SOLOMON RAY.

A hard, close man was Solomon Ray,
Nothing of value he gave away;
He hoarded and saved;
He pinched and shaved;
And the more he had the more he craved.

The hard-earned dollars he toiled to gain
Brought him little but toil and pain;
For little he spent,
And all he lent
He made it bring him twenty per cent.

Such was the life of Solomon Ray,
The years went by and his hair grew gray;
His cheeks grew thin,
And his soul within
Grew hard as the dollars he worked to win.

But he died one day, as all men must,
For life is fleeting and man but dust.
The heirs were gay
That laid him away,
And that was the end of Solomon Ray.

They quarreled now who had little cared
For Solomon Ray while his life was spared.
His lands were sold,
And his hard-earned gold
All went to the lawyers, I am told.

Yet men will cheat, and pinch and save,
Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave.
All their gold some day
Will melt away
Like the selfish savings of Solomon Ray.

[WRITTEN FOR THE WATCHMAN.]

MARION BEAUMONT'S ENGAGEMENT.

BY "CORINNE."

Continued.

Mrs. Beaumont grew daily fonder of Fred. Having no son of her own, her heart clung to him lovingly.

"I wish you would stay here with me always, my boy," she said one day, passing her soft hand tenderly through his hair.

He took her hand in his and kissed it. "Dear auntie," he said, turning his large expressive eyes on her face, "if I were a strong man, and Marion were willing, you would not have to urge me."

Mrs. Beaumont started. "My poor boy," she said, "I never thought of that. Do you love her like that?"

"I love her dearly! Who could help it? She is so sweet and lovable. Dear auntie, don't tell her,—it would only trouble her."

Mrs. Beaumont promised, as she wiped the beads of perspiration his excitement had started, from his forehead, and softly kissed him, but Marion had heard all.

When she went in to wish him good night an hour or two later, he looked up at her, wistfully.

"What is it, Fred?" she asked, sinking down on her knees beside his chair. "Why do you look at me like that?"

"My dear little cousin," he said, lifting his eyebrows as he turned away half-impatiently at the unexpected notice her look had called forth, "you mustn't think anything of a sick man's looks. It isn't worth while."

"But I do notice all your looks, Fred," she said, passing her fingers along the cord on his dressing-gown sleeve.

He started and looked at her searchingly. "But you don't know what they mean?" he said, speaking more lightly than he felt.

"I can read some," she said.

"What do they say?" he asked in a low voice.

"Something you don't want me to know," she answered, making a desperate effort to speak in a calm voice, and signally failed.

"Marion! what?"

"Something you would tell me if you were strong."

"Oh, Marion!" he said, in a tone of deep distress, and with an agitation that alarmed her, "I didn't know my looks spoke so plainly. I have no right to think or talk of love, but I am too weak to withstand the temptation that your continual presence offers. Forget it," he said, his voice sinking to a whisper.

"No, Fred, I don't want to forget it," she said, as she smoothed back the hair from his forehead. "You have a right to think and talk of love, more than if you were strong, and you must not reproach yourself. I should never have understood your looks if I had not heard something that explained them. I heard what you said to mamma this afternoon. Fred, she wants you to stay here, and you will not, because you love me, and—am I right? because you do not think it right to ask me—to be—"

"To be my wife," he said, when her voice sank and died away, "yes, Marion, you are right."

"You cannot see me," she murmured, with her face hidden on the arm of the chair. "But I ask you."

"Do you think I could be so unmanly as to accept the sacrifice? No, Marion, I am not as weak as you think."

There was a long silence, while Marion's face was still hidden, but, by-and-bye, she rose, and said, with a touch of hauteur, "I have humbled myself for nothing, then, or only to be refused."

"Oh, Marion!" he said, rising then and putting his arms around the half-shrinking figure, "what can I say? What can I do? You don't know what you ask."

"Yes, I do," she said, in a low, clear voice, as her head sank on his breast. "I ask for the right to care for you as only a wife could. Mamma loves you as a son; she wants you to stay here; and I can think of no task that would so well satisfy my longing to be of use to some one. I could still do my duty to her and make her happy, and could make you both happy at once,—why not let me do it?"

He took her face between his hands, and raising it, looked into the beautiful eyes, whose glances were the sunshine of his life, and said, "It's all my happiness and hers, not your own at all."

"I have no right to expect happiness in this world, Fred. I want to have something to do. Doesn't the Bible say that we are 'to take up our cross daily and follow Christ?'"

"Yes, but it doesn't say we are to make crosses for ourselves."

"But it seems to me that this is the duty that is laid before me to do. There is no happiness to be found anywhere but in the path of duty, and if this were not the leading of God, why were you permitted to love me? And why should I have overheard what you said to mamma? These things are not chance."

He stood looking down at the beautiful pleader until his weakness reminded him that it was time for him to be resting, and then, throwing aside his self-restraint for a moment, he bent and kissed the pure, grave face twice, and said, "Go, now, my darling, and we will talk about it again in the morning." Then, as she was moving away he drew her back, and whispered, "we will consult your mother, and if she is willing that you should throw yourself away, it shall be so;" and then they parted.

Mrs. Beaumont's consent was won much easier than either of them expected, only she insisted on their waiting two months before they were married, a delay that Marion was willing to grant, now that she knew Fred would be content to stay there and be taken care of by them, instead of going back to his lonely home.

"The girl is crazy," said the world, "and her mother is no better to consent to it. They will live to repent of it. A poor, sickly, fidgetty creature, like Fred Harcourt, to get married. Well, she'll have him on her hands longer than she expects, and she will find it's no joke to have to wait on his whims."

"Marion is going to marry Fred to get a chance to convert him," said Fred's aunt, Mrs. Bray, a wicked old lady who was much prouder of playing cribbage than of reading her Bible; and she was very near to the truth. Marion thought that as Fred's wife she would have a better chance of directing his thoughts to eternal things. She had not deceived herself, nor him, as to the state of her heart. She had felt and said that it was duty and not love that prompted the self-sacrifice. She did not love him, but she thought she could be a very devoted wife for all that. The effect of her engagement, on one person, she did not know of until years later. Mr. Macdonald had just inherited an estate in Scotland, and had begun to make arrangements for having the old mansion thoroughly repaired and re-decorated, but on hearing of Marion's engagement he sent to countermand the orders he had given, shut up the place, and went off no one knew whither.

"I should like to go and see Bertha before we are married," said Marion one evening, just before the first month expired. "I promised to spend a week or fortnight with her this summer, and she will not be able to come." Bertha was Marion's married sister, living in Germany.

"Yes, go my dear," said her mother, when she stopped short; "I'll take care of Fred while you are away. Don't you think I can, Fred?"

"Yes, auntie, we shall do very well, I've no doubt."

So Marion made her preparations to go on the next day but one. The old coachman was to see her safe on board the Hamburg steamer, and her brother-in-law, Sir Edward Stanbury, would meet her on her arrival. At the last moment, with her hat and cloak on, she went up to wish Fred good bye. She knelt down by his chair, as she had on that night when she came to offer herself on the altar of duty.

"Good bye," she whispered; "it won't be long."

"Good bye, my sweetest. No, not long, not long," he replied, pressing one long kiss on her lips.

Lady Stanbury was delighted to see her sister, and the children their aunt, of whom they had heard so much. Marion had not seen them for more than a year, and it afforded her great pleasure and amusement to make their acquaintance over again. She was passionately fond of children, and never tired of watching and listening to the little things. The two weeks had passed, and still she lingered with her sister. The accounts from home were so cheering that she felt there was no need of returning until the week in which the wedding was to take place.

"I wonder what makes one love the little things so," said Marion one day, as she was watching her sister patiently building and rebuilding a tower for the baby to knock down, doing it as if she delighted in it, when Marion knew she was longing to get away and finish a book they were all very much fascinated with, only baby did not choose to go to anybody else just then. "Well, I don't know that I do wonder either, about those children, they are so good."

"Do you think they are?" asked her sister; "why, I think they are the most turbulent lot in the world. But it isn't that,—their being good doesn't make a bit of difference, only that when they are good we love them with joy, and when they are bad we love them with sorrow. It seems to be in the nature given to us to love helpless, dependant creatures, and to enter into their little occupations and plans, though they may look very trifling to us. I suppose it's a faint shadow of the Father's love for us."

Those words opened a new world of thought and feeling for Marion. The Father's *love* for us! She had never realized that before. He was not a hard task-master, then, driving us by threats of his judgments to do the path of duty in an stern self-abnegation, but a loving Father, yea, the very source of love, Love itself, drawing his children to him; giving us work to do as we set little ones to learn their letters, and helping us to do it as we help them, only more tenderly, more patiently, a thousand times. Helping us up when our first feeble steps falter and we fall, and encouraging us to try again; bidding us lean on Him, not trusting in our own strength, but in His, which is almighty and everlasting. All this the Bible showed her when her eyes were open to see it, and she passed into a new life, was born a child of God. In the joy of this new strength her letter to Fred the next day was full of the love and mercy of God, but after it was written and sent away she began to wonder whether his engagement of hers was really the noble self-sacrifice she had fondly imagined. Was it, after all, she asked herself, the life in which she could be of most use? She felt now that such sacrifices were not demanded of her, but it was not that which troubled her; it was the fear that such a thing was not *right*. She thought of Fred's words, that we were called to *make* crosses for ourselves, and wondered whether she had allowed an imaginary duty to blind her eyes to the real work that God had given her to do. She thought of the many poor, destitute creatures that she might have ministered to and comforted, and talked to of this wonderful love that she had found, if she had only understood it before, and now that she did understand it, she was going to bind herself to one who was already surrounded by all the temporal blessings that so many lacked, and who knew very well the only way of salvation, if he chose to take it. And then, she had felt all along that she had not done her duty to him as a cousin:—how, then, could she have hoped to do it as a wife? She thought, too, that perhaps she had over-estimated his sensitiveness about remaining with them, and acknowledged having felt a little vanity at the thought of being so necessary to his happiness. Though she did not love him, she liked him to love her, and she had unmistakably encouraged the growth of a feeling that, let alone, might, in time, have passed into a very warm brotherly affection. Well, the mistake was made, and now what was to be done? One feeling said, "Go back to England and tell Fred that you cannot marry without love. Appeal to his better feelings. Tell him he was right in urging you against it, and he will readily forgive and release you, and respect you all the more for acknowledging your mistake." And another feeling said, "To do that would break his heart and perhaps shorten his days. Go and give him what you promised. He knows you don't love him. You never said you did."

For two days she remained tossed about by conflicting emotions, and then she decided to go home at any rate and see what would follow. Yes, she would go the next day, and when she had made up her mind so far, she looked forward more hopefully. She felt sure that when she saw Fred she could open her heart to him, and all would be well.

The next morning when she was sitting with her sister and brother at breakfast, a telegram was brought in and handed to Sir Edward. Marion saw him glance at her as he read it, and, with a half guess at the contents, she rose and held out her hand for it. The engagement was cancelled by a higher power. Fred was dead! and she went home, not to seek her release, but to look her last upon his dead face. He had died in the night. He had wished Mrs. Beaumont good-night and gone to bed just as usual, and in the morning, when his servant went in with the cup of chocolate which he always took at six o'clock, he found him lying with his face turned to the window, and his cheek resting on his hand, looking so calm and peaceful that he, at first, thought him to be asleep, but on a second glance something in the face caught his attention, and going to the bed-side he found that the immortal and invisible part had fled, leaving the beautiful earthly form priceless and cold. The doctor's verdict was that he had breathed his last soon after retiring, and, from the unruffled composure of his face, and the undisturbed order of his surroundings, they judged that his end was as easy and quiet as dropping asleep.

There was much to comfort the survivors during those trying days that followed. By Mrs. Beaumont, who mourned him sincerely, the end had been foreseen for some time.

"I should not have consented to the engagement so readily, if I had not felt sure that the end was near," she said, in writing of the event to her eldest daughter. "It seemed to me that I could see death written in his face that morning when he and Marion asked my consent. I know that many people censured my conduct in the affair, but, knowing how vivid Marion's imagination is, I feared that if I withheld my consent she would brood on Fred's disappointment until she fancied herself in love with him, and I think I acted for the best. That childish engagement with Arthur Hallam did Marion harm, as I feared it would. It weakened her character, but she is still young enough to recover that, and I believe that this bereavement will do her good. When you write to her, Bertha, be careful to speak of Fred as your and her cousin, more than as her betrothed. I want to encourage a healthy sorrow in her, and keep her as much as possible from indulging in morbid feelings."

There was not as much danger as Mrs. Beaumont supposed of Marion's indulging in morbid grief. She mourned her cousin and myself him, but she felt that it was well. She had reason to believe that it was more than well with him. Several of the latest entries in his diary encouraged this belief, and Mrs. Beaumont felt much comforted about his state from the fact of his expressing a wish to accompany her to church the Sunday before, as he felt unusually well, and from his yielding to her request that he would receive the Sacrament with her, it being Communion Sunday. This was a great deal for Fred, who could not touch sacred things lightly; and there had been a look of solemn peace on his face all the day after, that said more than many loud professions. That he was not deceived about the state of his health was evident from the two following extracts from his diary. One was dated just a week before his death:—

"How strange it is to think of standing on the verge of life and to know that the very next step will be into an unknown world. A world that is all around us as space is round the globe, and yet veiled in such obscurity that no eye can pierce it. Ah well, the veil seems very thin to me at times. I think I shall soon break through it and be no more confined to groveling scenes of night. No more a tenant pent in mortal clay. And yet there are some in this enlightened age who disbelieve, or affect to, in the immortality of the soul. Well, when they stand where I do now, I think many of their ideas will change. I know now, as surely as I know I am a living, breathing creature, that this soul of mine will begin its higher life when it is freed from the poor, wearied body. How grand a thought it is, and how terrible!"

The first day the entry ran:—

"A letter from Marion to-day, and a reference to next Thursday week, when she thinks, poor child! that she is to give herself to me to be my willing slave for life. I wonder whether I had better write to her, or wait until her return, to let her know that I cannot be satisfied wish anything less than love. I think I will write and then she can stay with Bertha a little longer, and yet I fell as if I must see her face once more before I go."

In his desk was part of a letter to her, written the very day before his death, and Marion put it away with the diary and kept them as dear relics of one who, without professing to be a Christian at all, had taught her something, and left behind him nothing but what his nearest and dearest loved might cherish the memory of. His gentleness and courtesy, his kindly consideration for the comfort of those around him, had made him very much beloved by all who knew him intimately, and their only regret was that one who had shown so much of the spirit of a Christian should not have left a clearer evidence of his acceptance in Christ.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MAN WITH THE COON SKIN.

He halted in front of a grocery store, and drawing from under his coat a small parcel tied around with a string, he inquired of the grocer, who sat by the door:

"How's trade?"

"Pretty fair for hot weather," was the answer.

"Are you up to bargains?" continued the stranger, as he untied the parcel and took out a coon skin—a coon skin which seemed to have been kicked about the house ever since the close of the war.

"Humph!" sneered the grocer, as he contemptuously regarded the old coon skin.

"You may 'humph!' and 'humph!' and 'humph!' all you want to!" exclaimed the stranger, in a loud voice, "but if you want a coon skin to sell again, this is the article!"

"I don't think I want to invest."

"You don't? Great heavens! but I took you for a man of talent and enterprise!"

"No one ever buys coon skins or furs in the summer," said the grocer.

"I know it's a little late in the season, and therefore I'm willing to throw off something. I shouldn't have the face to ask over fifty cents for this 'ere coon skin."

"I shouldn't want to pay that price," replied the grocer.

"You wouldn't? Merciful stars! But is it possible that you would take bread from the mouths of my starving children, my innocent darlings, who don't know a coon skin from a cow hide!"

The grocer was silent, and the stranger smoothed the brindled hair with his right hand and continued:

"I will go before any court in the land and take a solemn oath that this is one of the best coon skins offered in this market for the last fifteen years. Observe the variegated colors! Behold the tender softness! Just put your hand on this coon skin, mister!"

"I don't think I want to buy any furs before November," quietly replied the grocer.

"You don't? Is it possible that you will deliberately let this great bargain slip through your fingers! No! I cannot believe it!. Dozens of grocers in this town want this coon skin; want it so that they can't keep still; but I was recommended to come to you, and I came!"

"It isn't a prime skin," said the grocer, as he glanced at the flesh side a second time."

"It ain't? Here, mister, shoot me! Draw your revolver and send a bullet in here, right through my quivering heart!"

He dropped the coon skin and held his coat and vest open, but as the grocer didn't shoot he presently picked up his merchandise, and continued in a sad voice:

"Mister, do I look like a pirate, or a robber, or a liar? Do you suppose I'd go and tell you a deliberate lie, and peril my chances of ever reaching heaven, for the sake of selling you this coon skin?"

"No, I suppose not," replied the grocer, leaning back in his chair.

"Ah, no, I wouldn't. I ain't purty, nor I don't wear many store clothes on my person, but I'm honest—yes, as honest as the day is long. If I should so far forget my early training as to tell you a lie about this coon skin, I never could enjoy another night's rest—never!"

"Well, I guess I don't want it," said the grocer.

"Heavens! but is it possible that you will let me return to my loving wife and fond children without bread to appease their hunger? Will you deliberately and wilfully sit there and see me tie this coon skin and walk away, when I am offering it to you at one half its market value?"

"You can perhaps sell it elsewhere."

"I know I can. I know a dozen men who want it, but they are not men of *your* reputation. When you hand me fifty cents I know it is the genuine scrip, and I go away satisfied. The others might pass counterfeit money on me, and I might be arrested and jailed, and my family be exposed to the scorn of the cold world."

"I don't want the coon skin," said the grocer, "but if your family are suffering for want of food, I'll give you fifteen cents for it, and throw it back in the loft."

"Fif—fifteen—fifteen cents!" exclaimed the stranger, dropping the fur and springing off the step. "Now let the angels look down and weep! Let the bright sun be obscured by clouds blacker than midnight rolled in tar! If life has come to this, let me die at once!"

The grocer picked up a newspaper, and the stranger waited two or three minutes, sighed heavily, and then handed out the coon skin, and sadly said:

"Take it, and give me the paltry pittance! I am going home to die in the bosom of my family! I'll gather them around me once more, take a last farewell, and then I'll drop into the turbid river, and be seen no more!"

The money was handed him, and he passed down the street two blocks, turned to the left, and as he kicked open the blind door of a saloon, he said to the bar-keeper:

"Julep for one, and fill the glass chock-up!"

IT WAS SAM.

The other day a tall, slim woman from over the river hunted around Vicksburg until she found Coroner Blessing, whose retiring disposition and prompt attention to business are certain to make him famous all over the State within the coming year, and when she was certain of her man, she inquired:

"Business ain't driving now, is it?"

"Well, nothing to brag of. I get a floater of a nigger now and then, but it isn't anything like old times."

She heaved a sigh, and continued:

"Sam is missing."

"Sam, Sam?" he repeated.

"Yes, my old man. It's nigh on to twelve weeks since he started to cross the river about six miles above here, and I'm getting anxious. I thought I'd drop down and see if you remembered of having got on such a man."

"About twelve weeks ago—let's see. I believe I did pull in a floater some ten or eleven weeks since."

"Was he a tall man?"

"Yes, I think he was."

"Have a long nose and brick-colored hair?"

"Yes, I remember now."

"Cow-hide shoes and a yaller coat on?"

"Yes, I got that very man."

"A riz to the surface and was pulled in here, sot on according to law, and duly buried?"

"He was, madam. And do you believe that the body was that of your missing husband?"

"I know it. He could drive mules or paddle a dug-out with any man in Louisiana, but he couldn't swim worth cobs. His canoe flopped over, he went under, and that's the reason he didn't come home."

"And do you want the body exhumed so as to make sure?"

"Was he put down to stay?"

"He was well buried, madam."

"Well, it's 'bout as well to let him stay there. He's probably fell away so that I wouldn't know him, and I don't feel like having my nerves strung up."

"Well, I'm very sorry for you, madam. If I could have identified the body I would have sent you word right away."

"It's all right. I've felt it in my bones for nore's two months that I was a widder, and the shock don't stagger me like it would at first. I'm sorry, for Sam was kind."

"Yes, it was too bad."

"But he was too good to a knowed better, when he couldn't swim. I told him and told him and told him, and that day I told him again, and he hollered back, 'Shut up!'"

"He did?"

"Yes, he did; and now he is under the sile, and I'm here! I'm bleeged, Mr.——; I know where he is now, and when I wake up in the night I shan't worry so much. Is there anything to pay?"

"No; nothing."

"Well, I'll go home feeling better. It's kinder hard to have the old man go under that way, but I 'spose the Lord knows best. The Bible says we cometh up to be cut down, and I suppose that means drowning as well as shooting."

And she felt to see if her spectacle-case was all safe, and started for home.—*Vicksburg Herald.*

MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT RACING.

Racing was royal fun. The public always had an idea that racing was dangerous; whereas the very opposition was the case—that is, after the laws were passed which restricted each boat to just so many pounds of steam to the square inch. No engineer was ever sleepy or careless when his boat was in a race. Ae was constantly on the alert, trying gauge-cocks and watching things. The dangerous place was on slowl popular boots, where the engineers drowsed around and allowed chips to get into the "doctor" and shut off the water supply from the boilers.

In the "flush times" of steamboating a race between two notoriously fleet steamers was an event of vast importance. The date was set for it several weeks in advance, and from that time forward the whole Mississippi Valley was in a state of consuming excitement. Politics and the weather were dropped, and the people talked only of the coming race. As the time approached the two steamers "stripped" and got ready. Every incumbrance that added weight, or exposed a resisting surface to wind or water, was removed, if the boat could possibly do without it. The "spars" and sometimes even their supporting derricks were sent ashore and no means left to set the boat afloat, in case she got aground. When the Eclipse and the A. L. Shotwell ran their great race twenty-two years ago, it was said that pains were taken to scrape the gilding off the fanciful device which hung between the Eclipse's chimneys, and that for that one trip the captain left off his kid gloves and had his head shaved. But I always doubted these things. If the boat was known to make her best speed when drawing five and a half feet forward and five feet aft, she was carefully loaded to the exact figure—she wouldn't enter a dose of homeopathic pills on hey manifest after that Hardly any passengers were taken, because they not only add weight, but never will "trim boat." They always run to the side when there is anything to see, whereas a conscientious and experienced steamboatman would stick to the centre of the boat and part his hair in the middle with a spirit level.—Mark Twain, in the August Atlantic.

New Advertisements.

LONDON HOUSE
RETAIL.

BARNES, KERR & CO.,

HAVE determined to clear out at a GREAT REDUCTION several lots of seasonable goods from their various departments. The special attention of the public is directed to the following, and an early call solicited:

A Lot of Fancy SILKS (narrow stripes,) in Colored and Black and White, at 75 cts. per yard.

Black Broche, for $1.25
Original price $2.00.)

Plain Japanese, for ..... 60 cts
Original price 85 cts.)

Brocaded Japanese, for ..... 63 cts
Original price $1.00 t · $1.25.)

A Lot of REMNANTS of SILKS at HALF PRICE.

Plain White Wraps $3.00
(Worth $5.00.)

Parisian Scarfs $4.00
(Original prices from $6.50 to $9.00.)

A few Black Embroidered Cashmere Tablier Costumes, Very Cheap.

Ladies' Costumes from ..... $4.00 to $8.00
(Original prices $8.00 to $16.00.

LACE CURTAINS.

A large assortment of Leno, Nottingham and Swisse at Reduced Prices.

Curtain Nets at 20c., 25c., 30c. per yard.

Fancy Skirts ..... 50c. to $1.00
(Original prices $1.00 to $1.50.)

Fancy Muslins ..... 10 cts
(Original prices from 10 cts to 22 cts.)

Fancy and Plain Batistes at a Great Reduction.

White and Niagara Fancy Sateen Stripes, (quite new), from 12c. to 20c., original prices 18c. to 38c.

A Lot of Fancy Grenadines at 8 cts. per yard.

(LESS THAN HALF PRICE.)

Black and White Stripes. 13c.; Black and Colored Stripes 20c.
Original prices from 33c. to 45c.

FANCY SERGES, 15c. Original price 25 cents.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

FANCY DRESS GOODS!

Reduced to 12, 15, 20 and 25 cts.

Galated Stripes 20c.; Galated Frills for Trimming.
CHEOK LINEN FOR COSTUMES, 16 cts: Original price 32c.
Japanese Reversible and Fancy Prints at a Great Reduction —From 7c.
40 pieces BRILLIANTINES at 15c. (new styles); original price 20c.

A LARGE LOT OF

WHITE COTTON HOSE, (FASHIONED,

At 10 cts. per Pair.

Ladies' RIBBED WHITE MERINO, 12c. per pair.
Special line in SHEETINGS and PILLOW COTTONS—70 inch, 30c.; 9-4 American, 35 cents.
july 17

BOWES & EVANS,
DEALERS IN
Cooking Ranges & Stoves,
BASE BURNERS,
FRANKLIN AND REGISTER GRATES,
SOLE AGENTS FOR
LAWSON'S PATENT FURNACES,
The DIAMOND, RUBY and PEARL.
Marble Mantels,
AND MARBLEIZED SLATE MANTELS.
FURNISHING HARDWARE.
Wire Flower Stands and Baskets.
Galvanizers of Wrought Iron SHIP WORK, Spikes, Nails and Cast Iron. June 26

TAXES---1875.

CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE,
City of Saint John, July 19th, 1875.

ALL persons liable to be assessed for Rates and Taxes levied in that part of the City lying on the Eastern side of the Harbor, are hereby notified that a List of the Assessments has been delivered to the Assessors in this office, where the same may be inspected; and unless the respective assessments be paid forthwith into this office the same will be collected according to law.
july 24 2w WM. SANDALL, Chamberlain.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS,
ICE PICKS AND HATCHETS.
WATER COOLERS,
WATER FILTERS,
WIRE COVERS,
WIRE FLY CLOTH,
GALVANIZED BED LATTICE,
SITZ AND SPONGE BATHS,
TOILET WARE,
PRESERVE KETTLES,
Good and Cheap.
BOWES & EVANS,
July 31 4 Canterbury street.

SUI GENERIS.
PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT
MASON & HAMLIN
CABINET ORGANS.
UNEQUALED in Quality, UNAPPROACHED in capacity and excellence by any others. Awarded
THREE HIGHEST MEDALS
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ONLY American Organs ever awarded any medal in Europe, or which present such extraordinary excellence as to command a wide sale there.
ALWAYS awarded highest premiums at International trial Expositions, in America as well as Europe. Out of hundreds there have not been six in all where any other organs have been preferred.
BEST Declared by Eminent Musicians, in both hemispheres, to be unrivaled. See TESTIMONIAL CIRCULAR, with opinions of more than One Thousand (sent free).
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NEW STYLES with most important improvements ever made. New Solo and Combination Stops. Superb Diapasons and other Cases of new designs.
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New Advertisements.

WORKS OF ART
AFTER THE
OLD MASTERS AND BEST MODERN PAINTERS,
On Sale at 21 Germain Street.

[From the Daily Telegraph, May 19.]

GENUINE WORKS OF ART.

We doubt if even all our local readers, who know a good picture when they meet, have any idea of the number and character of the fine pictures to be found in Mr. Thomas H. Keohan's little shop, 21 Germain street. His portfolio now contains a lot of engravings as superior to what are sometimes called "Works of Art," as one of Shakspeare's sonnets to a poem by Martin Farquhar Tupper. The fine line engraving is now almost the only form in which the great master-pieces of painting can be so reproduced as to come within the means of admiring purchasers. Of these engravings Mr. Keohan has a choice lot. They include some of the finest products of the pencils of several of the old masters, and of the greatest modern painters in France, Italy and the British Isles. The art of the engraver, in some instances, is as notable as that of the painter.

The raising of Lazarus, by Piombo, is a most striking picture. The original is of extraordinary value.

La Vergine au Rosaire, by Murillo, and Christ bearing the Cross, by Raphael, are among the chief works of their illustrious authors.

Hogarth, before the authorities of Calais, by Claxton, is desirable on account of the original portraits it contains, but even more so, for this reason, are the pictures of a Drawing Room Scene in the reign of the present Queen, and the portraits of British men of Science and Literature. The individuality of the court beauties and of the *sirons*, is quite a study and illustrates the marked nationality of Old England. There are other desirable portraits of the Queen and members of the Royal Family, one delineating Her Majesty's visit to a Crimean Hospital, another a like Royal visit to a Soldier's Widow's Cottage, etc. These and some of the pictures of and in the life of the great Duke of Wellington, are worthy of a place in any collection.

The Queen's Visit to the Crimean Hospitals is not the only historic memorial of that war. It is illustrated by two fine works by O'Neill, namely, Eastward Ho! and Home Again, which are true to nature, and would be an acquisition to any collection.

The lovers of animals will delight in the many fine pictures of Landseer. Those of the dogs, deer and horses are particularly attractive. The weighing of the Deer, by J. F. Taylor, is a gem; perhaps, to some, the delineation of the English Derby. With genuine portraits—will be even more so.

The morning before the battle and the Evening after the Battle, companion pictures, by P. I. Barker, are touching contrasts, very perfect of their kind.

Among the pictures turning on religious themes we should include the Crown of Glory, The Deathbed of Wesley, and The Presentation in the Temple. The second includes genuine portraits. The first is by Le Jeune. It represents a female deathbed, cheered by the reading of the Scriptures, with the expectant angels hovering above. This picture is most tastefully framed.

English scenery, including The Shores of Old England (bathing scenes), and Summer pictures by first-class artists help to grace the collection.

For young lad readers would find pleasure in looking at Yes or No—a thoughtful female figure holding a letter behind her back and trying to solve the conundrum.

These are only a few of the valuable engravings to be found in Mr. Keohan's collection. The fact that these pictures were selected by himself, shows that he is possessed of excellent taste and judgment. We may add that the prices of the pictures are very moderate. They range from $5 or $6 to $15 or $20. The same pictures have frequently been sold for as many pounds sterling as they now offered for in dollars. A few such pictures form a valuable addition to household treasures. The ministry of true art is of the most beneficent and the most powerful character.

Inspection invited.

may 5 THOMAS H. KEOHAN.

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FOR 1875.

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There is no monthly Magazine an intelligent reading family can less afford to be without. Many Magazines are accumulated. *Harper's* is edited. There is not a Magazine that is printed which shows more intelligent pains expended on its articles and mechanical execution. There is not a cheaper Magazine published. There is not, confessedly, a more popular Magazine in the world.—*New England Homestead.*

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The most popular and, in its scheme, the most original of our Magazines.—*Nation.*

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It is proposed in connection with the new dress, in which THE WEEKLY GAZETTE now appears, to greatly increase its interest and value. The paper will be placed under the direction of a special editor, and largely made up of matter expressly set up for it, and having particular interest for the readers of the Weekly Edition. Arrangements have been made for the publication of good serial stories; selections of interesting family reading; market reports made up expressly for this edition, and of special value to farmers; carefully prepared summaries of home and foreign news; and an original agricultural department.

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