POETRY.

ODE TO A SMALL PIG.

Oh, thou little embryo bacon,
Rooting in the mud!
Dost thou think that so much dirt is
Healthy for thy blood?
Art thou happy with thy nozzle
In the earth to dig?
Does thy heart leap high with pleasure,
Oh, thou infant pig?

Dost thou play around the smoke house,
With thy little grunt,
Where thy hams will soon be curing?
Dost thou think they won't?
Dost thou know that Philip Armour
Sails the rolling sea
In a yacht of gold and silver
Fashioned out of thee?

Dost thou know that mighty Bismarck
Is thy rampant foe—
That where German flags are waving
Thou canst never go?
Many of thy fathers tried it,
But it wouldn't work.
Dost thy spirit yearn to travel,
Thou small Yankee pork?

Oh, thou guileless, infant sausage,
Rooting deep and hard,
Men will smooth their path to riches
With thy slippery lard!
Pink and white thy little nose is,
Twisted is thy tail;
Thou hast got a mighty mission
In life's darksome vale!

SELECT STORY.

A DROLL WOOING.

BY MRS. L. A. BASSETT.

"Oh, dear," sighed mamma, "this is dreadful! What shall we do?"

We three girls looked disconsolate.

"Yes," she continued, "it is positively shocking! Your papa has refused—refused outright—to let us go to a fashionable watering-place this summer. He says he cannot afford it."

"Is that all, mamma," I said, in a tone of relief. "By your dreadful manner I concluded papa had failed, and that we girls should be obliged to go out for day's work. As it is, I don't care much. I actually found Saratoga a bore last summer, and would rather stay at home than not."

"Julia Maria!" said mamma, looking me straight in the eye and addressing me by that awful name, which she only used when particularly enraged, "Julia Maria Mason, do you know what you are talking about? Do you remember that you have passed your twenty-fifth birthday, and no husband yet?"

"Really, mamma," I replied meekly, "I don't see how I am to blame for my age; and as for a husband, I can't very well ask any man to have me."

"But you might try harder, Julia," said my disturbed parent, "if you had exerted yourself last summer you could easily have caught Orlando Fields."

"But I wouldn't marry him, mamma. Orlando Fields, indeed! a horrid, crusty old bachelor who takes snuff. No, I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man on earth and I the last woman."

"You'll be a crusty old maid before you know it," remarked mamma, sententiously.

"I don't care if I am," I replied, petulantly, "I shall not marry a man whom I neither like nor respect to please any one—old maid or no old maid?"

"Oh, well," said mamma, returning to her first grievance, "it is useless to discuss the matter; only tell me what we shall do this summer, Julia; you know we must leave town at any rate."

"I have an idea, mamma," I exclaimed, suddenly. "You shall take the girls to that cheap place at the sea-side, and I'll go and spend the summer with Aunt Hollis."

"With Aunt Hollis!" shrieked mamma, in little semi-quavers.

"With Aunt Hollis!" exclaimed the two other girls, in a breath.

"Yes. Why not?"

"In that dreadful, out-of-the-way place, with that horrid old thing!"

"I don't know that she is a horrid old thing, by any means," I replied; "I never saw her. And as for the place—I have often heard that the scenery near her home is very beautiful—right in the heart of the New Hampshire hills. Of course, the society may be a trifle primitive, but one can get used to almost anything; and as long as I am to be deprived of Saratoga and Newport, I mean to go to the other extream, and visit Aunt Hollis."

"But, Julia, you'll never get a husband out there."

"Oh, dear!" I exclaimed, in disgust. "There you go again, mamma! Isn't there anything in this world to think about, from the instant a girl gets out of her cradle, but that one tiresome theme, a husband? I tell you I quite hate men. I won't have a husband, and I will go to Aunt Hollis."

Mamma sighed dismally, and subsequently gave her cousent.

One week later I started on my journey. It was a beautiful day, and my heart felt unusually light, as we left the dusty city far behind us and sped away through the green fields and still greener woods. I leaned, delighted, from the car window, to get a sniff of the wholesome, scented air.

Along towards evening we came to the little station where I was to get off. I alighted, seeling somewhat forlorn. Not a human being could I discern, aside from the station-master.

"Where is it ye're wantin' to go, miss?" he asked, coming forward, and bowing politely.

"To Dexter."

"Wal, you'll be obleeged to wait till Ben Briggs comes arter the mail. He allus takes all the passengers."

After a long and tedious delay, Ben Brigg's conveyance (which proved to be a huge emmigrant wagon, drawn by a pair of short-necked oxen) drew up before the door of the station.

"Mercy!" I exclaimed, involuntarily; "I can't ride in that thing!"

"Oh, yes you can," said the station-master; "them oxen air as fast as hosses. You'll find them amazin' at gitten over the road. See here, Ben, ye've got two passengers to Dexter. Hilloo thar! the stage's come!"

Presently, in answer to this call, a tall, dark-haired gentleman emerged from the woods near by, closely followed by a great Newfoundland dog.

"Down Turner!" he commanded. "How d'ye do, Ben?" addressing the fat, good-natured-looking stage-driver. "You see I'm back once more."

"How d'ye do yerself, cap'in?" said Ben. "Glad to see ye in these 'ere parts agin. Jest let me h'ist the trunks in an' we're off. I s'pose you won't mind takin' a sert 'long side the lady? most o' gentlemen don't," (with a sly wink.) "Come, Turner, old fellar, hop up here with me."

The huge dog obeyed with alacrity, and we were off.

"Are you en route for Dexter also?" asked my companion, politely.

"Yes," I replied. "I am going to visit an aunt of mine who resides there."

"It hain't Miss General Cady?" put in Ben. "You look somewhat like them finkified gals who were thar last year."

"No," I replied.

"Wal, then I know, it's the minister's wife. I heerd she was a goin' to have a niece come."

"I am not acquainted with the minister's wife."

"Then it's Belinda Baxter; she that was lawyer Baxter's wife afore he died?"

"No."

"Wal, now, would you mind a tellin' who your aunt is?"

"Not in the least," I replied, intensely amused. "Her name is Miss Matilda Hollis."

"Jupiter!"

This expression came from Ben, who turned squarely around and faced my companion.

"I'll bet, by hokey! she's your wife, cap'in," he exclaimed. "It's pretty mean to deceive a fellar like that——"

"Hush, Ben!" said the gentleman, in a low tone. "I tell you I never saw the lady before. I think," turning to me with a winning smile, "we must be relatives, as Miss Matilda Hollis is my aunt also, and I am on my way to pay her my annual visit."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed in surprise. "my name is Julia Mason; Aunt Hollis is great-aunt to my father. Now, pray, who are you?"

"My name is Carl Willston. My mother was Miss Hollis' half-sister; so you see, we are cousins."

"I have often heard of you, although this is our first meeting, cousin mine," I replied, gayly. "Let us be friends."

We shook hands cordially.

It was nearly dark when the fleet (?) oxen arrived at Dexter, which proved a little drowsy, antiquated place. Ben threw the mail out at the shoemaker's shop, which, I afterward learned, served as a post-office also, and we drove toward the residence of Aunt Hollis.

"That am the place," suddenly exclaimed Ben, pointing with his whip.

An exclamation of surprise and delight broke from me.

Just before me, on the very bank of a beautiful lake, stood a low, rambling house, half hid in the tall trees that surrounded it.

"Elmwood," said my newly found cousin.

"Whoa, thar!" shouted Ben, as we drew up before the door. "I've brought ye company, Miss Hollis."

The door opened, and a silver-haired old lady came forward.

"Is it Julia?" she asked, in a sweet voice. "I received your letter, my dear; need I say, I am glad to see you?"

So this was Aunt Hollis—that "horrid old thing!" I was so much surprised and pleased that I threw my arms about her neck and kissed her several times, impulsively.

"I feel slighted," said an injured voice behind me. "Not a word for your boy, Aunt Hollis?"

"Can that be Carl, too? Why, my dear boy, I hardly expected you before another week; but you are welcome indeed. This is your cousin, Julia Mason."

"I know it, Aunt Hollis; the ride from the station here explained things; but I am too nearly famished to go into details."

"Very well; your supper is waiting. Come in, my children; it will seem good to see bright young faces about the old house once more."

I thought I had never tasted such a supper as we sat down to that night. Such delicious strawberries, half smothered in sugar and real cream! Such snowy biscuits and layers of delicate cake! I enjoyed myself heartily, doing ample justice to all that was placed before me. We spent a cheerful evening, and when I retired, before falling asleep in the most comfortable of all comfortable beds, I mentally decided that I had done a wise thing in coming to pay Aunt Hollis a visit.

I was awakened next morning by a clear tenor voice, singing underneath my window:

"Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen, what! slumbering still?"

I dressed myself, quickly, in a white cambric morning robe, and ran lightly down stairs—out into the garden.

"There walked a maid all dressed in white," quoted Mr. Willston, emerging from behind a tree. "Good-morning, cousin."

"Good-morning," I replied.

"What do you think of Elmwood?"

"I think," I exclaimed, rapturously, "that I was never before in such a pleasant place, and that I should enjoy a row on yonder lake above all other things."

"Then you shall have your wish. I am very certain that that there several navigable boats in the boat-house—at least there used to be last summer."

Just then Aunt Hollis appeared, to call us to breakfast.

"You look like your father, my dear," she said, kissing me.

If possible, the breakfast was an improvement on last night's tea. I ate heartily and with a feeling that the lassitude I usually experienced in the city had left me forever.

"Now away with you," said my aunt, giving me an affectionate pat on the shoulder; "out on the lake or up the mountain. Carl will take care of you. You need the country air, my dear; those cheeks are too pale. For my part, I cannot see how people manage to exist in those hot stifling cities."

I followed her advice to the letter, until a row on the lake and a ramble up the mountain made up a part of every day. I was always accompanied by Cousin Carl, as I had grown to call him, and who, I concluded after mature deliberation, was a decided improvement on Mr. Orlando Fields.

So the summer wore away, and I was already looking forward with regret to my return home.

"Cousin Julie," said Carl, sauntering up the garden path one day, and pausing before the open window where I sat, busily employed embroidering an antimacasser for Aunt Hollis, "what is your idea of picnics?"

"I think," I replied, without looking up, "that, as a general thing, they are dreadful trials. We had several at Newport last summer; and once I was compelled to go in a boat with horrid, squinting Sam Archer, who upset us and spoiled my beautiful new muslin dress, that, as papa declared, cost a fortune."

"Well, I promise you, you shall not be upset this time. And to provide against such a catastrophe, as the spoiling of a new muslin, all you have to do is to leave that garment hanging on its respective nail in your warbrobe, and don a good servicable colico gown. You will then be dressed as well as your neighbors. Calico is quite a la mode here in Dexter."

"Where are we going, may I inquire?"

"To Sylvan Glen—a place about five miles down the like—and this very afternoon; so to be sure you are ready. Sarah Jane Baxter and Simon Ellis are going. Simon invited your humble servant. Be prepared to meet the elite," he concluded, laughingly.

As the calico was entirely out of the question, I donned a plain white swiss, and, at the appointed time, provided with a goodly basket of eatables, we set out.

The picnic proved a famous country gathering, and was about as uncomfortable as picnics in general. I fell a victim to the violent fancy of a red-headed young man, who talked through his nose and seemed able to discuss but one subject, the weather.

"It's a fine day, Miss Mason," he remarked.

"Yes," I replied, "it is."

"We had a fine day yesterday."

"I believe so."

"It was fine all last week, Miss Mason."

I told him, "If I remember correctly, it was."

"And all the week before."

Carl had deserted me, but now came rambling by, humming an old tune:

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart."

I gave him a look of entreaty, but he only laughed and passed on. It was evident he enjoyed my discomfiture to the fullest extent.

Finally, when I had answered the same question at least a dozen times, I broke away from my adorer, and wandered down through the leafy vista toward the lake.

The view was particularly enchanting, and I strolled on, scarcely heeding that I had long since left the beaten path behind.

At last the ground began to grow wet and soggy, and I was about to retrace my steps, when suddenly I was startled by a noise by a noise behind me. I looked around, and beheld — oh, horrors!—making straight toward me, a dreadful cow!

Now, in all my sojourn at Aunt Hollis,' I could never accustom myself to a cow; and this one had such great, long horns—just fit for hooking, it seemed to me. She was in full pursuit, making straight toward me. In my terror, I plunged headlong forward, never stopping to look back.

All at once my treacherous foot slipped, and I felt myself sinking. The black mud oozed over the tops of my French kid boots, and the lower ruffle to my muslin gown was fast disappearing. I shrieked with terror, and was answered by a melancholy "moo."

Turning my head, I beheld my enemy at a short distance behind me, but in the same predicament; there stood that cow, up to her body in mud, stuck fast.

In vain she tried to extricate herself; it was equally useless on my part so I began to indulge in tears.

"Oh, wouldn't some one come and get me out of that awful place! What if I should sink out of sight entirely!"

I grew nearly frantic at the thought, and shrieked louder than ever. But, alas! my voice was completely drowned by the terrific "moos" of my enemy, who instantly embraced the opportunity of uniting with me in calling for aid.

Our voices were not in the least harmonious, and the vocal duet that we executed caused me, even in my woe-begone situation, to indulge in a sickly smile.

At last I heard a faint "hilloo!" Thank Heaven, some one was coming to the rescue.

Nearer and nearer sounded footsteps, until, presently, the bushes parted, and the tall form of my Cousin Carl emerged from them.

In an instant he had taken in the situation, and, making strenuous efforts to suppress his inclination to laugh, he asked, in a grave tone:

"Which shall I help first?"

This was too much. I burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"I think it dowright mean," I sobbed, "to twit me like this! I had to run. That awful cow came right after me, with all her horns spread. I was forced to run; I was indeed. Oh, mercy! I'm sinking!"

"Who ever saw a cow with her horns crossed?" roared Carl. "They are always 'spread,' as you call it. What made the animal run was because there was a dog after. You see she kept coming around the picnic ground until I set Turner on her." Then he added in a graver tone: "Don't cry any more, little cousin, I'll help you out under one condstion."

"What is that?" I gasped.

"That you will promise me here, on the very spot, to be my wife."

Was there ever before such an unheard of idea! I had received sundry proposals in my life-time. I had even had one infatuated youth sink gracefully on his knees before me, but a proposal to a young lady, ankle-deep in a bog-hole, was a thing out of all common.

"I mean it," he repeated. "If you do not say yes, I shall rescue the cow and depart."

"Yes, yes," I sobbed. "Oh, mercy, yes! anything but get that awful cow out. Oh, dear! dear!"

"There is still another condition," continued my tantalizing cousin, "I shall demand a kiss."

"Indeed you'll not!" I exclaimed.

"To be sure; engaged people always seal the contract thus. Quick! or I rescue the cow."

"Yes! yes!"

With the aid of a stout board and his helping hand, I was soon free.

How was I to get home without being seen? was the next question. Carl righted matters by leading me to a secluded spot on the bank of the lake, and then returned for the boat. I was rowed back to Aunt Hollis' in a dreadful plight, and made my ingress at the back door, from whence I escaped to my room unobserved.

Two hours later, when I appeared in the little parlor, clad in my apple green muslin, with its cherry ribbons, I looked and felt none the worse for my adventure, but my cheeks must have taken on a carnation hue when Aunt Hollis came to kiss me, and whispered in my ear that "she knew all."

That evening, as Carl and I were pacing up and down the garden-walk, he remarked:

"Julia, you wouldn't do to belong to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; you haven't once inquired after the fate of that unfortunate cow. For all you know, she may be there still."

"I devoutly hope she is," I snapped—"sunk to her very horns. She deserves it, for getting me into such a scrape."

"I am sorry you haven't your wish, dear, but I saw her safely out hours ago. I felt too grateful to her not to look after her welfare."

When I started for home, that fall, Ben Briggs, with the oxen and emigrant wagon, again made his appearance, and I was helped in, followed by Carl, who was to accompany me.

As we jogged along, Ben appeared to look very knowing, and, after sundry winks and blinks in my direction, reached down and drew a suspicious-looking black bottle from under the seat.

"Wal, cap'n," he said, by way of prelude, "I sorter made a mistake when I was a-drivin' you two out here; I got a leetle ahead o' time; but if you hain't any objections now, I'll wish you both much joy, and long life to you!" and Ben took a long draught from the black bottle.

We were married at Christmas time, much to poor mamma's satisfaction.

Carl proves a model; and my sisters declare they would be willing to spend all their summers at Aunt Hollis', providing they could manage to catch as handsome a husband as I did.

PERSEVERANCE.

Little drops of whiskey,
Little sips of beer,
Make the mighty jim-jams
If you persevere.

We find happiness while we are pursuing it and lose it after we reach it.

QUITE A LIVELY GUEST.

"Yes," said the night clerk of the Golden Eagle, "you see some mighty queer people in this business, for a fact."

"Don't say?" we replied with interest, inasmuch as even the reminiscences of a night clerk as a mitigation of boredom of a temporary sojourn in Sacramento was "better than nothing," as the Baptist old lady said when her pastor informed her that the Methodists would be sent to Hades for 1,000 years anyway.

"When people go off travelling they act different from what they do at home," continued the night clerk thoughtfully. "You don't notice it as much in the day time. You've got to be on the night watch to see guests get off the reservation and have ghost dances."

"Do, eh?"

"That's what. F'rinstance, there was a tall, thin, kinder sad-looking chap put up here about three weeks ago, who was a high roller from 'way back. The very first night he got out on the Bad Lands and came back shouting. It took two porters and all the bell boys to get him up stairs to bed. The next night he went out to a chicken fight and licked a couple of hackmen on the way home. He was pretty warm, I tell you."

"Rather."

"The next night—it was 1 A. M.—he came in loaded, as usual. There was a theatrical troupe in town, and two of the actresses were about retiring as he passed up stairs whooping like a lot of Sioux chasing a sutler's wagon. He rapped on the actresses' door, and as they wouldn't open it, of course, he blew cigarette smoke through the keyhole and yelled fire!"

"Made a panic, didn't it?"

"That's no word for it. Looked like a sheet and pillow case party in an insane asylum. We read the riot act then, but he put up a warm talk with the proprietor and squared it somehow. He was a velvet talker as sure as you're born. The night after that he coaxed me into a dice game and skinned a hundred and sixty outer me quicker'n a wink."

"Made his expenses, eh?"

"Exactly. Well, the next morning he came down with his head swelled and his grip packed. He said he hated to leave us, as he'd had such a quiet, pleasant, genial sort of time, but duty called him and he must away. So I made out his bill."

"Made it pretty large, too, didn't you?"

"Bout the usual—but wait. I handed him his account, and what do you think he said?"

"Can't imagine."

"Why, he said, "Great Scott! don't you make a reduction to clergymen."

A CRITICAL WEEK IN FRANCE.

This has been the most critical week in Paris since the Franco Prussian war. The real gravity of the situation is becoming better understood now then when the Empress Frederick was actually present. Even Count von Munster, the German ambassador, it is now known, was of the opinion that the ex-empress was making a mistake in prolonging her stay. But of course he was powerless to interfere. The royal visitor, with the very best intentions in the world, made some blunders which showed a marked lack of diplomatic instinct. For instance, she publicly made the remark that her visit to Versailles was prompted by sentimental considerations; that there were so many recollections of her late husband centered there, etc. The Parisians could hardly fail to misinterpret this. Versailles is to them a bitter memory. The coup de grace was furnished by the savage editorial of the Cologne Gazette. This article utterly destroyed every vestige of good feeling that might have sprung from a belief in the conciliatory purpose of the ex Empress. To crown all and to destroy confidence in the belief that the incident was ended with the departure of the ex-Empress came the order of Chancellor von Caprivi for greater severity in the observances of passport regulations. A portion of the French press denounce the order in terms of unmeasured bitterness, while all the journals condemn it and draw gloomy prognostications therefrom. It is generally regarded as a wilful act of provocation. This feeling is strengthened by the comments of the Berlin press, wherein it is admitted that Caprivi's action was the result of the treatment accorded the Empress Frederick in Paris. Much disquietude and forebodings prevail.

DECLARATION PROCEEDINGS AT HAMPTON.

Sheriff Freeze opened his court at ten o'clock Tuesday morning. There was only a small attendance. R. LeB. Tweedie represented Col. Domville, and Geo. H. Fowler, the minister of finance. The ballot boxes were opened and returns read off, excepting from Sussex No. 5, for which none had been made by the deputy. An adjournment was made till two o'clock, while the deputy returning officer, F. L. Fairweather, was communicated with. To a number of returns Mr. Tweedie objected that gross irregularities and mistakes had been made by officials. He objected to the Rothesay ballot because R. O. Stockton's name had been changed from Havelock by the sheriff at Mr. Foster's request. Mr. Tweedie claimed that Mr. Foster already had two representatives—all the law allowed—and that the appointment of Stockton was illegal. To the objections the sheriff paid no attention and said he would declare the man elected having the largest vote. The returns, exclusive of Sussex No. 5, show Foster 1,906, Domville 1,801. Mr. Foster's total majority will be 74. A recount will be demanded before Judge Wedderburn. Some of the ballot boxes were not locked and others, it is said, were not properly sealed.

A HEROIC MOTHER.

A house at Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, occupied by John and George Babcock, was burned a few nights since. The fire originated in the kitchen of the end belonging to John, and the whole down stairs part and the stairs leading to the second floor were in flames before the sleepers had had the least warning of danger. Escape by the stairs was cut off, and John, after alarming George, whose end of the house was now on fire, dropped from the second storey window to the ground, and his wife passed the children out, going from the window to the sleeping room through the flames until she had all except one, when her own night clothing and that of the child she held in her arms took fire, and to save herself she had to jump, still retaining her hold of the babe. She had to leave the remaining child to be burned to death. The heroic mother in leaping from the burning house broke one of her own legs at the knee joint. All the children are more or less injured by the fire, one of them so much that its life is despaired of. Mrs. Babcock passed through the burning house six times, each time bringing a child in her arms.

"HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DISEASES."

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

DANGERS OF BALLOONING.

H. Hennequin, of Paris, France, who has had some experience in aerial navigation arrived yesterday from San Francisco on his way home, and during his stay in Chicago called on Mr. Pennington, of airship fame, at the Grand Pacific hotel. Mr. Hennequin was in Fontenay at the time Tissindier and Gower, had their startling adventure in a balloon. The traveler is an intimate friend of Gower, and tells the story of their fall of a mile as the balloonist related it to him.

"They ascended from Tissindier's house in Paris, and floated off toward Vincennes, and as the wind was somewhat strong from the northwest the two men soon disappeared from the view of Paris, having risen to a heighth of about 1,500 feet. When they reached Fontenany, however, they were fully 6,000 feet above the earth. They were sailing along smoothly, watching the scenes below, when suddenly they seemed to fall into a hole in the atmosphere and down they went at a terriffc rate. Gower glanced at the needle of the vertical scale. It was traveling with lightning speed. A roar filled their ears, and both men thought their time had come. Nothing had happened to the balloon. It was in perfect condition, but there seems to be no air to hold it up. Tissindier desperately threw out sandbags. They were falling so rapidly that the bags were left far behind and disappeared above them. The earth seemed to be rushing at them with the speed of a comet. There seemed to be no atmosphere left, and they could scarcely breathe. As a last resort Tissindier threw over the anchor and the remaining ballast, and the big balloon after a rush of a mile through the air regained its poise, and they were safe. The earth was but fifty feet below. This goes to show," continued Mr. Hennequin, "that too much precaution cannot be observed in carrying plenty of ballast. There are in the air occasional rarefactions and when a balloon once gets into one of them it drops like a piece of lead. Gower and Tissindier sailed into a veritable pit in the air and had they not had lots of ballast aboard they would have been dashed to pieces. If Pennington's heavy airship ever falls into such a pit nothing in creation will prevent it from shooting down to the earth. The result may be imagined."

FAMOUS HARPS.

For years controversy was rife concerning the age of a celebrated harp now in Trinity college, Dublin. The result of much speculation and correspondence places its date in the fourteenth century, with a margin of a few loose years before or after; all of which is quite satisfactory to people in general. There is a cast of this antique instrument in the South Kensington museum.

Next on the list of honorable years given to sweet and tender service may be seen, in the Highlands of Scotland, the Clarsach Lumanach, also called Lamont's Clarshoe. This venerable harp was included in the belongings of a lady of the Lamont family, who took it from Argyleshire about the middle of the fifteenth century, on her marriage into the old Perthshire family of Robertson of Lude.

The Lamont Clarshoe is described as having thirty strings, tuned singly, "but the scale was sometimes doubled in pairs of unisons," like lutes and other instruments popular at that time.

The Dalway harp in Ireland inscribed "Ego sum Regina Citharanum," and dated 1621, is said to have had pairs of strings in the centre only. These were of brass wire, and were played with pointed fingers nails. The Italian contemporary "arpa doppia" was entirely upon the duplex principle, but with gut strings, and was played by the fleshy ends of the fingers.

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.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Boy, Snow, Joy Know. — Ball Flies, Hat Dies.
Hands Small, Make Ball. — Gent Mad, Swears Bad.
Gent Fat, High Hat. — Joy, Fun, Boy Run.

That brassy ringing cough means a croupy night. Give Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

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."
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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST,
CONTAINS NO ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES, or any injurious materials.
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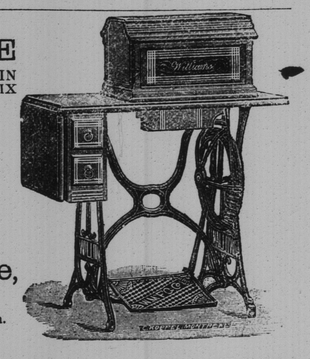
LAST CAKE.

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, Engrin 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
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 16,500 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.

Just Stored:
PURE CANADIAN LARD
in Tubs and Cases of 5 lb. and 3 lb. tins (very choice).
Pork & Beans,
New Codfish,
CANNED SALMON,
Queen and B. A. Brands.
Armour's Canned Beef
Lemon and Citron Peels,
Spices of all kinds,
and a full line of
GENERAL GROCERIES
FOR SALE LOW.
A. F. RANDOLPH & SON
Nov. 22.

C. C. GILL,
PAINTER,
House and Sign Decorator.
Tinting in OIL or WATER COLOR.
PAPERING and GRAINING.
EXPRESSES and WAGONS Painted at Short Notice.
Shop and Residence:
59 Brunswick Street.

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.

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.

AT THE
TINSMITHS, - GASFITTERS,
—AND—
PLUMBERS
ESTABLISHMENT OF
LIMERICK & DUNCAN,
YORK ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.
THEY would inform the public in general that they will Sell their Goods Cheaper than the Cheapest, and they carry a full line of
KITCHEN FURNISHING AND LUMBERMEN SUPPLIES.
And guarantee all goods made by them to be thorough in Quality and Workmanship.
HOT AIR FURNACES fitted up in the most approved style.
REPAIRING done in all branches with neatness and despatch.
Telephone 166.

SKATES.
JUST RECEIVED:
300 PAIRS Acme Club Skates;
12 Do. Long Reach "
For sale low, 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, R. G. Clyne, Nurseryman, Perth, Ont.

Coal Tar.
FROM NEW YORK.
10 BARRELS best AMERICAN COAL TAR. Just received by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.