POETRY.

LIFE'S DENIAL TO LOVE.

Dear, it is hard to stand
So near thy life, yet so apart;
So near — I think so near — thine heart,
So near that I could touch thine hand.
And yet so far I dare not take
That hand in mine for love's dear sake!

So near that I can look my fill
At stated times upon thy face;
So far that I must yield a place
To others, sore against my will!
So near that [illegible]
So far, my poor heart aches the while!

Dear it is hard to know
Whate'er the stress, the storm, the strife,
The fret, the sadness of thy life,
I have no power, no right to show
Love in my heart, love on my lips,
To comfort thee in life's eclipse!

No right to claim before the rest
The privilege to weep with thee;
No right, across life's stormy sea,
To bid thee welcome to my breast;
No right to share thy hopes, thy fears,
Through all the weary, weary years.

Dear, it is hard to feel
What bliss may meet thee, full and fair,
Wherein poor I can have no share;
That thy wide future may reveal
The joys of harvest manifold,
While I stand lonely in the cold.

Dear, it is hard. But God doth know
How leal the heart that beats for thee;
It is enough, enough for me
To love thee. Let the future show
Love can live on for its own sake,
Though eyes may weep, though hearts may ache!

— All the year Round.

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finimore Cooper

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

CONTINUED.

The death of her terrible enemy appeared to Elizabeth like a resurrection from her own grave. There was an elasticity in the mind of our heroine that rose to meet pressure of instant danger, and the more direct it had been, the more her nature had struggled to overcome them. Notwithstanding the fearful aspect of her foe, the eye of Elizabeth had never shrunk from its gaze, and long after the event her thoughts would recur to her passing sensations, and the sweetness of her midnight sleep would be disturbed, as her active fancy conjured, in dreams, the most trifling movements of savage fury that the beast had exhibited in its moment of power.

Natty received her vehement protestations of gratitude with a simple expression of good-will, and with her indulgence for her present excitement, but with a carelessness that showed how little he thought of the service he had rendered.

"Well, well," he said, "be it so, gal; let it be so, if you wish it — we'll talk the thing over another time. Come, come — let us get into the road, for you've had terror enough to make you wish yourself in your father's house ag'in."

Leather-Stocking remained on the hill, gazing after their retiring figures, until they were hidden by a bend in the road, when he whistled on his dogs, and shouldering his rifle, he returned into the forest.

"Well, it was a skeary thing to the young creaters," said Natty, while he retrod the path toward the plain. "It might frighten an older woman, to see a she-panther so near her, with a dead cub by its side. I wonder if I had aimed at the varmint's eye, if I shouldn't have touched the life sooner than in the forehead; but they are hard-lived animals, and it was a good shot, consid'ring that I could see nothing but the head and the peak of its tail. Hah! who goes there?'

"How goes it, Natty?" said Mr. Doolittle, stepping out of the bushes, with a motion that was a good deal accelerated by the sight of the rifle, that was already lowered in his direction. "What! shooting this warm day! mind, old man, the law don't get hold on you."

"The law, squire! I have shook hands with the law these forty years," returned Natty; for what has a man who lives in the wilderness to do with the ways of the law?"

"Not much, may be," said Hiram; "but you sometimes trade in venison. I s'pose you know, Leather-Stocking, that there is an act passed to lay a fine of five pounds curcency, or twelve dollars and fifty cents, by decimals, on every man who kills a deer betwixt January and August. The Judge had a great hand in getting the law through."

"I can believe it," returned the old hunter; "I can believe that or anything, of a man who carries on as he does in the country."

"Yes, the law is quite positive, and the Judge is bent on putting it in force — five pounds penalty. I thought I heard your hounds out on the scent of so'thing this morning; I didn't know but they might get you into difficulty."

"They know their manners too well," said Natty, carelessly. "And how much goes to the State's evidence, squire?"

"How much?" repeated Hiram, quailing under the honest but sharp look of the hunter; "the informer gets half, I — I believe — yes, I guess it's half. But there's blood on your sleeve, man — you haven't been shooting anything this morning?"

"I have, though," said the hunter, nodding his head significantly to the other, "and a good shot I made of it."

"H-e-m!" ejaculated the magistrate; "and where is the game? I s'pose it's of a good nater, for your dogs won't hunt anything that isn't choice."

"They'll hunt anything I tell them to, squire," cried Natty, favoring the other with his laugh. "They'll hunt you, if I say so. He-e-e-re, he-e-e-er, Hector — he-e e-re, slut — come this a-way, pups — come this a-way — come hither." —

"Oh! I have always heard a good character of the dogs," returned Mr. Doolittle, quickening his pace by raising each leg in rapid succession, as the hounds scented around his person. "And where is the game, Leather-Stocking?"

During this dialogue, the speakers had been walking at a very fast gait, and Natty swung the end of his rifle round, pointing through the bushes, and replied:

"There lies one. How do you like such meat?"

"This!" exclaimed Hiram; "why, this is Judge Temple's dog Brave. Take care, Leather-Stocking, and don't make an enemy of the Judge. I hope you haven't harmed the animal?"

"Look for yourself, Mr. Doolittle," said Natty, drawing his knife from his girdle, and wiping it in a knowing manner, once or twice across his garment of buck-skin; "does his throat look as if I had cut it with this knife?"

"It is dreadfully torn! it's an awful wound—no knife ever did this deed. Who could have done it?".

"The painters behind you, squire."

"Painters!" echoed Hiram, whirling on his heel with an agility that would have done credit to a dancing master.

"Be easy, man," said Natty; there's two of the venomous things; but the dog finished one, and I have fastened the other's jaws for her; so don't be frightened, squire; they won't hurt you."

"And where's the deer?" cried Hiram, staring about him with a bewildered air.

"Anan! deer!" repeated Natty.

"Sartin; ain't the revenison here, or did't you kill a buck?"

"What! when the law forbids the thing, squire!" said the old hunter. "I hope there's no law ag'in killing the painters."

"No! there's a bounty on the scalps — but — will your dogs hunt painters, Natty?"

"Anything; didn't I tell you they would hunt a man? He-e-re, he-e-re, pups —"

"Yes, yes, I remember. Well, they are strange dogs, I must say — I am quite in a wonderment."

Natty had seated himself on the ground, and having laid the grim head of his late ferocious enemy in his lap, was drawing his knife with a practised hand around the ears, which he tore from the head of the beast in such a manner as to preserve their connection, when he answered:

"What at, squire? did you never see a painter's scalp afore? Come, you are a magistrate, I wish you'd make me out an order for the bounty."

"The bounty!" repeated Hiram, holding the ears on the end of his finger for a moment, as if uncertain how to proceed. "Well, let us go down to your hut where you can take the oath, and I will write the order. I suppose you have a Bible? all the law wants is the four evangelists and the Lord's prayer."

"I keep no books," said Natty, a little coldly; "not such a Bible as the law needs."

"Oh! there's but one sort of Bible that's good in law," returned the magistrate. "and yourn will do as well as another's. Come, the carcasses are worth nothing, man; let us go down and take the oath."

"Softly, softly, squire," said the hunter, lifting his trophies very deliberately from the ground, and shouldering his rifle; why do you want an oath at all, for a thing that your own eyes has seen? won't you believe yourself, that another man must swear to a fact that you know to be true? You have seen me scalp the creaters, and if I must swear to it, it shall be before Judge Temple, who needs an oath."

"But we have no pen or paper here, Leather-Stocking; we must go to the hut for them, or how can I write the order?"

Natty turned his simple features on the cunning magistrate with another of his laughs, as he said:

"And what should I be doing with scholars' tools? I want no pens or paper, not knowing the use of either; and I keep none. No, no, I'll bring the scalps into the village, squire, and you can make out the order on one of your law-books, and it will be all the better for it. The deuce take this leather on the neck of the dog, it will strangle the old fool. Can you lend me a knife, squire?"

Hiram, who seemed particularly anxious to be on good terms with his companion, unhesitatingly complied. Natty cut the thong from the neck of the hound, and, as he returned the knife to its owner, carelessly remarked:

"'Tis a good bit of steel, and has cut such leather as this very same, before now, I dare say."

"Do you mean to charge me with letting your hounds loose?" exclaimed Hiram, with a consciousness that disarmed his caution.

"Loose!" repeated the hunter — "I let them loose myself. I always let them loose before I leave the hut."

The ungovernable amazement with which Mr. Doolittle listened to this falsehood would have betrayed his agency in the liberation of the dogs, had Natty wanted any further confirmation; and the coolness and management of the old man now disappeared in open indignation.

"Look you here, Mr. Doolittle," he said, striking the breech of his rifle violently on the ground; "what there is in the wigwam of a poor man like me, that one like you can carve, I don't know; but this I tell you to your face, that you never shall put foot under the roof of my cabin with my consent, and that, if you harbor round the spot as you have done lately, you may meet with treatment that you will relish."

"And let me tell you, Mr. Bumppo," said Hiram, retreating, however, with a quick step," that I know you've broke the law, and that I'm a magistrate, and will make you feel it too, before you are a day older."

"That for you and your law, too," cried Natty, snapping his fingers at the justice of the peace; "away with you, you varmint, before the devil tempts me to give you your desarts. Take care, if I ever catch your prowling face in the woods ag'in, that I don't shoot it for an owl."

There is something at all times commanding in honest indignation, and Hiram did not stay to provoke the wrath of the old hunter to extremities. When the intruder was out of sight, Natty proceeded to the hut, where he found all quiet as the grave. He fastened his dogs, and tapping at the door, which was opened by Edwards, asked:

"Is all safe, lad?"

"Everything," returned the youth. "Some one attempted the lock, but it was too strong for him."

"I know the creater," said Natty, "but he'll not trust himself within the reach of my rifle very soon —" What more was uttered by the Leather-Stocking, in his vexation, was rendered inaudible by the closing of the door of the cabin.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure."—
TIMON OF ATHENS.

When Marmaduke Temple and his cousin rode through the gate of the former, the heart of the father had been too recently touched with the best feelings of our nature, to leave inclination for immediate discourse. There was an importance in the air of Richard, which would not have admitted of the air of Richard, which would not have admitted of the ordinary informal conversation of the sheriff, without violating all the rules of consistency; and the equestrians pursued their way with great diligence, for more than a mile, in profound silence. At length the soft expression of parental effection was slowly chased from the handsome features of the Judge, and was gradually supplanted by the cast of humor and benevolence that was usually seated on his brow.

"Well, Dickon," he said, "since I have yielded myself so far implicity to your guidance, I think the moment has arrived when I am entitled to further confidence. Why and wherefore are we journeying together in this solemn gait?"

The sheriff gave a loud hem, that rang far in the forest, and keeping his eyes fixed on objects before him like a man who is looking deep into futurity:

"There has always been one point of difference between us, Judge Temple, I may say, since our nativity," he replied; "not that I would insinuate that you are at all answerable for the acts of Nature; for a man is no more to be condemned for the misfortunes of his birth, than he is to be commended for the natural advantages he may possess; but on one point we may be said to have differed from our births, and they, you know, occurred within two days of each other."

"I really marvel, Richard, what this one point can be; for, to my eyes, we seem to differ so materially, and so often —"

"Mere consequences, sir," interrupted the sheriff; "all our minor differences proceeded from one cause, and that is, our opinions of the universal attainments of genius."

"In what, Dickon?"

"I speak plain English, I believe, Judge Temple; at least I ought; for my father, who taught me, could speak —"

"Greek and Latin," interrupted Marmaduke. "I well know the qualifications of your family in tongues, Dickon. But proceed to the point; why are we travelling over this mountain to-day?"

"To do justice to any subject, sir, the narrator must be suffered to proceed in his own way," continued the sheriff. "You are of opinion, Judge Temple, that a man is to be qualified by nature and education to do only one thing well, whereas I know that genius will supply the place of learning, and that a certain sort of man can do anything and everything."

"Like yourself, I suppose," said Marmaduke, smiling.

"I scorn personalities, sir, I say nothing of myself; but there are three men on your Patent, of the kind that I should term talented by nature for her general purposes, though acting under the influence of different situations."

"We are better off, then, I had supposed. Who are these triumviri?"

"Why, sir, one is Hiram Doolittle; a carpenter by trade, as you know — and I need only point to the village to exhibit his merits. Then he is a magistrate, and might shame many a man, in his distribution of justice, who has had better opportunities."

"Well, he is one," said Marmaduke, with the air of a man that was determined not to dispute the point.

"Jotham Riddel is another."

"Who?"

"Jotham Riddel."

"What, that dissatisfied, shiftless, lazy, speculating fellow! he who changes his county every three years, his farm every six months, and his occupation every season! an agriculturist yesterday, a shoemaker to-day, and a school-master tomorrow! that epitome of all the unsteady and profitless propensities of the settlers without one of their good qualities to counterbalance the evil! Nay, Richard. this is too bad for ever — but the third?"

"As the third is not used to hearing such comments on his character, Judge Temple, I shall not name him."

"The amount of all this, then, Dickon, is that the trio, of which you are one, and the principal, have made some important discovery."

"I have not said that I am one, Judge Temple. As I told you before, I say nothing egotistical. But a discovery has been made, and you are deeply interested in it."

"Proceed — I am all ears."

"No, no, 'duke, you are bad enough, I own, but not so bad as that, eithor; your ears are not quite full grown."

The sheriff laughed heartily at his own wit, and put himself in good humor thereby, when he gratified his patient cousin with the following explanation:

"You know, 'duke, there is a man living on your estate that goes by the name of Natty Bumppo. Here has this man lived, by what I can learn, for more than forty years — by himself, until lately; and now with strange companions."

"Part very true, and all very probable," said the Judge.

"All true, sir; all true. Well, within these last few months have appeared as his companions an old Indian chief, the last, or one of the last of his tribe that is to be found in this part of the country, and a young man, who is said to be the son of some Indian agent, by a squaw."

"Who says that?" cried Marmaduke, with an interest that he had not manifested before.

"Who? why, common sense — common report — the hue and cry. But listen till you know all. This youth has very pretty talents — yes, what I call very pretty talents — and has been well educated, has seen very tolerable company, and knows how to behave himself when he has a mind to. Now, Judge Temple, can you tell me what has brought three such men as Indian John, Natty Bumppo, and Oliver Edwards together?"

Marmaduke turned his countenance, in evident surprise, to his cousin, and replied quickly:

"Thou hast unexpectedly hit on a subject, Richard, that has often occupied my mind. But knowest thou anything of this mystery, or are they only the crude conjectures of —"

"Crude nothing, 'duke, crude nothing; but facts, stubborn facts. You know there are mines in these mountains; I have often heard you say that you believed in their existence."

"Reasoning from analogy, Richard, but not with any certainty of the fact."

"You have heard them mentioned, and have seen specimens of the ore, sir; you will not deny that! and, reasoning from analogy, as you say, if their be mines in South America, ought there not to be mines in North America too?"

"Nay, nay, I deny nothing, my counsin. I certainly have heard many rumors of the existence of mines in these hills; and I do believe that I have seen specimens of the precious metals that have been found here. It would occasion me no surprise to learn that tin and silver, or what I consider of more consequence, good coal—"

"Damn your coal," cried the sheriff; "who wants to find coal in these forests? No, no — silver, 'duke; silver is the one thing needful, and silver is to be. But listen: you are not to be told that the natives have long known the use of gold and silver; now who so likely to be acquainted where they are to be found as the ancient inhabitants of a country? I have the best reasons for believing that both Mohegan and the Leather-Stocking have been privy to the existence of a mine in this very mountain for many years."

The sheriff had now touched his cousin in a sensitive spot; and Marmaduke lent a more attentive ear to the speaker, who, after waiting a moment to see the effect of this extraordinary development, proceeded:

"Yes, sir, I have my reasons, and at a proper time you shall know them."

"No time is so good as the present."

"Well, well, be attentive," continued Richard, looking cautiously about him, to make certain that no eavesdropper was hid in the forest, though they were in constant motion. "I have seen Leather-Stocking and Mohegan, with my own eyes — and my eyes are as good as anybody's eyes — I have seen them, I say, both going up the mountain and coming down it, with spades and picks; and others have seen them carrying things into their huts, in a secret and mysterious manner, after dark. Do you call this a fact of importance?"

The Judge did not reply, but his brow had contracted, with a thoughtfulness that he always wore when much interested, and his eyes rested on his cousin in expectation of hearing more. Richard continued:

"It was ore. Now, sir, I ask if you can tell me who this Mr. Oliver Edwards is, that has made a part of your household since Christmas?"

Marmaduke again raised his eyes, but continued silent, shaking his head in the negative.

"That he is a half-breed we know, for Mohegan does not scruple to call him openly his kinsman; that he is well educated we know. But as to his business here — do you remember that about a month before this young man made his appearance among us, Natty was absent from home several days? You do; for you inquired for him, as you wanted some venison to take to your friends, when you went for Bess. Well, he was not to be found. Old John was left in the hut alone; and when Natty did appear, although he came on in the night, he was seen drawing one of those jumpers that they carry their grain to the mill in, and to take out something with great care, that he had covered up under his bearskins. Now let me ask you, Judge Temple, what motive could induce a man like the Leather-Stocking to make a sled, and toil with a load across these mountains, if he had nothing but his rifle or his ammunition to carry?"

"They frequently make the jumpers to convey their game home, and you say he had been absent many days."

"How did he kill it? His rifle was in the village, to be mended. No, no — that he was gone to some unusual place is certain; that he brought back some secret utensils is more certain; and that he has not allowed a soul to approach his hut since is most certain of all."

"He was never fond of intruders—"

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOME MADE CARAMELS.

Our candy was to be sold for a cent a stick, but the sticks were not scanty little snips by any means. Mrs. Cartwright made us a present of the molasses, Lois brought the sugar from home, Al Fay brought the saleratus, Patty remembered about the vinegar, and Marjorie produced the butter.

These were the ingredients; a half-gallon of New Orleans molasses, a cup of vinegar, a piece of butter as large as two eggs, a good teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in hot water.

We melted the sugar in the vinegar, stirred it into the molasses, and let it come to the boil, stirring steadily. The boys took turns at this work.

When the syrup began to thicken we dropped in the saleratus, which makes it clear; then flouring our hands, each took a position, and pulled it till it was white.

The longer we pulled, the whiter it grew. We ate some of it, but we girls were quite firm in saving half for our sale.

Then we made maple-sugar caramels. Have you ever tried them. They are splendid. You must have maple-sugar to begin with; real sugar from the trees in Vermont if you can get it. You will need a deep saucepan. Then into a quart of fresh sweet milk break two pounds of sugar Set it over the fire. As the sugar melts, it will expand. Boil, boil, boil, stir, stir, stir. Never mind if your face grows hot. One cannot make candy sitting in a rocking-chair with a fan. One doesn't calculate to, as great-aunt Jessamine always says.

The way to test it when you think it is done is to drop a portion in cold water. If brittle enough to break, it is done. Pour into square buttered pans, and mark it off while soft into little squares with a knife.

Some people like cream candy. It is made in this way; three large cupfuls of loaf-sugar, six table-spooonfuls of water. Boil, without stirring, in a bright tin pan until it will crisp in water like molasses candy. Flavor it with essence of lemon or vanilla; just before it is done, add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Powder your hands with flour, and pull it till it is perfectly white.

Plain Caramels. — One pound of brown sugar, a quarter of a pound of chocolate, pint of cream, one teaspoonful of butter, two table-spoonfuls of molasses. Boil for thirty minutes, stirring all the time; test by dropping into cold water. Flavor with vanilla, and mark off as you do the maple caramels.

Home-made candy is sure to be of good materials, and will seldom be harmful unless the eater takes a great quantity. Then the pleasure of making it counts for something.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

To young men who would "get on" in this world, and reach the age of four-score years, with happiness and prosperity, there is little more to be said. But I will refer them to a study of my own rules of action:

Briefly, I would say — Be honest; do not spend as much as you make; don't smoke or drink; depend upon your own personal exertions, and do not leave important affairs to a third person; don't have too many irons in the fire; do not get above your own business, and, above all, be systematic. Advertise your business on all possible occasions; but attend to it, too, and see that your claims and promises made to the public are fulfilled. It does not pay to have a single customer go away dissatisfied. Nor does it pay to take money for services for which you do not render an equivalent.

The best working years of a man's life are usually between twenty-six and sixty; but much good work is possible long after the three-score year mark has been passed. I can say, for myself, that every moment of my time is put to some definite purpose, and, though I have numberless calls and demands, I enjoy a reasonable recreation each day. Both work and rest, and joy also, should make up the sum of a busy life. — P. T. BARNUM, in Laies'd Home Journal.

A number of gentlemen left Liverpool last May, having in charge 20,000 sovereigns, the payment which an English company had undertaken to make to the Republican government of Liberia for the sole right of exporting indiarubber from that country. The money was conveyed in 10 boxes, each containing 2000 sovereigns, all the boxes being roped together with buoys attached to them, so that in the event of the landing boat being capsized in the heavy surf which rolls on the shore the whereabouts of the packets might be ascertained. These precautions proved unnecessary, the money being safely landed and deposited in the Liberian treasury. But amidst the general joy which the receipt of so large a sum occasioned in the negro republic, there was no small disappointment, for, as the money was gradually paid out by the goverment, the people could obtain no change for the gold; and perhaps for the first time in history, the British sovereign was at a discount. Owing to the scarcity of silver, the sum of 18s. was gladly accepted for each sovereign, but no doubt this exchange anomaly will soon right itself.

Tramp (piteously) — Please help a poor cripple.

Kind old gent (handing him some money) — Bless me! why of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?

Tramp (pocketing the money) — Financially crippled, sir.

One of Jeff Davis' emancipated slaves has been elected to the Missippi constitutional convention.

The centennial of the discovery of coal in Philadelphia is to be celebrated in September, 1891.

OBEDIENCE TO DEATH.

The editor of Gil Blas, in his last issue, vouches for the truth of this story: Napoleon I was entertaing the Czar Alexander and the Prussian king at breakfast in Tilsit, when the conversation turned on loyalty.

"My soldiers obey me blindly," said the Czar.

"And mine are anxious to die for me," added Napoleon.

At the suggestion of the Prussian king a test of devotion was agreed upon. The royal party was breakfasting in the fifth story of a building that faced a paved street. Each member was to call in one of his soldiers and command him to jump from the window. Napoleon made the first test.

"Call the Gardiste Marcau," he commanded, and Marcau appeared.

"Will you obey any order I give you?" asked Napoleon.

"Yes, sire."

"Blindly, whatever it is?"

"Blindly, sire."

"Then jump out of that window."

"But I have a wife and two children, sire."

"I will care for them. Forward!" And the Gardiste Marcau, with a military salute, walked to the window and leaped out.

"Call a private of the body guard," ordered the Czar, whose turn came next. The soldier came.

"What's your name?"

"Ivan Ivanovich."

"Well, Ivan, just throw yourself out of that window."

"Yes, father," answered the guardsman, and he did it.

"Command the bravest of my soldiers to come here," said the Pussian king to his servant. A six-foot uhlan with a row of orders across his breast and a scar on his forehead, entered.

"My friend," explained the King, "to show their loyalty a French and a Russian guardsman have jumped at command from that window. Have you the pluck to do the same?"

"Is it for the Fatherland?"

"No."

"Then I refuse to do it."

Gil Blas thinks this anecdote contains a fine lesson for German army officers of the present.

For Over Fifty Years.

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."

BETTER THAN A STRING.

"I want something," said a farmer as he entered a Michigan avenue drug store the other day.

"Well, what is it?"

"I didn't tie a string around my finger, but I guess I can get around to it all the same. What's the name of the lake below us?"

"Lake Erie."

"Exactly. What's the name of the bay which the boats run to?"

"Put-in-Bay."

"Correct. Now, then, who put in there?"

"Perry."

"Straight as a string. I want ten cent's worth of perygoric. My old woman said I'd be sure to forget it, but here's the proof that I didn't."

Miss Beacon — "This waltz is divine! Do you ever dance the lanciers, doctor?" Dr. Boylston — "No, but I sometimes lance the dancers."

There is really no tangible objection to violently plaid trousers except that they keep one constantly wondering whose move it is.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.*

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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IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER
TRADE MARK
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST,
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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.
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THE HERALD
STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
Corner Queen and Regent Streets,
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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.

WILLIAM ROSSBOROUGH,
MASON,
Plasterer, - and - Bricklayer,
SHORE ST., NEAR GAS WORKS,
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JOBBING a specialty.
Workmanship first-class.
Prices satisfactory

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

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.

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

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,
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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.
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GEO. H. DAVIS,
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CORNER QUEEN AND REGENT STS.
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G. T. WHELPLEY.
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
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SOCIAL TEA BISCUIT,
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GRAHAM WAFERS,
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TO ARRIVE,
3 Cars Ontario Seed Oats,
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G. T. WHELPLEY,
310 QUEEN STREET,
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