POETRY.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A mother's holy arms caressed
A babe that laughed upon her breast.

Then thus to Heaven she cried in prayer:
"Now even as his face is fair,

"O Lord! keep Thou the soul within
As free from any spot of sin."

From Heaven the Lord an answer made,
"Behold! I grant as thou has't prayed."

Within the door the darkness crept,
And babe and mother sweetly slept.

The belfry rang the midnight bell;
The watchman answered, "All is well."

Awaking at the cradle side,
The mother knew her babe had died.

With grief to set a woman wild,
She caught and clasped the marble child—

Until her heart against his own
Was broken, beating on a stone!

"Oh God!" she cried, in her despair,
"Why hast Thou mocked a mother's prayer?"

Then answered He, "As I have willed,
Thy prayer, O woman! is fulfilled.

"If on earth his soul remain,
His soul shall gather many a stain;

"At thy behest I reach my hand
To lift him to the heavenly land!"

The mother heard and bowed her head,
And laid her cheek against the dead—

And cried, "O God!—I dare not pray—
Thou answerest in so strange a way!"

In shadow of a taper's light,
She sat and moaned the livelong night.

But when the morning brought the sun,
She prayed, "Thy will, O God, be done!"

—THEODORE TILTON.

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Fenimore Cooper

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS," "THE PATHFINDER," "HOMEWARD BOUND," ETC.

CONTINUED.

It appeared to Elizabeth that they glided over the water by magic, so easy and graceful was the manner in which Mohegan guided his little bark. A slight gesture with his spear indicated the way in which Leather-Stocking wished to go, and a profound silence was preserved by the whole party, as the precaution necessary to the success of the fishery. At that point of the lake the water shoaled regularly, differing in this particular altogether from those parts where the mountains rose, nearly in perpendicular precipices from the beach. There the largest vessels could have lain, with their yards interlocked with the pines; while here a scanty growth of rushes lifted their tops above the lake, gently curling the waters, as their bending heads waved with the passing breath of the night air. It was at the shallow points only that the bass could be found, or the net cast with success.

Elizabeth saw thousands of these fish swimming in shoals along the shallow and warm waters of the shore; for the flaring light of their torch laid bare the mysteries of the lake, as plainly as if the limpid sheet of the Otsego was but another atmosphere. Every instant she expected to see the impending spear of Leather-Stocking darting into the thronging hosts that were rushing beneath her, where it would seem that a blow could not go amiss; and where, as her father had already said, the prize that would be obtained was worthy any epicure. But Natty had his peculiar habits, and, it would seem, his peculiar tastes also. His tall stature, and his erect posture, enabled him to see much farther than those who were seated in the bottom of the canoe; and he turned his head warily in ever direction, frequently bending his body forward, and straining his vision, as if desirous of penetrating the water that surrounded their boundary of light. At length his anxious scrutiny was rewarded with success, and, waving his spear from the shore, he said in a cautious tone:

"Send her outside the bass, John; I see a laker there, that has run out of the school. It's seldom one finds such a creater in shallow water, where a spear can touch it."

Mohegan gave a wave of assent with his hand, and in the next instant the canoe was without the "run of the bass," and in water nearly twenty feet in depth. A few additional knots were laid on the grating, and the light penetrated to the bottom. Elizabeth then saw a fish of unusual size floating above small pieces of logs and sticks. The animal was only distinguishable, at that distance, by a slight but almost imperceptible motion of its fins and tail. The curiosity excited by this unusual exposure of the secrets of the lake seemed to be mutual between the heiress of the land and the lord of these waters, for the "salmon-trout" soon announced his interest by raising his head and body for a few degrees above a horizontal line and then dropping them again into a horizontal position.

"Whist! whist!" said Natty, in a low voice, on hearing a slight sound made by Elizabeth in bending over the side of the canoe in curiosity; "'tis a skeary animal, and it's a far stroke for a spear. My handle is but fourteen foot, and the creater lies a good eighteen from the top of the water; but I'll try him for he's a ten-pounder."

While speaking, the Leather-stocking was poising and directing his weapon. Elizabeth saw the bright, polished tines, as they slowly and silently entered the water, where the refraction pointed them many degrees from the true direction of the fish; and she thought that the intended victim saw them also, as he seemed to increase the play of his tail and fins, though without moving his station. At the next instant the tall body of Natty bent to the water's edge, and the handle of his spear disappeared in the lake. The long, dark streak of the gliding weapon, and the little bubbling vortex which followed its rapid flight, were easily to be seen; but it was not until the handle shot again into the air by its own reaction, and its master catching it in his hand, threw its tines uppermost, that Elizabeth was acquainted with the success of the blow. A fish of great size was transfixed by the barbed steel, and was very soon shaken from its impaled situation into the bottom of the canoe.

"That will do, John," said Natty, raising his prize by one of his fingers, and exhibiting it before the torch; "I shall not strike another blow to-night."

The Indian again waved his hand, and replied with the simple and energetic monosyllable of:

"Good."

Elizabeth was awakened from the trance created by this scene, and by gazing in that unusual manner at the bottom of the lake, by the hoarse sounds of Benjamin's voice, and the dashing of oars, as the heavier boat of the seine-drawers approached the spot where the canoe lay, dragging after it the folds of the net.

"Haul off, haul off, Master Bumppo," cried Benjamin; "your top-light frightens the fish, who see the net and sheer off soundings. A fish knows as much as a horse, or, for that matter, more, seeing that it's brought up on the water. Haul off, Master Bumppo, haul off, I say, and give a wide berth to the seine."

Mohegan guided their little canoe to a point where the movements of the movements of the fishermen could be observed, without interruption to the business, and then suffered it to lie quietly on the water, looking like an imaginary vessel floating in the air. There appeared to be much ill-humor among the party in the batteau, for the directions of Benjamin were not only frequent, but issued in a voice that partook largely of dissatisfaction.

"Pull larboard oar, will ye, Master Kirby?" cried the old seaman; "pull larboard best. It would puzzle the oldest admiral in the British fleet to cast this here net fair, with a wake like a corkscrew. Pull starboard, boy, pull starboard oar, with a will."

"Harkee, Mister Pump," said Kirby, ceasing to row, and speaking with some spirit; "I'm a man that likes civil language and decent treatment, such as is right 'twixt man and man. If you want us to go hoy, say so, and hoy I'll go, for the benefit of the company; but I'm not used to being ordered about like dumb cattle."

"Who's dumb cattle?" echoed Benjamin, fiercely, turning his forbidding face to the glare of light from the canoe, and exhibiting every feature teeming with the expression of disgust. "If you want to come aft and run the boat round, come and be damned, and pretty steerage you'll make of it. There's but another heave of the net in the stern-sheets, and we're clear of the thing. Give way, will ye? and shoot her ahead for a fathom or two, and if you catch me afloat again with such a horse-marine as yourself, why, rate me a ship's jackass, that's all."

Propably encouraged by the prospect of a speedy termination to his labor, the wood-chopper resumed his oar, and, under strong excitement, gave a stroke, that not only cleared the boat of the net but of the steward, at the same instant. Benjamin had stood on the little platform that held the seine, in the stern of the boat, and the violent whirl occasioned by the vigor of the wood-chopper's arm completely destroyed his balance. The position of the lights rendered objects in the batteau distinguishable, both from the canoe and the shore; and the heavy fall on the water drew all eyes to the steward, as he lay struggling, for a moment, in sight.

A loud burst of merriment, to which the lungs of Kirby contributed no small part, broke out like a chorus of laughter, and ran along the eastern mountain, in echoes, until it died away in distant, mocking mirth, among the rocks and woods. The body of the steward was seen slowly to disappear, as was expected; but when the light waves, which had been raised by his fall, began to sink in calmness, and the water finally closed over his head, unbroken and still, a very different feeling pervaded the spectators.

"How fare you Benjamin?" shouted Richard from the shore.

"The dumb devil can't swim a stroke!" exclaimed Kirby, rising, and beginning to throw aside his clothes.

"Paddle up, Mohegan," cried young Edwards, "the light will show us where he lies, and I will dive for the body.',

"Oh! save him! for God's sake, save him!" exclaimed Elizabeth, bowing her head on the side of the canoe in horror.

A powerful and dexterous sweep of Mohegan's paddle sent the canoe directly over the spot where the steward had fallen and a lout shout from the Leather-Stocking announced that he saw the body.

"Steady the boat while I dive," again cried Edwards.

"Gently, lad, gently," said Natty; "I'll spear the creater up in half the time, and no risk to anybody."

The form of Benjamin was lying about half way to the bottom, grasping with both hands some broken rushes. The blood of Elizabeth curdled to her heart, as she saw the figure of a fellow-creature thus extended under an immense sheet of water, apparently in motion, by the undulations of the dying waves, with its face and hands, viewed by that light, through the medium of the fluid, already colored with hues like death.

At the same instant, she saw the shining tines of Natty's spear approaching the head of the sufferer, and entwining themselves, rapidly and dexterously, in the hairs of his cue and the cape of his coat. The body was now raised slowly, looking ghastly and grim, as its features turned upwards to the light, and approached the surface. The arrival of the nostrils of Benjamin into their own atmosphere was announced by a breathing that would have done credit to a porpoise. For a moment, Natty held the steward suspended, with his head just above the water, while his eyes slowly opened, and started about him, as if he thought that he had reached a new and unexplored country.

As all the parties acted and spoke together, much less time was consumed in the occurrence of these events, than in their narration. To bring the batteau to the end of the spear, and to raise the form of Benjamin into the boat, and for the whole party to regain the shore, required but a minute. Kirby, aided by Richard, whose anxiety induced him to run into the water to meet his favorite assistant, carried the motionless steward up the bank, and seated him before the fire, while the sheriff, proceeded to order the most approved measures then in use, for the resuscitation of the drowned.

"Run, Billy," he cried, "to the village, and bring up the rum-hogshead that lies before the door, in which I am making vinegar: and be quick, boy, don't stay to empty the vinegar, and stop at Mr. Le Quoi's, and buy a paper of tobacco and half-a-dozen pipes; and ask Remarkable for some salt, and one of her flannel petticoats; and ask Dr. Todd to send his lancet and to come himself; and—ha! 'duke, what are you about? would you strangle a man who is full of water, by giving him rum? Help me to open his hand, that I may pat it."

The bottle, applied to the steward's lips by Marmaduke, acted like a charm. His mouth opened instinctively; his hands dropped the rushes, and seized the glass; his eyes raised from their horizontal stare to the heavens; and the whole man was lost, for a moment, in a new sensation. Unhappily for the propensity of the steward, breath was as necessary after one one of these draughts as after his submersion, and the time at length arrived when he was compelled to let go the bottle.

The division of the spoils was made in the ordinary manner, by placing one of the party with his back to the game, who named the owner of each pile. Bill Kirby stretched his large frame on the grass by the side of the fire, as sentinel until morning, over net and fish; and the remainder of the party embarked in the batteau, to return to the village,

The wood chopper was seen broiling his supper on the coals as they lost sight of the fire, and, when the boat approached shore, the torch of Mohegan's canoe was shining again under the gloom of the eastern mountain. Its motion ceased suddenly; a scattering of brands was in the air, and then all remained dark as the conjunction of night, forest, and mountain could render the scene.

The thoughts of Elizabeth wandered from the youth, who was holding a canopy of shawls over herself and Louisa, to the hunter and the Indian warrior; and she felt an awakening curiosity to visit a hut where men of such different habits and temperament were drawn together as by common impulse.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Cease all this parlance about hills and dales;
None listen to thy scenes of boyish frolic,
Fond dotard! with such tickled ears as thou dost:
Come! to thy tale."—DUO.

Mr. Jones arose on the following morning with the sun, and, ordering his own and Marmaduke's steeds to be saddled, he proceeded, with a countenance big with some business of unusual moment, to the apartment of the Judge. The door was unfastened, and Richard entered, with the freedom that characterized not only the intercourse between the cousins, but the ordinary manner of the sheriff.

"Well, 'duke, to horse," he cried, "and I will explain to you my meaning in the allusions I made last night. David says, in the Psalms—no, it was Solomon, but it was all in the family—Solomon said there was a time for all things; and, in my humble opinion, a fishing-party is not the moment for discussing important subjects. Ha! why, what the devil ails you, Marmaduke? an't you well? let me feel your pulse; my grandfather, you know—"

"Quite well in the body, Richard," interrupted the Judge, repulsing his cousin, who was about to assume the functions that rightly belonged to Dr. Todd; "but ill at heart. I received letters by the post last night, after we returned from the point, and this among the number."

The sheriff took the letter, but without turning his eyes on the writing, for he was examining the appearance of the other with astonishment. From the face of his cousin the gaze of Richard wandered to the table, which was covered with letters, packets, and newspapers; then to the apartment and all it contained. On the bed there was the impression that had been made by a human form, but the covering were unmoved, and everything indicated that the occupant of the room had passed a sleepless night. The candles had burned to the sockets, and had evidently extinguished themselves in their own fragments. Marmaduke had drawn his curtains, and opened both the shutters and the sashes, to admit the balmy air of a spring morning; but his pale cheek, his quivering lip, and his sunken eye, presented altogether so very different an appearance from the usual calm, manly, and cheerful aspect of the Judge, that the sheriff grew each moment more and more bewildered with astonishment. At length Richard found time to cast his eyes on the direction of the letter, which he still held unopened, crumpling it in his hand.

"What! a ship-letter!" he exclaimed; "and from England! ha! 'duke, there must be news of importance indeed!"

"Read it," said Marmaduke, pacing the floor in excessive agitation.

Richard, who commonly thought aloud, was unable to read a letter without suffering part of its contents to escape him in audible sounds. So much of the epistle as was divulged in that manner, we shall lay before the reader, accompanied by the passing remarks of the sheriff:

"London, February 12, 1703.' What a devil of a passage she had! but the wind has been northwest for six weeks, until within the last fortnight.

"'Sir, your favors of August 10th, September 23d, and of December 1st, were received in due season, and the first answered by return of packet. Since the receipt of the last, I"—here a long passage was rendered indistinct by a kind of humming noise by the sheriff—"I grieve to say that,'—hum, hum, bad enough to be sure—'but trust that a merciful Providence has seen fit'—hum, hum, hum; seems to be a good pious sort of a man, 'duke; belongs to the established church, I dare say; hum, hum—'vessel sailed from Falmouth on or about the 1st September of last year, and'—hum, hum, hum. 'If anything should transpire on this afflicting subject shall not fail'—hum, hum; really a good-hearted man, for a lawyer—'bnt can communicate nothing further at present'—hum, hum. 'The national convention'—hum, hum—'unfortunate Louis'—hum, hum—'example of your Washington'—a very sensible man, I declare, and none of your crazy democrats. Hum, hum—'our gallant navy'—hum, hum—'under our most excellent monarch'—ay, a good man enough that King George, but bad advisers; hum, hum—'I beg to conclude with assurances of my perfect respect'—hum, hum—'Andrew Holt.'—Andrew Holt, a very sensible, feeling man, this Mr. Andrew Holt—but the writer of evil tidings. What will you do next, Cousin Marmaduke?"

"What can I do, Richard, but trust to time, and the will of Heaven? Here is another letter from Connecticut, but it only repeats the substance of the last. There is but one consoling reflection to be gathered from the English news, which is, that my last letter was received by him before the ship sailed."

"This is bad enough, indeed! 'duke, bad enough, indeed! and away go all my plans, of putting wings to the house, to the devil. I had made arrangements for a ride to introduce you to something of a very important nature. You know how much you think of mines——"

"Talk not of mines," interrupted the Judge; "there is a sacred duty to be performed, and that without delay. I must devote this day to writing; and thou must be my assistant, Richard; it will not do to employ Oliver in a matter of such secrecy and interest."

"No, no, 'duke," cried the sheriff squeezing his hand; "I am your man, just now; we are sisters' children, and blood, after all, is the best cement to make friendship stick together. Well, well, there is no hurry about the silver mine, just now; another time will do as well. We shall want Dirky Van, I suppose?"

Marmaduke assented to this indirect question, and the sheriff relinquished all his intentions on the subject of the ride, and repairing to the breakfast parlor, he despatched a messenger to require the immediate presence of Dirck Van der School.

The village of Templeton at that time supported but two lawyers, one of whom was introduced to our readers in the barroom of the "Bold Dragoon," and the other was the gentleman of whom Richard spoke by the friendly yet familiar appellation of Dirck, or Dirky Van. Great good-nature, a very tolerable share of skill in his profession, and, considering the circumstances, no contemptible degree of honesty, were the principal ingredients in the character of this man, who was known to the settlers as Squire Van der School, and sometimes by the flattering though anomalous title of the "Dutch" or "honest lawyer." We would not wish to mislead our readers in their conceptions of any of our characters, and we therefore feel it necessary to add that the adjective, in the preceding agnomen of Mr. Van der School, was used in direct reference to its substantive. Our orthodox friends need not be told that all the merit in this world is comparative; and, once for all, we desire to say that, where anything which involves qualities or character is asserted, we must be understood to mean, "under the circumstances."

During the remainder of the day, the Judge was closeted with his cousin and his lawyer; and no one else was admitted to his apartment, excepting his daughter. The deep distresss that so evidently affected Marmaduke was in some measure communicated to Elizabeth also; for a look of dejection shaded her intelligent feature, and the buoyancy of her animated spirits was sensibly softened. Once on that day, young Edwards, who was a wondering and observant spectator of the sudden alteration produced in the heads of the family, detected a tear stealing over the cheek of Elizabeth, and suffusing her bright eyes with a softness that did not always belong to their expression.

"Have any evil tidings been received, Miss Temple?" he inquired, with an interest and voice that caused Louisa Grant to raise her head from her needlework, with a quickness at which she instantly blushed herself. "I would offer my services to your father, if, as I suspect, he needs an agent in some distant place, and I thought it would give you relief."

"We have certainly heard bad news," returned Elizabeth, "and it may be necessary that my father should leave home for a short period; unless I can persuade him to trust my cousin Richard with the business, whose absence from the country, just at this time, too, might be inexpedient."

The youth paused a moment, and the blood gathered slowly to his temples as he continued:

"If it be of a nature that I could execute——"

"It is such as can only be confided to one we know—one of ourselves."

"Surely, you know me, Miss Temple!" he added, with a warmth that he seldom exhibited, but which did sometimes escape him in the moments of their frank communications. "Have I lived five months under your roof to be a stranger?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

ESQUIMAUX SUPERSTITION.

Esquimaux are believers in ghosts. That also believe in the transmigration of the soul, and spirits return in animals, winds, rocks, ice and water, that they are evil, angry or good as the elements may be favorable or unfavorable, and that they can be appeased by hoodoo rites if the performer is sufficiently versed occult sciences. To change the wind, for instance, they chant, drum and howl against it, build fires, shoot against it, and as a last resort, fire the graves of the dead. Tribes put hoodoos on each other by ceremonial dances and howling. The hoodoo of total destruction upon neighbors is the building of a fire within sight of those coming under their displeasure. Tribal relations are served by making a fire outside and burning all ornaments or disguises used in ceremonial dances, such as raven skins, eagles tails, deer horns and masks. Tribes that are hoodooed answer by a return hoodoo, but with families and individuals it is different. Outlawed by their tribe or relations, they become discourged, hopeless and gloomy, and "go off and die." Eclipses of the moon create the greatest consternation, and almost paralize the people with fear. Arctic earthquakes having been coincident with eclipses of the moon, they say that an eclipse is the throwing of the earth being piled up and shaken. All the unutkoots in a village will howl and drum till it is passed, claiming that they have driven the thing away. Among the Nooatoks all hands rally around a pair of buckhorns, form a circle and march around to the music of drums and wild chants till the eclipse is off.

IT AT THE GUILLOTINE.

Some years ago it was still the custom in France to conduct condemned criminals through gaping crowds of idle spectators to the public guillotine. On one such occasion the unfortunate, seated upon his coffin in the cart, heard a would be wit in the crowd remark to a companion:

"Well, I'll bet that fellow don't feel much like laughing."

The coarse attempt at a joke stung the prisoner, and when he arrived at the scaffold he asked that the proceedings be stayed a moment, as he had a confession to make.

"Although I denied it at my trial, I had accomplices in the crime for which I have been sentenced, and there," pointing to the joke, "is one of them now."

Great excitement ensued, and the party designated was seized by the gendarmes with no gentle hands. Out of the confusion somebody managed to drag order, and the wit was placed on the scaffold besides his accuser.

Such a fearful case of abject terror as the joker presented was never witnesed in that somber locality. After enjoying his helpless fright for a few moments the fated convict said to the official in charge:

"He tried to make sport of my sufferings, but the man is innocent. And as soon as he seemed to be sure that it was no laughing matter for me to be here, I was curious to see how much such a funny fellow would laugh under similar circumstances himself."

CONTRAETED FEET.

To keep horses' feet right or cure them when disease of any kind settles in them is not all the work of the farmer, says an expert. The owner of the horse should take his share of the work. With contracted feet the first thing to do is to bathe well in warm salt water. This is to soften them and check fever. Next put on a poultice made out of linseed meal three nights in succession.

Now comes the shoeing. First prepare the foot. Pare the sole down well, leaving the bars; open out the heels all they will stand. This is one of the great secrets in spreading feet. To open the heels well don't take any off the sides of the frog, but open up well in the centre well forward. The shoe should be a stiff one, but not wide in the web. Put four calks on the shoe. Heat the heels of the shoe one at a time. Take the hot iron rasp and rasp them to well outward. Put on the shoe to clear the foot at the heels, so that it will take an ordinary jacknife one-half inch from point when the horse's weight comes on the foot. He does his own spreading of the foot. Use good hoof ointment three times a week. In six or nine months the feet have been spread from three-fourths to one and one-fourth inches.

THE W. C. T. U. AND THE SALVATION ARMY.

There is a movement in Chicago, on foot for joining together the woman's christian temperance union and the Salvation Army. At least that is what Frances Willard, the veteran president of the W. C. T. U., said in a speech at the meeting of the Salvation soldiers last night. Miss Willard did not go into particulars; she merely gave an outline of what she hoped to see before another year rolled by. She had always been an ardent abmirer of the Salvation Army since it landed in America and began its crusade against whiskey and the slums. During the day she had a long interview with Mrs. Ballington Booth, which tended toward union of the effort of the Salvation Army sisters with those of the woman's christian temperance union, and she hoped that at the next national convention the Army would represented and that Mrs. Booth would be the first delegate chosen.

DISCHARGING A MAN.

Discharging a man for any cause is a duty that most employers dislike, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. To get around the disagreeable part of this obligation some men resort to subterfuge more or less amiable. For instance, a certain firm in New York had a letter form which it always used when bouncing had to be done. Here it is:

DEAR SIR—The condition of our business will not permit us to avail ourselves of your valuable services after next Saturday. BLANK & Co.

Another employer of labor told me not long ago that he never discharged an employe

"What, never?" I inquired.

"Never," he repeated. "I always ask a man to resign, and if he doesn't resign I resign from the place of paymaster."

That reminded me of a foreman in a factory who was so soft hearted that he never could bring himself to fire a man in so many words. When it became necessary to get rid of a hand he used to send for the victim and address him thus: "I'm sorry, Wilhelm, but I lays you off for awhile."

"How long for?" is the usual response.

"Oh! I doan know—maybe six months—maybe a year—or two years or ten years—I doan know!"

NAIL THESE APHORISMS TO THE BARN DOOR.

The American Agriculturist advises farmers to nail the following to their barn doors:

Who enters here leaves pipe behind.

The horse will be all the better for working his way through the winter.

The man that knows the right use of a horse blanket is a first-class horse man.

Too many horses eat up during the winter all they have earned during the summer.

The horse blanket saves feed and flesh—less substance is used to make animal heat.

Keeping matches in any other receptacle than an iron or tin box is tempting Providence.

Some people think a farm animal is like a postage stamp—no good until licked. They are sadly mistaken.

The farm horse having only light labor, and not much of that, during the winter, should have less grain and more roughness than during the summer.

The man that puts iron bits in his horses' mouths in very cold weather without first warming the bits has altogether too much of the savage in his composition.

For Over Fifty Years.

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

ANCIENT STATUES.

It may not be generally known that much of the sculpture of ancient Athens was originally painted in bright colourrs. Until recently archæologists maintained the theory that the refined art of the Greeks had found it expression in the pure form of the marble, disregarding color; and any evidences to the contrary were destroyed. as only giving rise to troublesome theories, subversive of the true worship of Greek art. Within the past few years, however, several interesting pieces of painted sculpture have been discovered which have given rise to some interesting speculations among students and artists. Harper's Magazine for September will contain an article by Russel Sturgis describing several of the most important of these discoveries, which he declares tob e "the most curious, the most separate, the most unexpected" body of fine art that could possibly have been found. The article will be finely illustrated from photographs and from drawings made in Athens.

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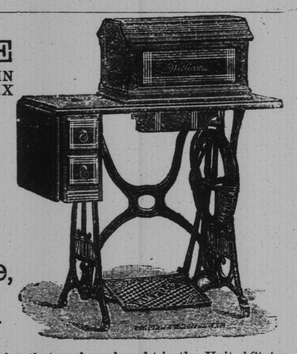

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ROOM PAPER—We have much pleasure in stating that we have bought in the United States, before the rise in Wall Papers, 1700 Rolls, and will be in a position very shortly to show the BEST ASSORTMENT of WALL PAPERS to be had anywhere, in Brown and White,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

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Any good writing or copying ink may be used, and one filling will write from forty to fifty pages of foolscap. It can be carried in the pocket ready for use in any emergency, and even if not used for months, as soon as touched to paper the ink begins to flow by capillary attraction and the action of the pen in writing.

Records, accounts, and letters written with this pen have a uniform color of ink on every page and line, because the ink is fresh and is laid on more evenly than with a dip pen.

It is the simplest, cleanest, readiest and most easily managed of all the fountain pens.

When the cap is removed it is ready to write, and when the writing is done the cap can be replaced and the pen is ready for the pocket.

The hard rubber is incorrodible, and with a gold pen there is nothing that can be affected by the ink, and unless unnecessarily injured it will LAST A LIFETIME.

A Letter from Benjamin Harrison,

President of the United States.

Yours of the 15th inst. received, also the second "Dashaway" Fountain Pen, which just suits me. The first one I gave to Mrs. Harrison for her use. Thanking you for your attention, I am,

Very truly yours, BENJ. HARRISON.

Opinions of the Press.

Evening Post.—"Caw's 'Dashaway' surpasses all the rest."

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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

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

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A FRESH LOT OF

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