

POETRY.

THE NAME ON THE DOOR.

It is only the name on the door— Why should there be tears in my eyes? But I never shall know their name; And sorrow is not overwise.

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J. F. Fennell Cooper. AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS," "THE PATRIOTISM," "HOWARD BOUND," ETC.

CONTINUED.

The throng consisted of some twenty or thirty young men, most of whom had rifles, and a collection of all the boys in the village. The little urdins, clad in coarse but warm garments, stood around the more distinguished marksmen, with their hands tucked under their waistbands, listening eagerly to the boastful stories of skill that had been exhibited on former occasions, and were already emitting in their hearts these wonderful deeds in gunnery.

The chief speaker was the man who had been mentioned by Natty as Billy Kirby. This fellow, whose occupation, when he did labor, was that of clearing lands, or chopping jobs, was of great stature, and carried, in his very air, the index of his character. He was a noisy, boisterous, reckless lad, whose good-natured eye contrasted the bluntness and bullying tone of his speech.

Between him and the Leather-Stocking there had long existed a jealous rivalry on the point of skill with the rifle. Notwithstanding the long practice of Natty, it was commonly supposed that the steady nerves and the quick eye of the wood-chopper rendered him his equal. The competition had, however, been confined hitherto to boasting, and comparisons made from their success in various hunting excursions; but this was the first time they had ever come in open collision.

A good deal of giggling about the price of the choicest bird had taken place between Billy Kirby and his owner before Natty and his companions rejoined the sportsmen. It had, however, been settled at one shilling a shot, which was the highest sum ever exacted, the black taking care to protect himself from losses, as much as possible, by the conditions of the sport. The turkey was already fastened at the "mark," but its body was entirely hid by the surrounding snow, nothing being visible but its red swelling head and its long neck.

"Stand out of the way there, boys!" cried the wood-chopper, who was placing himself at the shooting point—"stand out of the way, you little rascals, or I will stop through you. Now, Brom, take leave of your turkey."

"Stop!" cried the young hunter; "I am a candidate for a chance. Here is my shilling, Brom; I wish a shot."

"You may wish it in welcome," cried Kirby, "but if I refuse the gobble's feathers, how are you to get it? It is money so plenty in your pocket, that you can pay for a chance that you may never have."

"I tell 'em to stop-up, and you 'em 'em dodge. Gih anoder shillin', Billy, and hab anoder shot."

"No—the shot is mine," said the young hunter; "you have my money already. Leave the mark, and let me try my luck."

"Ah! It's but money thrown away, lad," said Leather-Stocking. "A turkey's head and neck, is but a small mark for a new hand and a lame shoulder. You'd best let me take the fire, and may he who can make some settlement with the lady about the bird."

"The chance is mine," said the young hunter. "Clear the ground, that I may take it."

The discussions and disputes concerning the last shot were now abating, it having been determined that if the turkey's head had been any way lost just where it was at that moment, the bird must certainly have been killed. There was but much excitement produced by the preparations of the youth, who proceeded in a hurried manner to take his aim, and was in the act of pulling the trigger, when he was stopped by Natty.

"Your hand shakes, lad," he said, "and you seem overawed. Ballet wounds are apt to weaken flesh, and to my judgment you'll not shoot so well as in common. If you will fire, you should shoot quick, before there is time to shake off the aim."

"Fair play—gib a nigger fair play. What right a Nat Bumpo advise a young man? Let 'em shoot—clear a ground."

The youth fired with great rapidity, but no motion was made by the turkey; and when the examiners for the ball returned from the "mark," they declared that he had missed the stump.

Elizabeth observed the change in his countenance, and could not help feeling surprise, that one so evidently superior to his companions should feel a trifling loss so sensibly. But her own champion was now preparing to enter the lists.

"I think Miss Elizabeth's thoughts should be taken," said Natty. "I've known the squaws give very good counsel when the Indians had been dumfounded. If she says that I ought to lose, I agree to give it up."

"Then I suppose you will be a loser for this time," said Miss Temple; "but say you may use like one of your horses; ride me or drive me, 'dike, I am wholly yours. But in my humble opinion, this young companion of Leather-Stocking requires looking after. He has a very delicate nervous system for a turkey."

"Leave him to my arrangement, Dikon," said the Judge, "and I will cure his appetite by indulgence. It is with him that I would speak. Let us rejoice the sportsmen."

Over on the west side is a house in which lives a man who passes many sleepless nights. He has tried every kind of treatment without avail, and is forced to spend the weary hours in reading. Frequently if he goes to bed at all, dozing or occasionally in his arm-chair over a prosy passage in the book he is reading. His nervous system is so delicately organized that he is sensitive of the least noise about the house.

The wood-chopper had exerted all his art, and felt a proportionate degree of disappointment at the failure. He first examined the bird with the utmost attention, and more than once suggested that he had touched its feathers; but the other, who was multilute was against him, for it felt disposed to listen to the often-repeated cries of the black to "gib a nigger fair play."

"If it be me that you have reference to," said the young hunter, "I shall decline another chance. My shoulder is yet weak."

Elizabeth regarded his manner, and thought that she could discern a tinge on his cheek that spoke the shame of conscious poverty. She said no more, but suffered her own champion to make a trial. Although Natty Bumpo had certainly had hundreds of more momentous shots at his enemies or his game, yet he never exerted himself more to excel. He raised his piece three times: once to get his range; once to calculate his distance; and once because the bird, alarmed by the death-like stillness, turned its head quickly to examine its foe.

"Bring in the creature," said Leather-Stocking, "and put it at the feet of the lady. I was her deputy in the matter, and the bird is her property."

"And a good deputy you have proved yourself!" returned Elizabeth—"so good, Cousin Richard, that I would advise you to remember his qualities." She paused, and the gawdy that beamed on her face gave place to a more serious earnestness. She even blushed a little as she turned to the young hunter, and with the calm of a woman's manner added: "But it is only to see an exhibition of the farmed skill of Leather-Stocking, that I tried my fortunes. Will you, sir, accept the bird as a small peace-offering for the hurt that prevented your own success?"

THE GUARDS REVOLT.

Although not so spectacular in its aspects as the police strike, the mutiny of the second battalion of grenadier guards was really the more serious demonstration. It had only a remote connection with the wages question, but was a concerted and impromptu revolt against the reign of senseless martinetism which has been allowed to establish itself over the most of these household troops. Complaints and warning notes have been sounded through the press for the last two years, but they received no attention at the war office or the home guards, and even the practical facts that the best soldiers are continually buying their discharge from the guards and the ranks are depleted by the inability to secure recruits were allowed to pass unheeded. The truth is that between the secretary for war, a nobly-born simpleton of Cambridge, who spends all his time at the race meetings and heavy dinners at country houses or on the continent, the English military system has become simply too idiotic for words, and as soon as the Irish question is out of the way there will be a sensational overthrow of the whole army management at the hands of parliament.

INFANT GIANTS.

Pine Level, a hamlet, lying six or seven miles east of this place, and just across the state from Louisiana, boasts of a phenomenon in the shape of a girl not quite 10 years old, who has already attained the height of five feet ten inches. She is the daughter of James Rutherford, engineer at the lumber mill of Carter, Robinson & Co., who is himself a giant in size, while his wife is six feet and a quarter in height. The girl, who was her parents' only child, was born at Pine Level, and is an unusual case, not only in her height, but in her body as to give it no chance to develop. The young giantess presents a most remarkable spectacle with her childish face and dress, seated playing in the sand or amusing herself with a doll.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THEIR BABY.

Over on the west side is a house in which lives a man who passes many sleepless nights. He has tried every kind of treatment without avail, and is forced to spend the weary hours in reading. Frequently if he goes to bed at all, dozing or occasionally in his arm-chair over a prosy passage in the book he is reading. His nervous system is so delicately organized that he is sensitive of the least noise about the house.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

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It is understood in the best informed circles that Sir John McDonald not long ago sent a despatch to Lord Salisbury suggesting that the easiest way out of the Alaska seal fishery dispute would be for Great Britain to buy Alaska from the United States, which country it will be remembered bought it from Russia for \$7,000,000. By giving the United States say \$10,000,000 for Alaska, and certain privileges now desired in regard to the Atlantic fisheries, it is believed a comparatively easy solution of the difficulty would also permit of a settlement of the Alaska fisheries dispute. England at or about the same time would also make France a cash offer for withdrawal of all pretensions to the shore fisheries of Newfoundland.

An amusing spectacle might have been afforded those who could have been on the scene, near a village not far from Shelburne the other day. The inhabitants on learning from one of their number, that bear tracks had been seen by the highway, turned out on mass, armed with guns, clubs, pitch-forks, etc. After tracking them for a number of miles, they came up to two travelling showmen with a muzzled bear apiece. They returned home disgruntled.

The poor woman broke down completely and turned away with one last, long kiss on the babe's puckering lips.

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