POETRY.

THAT BOY JIM.

He was the "devil," that boy Jim,
Couldn't do nothing at all with him;
Ragged and dirty — a gutter snipe —
Pi'in' the cases, distributin' type;
Peltin' the neighbors on their heads
With bran' new quoins an' slugs an' leads,
From early mornin' to evenin' dim —
He was the "devil," that boy Jim.

Editor cussed him — 't'want no good;
Head as hard as a piece of wood;
Jest bust out in a loud hooray,
An' kept right on his hard-head way.
But once when the train was passin' by
An' the editor's child on the track — oh, my! —
Jim he rushed with the same don't care
Right in front o' the engine there!

Child was saved! . . But where was Jim?
With flamin' lanterns they looked for him,
While the people trembled an' held their breath! —
"Under the engine crushed to death!"
There in the dust an' grime he lay —
Jim, he had given his life away!
'Twasn't no use to weep for him;
He was a' angel — that boy Jim!

—Atlanta Constitution.

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Fenimore Cooper

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

CONTINUED.

The hunter took the money, and continued turning it in his hand for some time, piece by piece, talking aloud during the operation.

"There's a rifle, they say, out on the Cherry Valley, that will carry a hundred rods and kill. I've seen good guns in my day, but none quite equal to that. A hundred rods with any sartainty is great shooting! Well, well — I'm old, and the gun I have will answer my time. Here, child, take back your gold. But the hour has come; I hear him talking to the cattle and I must be going. You won't tell of us, gal — you won't tell of us, will ye?"

"Tell of you!" echoed Elizabeth. "But take the money, old man; take the money, even if you go into the mountains."

"No, no," said Natty, shaking his head kindly; "I would not rob you so for twenty rifles. But there's one thing you can do for me, if ye will, that no other is at hand to do."

"Name it — name it."

"Why, it's only to buy a canister of powder — 'twill cost two silver dollars. Benny Pump has the money ready, but we daren't come into the town to get it. Nobody has it but the Frenchman. 'Tis of the best, and just suits a rifle. Will you get it for me, gal? — say, will you get it for me?"

"Will I? I will bring it to you, Leather-Stocking, though I toil a day in quest of you through the woods. But where shall I find you, and how?"

"Where?" said Natty, musing a moment — "to-morrow on the Vision; on the very top of the Vision, I'll meet you, child, just as the sun gets over our heads. See that it's the fine grain; you'll know it by the gloss and the price."

"I will do it," said Elizabeth, firmly.

Natty now seated himself, and placing his feet in the hole, with a slight effort he opened a passage through into the street. The ladies heard the rustling of the hay, and well understood the reason why Edwards was in the capacity of a teamster.

"Come, Benny," said the hunter: "'twill be no darker to-night, for the moon will rise in an hour."

"Stay!" exclaimed Elizabeth; "it should not be said that you escaped in the presence of the daughter of Judge Temple. Return, Leather-Stocking, and let us retire, before you execute your plan."

Natty was about to reply, when the approaching footsteps of the jailer announced the necessity of his immediate return. He had barely time to regain his feet, and to conceal the hole with the bedclothes, across which Benjamin very opportunely fell, before the key was turned, and the door of the apartment opened.

"Isn't Miss Temple ready to go?" said the civil jailer; "it's the usual hour for locking up."

"I follow you, sir," returned Elizabeth; "good-night, Leather-Stocking."

"It's a fine grain, gal, and I think 'twill carry lead further than common. I am getting old, and can't follow up the game with the step I used to could."

Miss Temple waved her hand for silence and preceded Louisa and the keeper from the apartment. The man turned the key once, and observed that he would return and secure his prisoners, when he had lighted the ladies to the street. Accordingly, they parted at the door of the building, when the jailer retired to his dungeons, and the ladies walked, with throbbing hearts, toward the corner.

"Now the Leather-Stocking refuses the money," whispered Louisa, "it can all be given to Mr. Edwards, and that added to ——"

"Listen!" said Elizabeth; "I hear the rustling of the hay; they are escaping at this moment. Oh! they will be detected instantly!"

By this time they were at the corner, where Edwards and Natty were in the act of drawing the almost helpless body of Benjamin through the aperture. The oxen had started back from their hay, and were standing with their heads down the street, leaving room for the party to act in.

"Throw the hay into the cart," said Edwards, "or they will suspect how it has been done. Quick, that they may not see it."

Natty had just returned from executing this order, when the light of the keeper's candle shone through the hole, and instantly his voice was heard in the jail, exclaiming for his prisoners.

"What is to be done now?" said Edwards — "this drunken fellow will cause our detection, and we have not a moment to spare."

"Who's drunk, ye lubber?" muttered the steward.

"A break-jail! a break-jail!" shouted five or six voices from within.

"We must leave him," said Edwards.

"'Twouldn't be kind, lad," returned Natty; "he took half the disgrace of the stocks on himself to-day, and the creater has feeling."

At this moment two or three men were heard issuing from the door of the "Bold Dragoon," and among them the voice of Billy Kirby.

"There's no moon yet," cried the woodchopper; "but it's a clear night. Come, who's for home? Hark! what a rumpus they're kicking up in the jail — here's go and see what it's about."

"We shall be lost," said Edwards, "if we don't drop this man."

At that instant Elizabeth moved close to him, and said rapidly, in a low voice:

"Lay him in the cart, and start the oxen; no one will look there."

"There's a woman's quickness in the thought," said the youth.

The proposition was no sooner made than executed. The steward was seated on the hay, and enjoined to hold his peace and apply the goad that was placed in his hand, while the oxen were urged on. So soon as this arrangement was completed, Edwards and the hunter stole along the houses for a short distance, when they disappeared through an opening that led into the rear of the buildings. The oxen were in brisk motion, and presently the cries of pursuit were heard in the street. The ladies quickened their pace, with a wish to escape the crowd of constables and idlers that were approaching, some execrating, and some laughing at the exploit of the prisoners. In the confusion, the voice of Kirby was plainly distinguishable above all the others, shouting and swearing that he would have the fugitives, threatening to bring back Natty in one pocket, and Benjamin in the other.

"Spread yourselves, men," he cried, as he passed the ladies, his heavy feet sounding along the street like the tread of a dozen; "spread yourselves; to the mountains; they'll be in the mountains in a quarter of an hour, and then look out for a long rifle."

His cries were echoed from twenty mouths, for not only the jail, but the taverns had sent forth their numbers, some earnest in the pursuit, and others joining it as in sport.

As Elizabeth turned in at her father's gate she saw the wood-chopper stop at the cart. when she gave Benjamin up for lost. While they were hurrying up the walk, two figures, stealing cautiously but quickly under the shades of the trees, met the eyes of the ladies, and in a moment Edwards and the hunter crossed their path.

"Miss Temple, I may never see you again," exclaimed the youth; "let me thank you for all your kindness; you do not, cannot know my motives."

"Fly! fly!" cried Elizabeth; "the village is alarmed. Do not be found conversing with me at such a moment, and in these grounds."

"Nay, I must speak, though detection were certain."

"Your retreat to the bridge is already cut off; before you can gain the wood your pursuers will be there. If ——"

"If what?" cried the youth. "Your advice has saved me once already; I will follow it to death."

"The street is now silent and vacant," said Elizabeth, after a pause; "cross it, and you will find my father's boat in the like. It would be easy to land from it where you please in the hills."

"But Judge Temple might complain of the trespass."

"His daughter shall be accountable, sir."

The youth uttered something in a low voice, that was heard only by Elizabeth, and turned to execute what she had suggested. As they were separating, Natty approached the females, and said:

"You'll remember the canister of powder, children. Them beavers must be had, and I and the pups be getting old; we want the best of ammunition."

"Come, Natty," said Edwards, impatiently.

"Coming, lad, coming. God bless you, young ones, both of ye, for ye mean well and kindly to the old man."

The ladies paused until they had lost sight of the retreating figures, when they immediately entered the mansionhouse.

While this scene was passing in the walk, Kirby had overtaken the cart, which was his own, and had been driven by Edwards, without asking the owner, from the place where the patient oxen usually stood at evening, waiting the pleasure of their master.

"Woa — come hither, Golden," he cried; "why, how come you off the end of the bridge, where I left you, dummies?"

"Heave ahead," muttered Benjamin, giving a random blow with his lash, that alighted on the shoulder of the other.

"Who the devil be you?" cried Billy, turning round in surprise, but unable to distinguish, in the dark, the hard visage that was just peering over the cart-rails.

"Who be I? why I'm helmsman aboard of his here craft, d'ye see, and a straight wake I'm making of it. Ay, ay! I've got the bridge right ahead, and the bilboes dead aft; I calls that good steerage, boy. Heave ahead."

"Lay your lash in the right spot, Mr. Benny Pump," said the wood chopper, "or I'll put you in the palm of my hand and box yeur ears. Where be ye going with my team?"

"Team!"

"Ay, my cart and oxen."

"Why, you must know, Master Kirby, that the Leather-Stocking and I — that's Benny Pump — you knows Ben? — well, Benny and I — no, me and Benny; dam'me if I know how'tis; but some of us are bound after a cargo of beaverskins, d'ye see, so we've pressed the cart to ship them 'ome in. I say, Master Kirby, what a lubberly oar you pull — you handle an oar, boy, pretty much as a cow would a musket, or a lady would a marling-spike."

Billy had discovered the state of the steward's mind, and he walked for some time alongside of the cart, musing with himself, when he took the goad from Benjamin (who fell back on the hay and was soon asleep) and drove his cattle down the street, over the bridge, and up the mountain, toward a clearing in which he was to work the next day, without any other interruption than a few hasty questions from parties of the constables.

Elizabeth stood for an hour at the window of her room, and saw the torches of the pursuers gliding along the side of the mountain, and heard their shouts and alarms; but, at the end of that time, the last party returned, wearied and disappointed, and the village became as still as when the issued from the gate on her mission to the jail.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"And I could weep" — th' Oneida chief
His descant wildly thus begun—
"But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son."
— GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

It was yet early on the following morning, when Elizabeth and Louisa met by appointment, and proceeded to the store of Monsieur Le Quoi, in order to redeem the pledge the former had given to the Leather-Stocking. The people were again assembling for the business of the day, but the hour was too soon for a crowd, and the ladies found the place in possession of its polite owner, Billy Kirby, one female customer, and the boy who did the duty of helper or clerk.

Monsieur Le Quoi was perusing a packet of letters with manifest delight, while the wood-chopper, with one hand thrust in his bosom, and the other in the folds of his jacket, holding an axe under his right arm, stood sympathizing in the Frenchman's pleasure with good-natured interest. The freedom of manners that prevailed in the new settlements commonly levelled all difference in rank, and with it, frequently, all considerations of education and intelligence. At the time the ladies entered the store, they were unseen by the owner, who was saying to Kirby:

"Ah! ha! Monsieur Beel, dis lettair mak me de most happi of mans. Ah! ma chere France! I vill see you again."

"I rejoice, monsieur, at anything that contributes to your happiness," said Elizabeth, "but hope we are not going to lose you entirely."

The complaisant shopkeeper changed the language to French, and recounted rapidly to Elizabeth his hopes of being permitted to return to his own country. Habit had, however, so far altered the manners of this pliable personage, that he continued to serve the wood-chopper, who was in quest of some tobacco, while he related to his more gentle visitor the happy change that had taken place in the dispositions of his own countrymen.

The amount of it all was, that Mr. Le Quoi, who had fled from his own country more through terror than because he was offensive to the ruling powers in France, had succeeded at length in getting an assurance that his return to the West Indies would be unnoticed; and the Frenchman, who had sunk into the character of a country shopkeeper with so much grace, was about to emerge again from his obscurity into his proper level in society.

We need not repeat the civil things that passed between the parties on this occasion, nor recount the endless repetitions of sorrow that the delighted Frenchman expressed at being compelled to quit the society of Miss Temple. Elizabeth took an opportunity, during this expenditure of polite expressions, to purchase the powder privately of the boy, who bore the generic apellation of Jonathan. Before they parted, however, Mr. Le Quoi, who seemed to think that he had not said enough, solicited the honor of a private interview with the heiress, with a gravity in his air that announced the importance of the subject. After conceding the favor and appointed a more favorable time for the meeting, Elizabeth succeeded in getting out of the store, into which the countrymen now began to enter, as usual where they met with the same attention and *bienseance* as formerly.

Elizabeth and Louisa pursued their walk as far as the bridge in profound silence; but when they reached that place the latter stopped, and appeared anxious to utter something that her diffidence suppressed.

"Are you ill, Louisa?" exclaimed Miss Temple; "had we not better return, and seek another opportunity to meet the old man?"

"Not ill, but terrified. Oh! I never, never can go on that hill again with you only. I am not equal to it, indeed I am not."

This was an unexpected declaration to Elizabeth, who, although she experienced no idle apprehension of a danger that no longer existed, felt most sensitively all the delicacy of maiden modesty. She stood for some time, deeply reflecting within herself; but, sensible it was a time for action instead of reflection, she struggled to shake off her hesitation, and replied firmly:

"Well, then it must be done by me alone. There is no other than yourself to be trusted, or poor old Leather-Stocking will be discovered. Wait for me in the edge of these woods, that at least I may not be seen strolling in the hills by myself just now. One would not wish to create remarks, Louisa — if — if —— You will wait for me, dear girl?"

"A year, in sight of the village, Miss Temple," returned the agitated Louisa, "but do not ask me to go on that hill."

Elizabeth found that her companion was really unable to proceed, and they completed their arrangement by posting Louisa out of the observation of the people who occasionally passed, but nigh the road, and in plain view of the whole valley. Miss Temple then proceeded alone. She ascended the road which has been so often mentioned in our narrative, with an elastic and firm step, fearful that the delay in the store of Mr. Le Quoi, and the time necessary for reaching the summit, would prevent her being punctual to the appointment. Whenever she passed an opening in the bushes, she would pause for breath, or, perhaps, drawn from her pursuit by the picture at her feet, would linger a moment to gaze at the beauties of the valley. The long drought had, however, changed its coat of verdure to a hue of brown, and, though the same localities were there, the view wanted the lively and cheering aspect of early summer. Even the heavens seemed to share in the dried appearance of the earth, for the sun was concealed by a haziness in the atmosphere, which looked like a thin smoke without a particle of moisture, if such a thing were possible. The blue sky was scarcely to be seen, though now and then there was a faint lightning up in spots, through which masses of rolling vapor could be discerned gathering around the horizon, as if nature was struggling to collect her floods for the relief of man. The very atmosphere that Elizabeth inhaled was hot and dry, and by the time she reached the point where the course led her from the highway she experienced a sensation like suffocation. But, disregarding her feelings she hastened to execute her mission, dwelling on nothing but the disappointment, and even the helplessness, the hunter would experience without her aid.

On the summit of the mountain which Judge Temple had named the "Vision," a little spot had been cleared, in order that a better view might be obtained of of the village and the valley. At this point Elizabeth understood the hunter she was to meet him; and thither she urged her way, as expeditiously as the difficulty of the ascent, and the impediment of a forest, in a state of nature would admit. Numberless were the fragments of rocks, trunks of fallen trees, and branches, with which she had to contend; but every difficulty vanished before her resolution, and by her own watch, she stood on the desired spot several minutes before the appointed hour.

After resting a moment on the end of a log, Miss Temple cast a glance about her in quest of her old friend, but he was evidently not in the clearing; she arose and walked around its skirts, examining every place where she thought it probable Natty might deem it prudent to conceal himself. Her search was fruitless; and, after exhausting not only herself, but her conjectures, in efforts to discover or imagine his situation, she ventured to trust her voice in that solitary place.

"Natty! Leather-Stocking! old man!" she called aloud, in every direction; but no answer was given, excepting the reverberations of her own clear tones, as they were echoed in the parched forest.

Elizabeth approached the brow of the mountain, where a faint cry, like the noise produced by striking the hand against the mouth, at the same time that the breath is strongly exhaled, was heard answering to her own voice. Not doubting in the least that it was the Leather-Stocking lying in wait for her, and who gave that signal to indicate the place where he was to be found, Elizabeth descended for near a hundred feet, until she gained a little natural terrace, thinly scattered with trees, that grew in the fissures of the rocks, which were covered by a scanty soil. She had advanced to the edge of this platform, and was gazing over the perpendicular precipice that formed its face, when a rustling among the dry leaves near her drew her eyes in another direction. Our heroine certainly was startled by the object that she then saw, but a moment restored her self-possession and she advanced firmly, and with some interest in her manner to the spot.

Mohegan was seated on the trunk of a fallen oak, with his tawny visage turned toward her, and his eyes fixed on her face with an expression of wildness and fire, that would have terrified a less resolute female. His blanket had fallen from his shoulders, and was lying in folds around him, leaving his breast, arms, and most of his body bare. The medallion of Washington reposed on his chest, a badge of distinction that Elizabeth well knew he only produced on great and solemn occasions. But the whole appearance of the aged chief was more studied than common, and in some particulars it was terrific. The long black hair was plaited on his head, falling away, so as to expose his high forehead and piercing eyes. In the enormous incisions of his ears were entwined ornaments of silver, beads and porcupine's quills, mingled in a rude taste and after the Indian fashions. A large drop, composed of similar materials, was suspended from the cartilage of his nose, and falling below his lips, rested on his chin. Streaks of red paint crossed his wrinkled brow, and were traced down his cheeks, with such variations in the lines as caprice or custom suggested. His body was also colored in the same manner; the whole exhibiting an Indian warrior prepared for some event of more than usual moment.

"John! how fare you, worthy John?" said Elizabeth, as she approached him; "you have long been a stranger in the village. You promised me a willow basket, and I have long had a shirt of calico in readiness for you."

The Indian looked steadily at her for some time without answering, and then, shaking his head, he replied in his low, guttural tones:

"John's hand can make baskets no more — he wants no shirt."

"But if he should, he will know where to come for it," returned Miss Temple. "Indeed, old John, I feel as if you had a natural right to order what you will from us."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ENAMEL OF THE TEETH.

A tooth in its normal condition consists of four parts or substances — enamel, cement, dentine and pulp. Enamel is the outer covering of the crown or exposed portion of the tooth, and by a wise provision of nature it is thickest where most subject to use and to wear. It is the hardest tissue of the human system, possesses of itself no sensibility, and contains not over 4 per cent of animal matter. Yet it is an important fact, and one which should not be lost sight of in caring for the teeth, and this indispensible coating is almost entirely soluble in acids.

Cement is the bone-like covering of the roots and neck of the teeth, corresponding for the covered portion of the enamel, with which it blends and unites about the edge of the gums, for the exposed part. Dentine forms the body of the tooth. It is not so hard as bone, consisting of parallel tubes about 4500 to an inch in diameter, and more than a quarter of its composition consists of animal matter. It is somewhat sensitive, but the sensation is probably due to the nerves of the pulp. The latter, commonly called "the nerve," is a mass of nerves and blood-vessels, almost infinitesimal in size, connected and enwrapped by a very delicate tissue. These nerves and blood-vessels connect with the general system through a minute opening at the extremity of the root, with which exception the pulp is entirely surrounded by a wall of dentine, In fact the pulp is the germ of the body of the tooth, the dentine is formed from it and nourished by it; when the pulp — which is extremely sensitive, as most readers know — dies, the dentine loses its apparent sensitiveness and gradually changes color — itself becomes dead. — Good Housekeeping.

MARRIAGE IN DUTCH COLONIAL TIMES.

The law then required the publishing of the banns three successive times in a religious meeting before marriage could take place. After the first notice there was usually a dance, and after the marriage, festivities were often kept up for three days in succession. It was customary for the groom, after the ordeal of proposing the question, to make his intended bride a present of some kind, usually a pair of silver shoe-buckles, sleeve-buttons, or a snuff-box.

Clergymen were not very plenty in those days, and the marriage must be arranged to suit the dominie's coming.

It is related that a young Dutch swain and his rosy-cheeked fiancee, living near Albany, were anxiously awaiting their marriage day. They resided on the north side of a creek, and the hard-worked dominie, making his way to unite them, lived on the south side of the same stream. As the fates would have it, a severe storm arose, with heavy rains falling the night previous to the marriage day, and the creek became so swollen as to make it absolutely impassable. The waters were rising, and its current became more rapid every hour. The dominie reached the usual fording place at the appointed time, but it would cost him his life to attempt to cross. What was to be done? He made one trial, then turned his horse to retrace his steps, when he was hailed by two voices on the opposite side, who entreated him to remain, and which he recognized as those of the bride and groom. After some debate, the dominie called out: "Stop! Stand vere you be, and I will make you man and wife." In the mean time the friends of the betrothed arrived from the bride's house in the neighborhood. It was a singular spectacle. The dominie read the marriage service on the margin of the creek, while the bridal party stood on the opposite side. After the ceremony was over, the company turned to leave. Here was another dilemma, which cast a cloud of deep anxiety over the good old man's face, usually so tranquil.

"Stop den, my young friends, von moment, if you please. You cannot toss the four guilders across the creek, but you can leave them at the first house below. Tell dem it is Dominie Van Benschooten's marriage fee, and I will call and get it." He put these directions in good Dutch, then mounted his horse and rode off.

This recalls the story of the good old dominie in Brooklyn who came to perform a similar office. The groom was English, the bride was Dutch. The masterful Englishman wanted the service in English, and after some hesitation, and with many misgivings, the dominie consented to do his best. The service was nearly over when, encouraged by his apparent success in mastering the English tongue, the worthy man said, in stentorian tones, "I now pronounce you two one beef."

PATENTS APPLIED FOR.

Among the patents applied for during the last month is a brooch guard, an embroidery machine, new and secure hook for dressmakers, lawn tennis marker, improved dressing table, hygienically ventilated mackintosh, an apparatus for tracing patterns on the dress material, a contrivance for shaping ladies' garments, a never trip riding skirt, a self fastening ladies' glove, a fan folding parasol, lawn tennis bat press, an improved cap for scouring the rib ends of a closed umbrella and a very unique method for retaining hats or bonnets on the head in all kinds of windy weather. In the list are two English women — Emily Londansack of Kilburn, London, who expects all the world of dressmakers to use her patent hook, and Sarah Maliu, also of London, who rests her fame on the ingenious glove fastener.

Like other Majorities. — "You have attained your majority," said G. O'Party to his lazy son. "Ya-as; but mine isn't a working majority."

A HIGH-PRIZED VIOLIN.

Every lover of the violin seeks to be the happy owner of as fine a toned instrument as he can secure. Enthusiasts often sacrifice much of their ready means to be known as the proud possessor of an Amati, a Guarverius or a Stradivarius, all three great fiddle makers, but the latter is acknowledged by the musical world to be the greatest. His workmanship has tones never been surpassed to this day. The drawn from one of his fiddles by a master hand approaches nearer that of the human voice than any other musical instrument in existence. Some of Niccolo Amati's fiddles are excellent in tone, and his instruments come next to his pupil's, Stradivarius, in popular estimation. It has always been understood by experts that the best violins of Stradivarius were made between the years 1700 and 1725, and to-day it is said there only exists one of that period as perfect as the day it was made. This one is known as "Le Messil," otherwise "The Messiah," and has after many changes of fortune found its way into the possession of Robert Crawford, of the firm of Bernard & Co., of Leith, Scotland. This violin has had a remarkable history from its very beginning. It was begun in 1716 and when finished Stradivarius was so pleased with it that he refused to sell it, and kept it until he died at the age of 93. His sons, like the father retained this precious art treasure for some years when the whole of Stradivarius' violins were sold to the Cremona collector, Count Cozio di Salabue, and among them Stradivarius' favourite and best. It passed from the Count to one Tarisio, a travelling collector, who kept it until he died in 1854, when the whole of his collection of fiddles were sold to the celebrated modern violin-maker, Vaillaume. During the Franco-German war it was buried to preserve it from the Teutons, and afterwards went to M. Alard, the great French violinist and son-in-law of Vaillaume, and from Alard's heirs it has been purchased by Mr. Crawford for the sum of £2000. This is the largest sum ever paid for a Stradivarius. Some say fine specimens have brought £1000, and that was the limit a few years ago, but now dealers, finding genuine specimens scarce, have increased their figures one hundred per cent.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of 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 mstake 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.

THE DOWNWARD PATH.

The Sad History of a Young Girl Arrested for Horse Stealing.

A young girl from Grand Falls has been figuring quite conspicuously in certain circles in Presque Isle and vicinity this fall. She hired in places to dig potatoes, dressing in men's clothes and sleeping in the barn. For some three weeks she has been around Presque Isle village sleeping in barns.

Her last sensation was the hiring of a team of H. B. Forbes, one of Presque Isle's livery men, for a few hour's ride. Not returning according to agreement, after waiting a proper length of time, Mr. Forbes pursued her to Ashland, Ox Bow, Patten, and found her and the team over in No. 1. At Ox Bow she had disfigured the horse by cutting off the hair on its mane and tail, thus making her team and herself the more easily traced. When Mr. Forbes found her she readily gave herself up and drove the team back to Presque Isle, and wanted to be sent to jail.

She says her name is Mary, that her parents are respectable people, that she is an only daughter and has eight brothers. She claims to have been enticed from home by a married man and taken to a house near the boundary line, where she began to drink and her downward career was hastened on.

Since coming to Presque Isle and being tried and bound over to the Higher Court with four months in jail, she appears somewhat penitent, and shrinks from the prospects before her, but does not want to go home to her parents, who have been informed of the whereabouts and misfortune of their daughter.

THE DOCTOR DID NOT USE THEM.

"Is the doctor in?" asked the tramp at the door of an Arch street physician.

A few minutes later an old female came to the door.

"I jist wanted to see if the doctor wouldn't give me a pair of his old pants," said the tramp.

"I'm the doctor," replied the lady.

The tramp had several attacks of vertigo as he dropped down the steps.

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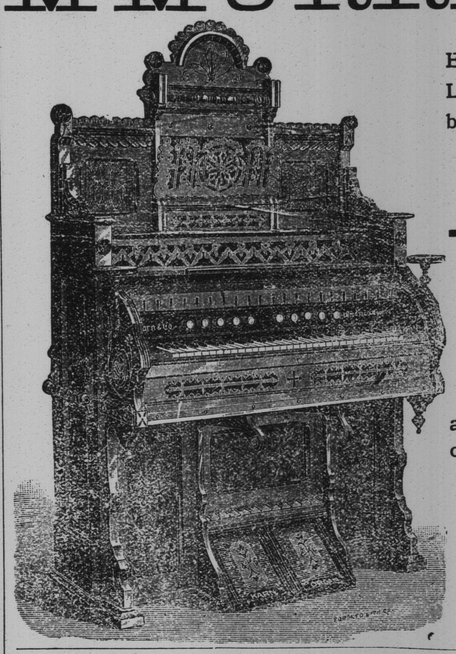


Employs no Agents, but gives the Large Commission to the Buyer, and by so doing, can sell you an

—ORGAN—

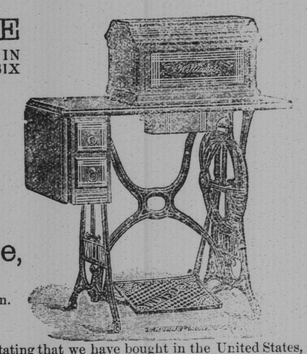
AT VERY LOW PRICES,

and on as easy terms as any other company on the

INSTALMENT PLAN.

Call and See our ORGANS and PRICES.

WE SELL THIS for $18, SEWING MACHINE AND THE HIGHEST PRICE MACHINE MADE IN CANADA FOR $27.50. AFTER USING THEM SIX MONTHS, AND NOT SATISFACTORY, MONEY REFUNDED.



CALL AND SEE THEM.

—WE ALSO SELL THE—

Celebrated "White" Sewing Machine,

which took the First Prize Gold Medal over all others at the Paris Exhibition.

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.

BROWNS FROM 5 CENTS UPWARDS; WHITES FROM 8 CENTS UPWARDS; GILTS FROM 20 CENTS UPWARDS.

Call and see the Stock and Prices. To arrive this week from Montreal, 8000 Rolls (cheap) Wholesale or Retail.

McMURRAY & CO

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

R. BLACKMER,

PRACTICAL

WATCHMAKER and JEWELER,

HAS IN STOCK A FULL LINE OF

WALTHAM WATCHES

in Solid Gold, Gold Filled and Silver Cases.

Fine Rolled Plate Chains, etc.

and everything usually found in a first-class jewelry store.

A FULL LINE OF

C L O C K S

Of the best makes.

SILVERWARE

In CASTORS, SPOONS, etc., of the Finest Quality.

ENGRAVING

On COFFIN PLATES, SPOONS, etc., neatly executed.

The Cheapest Place in the City for Fine Work and Fine Jewelry.

One Door Below the People's Bank

Carriage Bolts.

JUST RECEIVED:

5 CASES containing 10,500 Carriage Bolts and 9,000 Tire Bolts.

For sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

S. L. MORRISON,

Dealer in

FLOUR, MEAL,

TEA,

COFFEE,

SUGAR,

MOLASSES,

TOBACCO,

CANNED GOODS

—AND—

General Groceries.

QUEEN STREET,

OPP. CITY HALL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

NOTICE.

ALWAYS IN STOCK:

HAY, OATS, STRAW, BRAN, SHORTS, MIDDLINGS, CRACKED CORN, COTTON SEED AND OIL CAKE MEAL, LIME, LAND AND CALCINED PLASTER.

Hard and Soft House Coal.

Best Old Mine Sydney and Grand Lake Blacksmith Coal.

SEED BUCKWHEAT, SEED WHEAT, " OATS, " PEAS, " BARLEY, " CORN.

ALSO,

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,

all CHEAPER than the CHEAPEST.

Office and Warehouse: Campbell St., above City Hall

JAS. TIBBITS.

Fancy Tailoring!

JUST OPENED,

A Choice Line of

SUMMER CLOTHS

In All the Latest Patterns.

NOTE—I do not claim the Largest Stock in the City, but I do claim to

Sell First-class Goods at a Small Profit.

A visit to my Store, when you are in the City, will convince you of this fact.

JOSEPH WALKER,

Practical Tailor,

NEXT DOOR ABOVE W. H. VANWART'S GROCERY STORE,

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.

THE

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE

INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS, 1st JANUARY, 1889, - $39,722,809.59

ASSETS IN CANADA, " - 870,525.67

Fire Insurance of Every Description at LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

WM. WILSON, Agent.

WILLIAM ROSSBOROUGH,

MASON,

Plasterer, - and - Bricklayer,

SHORE ST., NEAR GAS WORKS,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

JOBBING a specialty.

Workmanship first-class.

Prices satisfactory

Per S. S. Nova Scotian.

1 1-2 TONS assorted sizes of CABLE CHAIN, from 3-16 to 7-16 of an inch. Just received at

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Fresh GARDEN, FIELD, and FLOWER SEEDS

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

Beans, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Parsnips, Onions,

and all small Seeds, either in bulk or in packages—Wholesale and Retail.

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

Yellow Dutch Onion Sets.

Special discount given to Agricultural Societies and Country Dealers.

REMEMBER THE OLD STAND.

GEO. H. DAVIS,

Druggist and Seedsman

CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STS.

FREDERICTON.

G. T. WELPLEY.

JUST RECEIVED,

500 Bushel TIMOTHY SEED,

1 Ton CLOVER FEED,

SEED OATS,

FEEDING OATS.

ALWAYS IN STOCK:

Flour, Cornmeal, Pork, &c.

A FRESH LOT OF

Christie, Brown & Co.'s BISCUIT,

SOCIAL TEA BISCUIT,

SODA BISCUIT in 2 and 3 lb. Boxes,

GRAHAM WAFERS,

MACCAROONS, &c.

TO ARRIVE,

3 Cars Ontario Seed Oats,

1 Car Bran and Middlings.

G. T. WHELPLEY,

310 QUEEN STREET,

FREDERICTON.

WANTED

RELIABLE PUSHING MEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. Complete assortment. Splendid opportunity offered for Spring work. My Salesmen have good success, many selling from $100 to $200 per week. Send for Proof and Testimonials. A good pushing man wanted here at once. Liberal Terms, and the best goods in the market. Write, R. G. CLYE, Nurseryman, Perth, Ont.

Coal Tar.

FROM NEW YORK.

10 BARRELS best AMERICAN COAL TAR. Just received by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.