

POETRY.

THE PASSING BELL AT STRATFORD.

Sweet bells of Stratford, tolling slow In summer gloaming's golden glow...

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J. F. Flannery Cooper. AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS," "THE PATRIOT," "HOWEWARD BOUND," ETC.

But the heart of Marmaduke was too much softened to admit his cavilling at trifles, and, without regarding the confusion of the other, he replied:

"I thank thee, think thee, Oliver; as thou sayest, it is almost too horrid to be remembered. But come, let us haste to the house, for Louisa has already gone to the rectory."

The young man sprang forward, and, throwing open a door, barely permitted the Judge to precede him, when he was in the presence of Elizabeth in a moment.

The cold distance that often crossed the demeanor of the heiress, in her intercourse with Edwards, was now entirely banished and two hours were passed by the party, in the free, unembarrassed, and confident manner of old and esteemed friends.

Judge Temple had forgotten the suspicion engendered during his morning's ride, and the youth and maiden conversed, laughed, and were said by turns, as impulse directed.

At length, Edwards, after repeating his intention to do so for the third time, left the mansion-house to go to the rectory on a similar errand of friendship.

During this short period, a scene was passing at the hut that completely frustrated the benevolent intentions of Judge Temple in favor of the Leather-Stocking, and at once destroyed the short-lived harmony between the youth and Marmaduke.

When Hiram Doolittle had obtained his search-warrant, his first business was to procure a proper officer to see it executed. The sheriff was absent, summoning in person the grand inquest for the county; the deputy who resided in the village, was riding on the same errand, in a different part of the settlement; and the only constable of the township had been selected for his station from motives of charity, being lame of a leg.

Hiram intended to accompany the officer as a spectator, but he felt no very strong desire to bear the brunt of the battle. It was, however, Saturday, and the sun was already turning the shadows of the part toward the east; on the morrow the conscientious magistrate could not engage in such an expedition at the peril of his soul; and long before Monday, the venison, and all vestiges of the death of the deer, might be secreted or destroyed.

Happily, the longing form of Billy Kirby met his eye, and Hiram, at all times fruitful in similar expedients, saw his way clear at once. Hiram, who was associated in the whole business, and who had left the mountain in consequence of a summons from his coadjutor, but who, like the rest of the party, was in the unfortunate particular of nerve, was directed to summon the wood-chopper to the dwelling of the magistrate.

When Billy appeared, he was very kindly invited to take the chair in which he had already seated himself, and was treated in all respects as if he were an equal.

"Judge Temple has set his heart on putting the deer law in force," said Hiram, after the preliminary civilities were over, "and a complaint has been laid before him that a deer had been killed. He has issued a search-warrant, and sent for me to get somebody to execute it and you'd be the very man to take him, Bill and I'll make use of a special deputation in a minute when you will get the fees."

"What's the fees?" said Kirby, laying his large hand on either cheek of a stubble-beard that Hiram had opened in order to give dignity to his office, which he turned over in his rough manner, as if he were reflecting on a subject about which he had, in truth, already decided; "will they pay a man for a broken head?"

"They'll be something handsome," said Hiram. "Damn the fees," said Billy, again laughing—"does the fellow think he's the best wrestler in the country, though? what's his inches?"

"Come, give us a touch of the book. I'll swear, and you'll see that I'm a man to keep my oath."

"That for his rifle!" cried Billy; "he'd no more hurt me with his rifle than he'd fly. He is a harmless creature, and I must say that I think he has as good right to kill deer as any man on the Patent. It's his main support, and this is a free country, where a man is privileged to follow any calling he likes."

"According to that doctrine," said Hiram, "anybody may shoot a deer." "That's the man's calling, I tell you," returned Kirby, "and the law was never made for such as he."

"The law was made for all," observed Hiram, who began to think that the danger was likely to fall to his own share, notwithstanding his management; "and you're the man's calling, I tell you."

"See here, Squire Doolittle," said the reckless wood-chopper; "I don't care the value of a beetle for you and your party too. But as I have come so far, I'll go down and have a talk with the old man, and maybe we'll fry a steak of the deer together."

"Well, if you can get in peacefully, so much the better," said the magistrate. "To my notion, strife is very unpopular; I prefer, at all times, clever conduct to an ugly temper."

As the whole party moved at a great pace, they soon reached the hut, where Hiram thought it prudent to halt on the outside of the top of the fallen pine, which formed a chevaux-de-frise, to defend the approach to the fortress, on the side next the village. The delay was little relished by Kirby, who clasped his hands to his mouth, and gave a loud halloo that brought the dogs out of their kennel, and almost at the same instant, the scantly-covered head of Natty from the door.

"I'm down, old fool," cried the hunter; "do you think there's more painers about you?" "Ha! Leather-Stocking, I've an errand with you," cried Kirby; "here's the good people of the State have been writing you a small letter, and they've hired me to ride post."

"What would you have with me, Billy Kirby?" said Natty, stepping across his threshold, and raising his hand over his eyes, to screen them from the rays of his setting sun, while he took a survey of his visitor. "I've no hand to clear, and Heaven knows I would set out six times before I would cut down one—Down, Hector, I say; into your kennel with ye."

"Would you, old boy?" roared Billy; "then so much the better for me. But I must do my errand. Here's a letter for you, Leather-Stocking. If you can read it, it's all well, and if you can't, here's Squire Doolittle at hand, to let you know what it means. It seems you mistook the twentieth of July for the first of August, that's all."

By this time Natty had discovered the large paper of Hiram, drawn up under the cover of a high stump; and all that was complacent in his manner instantly gave way to marked distrust and dissatisfaction. He placed his head within the door of his hut, and said a few words in an undertone, when he again appeared, and continued:

"I've nothing for ye; so away, afore the Evil One tempts me to do you harm. I owe you no spite, Billy Kirby, and what for should you trouble an old man who has done you no harm?"

Kirby, by removing himself to the top of the pine, to within a few feet of the hunter, where he seated himself on the end of a log, with great composure, and began to examine the nose of Hector, with whom he was familiar, from their frequently meeting in the woods, where he sometimes fed the dog from his own basket of provisions.

"You've outshot me, and I'm not ashamed to say it," said the wood-chopper; "but I don't owe you a grudge for that, Natty! though it seems that you've shot one too often, for the story goes that you've killed a buck."

"I've fired but twice to-day, and both times at the painters," returned the Leather-Stocking; "see, here are the scalps! I was just going in with them to the Judge's to ask the bounty."

While Natty was speaking, he tossed the ears to Kirby, who continued playing with them, with a careless air, holding them to the dogs, and laughing at the unusual game.

But Hiram, emboldened by the advance of the deputed constable, now ventured to approach also, and took up the discourse with the air of authority that became his commission. His first measure was to read the warrant aloud, taking care to give it emphasis to the most material parts, and concluding with the name of the Judge in very audible and distinct tones.

"Did Marmaduke Temple put his name to that bit of paper?" said Natty, shaking his head; "well, what man loves the new laws, and his betters, and his lands, afore his own flesh and blood. But I won't mistrust the gal; she has an eye like a full grown buck! poor thing, she didn't choose her father, and can't help it. I know but little of the law, Mr. Doolittle; what is to be done, now you've read your commission?"

"Oh! it's nothing but form, Natty," said Hiram, endeavoring to assume a friendly aspect. "Let's go in, and talk the thing over in reason; I dare to say that the money can be easily found, and I partly conclude, from what passed, that Judge Temple will pay it himself."

The old hunter had kept a keen eye on the movements of his three visitors, from the beginning, and had maintained his position, just without the threshold of the cabin, with a determined manner, that showed he was not to be easily driven from his post. When Hiram drew nearer, as if expecting his proposition would be accepted, Natty lifted his hand and motioned him to retreat.

"Haven't I told you more than once not to tempt me," he said. "I trouble you, why can't the law leave me to myself? Go back—go back, and tell your Judge that he may keep his bounty; but I won't have his wasty ways brought into my hut."

his mirth in peals of laughter, that he seemed to leave up with his very soul. "Well done, old stub?" he shouted; "the squire know'd you better than I did. Come, come, here's a green spot; take it out like me, while I'm here, and I see fair play."

"William Kirby, I order you to do your duty," cried Hiram, from under the bank; "seize that man; I order you to seize him in the name of the people. He holds that But the Leather-Stocking now assumed a more threatening attitude; his rifle was in his hand, and his muzzle was directed toward the wood-chopper.

"Stand off, I bid ye," said Natty; "you know my aim, Billy Kirby; I don't crave your blood, but you and me both shall turn this green grass red, afore you put foot into the hut."

While the affair appeared trifling, the wood-chopper seemed disposed to take sides with the weaker party; but when the fire-arms were introduced, his manner very sensibly changed. He raised his large frame from the log, and, facing the hunter with an open front he replied:

"I didn't come here as your enemy, Leather-Stocking; but I don't value the hollow piece of iron in your hand so much as a broken axe-belt, or a squire, say the word, and keep within the law, and we'll soon see who's the best man of the two."

But no magistrate was to be seen! The instant the rifle was produced Hiram and Natty vanished; and when the wood-chopper bent his eyes about him in surprise at receiving no answer, he discovered their retreating figures moving toward the village at a rate that sufficiently indicated that they had not only calculated the velocity of a rifle-bullet, but also its probable range.

"You've scared the creature off," said Kirby; "with great contempt expressed on his broad features; 'but you are not going to scare me; so, Mr. Bumpo, down with your gun, or there'll be trouble 'twixt us.'" Natty dropped his rifle and replied:

"I wish you no harm, Billy Kirby; but I leave it to yourself, whether an old man's hut is to be run down by such varmint. I won't deny the buck to you, Billy, and you may take the skin in, if you please, and show it as testimony. The bounty will pay the fine, and that ought to satisfy any man."

"Twill, old boy, twill," cried Kirby, every shade of displeasure vanishing from his open brow at the peace offering; "throw out the hide and that shall satisfy the law."

Natty entered the hut, and soon reappeared, bringing with him a large roll of parchment, and the wood-chopper departed, as thoroughly reconciled to the hunter as if nothing had happened. As he paced along the margin of the lake he would burst into frequent fits of laughter, while he reflected on the summer of Hiram; and, on the whole, he thought the affair a very capital joke.

Long before Billy reached the village, however, the news of his danger, and of Natty's desertion of the law, and of Hiram's desertion, were in circulation. A good deal was said in the village for the sheriff; some hints were given about calling out the posse comitatus to avenge the insulted laws; and many of the citizens were collected, deliberating how to proceed. The arrival of Billy with the skin, by removing all doubts, for a search changed the complexion of things materially. Nothing now remained but to collect the fine, and assert the dignity of the people; all of which, it was unanimously agreed, could be done as well on the Monday as on Saturday night—a time kept sacred by a large portion of the settlers. Accordingly, all further proceedings were suspended for six-and-thirty hours.

CHAPTER XXXI. And dar'st thou then To beard the lion in his den, The Douglas in his den? —MARMON.

The commotion was just subsiding, and the inhabitants of the village had begun to disperse, when a crowd of men, who had formed, each retiring to his own home, and closing the door after him, with the grave air of a man who consulted public feeling in his exterior deportment, when Oliver Edwards, on his return from the dwelling of Mr. Grant, encountered the young lawyer, who had also found footing in the village, and who would have been similar in the manners or opinions of the two; but as they both belonged to the more intelligent class of a very small community, they were, of course, known to each other, and, as their meeting was at a point where silence would have been rudeness, the following conversation was the result of their interview:

"A fine evening, Mr. Edwards," commenced the lawyer, whose inclination to the dialogue was, to say the least, very doubtful; "we had a very bad day; that's the worst of this climate of ours, it's either a drought or a deluge. It's likely you've been used to a more equal temperature?"

"I am a native of this State," returned Edwards, coldly. "Well, I've often heard that point disputed; but it's so easy to get a man naturalized, that it's little consequence where he was born. I wonder what course the Judge means to take in this business of Natty Bumpo?"

"Of Natty Bumpo?" echoed Edwards; "to what do you allude, sir?" "Haven't you heard?" exclaimed the other, with a look of surprise, so naturally assumed as completely to deceive his auditor; "it may turn out an ugly business. It seems that the old man has been out in the hills, and has shot a buck this morning, and that you know, is a criminal matter in the eyes of Judge Temple."

"Oh! he has, has he?" said Edwards, averting his face to conceal the color that collected in his sunburnt cheek. "Well, if that be all, he must even pay the fine."

"It's five pound currency," said the lawyer; "could Natty muster so much money at once?" "Could he?" cried the youth. "I am not rich, Mr. Lippet; far from it—I am poor, and I have been hoarding my salary for a purpose that lies near my heart; but before that old man should lie one hour in a jail, I would spend the last cent to prevent it. Besides, he has killed two panthers, and the bounty will discharge the fine many times over."

"Yes, yes," said the lawyer, rubbing his hands together, with an expression of pleasure that had no artifice about it; "we shall make it out; I see plainly we shall make it out."

"Make what out, sir? I must beg an explanation."

The lawyer fastened his eyes in astonishment on the youth, but, as his wonder gave way to the thoughts that were commonly supervenient in his mind, he continued to say about the ways of the women of Gotham: "One of the latest fads for cigarette-smoking women is to have their crest or monograms stamped on every cigarette. Now, let me state that I have had in my hands cigarettes imported by a well-known New York woman, upon every one of which was the lady's crest, and underneath it her monogram. The out-of-town correspondents are often accused by New York papers of deliberately inventing audacious stories about New York women, but the fact remains that if there is a feminine fair on earth who can think out startling fads she is the New York woman. I think cigarette smoking among women is constantly on the increase, and after all why is it any worse than cocktails or poker? At the theatre the other night I sat next two men who were discussing a lady in one of the boxes whom I chanced to know. 'She's a stunner at poker,' said one of the men; 'they say she plays a capital game.' I felt a little indignant at the free-and-easy way these men spoke, but I knew that the lady in question is in the habit of playing the game a great deal, and on Sunday nights too. Women indulge in these little vices, and I cannot for the life of me see where one can draw the line between feminine drinking smoking and gambling."

If a youngster is permitted to follow the bent of his own inclinations he is likely to get into crooked ways.

A NEW-BORN ISLAND. (All the year round, London, August.) Some five years ago there was born in the Southern hemisphere a little stranger, to which has been given the name of Falcon Island.

It was in the neighborhood of the Tonga group, and the Tonga islanders who went off to inspect the stranger, reported that it looked "like a one-sided heap thrown up by the sea." This is to say, one side of the island was all cliff, with the material of which it was formed thrown to leeward by the wind. In 1880, H. M. S. Egeria was sent to inspect and report upon the four-year-old, and the following facts are gained from Mr. Lester who went on the vessel.

Falcon Island was found to be in two distinct parts. There is first what appears to be the remains of a wide-sloping, conical hill, with sides sloping at a gentle angle of six degrees, and presenting one abrupt cliffside and to the sea. This part of the island is a symmetrical oval, and its greatest height above the sea about one hundred and fifty feet. The other part is a plain, spreading away from the base of the hill to the north, and about ten or twelve feet above high-water level.

Last year the island presented the general appearance of a bare heap of brown ashes, but the structure could be perceived in the cliff section. There was a distinct whiff of sulphur in the air, and the distant parts appeared to be shrouded in a haze.

On the plain there is a small lake of salt water, which rises and falls with the tide. The thermometer when placed in the pool registered 113 deg. Fahr.; and when thrust into the pebbles at the bottom, 140 deg.

Evolution is still going on; landrills are frequent. The shoal area is of considerable extent to the north of the island. At the south end there is shoal water which is believed to mark the area of the original cone, the washed away, which was the base of the present island.

And what about the inhabitants of this new arrival in the insular family? A single bird—a sand piper—was noticed on the shore, and a single small moth. These were the only insects last year. But already vegetation had begun in a timid and tentative fashion. A few seedling plants, washed up by the waves probably, had already taken root. Two young cocoa-nut trees were bravely struggling to nourish themselves on the plain; a candle-nut tree had also found footing; three other plants were striving with the situation, and some grass had begun to grow. Upon the beach were found some dry, stranded fruits, which years hence may be represented by bounteous trees.

It was a stylish young man who spoke. He had just had his hair cut at a fashionable downtown barber shop. At his command the barber took a large wax taper and a pair of shears and proceeded to snip away here and there, while the delfly moving the taper in unison with the play of the shears.

"What was that for?" queried a friend, after the customer had departed. "That," said the barber, "was to close up the pores of the hair."

"What for?" asked the incredulous friend. "To keep the hair from bleeding?" "But you don't mean that?" "Well, no," said the barber, laughing. "Not exactly. At any rate it is to keep the hair in a normal condition. Each hair, of course, is hollow. By cutting it with the scissors the hollow ends are left open. Some fanciful people think that hair left this way is abnormal. So they have the hair singed, by which means the otherwise open tubes are closed up. Do you want your hair singed?"

But the profound philosophy was too abstract for the prospective customer, who accordingly fled.

Writing from New York to the Chicago Herald, Edith Sessions Tupper has this to say about the ways of the women of Gotham: "One of the latest fads for cigarette-smoking women is to have their crest or monograms stamped on every cigarette. Now, let me state that I have had in my hands cigarettes imported by a well-known New York woman, upon every one of which was the lady's crest, and underneath it her monogram. The out-of-town correspondents are often accused by New York papers of deliberately inventing audacious stories about New York women, but the fact remains that if there is a feminine fair on earth who can think out startling fads she is the New York woman. I think cigarette smoking among women is constantly on the increase, and after all why is it any worse than cocktails or poker? At the theatre the other night I sat next two men who were discussing a lady in one of the boxes whom I chanced to know. 'She's a stunner at poker,' said one of the men; 'they say she plays a capital game.' I felt a little indignant at the free-and-easy way these men spoke, but I knew that the lady in question is in the habit of playing the game a great deal, and on Sunday nights too. Women indulge in these little vices, and I cannot for the life of me see where one can draw the line between feminine drinking smoking and gambling."

THE M'KINLEY BILL. A despatch to the Toronto Mail from Washington says: Commercial agent Smyth at Huddersfield, England, in his report to the department of state on trade with the United States, says that the action of the house of representatives on the tariff question has had the effect of creating widespread alarm among the manufacturers there. The operation of a new tariff law with increased duties on textile fabrics will, it is believed, seriously check the export trade of Huddersfield. This applies particularly to the woolen and worsted trade, so strongly entrenched there. There has been a general move on the part of exporters to anticipate the result of legislation by large shipments for future demands, the main object being to clear the custom house in time to escape the provisions of the new law. Legitimate trading has thus been pushed to a point where it is galling, if it is not sensibly checked, in a large increase of exports. In regard to the anti-tariff agitation in Sheffield, Mr. Smyth says that "while certain political and mercantile influences have been set to work among them, the manufacturers and exporters of this district, who are much more vitally concerned, maintain a respectful attitude, and await calmly the enforcement of a policy which is the natural and legitimate offspring of principles and conditions to which communities in England as a rule seemed absolute strangers. The general hope is expressed that the tariff legislation and the whole chemical system of protection will soon be wiped out altogether."

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 out 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 Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. It 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 LEMON'S MANY VIRTUES. The number of curative properties attributed in recent years to the lemon is large. Here are some of them, which an eminent physician is said to have enumerated: Lemonade made from the juice of the lemon is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable for all stomach diseases, excellent in sickness in cases of jaundice, colic, liver complaint, inflammation of the bowels, and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. Lemon juice is the best antiseptic remedy known. It not only cures the disease, but prevents it. Sailors make daily use of it for this purpose. We would advise everyone to rub their gums with lemon juice to keep them in a healthy condition. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft, and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It always prevents chills. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot, black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia, it is said, may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable also to cut warts. It will remove dandruff by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. It will alleviate and finally cure coughs and colds, and heal diseased lungs if taken hot on going to bed. —Lancaster Inquirer.

VANCOUVER'S CHAIN GANG. Clink-dink, clinkety clink! Here they come, rattling and clanking, the men who are doing time because of their inability to pay their police court fines. What a parody on our modern civilization they are! Condemned for sixteen, twenty or thirty days to parade the streets, with a clanking iron attached to each right leg because of their inability to keep sober! There was not a man in the party this morning but was strong and able-bodied and yet they prefer to work for nothing and wear a clanking iron as a badge.

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. Turnip Sower. FOR SALE CHEAP. 1 - TURNIP - SOWER. BY R. CHESTNUT & SONS. JUST RECEIVED: 5 CASES containing 10,500 Carriage Bolts and 8,000 Tire Bolts. For sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS. S. L. MORRISON, Dealer in FLOUR, MEAL, TEA, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES, TOBACCO, CANNED GOODS. General Groceries. QUEEN STREET, OPP. CITY HALL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

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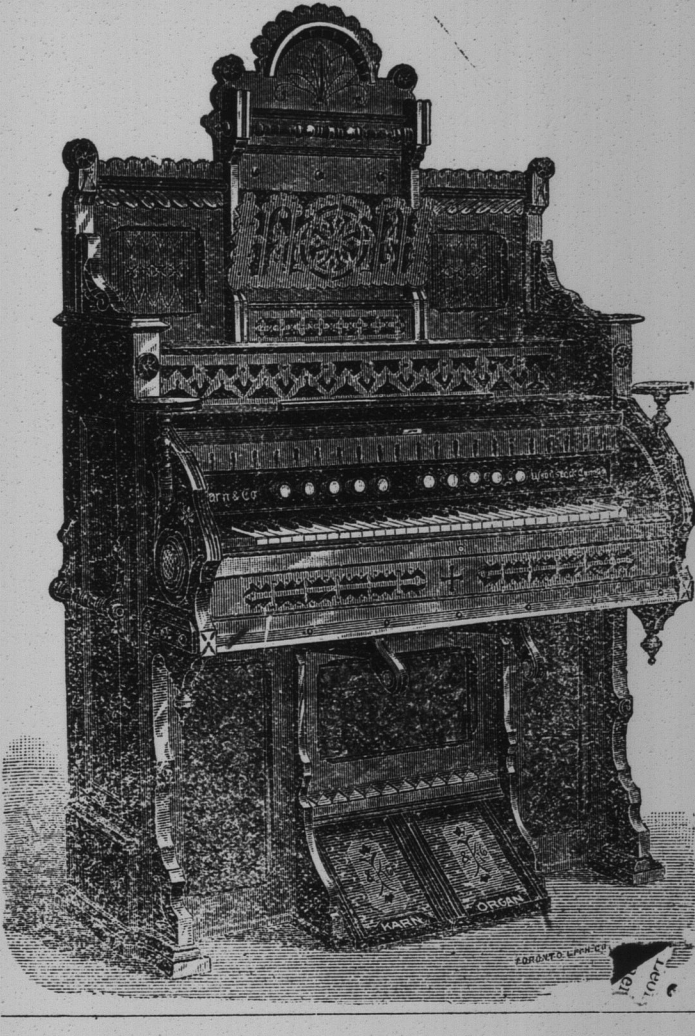
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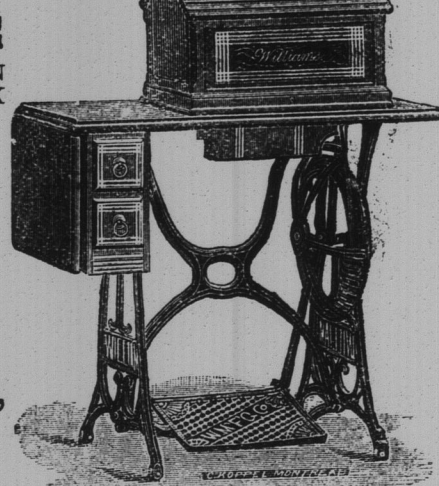
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