POETRY.

CALLISTE.

In May, when oleanders bloom,
That time the gold was on the broom,
Before the moon was full above
A world that seemed but made for love,
When fire-flies lit the way we went
To bruise the hill thyme into scent,
The shadows of your raven hair,
The charm of movements free as air,
Your wild-bird grace of shy replies,
The mischief in your sea-deep eyes,
Had tempted me to whisper you
The word, world-old but ever new,
The word that seemed so light to say
When oleanders bloomed in May.

But, ah, Calliste, over sea
The fickle wind sets where for me
Lie other ways and other cares;—
For you the soft Ægean airs,
The sails in yonder haven furled
To tell you of the outside world,
The starry nights, the spring's perfume
Returning with the orange bloom,
The simple prayer you know to pray,
The ready mirth, and then some day
Some sailor with the broad brown chest
To snatch the flower from your breast,
To knot his fingers in your hair,
Draw up your face and call it fair,
And say the word I dared not say
When oleanders bloomed in May.

—RENNELL RODD, in Harper's Magazine for September.

SELECT STORY.

THE PIONEERS.

By J. Finimore Cooper

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

CONTINUED.

For one instant the skiff was drawn through the water, but in the next the canoe glided before it, and Natty, bending low, passed his knife across the throat of animal, whose blood followed the wound, dyeing the waters. The short time that was passed in the last struggles of the animal was spent by the hunters in bringing their boats together and securing them in that position, when Leather-Stocking drew the deer from the water and laid its lifeless form in the bottom of the canoe. He placed his hands on the ribs, and on different parts of the body of his prize, and then, raising his head, he laughed in his peculiar manner.

"So much for Marmaduke Temple's law!" he said. "This warms a body's blood, old John; I haven't killed a buck in the lake afore this, sin' many a year. I call that good venison, lad; and I know them that will relish the creatur's steaks for all the betterments in the land."

The Indian had long been drooping with his years, and perhaps under the calamities of his race, but this invigorating and exciting sport caused a gleam of sunshine to cross his swarthy face that had long been absent from his features. It was evident the old man enjoyed the chase more as a memorial of his youthful sports and deeds than with any expectation of profiting by the success. He felt the deer, however, lightly, his hand already trembling with the reaction of his unusual exertions, and smiled with a nod of approbation, as he said, in the emphatic and sententious manner of his people:

"Good."

"I am afraid, Natty," said Edwards, when the heat of the moment had passed, and his blood began to cool, "that we have all been equally transgressors of the law. But keep your own counsel, and there are none here to betray us. Yet, how came those dogs at large? I left them securely fastened, I know, for I felt the thongs and examined the knots when I was at the hut."

"It has been too much for the poor things," said Natty, "to have such a buck take the wind of them. See, lad, the pieces of the buckskin are hanging from their necks yet. Let us paddle up, John and I will call them in and look a little into the matter."

When the old hunter landed and examined the thongs that were yet fast to the hounds, his countenance sensibly changed, and he shook his head doubtingly.

"Here has been a knife-at work," he said; "this skin was never torn, nor is this the mark of a hound's tooth. No, no—Hector is not in fault, as I feared."

"Has the leather been cut?" cried Edwards.

"No, no—I didn't say it had been cut lad; but this is a mark that was never made by a jump or a bite."

"Could that rascally carpenter have dared!"

"Ay! he durst do anything when there is no danger," said Natty; "he is a curious body, and loves to be helping other people on with their consarns. But he had best not harbor so much near the wigwam!"

In the meantime, Mohegan had been examining, with an Indian's sagacity, the place where the leather thong had been separated. After scrutinizing it closely, he said, in Delaware:

"It was cut with a knife—a sharp blade and a long handle—the man was afraid of the dogs."

"How is this, Mohegan?" exclaimed Edwards; "you saw it not! how can you know these facts?"

"Listen, son," said the warrior. "The knife was sharp, for the cut was smooth; the handle was long, for a man's arm would not reach from this gash to cut that did not go through the skin; he was a coward, or he would have cut the thongs around the necks of the hounds."

"On my life," cried Natty, "John is on the scent! It was the carpenter; and he has got on rock back of the kennel and let the dogs loose by fastening his knife to a stick. It would be an easy matter to do it where a man is so minded."

"And why should he do so?" asked Edwards; "who has done him wrong, that he should trouble two old men like you?"

"It's a hard matter, lad, to know men's ways, I find since the settlers have brought in their new fashions. But is there nothing to be found out in the place? and maybe he is troubled with his longings after other people's business, as he often is."

"Your suspicions are just. Give me the canoe; I am young and strong, and will get down there yet, perhaps, in time to interrupt his plans. Heaven forbid that we should be at the mercy of such a man!"

His proposal was accepted, the deer being placed in the skiff in order to lighten the canoe, and in less than five minutes the little vessel of bark was gliding over the glassy lake, and was soon hid by the points of land as it shot close along the shore.

Mohegan followed slowly with the skiff, while Natty called his hounds to him, bade them keep close, and, shouldering his rifle, he ascended the mountain, with n intention of going to the hut by land.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone;
Perchance, her reason stoops, or reels;
Perchance, a courage not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone."
—SCOTT.

While the chase was occurring on the lake, Miss Temple and her companion pursued their walk on the mountain. Male attendants on such excursions were thought to be altogether unnecessary, for none were ever known to offer insult to a female who respected herself. After the embarrassment created by the parting discourse with Edwards had dissipated, the girls maintained a conversation that was as innocent and cheerful as themselves.

The path they took led them but a short distance above the hut of Leather-Stocking, and there was a point in the road which commanded a bird's eye view of the sequestered spot.

"I would give all my other secrets, Louisa," exclaimed Miss Temple, laughing and shaking back her dark locks, with a look of childish simplicity that her intelligent face seldom expressed, "to be mistress of all that those rude logs have heard and witnessed."

They were both looking at the secluded hut at the instant, and Miss Grant raised her mild eyes as she answered:

"I am sure they would tell nothing to the disadvantage of Mr. Edwards."

"Perhaps not; but they might, at least, tell who he is."

"Why, dear Miss Temple, we know that already. I have heard it all very rationally explained by your cousin——"

"The executive chief! he can explain anything. His ingenuity will one day discover the philosopher's stone. But what did he say?"

"Say!" echoed Louisa, with a look of surprise; "why, everything that seemed to me to be satisfactory, and I have believed it to be true. He said that Natty Bumppo had lived most of his life in the woods and among the Indians, by which means he had formed an acquaintance with old John, the Delaware chief."

"Indeed! that was quite a matter-of-fact tale for cousin Dickon. What came next?"

"I believe he accounted for their close intimacy by some story about the Leather-Stocking saving the life of John in a battle."

"Nothing more likely," said Elizabeth, a little impatiently; "but what is all this to the purpose?"

"Nay, Elizabeth, you must bear with my ignorance, and I will repeat all that I can remember to have overheard; for the dialogue was between my father and the sheriff, as lately as the last time they met. He then added that the kings of England used to keep gentlemen as agents among the different tribes of Indians, and sometimes officers in the army, who frequently passed half their lives on the edge of the wilderness."

"Told with wonderful historical accuracy! And did he end there?"

"Oh! no—then he said that these agents seldom married; and—and—they must have been wicked men, Elizabeth! but I assure you he said so."

"Never mind," said Miss Temple, blushing and smiling, though so slightly that both were unheeded by her companion; "skip all that."

"Well, then, he said that they often took great pride in the education of their children, whom they frequently sent to England, and even to the colleges; and this is the way that he accounts for the liberal manner in which Mr. Edwards has been taught; for he acknowledges that he knows almost as much as your father—or mine—or even himself"

"Quite a climax in learning! And so he made Mohegan the granduncle or grandfather of Oliver Edwards."

"You have heard him yourself, then?" said Louisa.

"Often; but not on this subject. Mr. Richard Jones, you know, dear, has a theory for everything; but has he one which will explain the reason why that hut is the only habitation within fifty miles of us whose door is not open to every person who may choose to lift its latch?"

"I have never heard him say anything on this subject," returned the clergyman's daughter; "but I suppose that, as they are poor, they very naturally are anxious to keep the little that they honestly own. It is sometimes dangerous to be rich, Miss Temple; but you cannot know how hard it is to be very, very poor."

"Nor you, I trust, Louisa; at least I should hope that, in this land of abundance, no minister of the church could be left in absolute suffering."

"There cannot be actual misery," returned the other, in a low and humble tone, "where there is a dependence on our Maker; but there may be such suffering as will cause the heart to ache."

"But not you—not you" said the impetuous Elizabeth—"not you, dear girl; you have never known the misery that is connected with povery."

"Ah! Miss Temple, you little understand the troubles of this life, I believe. My father has spent many years as a missionary in the new countries, where his people were poor, and frequently we have been without bread; unable to buy and ashamed to beg, because we would not disgrace his sacred calling. But how often have I seen him leave his home, where the sick and the hungry felt, when he left them, that they had lost their only earthly friend, to ride on a duty which could not be neglected for domestic evils. Oh! how hard it must be to preach consolation to others when your own heart is bursting with anguish!"

"But it is all over now! Your father's income must now be equal to his wants—it must be—it shall be——"

"It is," replied Louisa, dropping her head on her bosom, to conceal the tears which flowed in spite of her gentle christianity—"for there are none left to be supplied but me."

The turn the conversation had taken drove from the minds of the young maidens all other thoughts but those of holy charity; and Elizabeth folded her friend in her arms, when the latter gave vent to her momentary grief in audible sobs. When this burst of emotion had subsided, Louisa raised her mild countenance, and they continued their walk in silence.

By this time they had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm, and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in the ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk, and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed:

"Listen! there are cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us, or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer starving on the hill."

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them cried!

"Look at the dog!"

Brave had been their companion, from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel, to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their boquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?"

At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking.

"What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening to leap.

"Let us fly," exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity. She fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble. "Courage, courage, good Brave!"

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature, approached the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind-legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore-paws, and play the antics of a cat; and then by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dry leaves, accompanied by loud and terrific cries. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own safety in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther alighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and rearing on his hind-legs, rush to the fray again, with jaws distended, and a dauntless eye. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage, he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate himself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened, when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mecry of the beast. There is said to be some thing in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next, to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting inches from her broad feet.

Miss Temple did not or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy—her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror.

The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice, "stoop lower, gal; your bonnet hides the creature's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-Stocking rushed by her, and he called aloud:

"Come in, Hector, come in, old fool; ,tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in."

Natty fearlessly maintained his position in front of the females, nothwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN EVENING'S AMUSEMENT.

We were seated in the pleasant parlor of a town house, and F——— with his violen, and mamma and little sister at the piano, had given us some very charming music. There was still an hour before the children's hoilday bed time should arrive, and some one proposed that it be spent in a pleasant game of word-guessing.

The sweetest and the dearest, obliging as usual, volunteered to go out of the room while a line of poetry was selected. The line, from a stanza of the "Ancient Mariner," was presently chosen:

"The wedding guest he beat his breast,"

and our friend came in, and beginning at one extreme of the circle, asked questions of each person in turn. She was allowed to ask any sort of question she pleased, and the person questioned, in his or her reply, was obliged to bring in deftly, and with as little emphasis as possible, the word which had been assigned, for each of us had taken a word in order. Thus, No. 1 had "the" No. 2 "wedding" No. 3 "guest" and so on. The questioner was permitted three separate guesses as to the word on hearing the answer of each, and you would hardly believe that the familiar line went twice around the circle before it was finally discovered.

Such an exercise is very much to be commended for an evening's pleasure at home. It gives an opportunity for nimble wits in constructing puzzling sentences; and those who take part in the game gather up a sheaf of poetical lines which linger in the memory. Odd bits of information come to hand, and even well-read people are sometimes surprise to be told that the line they thought belonged to Moore was really written by Campbell, or that some fine sentiment which they had attributed to Shakespeare came from a long gone classic source.

After this game, if there be nuts and apples for sociability, and a song or two from the pretty daughter or the older brother, another violin solo, or a chapter from Ben-Hur or some other good book, the evening will be voted charmingly satisfactory. For reading aloud at home, The Capitals of Spanish America, by William Eleroy Curtis, has proved delightful, enlisting the attention of everybody, and giving the pleasant experiences of travel without going away from the fireside.

In summer, when the conversation on the piazza flags, such quiet amusements as these come in very well to put the listless mood to flight. It is worth while to plan a little for an evening's enjoyment, so that to young and old there may be no place like home.

IMPROVEMENTS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Letters from the missionaries in Uganda say King Mwanga has been almost wholly stripped of the despotic power which he and his fathers for some centuries have exercised. He is now of little importance in his own country. White influences are in complete ascendancy. The king can get nothing that he does not ask for from his chiefs, who are under control of the Protestant or Catholic religion. This is a great change for the young king, who a while ago killed a Bishop, imprisoned white missionaries and slaughtered native Christians by the score. No heathens are allowed to hold any office in the new government. Many of them are permitted to remain in the land, but there is not a chief among them. The great offices, of which there are six important ones, have been equally divided between the two Christian parties. There has been great danger of serious clashing between the Protestant and Catholic sects. By the advice of both Catholic and Protestant missionaries they have, however, decided to bury their differances and work together for the good of the country. The parties have taken on oath, signed by the leaders, agreeing that, whatever their disputes mav be, they will not spill one another's blood, but will depend upon sober arguments and arbitration to settle all their quarrels. The Mohammedan party seems to be entirely defeated. Thus a remarkable change has been wrought in Uganda, where a while ago the Mohammedans ruled everything, and by their influence upon Mwanga and his successor Karema, drove the whites out of the country, and threatened to retard the progress of white enterprises and of all civilization in central Africa for half a century to come.

CHOLERA AND GRIP.

News as cheering in another sense comes from Vienna whence report sends word of a fine single specimen of Asiatic cholera. A doctor at Montmartre announces the second official visit of la grippe with colors flying. The public will be pleased to know that several modern improvements have been added, making it quite superior to the well-remembered plague of last year. The chief comic feature hereafter is to be a tremendous swelling of the tongue, which will fall hardest on gluttons and gossips and will establish a suspense of their habitual operations for three days and nights. As a chose between that and the cholera, fastidious connoisseurs may choose the latter, on the principle that to die with dignity is preferable to living in ignominy for 72 hours, like gagged shrews of the fourteenth century.

In the very hour in which the German Emperor performed the historic act of taking possession of Heligoland, the wife of a poor cobbler gave birth to a boy. According to the Anglo-German agreement, the boy, being born under German rule was the first recruit from the island won for the German army. As soon as this event became known several Berlin visitors issned an appeal for "the first German recruit from Heligoland." The members of the committee headed the list with contributions of 20 marks each, and then circulated it amongst the other visitors to the island, who on that significant day were equally willing and liberal. Before sunset the parents of "the first German recruit" were most agreeably surprised by a present of a nice little sum in grateful recognition of such well-timed patriotism.

The Humorist (presenting a slip of paper)—"I bring you, sir, a joke from away across the continent."

The editor (reading)—"Yes, it seems rather farfetched."

NOT HARD TO LEARN.

"I s'pose if I should try to ride that machine I'd break my blamed neck," said a gawky-looking fellow sitting on the dry goods box in front of the country store, as he looked at the bicycle which a city wheelman on a tour had leaned against the hitchingrack, preparatory to enquiring for a bottle of soda-pop.

"No, you would'nt," replied the bicycler, winking at the bystander. "It's the easiest thing in the world to do. Anybody can ride one of these machines if he only thinks so."

"I want to know?" exclaimed the gawky-looking youth. "D'ye think I could stay on if I got on?"

"I know you could."

"An' make'er go?"

"Of course."

"Sho! You're trying to fool me."

"Don't you want to try it?"

And the tourist in knickerbockers winked slyly once more at the interested spectaors.

"How do you keep from fallin' off the darned thing?"

"All you've to do is to climb on, start it going, and keep going. Take it out and get on."

The gawky chap climbed down from the dry-goods box, shut up his jack-knife and put it in his pocket, took hold of the bicycle awkwardly, and trundled it out into the middle of the road.

"It isn't quite as good a one as I've got at home," he said, as he mounted it and started down the road at a rattlng pace, "But I can follow directions on it. I can start it and and keep it going. It's only four miles to the next town. I'll be waiting for you at the pump. Good-bye."

And the smart young tourist in knickerbockers trudged after him on foot.—Pittsburg Press.

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."

TALMAGE ON CHURCH CHOIRS.

My chief objection to church choir singing is that I am a firm believer in a congregation doing the snging. To me a singing church is aways a triumphant church. If a congregation is silent during the exercise, or partially silent, it is the silence of death. If, when the hymn is given out, you hear the faint hum of here and there a father and mother in Israel, while the vast majority are silent, that minister of Christ who is presiding needs to have a very strong consitution if he does not get the chills. He needs not only the grace of God, but nerves like walebones. It is a constant source of amazement to me how some people with voice enough to discharge all their duties in the world, when they come into the house of God have no voice to discharge their duty of singing. I really believe that if all our churches would rise up and sing as they ought to sing, that where we have a hundred souls brought into the kingdom of Christ there would be a thousand.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The owner of an old warehouse in Brooklyn thought there might be a rat or two about the place, and he offered a rat catcher ten cents apiece for all he could slay. The catcher piled up 1,058 rodents on the floor in two days, and was intending to capture the other 5,000 when the warehouse man ordered him off.

Almost every occupation under the sun has formed a union, and the last thing to come is a grave-diggers' combine. All the diggers in Baltimore and Washington have combined "for social improvement and better pay," and they are going to capture Philadelphia, New York and other cities. Why not? It's a free country.

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
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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
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Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.
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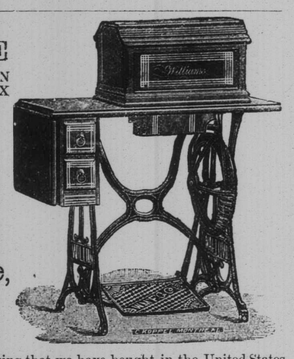

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ROOM PAPER—We have much pleasure in stating that we have bought in the United States, before the rise in Wall Papers, 1700 Rolls, and will be in a position very shortly to show the BEST ASSORTMENT of WALL PAPERS to be had anywhere, in Brown and White, 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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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
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Of the best makes.
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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.
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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
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RELIABLE PUSHING MEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. Complete assortment. Splendid opportunity offered for Spring work. My Sales men 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,
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Office and Warehouse: Campbell St., above City Hall
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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 ...
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,
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NEXT DOOR ABOVE W. H. VANWART'S GROCERY STORE,
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ASSETS, 1ST JANUARY, 1889, - $39,722,809.59
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Fire Insurance of Every Description at LOWEST CURRENT RATES.
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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,
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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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JUST RECEIVED,
500 Bushel TIMOTHY SEED,
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ALWAYS IN STOCK:
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A FRESH LOT OF
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