

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Genuine Clearance Cash Sale.

G. M. SMITH & CO.

Offer their entire Large and Superior Stock during November and December at

SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH.

We wish to give our Customers and Patrons this special advantage previous to our removal to new premises on Barrington Street, in January next.

A TREASURER-TROVE.

Come, Grandsire, I have you out at last,
And you may drop your Puritanic scowl!
If you were more than paint and canvas now,
I'd nudge your formal ribs, despite your frown
That oft has checked my gayety and vow
No jollier lover ever signed.

To think
That you should scribble rhymes to Prudence Patience,
Priscilla, Chloris, Phyllis, and a score
Of primo enchantresses, were past belief.
Had I not ample proof of it. This roll
Of tell-tale papers, that I found today
In a neglected curious old press,
Gives evidence that in your bosom burned
A love like mine. Here's one inscribed to Phyllis,
And I will read it. Come, prepare to blush!

I look upon the heavens high,
And in the heavens are blue;
I look into my true love's eye,
And find the same blue hue.
They say that Heaven is there above,
And yet in view I peer.
But when I look upon my love
I know that Heaven is here.

How's this! How's this! My grandmother's were gray!
Her eyes were gray, for I remember them!
And here are many verses more than praise
Eyes brown, and black, and golden hair,—
And all well rhymed, and smooth. Good sir,
No more beneath your frown, with nimble fingers,
I'll count sweet syllables that whisper love,
But these, with altered names, I'll copy out
To send to those who toss my heart in play.
Good sir, for this rich legacy I thank you!

THE PORTRAIT.

Her hair was a golden brown,
The photograph makes it black;
You may take the portrait out if you will,
You'll find a lock at the back.

Her eyes were a living blue,
And through their splendor rare
You could gaze right into her soul, and see
The feelings that sported there.

Why did we part? God knows!
It may be that she and I
Love still with as true and tender a love
As we swore in the days gone by.

To see a mighty rift
In a mountain, who would think
It was rent in twain by a tiny rill
That had trickled in at a chink?

Needs but an angry thought,
Or a light word lightly spoken,
And a mountain of love may be rent in twain,
And the chain of life be broken.

UNPARDONABLE.

'Forgive him!' exclaimed the great orator. 'No, sir! There are some things that a man never can forgive. If it were only an ordinary quarrel, I could forgive him; if we had had a stand-up-and-knock-down fight, I could forgive him; if he had slandered me, I might forget it, but some things a man cannot forget, however hard he may try.'

'Did you have a political argument with him?' asked the great politician.

'No; we're both on the same side of the political fence.'

'Both fall in love with the same girl?' inquired the young lover.

'No; he never knew the girl I married.'

'Tried to beat you by underhanded means in some business transaction possibly,' suggested the business man.

'Never. I never had any business dealings with him. I'll tell you what it was though. I was making a speech one night—it was the effort of my life—and he was present. I had worked in a little heroic and come to the pathos. I could see that I carried the audience with me as I told the little story I had interpolated to illustrate the point I was making. There was hardly a sound in the vast auditorium. I could see that the people were hanging on every word, every syllable that I uttered. And at that moment, the very moment of my triumph—'

'Well?' asked all the others together as he hesitated.

"At that moment this man yelled 'Loudon!'"

DO NOT GROW OLD.

Do not grow old—there is too much to lose;
The world has need of all these precious things—
This fresh young face, these eyes like woodland springs
This shadowy hair which every zephyr wooes.

Those subtle graces, all these hues,
This voice like echoes from melodious strings.
Do not grow old—there is too much to lose;
The world has need of all these precious things.

—Dr. Frederick Peterson.

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF THE RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

How the Son of an English Clergyman Became an Eastern Potentate.

The life of the first Rajah, Sir James Brooke, K. C. B., K. C. M. G., L. D., reads like a romance such as Stevenson or Verne might write. He was a wild, restless nature that in his youth made him dissatisfied with the quiet of his English home, and with the even tenor of the days about his father's vicarage. He entered the English army, and was dangerously wounded in leading a charge against a detachment of natives in India. He gave up his commission and retired on a pension about the time he reached manhood.

A long and nearly fatal sickness did not quell his thirst for adventure. He had hardly regained his strength when he started out to explore India, Malaya and China. He wrote a valuable journal of his wanderings, and returned home fired with the thought of exploring the then unknown islands of the Pacific. The sight of the millions of acres of rich, untilled land that were embraced within the boundaries of some of these islands populated by a race of peaceful, indolent beings, and claimed by no European power, raised in his mind dreams of a great East-Indian Empire.

The death of his father left him with a property worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In spite of the protests of his friends, he very soon proceeded to fit out a small schooner, manned and armed it, and sailed for Singapore, and thence to the northwest coast of Borneo, landed at Kuching, on the Sarawak River, in 1838.

A field of conquest and a hope of empire at once dawned upon him. The province of Sarawak, a dependency of the Sultan of Brunei, was governed by an old native rajah, whose throne was menaced by the fierce, head-hunting Dyaks of the interior. Brooke saw his chance, and cast his fortunes with the weak but rightful ruler. After many marches with his little crew and an army of natives through the almost impenetrable rubber jungles, and after many hard-fought battles, the rebels were dislodged from their forts and order was restored. The young general then interposed between the combatants, and protected the defeated from the revenge of the victors, thereby winning the gratitude of the former and the confidence of both sides.

The Sultan conceived a great liking for Brooke, and finding that his native rajah could not rule the province, he arranged that Brooke should become Rajah of Sarawak, as an independent ruler.

Upon his accession to power, Rajah Brooke set about to reform abuses and build up the country. He abolished military marauding, did away with every form of slavery, established courts, missions and school houses, and waged fierce war against head-hunting and piracy.

Head-hunting was a remarkable and extraordinary custom of the native Dyaks. They strove to secure heads to decorate their houses, much as the American Indian longed to go hunting for scalps. It was an ancient custom.

Piracy had been for a century the curse of the Java seas, but Sir James Brooke knew that the future of his kingdom depended on its suppression. Every island of the harbor swarmed with pirates. They lived in big towns and had fortresses and cannon. They were stronger than any of the native rulers, and, knowing this, defied them. Brooke began with the feeble towns, conquering one after another, then burnt them, and took possession of their swift outrigger canoes, increasing his forces from the very pirates that he was exterminating, and so worked relentlessly on. Combined with the great qualities of a fearless fighter, he had the noble faculty of winning the goodwill and approval of his foes to such an extent that all through the struggle they fought half heartedly, knowing the while that they were really fighting against the people's good.

At the end of nine years the last pirate stronghold was taken, and the victor felt free to return home, pay his friends a visit, and solicit missionary aid to civilize the country.—October St. Nicholas.

AN ARCTIC HOUSEWIFE.

Mrs. Peary, the wife of the explorer, who is now in the Arctic, will this winter keep house in a dwelling such as no white woman ever before occupied, probably since the world began. It is only 33 feet long by 17 feet wide, but it is built of the very best material. The uprights are two-inch planks, outside of which is placed tar paper, two-ply, then a sheathing of matched boards, on top of which is another layer of three-ply tar paper. The entire house is painted with tar. Inside comes another layer of paper, then more sheathing, which is put on at an angle of forty-five degrees and runs opposite on the opposite sides of the house, in order to more securely brace it. Inside of all this is thick red flannel to keep the occupants warm. On the roof is a glass dome shaped like a hot house, and made of hot house sashes, with very thick glass. Under this dome and even with its ceiling is another glass layer making it perfectly wind proof and comfortable, however cold it may be outside. On the whole, although she can't be outdoors very much, Mrs. Peary will be snug and comfortable in her Arctic dwelling till the long Greenland-winter is past.