

POETRY.

AUGURY.

A horsehoe nailed, for luck upon a mast; That mast, wave-lashed, upon the shore...

SELECT STORY

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finmore Cooper.

THE TRAVELER had been closely examining the wounds during these movements...

"I would faint, I should think, to the honor of this death; and surely if the hit in the neck be mine it is enough...

"What say you, my friend," cried the traveler, turning pleasantly to Natty...

"That I killed the deer," answered the young man, with a little haughtiness...

"The meat is none of mine to eat," said Leather-Stocking, adopting a little of his companion's haughty...

"You are making out the case against yourself, my young advocate; where is the fault?"

"I thank you for your good intention, but I must decline your offer. I have a friend who would be uneasy were he to hear that I am hurt and away from him."

"There's them living who say that Nathaniel Bumpo's right to shoot on these hills is older date than Marmaduke Temple's right to forbid him."

"Excuse me; I have need of the venison."

"But this will buy you many deer," said the Judge; "take it, I entreat you."

Whether his wound became more painful, or there was something irresistible in the voice and manner of the fair pleader...

of this singular contention in the feelings of the youth; and, advancing kindly to his hand, and, as he pulled him gently toward the sleigh, urged him to enter it.

The young man succeeded in extricating his hand from the warm grasp of the Judge, but he continued to gaze on the face of the female who, regardless of the cold, was still standing with her fine features exposed...

"It may be best to go, lad, after all; for if the shot hangs under the skin, my hand is getting too cold to be cutting into human flesh, as I once used to. Though some thirty years ago, in the old war, when I was out under Sir William, I travelled seven miles alone in the howling wilderness, with a rifle bullet in my thigh, and then cut it out with my own jack-knife..."

"I find, to hunt in company with you," said Natty, "is a matter of delicacy; for while he was speaking, she was too much employed in helping her father to remove certain articles of baggage to bear him."

"No, no," said the old man, shaking his head; "I have worked to do home his Christmas eve—drive on with the boy, and let your doctor look to the shoulder, though if he will only cut out the shot, I have yarks that will heal the wound quicker than all his foreign 'intments'."

"Stop, stop," cried the youth, catching the arm of the black as he prepared to urge his horse forward; "Natty—you need say nothing of the shot, nor of where I am going—remember, Natty, as you love me."

"Trust old Leather-Stocking," returned the hunter, significantly; "he hasn't lived fifty years in the wilderness, and not learnt from the savages how to hold his tongue—trust to me, lad; and remember old Indian John."

"And, Natty," said the youth, eagerly still holding the black by the arm. "I will just get the shot extracted, and bring you up to-night a quarter of the buck for the Christmas-dinner."

"Lie down, you old villain," exclaimed Leather-Stocking, shaking his ramrod at Hector as he bounded toward the foot of the tree; "lie down, I say. The dog obeyed, and Natty proceeded with great rapidity to the bird, which was crouching in the snow. When this was done, he took up his game, and, showing it to the party without a word, he cried—'Here is a titbit for an old man's Christmas—never mind the venison, boy, and remember Indian John; his yarks are better than all the foreign 'intments.' Here, Judge," holding up the bird again, "do you think a smooth-bore would pick game off their roost, and not ruffle a feather?"

"All places that the eye of heaven visits are to a wise man ports and happy havens; Think not the King did banish thee; But thou the king—" RICHARD II.

was a kind of appellation to the race, brought with him, to that asylum of the persecuted, an abundance of the good things of this life. He became the master of many thousands of acres of uninhabited territory, and the supporter of many a score of dependents. He lived greatly respected for his piety, and not a little distinguished as a secretary; was intimate with his associates with many important political stations; and died just in time to escape the knowledge of his own poverty.

The consequence of an emigrant into these provinces was generally to be ascertained by the number of his white servants or dependents, and the nature of the public situations that he held. Taking this rule as a guide, the ancestor of our Judge must have been a man of no little note.

It is, however, a subject of curious inquiry at the present day, to look into the brief records of that early period, and observe how regular, and with few exceptions how inevitable, were the gradations on the one hand, of the masters to poverty; and on the other, of their servants to wealth. Accustomed to ease, and unequal to the struggles incident to an infant society, the affluent emigrant was barely enabled to maintain his own rank, by the weight of his personal superiority and requirements; but, the moment that his head was laid in the grave, his indolent and comparatively uneducated offspring were compelled to yield precedence to the more active energies of a class whose exertions had been stimulated by necessity. This is a very curious state of things, even in the present state of the country, and it was peculiarly the fortune of the two extremes of society, in the peaceful and unenterprising colonies of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

The posterity of Marmaduke did not escape the common lot of those who depend rather on their hereditary possessions than on their own powers; and in the third generation they had descended to a point below which, in this happy country, it is barely possible for honesty, intellect, and sobriety to fall. The same pride of family that had, by its self-satisfied intolerance, conduced to aid their fall, now became a principle to stimulate them to endeavor to rise again. The feeling, from being morbid, was changed to a healthy and active desire to emulate the character of the condition, and, peradventure, the wealth of their ancestors.

At no time was the old soldier an admirer of the peaceful disciples of Fox. Their disciplined habits, both of mind and body, had endowed them with great physical perfection; and the eye of the veteran was apt to scan the fair proportions and athletic frame of the colonists with a look that seemed to utter volumes of contempt for their moral imbecility. He was also a little addicted to the expression of a belief that, where there was so great an observance of the externals of religion, there could not be much of the substance. It is not our task to explain what is, or ought to be the substance of Christianity, but merely to record in this place the opinions of Major Effingham.

Knowing the sentiments of the father in relation to this people, it was no wonder that the son hesitated to avow his connection with any, even his dependence on the integrity of a Quaker.

"My brother," continued the first speaker, "was as good as my father. He lives in a New England town, and he went to Boston once to transact some business which would occupy two days. At the end of four days he had not returned. His wife's anxiety was relieved on that day by a telegram, which read: 'What did I come to Boston for? Have been trying to remember for three days.' 'Real estate,' telegraphed his wife. 'Of course,' came back the answer. 'That reminds me,' said one of the party, 'of a friend of mine. He was a lawyer in a small town, and frequently, after work in the town, and he would sleep on a comfortable lounge which he had in a back room. When he was married there was a wedding breakfast at the bride's home, and the couple were to start on an evening train for a wedding trip. He had to run around the office for a few moments, having forgotten some little thing which had to be attended to. The hours went on and H— failed to return to his bride. When train time came and no bridegroom appeared every one was thrown into a panic. The bride and her friends spread like wildfire in the little town that H— had abandoned his bride and fled the town. The only one who seemed not to suspect him was the bride. She, however, only shed tears, refusing to listen to any other suggestion, but declining to be deceived. Finally she could stand the strain no longer and posted her father to H—'s office. H— had gotten deep into his work and was just on the point of going to sleep on his lounge. He was so broken up by the news of his bride's flight, he was ashamed to face any one but his wife, and extended his two month's wedding trip over a year. They made one of the happiest couples in the world, but to this day his wife has to find his hair for him and he leaves the house."

"A similar case, but one which could hardly be called absent-mindedness," said another of the little group, "is that of C—, the stock broker. On the morning on which his first baby was born he came to the office at a radiant face. Catching sight of his wife, he rushed up, said, with a beaming smile and joyous eye, 'Congratulations, my dear, I'm the happiest father in New York City. There never was such a handsome baby born before!'"

"I do congratulate you, Harry, old man," I answered, as he squeezed my hand warmly. "Boy or a girl?" "He looked at me for a moment and then a wave of blank despair went over his face. 'I'll be hanged if I know,' he said, 'C— disappeared from the floor, but in a couple of hours I felt some one nearly jerk my arm from its socket. 'It's a boy,' cried C— gleefully. 'I went home to find out.'"—N. Y. Tribune.

WHAT THE LAW ALLOWED HIM. A friend sends us the following story which may be a little gray with the frost of time, though we do not recall seeing it in print. We insert it anyhow, with the thought that "there's nothing new under the sun."

A Montreal dispatch says Newfoundland affairs are attracting attention again, and there is a boom for annexing that island province to the Dominion. This boom is greatly fostered here by the increase in Newfoundland tariff rates, and also by the fact that the "outrageous proposal" to tax Canadian fishing-vessels every time they enter Newfoundland ports. At Ottawa the other day Davies read a letter complaining that the government of Newfoundland intended to impose a fee of \$1 per ton on Canadian fishing vessels every time they entered a Newfoundland harbor to procure bait or for any other purpose. This, he would mean a tax of \$400 on each vessel each season, and he asked if the government had given, or proposed to give, any attention to the matter. Sir John Thompson replied that the government had only just received information regarding it, but the matter would immediately be made the subject of telegraphic communication to the government of Newfoundland and also that of Great Britain. Certainly, if Newfoundland persists in this measure, the result will be non-intercourse between that island and the maritime provinces of the Dominion.

It is also argued that the annexation of Newfoundland would facilitate greatly the development of that island's resources, which are yet scarcely touched. The mines and forests of Newfoundland properly worked would be of more value than its fisheries, which are now its main stay. The forests of Newfoundland have been as yet scarcely touched. They include a magnificent growth of spruce, pine, juniper, larch and birch, and also an abundance of poplar, aspen, mountain ash, balsam and other woods. Much of the pine averages from seventy-five to ninety feet in height and from three to four feet in diameter. Many small fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries and currants grow as luxuriantly as anywhere in Canada.

Agriculture has been almost entirely neglected throughout the island. The geological survey, however, indicates that there are 1,200 square miles capable of being converted into grazing and arable land, and no less than 3,200 square miles fit for settlement. It is estimated that there are fully 5,000,000 acres of land that could be cultivated to profit at present wholly unexplored. The strong anti-American sentiment recently shown in Newfoundland has rather startled the anti-American party in the Dominion, and the impression here is that Newfoundland must be annexed to the Dominion and its resources properly developed, or else it will soon belong to the United States.

THE OZAR'S JOKE. The Ozarin—O, my dearwif, does it not make you heartily beat with pride to think what a beautiful young country our own Russia is? The Ozar—No, sweetest, I do not love Russia. Would you know what I think of it? "Yes, my pet, what do you think of it?" "It is a—bomb—able!"

PROOF POSITIVE. Hotel Guest—Now you are sure this bed is quite clean? Bell Boy—Yes, sir, the sheets were only washed this morning. Just feel 'em, they ain't dry yet.

NEWS AND NOTES. How rapidly the hands get away when twelve o'clock strikes," remarked Mr. Bullion to his partner. "Yes," replied the latter, "that is the ate hour movement."

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THE TOMATO is of South American nationality, and was named by the Portuguese.

ADVISE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Wislowsky's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting their teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the pain of the teeth, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wislowsky's Soothing Syrup" and take no other kind.

During their honeymoon they had been sitting and sighing and talking poetry in the balcony for three hours all of which time he had both her hands tightly clasped in his. Finally she broke forth: "Algeron, dearest, I want to ask you something."

"Ask me a hundred—a thousand—a million things!" he exclaimed, in reply. "Well, Algeron, I've got an awful cold in my head," she continued, "and if I draw one of my hands away to use my pocket handkerchief would you think it unkind of me?"

"I'll be hanged if I know," he said, "C— disappeared from the floor, but in a couple of hours I felt some one nearly jerk my arm from its socket. 'It's a boy,' cried C— gleefully. 'I went home to find out.'"—N. Y. Tribune.

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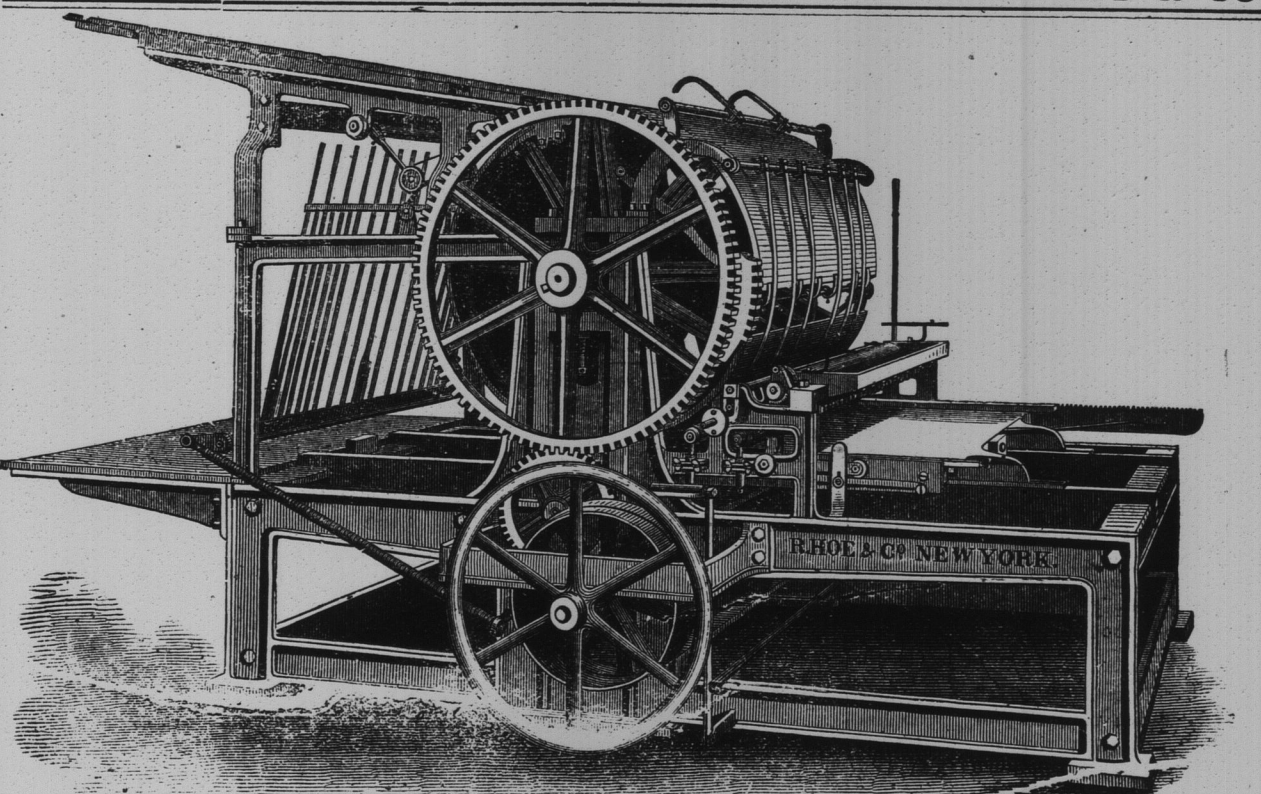
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