## POETRY.

### AT THE GOAL.

They found him in the silent place
By his own fancy peopled fair,
Where gleamed on many a pictured face
The light his own had ceased to wear.

Yet in the sightless eyes the while
There seemed some ecstasy of trance,
And on the rigid mouth a smile
Of more than life's significance.

They looked upon the painted scene
Fraught with the magic of his mind,
The outlined purpose, clear and keen,
That never now should sequence find.

Alas — they said — his hand is still
That shadowed forth the growing thought!
Powerless his subtle brain and will
That life to deeper meaning wrought!

Alas! alas! — again they cried —
To miss the vision almost found!
To fall upon the mountain-side
So near the summit glory-crowned!

But still the dead eyes gazed before,
Like one who sees the happy end;
And still the face transfigured wore
The look they could not comprehend;

For they that o'er him sorrowing bent,
And mourned the life too early done,
Wist not the smile's pale rapture meant
The dream fulfilled, the glory won!
—KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD, in Harper's Weekly.

## SELECT STORY.

# THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finimore Cooper

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

CONTINUED.

Among the other pursuits of Richard, he had a passion to keep a register of all passing events; and his diary, which was written in the manner of a journal, or log-book, embraced not only such circumstances as affected himself, but observations on the weather, and all the occurrences of the family, and frequently of the village. Since his appointment of the office of sheriff, and his consequent absences from home, he had employed Benjamin to make memoranda on a slate, of whatever might be thought worth remembering, which, on his return, were regularly transferred to the journal with proper notations of the time, manner, and other little particulars. There was, to be sure, one material objection to the clerkship of Benjamin which the ingenuity of no one but Richard could have overcome. The steward read nothing but his prayer-book, and that only in particular parts, and by the aid of a good deal of spelling, and some misnomers; but he could not form a single letter with a pen. This would have been an insuperable bar to journalizing with most men; but Richard invented a kind of hieroglyphical character, which was intended to note all the ordinary occurrences of a day, such as how the wind blew, whether the sun shone, or whether it rained, the hours, etc.; and for the extraordinary, after giving certain elementary lectures on the subject, the sheriff was obliged to trust to the ingenuity of the major-domo. The reader will at once perceive, that it was to this chronicle that Benjamin pointed, instead of directly answering the sheriff's interrogatory.

When Mr. Jones had drunk a glass of toddy, he brought forth from its secret place his proper journal, and, seating himself by the table, he prepared to transfer the contents of the slate to the paper, at the same time that he appeased his curiosity. Benjamin laid one hand on the back of the sheriff's chair, in a familiar manner, while he kept the other at liberty to make use of a forefinger, that was bent like some of his own characters, as an index to point out his meaning.

The first thing referred to by the sheriff was the diagram of a compass, cut in one corner of the slate for permanent use. The cardinal points were plainly marked on it, and all the usual divisions were indicated in such a manner that no man who had ever steered a ship could mistake them.

"Oh!" said the sheriff, settling himself down comfortably in his chair, "you'd the wind southeast I see, all last night; I thought it would have blown up rain."

"Devil the drop, sir," said Benjamin; "I believe that the scuttle-butt up aloft is emptied, for there hasn't so much water fell in the country for the last three weeks as would float Indian John's canoe, and that draws just one inch nothing, light."

"Well but did't the wind change here this morning? there was a change where I was."

"To be sure it did, squire; and haven't I logged it as a shift of wind?"

"I don't see where, Benjamin ——"

"Don't see!" interrupted the steward, a little crustily; "an't there a mark ag'in east-and-by-northe-half-northe, with sum'mat like a rising sun at the end of it, to show 'twas in the morning watch?"

"Yes, yes, that is very legible; but where is the change noted?"

"Where! why doesn't it, see this here tea-kettle, with a mark run from the spout straight, or mayhap a little crooked or so, into west-and-by-southe-half-southe? now I call this a shift of wind, squire. Well, do you see this here boar's head that you made for me, alongside of the compass ——"

"Ay, ay—Boreas—I see. Why, you've drawn lines from its mouth, extending from one of your marks to the other."

"It's no fault of mine, Squire Dickens; 'tis your d —— d climate. The wind has been at all them there marks this very day; and that's all round the compass, except a little matter of an Irishman's hurricane at meridium, which you'll find marked right up and down. Now, I've known a sou-wester blow for three weeks, in the channel, with a clean drizzle, in which you might wash your face and hands without the trouble of hauling in water from alongside."

"Very well, Benjamin," said the sheriff, writing in his journal; "I believe I have caught the idea. Oh here's! a cloud over the rising sun — so you had it hazy in the morning?"

"Ay, ay, sir," said Benjamin.

"Ah! it's Sunday, and here are the marks for the length of the sermons — one, two, three, four — what! did Mr. Grant preach forty minutes?"

"Ay, sum'mat like it; it was a good half-hour by my own glass, and then there was the time lost in turning it, and some little allowance for leeway in not being oversmart about it."

"Benjamin, this is as long as a Presbyterian; you never could have been ten minutes in turning the glass!"

"Why, do you see, Squire, the parson was very solemn, and I just closed my eyes in order to think the better with myself, just the same as you'd put in the dead-lights to make all snug, and when I opened them ag'in I found the congregation were getting under weigh for home, so I calculated the ten minutes would cover the leeway after the glass was out. It was only some such matter as a cat's nap."

"Oh, ho! master Benjamin, you were asleep, were you? but I'll set down no such slander against an orthodox divine." Richard wrote twenty nine minutes in his journal, and continued — "Why, what's this you've got opposite ten o'clock A. M.? A full moon! had you a moon visible by day? I have heard of such portents before now, but — eh! what's this alongside of it? an hour-glass?"

"That!" said Benjamin, looking coolly over the sheriff's shoulder, and rolling the tobacco about in his mouth with a jocular air; "why, that's a small matter of my own. It's no moon, squire, but only Betty Hollister's face; for, d'ye see, sir, hearing all the same as if she had got up a new cargo of Jamaiky from the river, I called in as I was going to the church this morning — ten A. M. was in it? — just the time — and tried a glass; and so I logged it, to put me in mind of calling to pay her like an honest man."

"That was it, was it?" said the sheriff, with some displeasure at this innovation on his memoranda; "and could you not make a better glass than this? it looks like a death's-head and an hour-glass."

"Why, as I liked the stuff, squire," returned the steward, "I turned in, homeward bound, and took t'other glass, which I set down at the bottom of the first, and that gives the thing the shape it has. But as I was there again to-night, and paid for the three at once, your honor may as well run the sponge over the whole business."

"I will buy you a slate for your own affairs, Benjamin," said the sheriff; "I don't like to have the journal marked over in this manner."

"You needn't — you needn't, squire; for, seeing that I was likely to trade often with the woman while this barrel lasted, I've opened a fair account with Betty, and she keeps her marks on the back of her bar-door, and I keeps the tally on this here bit of a stick."

As Benjamin concluded he produced a piece of wood, on which five very large, honest notches were apparent.

"What have we here! Saturday, two p. m. — Why here's a whole family piece! two wineglasses upside-down!"

"That's two women; the one this-a-way is Miss 'Lizzy, and t'other is the parson's young 'un."

"Cousin Bess and Miss Grant!" exclaimed the sheriff, in amazement; "what have they to do with my journal?"

"They'd enough to do to get out of the jaws of that there painter or panther," said the immovable steward. "This here thingum'y, squire, that maybe looks sum'mat like a rat is the beast, d'ye see; and this here t'other thing, keel uppermost, is poor old Brave, who died nobly, all the same, as an admiral fighting for his king and country; and that there ——"

"Scarecrow," interrupted Richard.

"Ay, mayhap it do look a little wild or so," continued the steward; but to my judgment, squire, it's the best image I've made, seeing it's most like the man himself; well that's Natty Bumppo, who shot this here painter who killed that there dog, who would have eaten or done worse to them here young ladies."

"And what the devil does all this mean?" cried Richard, impatiently.

"Mean! echoed Benjamin; "it is as true as the Boadishley's log book ——"

He was interrupted by the sheriff, who put a few direct questions to him, that obtained more intelligible answers, by which means he bceame possessed of a tolerably-correct idea of the truth. When the wonder, and we must do Richard the justice to say, the feelings also, that were created by this narrative, had in some degree subsided, the sheriff turned his eyes again on his journal, where more inexplicable hieroglyphics met his view.

"What have we here?" he cried; "two men boxing! has there been a breach of the peace? ah, that's the way, the moment my back is turned ——"

"That's the judge and young Master Edwards," interrupted the steward, very cavalierly.

"How! 'duke fighting with Oliver! what the devil has got into you all? more things have happened within the last thirty-six hours than in the proceeding six months."

"Yes, it's so indeed, squire," returned the steward; "I've known a smart chase, and a fight at the tail of it, where less has been logged than I've got on that there slate. Howsomnever, they didn't come to facers, only passed a little jaw fore and aft."

"Explain! explain?" cried Bichard; "it was about the mines, ha! — ay, ay, I see it, I see it; here is a man with a pick on his shoulder. So you heard it all, Benjamin?"

"Why, yes, it was about their minds, I believe, squire," returned the steward; "and, by what I can learn, they spoke them pretty plainly to one another. Indeed, I may say that I overheard a small matter of it myself, seeing that the windows was open, and I hard by. But this here is no pick, but an anchor on a man's shoulder; and here's the other flute down his back, maybe a little too close, which signifies that the lad has got under weigh and left his moorings."

"Has Edwards left the house?"

"He has."

Richard pursued this advantage; and, after a long and close examination, he succeeded in getting out of Benjamin all that he knew, not only concerning the misunderstanding, but of the attempt to search the hut, and Hirman's discomfiture. The sheriff was no sooner posessed of these facts, which Benjamin related with all possible tenderness to the Leather-Stocking, than, snatching up his hat, and bidding the astonished steward secure the doors and go to his bed, he left the house.

For at least five minutes after Richard disappeared, Benjamin stood with his arms a-kimbo, and his eyes fastened on the door; when, having collected his astonished faculties, he prepared to execute the orders he had received.

It has been already said that the "court of common pleas and general sessions of the peace," or, as it is commonly called, the "county court," over which Judge Temple presided, held one of its stated sessions on the following morning. The attendants of Richard were officers who had come to the village, as much to discharge their usual duties at this court, as to escort the prisoners; and the sheriff knew their habits too well, not too feel confident that he should find most, if not all of them, in the public room of the jail, discussing the qualities of the keeper's liquors. Accordingly he held his way through the silent streets of the village, directly to the small and insecure building that contained all the unfortunate debtors, and some of the criminals of the county, and where justice was administered to such unwary applicants as were so silly as to throw away two dollars in order to obtain one from their neighbors. The arrival of four malefactors in the custody of a dozen officers, was an event, at that day, in Templeton; and, when the sheriff reached the jail, he found every indication that his subordinates intended to make a night of it.

The nod of the sheriff brought two of his deputies to the door, who in their turn drew off six or seven of the constables. With this force Richard led the way through the villiage, toward the bank of the lake, undisturbed by any noise, except the barking of one or two curs, who were alarmed by the measured tread of the party, and by the low murmurs that ran through their own numbers, as a few cautious questions and answers were exchanged, relative to the object of their expedition. When they had crossed the little bridge of hewn logs that was thrown over the Susquehanna, they left the highway, and struck into that field which had been the scene of the victory over the pigeons. From this they followed their leader into the low bushes of pines and chestnuts which had sprung up along the shores of the lake, where the plough had not succeeded the fall of the trees, and soon entered the forest itself. Here Richard paused and collected his troop around him.

"I have required your assistance, my friends," he cried, in a low voice, "in order to arrest Nathaniel Bumppo, commonly called the Leather-Stocking. He has assaulted a magistrate, and resisted the execution of a search-warrant, by threatening the life of a constable with his rifle. In short, my friends, he has set an example of rebellion to the laws, and has become a kind of outlaw. He is suspected of other misdemeanors and offences against private rights; and I have this night taken on myself, by the virtue of my office as sheriff, to arrest the said Bumppo, and bring him to the county jail, that he may be present and forthcoming to answer to these heavy charges before the court to-morrow morning. In executing this duty, friends and fellow-citizens, you are to use courage, that you may not be daunted by any lawless attempts that this man may make with his rifle and his dogs to oppose you; and discretion, which here means caution and prudence, that he may not escape from this sudden attack — and for other good reasons that I need not mention. Yon will form yourselves in a complete circle around his hut, and at the word "advance," called aloud by me, you will rush forward, and, without giving the criminal time for deliberation, enter his dwelling by force, and make him your prisoner. Spread yourselves for this purpose, while I shall descend to the shore with a deputy, to take charge of that point; and all communications must be made directly to me, under the bank in front of the hut, where I shall station myself and remain, in order to receive them."

This speech, which Richard had been studying during his walk, had the effect that all similar performances produce, of bringing the dangers of the expedition immediately before the eyes of his forces. The men divided, some plunging deeper into the forest, in order to gain their stations without giving an alarm, and others continuing to advance, at a gait that would allow the whole party to go in order; but all devising the best plan to repulse the attack of a dog, or to escape a rifle bullet. It was a moment of dread expectation and interest.

When the sheriff thought time enough had elapsed for the different divisions of his force to arrive at their stations, he raised his voice in the silence of the forest, and shouted the watchword. The sounds played among the arched branches of the trees in hollow cadences; but when the last sinking tone was lost on the ear, in place of the expected howls of the dogs, no other noises were returned but the crackling of torn branches and dried sticks; as they yielded before the advancing steps of the officers. Even this soon ceased, as if by a common consent, when the curiosity and impatience of the sheriff getting the complete ascendency over discretion, he rushed up the bank, and in a moment stood on the little piece of cleared ground in front of the spot where Natty had so long lived. To his amazement, in place of the hut he saw only its smoldering ruins.

The party gradually drew together about the heap of ashes and the ends of smoking logs; while a dim flame in the centre of the ruin, which still found fuel to feed its lingering life, threw its pale light, flickering with the passing currents of the air, around the circle — now showing a face with eyes fixed in astonishment, and then glancing to another countenance, leaving the former shaded in the obscurity of night. Not a voice was raised in inquiry, nor an exclamation made in astonishment. The transition from xcitement to disappointment was too powerful for speech; and even Richard lost the use of an organ that was seldom known to fail him.

The whole group were yet in the fulness of their surprise when a tall form stalked from the gloom into the circle, treading down the hot ashes and dying embers with callous feet; and, standing over the light, lifted his cap, and exposed the bare head and weather-beaten features of the Leather-Stocking. For a moment he gazed at the dusky figures who surrounded him, more in sorrow than in anger before he spoke.

"What would ye with an old and helpless man?" he said. "You've driven God's creaters from the wilderness, where his providence had put them for his own pleasure; and you've brought in the troubles and divilties of the law, where no man was ever known to disturb another. You have driven me, that have lived forty long years of my appointed time in this very spot, from my home and the shelter of my head, lest you should put your wicked feet and wasty ways in my cabin. You've driven me to burn these logs, under which I've eaten and drunk—the first of Heaven's gifts, and the other of the pure springs — for the half of a hundred years; and to mourn the ashes under my feet, as a man would weep and mourn for the children of his body. You've rankled the heart of an old man, that has never harmed you or your'n. with bitter feelings toward his kind, at a time when his thoughts should be on a better world; and you've him to wish that the beasts of the forest, who never feast on the blood of their own families, was his kindred and race; and now, when has come to see the last brand of his hut, before it is melted into ashes, you follow him up, at midnight, like hungry hounds on the track of a worn-out dying deer. What more would ye have? for I am here — one too many. I come to mourn, not to fight; and, if it is God's pleasure, work your will on me."

Wnen the old man ended he stood with the light glimmering around his thinly-covered head, looking earnestly at the group, which receded from the pile with an involuntary movement, without the reach of the quivering rays, leaving a free passage for his retreat into the bushes, where pursuit in the dark would have been fruitless. Natty seemed not to regard this advantage, but stood facing each individual in the circle in succession, as if to see who would be the first to arrest him. After a pause of a few moments Richard began to rally his confused faculties, and, advancing apologized for his duty, and made him his prisoner. The party now collected, aud, preceded by the sheriff, with Natty in their centre, they took their way toward the village.

During the walk, divers questions were put to the prisoner concerning his reasons for burning the hut, and whither Mohegan had retreated; but to all of them he observed a profound silence, until, fatigued with their previous duties, and the lateness of the hour, the sheriff and his followers, reached the village, and dispersed to their several places of rest, after turning the key on the aged and apparently friendless Leather-Stocking.

### CHAPTER XXXIII

"Fetch here the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend bragget,
We'll teach you." — LEAR.

The long days and early sun of July allowed time for a gathering of the interested, before the little bell of the academy announced that the appointed hour had arrived for administering right to the wronged, and punishment to the guilty. Ever since the dawn of day, the highways and woodpaths that, issuing from the forests, and winding along the sides of the mountains, centred in Templeton, had been thronged with equestrians and footmen, bound to the haven of justice. There was to be seen a well-clad yeoman, mounted on a sleek, switch-tailed steed, rambling along the highway, with his red face elevated in a manner that said, "I have paid for my land, and fear no man;" while his bosom was swelling with the pride of being one of the grand inquest for the county. At his side rode a companion, his equal in independence of feeling, perhaps, but his inferior in thrift, as in property and consideration. This was a professed dealer in law-suits — a man whose name appeared in every calendar — whose substance, gained in the multifarious expedients of a settler's changeable habits, was wasted in feeding the harpies of the courts. He was endeavoring to impress the mind of the grand juror with the merits of a cause now at issue. Along with these was a pedestrian, who, having thrown a rifle frock over his shirt, and placed his best wool hat above his sunburnt vissage, had issued from his retreat in the woods by a footpath, and was striving to keep company with the others, on his way to hear and to decide the disputes of his neighbors, as a petit juror. Fifty similar little knots of countrymen might have been seen, on that morning journeying toward the shire-town on the same errand.

By ten o'clock the streets of the village were filled with busy faces; some talking of their private concerns, some listening to a popular expounder of political creeds; and others gaping in at the open stores, admiring the finery, or examining scythes' axes, and such other manufactures as attracted their curiosity or excited their admiration. A few women were in the crowd, most carrying infants, and followed, at a lounging, listless gait, by their rustic lords and masters. There was one young couple, in whom connubial love was yet fresh, walking at a respectful distance from each other; while the swain directed the timid steps of his bride, by a gallant offering of a thumb.

At the first stroke of the bell, Richard issued from the door of the "Bold Dragoon," flourishing a sheathed sword, that he was fond of saying his ancestors had carried in one of Cromwell's victories, and crying, in an authoritative tone, to "clear the way for the court." The order was obeyed promptly, though not servilely, by the members of the procession as it passed. A party of constables with their staves followed the sheriff, preceding Marmaduke, and four plain, grave-looking yeomen, who were his associates on the bench. There was nothing to distinguish these subordinate judges from the better part of the spectators, except gravity, which they affected a little more than common, and that one of their number was attired in an old-fashioned military coat, with skirts that reached no lower than the middle of his thighs, and bearing two little silver epaulets, not half so big as a modern pair of shoulder knots. This gentlemen was a colonel of the militia, in attendance on a court-martial, who found leisure to steal a moment from his military duties to attend to his civil jurisdiction; but this incongruity excited neither notice nor comment. Three or four clean-shaved lawyers followed, as meek as if they were lambs going to the slaughter. One or two of their number had contrived to obtain an air of scholastic gravity by wearing spectacles. The rear was brought up by another posse of constables, and the mob followed the whole into the room where the court held its sittings.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

I had a secret from Mr. Bowser for fully six weeks, and the fact so weighed on my conscience that, when he came home the other evening, I handed him a newspaper and remarked:

"Mr. Bowser, will you do me the honor to read that little poem?"

"Who is it by?" he asked.

"Read it."

He read it and pronounced it a little gem, and then I was weak enough to tell him I was the author.

"Oh, you are, eh! That accounts for it."

"For what!"

"For the namby pamby style, the wildness of the rhyme, and the higglety pigglety way in which its reads."

"Then you don't like it?"

"Humph! You'd better stick to housework?"

"Maybe you could do better?"

"Maybe! I know I could! The only reason I haven't made a name in the literary world is because I've been too busy with real estate matters. I was just thinking as I came home this evening that I'd dash off something as a starter."

"Well, I hope you'll succeed."

"Succeed! What are you talking about? Do you imagine I can't write a poem?"

"I hope you can."

He turned away in disgust, and after supper he went into the library, closed the folding doors and sat down to work. I carefully pulled one of the doors open until I could see him. He got out pen, ink and paper briskly enough, but then came a sudden pause. He stratched his head, caressed his ear, toyed with the pen, and it was a good half hour before he got a name for his poem.

"Mr. Bowser!" I called from the other side of the door, "have you got it finished?"

"Finished! I haven't been in here two minutes yet. I don't propose to write trash."

It was just twenty-five minutes by the sitting room clock before he began on the first line after selecting the title, and when he came out at 10 o'clock I knew he had only three lines finished. These he had copied and recopied a dozen different times.

"Through?" I queried as he appeared.

"Mighty anxious, aren't you!" he sneered. "You may see my effort when it is in print, but not before."

For the next six evenings Mr. Bowser was closeted with himself and that poem. Then, as I knew by his general demeanor, his work was finished. I crept down stairs after he was asleep and found it in the desk, all ready for mailing. The first verse ran as follows:

The leaf is falling — the wind is sobbing,
And the autumn is at hand so dreary and forlorn.
And the embers of the dying years must remind all of us
That everything dies — everything that was ever born.

There were eleven other verses, all of the same piece of goods, and covered an inch deep with the embers of the dying year. I crept back to bed to find Mr. Bowser resting on his back and wearing a sweet smile of confidence and satisfaction. Next morning I carelessly inquired:

"Don't you want me to look over that poem with you before you seen it off?"

"What for?"

"Perhaps I could suggest some changes for the better."

"You improve my poem! Well, if that isn't assurance! I wouldn't be as conceited as you are for a ton of gold."

"But my literary efforts have been published and are well spoken of."

"Nonsense! The editor knew you were my wife, and your friends dare not condemn it to your face. Drop it, Mrs. Bowser—drop it and decorate jugs and crocks."

I didn't say any more, but watched every issue of the paper I knew he would send it to. He also did the same, but very slyly. After about a week I observed:

"Has your poem appeared yet, Mr. Bowser?"

"I think not. I have neither received bundle of copies of the issue coutaining it nor had a letter from the editor. I don't look for it under another week. I presume the editor took it home to read to his family, and it may now be passing around among the literati."

"Suppose it should be rejected?"

"W-h-a-t!" he exclaimed, leaping out of his chair and dancing around. "Publish your sawdust and reject my pure gold! Mrs. Bowser, you have some queer ideas — very queer."

"In case it is not published I hope you ——"

"But it will be published."

I said no more and he turned to his paper. Half an hour later there was a ring at the bell, and Mr. Bowser went to answer it and admitted a strange man. The strange man handed Mr. Bowser a letter from the editor of the paper to which he had sent his poem. I got hold of only about half of it. It introduced the stranger as all right and advised Mr. Bowser to close with his offer.

"What is the offer?" Mr. Bowser said.

"Well, you know, I manufactured a cough balsam?"

"What have I got to do with your cough balsam?" demanded Mr. Bowser, in a lofty way.

"Why, I came to make you an offer for it."

"What it?"

"The poem you sent to the daily ——. Doesn't the editor advise you to close with me?"

"Do you — you — mean that you want my poem to advertise your infernal old patent swash?" gasped Mr. Bowser.

"Sir, my cough syrup beats your poem!" replied the stranger.

"Get out of my house!"

"Only too glad to!"

When the stranger had gone Mr. Bowser came into the sitting room with a face as pale as flour. He stood and looked at me for a minute aud then hoarsely whispered:

"This is some more of your doings."

"Why, Mr. Bowser?"

"Don't why Mr. Bowser me! I saw your hand from the first! This ends it!"

"What have I done?"

"No matter. You have put up the last job you ever will on me! I'm going up stairs to pack up."

An hour after I went up to find him in bed and asleep. He had made a bundle of two vests and a sock, and had then changed his mind, and he was sleeping without a shade of sorrow on his face. — Detroit Free Press.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by 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 mistake 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.

## LONDON'S RIPPER SCARE.

The Whitechapel scare has been thoroughly revived again. Everybody is waiting now to hear of another murder. Very little heed was paid by the public to the three or four letters "Jack the Ripper" sent out last week, saying that he was going to begin operations again, but the police are evidently acting on information of which the public is kept ignorant. They are persuaded that another horrible crime is to be perpetrated. The police incline to the belief that the various post cards and letters received of late emanated from the real murderer, and that it would be a mistake to regard them as a hoax.

Every person whose appearance causes suspicion is shadowed by plain-clothes men, who are got up in every style of dress. If the suspicion is verified the party is politely conducted to the nearest police station and asked to give an account of himself. Where seclusion and quietness are likely to be selected by the murderer, plain-clothes men patrol while others are concealed in the courts and alleys.

But the most important precaution made to entrap the assassin is the employment of the class of women he formerly chose as his prey. A number of these outcasts, of about the same age and character of those murdered, have practically been engaged by the police to aid in the endeavor to capture the ripper. They have been converted for the time being into female detectives, for which work, provided they can be kept sober, the police consider them well qualified. They are assured that they will be followed and that there will be help near at hand should a companion attempt to harm them.

Women have unrestricted license to go just where they please, a privilege strangely contrasting with their treatment by the police at the periods of former murders. Then the police were persistent in their efforts to clear the streets of the women as early as possible.

TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper; at all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER

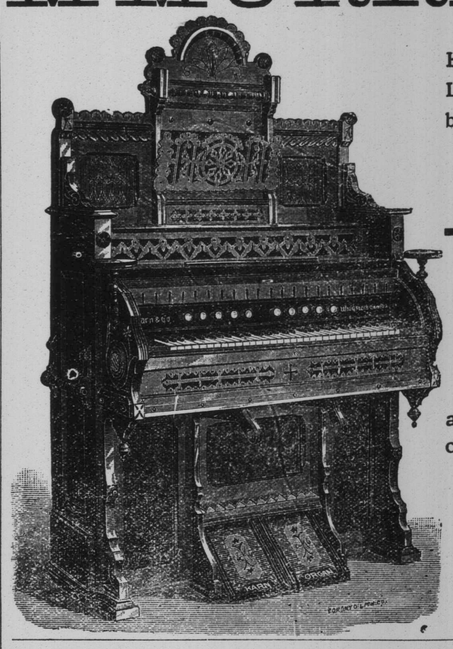
TRADE MARK

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.

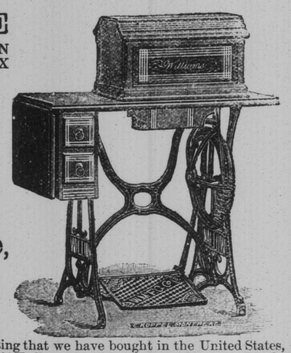
WE SELL THIS for $18, SEWING MACHINE AND THE HIGHEST PRICE MACHINE MADE IN CANADA FOR $27.50. AFTER USING THEM SIX MONTHS, AND NOT SATISFACTORY, MONEY REFUNDED.

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 prices 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.

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

Turnip Sower.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

1 - TURNIP - SOWER,

BY R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

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.

Fancy Tailoring!

JUST OPENED,

A Choice Line of

SUMMER CLOTHS

In All the Latest Patterns.

NOTE—I do not claim the Largest Stock in the City, but I do claim to

Sell First-class Goods at a Small Profit.

A visit to my Store, when you are in the City, will convince you of this fact.

JOSEPH WALKER,

Practical Tailor,

NEXT DOOR ABOVE W. H. VANWART'S GROCERY STORE,

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.

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.

WILLIAM ROSSBOROUGH,

MASON,

Plasterer, - and - Bricklayer,

SHORE ST., NEAR GAS WORKS,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

JOBBING a specialty. Workmanship first-class. Prices satisfactory

Per S. S. Nova 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 President 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. CLYNE, Nurseryman, Perth, Ont.

Coal Tar.

FROM NEW YORK.

10 BARRELS best AMERICAN COAL TAR. Just received by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.