POETRY.

THE LAST OF "MARY'S LAMB."

"A firm in Sydney have completed arrangements whereby frozen sheep or lambs can be delivered at any address in the United Kingdom.

Mary had a little lamb,
Which she desired to send,
Across the mighty ocean as
A present to a friend.

That friend was partial to lamb chops,
Likewise to devilled kidney;
So friendly Mary promptly went
Unto "a firm in Sydney."

That firm replied, "the lamb we'll send
By parcel to your cousin;
That is, if you do not object
To have your darling frozen."

Then Mary wept. She said, "My lamb
Has wool as white as snow;
But packed in ice? It don't sound nice,
No, Sydney Merchant, No!

"Refrigerate my darling! Oh!
It makes my bosom bleed.
Still, go it must. I think you said,
'Delivery guaranteed!'"

So Mary's lamb the ocean crossed
By "Frozen Parcel Post;"
And Mary's Cousin said its chops
Were most delicious — most!

MORAL.

Science, though its pays "cent. per cent."
Is destitute of pity;
And makes hash of the sentiment
Dear to the Nursery ditty.

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finimore Cooper

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS," "THE PATHFINDER," "HOMEWARD BOUND," ETC.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Even from the land of shadows, now
My father's awful ghost appears."
—GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

From an hour after Louisa Grant was left by Miss Temple, in the situation already mentioned, she continued in feverish anxiety, awaiting the return of her friend. But, as the time passed by without the reappearance of Elizabeth, the terror of Louisa gradually increased, until her alarmed fancy had conjured every species of danger that appertained to the woods, excepting the one that really existed. The heavens had become obscured by degrees, and vast volumes of smoke were pouring over the valley; but the thoughts of Louisa were still recurring to beasts, without dreaming of the real cause for apprehension. She was stationed in the edge of the low pines and chestnuts that succeed the first or large growth of the forest, and directly above the angle where the highway turned from the straight course to the village, and ascended the mountain, laterally. Consequently, she commanded a view, not only of the valley, but of the road beneath her. The few travellers that passed, she observed, were engaged in earnest conversation, and frequently raised their eyes to the hill, and at length she saw the people leaving the court-house, and gazing upward also. While under the influence of the alarm excited by such unusual movements, reluctant to go, and yet fearful to remain, Louisa was startled by the low, cracking, but cautious treads of some one approaching through the bushes. She was on the eve of flight, when Natty emerged from the cover, and stood at her side. The old man laughed as he shook her kindly by a hand that was passive with fear.

"I am glad to meet you here, child," he said; "for the back of the mountain is afire, and it would be dangerous to go up it now, till it has been burnt over once, and the dead wood is gone. There's a foolish man, the comrade of that varmint who has give me all this trouble, digging for ore on the east side. I told him that the kearless fellows, who thought to catch a practys'd hunter in the woods after dark, had thrown the lighted pine-knots in the brush, and that 'twould kindle like tow, and warned him to leave the hill. But he was set upon his business, and nothing short of Providence could move him. If he isn't burnt and buried in a grave of his own digging, he's made of salamanders. Why, what ails the child! you look as skeary as if you'd see'd more painters! I wish there were more to be found! they'd count up faster than the beaver. But where's the good child with a bad father? did she forget her promise to the old man?"

"The hill! the hill!" shrieked Louisa; "she seeks you on the hill with the powder!"

Natty recoiled several feet at this unexpected intelligence.

"The Lord of Heaven have mercy on her! She's on the Vision, and that's a sheet of fire ag'in this. Child, if ye love the dear one, and hope to find a friend when ye need it most, to the village, and give the alarm. The men are used to fighting fire, and there may be a chance left. Fly! I bid ye fly! nor stop even for breath."

The Leather-Stocking had no sooner uttered this injunction, than he disappeared in the bushes and, when last seen by Louisa, was rushing up the mountain, with a speed that none but those who were accustomed to the toil could attain.

"Have I found ye!" the old man exclaimed, when he burst out of the smoke; "God be praised that I have found ye; but follow — there's no time for talking."

"My dress!" said Elizabeth; "it would be fatal to trust myself nearer to the flames in it."

"I bethought me of your flimsy things," cried Natty, throwing loose the folds of a covering buckskin that he carried on his arm, and wrapping her form in it, in such a manner as to envelop her whole person; "now follow, for it's a matter of life and death to us all."

"But John! what will become of John?" cried Edwards "can we leave the old warrior here to perish?"

The eyes of Natty followed the direction of Edwards's finger, where he beheld the Indian still seated as before, with the very earth under his feet consuming with fire. Without delay the hunter approached the spot, and spoke in Delaware:

"Up and away, Chingachgook! will ye stay here to burn, like a Mingo at the stake? The Moravians have teached ye better, I hope; the Lord preserve me if the powder hasn't flashed atween his legs, and the skin of his back is roasting. Will ye come, I say; will ye follow me?"

"Why should Mohegan go?" returned the Indian, gloomily. "He has seen the days of an eagle, and his eye grows dim. He looks on the valley; he looks on the water; he looks in the hunting-grounds — but he sees no Delawares. Every one has a white skin. My fathers say, from the far-off land, Come. My women, my young warriors, my tribe, say, Come. The Great Spirit says, Come. Let Mohegan die.'"

"But you forget your friend," cried Edwards.

"'Tis useless to talk to an Indian with the death-fit on him, lad," interrupted Natty, who seized the strips of the blanket and with wonderful dexterity strapped the passive chieftain to his own back; when he turned, and with a strength that seemed to bid defiance, not only to his years, but to his load, he led the way to the point whence he had issued. As they crossed the little terrace of rock, one of the dead trees, that had been tottering for several minutes, fell on the spot where they had stood, and filled the air with its cinders.

Such an event quickened the steps of the party, who followed the Leather-Stocking with the urgency required by the occasion.

"Tread on the soft ground," he cried, when they were in a gloom where sight availed them but little, "and keep in the white smoke; keep the skin close on her, lad; she's a precious one — another will be hard to be found."

Obedient to the hunter's directions, they followed his steps and advice implicitly; and, although the narrow passage along the winding of the spring led amid burning logs and falling branches, they happily achieved it in safety. No one but a man long accustomed to the woods could have traced his route through the smoke, in which respiration was difficult, and sight nearly useless; but the experience of Natty conducted them to an opening through the rocks, where, with a little difficulty, they soon descended to another terrace, and emerged at once into a tolerably clear atmosphere.

The feelings of Edwards and Elizabeth at reaching this spot may be imagined, though not easily described. No one seemed to exult more than their guide, who turned, with Mohegan still lashed to his back, and, laughing in his own manner, said:

"I know'd 'twas the Frenchman's poweer, gal; it went so all together; your coarse grain will squib for a minute. The Iroquois had none of the best powder when I went ag'in the Canada tribes, under Sir William. Did I ever tell you the story, lad, consarning the scrimmage with ——"

"For God's sake, tell me nothing now, Natty, until we are entirely safe. Where shall we go next?"

"Why, on the platform of rock over the cave, to be sure; you will be safe enough there, or we'll go into it, if you be so minded."

The young man started, and appeared agitated; but, looking around him with an anxious eye, said quickly:

"Shall we be safe on the rock? cannot the fire reach us there, too?"

"Can't the boy see?" said Natty, with the coolness of one accustomed to the kind of danger he had just encountered. "Had ye stayed in the place above ten minutes longer, you would both have been in ashes, but here you may stay forever, and no fire can touch you, until they burn the rocks as well as the woods."

With this assurance, which was obviously true, they proceeded to the spot, and Natty deposited his load, placing the Indian on the ground with his back against a fragment of the rocks. Elizabeth sank on the ground, and buried her face in her hands, while her heart was swelling with a variety of conflicting emotions.

"Let me urge you to take a restorative, Miss Temple," said Edwards, respectfully; "your frame will sink else."

"Leave me, leave me," she said raising her beaming eyes for a moment to his; "I feel too much for words! I am grateful, to the Giver, for this miraculous escape; and next to my God to you."

Edwards withdrew to the edge of the rock, and shouted—"Benjamin! where are you Benjamin?"

A hoarse voice replied, as if from the bowels of the earth, "Hereaway, master; stowed in this here bit of a hole, which is all the time as hot as the cook's coppers. I'm tired of my berth, d'ye see, and if-so-be that Leather-Stocking has got much over-hauling to do before he sails after them said beaver, I'll go into dock again, and ride out my quarantine, till I can get prottick from the law, and so hold on upon the rest of my 'spaniolas."

"Bring up a glass of water from the spring," continued Edwards, "and throw a little wine in it; hasten, I entreat you!"

"I knows but little of your small drink, Master Oliver," returned the stewart, his voice issuing out of the cave into the open air, "and the Jamaikey held out no longer than to take a parting kiss with Billy Kirby, when he anchord me alongside the highway last night, where you run me down in the chase. But here's sum'mat of a red color that may suit a weak stomach, mayhap. That Master Kirby is no first-rate in a boat; but he'll tack a cart among the stumps, all the same as a Lon'on pilot will back and fill through the colliers in the Pool."

As the stewart ascended while talking, by the time he had ended his speech he appeared on the rock with the desired restoratives, exhibiting the worn-out and bloated features of a man who had run deep in a debauch, and that lately.

Elizabeth took from the hands of Edwards the liquor which he offered, and then mentioned to be left again to herself.

The youth turned at her bidding, and observed Natty kindly assiduous around the person of Mohegan. When their eyes met, the hunter said sorrowfully:

"His time has come, lad; I see it in his eyes—when an Indian fixes his eye, he means to go but to one place; and what the wilful creatures put their minds on, they're sure to do."

A quick tread prevented the reply and in a few moments to the amazement of the whole party, Mr. Grant was seen clinging to the mountain, and striving to reach the place where they stood. Oliver sprang to his assistance, and by their united efforts the worthy divine was soon placed safely among them.

"How came you added to our number? cried Edwards. "Is the hill alive with people at a time like this?"

The hasty but pious thanksgivings of the clergyman were soon ejaculated, and when he succeeded in collecting his bewildered senses, he replied:

"I heard that my child was seen coming to the mountain; and, when the fire broke over the summit, my uneasiness drew me up the road, where I found Louisa, in terror for Miss Temple. It was to seek her that I came into this dangerous place; and I think, but for God's mercy, through the dogs of Natty, I should have perished in the flames myself."

"Ay! follow the hounds, and if there's an opening they'll scent it out," said Natty "their noses be given them the same as man's reason."

"I did so, and they led me to this place; but, praise be to God, that I see you all safe and well."

"No, no," returned the hunter; "safe we be, but as for well, John can't be called in a good way, unless you'll say that for a man that's taking his last look at 'arth."

"He speaks the truth!" said the divine, with the holy awe with which he ever approached the dying; "I have been by too many death-beds, not to see that the hand of the tyrant is laid on this old warrior. Oh! how consoling it is to know that he has not rejected the offered mercy in the hour of his strength and of worldly temptations! The offspring of a race of heathens, he has in truth been 'as a brand plucked from the burning.'"

"No, no," returned Natty, who alone stood with him by the side of the dying warrior; "it is no burning that ails him though his Indian feelings made him scorn to move, unless it be the burning of man's wicked thoughts for near fourscore years; but it's nater giving out in a chase that's run too long—Down with ye, Hector! down, I say! Flesh isn't iron, that a man can live forever, and see his kith an kin driven to a far country, and he left to mourn, with none to keep him company."

"John," said the divine, tenderly, "do you hear me? do you wish the prayers appointed by the church, at this trying moment?"

The Indian turned his ghastly face toward the speaker, and fastened his dark eyes on him, steadily, but vacantly. No sign of recognition was made; and in a moment he moved his head again slowly toward the vale, and began to sing, using his own language, in those low, guttural tones, that have been so often mentioned, his notes rising with his theme, till they swelled so loud as to be distinct.

"I will come! I will come! to the land of the just I will come! The Maquas I have slain! I have slain the Maquas! and the Great Spirit calls to his son. I will come! I will come to the land of the just I will come!"

"What says he, Leather-Stocking?" inquired the priest, with tender interest; "sings he the redeemer's praise?"

"No, no—'tis his own praise that he speaks now," said Natty, turning in a melancholy manner from the sight of his dying friend; "and a good right he has to say it all, for I know every word to be true."

"May heaven avert such self-righteousness from his heart! Humility and penitence are the seals of Christianity; and, without feeling them deeply seated in the soul, all hope is delusive, and leads to vain expectations. Praise himself! when his whole soul and body should unite to praise his maker! John! you have enjoyed the blessings of a gospel ministry, and have been called from out a multitude of sinners and pagans, and, I trust, for a wise and gracious purpose. Do you feel what it is to be justified by our Saviour's death, and reject all weak and idle dependence on good works, that spring from man's pride and vainglory?"

The Indian did not regard his interrogator, but he raised his head again, and said in a low, distinct voice:

"Who can say that the Maquas know the back of the Mohegan? What enemy that trusted in him did not see the morning? What Mingo that he chased ever sang the song of triumph? Did Mohegan ever lie? No; the truth lived in him, and none else could come out of him. In his youth he was a warrior, and his moccasins left the stain of blood. In his age he was wise; his words at the council fire did not blow away with the winds."

"Ah? he has abandoned that vain relic paganism, his songs," cried the divine; "what says he now? Is he sensible of his lost state?"

"Lord? man," said Natty, "he knows his end is at hand as well as you or I; but, so far from thinking it a loss, he believes it to be a great gain. He is old and stiff, and you have made the game so scarce and shy, that better shots than him find it hard to get a livelihood. Now he thinks he shall travel where it will always be good hunting; where no wicked or unjust Indians can go; and where he shall meet all his tribe together ag'in. There's not much loss in that, to a man whose hands are hardly fit for basket-making. Loss! if there be any loss, 'twill be to me, I'm sure after he's gone, there will be but little left for me but to follow."

"His example and end, which, I humbly trust, shall yet be made glorious," returned Mr. Grant, "should lead your mind to dwell on the things of another life. But I feel it my duty to smooth the way of the parting spirit. This is the moment, John, when the reflection that you did not reject the mediation of the redeemer, will bring balm to your soul. Trust not to any act of former days, but lay the burden of your sins at his feet, and you have his own blessed assurance that he will not desert you."

"Though all you say be true, and you have scripter gospels for it, too," said Natty, "you will make nothing of the Indian. He hasen't seen a Moravian priest sin' the war; and it's hard to keep them from going back to their native ways. I should think 'twould be as well to let the old man pass in peace. He's happy now; I know it by his eye; and that's more than I can say for the chief sin' the time the Delawares broke up from the head-waters of their river, and went west. Ah's me! 'tis a grievous long time that, and many dark days have we seen together sin' it."

"Hawk-eye!" said Mohegan, rousing with the last glimmering of life. "Hawk-eye! listen to the words of your brother."

"Yes, John," said the hunter, in English, strongly affected by the appeal, and drawing to his side; "we have been brothers; and more so than it means in the Indian tongue. What would ye have with me, Chingachgook?"

"Hawk-eye! my fathers call me to the happy hunting-grounds. The path is clear, and the eyes of Mohegan grow young. I look—but I see no white-skins; there are none to be seen but just and brave Indians. Farewell, Hawk-eye—you shall go with the Fire-eater and the Young Eagle to the white man's heaven; but I go after my fathers. Let the bow and tomahawk, and pipe, and the wampum of Mohegan be laid in his grave; for when he starts 'twill be in the night, like a warrior on a party, and he cannot stop to seek them."

"What says he, Nathaniel?" cried Mr. Grant, earnestly, and with obvious anxiety; "does he recall the promises of the mediation? and trust his salvation to the Rock of Ages?"

Although the faith of the hunter was was by no means clear, yet the fruits of early instruction had not entirely fallen in the wilderness. He believed in one God, and one heaven; and when the strong feeling excited by the leave-taking of his old companion, which was exhibited by the powerful working of every muscle in his weather-beaten face, suffered him to speak, he replied:

"No—no—he trusts only to the Great Spirit of the savages, and to his own good deeds. He thinks, like all his people, that he is to be young ag'in, and to hunt, and be happy to the end of eternity. It's pretty much the same with all colors, parson. I could never bring myself to think, that I shall meet with these hounds, or my peace, in another world; though the thoughts of leaving them forever sometimes brings hard feelings over me, and makes me cling to life with a greater craving than beseems three-score-and-ten."

"The Lord in his mercy avert such a death from one who has been sealed with the sign of the cross!" cried the minister, in holy fervor. John——"

He paused for the elements. During the period occupied by the events which we have related, the dark clouds in the horizon had continued to increase in numbers and multitude; and the awful stillness that now pervaded the air, announced a crisis in the state of the atmosphere. The flames, which yet continued to rage along the sides of the mountain, no longer whirled in uncertain currents of their own eddies, but blazed high and steadily towards the heavens. There was even a quietude in the ravages of the destructive element, as if it foresaw that a hand greater than even its own desolating power. was about to stay its progress. The piles of smoke which lay above the valley began to rise, and were dispelling rapidly; and streaks of livid lightning were dancing through the masses of clouds that impended over the western hill. While Mr. Grant was speaking, a flash, which sent its quivering light through the gloom, laying bare the whole opposite horizon, was followed by a loud crash of thunder, that rolled away among the hills, seeming to shake the foundations of the earth to their centre. Mohegan raised himself, as if in obedience to a signal for his departure, and stretched his wasted arm toward the west. His dark face lighted with a look of joy; which, with all other expressions, gradually disappeared; the muscles stiffening as they retreated to a state of rest; a slight convulsion played, for a single instant, about his lips; and his arm slowly dropped by his side; leaving the frame of the dead warrior reposing against the rock with its glassy eyes open, and fixed on the distant hills, as if the deserted shell were tracing the flight of the spirit to its new abode.

All this Mr. Grant witnessed in silent awe; but when the last echoes of the thunder died away, he clasped his hands together, with pious energy, and repeated in the full rich tones of assured faith:

"O Lord! how unsearchable are thy judgments; and thy ways past finding out 'I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.'"

As the divine closed the burst of devotion, he bowed his head meekly to his bosom, and looked all the dependence and humility that the inspired language expressed.

When Mr. Grant retired from the body the hunter approached, and taking the rigid hand of his friend, looked him wistfully in the face for some time without speaking, when he gave vent to his feelings by saying, in the mournful voice of one who felt deeply:

TO BE CONTINUED.

SEVEN WONDERS.

Corea, like the world of the ancients, has its "seven wonders." Briefly stated they are as follows:—

First—A hot mineral spring near Kin-Shantao, the healing properties of which are believed to be miraculous. No matter what disease may afflict the patient a dip in the water proves efficacious.

Second—Two springs situated at a considerable distance from each other; in fact, they have the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. They have two peculiarities. When one is full the other is always empty; and notwithstanding the obvious fact that they are connected by a subterranean passage one is of the bitterest bitter, and the other pure and sweet.

Third—The third wonder is Cold Wind cave, a cavern from which a wintry wind perpetually blows. The force of the wind from the cave is such that a strong man cannot stand before it.

Fourth—A forest that cannot be eradicated. No matter what injury is done the roots of the trees, which are large pines, they will sprout up again directly—like the phœnix from her ashes.

Fifth—The fifth is the most wonderful of the seven natural curiosities of the peninsula. It is the famous "floating-stone." It stands, or seems to stand, in front of the palace erected in its honor. It is an irregular cube of great bulk. It appears to be resting on the ground, free from supports on all sides, but, strange to say, two men at opposite ends of a rope may pass it under the stone without encountering any obstacle whatever.

The sixth wonder is the "hot stone," which from remote ages has laid glowing with heat on the top of a high hill.

The seventh and last Corean wonder is a drop of the sweat of Buddha. For thirty paces around the large temple in which it is enshrined not a blade of grass will grow. There are no trees or flowers inside the sacred square. Even the animals decline to profane a spot so holy.

THE OCEAN CABLES OF THE WORLD.

According to the latest report of the International Bureau of Telegraph Administrations, the submarine telegraph system of the world consists of 120, 070 nautical miles of cable. Government administrations own 12,524 miles, while 107,546 are the property of private companies. The total cost of these cables is in the neighbourhood of two hundred million dollars. The largest owner of submarine cables is the Eastern Telegraph Company, whose system covers the ground from England to India, and comprises 21,860 miles of cable. The Eastern Extension, which exploits the Far East, has 12,958 miles more. Early in last year the system of West African cables, which started from Cadiz only six years ago, was completed to Cape Town, so that the Dark Continent is now completely encircled by submarine telegraph, touching at numerous points along the coast. More than 17,000 miles of cable have been required to do this, and several companies, with more or less aid from the British, French, Spanish, and Portugese governments, have participated in carrying out the work. The North Atlantic is spanned by no less than eleven cables, all laid since 1870, though, I think, not all are working at the present time; five companies are engaged in forwarding telegrams between North America and Europe, and the total length of the cables owned by them, including coast connections, is over 30,000 nautical miles.

RECIPROCITY SPEAKS PLAINLY IN ITS FAVOR.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, at the Chamber of Commerce dinner last night, speaking to the toast "Commercial Reciprocity," said: "To increase our available resources we must enlarge the area of the markets for our surplus products. The solution of our dangerous problems and the solvent of our future prosperity lie largely in the direction of commercial reciprocity among the nations of America. An imaginary line 4,000 miles in length divides the United States with Canada. For all the purpose of trade, tariff, and taxation, Canada is independent of Great Britain. She has an area larger than that of the whole United States. She possesses incalculable resources, which under favoring circumstances could be developed. She has already a population larger than the State of New York. She needs our commodities and we need hers in about equal measures, and they could be exchanged to the infinite advantage of both countries. The pretectionist who believes that tariff, should be levied upon the principle of protection, the revenue reformer who believes that they should be exacted only for revenue, the free trader who thinks that they should not be imposed at all, could all agree, that whatever tariff laws existed in the United States should be adopted by the Canadian parliament and become applicable alike along all the coasts of this republic and Canada as against the rest of the world. But between themselves there should be the largest reciprocity and closest commercial relations.

Th Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, who has recently begged to be received back in favor with the queen, has petitioned her to restore him his grand cross of the star of India, which he returned once in anger.

WHAT THE GHOST DANCE IS.

KANSAS CITY Nov. 23—Mrs. James A. Finley wife of ex-Councilman Finley, of this city, now Postmaster and Post Trader at Pine Ridge Agency, is in this city. Mrs Finley left the agency a few days ago by direction of her husband who sent her here for safety. In an interview she thus described the ghost dances.

"One ghost dance that I saw was participated in by 480 Indians. In preparing for the dance they cut the tallest tree that they can find, and having dragged it to a level place of prairie, set it up in the ground. The others form in a circle and begin to go around and around the tree. They begin the dance Friday afternoon. It is kept on Saturday and Sunday until sundown. During all this time they do not eat or drink. They keep going around in one direction and until they become so dizzy that they can scarcely stand, then turn and go into the other direction, and keep it up until they swoon from exhaustion. This is what they desire, for while they are in a swoon they think they see and talk with the new Christ."

"When they regain consciousness they tell their experiences to the four wise men under the trees. All their tales end with the same story about the two mountains that are to belch forth mud and bury the white men, and the return of good old Indian times. They lose all their senses in the dance. They think they are animals. Some get down on all fours and bob about like buffaloes. When they cannot lose their senses from exhaustion they butt their heads together, beat them upon the ground and do anything to become insensible, so that they may be ushered into the presence of the new Christ. One poor Indian when he recovered his senses said that Christ had told him he must return to earth because he had not brought with him his wife and child. His child had died two years before, and the way the poor fellow cried was the most heart-rending thing I ever saw. At the end of the dance they have a grand feast, the revel lasting all Sunday night. They kill several steers and eat them raw—drink and gorge themselves to make up for their fast."

"The arrival of the troops there will make the Indians much worse, and they will surely fight. They have said all along that nothing should break up the ghost dance, even if they were all killed. But, then, if they had been allowed to continue I think they would have gone crazy, so that they would have taken to the warpath anyway. They are all well armed and have plenty of ammunition."

"At last Friday's dance one of the braves was to go into a trance, and remain in this condition four days. At the close of this period he was to come to life as a buffalo—he would still have the form of a man but he would be a buffalo. They were then to kill the buffalo, and every Indian who would not eat a piece of him would become a dog. The man who was to turn into a buffalo was perfectly willing, and I suppose they have killed and eaten by this time."

"If the government just lets them alone there will be no need of troops, they will kill themselves dancing. Seven or eight of them died as a result of one dance near Wounded Knee. They are now dancing on a creek about five miles south of Wounded Knee and dancing with all their arms.

Every Indian has about four clubs made out of round stones twisted in raw hides. They throw these around during the dance, strew the ground with them and beat their heads against them. The agent with his Indian police cannot control them and it was necessary to have the troops, on the ground."

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mstake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

Rev. Myron W. Reed, of Denver, is always awake to a realization of the comical in incidental life. He tells a story of a man who, while travelling in a parlor car between Omaha and Denver, fell asleep and snored with such intense volume that every one in the coach was seriously annoyed. Presently an old gentleman approached the sleeper, and shaking him, brought him out of slumber with a start.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Why, your snoring is annoying every one in the car," replied the old gentleman, kindly.

"How do you know I'm snoring?" queried the source of the nuisance.

"Why, we can't help but hear it."

"Well, don't believe all you hear," replied the stranger, and went to sleep again.

A small vocabulary skillfully used is better than large one indifferently used.

I took Cold, I took Sick, I took
SCOTT'S EMULSION
RESULT:
I take My Meals, I take My Rest,
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING
FLESH ON MY BONES
AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK."
Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.
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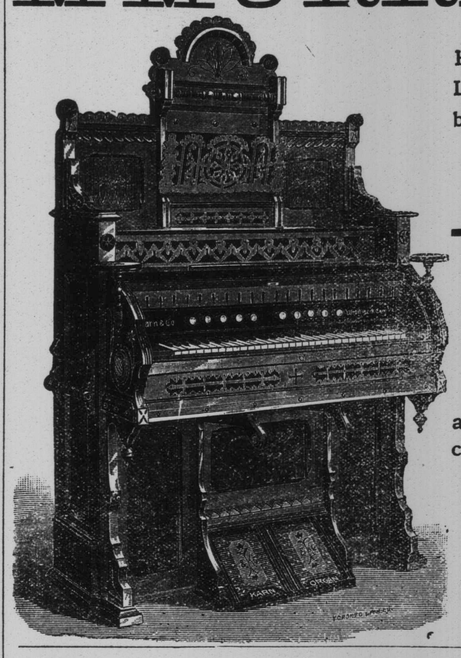
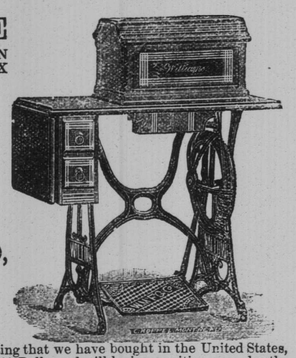
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST,
CONTAINS NO ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES, or any injurious materials.
E. W. GILLETT, TORONTO, ONT. CHICAGO, ILL.
Man'f'r of the CELEBRATED ROYAL YEAST CAKES.

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 for $18. SEWING MACHINE AND THE HIGHEST PRICE MACHINE MADE IN CANADA FOR $27.50. AFTER USING THEM SIX MONTHS, AND NOT SATISFACTORY, MONEY REFUNDED.



CALL AND SEE THEM.
—WE ALSO SELL THE—
Celebrated "White" Sewing Machine,
which took the First Prize Gold Medal over all others at the Paris Exhibition.

ROOM PAPER—We have much pleasure in stating that we have bought in the United States, before the rise in Wall Papers, 1700 Rolls, and will be in a position very shortly to show the BEST ASSORTMENT of WALL PAPERS to be had anywhere, in Brown and White, Blacks, Gilts, Granites, Engrain and fine Gold Papers, with Borders to match; and we will offer them at rices never known in this City.
BROWNS FROM 5 CENTS UPWARDS; WHITES FROM 8 CENTS UPWARDS; GILTS FROM 20 CENTS UPWARDS.
Call and see the Stock and Prices. To arrive this week from Montreal, 8000 Rolls (cheap) Wholesale or Retail.
McMURRAY & CO

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c.
E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

R. BLACKMER,

PRACTICAL
WATCHMAKER and JEWELER,
HAS IN STOCK A FULL LINE OF
WALTHAM WATCHES
in Solid Gold, Gold Filled and Silver Cases.
Fine Rolled Plate Chains, etc.
and everything usually found in a first-class jewelry store.
A FULL LINE OF
CLOCKS
Of the best makes.
SILVERWARE
In CASTORS, SPOONS, etc., of the Finest Quality.
ENGRAVING
On COFFIN PLATES, SPOONS, etc., neatly executed.
The Cheapest Place in the City for Fine Work and Fine Jewelry.
One Door Below the People's Bank

Carriage Bolts.
JUST RECEIVED:
5 CASES containing 10,500 Carriage Bolts and 9,000 Tire Bolts.
For sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

S. L. MORRISON,
Dealer in
FLOUR, MEAL,
TEA,
COFFEE,
SUGAR,
MOLASSES,
TOBACCO,
CANNED GOODS
—AND—
General Groceries.
QUEEN STREET,
OPP. CITY HALL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

NOTICE.
ALWAYS IN STOCK:
HAY, OATS, STRAW, BRAN, SHORTS, MIDDLINGS, CRACKED CORN, COTTON SEED AND OIL CAKE MEAL, LIME, LAND AND CALCINED PLASTER.
Hard and Soft House Coal.
Best Old Mine Sydney and Grand Lake Blacksmith Coal.
SEED BUCKWHEAT, SEED WHEAT, " OATS, " PEAS, " BARLEY, " CORN.
ALSO,
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,
all CHEAPER than the CHEAPEST.
Office and Warehouse: Campbell St., above City Hall
JAS. TIBBITS.

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.
ASSETS, 1st JANUARY, 1889, - $39,722,809.59
ASSETS IN CANADA, " - 870,525.67
Fire Insurance of Every Description at LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
WM. WILSON, Agent.

JUST STORED,
—AND—
For Sale Low,
HUNGARIAN,
HARVEST MOON,
ONYX,
AND SEA GEM
FLOURS,
Beans,
Barbadoes Molasses, &c.
A FULL LINE OF
GROCERS SUNDRIES
Always in Stock.
A. F. Randolph & Son.

Per S. S. N[illegible] Scotian.
1 1-2 TONS assorted sizes of CABLE CHAIN, from 3-16 to 7-16 of an inch. Just received at
R. CHESTNUT & SONS

Fresh GARDEN, FIELD, and FLOWER SEEDS
THE SUBSCRIBER has just received his usual large supply of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds for the Season of 1890 imported direct from the now celebrated house STEELE BROS., Toronto, whose seeds gave such universal satisfaction last season.
At the meeting of the Farmers' Convention held in this City during the past winter, the resident in the course of his remarks said that the Seeds grown by the Steele Brothers Co. of Toronto, were better adapted to the soil and climate of New Brunswick than any other.
ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES OF
Beans, Peas, Beets,
Carrots,
Parsnips, Onions,
and all small Seeds, either in bulk or in packages—Wholesale and Retail.
My Onion Seed for this year is the finest I ever imported.
Yellow Dutch Onion Sets.
Special discount given to Agricultural Societies and Country Dealers.
REMEMBER THE OLD STAND.
GEO. H. DAVIS,
Druggist and Seedsman,
CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STS.
FREDERICTON.

G. T. WELPLEY.
JUST RECEIVED,
500 Bushel TIMOTHY SEED,
1 Ton CLOVER FEED,
SEED OATS,
FEEDING OATS.
ALWAYS IN STOCK:
Flour, Cornmeal, Pork, &c.
A FRESH LOT OF
Christie, Brown & Co.'s BISCUIT,
SOCIAL TEA BISCUIT,
SODA BISCUIT in 2 and 3 lb. Boxes,
GRAHAM WAFERS,
MACCAROONS, &c.
TO ARRIVE,
3 Cars Ontario Seed Oats,
1 Car Bran and Middlings.
G. T. WHELPLEY,
310 QUEEN STREET,
FREDERICTON.

WANTED
RELIABLE PUSHING MEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. Complete assortment. Splendid opportunity offered for Spring work. My Salesmen have good success, many selling from $100 to $200 per week. Send for Proof and Testimonials. A good pushing man wanted here at once. Liberal terms, and the best goods in the market. Write, R. G. CLYDE, Nurseryman, Perth, Ont.

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