that were used in their crude method of farming.

Phrenologically speaking, they were quiet and peaceable, the back part of the skull being very flat and often depressed, while the front part was well formed and denoted some intelligence.

Among the skulls in the collection is one that consists of one piece only, and shows no trace of a seam between the three parts, as is usual in the human skull. The bones found would indicate that they were a people of medium height and well formed, having small hands and feet, the hair black and finer in texture than that of any known race of savages. There is no sign of any domesticated animal or fowl with the exception of the turkey; it was utilized in many ways, specimens of dust brushes, bone needles, etc., having been found. The agricultural products found consisted of corn, beans and pumpkins, for articles of food, and the yucca for that of clothing. Their textile fabrics consisted of mats and cloths made of cord of the yucca plant interwoven with the down from the turkey or fur of some animal, and is soft and flexible. It was used evidently only in the burying of their dead, who were wrapped in this cloth.

There were discovered near the cities of these people large reservoirs for holding the water that came down from the mountains. These reservoirs were made with stone walls. There is one still perfect, it being situated on top of the "mesa verde" or foot hills, and is 150 feet in diameter, walled with double walls and contains from ten to fifteen feet of water. All their farming was carried on in the valleys above the canyons and was accomplished by hard labor and with the crudest of implements, nothing having been found of this nature except a sharp-pointed stick of hard wood, which was used to tear up the ground for planting.

Their household utensils consisted of pottery jars and casks made of fiber and covered with a substance resembling modern varnish. Both were made in coils and are light in weight and of course very durable.

Their knives were made from the bones of the deer, highly polished and very sharp. There is nothing to indicate that they were acquainted in any respect with the uses of any kind of metal. They used both wood and coal for heating and cooking purposes, and had their fireplaces just outside the door in the same manner that the Mexicans do to-day. The sandals used, unlike those worn by savage tribes of the present, were made of vegetable fibers and not of skins, and there is nothing to show that the cliff dwellers were in any way proficient in the art of hunting, as only arrows of hard wood and cane are found, and they could not be used in killing large game, being of so fragile a nature. They had but few ornaments, which were made mostly of turkey bones and nuts resembling the hickory nut, and of which no other specimens are extant. There are, however, a few made

of cannel coal, inlaid with ivory of some kind.

This race was one evidently that on account of their peaceful natures were driven from place to place in the valley, and finally took refuge and built homes in these almost inaccessible places, and were at last overcome and perished in defense of their homes, as the unfinished walls found indicate that they were suddenly interrupted in the midst of their usual occupations and to death.

RHETORICAL RUBBISH.

How Real Poets and Genuine Literary Men Do Not Write.

Some of our would-be literary people of both sexes misuse the dictionary most abominably, says the New York Ledger. Even the reporters of some of our daily papers have adopted the grandiose style of writing, and a pretty mess they make of it.

When shall we get back to the well of English undefiled, and be relieved from the muddy mixture of incongruous words with which the simplest facts are beplastered? As to our fugitive poetry, much of it is absolutely incomprehensible to ordinary minds. It seems to have been written by individuals in hysterics. One "fine writer" of the feminine gender tells us that when woman "grids on her genius-armor," and plunges into the "world wide arena of intellect," she does so at a "fearful sacrifice." We wish she wouldn't, for the sacrifice in these cases is the time of the reader. Another lady informs us that the bosom of a poetess "heaves with exulting joy, and her eye burns with heavenly fire." This is a mistake. Persons who write such poetry as rational beings can read without a sensation of nausea, sit quietly at their desks or tables while they do it.

We know this to be the case, for we have seen several real poets in the very act. They did not ruffle their hair, their eyes looked perfectly natural, and they exhibited no symptoms of violent palpitation of the heart. Depend upon it that real poets never roll their eyes like automaton clocks, or cut any other extraordinary capers under what Amos Kendall called "the excitement of composition." Byron said: "Confound the moon! it always gives me rheumatism; but I write well of it." No doubt many young and romantic persons suppose that his lordship eulogized the moon by moonlight, with his shirt collar thrown back, and nothing of his eyes visible except the whites; whereas, in reality, he wrote about the planet in a snug study, with the shutters closed, the lamps lighted, and a glass of gin and water and some Stilton cheese and crackers beside him.

A true poet or a good prose author must have a sound, vigorous brain; and people with sound, strong intellects neither act like "antics" while they are writing, nor jam pretty words into inappropriate juxtaposition to the confusion of common sense.

PECULIAR STOMACH.

A Yankee Woman Who Grows Fat on a Diet of Slate-Pencils.

"How much are slate-pencils?" asked a woman as she stepped into a stationery store yesterday morning.

"Ten cents a dozen."

"Give me one dozen." Then, unwrapping the package, says the Auburn (Me.) Gazette, she deliberately began to eat the pencils. Yes, eat them—not just chipping the ends with her teeth, as do school-children, but biting off substantial quarter-inch pieces and crushing and swallowing them with infinite relish. This was quite a remarkable achievement for a staid, matronly person, such as she appeared to be, and naturally she was questioned concerning this strange propensity. From what she said in reply it seems that this unusual system of diet was by no means confined to slate-pencils. Gravel is a staple article of food with her, properly strained and assorted; oyster and clam shells and friable sandstone she masticates as a man eats a soda cracker, and asks for more. She experiences an unexplainable craving for such matter and feels compelled to eat it. The odor of the dust raised in the streets by passing vehicles arouses in her much the same sensation of unappeasable desire as affects the senses of the inebriate when assailed by the fumes of a dram-shop. There is nothing she likes better than to discover a nice retired gravel-pit and revel in the consumption of its products. "Oh, how I should like to go to the sea-shore where there is lots of clean, white sand," sighed she. This extraordinary personage is a woman of about forty years of age, apparently, and is easily described as a down-east Yankee mother of a family. The only peculiar thing about her looks is her complexion, which is curiously pale—almost corpse-like in its pallor. She says she has been accustomed to eat gravel and such like substances ever since she can remember. She lives in Lewiston.

"The only thing I can't eat," observed this remarkable woman as she turned to leave the store, "is paving-stones. They break my teeth."

ORIGIN OF WOMEN.

Remarkable Myths Concerning the First of Earth's Angels.

Woman's first appearance has been a fruitful subject for the legend mongers, says the Pall Mall Gazette. The Phœnician myth of creation is found in the story of "Pygmalion and Galatea." There the first woman was carved by the first man out of ivory and then endowed with life by Aphrodite. The Greek theory of the creation of woman, according to Hesiod, was that Zeus, as a cruel jest, ordered Vulcan to make woman out of clay, and then induced the various gods and goddesses to invest the clay doll with all their worst qualities, the result being a lovely thing, with a witchery of mien, refined craft, eager passion, love of dress, treacherous manners, and shameless mind.

The Scandinavians say that as Odin, Vill and Ve, the three sons of Bor, were walking along the sea beach they found two sticks of wood, one of ash and one of elm. Sitting down, the gods shaped man and woman out of these sticks, whitening the woman from the elm and calling her Emia. One of the strangest stories touching the origin of woman is told by the Madagascanes. In so far as the creation of man goes the legend is not unlike that related by Moses, only that the fall came before Eve arrived. After the man had eaten of the forbidden fruit he became affected with a boil on the leg, out of which, when it burst, came a beautiful girl. The man's first thought was to throw her to the pigs, but he was commanded by a messenger from heaven to let her play among the diggings until she was of marriageable age, then to make her his wife. He did so, called her Baboura, and she became the mother of all the race of men.

The American Indians' myths relative to Adam and Eve are numerous and entertaining. Some traditions trace back our first

parents to white and red Malze; another is that man, searching for a wife, was given the daughter of the king of the muskrats, who, on being dipped into a neighboring lake, became a woman.

Temperature of Water.

Dr. William A. Hammond, in the North American Review: Water for drinking purposes should never be below fifty degrees. We can almost always get it even in the hottest weather as cool as this by letting it run for a minute or two from any household faucet, or drawing it from any county well. If not, there is no objection to cooling it to the point mentioned. The East India "monkey," which can now be had almost anywhere in this country, and by means of which the contained water is cooled by its own evaporation, answers the purpose admirably. I am quite sure that if ice water should be generally discarded as a drink the average duration of life would be lengthened and existence rendered more tolerable.

A WATER TELESCOPE.

How to Make an Instrument with Which You Can See Under Water.

No doubt a good many of our boys and girls, says the New York World, are ignorant of the fact that they can with very little trouble and at almost no expense construct an instrument with which they can plainly see what is going on under the water over which they sail their boats. The very idea of such a thing is attractive, and we propose to tell you how it can be done.

The water telescope may be made of wood or of tin, whichever you prefer, and we will describe both. The tin is better, because it is lighter and more easily handled. Its manufacture is very simple. Get a tinsmith to make for you a funnel-shaped tin horn about three feet long. It should be eight or ten inches in diameter at the bottom and broad enough at the top for both eyes to look into. Into the bottom put a piece of glass, cut to fit and make it perfectly water-tight. Leave the top open. The inside should be painted black to prevent the reflection of the light upon the surface of the tin. Around the outside of the bottom solder on several sinkers to offset the buoyancy of the air in the water-tight horn and make it easier to submerge. If it is not convenient to get a round piece of glass, have the large end made square and use square glass. That's all there is of it, and when you sink the instrument down into the water and put your eyes to the small end you will be perfectly astonished at the plainness with which you see all kinds of fish and water animals swimming around in a state of nature.

A wooden water telescope is made of a long, square, wooden box, say ten inches square at the large end and four or five inches square at the other. Make all the seams water-tight by means of putty and paint. Put a piece of glass in the large end and leave the small end open to look into, as you do with the tin instrument.

A great many of you will go on boating and picnic parties this summer, and you can imagine how much such a contrivance would add to your amusement and pleasure, to say nothing of the instruction derived from studying the inhabitants of the water at home.

Using the principle of the water telescope, a well-known naturalist had a boat made with a glass in the bottom, through which he could see every movement of thousands of fish as they swam along through the clear water. Fishermen in Norway use the water telescope at their work with the best results, sometimes discovering a new kind of fish that might otherwise have escaped the notice of man.

THEY MEANT TO KILL.

How Two Men Fought for a Lady and Neither Got Her.

Something like fifty years ago two young men, one a lawyer and the other a doctor, loved the same girl in the town of Grand Gulf, Miss., says the San Francisco Chronicle. Both could not have her, and neither could live without her. It was to be a duel to the death. There was no insult to be avenged by a discharge of fire-arms, no stain on a reputation to be wiped out by a few drops of blood. The lawyer said it was to be a duel à l'outrance. The arrangements for a massacre were complete. The principals were armed with rifles, revolvers and bowie-knives. They had more confidence in the continuation of their hate than in the accuracy of their aim. The rifles were to be discharged first at twenty paces. If neither combatant was killed they were to advance, firing their revolvers at will, and if they still lived the battle was

to be continued with the knives.

It was early morning when the party of four men, principals and seconds, left the little town of Grand Gulf and sought a grove a few miles distant. No effort at reconciliation was made; no time was lost in the preliminaries. The men were placed, the word given to fire, and the rifles echoed the signal. The lawyer stumbled forward and fell, blood streaming from his mouth. He was unconscious when his second raised him, and it was found that the bullet had entered one cheek, torn away a section of the jaw, and had made its exit through the other side of the face. There was no more fighting, although the doctor gave his opponent more than the time allowed by the Marquis of Queensberry rules.

The marksmanship of the physician did not win the young lady. Some talk was made about the fight, and she was removed to another part of the State. The lawyer recovered and went to Holly Springs, where he became an Episcopal minister.

The Weight of Individuals.

The average weight of a boy at birth is seven and that of a girl a little more than six pounds. When they have attained the full development of man or womanhood they should weigh twenty times as much as they did at birth. This would make a man's average weight 140 and a woman about 125. The height of a male at birth is 1 foot 7 inches and that of a female 1 foot 6 inches. Fully grown, a man's height should be about three and a half times greater than at birth, or 5 feet 9 inches, while a woman should be 5 feet 3 inches. The weight of individuals who are fully developed and well formed, however, varies within extremes, which are nearly as 1 to 2, while their height varies within limits which at most are as 1 to 1.3. Taking 200 pounds as the maximum of man's weight and 85 as the minimum we would have the average of 142½ pounds. Placing the maximum weight of woman at 185 pounds and the minimum at 70 pounds, and we get an average of 127½ pounds.

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