

POETRY.

THAT BOY JIM.

He was the "devil," that boy Jim,
Could do nothing at all with him;
Ragged and dirty—a gutter snipe—
P'In' the cases, distribut' type;
Feltin' the neighbors on their heads
With bran' new quins an' slugs an' leads.

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finamore Cooper

ARTHER OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS,"
"THE PATRIOT," "HOMEWARD
BOUND," ETC.

CONTINUED.

The hunter took the money, and continued turning it in his hand for some time, piece by piece, talking aloud during the operation.

"There's a rifle, they say, out on the Cherry Valley, that will gain the hundred rods and kill. I've seen good guns in my day, but none quite equal to that. A hundred rods with any certainty is great shooting! Well, I'm old, and the gun I have will answer my time. Here, child, take back your gold. But the horse has come; I hear him talking to the cattle and I must be going. You won't tell of us, gal—you won't tell of us, will you?"

"Tell of you!" echoed Elizabeth. "But take the money, old man; take the money, even if you go into the mountains."

"No, no," said Natty, shaking his head kindly; "I would not rob you so for twenty rifles. But there's one thing you can do for me, if you will, that no other is at hand to do."

"Name it—name it!"

"Why, it's only to buy a canister of powder—twill cost two silver dollars. Benny Pump has the money ready, but we daren't come into the town to get it. Nobody has it but the Frenchman. 'Tis of the best, and just suits a rifle. Will you get it for me, gal?—say, will you get it for me?"

"Will I? I will bring it to you, Leather-Stocking, though I toil a day in quest of you through the woods. But where shall I find you, and how?"

"Where?" said Natty, making a moment— "to-morrow, on the Vision; on the very top of the Vision, I'll meet you, child, just as the sun gets over our heads. See that it's the fine grain; you'll know it by the gloss and the price."

"I will do it," said Elizabeth, firmly. Natty now seated himself, and placing his feet in the hole, with a slight effort he opened a passage through into the street. The ladies heard the rustling of the hay, and well understood the reason why Edwards was in the capacity of a teamster.

"Come, Benny," said the hunter; "twill be no darker to-night, for the moon will rise in an hour."

"Stay!" exclaimed Elizabeth; "it should not be said that you escaped in the presence of the daughter of Judge Temple. Return, Leather-Stocking, and let us retire, before you execute your plan."

Natty was about to reply, when the approaching footsteps of the jailer announced the necessity of his immediate return. He had hardly time to resign his feet, and to conceal the hole with the bedclothes, across which Benjamin very opportunely fell, before the key was turned, and the door of the apartment opened.

"Isn't Miss Temple ready to go?" said the civil jailer, "it's the usual hour for locking up."

"I follow you, sir," returned Elizabeth; "good-night, Leather-Stocking."

"It's a fine grain, gal, and I think 'twill carry further than common. I am getting old, and can't follow up the game with the step I used to could."

Miss Temple laid her hand for the key, and preceded Louisa and the keeper from the apartment. The man turned the key, and observed that he would return and secure his prisoners, when he had lighted the ladies to the street. Accordingly, they parted at the door of the building, when the jailer walked, with throbbing heart, toward the corner.

"Now the Leather-Stocking refuses the key," whispered Louisa, "it can all be given to Mr. Edwards, and that added to—"

"Listen!" said Elizabeth; "I hear the rustling of the hay; they are escaping at this moment. Oh! they will be detected instantly!"

By this time they were at the corner, where Edwards and Natty were in the act of drawing the almost helpless body of Benjamin through the aperture. The oxen had started back from their hay, and were standing with their heads down the street, leaving room for the party to act in.

"Throw the hay into the cart," said Edwards, "or they will suspect how it has been done. Quick, that they may not see it!"

Natty had just returned from executing this order, when the light of the keeper's candle shone through the hole, and instantly his voice was heard in the jail, exclaiming for his prisoners.

"What's to be done now?" said Edwards—"this drunken fellow will cause our detection, and we have not a moment to spare."

"Who's drunk, ye lubber?" muttered the steward.

"A break-jail! a break-jail!" shouted five or six voices from within.

"We must leave him," said Edwards. "Twouldn't be kind, lad," returned Natty; "he took half the disgrace of the stocks on himself to-day, and the creature has feeling."

At this moment two or three men were heard issuing from the door of the "Bold Dragon," and among them the voice of Billy Kirby.

"There's no moon yet," cried the wood-chopper; "but it's a clear night. Come, who's for home? Hark! what a rumper they're kicking up in the jail—here goes and see what it's about."

"We shall be lost," said Edwards, "if we don't drop this man."

At that instant Elizabeth moved close to him, and said rapidly, in a low voice: "I lay him in the cart, and start the oxen; no one will look there."

"There's a woman's quickness in the thought," said the youth.

The proposition was no sooner made than executed. The steward was seated on the hay, and enjoined to hold his peace and apply the lead that was placed in his hand, while the oxen were urged on. So

soon as this arrangement was completed, Edwards and the hunter stole along the house for a short distance, and then disappeared through an opening that led into the rear of the building. The oxen were in brisk motion, and presently the cries of pursuit were heard in the street. The ladies quickened their pace, with a wish to escape the crowd of constables and idlers that were approaching, some exclaiming, and some laughing at the exploit of the prisoners. In the confusion, the voice of Kirby was plainly distinguishable above all the others, shouting and swearing that he would have the fugitives, threatening to bring back Natty in one pocket, and Benjamin in the other.

"Spread yourselves, men!" he cried, as he passed the ladies, his heavy feet sounding along the street like the tread of a dozen; "spread yourselves; to the mountains; they'll be in the mountains in a quarter of an hour, and then look out for a long ride."

His cries were echoed from twenty mouths, for not only the jail, but the tavern had sent forth their numbers, some earnest in the pursuit, and others joining it as in sport.

As Elizabeth turned in at her father's gate she saw the wood-chopper stop at the cart, when she gave Benjamin up for lost. While they were hurrying up the walk, two figures, stealing cautiously but quickly under the shades of the trees, met the eyes of the ladies, and in a moment Edwards and the hunter crossed their path.

"Miss Temple, I may never see you again," exclaimed the youth; "let me thank you for all your kindness; you do not, cannot know my motives."

"Fly!" cried Elizabeth; "the village is full of them. Do not be found conversing with me at such a moment, and in these grounds."

"Nay, I must speak, though detection were certain."

"Your retreat to the bridge is already cut off, before you can gain the wood your pursuers will be there. If—"

"If what?" cried the youth. "Your advice has saved me once already; I will follow it to death."

"The street is now silent and vacant," said Elizabeth, after a pause; "cross it, and you will find my father's boat in the like. It was time to land from it where you place in the hills."

"But Judge Temple might complain of the trespass."

"His daughter shall be accountable, sir."

The youth uttered something in a low voice, that was heard only by Elizabeth, and turned to execute what she had suggested. As they were separating, Natty approached the females, and said:

"You'll remember the canister of powder, children. Then beavers must be had, and I and the pups be getting old; we want the best of ammunition."

"Come, Natty," said Edwards, impatiently.

"Coming, lad, coming. God bless you, young ones, both of ye, for ye mean well and kindly to the old man."

The ladies paused until they had lost sight of the retreating figures, when they immediately entered the mansion-house.

While this scene was passing in the walk, Kirby had overtaken the cart, which was his own, and had been driven by Edwards, without asking the owner, from the place where the patient oxen usually stood at evening, waiting the pleasure of their master.

"Woe—come hither, Golden," he cried; "why, how come you off the end of the bridge, where I left you, dummees?"

"Heave ahead," muttered Benjamin, giving a random blow with his lash, that alighted on the shoulder of the other.

"Who the devil be you?" cried Billy, turning round in surprise, but unable to distinguish, in the dark, the hard visage that was just peering over the cart-rails.

"Who be I? why I'm helmsman aboard of his here craft, d'ye see, and a straight wale I'm making. Ay, ay! I've got the bridge right, d'ye see, and the bilboes dead af; I call that good steering, boy. Heave ahead!"

"I lay your lash in the right spot, Mr. Benny here craft, d'ye see, and a straight wale I'm making. Ay, ay! I've got the bridge right, d'ye see, and the bilboes dead af; I call that good steering, boy. Heave ahead!"

"Or 'twill put you in the pain of my hand and box your ears. Where be ye going with my team?"

"Ay, my cart and oxen."

"Thy, you mean, Master Kirby, that the Leather-Stocking and I—that's Benny Pump—you know Ben?—well, Benny and I—no, me and Benny; damme if I know how 'tis; but some of us are bound after a cargo of beaverskins, d'ye see, so we've pressed the cart to ship them 'ome in. I say, Master Kirby, what a lubberly or you pull—you handle an ox, boy, pretty much as a cow would a musket, or a lady would a marling-spike."

Billy had discovered the state of the steward's mind, and he walked for some time alongside of the cart, musing with himself, when he took the goal from Benjamin (who fell back on the hay and was soon asleep) and drove his cattle down the street, over the bridge, and up the mountain, toward a clearing in which he meant to work the next day, without any other interruption than a few hasty questions from the constables.

Elizabeth stood for an hour at the window of her room, and saw the torches of the pursuers gliding along the side of the mountain, and heard their shouts and alarms; but at the end of that time, the last party returned, wearied and disappointed, and the village became as still as when the issued from the gate on her mission to the jail.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"And I could weep"—"Orestes chief His descent wildly thus begun— "But that I may not stain with grief The death-song of my father's son."

It was yet early on the following morning, when Elizabeth and Louisa met by appointment, and proceeded to the store of Monsieur Le Quoi, in order to redeem the pledge the former had given to the Leather-Stocking. The people were again assembling for the business of the day, but the hour was too soon for a crowd, and the ladies found the place in possession of its polite owner, Billy Kirby, one female customer, and the boy who did the duty of helper or clerk.

Monsieur Le Quoi was perusing a packet of letters with manifest delight, while the wood-chopper, with one hand thrust in his bosom, and the other in the folds of his jacket, holding an axe under his right arm, stood sympathizing in the Frenchman's pleasure with good-natured interest. The freedom of manner that prevailed in the new settlements commonly levelled all difference in rank, and with it, frequently, all considerations of education and intelligence. At the time the ladies entered the store, they were unseen by the owner, who was saying to Kirby:

"Ah! Monsieur Beel, die lottar mak me deest happy man. Ah! ma chere France! I will see you again."

"I rejoice, monsieur, at anything that contributes to your happiness," said Elizabeth, "but I hope we are not going to lose you entirely."

The complaisant shopkeeper changed the language to French, and recounted rapidly to Elizabeth his hopes of being permitted to return to his own country. He had, however, so far pleased the manners of this pliable personage, that he continued to serve the wood-chopper, who

was in quest of some tobacco, while he related to his more genteel visitor the happy change that had taken place in the dispositions of his own countrymen.

The amount of all was, that Mr. Le Quoi, who had fled from his own country more through terror than because he was offensive to the ruling powers in France, had succeeded at length in getting an assurance that his return to the West Indies would be unnoted; and the Frenchman, who had sunk into the character of a country shopkeeper with so much grace, was about to emerge again from his obscurity into his proper level of society.

We need not repeat the civil things that passed between the parties on this occasion, nor record the endless repetitions of sorrow that the delighted Frenchman expressed at being compelled to quit the society of Miss Temple. Elizabeth took an opportunity, during this expenditure of polite expressions, to purchase privately of the boy, who bore the generic appellation of Jonathan. Before they parted, however, Mr. Le Quoi, who seemed to think that he had not said enough, solicited the honor of a private interview with the heiress, with a gravity in his air that announced the importance of the subject. After consulting the favor, and appointing a more favorable time for getting out of the store, into which the countrymen now began to enter, as usual where they met with the same attention and kindness as formerly.

Elizabeth and Louisa pursued their walk as far as the bridge in profound silence; but when they reached that place the latter stopped, and appeared anxious to utter something that her diffidence suppressed.

"Are you ill, Louisa?" exclaimed Miss Temple; "had we not better return, and seek another opportunity to meet the old man?"

"Not ill, but terrified. Oh! I never, never can go on that hill again with you. If I am not equal to it, indeed I am not."

This was an unexpected declaration to Elizabeth, who, although she experienced no idle apprehension of a danger that no longer existed, felt most sensitively all the delicacy of such a statement. She stood for some time, deeply reflecting within herself; but, sensible it was a time for action instead of reflection, she struggled to shake off her hesitation, and replied firmly:

"Well, then it must be done by me alone. There is no other than yourself to be trusted, or poor old Leather-Stocking will be discovered. Wait for me in the edge of these woods, that at least I may not be seen strolling in the hills by myself just now."

She created remarks, Louisa—if— "You will wait for me, dear girl?"

"A year, in sight of the village, Miss Temple," returned the agitated Louisa, "but do not ask me to go on that hill."

Elizabeth found her companion really unable to proceed, and they completed their arrangement by posting Louisa out of the observation of the people who occasionally passed, but sigh the road, and in plain view of the whole valley. Miss Temple, her companion was, she succeeded the road which had been so often mentioned in our narrative, with an elastic and firm step, fearful that the delay in the store of Mr. Le Quoi, and the time necessary for reaching the summit, would prevent her being punctual to the appointment.

When she passed an opening in the bushes, she would pause for breath, or, perhaps, drawn from her pursuit by the picture at her feet, would linger a moment to gaze at the beauties of the valley. The long drought had, however, changed the aspect of verdure to a hue of brown, and, though the same localities were there, the view wanted the lively and cheering aspect of early summer. Even the heavens seemed to share in the dried appearance of the earth, for the sun, when he shined, fell like a thin smoke without a particle of moisture, if such a thing were possible.

The blue sky was scarcely to be seen, though now and then there was a faint lightning up in spots, which, when they fell, could be discerned falling around the horizon, as if nature was struggling to collect her floods for the relief of man. The very atmosphere that Elizabeth inhaled was hot and dry, and by the time she reached the point where the course led her from the mountain, she experienced a sensation like suffocation. But, disregarding her feelings she hastened to execute her mission, dwelling on nothing but the disappointment, and even the helplessness, the hunter would experience without her aid.

On the summit of the mountain which Judge Temple had named the "Vision," a little spot had been cleared, in order that a better view might be obtained of the village and the valley. At this point Elizabeth understood that the hunter was to meet him; and, thither she urged her way, as expeditiously as the difficulty of the ascent, and the impediment of a forest, in a state of nature, would admit. Numberless were the fragments of rocks, broken off the edge of the mountain, which she had to tread, but every difficulty vanished before her resolution, and by her own watch, she stood on the desired spot several minutes before the appointed hour.

After resting a moment on the end of a rock, she cast a glance at the place where in quest of her old friend, but he was evidently not in the clearing; she arose and walked around its skirts, examining every place where she thought it probable Natty might deem it prudent to conceal himself. Her search was fruitless; and, after exhausting not only herself, but her conjectures, in efforts to discover or imagine his situation, she ventured to trust her voice in that solitary place.

"Natty! Leather-Stocking! old man!" she called aloud, in every direction; but no answer was given, excepting the reverberations of her own clear tones, as they were echoed in the parched forest.

Elizabeth approached the brow of the mountain, where a faint cry, like the noise produced by striking the man against the mouth, at the same time that the breath is strongly exhaled, was heard answering to her own voice. Not doubting in the least that it was the Leather-Stocking lying in wait for her, and who gave that loud and clear place where he was to be found, Elizabeth descended for near a hundred feet, until she gained a little natural terrace, thinly scattered with trees, that grew in the fissures of the rocks, which were covered by a scanty soil. She had intended to strike the man on this platform, and was going over the perpendicular precipice that formed its edge, when a rustling among the dry leaves near her drew her eyes in another direction. Her heroine certainly was startled by the object that she then saw, but a moment restored her self-possession, and she advanced firmly, and with some interest in her manner to the spot.

Mohagan was seated on the trunk of a fallen oak, with his tawny visage turned toward her, and his eyes fixed on her face with an expression of wildness and fire, that would have terrified a less resolute female. His blanket had fallen from his shoulders, and was lying in folds around him, leaving his breast, arms, and most of his body bare. The medalion of Washington reposed on his chest, a badge of distinction that Elizabeth well knew

he only produced on great and solemn occasions. But the whole appearance of the aged chief was more studied than common, and in some particulars it was terrific. The long black hair was plaited on his head, falling away, so as to expose his high forehead and piercing eyes. In the enormous incisions of his ears were entwined ornaments of silver, beads and porcupine's quills, mingled in a rude taste and after the Indian fashions. A large drop, composed of similar materials, was suspended from the cartilage of his nose, and falling below his lips, rested on his chin. Streaks of red paint crossed his wrinkled brow, and were traced down his cheeks, with such variations in the lines as caprice or custom suggested. His body was also clothed in the same manner; the whole exhibiting an Indian warrior prepared for some event of more than usual moment.

"John! how fare you, worthy John?" said Elizabeth, as she approached him; "you have long been a stranger in the village. You promised me a willow basket, and I have long had a shirt of calico in readiness for you."

The Indian looked steadily at her for some time without answering, and then, shaking his head, he replied in his low, guttural tone:

"John's hand can make baskets no more—he wants no shirt."

"But if he should, he will know where to come for it," returned Miss Temple. "Indeed, old John, I feel as if you had a natural right to order what you will from us."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ENAMEL OF THE TEETH.

A tooth in its normal condition consists of four parts or substances—enamel, dentine, and pulp. Enamel is the outer covering of the crown or exposed portion of the tooth, and by a wise provision of nature it is thickest where most subject to use and to wear. It is the hardest tissue of the human system, possesses of itself no sensibility, and contains not over 4 per cent of animal matter. Yet it is an important fact, and one which should not be lost sight of in caring for the teeth, and in the preparation of dentifrices, that the enamel is entirely soluble in acids.

Cement is the bone-like covering of the roots and neck of the teeth, corresponding for the covered portion of the enamel, with which it blends and unites about the neck of the tooth. It is composed of dentine forms the body of the tooth. It is not so hard as bone, consisting of parallel tubes about 4500 to an inch in diameter, and more than a quarter of its composition consists of animal matter. It is somewhat soft just now, but the sensation is probably due to the nerves of the pulp. The latter, commonly called "the nerve," is a mass of nerves and blood-vessels, almost infinitesimal in size, connected and enveloped by a very delicate tissue. These nerves and blood-vessels form a minute opening at the extremity of the root, with which extension the pulp is entirely surrounded by a wall of dentine. In fact the pulp is the germ of the body of the tooth, the dentine is formed from it and nourished by it.

When the pulp is extremely sensitive, as most readers know—dis, the dentine loses its apparent sensitiveness and gradually changes color—itself becomes dead.—Good Housekeeping.

MARRIAGE IN DUTCH COLONIAL TIMES.

The law then required the publishing of the banns three successive times in a religious meeting before marriage could take place. After the first notice there had, however, elapsed a great number of festivities were often kept up for three days in succession. It was customary for the groom, after the ordeal of proposing the question, to make his intended bride a present of some kind, usually a pair of shoes, a shawl, a handkerchief, or a snuff-box.

Clergymen were not very plenty in those days, and the marriage must be arranged to suit the dominie's coming.

It related that a young Dutch swain in the rosy-cheeked fashions, living near Albany, was anxious to await the dominie's marriage day. They resided on the north side of a creek, and the hard-worked dominie, making his way to unite them, lived on the south side of the same stream. As the fates would have it, a severe storm arose, with heavy rains falling, and the dominie read the marriage service on the margin of the creek, while the bridal party stood on the opposite side. Before the ceremony was over, the company turned to leave. Here was another dilemma, which could not be avoided, and the good old man's face, usually so tranquil:

"Stop den, my young friends, von moment, if you please. You cannot toss the four guldens across the creek, but you can leave them at the first house below. Tell den, in Brooklyn who came to perform a similar office. The groom was English, the bride was Dutch. The masterful Englishman wanted the service in English, and after some hesitation, and with many misgivings, the dominie consented to do his best. The ceremony was nearly over when, encouraged by his apparent success in mastering the English tongue, the worthy man said, in stentorian tones, "I now pronounce you two one beef!"

PATENTS APPLIED FOR.

Among the patents applied for during the last month is a broom guard, an embroidery machine, new and secure hook for dressmakers, lawn tennis marker, improved dressing table, hygienically ventilated mackintosh, an apparatus for tracing patterns on the dress material, a contrivance for changing ladies' garments, a never-trip riding skirt, a self fastening ladies' glove, a fan folding parasol, lawn tennis bat press, an improved cap for scouring the rib ends of a closed umbrella and a very unique method for retaining hats or bonnets on one's head in case of windy weather. In the list are two English women—Emily Londanack of Kilmarn, London, who expects all the world of dressmakers to use her patent hook, and Sarah Mallis, also of London, who rests her fame on the ingenious glove fastener.

Like other Majorities.—"You have attained your majority," said G. O'Party to his lazy son. "Yas; but mine isn't a working majority."

A HIGH-PRIZED VIOLIN.

Every lover of the violin seeks to be the happy owner of an fine a toned instrument as he can secure. Enthusiasts often sacrifice much of their ready means to be known as the proud possessor of an Amati, a Guarnerius or a Stradivarius, all three great fiddle makers, but the latter is acknowledged by the musical world to be the greatest. His workmanship has tones never surpassed to this day. The drawn from one of his fiddles by a master hand approaches nearer that of the human voice than any other musical instrument in existence. Some of Nicolo Amati's fiddles are brought in 1000, and his instruments come next to his pupil's, Stradivarius, in popular estimation. It has always been understood by experts that the best violins of Stradivarius were made between the years 1700 and 1725, and to-day it is said they only exist one of that period as perfect as the day it was made. This one is known as "Le Messil," otherwise "The Messiah," and has after many changes of fortune found its way into the possession of Robert Crawford of the firm of Bernard & Co., of Leith, Scotland. This violin has had a remarkable history from its very beginning. It was begun in 1716 and when finished Stradivarius was so pleased with it that he refused to sell it, and kept it until he died at the age of 93. His sons, like the father retained this precious art treasure for some years when the whole of Stradivarius' violins were sold to the Cremona collector, Count Cosio di Salabue, and among them Stradivarius' favorite and best. It passed from the Count to one Tarisio, a traveling collector, who kept it until he died in 1854, when the whole of his collection of fiddles were sold to the celebrated modern violin-maker, Vaillanue. During the Franco-German war it was buried to preserve it from the Teutons, and afterwards went to M. Alard, the great French violinist and son-in-law of Vaillanue, and from Alard's heirs it has been purchased by Mr. Crawford for the sum of £2000. This is the largest sum ever paid for a Stradivarius. Some say fine specimens have brought £1000, and that was the limit a few years ago, but now dealers, finding genuine specimens scarce, have increased their figures one hundred per cent.

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THE DOWNWARD PATH.

The Sad History of a Young Girl Arrested for Horse Stealing.

A young girl from Grand Falls has been figuring quite conspicuously in certain circles in Presque Isle and vicinity this fall. She hired in place of hot potatoes, (keeping in many clothes and wearing a tall, thin making her team and herself the more easily traced. When Mr. Forbes found her she readily gave herself up and drove the team back to Presque Isle, and wanted to be sent to jail.

She says her name is Mary; that her parents are respectable people, that she is an only daughter and has eight brothers. She claims to have been enticed from home by a married man and taken to a house near the boundary line, where she began to drink and her downward career was hastened on.

Since coming to Presque Isle and being tried and bound over to the Higher Court with four months in jail, she appears somewhat penitent, and shrinks from the prospects before her, but does not want to go home to her parents, who have been informed of the whereabouts and misfortune of their daughter.

THE DOCTOR DID NOT USE THEM.

"Is the doctor in?" asked the tramp at the door of an Arch street physician. A few minutes later an old female came to the door.

"Ist wanted to see if the doctor wouldn't give me a pair of his old pants," said the tramp.

"I'm the doctor," replied the lady. "The tramp had several attacks of vertigo as he dropped down the steps."

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