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THE

LONDONDERRY ARC-LIGHT.

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LONDONDERRY ARC-LIGHT,

ACADIA MINES, N. S.

Select Poetry.

THAT BLACK-EYED GAL.

BY MONTGOMERY M. FOLSOM.

Her lips like soft, ripe cherries,
An' her cheek is like the rose,
An' her eyes black gum berries,
What never hain't be'n froze.

Her hair is long an' curly,
And a shiny shadder throws
In a sorter whirly-burly
Round her purty little nose.

Her han' is small an' slender
As a turtle dove's red toes,
An' her neck hit is as tender
As a 'simmon when it's froze.

She was dressed up at the quiltin'
In Sunday-go-to meetin' clo'es,
An' she fetched me up a tiltin'
'Twus foreordered so, I 'spose.

Her head wus on my shoulder,
With its ribbons an' its bows,
An' I got a little bolder,
An' I thought 'at I'd perpose.

I axed of I mought kiss her,
The answer was, "She goes!"
Then I didn't keer a blister
Which way the breezes blows.
An how I kissed
That black-eyed gal,
Gosh Ermighty knows!

ABSENCE.

BY H. EGERTON CLAMP.

Oh, say, shall fate part us forever,
And love like the angel's love die;
Shall pride or misfortune disever
That sacred or mystical tie?

Shall youth, with its glorious passion,
Fade in age's eternal eclipse;
Shall the red cheek grow sallow and ashen
Ere love leaves its glow on the lips?

Let cold reason prevail and disaster
Lead both them to live and forget,
For time neither slower nor faster
Had moved if we never had met.

Let absence, like moss growing over
That mad, sweet illusion of youth,
Efface the fond name of the lover
Till mem'ry shall doubt of its truth.

'Twere best so, perhaps, for one only,
And if it were so it is best,
Though one be deserted and lonely
Never mind so the other be blest.

Time heals up such wounds, and fresh faces
Endeared by their presence will grow
New loves take the absent ones' places;
'Tis wisar to let the past go.

THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAINS

A TALE OF

THE DARK AGES.

By EDGAR W. DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

SIR RUPERT OF ESTENFELS.

Through the solitude of a great mountain fastness rode a traveller at break of day. The dense woods in the vales were still dark, but the upland peaks began to catch the gray tints of dawn, and the shadows of night fled fast into the west.

On a great rock the traveller checked his steed and gazed around him, as if in doubt. His plumed cap was raised, so that the cool winds might fan his wearied brow, while he waited for the coming of the light.

"Lost to a certainty!" he murmured. "And in a wilderness that seems endless. What rugged hills, what solemn groves, what stupendous crags. Surely this is the depth of the Hartz mountains, where the wild huntsmen roam, and the foot of man comes only in doubt and dread!"

Sir Rupert, for that was the cavalier's name, became breathlessly still. The melody of a song was borne to his ears. It was a woman's voice, but he could not distinguish the words. What a wild strange sound to hear thus suddenly in those solitudes.

"Syrens of the wood and the wilderness!" ejaculated Sir Rupert.

He pressed his steed forward along the precipitous path. There was a descent, then a sudden turn, and lo! what a vision was before him.

A rock-walled field of grass, a sparkling pool in the midst, and beside the latter a lovely girl, clad all in green, gazing down into the sparkling water. Her song had ceased, but by no other token did she give sign of consciousness of a stranger's presence. What a scene to come upon in the midst of the wilderdess.

It was a peasant's dress she wore and, yet, resting among the rich brown curls that covered her graceful head, a coronet of gems blazed and sparkled in the morning light like a diadem of living fire.

Sir Rupert dismounted and letting his horse go free over the sweet grass, walked boldly up to the maiden's side.

Still she never stirred, except that her hands were busy with gossamer work and shining needles. Was this enchanting creature deaf and dumb and blind, that she perceived not his presence? Rupert was the first to break the spell, yet knowing not when he did speak, what strange event would follow on his words.

"What do you here so early, and alone?"

The question was a natural one, but the cavalier hardly expected the answer that came to him in soft, low tones like the murmuring of one in a dream.

"I weave the web of destiny for you and me!"

The maiden glanced downward, and a blush tenfold more dangerous to his peace of mind than her eyes had been, tinged with rosy hues her countenance. And all that the cavalier could do was to stand and gaze in mingled doubt and worship.

"Why do I forget?" she exclaimed, breaking in upon his reverie. "Poor man, you have wandered all the night without refreshment and without rest."

Turning quickly away, she stooped to the edge of the pool. On regaining her feet, lo, a silver cup of curious workmanship glittered in the morning light brimming with the sparkling water of the fountain.

"Sir Rupert, drink!" she cried. "There is youth and health in the cup!"

The cavalier remembered the legend of the lorelei, and the fatal sleep that falls upon unwary travellers who accept her charmed draught. In a sudden impulse of uncertainty he clasped the cup and her fingers together in his hand.

"Is it the health of an unending sleep?" he exclaimed. "If I take the cup you offer shall I not possess the youthfulness of those who never grow old—the dead?"

The maiden recoiled from the pressure of his fingers and with a slight scream dropped the cup and it rang upon the pebbles.

"You hurt me!" she cried. "You frighten me. Oh, kind sir, do not regard me with such looks. What have I done?"

The heart of Sir Rupert condemned him. Tenfold lovelier than ever she looked in her alarm and reproachfulness. He endeavored to repair the mischief he had done.

"Lady, forgive me!" he exclaimed. "I was beside myself. I dreamed of the mysterious spirits of the water. Forgive me for my violence."

The maiden drew back with clasped hands. The cavalier stooped and raised the silver vessel from the ground, saying as he did so:

"See, here is your cup. Let me fill it once again, and prove to you how well I know and repent of my error. Truly, I could not help it, you are so beautiful, the place is so strange, and your words were so quaint. Look, I drink to your health."

The cavalier stepped to the pool, he dipped the vessel into its sparkling depths, and raised it on high in courtesy before he touched it to his lips. The maiden exclaimed in a low and trembling tone:

"It is your thoughts that are quaint. I only meant that this flowing spring is known for its healing power all the country through, while you believed that I was some fiend in woman's form alluring you to ruin How could you have thought so evil about an innocent girl, Sir Rupert?"

The cavalier was draining the cup, looking steadily upon the lady all the while. But her closing words made him remember, and he stopped before the last drop had been quaffed.

"That word again!" he exclaimed. "Maiden, I never saw you till this hour. And yet you call me by my title and my name. Tell me by what process of divination, by what magic perception have you found them out? What power has given warning of my coming, and told you what to call me?"

The maiden looked down once more, and stood awhile as if she had not heard the question, but was thinking of things remote and long gone by. And Sir Rupert gazed on her wonderous beauty, waiting for her to speak, unheeding of the spell that was enthralling all his senses.

"Will you not deign reply?" he murmured at last. "At least tell me what I may call you. Some name too choice for human lips to speak must be associated with such rare grace and such charms of person. What is it, maiden, and where do you dwell?"

The reply came so soft and low that Sir Rupert bent forward his head to catch the import of the words—

"Ginevra! and my dwelling place is here!"

Sir Rupert started back in amazement and looked about him at the carpet of green, at the lofty walls of gray rock, at the ceiling of blue sky shining in the morning light.

"Here! in this wild nook of the haunted hills! Ginevra, what does it mean? You surely speak in parable."

He thought of the coronet of gems and again the strangeness of all that had transpired oppressed his senses. Once more the maiden spoke, and hardly louder than before:

"You shall the story hear; but it is long and will weary. Recline, Sir Rupert, on this grassy bank, and I will take my station on this mound, just at your feet. See, I am waiting."

She seated herself as she had proposed. Sir Rupert hesitated but an instant, and then obeyed her monition. The soft earth was most welcome to his weary limbs. And when with bended neck and drooping head looking down into her lap, she began a tale of years that had been almost forgotten, he watched her with deep interest and wondered what that story of the past could have to do with him.

Then stole there over his frame some subtle charm: the very air he breathed seemed full of enchantment; he felt as though angelic wings were wafting him toward the skies, and soon all things terrestrial and celestial faded into the ethereal realms of slumber.

When Sir Rupert at last awoke, dense shadows were everywhere around; the shadows of latest night, and brightest stars were shining in the lofty sky!

With mind confused he murmured the siren's name.

The echoes of the eternal hills alone gave back reply, a thousand times repeating: "Ginevra! Ginevra!"

CHAPTER II.

IN THE NIGHT.

No one ever heard of a village in that vast and fearful wilderness. And yet Sir Rupert, in his troubled and rock-encumbered progress, came upon one, and halted in astonishment. He, at least, had never heard of it. In a dark hollow at his very feet scores of lights gleamed here and there from windows and doors, revealing the outlines of cottages and mansions. No map of the land, no story of travelled sages, had ever brought to Sir Rupert the knowledge of such a place as this. And yet there it was, dim, silent and mysterious, looming up in the night like the pictures in a dream.

"Where hunger drives we fain must obey!" ejaculated Sir Rupert and he descended rapidly into the hollow.

In a very few minutes the knight stood before a low-roofed cottage, in the open doorway of which, revealed against the lighted room within, stood a dark, uncertain figure; but whether of man or whether of woman was not very plainly to be seen.

"Good even, friend!" ejaculated Sir Rupert. "Can you give a wandering knight refreshment and rest? I have lost my way in these mountains, and know not how to regain the road."

There was no answer to his greeting. The dark figure, clad in a long habit like a Roman toga, was voiceless and motionless. The knight repeated his request:

"I am hungry, good sir, and have means to pay. Will you give food for gold?"

Still there came no reply. Surprised at the persistent silence of the form in the doorway, Sir Rupert hesitated for a brief space gazing at it. Then, with a sudden impulse, he threw the bridle rein of his steed upon a pointed post of the fence, and strode boldly across the few feet of lawn to the single step that was before the entrance. This he mounted and stood face to face with the statue-like guardian of the cottage door.

What a face and form that was! Attired in blood-red robes, it stood full seven feet high, presenting a countenance white and bold and forbidding in its aspect, and gazed at him with glassy, corpse-like eyes. The knight felt a quiver in his heart not far remote from fear, and clutched his sword-hilt convulsively.

The lateness of the hour, the deep stillness that brooded all around, the remembrance of his adventure with the lorelei at the fountain, the mystery that seemed to wrap him in like a mist in November, these had their full effect upon his mind. And yet he shrank not from the basilisk stare of the figure, but collected all the invincible, resolute hardihood of his nature, and again spoke:

"Hast thou no welcome for a stranger, whom misfortune has driven to your door? I am no robber, that you need to gaze so wildly at me. All I want is food, and then I will depart. Naught have I tasted for four-and-twenty hours but an accursed draught some siren gave me at the fountain. Give me food or see me faint here at your feet!"

The red figure turned his body half away, and with his long arm raised, and long skinny finger extended, pointed into the cottage, and remained motionless in that attitude. Sir Rupert recoiled at the suddenness of the movement, and then, reassured, pressed boldly over the threshold, to see what was that within to which he was so singularly beckoned.

"A royal feast, upon my word!" ejaculated Rupert. "One would think you expected a legion of hungry princes and provided for them all. For whom, good sir, does this table wait?"

In the room where he stood was spread out a sumptuous repast indeed, with empty settles for half dozen at least. With his question, Sir Rupert faced about as if to get reply, but lo! he was alone. The blood-red demon of the doorway had vanished.

"Now, on my beard, this is strange treatment. Nevertheless let him be gone. I will 'eat hissalt,' as the Koran has it, and so merit the deference due to a guest."

Boldly he went to the table, and surveying it with a critical eye, selected several of the plainest articles of food it bore, and was consuming them with that voracity which his long previous abstinence fully warranted, when his half-finished meal was suddenly interrupted. From without came the loud snorting of a steed, a cry half human and half superhuman, that thrilled him with a nameless dread, and then the sound of hoofs thundering over the stony roads.

Sir Rupert paused, with a morsel of food half raised to his lips, and listened.

"My horse!" he cried. "That would be a loss indeed, in such a strait as this."

And he darted to the door and out into the night.

The rattling of the courser's steel-clad feet was heard dying away down the street, in the direction of the centre of the hamlet. Without a moment's delay, Sir Rupert started off in hot pursuit, but as he ran, the echoes grew less and less, and died away into the distance.

The knight halted abruptly, tired and chagrined. On raising his eyes, he perceived that he was in a broad square, with a green in the centre, and in front of some public edifice. What he beheld drove from his mind all thoughts of his lost steed. The windows of the building before him were lighted as if for a festal hour, but no sounds of revelry came from the open portals.

"How oppressive this stillness is!" murmured Sir Rupert. "One would think these were the regions of death. This cannot last, the worst is here if anywhere. I will end the forever without threatening my reason. The suspense at once, whatever dangers come of the act."

His short impetuous sentences were but the proper expression of the resolution that had taken possession of him, and prompted his next decisive action. He walked rapidly across the intervening space and ascended the steps, halting suddenly at the top.

For there two tall men stood, one on either side, in ancient costume, and holding drawn swords, the points of which rested on the floor. From their dark, bronzed sunburned faces gleaming eyes looked out into his, but the men themselves were as motionless as the brooding atmosphere around.

Sir Rupert glanced from one to the other. In the gaze which met his own there was naught of menace—only a solemnity that forbade all thought of violence from them. By no means abashed at their steady regard, Sir Rupert spoke, anxious to hear at least one human utterance beside his own to break the spell of silence.

"What merriment goes on within-to-night? Is there a wedding or a christening, that your windows look so gay?"

No answer did he get. The men whom he addressed looked grave as owls, and shook their heads.

Before him rose a grand staircase. At its top were broad doors. Slowly he went up till he stood at the portal. The next moment he had passed the threshold and the doors closed behind him.

Hundreds of people were there, all as motionless as the tombs in a funereal chapel, and every eye was turned on him, the new-comer. The tableau was a unique one. Every man in all that broad assembly was clothed in tightly-fitting garments of blood-red hue, and every female form was enwreathed in a flowing graceful mantle and skirt of green.

"What strange spell is on me that I see amiss?" exclaimed Sir Rupert; my senses are deceiving me."

So the knight rubbed his eyes, like one awaking from a sleep, but the vision still was there—the ancient hall, with its curiously attired occupants, 200 pairs of gleaming eyes, all centring their gaze on him.

"Good even to you all!" he cried resolved on second thought to put a bold face on the matter. "I came to crave an audience of the king or queen who rules this fairy land. I pray you, bring me to their presence.

There ensued at once some slight commotion in the crowd. Moving slowly and stately to the right and left, they opened a living lane across the hall. Looking along the line Sir Rupert beheld a throne of gilded woods, and sitting thereon a female form, over whose head and face there fell a veil of silken tissue that gleamed and sparkled in the flickering light like a textile fabric enwrought with diamonds.

The robe of this imperial figure was like the veil, of green, but a richer, costlier cloth, that shone like the sparkle of falling waters, with every motion of the heaving bosom. A very world of splendor was enwreathed about the magnificent princess of this strange place and the knight felt an eager longing to know what charms of grace and of beauty dwelt beneath the sparkling veil. One glance he cast at the lane, to see that no weapon was drawn there to oppose his progress, and then, with steady step, moved forward between its living walls, with his eyes fixed on the enthroned lady.

"Fair princess, if such you be, I greet you!" he cried. "A wandering knight, lost in your mountainous empire, asks protection at your hands, and renders homage at your feet. Grant him the favor of your smiles."

Sir Rupert bowed low as he spoke. As he raised his head, there was the rustle of garments. The lady had descended from her gilded dais, and stood before him. The veil started from her brow, and was thrown floating back over each shoulder. Sir Rupert recoiled, exclaiming:

"Ginevra! Can it be? And that diadem? Do even the depths of the waters obey you, and yield up lost treasures at your call?"

While he stood and wondered, Ginevra spoke:

"There is one form that etiquette toward the stranger guest demands. The revelry is over, the revellers go homeward, and as they pass, shall do obeisance, in token of farewell. Will it please you, Sir Knight, to sit? And on peril of your life, speak not!"

What could she be thinking of, he queried in his mind. Was there, indeed, peril in speech? Nevertheless, he would obey, and keep silence.

CHAPTER III.

THE RING.

Far from the enchanted regions of the Hartz hills, down in the village of Lindenhelm, two fellows walked along at early dawn plodding to their labors. Gazing carelessly hither and thither, at last their attention was attracted by the figure of a man lying prostrate at the roadside. The stranger's head reclined on a grassy mound, and to all appearance he was wrapped in a most profound slumber. As the rustics stopped and gazed down upon his face, upturned as it was to the morning sky, they questioned with each other as to who he might be.

"A gentleman of no low degree," said one.

"A lord, at least, I'll lay me. But whoever saw him in these parts before? There's some mystery in this."

The other man started and exclaimed:

"Now, by my faith, you are right! Look! blood! A human hand in his! A murderer, a murderer, for all his fine attire! Call up the people!"

"Ho!" shouted one, at the top of his voice, "murder! Good folks, murder! murder!"

His voice sounded loud and clear through the still air, and created an immediate and unwonted excitement in the hamlet, for from all its opening doors one after another made their appearance, some in partial dress and some in less, men, women and children, and came hurrying to the spot, so that the slumbering stranger was soon the centre of a wondering and eager crowd.

"Wake up! wake up!" cried one fellow with a rude kick at the reclining stranger. "Wake up and give an account of yourself!"

Some sympathizing girl in the crowd exclaimed:

"Now, Hans, don't do that. It's too bad, for he's a real gentleman, just look at his gold sword and his satin doublet."

Sir Rupert slept on through all the tumult.

"Cease prating, silly woman," retorted Hans. "It's like all of your sex. A pretty face hides a multitude of sins. You're all a pack of fools. Don't you see the man is a murderer with that horrid thing in his hand. I'll wake him up if it can be done. Here you, sir, get up!"

With rude voice and ruder hand the peasant struck the sleeping cavalier, and pinched his nose to stop his breathing, so that perforce he must either strangle or come out of his lethargy. Sir Rupert struggled and gasped, coughed and opened his eyes.

"Hey! what's this?" he cried. "Where am I? Fools, what do you stare at?"

At that instant he caught sight of the ghastly trophy in his grasp. With a shudder and exclamation of horror, he dropped it and sprang to his feet.

"It was not a dream!" he ejaculated in affright. "Their merciless sabres hacked her soft white wrist in two! I saw it in my trance. Ginevra is slain because she loved me!"

Sir Rupert gazed down at the blood on his sleeve, and at the hand that lay so quiet on the turf. A look of mingled horror and anguish overspread his features, convincing every one who saw it and could read the human countenance aright, that he at least had done no murder to the owner of that relic, whoever she might have been.

TO BE CONTINUED.

We remember that PUTTNER'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL with HYPOPHOSPHITES has been used for many years with success for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and other Lung Troubles: that it is unsurpassed for Scrofula, General Debility, Loss of Vigor, etc.; that for Lack of Energy, Nervousness, Paralysis, Loss of Brain Power, it has been highly recommended; that as a Tonic for Children, for Invalids recovering from sickness, for Women who are nursing, it is of the greatest value, and that it is sold by all druggists.

BROWN BROS. & Co.,
Druggists, Halifax, N. S.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success.

And so true is this old saying in connection with the well-known Davis sewing machines, that it is a pleasure to present to our readers a few pungent facts in relation thereto; This machine is the only one that uses the vertical feed, an improvement that stands pre-eminent among modern inventions, and the right of which is possessed by the Davis Sewing Machine Company alone. Through this method of feeding, every description of sewing is executed in the most perfect manner, avoiding any "pulling" either above or below, and the necessity of basting. A feature not possessed by any other machine is that the Davis carries both upper and under plies of goods together, as the vertical feed works equally well on both sides. This cannot be said of any other machine. Seams prove no obstruction to this new feed, as it steps evenly over them. No home can be complete without one of these new model machines.

Diphtheria Scare.

There is no doubt but that diphtheria in its worst form is very prevalent in many cities and small towns. At the same time, that fact is no reason for frightening people out of their wits, with every new case of sore throat. Even ulcerated sore throat is bad enough, and no person would have that for fun. Yet hundreds of persons are said to have had diphtheria who only had a severe sore throat. The form of sore throat which often passes for diphtheretic is what old people call quinsy. "Putrid sore throat," known long before diphtheria, was probably a form of diphtheria, and very dangerous. An old hospital nurse in Boston, says: 'It ain't the clear cold of winter that lays people up with colds, catarrh, and sore throats, and lays the children low with diphtheria; its the soft, pleasant, alternating with the wet, slushy days.' This is very true, and explains why those troubles are so prevalent this unusually soft rainy winter; the air, in fact, is laden with poisonous vapors. The first symptoms of true diphtheria are much like those of a heavy cold on the lungs. There is fever, some stupor, and difficulty in breathing. Very sharp pains are often felt in the neck glands, just below the ear. The tongue is coated, the throat and tonsils inflamed, little white spots, which increase and turn to a dirty yellow or brown color next appear, and a peculiar odor, totally unlike ulcerated sore throat is noticable. If the disease is of the black or malignant type nothing but a miracle can restore the patients to their former good health. Very many reliable people claim to have cured severe cases of diphtheria with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Be that as it may, it is worth trying, because so easily used internally dropped on sugar or as a gargle, and bathing for external use. We know from experience that it will cure a common sore throat in one night, and thousands of people claim that no remedy known will relieve colds, catarrh, bronchitis, croup, etc., as promptly as the good old Johnson's Liniment. If it cures them, why not diphtheria? It was an old family physician's prescription. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, will send free to any person an illustration pamphlet about its use. Send them your name

Squibs.

He is a rare man whose work it can be said, well done.

Grayness, Baldness, dandruff, and all diseases of the scalp, and falling of the hair can be cured by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Important to Workingmen.

Artizans, mechanics and laboring men are liable to sudden accidents and injuries, as well as painful sores, stiff joints and lameness. To all thus troubled we would recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the handy and reliable pain cure for outward or internal use.

After man came woman, and she has been after him ever since.

The only reliable cure for catarrh is Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Remedy.

"Ayer's Medicine have been satisfactory to me throughout my practice, especially Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has been used by many of my patients, one of whom says he knows it saved his life." F. L. Morris, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Life of Ease.

Miss Lizzie Ratcliffe, writing from Falkirk, Ont., says: "I had such a cough I could not sleep and was fast going into consumption; I tried everything I could hear of without relief, but when I got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam I soon got ease. It is the best medicine I ever tried," Lizzie Ratcliffe, Falkirk, Ont.

Lady—"I want a lined cloak, if you please." Furrier—"Yes, madam. What fur?" Lady—"How stupid! Why, to keep me warm of course."

My love was like a lily fair,
Low droping in the sultry air,
My heart was beat with grief and care.
I loved her well.

But lo! The wonder grows and grows;
My love's now like a blooming rose.
How bright her face with beauty glows,
I dare not tell.

The wandering bee would stop to sip,
The nearer of her perfect lip.
'Twas Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription wrought the spell.

A woman in Chicago, while dressing a chicken, found a ten-dollar gold piece in its crop. Poultry raisers tell us that there is seldom so much money as this in chickens, however.

Eighty Per Cent.

Of the human race, according to a high authority, suffer from one or other form of blood taint. Never allow this latent evil to develop into serious disease while the blood can be kept pure and the system clean by proper precautions, such as using Burdock Blood Bitters, whenever any scrofulous symptoms appear. No medicine equals B. B. B. as a blood cleanser.

While a man at Calisle, Penn., was running a planer his coat-tail got tangled and was fortunately torn off. A bit of wood in his pocket blocked a cog-wheel and saved his life. The wood was a piece of John Brown's scaffold, it is said.

One of the reasons why Scott's Emulsion has such a large sale is because it is the best. Dr. W. H. Cameron, Halifax, N. S., says, "I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, for the past two years and found it more agreeable to the stomach and have better results from its use than any other preparation of the kind I have ever used." Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

Mothers!

Castoria is recommended by physicians for children teething. It is a purely vegetable preparation, its ingredients are published around each bottle. It is pleasant to the taste and absolutely harmless. It relieves constipation, regulates the bowels, quiets pain, cures diarrhœa and wind colic, allays feverishness, destroys worms, and prevents convulsions, soothes the child and gives it refreshing and natural sleep. Castoria is the children's panacea—the mother's friend. 3 doses, 35 cents.

The New High Arm Davis Sewing Machine.

THE BOSS THAT BEATS THEM ALL.

Why is the Davis called the Boss Machine? For the simple reason that it does the work so much better than other machines—as the workmanship of a "boss," or a master mechanic is superior to that of an apprentice. Just as the "boss" is supposed to do things better than the common workman, so the "Davis" machine does all kinds of work in a manner entirely unattainable by any other machine—hence the common expression so often heard—"It's the Boss Machine that beats them all."

It has for a long time been acknowledged by sewing machine men that no other machine made at the present time can do as great a variety of work, and do it as well, as the Davis. So true is this that, in order to compete in many kinds of fancy work, they have been obliged to apply the principles of the Davis attachments to the attachments used on the under-feed machines, and these are manufactured under a license granted by the Davis Sewing Machine Company.

Celebrated Gardens.

The celebrated "Hanging Gardens of Babylon" were within the precincts of the palace called "The Admiration of Mankind." They consisted of gardens of trees and flowers on the topmost of a series of arches 75 feet high and built in the form of a square, each side of which measured 400 Greek feet. The city of Babylon with its famous gardens, was razed to its foundation, 600 B. C.

Two Thousand, Five Hundred and Seventy-Nine years later we find the celebrated gardens of James Vick in Rochester, New York. For description, Catalogue of seeds, advice how to obtain one a copy of Vick's Floral Guide and also of the famous new rose called "Vick's Caprice," address James Vick, Seedsman, Rochester, N. Y.

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