POETRY.

THE NEW RILEY.

The fad among the poets now is imitating
Jim;
They make their verses tumble down in
sections, just like him;
The Whitcombe Riley ending leads you
down to an abyss:

This.
Like
Up

Suppose we change the thing and boost 'm

Suppose you are describing how you met a
summer girl,
And wooed, and won, and lost her, in Narra-
gansett's whirl;
You thought you had your heiress hooked
and landed high and dry,

High.
Sky
Knocked

But she was fooling and your plans got

Perhaps you're on the street, and make
your plans to be a bear;
You buy a lot of wheat "dirt cheap," and
then you get a scare,
You let it go for nothing, and before quota-
tions close,

Goes.
She
Up

It takes a sudden spurt you see, and

And scores of things might be described
with like poetic wires,
The theatre hat, the iceman's bill—all
Eiffel tower styles;
With novelties and mark down sales, and
bargain lots in rhyme,

Climb.
To
Got

If you expect to sell your wares, you've

Then here's to Jimmy Riley, the feller wot
kan spell
In the style of old Josh Billings, although
not quite so well.
We've learned that if a poet can make his
thinker hop,

Top.
On
Keep

And write a ladder-poem, he can

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Fenimore Cooper

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

CONTINUED.

All this was perfectly military, and was such an example as a gallant officer was in some measure bound to exhibit to his men; but the outcry was the unlucky cause of turning the tide of success. Natty, who had been keeping a vigilant eye on the wood-chopper, and the enemy immediately before him, wheeled at this alarm, and was appalled at beholding his comrade on the ground, and the veteran standing on his own bulwark, giving forth the cry of victory! The muzzle of the long rifle was turned instantly toward the captain. There was a moment when the life of the old soldier was in great jeopardy; but the object to shoot at was both too large and too near for the Leather-Stocking, who, instead of pulling his trigger, applied the gun to the rear of his enemy, and by a powerful shove sent him outside of the works with much greater rapidity than he had entered them. The spot on which Captain Hollister alighted was directly in front, where, as his feet touched the ground, so steep and slippery was the side of the mountain, it seemed to recede from under them. His motion was swift, and so irregular as utterly to confuse the faculties of the old soldier. During its continuance, he supposed himself to be mounted, and charging through the ranks of his enemy. At every tree he made a blow, of course, as at a foot-soldier; and just as he was making the cut "St. George" at a half-burnt sapling he landed in the highway, and, to his utter amazement, at the feet of his own spouse. When Mrs. Hollister, who was toiling up the hill, followed by at least twenty curious boys, leaning with one hand on the staff with which she ordinarily walked, and bearing in the other an empty bag, witnessed this exploit of her husband, indignation immediately got the better, not only of her religion, but of her philosophy.

"Why, sargeant! is it flying ye are?" she cried—"that I should live to see a husband of mine turn his back to an inimy! and such a one! Here I've been telling the b'ys, as we come along, all about the saige of Yorrektown, and the day; and I mate ye retraiting jist as the first gun is fired. Och! I may trow away the bag! for if there's plunder, 'twill not be the wife of sich as yerself that will be privileged to be getting the same. They do say, too, there is a power of goold and silver in the place—the Lord forgive me for setting my heart on worldly things; but what falls in the battle, there's scripter for believing, is the just property of the victor."

"Retreating!" exclaimed the amazed veteran; "where's my horse? he has been shot under me—I——"

"Is the man mad? interrupted his wife—"devil the horse do ye own, searjeant, and ye're nothing but a shabby captain of malaishy. Oh! If the ra'al captain was here, 'tis the other way ye'd be riding, dear, or you would not follow your laider!"

While this worthy couple were thus discussing events, the battle began to rage more violently than ever above them. When Leather-Stocking saw his enemy fairly under headway, as Benjamin would express it, he gave his attention to the right wing of the assailants. It would have been easy for Kirby, with his powerful frame, to have seized the moment to scale the bastion, and, with his great strength, to have sent both of its defenders in pursuit of the veteran; but hostility appeared to be the passion that the wood-chopper indulged the least in at that moment, for, in a voice that was heard by the retreating left wing, he shouted:

"Hurra! well done, captain! keep it up! how he handles his bush-hook! he makes nothing of a sapling!" and such other encouraging exclamations to the flying veteran, until, overcome by mirth, the good-natured fellow seated himself on the ground, kicking the earth with delight, and giving vent to peal after peal of laughter.

Natty stood all this time in a menacing attitude, with his rifle pointed over the breastwork, watching with a quick and cautious eye the least movement of the assailants. The outcry unfortunately tempted the ungovernable curiosity of Hiram to take a peep from behind his cover at the state of the battle. Though this evolution was performed with great caution, in protecting his front, he left like many a better commander, his rear exposed to the attacks of his enemy. Mr. Doolittle belonged physically to a class of his countrymen, to whom Nature has denied, in their formation, the use of curved lines. Everything about him was either straight or angular. But his tailor was a woman who worked, like a regimental contractor, by a set of rules that gave the same configuration to the whole human species. Consequently, when Mr. Doolittle leaned forward in the manner described, a loose drapery appeared behind the tree, at which the rifle of Natty was pointed with the quickness of lightning. A less experienced man would have aimed at the flowing robe, which hung like a festoon half-way to the earth; but the Leather-Stocking knew both the man and his female tailor better; and when the smart report of the rifle was heard, Kirby, who watched the whole manœuvre in breathless expectation, saw the bark fly from the beech, and the cloth at some distance above the loose folds, wave at the same instant. No battery was ever unmasked with more promptitude than Hiram advanced from behind the tree at this summons.

He made two or three steps, with great precision, to the front, and, placing one hand on the afflicted part, stretched forth the other, with a menancing air toward Natty and cried aloud:

"Gawl darn ye! this shan't be settled so easy; I'll follow it up from the 'common pleas' to the 'court of errors.'"

Such a shocking imprecation, from the mouth of so orderly a man as Squire Doolittle, with a fearless manner in which he exposed himself, together with, perhaps, the knowledge that Natty's rifle was unloaded, encouraged the troops in the rear, who gave a loud shout, and fired a volley into the tree-tops, after the contents of the swivel. Animated by their own noise, the men now rushed on in earnest; and Billy Kirby, who thought the joke, good as it was, had gone far enough, was in the act of scaling the works, when judge Temple appeared on the opposite side, exclaiming:

"Silence and peace! why do I see murder and bloodshed attempted? is not the law sufficient to protect itself, that armed bands must be gathered, as in rebellion and war, to see justice performed?"

"'Tis the posse comitatus," shouted the sheriff, from a distant rock, "who——"

"Say rather a posse of demons. I command the peace."

"Hold! shed not blood!" cried a voice from the top of the Vision. "Hold for the sake of Heaven, fire no more! all shall be yielded! you shall enter the cave!"

Amazement produced the desired effect. Natty, who had reloaded his piece, quietly seated himself on the logs, and rested his head on his hands, while the "Light Infantry" ceased their military movements, and waited the issue in suspense.

In less than a minute Edwards came rushing down the hill, followed by Major Hartman, with a velocity that was surprising for his years. They reached the terrace in an instant, from which the youth led the way, by the hollow in the rock, to the mouth of the cave, into which they both entered, leaving all without silent, and gazing after them with astonishment.

CHAPTER XL.

I am dumb.
Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?"
—SHAKESPEARE.

During the five or six minutes that elapsed before the youth and Major re-appeared, Judge Temple and the sheriff, together with most of the volunteers, ascended to the terrace, where the latter began to express their conjectures of the result, and to recount their individual services in the conflict. But the sight of the peace-makers ascending the ravine shut every mouth.

On a rude chair, covered with undressed deer-skins, they supported a human being, whom they seated carefully and respectfully in the midst of the assembly. His head was covered by long, smooth locks of the color of snow. His dress, which was studiously neat and clean, was composed of such fabrics as none but the wealthiest classes wear, but was threadbare and patched; and on his feet were placed a pair of moccasins, ornamented in the best manner of Indian ingenuity. The outlines of his face were grave and dignified, though his vacant eye, which opened and turned slowly to the faces of those around him in unmeaning looks, too surely announced that the period had arrived when age brings the mental imbecility of childhood.

Natty had followed the supporters of this unexpected object to the top of the cave, and took his station at a little distance behind him, leaning on his rifle, in the midst of his pursuers, with a fearlessness that showed that heavier interests than those which affected himself were to be decided. Major Hartman placed himself beside the aged man, uncovered, with his whole soul beaming through those eyes which so commonly danced with frolic and humor. Edwards rested with one hand familiarly but affectionately on the chair, though his heart was swelling with emotions that denied him utterance.

All eyes were gazing intently, but each tongue continued mute. At length the decrepit stranger, turning his vacant looks from face to face, made a feeble attempt to rise, while a faint smile crossed his wasted face, like an habitual effort at courtesy, as he said in a hollow, tremulous voice:

"Be pleased to be seated, gentlemen. The council will open immediately. Each one who loves a good and virtuous king will wish to see these colonies continue loyal. Be seated—I pray you, be seated, gentlemen. The troops shall halt for the night."

"This is the wandering of insanity!" said Marmaduke: "who will explain this scene?"

"No, sir," said Edwards, firmly, "'tis only the decay of nature; who is answerable for its pitiful condition, remains to be shown."

"Will the gentlemen dine with us, my son?" said the old stranger, turning to a voice that he both knew and loved. "Order a repast suitable for his Majesty's officers. You know we have the best of game always at command."

"Who is this man?" asked Marmaduke in a hurried voice, in which the dawnings of conjecture united with interest to put the question.

"This man," returned Edwards, calmly, his voice, however, gradually rising as he proceeded; "this man, sir, whom you behold hid in caverns, and deprived of everything that can make life desirable, was once the companion and counsellor of those who ruled your country. This man, whom you see helpless and feeble, was once a warrior, so brave and fearless, that even the intrepid natives gave him the name of the Fire-eater. This man, whom you now see destitute of even the ordinary comfort of a cabin, in which to shelter his head, was once the owner of great riches—and, Judge Temple, he was the rightful proprietor of this very soil on which we stand. This man was the father of——"

"This, then," cried Marmaduke, with a powerful emotion, "this, then, is the lost Major Effingham!"

"Lost indeed," said the youth, fixing a piercing eye on the other.

"And you! and you!" continued the Judge, articulating with difficulty.

"I am his grandson."

A minute passed in profound silence. All eyes were fixed on the speakers, and even the old German appeared to wait the issue in deep anxiety. But the moment of agitation soon passed. Marmaduke raised his head from his bosom, where it had sunk, not in shame, but in devout mental thanksgivings, and, as large tears fell over his fine, manly face, he grasped the hand of the youth warmly, and said:

"Oliver, I forgive all thy harshness—all thy suspicions. I now see it all. I forgive thee everything, but suffering this aged man to dwell in such a place, when not only my habitation, but my fortune, were at his and they command."

"He's true as ter steel!" shouted Major Hartmann; "titn't I tell you, lat, dat Marmatuke Temple vasta friend dat woult never fail in ter dime as of neet?"

"It is true, Judge Temple, that my opinions of your conduct have been staggered by what this worthy gentleman has told me. When I found it impossible to convey my grandfather back whence the enduring love of this old man brought him, without detection and exposure, I went to the Mohawk in quest of one of his former comrades, in whose justice I had dependence. He is your friend, Judge Temple, but, if what he says be true, both my father and myself may have judged you harshly."

"You name your father!" said Marmaduke, tenderly—"was he, indeed, lost in the packet?"

"He was. He had left me, after several years of fruitless application and comparative poverty, in Nova Scotia, to obtain the compensation for his losses which the British commissioners had at length awarded. After spending a year in England, he was returning to Halifax, on his way to a government to which he had been appointed, in the West Indies, intending to go to the place where my grandfather had sojourned during and since the war, and take him with us."

"But thou!" said Marmaduke, with powerful interest, "I had thought that thou hadst perished with him."

A flush passed over the cheeks of the young man, who gazed about him at the wondering faces of the volunteers, and continued silent. Marmaduke turned to the veteran captain, who just then rejoined his command, and said:

"March thy soldiers back again, and dismiss them; the zeal of the sheriff has much mistaken his duty.—Dr. Todd, I will thank you to attend to the injury which Hiram Doolittle has received in this untoward affair.—Richard, you will oblige me by sending up the carriage to the top of the hill.—Benjamin, return to your duty in my family."

Unwelcome as these orders were to most of the auditors, the suspicion that they had somewhat exceeded the wholesome restraints of the law, and the habitual respect with which all the commands of the Judge were received, induced a prompt compliance.

When they were gone, and the rock was left to the parties most interested in an explanation, Marmaduke, pointing to the aged Major Effingham, said to his grandson:

"Had we not better remove thy parent from this open place until my carriage can arrive?"

"Pardon me, sir, the air does him good, and he has taken it whenever there was no dread of a discovery. I know not how to act, Judge Temple; ought I, can I suffer Major Effingham to become an inmate of your family?"

"Thou shalt be thyself the judge," said Marmaduke. "Thy father was my early friend. He enstrusted his fortune to my care. When we separated he had such confidence in me that he wished no security, no evidence for exacting it. This thou hast heard?"

"Most truly, sir," said Edwards, or rather Effingham, as we must now call him.

"We differed in politics. If the cause of this country was successful, the trust was sacred with me, for none knew of thy father's interest. If the cr wn still held its sway, it would be easy to restore the property of so loyal a subject as Colonel Effingham. Is not this plain?"

"The promises are good, sir," continued the youth, with the same incredulous look as before.

"Listen—listen, 'poy," said the German. "Dere is not a hair as of ter rogue in ter het of Herr Tchooge."

"We all know the issue of the struggle," continued Marmaduke, disregarding both. "Thy grandfather was left in Connecticut, regularly supplied by thy father with the means of such a subsistence as suited his wants. This I well knew, though I never had intercourse with him, even in our happiest days. Thy father retired with the troops to prosecute his claims on England. At all events, his losses must be great, for his real estates were sold, and I became the lawful purchaser. It was not unnatural to wish that he might have no bar to its just recovery."

"There was none, but the difficulty of providing for so many claimants."

"But there would have been one, and an insuperable one, and I announced to the world that I held these estates, multiplied, by the times and my industry, a hundredfold in value, only as his trustee. Thou knowest that I supplied him with considerable sums, immediately after the war."

"You did, until——"

"My letters were returned unopened. Thy father had much of thy own spirit, Oliver; he was sometimes hasty and rash." The Judge continued, in a self-condemning manner: "Perhaps my fault lies the other way: I may possibly look too far ahead, and calculate too deeply. It certainly was a severe trial to allow the man whom I most loved, to think ill of me for seven years, in order that he might honestly apply for his just remunerations. But, had he opened my last letters, thou wouldst have learned the whole truth. Those I sent him to England, by what my agent writes me, he did read. He died, Oliver, knowing all. He died, my friend, and I thought thou hadst died with him."

"Our poverty would not permit us to pay for two passages," said the youth, with the extraordinary emotion with which he even alluded to the degraded state of his family; "I was left in the Province to wait for his return, and, when the sad news of his loss reached me, I was nearly penniless."

"And what didst thou, boy?" asked Marmaduke in a faltering voice.

"I took my passage here in search of my grandfather; for I well knew that his resources were gone, with the halfpay of my father. On reaching his abode, I learned that he had left it in secret; though the reluctant hireling, who had deserted him in his poverty, owned to my urgent entreaties, that he believed he had been carried away by an old man who had formerly been his servant. I knew at once it was Natty, for my father often—"

"Was Natty a servant of thy grandfather?" exclaimed the Judge.

"Of that too were you ignorant?" said the youth in evident surprise.

"How should I know it? I never met the major, nor was the name of Bumppo ever mentioned to me. I knew him only as a man of the woods, and one who lived by hunting. Such men are too common to excite surprise."

"He was reared in the family of my grandfather; served him for many years during their campaigns at the West, where he became attached to the woods; and he was left here as a kind of locum tenent on the lands that old Mohegan (whose life my grandfather once saved) induced the Delawares to grant to him when they admitted him as an honorary member of their tribe."

"This, then, is thy Indian blood?"

"I have no other," said Edwards, smiling—"Major Effingham was adopted as the son of Mohegan, who at that time was the greatest man in his nation; and my father, who visited those people when a boy, received the name of Eagle from them, on account of the shape of his face, as I understand. They have extended his title to me. I have no other Indian blood or breeding; though I have seen the hour, Judge Temple, when I could wish that such had been my lineage and education."

"Proceed with thy tale," said Marmaduke.

"I have but little more to say, sir. I followed to the lake where I had so often been told that Natty dwelt, and found him maintaining his old master in secret; for even he could not bear to exhibit to the world, in his poverty and dotage, a man whom a whole people once looked up to with respect."

"And what did you?"

"What did I! I spent my last money in purchasing a rifle, clad myself in a coarse garb, and learned to be a hunter by the side of Leather-Stocking. You know the rest, Judge Temple."

"Ant vere vast old Fritz Hartmann?" said the German, reproachfully; "didst never hear a name as of olt Fritz Hartmann from ter mout of ter fader, lat?"

"I may have been mistaken, gentlemen," returned the youth; "but I had pride, and could not submit to such an exposure as this day even has reluctantly brought to light. I had plans that might have been visionary; but, should my parent survive till autumn, I purposed taking him with me to the city, where we have distant relatives, who must have learned to forget the Tory by this time. He decays rapidly," he continued, mournfully, "and must soon lie by the side of old Mohegan."

The air being pure, and the day fine, the party continued conversing on the rock, until the wheels of Judge Temple's carriage were heard clattering up the side of the mountain, during which time the conversation was maintained with deep interest, each moment clearing up some doubtful action, and lessening the antipathy of the youth to Marmaduke. He no longer objected to the removal of his grandfather, who displayed a childish pleasure when he found himself seated once more in a carriage. When placed in the ample hall of the mansion-house, the eyes of the aged veteran turned slowly to the objects in the apartment, and a look like the dawn of intellect would, for moments, flit across his features, when he invariably offered some useless courtesies to those near him, wandering painfully in his subjects. The exercise and the change soon produced an exhaustion that caused them to remove hime to his bed, where he lay for hours, evidently sensible of the change in his comforts, and exhibiting that mortifying picture of human nature, which too plainly shows that the propensities of the animal continue even after the nobler part of the creature appears to have vanished.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TRAMP WITH CONSUMPTION.

I was at my uncle's near Niagara Falls, in Canada, and had hardly arrived when he said:

"Now, nevvy, you'll be wandering around more or less, and I want to caution you about an old ram I took up as an estray the other week. He's down in the lot where the gravel pit is, and just as sure as you give him a show he'll be the death of you. I saw him knock a cow off her feet at one bang, and I wouldn't go into the lot for $50."

Next day I skirted the fences and found the old chap anxious for business. I didn't give him an opening, however, but somebody else did. I was standing in the barn with uncle when he suddenly exclaimed:

"Great Joseph! but there's a tramp in the gravel pit lot! That ram will smash him to pulp in two minutes!"

He shouted, waved his hat and shouted again, but the tramp was a quarter of a mile away, and walking with his head down. The ram was lying down in the pit, and the yelling brought him out. We saw him scramble up the bank, and my uncle gasped out:

"Git a hoss hitched up to go for the undertaker, for that tramp won't be alive two minutes later;"

He was, though. The ram came at him on an angle, and he caught sight of the animal when about ten rods off. He wheeled to the right, stood still, and the ram got within ten feet, and then sailed through the air on a straight line to strike him. Next instant the tramp had him by the horns, and with a twist and a jerk he broke his neck with a snap. He tarried to be sure that the ram was dead, and then came on, climbed the fence and said to us:

"Gentlemen, you see before you a man who has been unfortunate. I have consumption, and am hardly able to stand. I want to get to a milder climate as soon as possible."

HOW CLOTHESPINS ARE MADE.

If there is one article that is an absolute necessity to a housekeeper it is a clothespin and the following facts in regard to that useful article are interesting:

"Clothespins," said a dealer, "are made in the lumber regions of Michigan and Vermont. They are usually of white ash, but we have them of beach, birch and maple. The wood is taken to the factory in logs and cut into lengths of thirty-one inches by circular saws. These are then cut into blocks which are reduced to sticks, then placed upon another saw and reduced to clothespin lengths. Next the turner takes a hand at them and from him they go to the slatting machine. They are placed in troughs by the operator, the machine picking them up and slatting them. Then they are placed in a revolving pipe drier, going thence to the polishing cylinder. Each pin passes through eight hands."

"A single plant consists of a board saw, gang splitter, gang chunker, turning lathe, drying house and polisher, and costs from $10,000 to $19,000. The little blocks of wood, five and a half inches long, are placed on an endless belt, which feeds the blocks automatically into the lathe. As the lathe is turned the pin is taken automatically from the spindle and placed on a turntable and carried to a circular saw, which whittles out the slat into a pin. It is then finished and thrown out of the turntable by the same appliance that puts the pins upon the table. Falling, they are caught in a basket or barrel, and are taken to the drying-house to remain twelve hours or until dry. The polishing cylinder holds from twenty to forty bushels. This is run at a slow speed, about thirty turns a minute, and by simple friction and contact they become polished. They are sold to the trade at a little over a $1 a bushel, and packed in boxes of four to the bushel. The industry is an increasing one, and almost $1,000,000 worth of pins were manufactured last year."

A BROTHERLY MEETING.

Two wise looking young men met in the billiard room of the Chatham hotel in Paris the other evening. Both wanted to play a game, but they did not know each other. The elder, Combe Tennant, made bold to say: "Will you join me in a game of billiards, sir? My name is Tennant—I'm the brother of the lady who married Mr. Henry M. Stanley." "Thank you, Mr. Tennant," answered the other, "I shall be most happy to join you. My name is Chandler—I'm the brother of the gentleman who married Miss Amelia Rives."

CHIMPANZEE TORCH BEARERS.

Among the most remarkable stories in Mr. Stanley's book on Africa is one told to the explorer by Emin Pasha. Here it is:

The forest of Msongwa is infested by a tribe of chimpanzees of great stature who make almost nightly raids on the villages and little plantations of the Mswa natives, carrying away their bananas and other fruits. There is nothing very remarkable about this fact, since many kinds of animals make pillaging forays upon the habitations of men; but the surprising part of Emin's narrative is the statement that in these thieving raids the chimpanzees make use of lighted torches to hunt out the fruit.

"If I had not myself been a witness of this spectacle," Mr. Stanley reports Emin as saying, "nothing would ever have made me believe that any race of monkeys possessed the art of making fire."

On one occasion, Emin says, a chimpanzee of this intelligent tribe stole a drum from the huts of his Egyptian troops and made off with it, beating it as it ran.

The monkey took the drum to the headquarters of his own "people," who were evidently much charmed with it, for the Egyptian soldiers often heard the monkeys beating it vigorously but irregularly. Sometimes in the middle of the night some sleepless chimpanzee would get up and go to beating the drum.

Just what the other chimpanzees thought of this midnight musical performance will never be known positively. But, from the fact that no sound of battle and slaughter among the intelligent chimpanzees ever followed, the Egyptians were forced to conclude that they liked it.

Here at least, therefore, we find an indication that the grade of intelligence of even the chimpanzees of Msongwa is still far below that of human race.

THE REPORTER AND THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

The Horse Reporter put on his hat the other morning and started out for something.

"Where are you going?" inquired the City Editor.

"To kill that telephone girl," was the bloodthirsty reply.

"What's the matter?"

The Horse Reporter gasped for breath.

"A few minutes ago," he answered hoarsely. "I rang her up and asked for the Observatory, and she said that wire was engaged; then I asked for the race track, and she said that wire was engaged; then I asked for the Arsenal and she said that wire was engaged; then I asked for White house and she said that wire was engaged."

"Well?" inquired the City Editor, as the Horse Reporter stopped as if the occasion were too much for him.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Then I become very, very sarcastic," resumed the Horse Reporter, "and I said to her in my most cutting manner, will you be kind enough, please, to give me any wire that you have in stock, which is entirely preoccupied in the discharge of its duties?" Anything will do, so long as it is a wire that is not engaged. That's what I said to her, and in a minute there was a whirr-rr-rr at the telephone and a voice came faintly: "Hello" it said; "Hello who wants the Government Insane Asylum."

And the Horse Reporter hurried out to wreck his vengeance on the simple-minded and innocent telephone girl.

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THE EARLY RESIDENTS OF CALIFORNIA.

The early foreign residents of California were largely runaway sailors. Many if not most would change their names. For instance, Gilroy's ranch where the town of Gilroy is now located, was owned by an old resident under the assumed appellation of Gilroy. Of course vessels touching upon this coast were liable, as they were everywhere, to lose men by desertion, especially if the men were maltreated. Such things have been so common that is not difficult to believe that those who left their vessels in early days on this then distant coast had cause for so doing. To be known as a runaway sailor was no stain upon a man's character. It was no uncommon thing, after my arrival here, for sailors to be skulking and hiding about from ranch to ranch till the vessel they had left should leave the coast. . . . . Californians would catch and return sailors to get the reward which, I believe, captains of vessels invariably offered. After the vessels had sailed and there was no chance of the reward the native Californians gave the fugitives no further trouble

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

CONSUMPTION, *Bronchitis, Cough or Severe Cold*

I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's, in Salmon wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER

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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST,

CONTAINS NO ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES, or any injurious materials.

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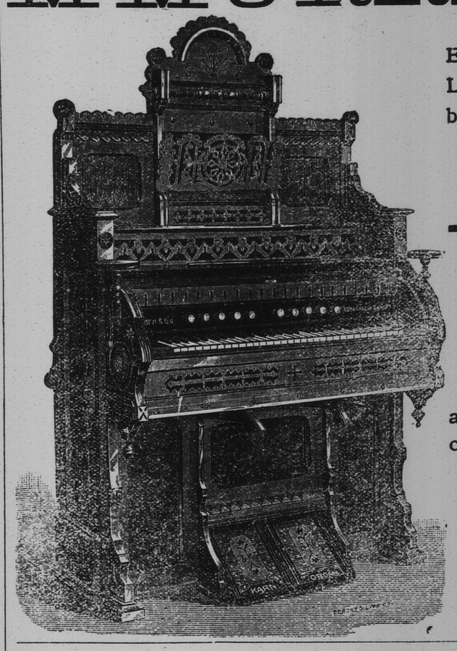
M'MURRAY & CO.



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

—ORGAN—

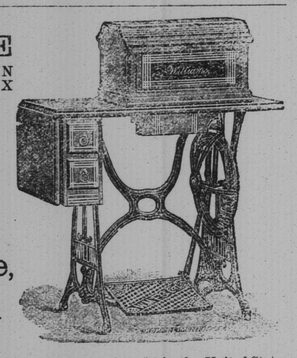
AT VERY LOW PRICES,

and on as easy terms as any other company on the

INSTALMENT PLAN.

Call and See our ORGANS and PRICES.

WE SELL THIS **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

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

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.

"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 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.

STOVES.

Just Received and in Stock,

Fifty Cook Stoves,

Some of which are the NEWEST and MOST IMPROVED STOVES that can be had in Canada; and every Stove warranted if required.

Forty Hall Stoves,

Either for WOOD or COAL.

Twenty-five Parlor Stoves,

Some of the Newest and Handsomest Designs.

Twenty-five Bedroom Stoves,

For COAL or WOOD.

For Sale WHOLESALE and RETAIL

—AT—

Neill's Hardware Store.

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, E. G. CLYDE, Nurseryman, Perth, Ont.

Coal Tar.

FROM NEW YORK.

10 BARRELS best AMERICAN COAL TAR. Just received by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.