POETRY.

THE PAST LOVE.

I hate the bronze leaves and the red,
And that pale flower with fluttering stalk
That lined the shadowy poplar walk
Where our first words of love were said.

We loved; the corn was in the ear;
Gay hunters made the hill-sides ring;
And, oh, love seemed a beauteous thing,
And all we sighed for close and near!

I hate the woodlands spicy smell,
Through whose wild sweets at dusk we strayed,
Arm linked in arm, by rock and glade,
While the heart whispered, "All is well!"

Was mine the fault that love was brief—
The wonder of a matchless day
Whose glory dimmed and died away
Like the red color on a leaf?

Was mine the fault that all that flame
Passed as a breath and ceased to be?
Heirs of a fruitless hope were we;
Worthy of pity more than blame.

We parted; and the icy gust
Stripped the dull forest's withered plume,
And cast it through the echoing gloom
In purple fringes mixed with dust.

Let winter sweep the desolate aisles,
And make their stones his winnowing floor.
Nay let the green spring come once more
And light it with immortal smiles?

—Harper's Weekly.

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Fimimcre Cooper

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

CONTINUED.

"Red skin or white, it's all over now! He's to be judged by a righteous Judge, and by no laws that's made to suit times, and new ways. Well, there's only one more death, and the world will be left to me and the hounds. Ah's me a man must wait the time of God's pleasure, but I begin to weary of life. There is scarcely a tree standing that I know, and it's hard to find a face that I was acquainted with in my younger days."

Large drops of rain now began to fall, and diffuse themselves over the dry rock, while the approach of the thunder shower was rapid and certain. The body of the Indian was hastily removed into the cave beneath, followed by the whining hounds, who missed and moaned for the look of intelligence that had always met their salutations to the chief.

Edwards made some hasty and confused excuse for not taking Elizabeth into the same place, which was now completely closed in front with logs and bark, saying something that she hardly understood about its darkness, and the unpleasantness of being with the dead body. Miss Temple, however, found a sufficient shelter against the torrent of rain that fell, under the projection of a rock which overhung them. But long before the shower was over, the sounds of voices were heard below them crying aloud for Elizabeth, and men soon appeared beating the dying embers of the bushes, as they worked their way cautiously among the unextinguished brands.

At the first short cessation in the rain, Oliver conducted Elizabeth to the road, where he left her. Before parting, however, he found time to say, in a fervent manner, that his companion was now at no loss to interpret:

"The moment of concealment is over, Miss Temple. By this time to-morrow, I shall remove a veil that perhaps it has been weakness to keep around me and my affairs so long. But I have had romantic and foolish wishes and weakness; and who has not, that is young and torn by conflicting passions? God bless you! I hear your father's voice; he is coming up the road, and I would not, just now, subject myself to detention. Thank Heaven, you are safe again; that alone removes the weight of a world from my spirit!"

He waited for no answer, but sprang into the woods. Elizabeth, notwithstanding she heard the cries of her father as he called upon her name, paused until he was concealed among the smoking trees, when she turned, and in a moment rushed into the arms of her half-distracted parent.

A carriage had been provided, into which Miss Temple hastily entered; when the cry was passed along the hill, that the lost one was found and the people returned to the village wet and dirty, but elated with the thought that the daughter of their landlord had escaped from so horrid and untimely an end.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Selictar! unsheathe then our chief's scimitar;
Tambourgi! thy 'larum gives promise of war;
Ye mountains! that see us descend to the shore,
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more."

—BYRON.

The heavy showers that prevailed during the remainder of the day completely stopped the progress of the flames; though glimmering fires were observed during the night, on different parts of the hill, whenever there was a collection of fuel to feed the element. The next day the woods for many miles were black and smoking, and were stripped of every vestige of brush and dead wood; but the pines and hemlocks still reared their heads proudly among the hills, and even the smaller trees of the forest retained a feeble appearance of life and vegetation.

The many tongues of rumor were busy in exaggerating the miraculous escape of Elizabeth; and a report was generally credited, that Mohegan had actually perished in the flames. This belief became confirmed, and was indeed rendered probable, when the direful intelligence reached the village that Jotham Riddell, the miner, was found in his hole, nearly dead with suffocation, and burnt to such a degree that no hopes were entertained of his life.

The public attention became much alive to the events of the last few days; and, just at this crisis, the convicted counterfeiters took the hint from Natty, and, on the night succeeding the fire, found means to cut through their log prison also, and to escape unpunished. When this news began to circulate through the village, blended with the fate of Jotham, and the exaggerated and tortured reports of the events on the hills, the popular opinion was freely expressed, as to the propriety of seizing such of the fugitives as remained within reach. Men talked of the cave as a secret receptacle of guilt; and, as the rumor of ores and metals found its way into the confused medley of conjectures, counterfeiting, and everything else that was wicked and dangerous to the peace of society, suggested themselves to the busy fancies of the populace.

While the public mind was in this feverish state, it was hinted that the wood had been set on fire by Edwards and the Leather-Stocking, and that, consequently, they alone were responsible for the damages. This opinion soon gained ground, being most circulated by those who, by their own heedlessness, had caused the evil; and there was one irresistible burst of the common sentiment that an attempt should be made to punish the offenders. Richard was by no means deaf to this appeal, and by noon he set about in earnest to see the laws executed.

Several stout young men were selected and taken apart with an appearance of secrecy, where they received some important charge from the sheriff, immediately under the eyes, but far removed from the ears, of all in the village. Possessed of a knowledge of their duty, these youths hurried into the hills, with a bustling manner, as if the fate of the world depended on their diligence, and, at the same time, with an air of mystery as great as if they were engaged on secret matters of the state.

At twelve precisely a drum beat the "long roll" before the "Bold Dragoon," and Richard appeared, accompanied by Captain Hollister, who was clad in his vestments as commander of the "Templeton Light Infantry," when the former demanded of the latter the aid of the posse comitatus in enforcing the laws of the country. We have not room to record speeches of the two gentlemen on this occasion, but they are preserved in the columns of the little blue newspaper, which is yet to be found on the file, and are said to be highly creditable to the legal formula of one of the parties, and to the military precision of the other. Everything had been previously arranged, and, as the red coated drummer continued to roll out his clattering notes, some five-and-twenty privates appeared in the ranks, and arranged themselves in the order of battle.

As this corps was composed of volunteers, and was commanded by a man who had passed the first five-and-thirty years of his life in camps and garrisons, it was the nonpareil of military science in that country, and was confidently pronounced by the judicious part of the Templeton community, to be equal in skill and appearance to any troops in the known world; in physical endowments they were, certainly, much superior! To this assertion there were but three dissenting voices, and one dissenting opinion. The opinion belonged to Marmaduke, who, however, saw no necessity for its promulgation. Of the voices, one, and that a pretty loud one, came from the spouse of the commander himself, who frequently reproached her husband for condescending to lead such an irregular band of warriors, after he had filled the honorable station of sergeant-major to a dashing corps of Virginia cavalry through much of the recent war.

Another of these skeptical sentiments was invariably expressed by Mr. Pump, whenever the company paraded, generally in some such terms as these, which were uttered with that sort of meekness that a native of the island of our forefathers is apt to assume when he condescends to praise the customs or character of her truant progeny:

"It's mayhap that they knows sum'mat about loading and firing, d'ye see, but as for working ship? why, a corporal's guard of the Boadishey's marines would back and fill on their quarters in such a manner as to surround and captivate them all in half a glass." As there was no one to deny this assertion, the mariners of the Boadicea were held in a corresponding degree of estimation.

The third unbeliever was Monsieur Le Quoi, who merely whispered to the sheriff that the corps was one of the finest he had ever seen, second only to the Mousquetaires of Le Bon Louis! However, as Mrs. Hollister thought there was something like actual service in the present appearances, and was, in consequence, too busily engaged with certain preparations of her own, to make her comments; as Benjamin was absent, and Monsieur Le Quoi too happy to find fault with anything, the corps escaped criticism and comparison altogether on this momentous day, when they certainly had greater need of self-confidence than on any other previous occasion. Marmaduke was said to be again closeted with Mr. Van der School, and no interruption was offered to the movements of the troops. At two o'clock precisely the corps shouldered arms, beginning on the right wing, next to the veteran, and carrying the motion through to the left with great regularity. When each musket was quietly fixed in its proper situation, the order was given to wheel to the left, and march. As this was bringing raw troops, at once, to face their enemy, it is not to be supposed that the manœuvre was executed with their usual accuracy; but as the music struck up the inspiring air of Yankee-doodle, and Richard, accompanied by Mr. Doolittle, preceded the troops boldly down the street, Captain Hollister led on, with his head elevated to forty-five degrees, with a little low cocked hat perched on his crown, carrying a tremendous dragoon sabre at a poise, and trailing at his heels a huge steel scabbard, that had war in its very clattering. There was a good deal of difficulty in getting all the platoons (there were six) to look the same way; but by the time they reached the defile of the bridge, the troops were in sufficiently compact order. In this manner they marched up the hill to the summit of the mountain, no other alteration taking place in the disposition of the forces, excepting that a mutual complaint was made, by the sheriff and the magistrate, of a failure in the wind, which gradually brought these gentlemen to the rear. It will be unnecessary to detail the minute movements that succeeded. We shall briefly say, that the scouts came in and reported, that, so far from retreating, as had been anticipated, the fugitives had evidently gained a knowledge of the attack, and were fortifying for a desperate resistance. This intelligence certainly made a material change, not only in the plans of the leaders, but in the countenances of the soldiery also. The men looked at one another with serious faces, and Hiram and Richard began to consult together, apart.

At this conjuncture, they were joined by Billy Kirby, who came along the highway, with his axe under his arm, as much in advance of his team as Captain Hollister had been of his troops in the ascent. The wood-chopper was amazed at the military array, but the sheriff eagerly availed himself of this powerful reinforcement, and commanded his assistance in putting the laws in force. Billy held Mr. Jones in too much deference to object; and it was finally arranged that he should be the bearer of a summons to the garrison to surrender before they proceeded to extremities. The troops now divided, one party being led by the captain, over the Vision, and were brought in on the left of the cave, while the remainder advanced upon its right, under the orders of the lieutenant. Mr. Jones and Dr. Todd—for the surgeon was in attendance also—appeared on the platform of rock, immediately over the heads of the garrison, though out of their sight. Hiram thought this approaching too near, and he therefore accompanied Kirby along the side of the hill, to within a safe distance of the fortifications, where he took shelter behind a tree. Most of the men discovered great accuracy of eye in bringing some object in range between them and their enemy, and the only two of the besiegers, who were left in plain sight of the besieged, were Captain Hollister on one side and the wood-chopper on the other. The veteran stood up boldly to the front, supporting his heavy sword in one undeviating position, with his eye fixed firmly on his enemy, while the huge form of Billy was placed in that kind of quiet repose, with either hand thrust into his bosom, bearing his axe under his right arm, which permitted him, like his own oxen, to rest standing. So far, not a word had been exchanged between the belligerents. The besieged had drawn together a pile of black logs and branches of trees, which they had formed into a chevaux-de-frise, making a little circular abatis in front of the entrance to the cave. As the ground was steep and slippery in every direction around the place, and Benjamin appeared behind the works on one side, and Natty on the other, the arrangement was by no means contemptible, especially as the front was sufficiently guarded by the difficulty of the approach. By this time Kirby had received his orders, and he advanced coolly along the mountain, picking his way with the same indifference as if he were pursuing his ordinary business. When he was within a hundred feet of the works, the long and much-dreaded rifle of the Leather-Stocking was seen issuing from the parapet, and his voice cried aloud:

"Keep off! Billy Kirby, keep off! I wish ye no harm; but if a man of ye all comes a step nigher, there'll be blood spilt atwixt us. God forgive the one that draws it first, but so it must be."

"Come, old chap," said Billy, good-naturedly, "don't be crabb'd, but hear what a man has got to say. I've no consarn in the business, only to see right 'twixt man and man; and I don't kear the valie of a beetle-ring which gets the better; but there's Squire Doolittle, yonder behind the beech sapling, he has invited me to come in and ask you to give up to the law—that's all."

"I see the varmint! I see his clothes!" cried the indignant Natty: "and if he'll only show so much flesh as will bury a rifle bullet, thirty to the pound, I'll make him feel me. Go away, Billy, I bid ye: you know my aim, and I bear you no malice."

"You over-calculated your aim, Natty," said the other, as he stepped behind a pine that stood near him! "if you think to shoot a man through a tree with a three foot butt. I can lay this tree right across you in ten minutes, by any man's watch, and in less time, too; so be civil—I want no more than what's right."

There was a simple seriousness in the countenance of Natty, that showed he was much in earnest; but it was also evident that he was reluctant to shed human blood. He answered the taunt of the wood-chopper, by saying:

"I know you drop a tree where you will, Billy Kirby; but if you show a hand, or an arm, in doing it, there'll be bones to be set, and blood to staunch. If it's only to get into the cave that ye want, wait till a two hours' sun, and you may enter it in welcome; but come in now you shall not. There's one dead body already, lying on the cold rocks, and there's another in which the life can hardly be said to stay. If you will come in, there'll be dead without as well as within."

The wood-chopper stepped out fearlessly from his cover, and cried:

"That's fair; and what's fair is right. He wants you to stop till it's two hours to sundown; and I see reason in the thing. A man can give up when he's wrong, if you don't crowd him too hard; but you crowd a man, and he gets to be like a stubborn ox—the more you beat, the worse he kicks."

The sturdy notions of independence maintained by Billy neither suited the emergency nor the impatience of Mr. Jones, who was burning with a desire to examine the hidden mysteries of the cave. He therefore interrupted this amicable dialogue with his own voice:

"I command you, Nathaniel Bumppo, by my authority, to surrender your person to the law," he cried. "And I command you, gentlemen, to aid me in performing my duty. Benjamin Penguillan, I arrest you, and order you to follow me to the jail of the county, by virtue of this warrant."

"I'd follow ye, Squire Dickens," said Benjamin, removing the pipe from his mouth (for during the whole scene the ex-major-domo had been very composedly smoking); "ay I'd sail in your wake, to the end of the world, if-so-be that there was such a place, where there isn't, seeing that it's round. Now mayhap, Master Hollister, having lived all your life on shore, you isn't acquainted that the world, d'ye see——"

"Surrender!" interrupted the veteran, in a voice that startled his hearers, and which actually caused his own forces to recoil several paces; "surrender, Benjamin Pengullum, or expect no quarter."

"Damn your quarter!" said Benjamin, rising from the log on which he was seated, and taking a squint along the barrel of the swivel, which had been brought on the hill during the night, and now formed the means of defence on his side of the works. "Look you, master or captain, thof I questions if ye know the names of a rope, except the one that's to hang ye, there's no need of singing out, as if ye was hailing a deaf man on a top-gallant yard. Mayhap you think you've got my true name in your sheep-skin; but what British sailor finds it worth while to sail in these seas, without a sham on his stern, in case of need, d'ye see. If you call me Penguillan, you calls me by the name of the man on whose land, d'ye see, I hove into daylight; and he was a gentleman; and that's more than my worst enemy will say of any ot the family of Benjamin Stubbs."

"Send the warrant round to me, and I'll put in an alias," cried Hiram, from behind his cover.

"Put in a jackass, and you'll put in yourself, Mister Doo-but-little," shouted Benjamin, who kept squinting along his little iron tube, with great steadiness.

"I give you but one moment to yield," cried Richard. "Benjamin! Benjamin! this is not the gratitude I expected from you."

"I tell you, Richard Jones," said Natty, who dreaded the sheriff's influence over his comrade; "though the canister the gal brought be lost, there's powder enough in the cave to lift the rock you stand on. I'll take off my roof if you don't hold your peace."

"I think it beneath the dignity of my office to parley further with the prisoners," the sheriff observed to his companion, while they both retired with a precipitancy that Captain Hollister mistook for a signal to advance.

"Charge baggonet!" shouted the veteran; "march!"

Although this signal was certainly expected, it took the assailed a little by surprise, and the veteran approached the works, crying, "Courage, my brave lads! give them no quarter unless they surrender;" and struck a furious blow upward with his sabre, that would have divided the steward into moieties, by subjecting him to the process of decapitation, but for the fortunate interference of the muzzle of the swivel. As it was, the gun was dismounted at the critical moment that Benjamin was applying his pipe to the priming, and in consequence some five or six dozen of rifle bullets were projected into the air, in nearly a perpendicular line. Philosophy teaches us that the atmosphere will not retain lead; and two pounds of the metal, molded into bullets of thirty to the pound, after describing an ellipsis in their journey, returned to the earth rattling among the branches of the trees directly over the heads of the troops stationed in the rear of their captain. Much of the success of an attack, made by irregular soldiers, depends on the direction in which they are first got in motion. In the present instance it was retrograde, and in less than a minute after the bellowing report of the swivel among the rocks and caverns, the whole weight of the attack from the left rested on the prowess of the single arm of the veteran. Benjamin received a severe contusion from the recoil of his gun, which produced a short stupor, during which period the ex-steward was prostrate on the ground. Captain Hollister availed himself of this circumstance to scramble over the breast-works and obtain a footing in the bastion for such was the nature of the fortress, as connected with the cave. The moment the veteran found himself within the works of his enemy, he rushed to the edge of the fortification, and, waving his sabre over his head, shouted:

"Victory! come on, my brave boys, the work's our own!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

A HEROIC DOG.

Captain is the name of a splendid specimen of the canine race who is a resident of San Francisco, and who has recently distinguished himself as a life saver of the first order of merit.

Captain is a cross bred Newfoundland and St. Bernard and is as intelligent as he is handsome. He is of splendid proportions, standing fully three feet high, and has a name that would do credit to a high bred African lion. His eyes are as soft and kind as an infant's, while his jaws and limbs are almost as massive as a grizzly's.

The proud owner of this noble animal is a young man named Milton Shirek of No. 1,816 Washington street.

Some three weeks ago the young man took the dog for a stroll and wandered out to the beach near Fort Mason. The rocks close in shore are a favorite place for youngsters, who enjoy wading in the water, to play upon. On this particular day a boy who was playing upon the rocks lost his balance and fell into the water.

He sank beyond his depth and his companions were unable to render him any assistance. Young Shirek saw the lad's danger and ordered the dog into the water. Captain leaped into the water and swam swiftly to the drowning boy. Grasping his clothing in his teeth, he held him above the water and drew him to the shore in safety. The badly frightened boy escaped before his name could be learned.

But the rescue he performed on Sunday last was the cap to the climax of his celebrity among his admirers. Captain went for a stroll on Sunday, accompanied by Master Julian Dreyfus, a friend of the dog's owner. While passing over the same stretch of beach on which the previous life saving feat had been accomplished young Dreyfus heard the cries of a number of boys out on the rocks, who said that one of their number, a little six-year-old, John Green by name, had fallen into the water and was in danger of drowning.

Captain had learned his duty well, and almost before the crowd upon shore had appreciated it he had sprung into the water and had reached the drowning boy. Seizing his knickerbockers in his teeth the splendid animal drew the child up upon the rocks and out of danger.

Captain's owners and admirers now think that a United States life saving medal would be a fitting pendant to his massive collar.

THE SMALL BOY.

A well known newspaper man of Washington, whose custom it is to take long walks in the country, was out last Sunday. As he passed an orchard he noticed all the trees but one fairly well filled with apples.

"That's strange," he remarked to his companion.

"What's the reason, do you imagine?" asked the other.

"Here comes a boy. I'll ask him," and the journalist tackled the boy.

"Fine apples you have for an off year," he said, with an air of freedom and acquaintance with the facts.

"Kinner," replied the boy.

"Where do you sell them mostly?"

"Mostly don't sell 'em. Make cider."

"Ah, are they cider apples?"

"Course; couldn't make cider if they wasn't."

"Very true. By the way, my boy, I notice one tree over there by the fence hasn't an apple on it. Do you know why that is?"

"I reckon."

"Well, my friend here and I am a little curious and would like to have you tell us if you will."

"Certainly. It's 'cause it's a plum tree, mostly."

The man of inquiring mind hung his kodak over his shoulder and went on.

THE LATEST FRENCH DUEL.

A French landed proprietor and a colonel of dragoons had a deadly quarrel; blood only could wash out the insults that had passed between them. Both men were eccentric to a degree, and they agreed that lots should be drawn, and that the loser should at once proceed to some retired spot and shoot himself. The next morning the opponents and their seconds met at a small cafe outside the town. Lots were duly drawn, the landed proprietor proving the winner. The colonel took his bad fortune calmly; he wrote a few lines upon a piece of paper, which he handed to his second, took an affectionate farewell of all, and forgave his more fortunate adversary, as a Christian gentleman ought to do. He then, accepting a loaded pistol, moved steadily into an adjoining room and closed the door. The others remained breathlessly awaiting the detonation which was to convey to them the final of the tragedy. At last it came; eagerly they ran to the door of the fatal chamber, when it was thrown open, and the supposed defunct stood on the threshold grasping the smoking weapon. "Heavens, gentlemen," exclaimed he with a bland smile, "is it not unfortunate I have missed myself!"

STRUCK A MOUNTAIN OF MICA.

Louis Victor and a party of Indians have returned from a seven weeks' prospecting trip up the North Thompson river, Victoria, B. C. The country around the head waters of the river and the Tete Juane Cache was covered with a foot of snow. Notwithstanding this impediment to the work of prospecting, they located the mica mines for which they were searching, camping at the mines three weeks staking out claims. The ledge they located shows 40 feet wide and 50 feet high on the side of the mountain, and indications are that they have struck a mountain of mica. Some fine samples were secured and brought to town, the largest of which was about 10 x 8 inches surface, and almost as clear as crystal. Some cubes of almost two feet were exposed in places. The mica splits readily to any thickness desired.

There was four feet of snow on the level when the party left the camp for home, and they experienced terrible hardships on the return trip.

A SPANISH CALIFORNIA WEDDING

Nothing was more attractive than the wedding cavalcade on its way from the bride's house to the Mission church. The horses were more richly caparisoned than for any other ceremony, and the bride's nearest relative or family representive carried before him, she sitting on the saddle with her white satin shoe in a loop of golden or silver braid, while he sat on the bear-skin covered anquera behind. The groom and his friends mingled with the bride's party, all on the best horses that could be obtained, and they rode gaily from the ranch house to the Mission, sometimes fifteen or twenty miles away. In April and May, when the land was covered with wild-flowers, the light-hearted troop rode along the edge of the uplands, between hill and valley, crossing the streams, and some of the young horsemen, anxious to show their skill, would perform all the feats for which the Spanish-Californians were famous. After the wedding, when they returned to lead in the feasting, the bride was carried on the horse of the groomsman. One of the customs which was always, observed at the wedding was to wind a silken tasseled string or a silken sash fringed with gold, about the necks of the bride and groom, binding them together as they knelt before the altar for the blessing of the priest. A charming custom among the middle and lower classes was the making of the satin shoes by the groom for the bride. A few weeks before the wedding he asked his betrothed for the measurement of her foot, and made the shoes with his own hands; the groomsman brought them to her on the wedding-day. (*From the Century for December.*)

JAPANESE INTERIORS.

The houses that the Japanese women occupy are, it goes without saying, as neat and wondrously fashioned as themselves; almost always full of surprises, with movable panels, with boxes and slides, with compartments of all shapes and astonishing little closets. Everything is minutely clean, even among the humblest, and of apparent simplicity, especially among the richest. Alone the altar of the ancestors, where sticks of incense burn, is gilded, lacquered and garnished like a pagoda with vases and lanterns. Everywhere else a purposed bareness—a bareness all the more complete and white if the dwelling pretends to elegance. No embroidered tapestries; sometimes transparent portieres made of strung beads and bamboos. And never any furniture; it is on the floor or on little lacquer pedestals that necessary objects or vases of flowers are placed. To the mistress of the house luxury consists in the very excess of that cleanliness of which I spoke above, and which is one of the incontestable qualities of the Japanese people. It is everywhere the custom to unshoe before entering the house, and nothing equals the whiteness of those mats upon which one never walks without fine socks with divided toes. The wood-work itself is white, neither painted nor varnished, keeping as its sole ornamentation, among women of true taste, the imperceptible veins of the young pine.

CARRIAGE HORSES.

"The best carriage horse" is described by H. C. Merwin in "Carriage Horses and Cobs" in the Atlantic for December, as follows:

Whatever the size of the carriage horse, and whatever the use for which he is intended; whether he is to be a big, showy coacher, or a fast-stepping barouche horse, or a useful, medium-sized animal, or a stout one for a brougham, or a showy one for a phaeton, or an all-day nag for a comparatively light carriage and long drives; whether he is to be a horse, a cob, or a pony, let him have the inward energy, the outward grace, and the fineness of bone and muscle that only a dash of thoroughbred or Arab blood can supply. Half-bred horses—avoiding the angularity of the racer and the dumpiness of the cart horse—are not only the most useful, but the most beautiful, the world over.

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.

Col. Blair, director of the branch experimental farm at Nappan, N. S., has left Toronto for home, taking a carload of thoroughbred cattle, embracing Short Horns from the central farm, Holsteins and Ayrshires.

Letters received in Berlin from Emin Pasha, dated from Tahoia in August, say that he was in good health, and was about to start by the Uramba route for Lake Tanganyaka.

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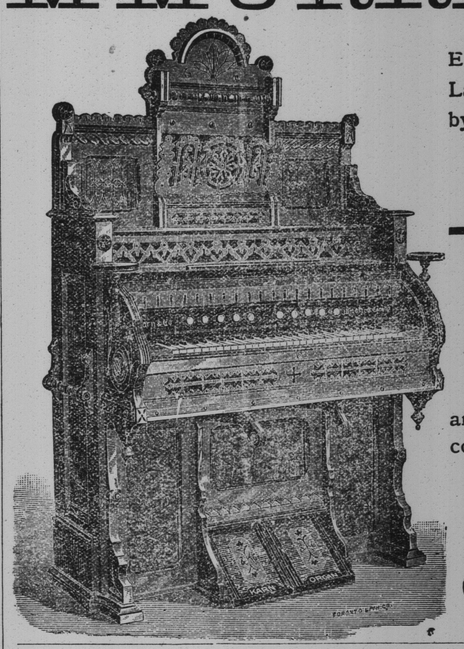

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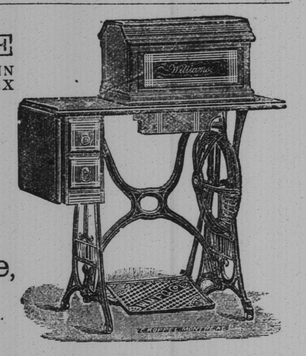
WE SELL THIS SEWING MACHINE for $18. AND THE HIGHEST PRICE MACHINE MADE IN CANADA FOR $27.50. AFTER USING THEM SIX MONTHS, AND NOT SATISFACTORY, MONEY REFUNDED.



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 rices 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

CLOCKS

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.

"Greatest Thing In The World!"

—AT—

Hall's - Book - Store.

This Celebrated Book by DRUMMOND - - - - Can be Procured of M. S. HALL.

"Greatest Thing In The World!"

By DRUMMOND.

HALL'S BOOK STORE

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.

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.

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 1889 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. CLYDE, Nurseryman, Perth, Ont.

Coal Tar.

FROM NEW YORK.

10 BARRELS best AMERICAN COAL TAR. Just received by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.