

POETRY.

AT MIDNIGHT.

The room is cold and dark to-night—
The fire is low,
Why come you, who love the light,
To mock me so?

SELECT STORY.

MISS DARROW'S TEACHER.

"So Portia wants to study mathematics?"
Mr. Darrow took off his spectacles, rubbed
them upon a soft silk handkerchief, and
returned them to his nose once more.

"And my daughter does not mean to give
Satan a chance to lead her into mischief?"
"But, papa"—Portia Darrow's voice
was eager and persuasive—"my education
does not satisfy me, you know. It is al-

"This house is not our own, papa, and
I cannot live in idleness," persisted the
girl, stoutly, "so with your permission—
of course I will do nothing without it—
I will perfect myself in that
branch of learning. I have been promised
a position as bookkeeper in Browne &
Grey's dry-goods establishment—assistant
bookkeeper and cashier, papa—as
soon as I am thoroughly qualified."

"It is to be hoped that Brown & Grey
will not dispense with the services of a
bookkeeper and cashier until that date!"
laughed Mr. Darrow. "Oh, Portia, it
would be much better and wiser for you
to do as I wish you—to give up all these
foolish ideas of independence and earning
your living, etc. Why, you will be clam-

"But, my dear, you have not seen Rex
since he was a boy of thirteen and you a
little while of ten. You must allow that
he has changed somewhat since that
period. Perhaps you might be induced
to alter your mind, Portia, if you were to
meet him once more?"

"I don't want to meet him! I don't care
to think about any man who would lead
himself to such a plot against my happi-
ness. Papa, I am ashamed of you—you
who ought to have known better than to
attempt to harter your only child's hap-
piness for a home! It is true that Mr.
Leith has allowed us to live in this pretty
house for several years—I, of course, be-
lieving that it was ours by right of pur-
chase; but tell me that the roof over our
heads belongs to Rex Leith's father—by
right of the mortgage that he holds—and
that the only way it can be cancelled is by
my marriage with his son! Oh, monstrous!"

"The dark eyes flash fire, the sweet face
was pale with righteous anger. To Portia
Darrow at that moment her father's error
seemed incalculable.

"I will work early and late," she went
on, swiftly, "I will perfect myself in the
two branches required. I will make my-
self competent to fill the position at Browne
& Grey's; and I will take care of you,
papa. We will leave Mr. Leith's house,
where we have no right, and we will eat
the bread of independence and be
happier far than now!"

"Portia, I would never have accepted
Mr. Leith's offer to remain on the place,
but he begged so eagerly that I should do
so. And then the idea—ah, then, it may
be—of a marriage between you and Rex,
took possession of us both, and everything
has glided along smoothly—with that
hope ever before us. Rex has been away
in Europe so long, or the question would
have been brought up for you to decide
before now."

"Never mind, papa! You did not mean
to be cruel to me. I have saved a little
money that I earned in making lace; I
think I have enough with which to pay
a tutor for three months' instruction. I
have heard that there is a Professor
Thorne stopping at the Ocean House, over
at Seaside, with his wife and family.
May I apply to him for instructions? He
might be willing to bestow a couple of
hours upon me every day—for a consid-

er. Darrow, feeling quite hedged up in
upon my side, gave his consent. Ay, more,
he agreed to see Professor Thorne and
endeavour to make arrangements for the
desired lessons. The deed was done; and
one fair morning in June, Portia Darrow,
feeling quite like a woman of business,
took up her position in the cool, airy room,
and there, for the first time, she met Pro-

essor Thorne.
Tall, dark and handsome, quite young
in appearance, totally unlike her idea of
the instructor whom she had expected, to
see, Portia could not help liking him, and
the attraction seemed mutual.

The days came and went, and Portia
spent a great deal of time in the professor's
company. She was progressing beyond her
widest hopes in her studies, and already

PRE-COLUMBIAN DISCOVERIES OF AMERICA.

I affirm the following proposition as
covering the present condition of American
Archaeological science and its results:
I. The legend of Atlantis is not a fable,
the former existence of that country being
attested by evidence equally satisfactory with
the lake-dwellers. America is not "The New
World" but the oldest of the continents.

In view of the result of the recent deep-
sea soundings prosecuted by the United
States and other governments in the
Atlantic, it is not easy to comprehend the
incredulity with which any account of the
lost Atlantis has formerly received. Mr.
Bradford (American Antiquities p. 221)
In any event, after a fair and im-

partial examination of all the circum-
stances it seems extremely difficult to
regard the account of Plato as a fabrication.
In accordance with the ancient mythology
and facts now well ascertained, and its
allusion to a Western Continent at that
time generally known as such a propo-

sition.
"Professor Thorne! How dare you!"
she exclaimed, angrily. "You have saved
my life only to insult me!"
He smiled.

"Why not?" he asked, coolly. "Surely
there is no harm in my telling you the
story of my thrallhood?" Portia, I love
you—love you so dearly that I cannot
give you up!"

Her face was as pale as the dead, her
eyes full of horror too deep for words.
At last—
"Would it have been better for me to
have died a few moments ago!" she moan-

ed.
Her voice broke; she could say no more.
He took her hand in his. She wrenched
it away.

"Go home to your wife, Prof. Thorne!"
she said coldly. "You have no right to
speak such words to me!"
To her astonishment he threw his hand-
some head back and laughed aloud.

"My wife, Portia? Ah, I shall never
have a wife unless you consent to marry
me. In my case remember this—You
choose Professor Thorne to perfect you in
mathematics. When you choose that
gentleman you did not know the truth of
the situation. Professor Thorne is my
respected uncle. It is his wife and not
mine of whom you have heard. Portia,
you do care for me, darling?"

"What need to ask the question when
heart speaks to heart with love in their
eyes?"
They had been betrothed lovers just
half an hour when the "professor" ad-
ded humbly:
"Portia, you never suspected that when
I borrowed my uncle Thorne's name I
might possibly have a name of my own?"

She started, the color fading from her
cheek.
"I am Rex Leith!" he added, in the
most crest-fallen tone imaginable. "For
pity's sake don't hate me, Portia! I
could never do that!" she answered,
softly.

"And what about the bookkeeping and
mathematics?" queried Dr. Darrow a lit-
tle later, when the two had appeared and
told their story. "Portia, I feel in my
prophetic spirit that you will never be a
bookkeeper."

"But she will be the dearest little wife
in the world!" cried Rex.

"BACTERIA."
Let us consider the things we hear so
much about in these days, called "bacteria."
That is the scientific name for certain
minute organisms—so minute that the
microscope is required to examine them
with care and study. They are living
things—among the simplest forms of
life—existing on the boundaries be-

tween the living and dead worlds of mat-
ter—and also on the borders between
animal and vegetable life. It has been de-
cided, however, that "bacteria," bacilli,
micrococci, and other minute microscopic
organisms—all of this widespread and
multitudinous family of bacterial germs—
are vegetable—and this is a comfort, for
to think of breathing and swallowing them
if they were animalcules.

They are everywhere on earth—except
perhaps at the top of the very tallest
mountains—in mid-ocean—or at the
poles. They multiply with marvellous—
marvellous—rapidity when they find the
soil that gives them their natural nourish-
ment—a single bacterium multiplying in
a few days, or hours even, into countless
millions by the process of each one split-
ting up spontaneously and almost instan-

taneously into two or more, and these
again splitting up, and so on ad infinitum.
Now, if they were all mischievous or
poisonous, or killing their universal
presence and their power of infinite mul-
tiplication, when they find congenial soil
or food, would be very bad for the rest of
us. "There would be no living with
them." But only some of them are bad.
The vast majority of them are harmless.

By these explanations we hope to have
shown what "bacteria" are; that they are
minute—microscopic—vegetal organ-
isms, not animalcule; that while some of
them are believed to be disease "germs,"
incalculable millions of them are wholly
harmless to human health.

PARNELL'S GRANDMOTHER.

Approach of the recent episode which
makes the Parnell family more conspicuous
than ever before, an old master of reminiscences
writs.

The attention of the whole civilized
world being attracted to the Parnell name,
it might interest your readers to know that
in the past his grandmother resided here,
and in another way was as much an object
of remark and comment as her grandson
is now. I cannot say when it was that
Mrs. Commodore Stewart resided here, but
my memory of her is very good. She was
a very handsome woman, as I recall her,
but eccentric in appearance and in her
general intercourse. I used to see her al-

most every day on the avenue, and she
walked with a very queer gait, hardly
lame, but like one wearing tight shoes
which were painful.

There were two daughters living here
with her who shared their mother's pecu-
liarities. One of them I remember distinct-
ly, who was known as Peggy Stewart, and
the other one I cannot recall. Whether
either of the ladies was subsequently Mrs.
Parnell I do not know, but it would not
surprise me, as any of the family would
be liable to indulge in the eccentricities which
have occasioned so much remark of late.

Mrs. Commodore Stewart, as the mem-
ory of her comes back to me, while not a re-
fined, seems to have had but few associates.
They, Mrs. Stewart and her daughters,
would take their daily walks, but always
alone. I do not remember ever to have
seen them together or with anyone. Mrs.
Stewart was supposed to be wealthy, but
made no display of it.

The story of her separation from the
Commodore is almost legendary, coming
as it does from the long past, but as told
me in my boyhood I have never
forgotten it. It was customary at one time
in the city to employ a great number of
men to take their families with them on
the long cruises which sailing vessels had
to undertake, and Mrs. Stewart accompanied
the Commodore to the Mediterranean
station. While at Naples a revolution-
ary disturbance occurred, and one of the
leaders of the riot sought shelter among
the vessels in the harbour, and eventually
reached the United States ship com-
manded by Commodore Stewart, where,
appealing to the sympathy of Mrs. Stear-

ts, he was secreted in the ship.
The ship sailed soon after, and when
some distance from Naples Mrs. Stewart in-
formed the Commodore of the presence of
this person on the ship. The Commodore
at once returned to Naples and delivered
the fugitive to the authorities, and, as I
remember, the Commodore was severely
punished for his conduct, and never saw her
again.

There was a good deal of kindly sym-
pathy for her here, for no one ever ques-
tioned the purity of her motives, and her
friends said it was the harsh treatment of
the Commodore which had produced in her
the strange after-life she led.—New York
World.

ALASKA'S BEARS.
To the bear hunter the wilds of Alaska
offer a paradise that can be found in no
other country on the globe, as is attested
by the yearly shipments of hides. The
most chosen are those of the black bear,
which roam the woods by hundreds, and
prime skins bring from \$25 up to as high
as \$100 in the market. During the excursion
season tourists from all parts of the globe
make a thriving trade for Alaska mer-

chants in the bear-skin line. There are
five distinct species of the bear in Alaska—
the black, brown or cinnamon and the
cross, which inhabit all portions of South-
eastern Alaska and the upper portion of
the Yukon country. Further north in the
St. Elias Alps, is the home of a grizzly
which in size ferocity and color much re-
sembles the grizzly of the Sierra Nevada,
and still further north, along the lower
reaches of the Yukon and ice fields of the
Arctic ocean, is the white polar bear. As
grave and skilful in hunting bear as the
Alaska hunter, is seldom hunted the
grizzly, both because there is little profit
in the hide and because of the great size and
ferocity of the beast make hunting them
a most hazardous undertaking. Their
mode of killing them is by shooting into
them with a heavily charged smooth-bore
musket a heavy slug of lead, copper or iron,
which, when it strikes, kills the bear, and
falls to follow the shot, with a long heavy
and strongly made spear, striking the butt
of the weapon on the ground and planting
one foot firmly against it. The point of
the spear rests at an angle to pierce the
bear in the breast and the bear's own
weight, when it strikes the spear in its mad
charge, is calculated to drive the weapon
through him or pierce him deep enough
to cause death. As he is readily seen, it
is this critical moment the hunter's courage
should fail him, or by miscalculation the
bear should charge, which never hap-

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HORSES IN A FIGHT.

West Chester, Pa., special to a New
York paper says: A battle between two
horses was fought on Michael Murphy's
stock farm on the Brandywine, near Mil-
ford Mills this county. On the farm,
which covers an extensive territory in
East Brandywine and Wallace townships,
Mr. Murphy has been laying out a half-
mile driving track for use in training and
exercising his blooded horses, among
which are a half dozen imported stallions,
one of these was recently brought in Ire-

land for \$2,500. Mr. Murphy rode this
animal from his home at Milford to inter-
rupt the completion of the driving
track, and on reaching that part of the
last touches in leveling, he dismounted
and

HITCHED THE HORSE TO A POST.
In a few minutes one of his grooms, seated
on another valuable horse, a Norman
stallion, appeared, and tied the second horse
to a post near the first. The Irish stallion
immediately grew restless, and in a
moment contrived to work his bridle off.
Then with a shrill neigh of challenge he
leaped straight up in the air and rushed
with open mouth upon the Norman
stallion. The latter answered the challenge
with a loud cry, and vigorously kicked up
his heels to receive his antagonist in
form. Being securely tied, however, the
Norman was at a disadvantage, and his
Irish adversary inflicted upon him several
dreadful bites on the head and neck. But
he received in exchange from the Norman
a shower of tremendous heavy-footed
kicks in the body. Upon this the Irish
stallion retired a few paces for another
charge. The Norman saw him coming,
and rearing up, broke away from his
fastenings, and jumped forward to meet
the Irish stallion, who was equally
both beasts fought with a degree of

SAVAGERY THAT WAS SURPRISING.
Their shrill cries of anger and pain were
heard on the neighboring farms, and men
hurried to the scene from all directions
and tried to separate the combatants.
Clubs, fence rails, shovels and hay forks
were alike useless, however, for both stall-
ions were in a frenzy of rage, and could
not be controlled. One of the grooms had
a finger bitten off by one of the furious
beasts. Finally at the suggestion of Mr.
Murphy, the men all stood aloof and al-
lowed the horses to finish the fight un-
disturbed. In a few minutes the Norman
uttering loud roars of pain, turned tail and
ran off over the field, closely pursued by
his Irish opponent. Thus they ran, al-
most neck to neck, until they reached
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ran off over the field, closely pursued by
his Irish opponent. Thus they ran, al-
most neck to neck, until they reached

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, Grays, Engrain and fine Gold Papers, with Borders to match; and we will offer them at
prices never known in this City.

BROWNS FROM 5 CENTS UPWARDS;
GLITS FROM 20 CENTS UPWARDS;
Whites FROM 8 CENTS UPWARDS;
Call and see the Stock and Prices. To arrive this week from Montreal, 8000 Rolls (cheap) Wholesale or Retail.

M' MURRAY & CO
This Remedy for Catarrh is the
Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 50c.
E. T. Eastman, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

"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,
MIDDINGS, 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
GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY.
ASSETS, 1st JANUARY, 1888, - \$30,722,800.60
ASSETS IN CANADA, " - \$70,525.67

STOP THAT CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become
persistent, the Consumption, Scrophulous,
Wasting Disease, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and
HYPOPHOSPHITES
Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far
better than other so-called Emulsions,
and a most effective restorative.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
is put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be
sure and get the genuine. Sold by all
Druggists, Grocers and Dealers.

IMPERIAL
CREAM TARTAR
BAKING
POWDER
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST,
CONTAINS NO
ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES,
OR ANY INJURIOUS MATERIALS.
FORBES, CHICAGO, ILL.
Makers of the CELEBRATED ROYAL TRAIT CASES.

Baby King Alfonso, of Spain, has a
private income of \$1,000,000 a year.

Don't get rattled in school government

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 1888 in perfect
condition, from the new celebrated house STEELE
BROS., Toronto, whose seeds gave such universal
satisfaction.

At the meeting of the Farmers' Convention held
in this City during the past winter, the resident in
the course of his remarks did that the seeds given
by the Steele Brothers 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,