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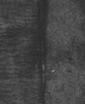
Marble  Works,

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WANTED,
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for which the highest cash price will be paid.
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Poetry.

On the River.

Where wind and water meeting made
A tremor in the hues that fade
Between the sundown and night's shade,
We floated on adown the river—
Not Death, thinks I our souls might sever,
We felt we should so float forever.

And passion slept, secure from waking,
Our hearts forgot their ancient aching,
Our spirits so the past forsaking,
We knew that delicate hour and golden
Delight was ours, and memory olden
In poppy sleep was fast enfolden.

The lapping wave no boisterous billow,
Behind us swept past reed and willow,
Love for our guide and peace our pillow,
What joy to see the coy moon peeping,
O'er dreaming hills and woodlands sleeping,
Ever her faithful vigil keeping.

O then for us no phantom morrow,
Full-fraught with old prophetic sorrow,
Might tease our souls to vainly borrow
The future's largess in that hour,
Whose wealth or unimagined power
Sufficed for life, come sun, come shower.

—*J. Arthur Blaikie in the Magazine of Art.*

A Kiss--By Mistake.

Upon the railway train we met—
She had the softest, bluest eyes,
A face you never can forget—
'Sixteen,' with all that that implies.
I knew her once, a little girl.
And meeting now a mutual friend,
Our thoughts and hearts got in a whirl;
We talked for miles without much end

I threw my arms around the seat
Where, just in front, she sideways sat,
Her melting eyes and face to meet
(And no one wondered much at that).
For soon the station where she left
Would on the sorrowing vision rise,
And I at last should feel bereft;
I thought a tear stood in her eyes.

She was but kith, not kin, of mine—
Ten years had passed since last we met;
And when, in going, she did incline
Her face, 'twas natural to forget.
It seemed so like the child I knew,
I met her half-way for the sake;
And, coming near those eyes of blue,
She gently kissed me—*by mistake.*

She saw her error and straightway ran
Wish flaming blushes, rosy red;
I should not be one-half a man
If thought of wrong came in my head;
In fact, I'd take that very train
And travel daily for her sake,
If she would only come again
And gently kiss me—*by mistake!*

—*Joel Brenton, in Harper's Magazine.*

Select Literature.

The Lost Diamond.

MY DEAR VANE:—A line in haste. If you can possibly manage it, come down here by the 4 o'clock train. My mother's diamond has been stolen. Don't bring a detective; we'll try it ourselves first. Telegraph if you can come. Yours in haste. H. CARGILL.

My friend Harold was waiting for me when I reached the little station about 7 o'clock in the evening, and on the drive home I learned a few more particulars. The robbery had taken place, as far as could be judged, either during the night before last or on the proceeding day. The house and the effects of the servants had been searched without avail, and Harold had only waited my arrival before taking further steps. We talked the matter over at great length, both on our way home and after dinner. That one of the servants was guilty seemed to me quite evident, but I could convince neither of the others on this point. Mrs. Cargill left us soon to our wine, and I continued my endeavors without avail to prove to Harold that strict measures should at once be taken with the servants. He contended that a thorough search had already been made.

'My dear fellow,' I said at length 'you should have allowed me to use my discretion in the matter, and I would have brought you down a French detective or two.'

'And what would your detectives have done? Made up a nice story, implicating one or all of the servants, and probably the gardener as an out door agent, but not found the diamond. Now where is the use of investigation unless we recover the diamond?'

A happy thought struck me as he spoke. 'If your object, Harold, is entirely the recovery of the diamond, and not the punishment of the thief, I have a suggestion to make, and it may be, after all, that if we discover the stone first we may learn more afterward. Let us have down this great mesmerist and thought reader, who is making such a small commotion just now. We'll tax him (if he'll come) to conduct us to the stone. It is probably still in the house; the robbery was discovered so quickly that even with an outside agency in the person of the gardener, whom I grant you I don't like, it is unlikely this stone can have got as far as the village yet.'

On this suggestion (made half in jest, half in earnest) we eventually decided to act. The robbery had been discovered the morning before, and the servants had since then been pretty closely watched, so that, after a further talk, which, it is needless to say, went over and over the same ground of least a score of times, each of us attempting to prove to himself and to the other that detective work was what Providence had severally meant us for, we came to the determination that we would ask the great thought reader, Professor Landley, to come to our assistance.

The greatest secrecy, of course, was necessary. Not even Mrs. Cargill should know at first who her visitor really was, for our only hope of success lay in the chance that if one of the servants was the thief the stone might be still hidden in the house, or perhaps buried in the ground outside, till it could with greater safety be removed when the matter had time to be partly forgotten.

I went to town early next morning, and called upon the learned professor. He was 'out' but was to be in again very soon. I strolled about the neighborhood some time so as not to miss him, having a shrewd suspicion that he had not yet made his appearance at breakfast. Sure enough I found him at a little before noon eating in a languid manner the remains of a fowl that had done duty before and drinking small beer. Knowing a little of professional men, however, I recognized the exigencies of the case, and after the usual civilities, explained the reason of my call. He was a tall man, rather thin, with weak eyes, but sufficiently gentlemanly to pass muster, both in dress and manner. Rather to my surprise he readily agreed to accompany me and postpone for a few days the private engagements which he had on hand at the time; but in the course of our journey down (for we returned that night) the reason of his compliance came out. He wished to include the robbery in his advertisements, and all that I could say to the contrary would not convince him that my friend would scarcely care for his name to be mixed up in the matter. After considerable discussion we thought it best to inform Mrs. Cargill later in the evening who and what our visitor really was.

The professor explained to us that, as Mrs. Cargill knew the diamond and had worn it so long, she was the one who, with her hand in his, could best communicate to him where to lead her. 'If,' said he, 'the day is clear and bright, I shall lead you to-morrow to the spot, Mrs. Cargill, provided you have sufficient strength of mind to keep your ideas fixed entirely upon the stone. You must keep it vividly before your mind's eye, and I shall lead you to it, if it is in the house or grounds.'

Nothing had occurred in the house-hold since my departure in the morning, and the robber (whoever he was) must now we judged, be beginning to feel somewhat easier in mind; so in case of his deeming it necessary to alter the probable hiding place of the stone, we determined upon immediate action, deciding to commence next morning at daybreak, before the world would be properly awake. The professor did not much appreciate the idea of such an early start, but we succeeded in overcoming his scruples and it was arranged before we parted for bed that we should all meet in the dining room at 3 o'clock next morning.

Mrs. Cargill was down before me and Harold shortly after. Of course, we were all before the time, and to wait in dumb silence (even with the prospect of a most interesting experiment) for twenty minutes in the cold dawn was anything but lively. At length the professor appeared, looking, we were glad to see, equal to his business. We had left the front door ajar in case of need, as it was our impression (so thorough a search having already been made inside) that the object of our quest must be without the house. It was rather eerie work for us all, except the professor, who was equal to the occasion and seemed to scent the battle, so to speak, in the shape of some far-off diamond which he had never seen.

At 3.12, then Mrs. Cargill took the professor's hand, he having been previously blindfolded—'Not,' he said, that such a thing was necessary, but it calmed his power of thought to some extent.' Harold and I retired a few steps, and the silence for several minutes was deathlike. At last the professor made a step, another, and then to us onlookers it seemed as if certainty had replaced doubt. He went straight to the door, Mrs. Cargill following (and we, too, discreetly,) down the avenue to the first turning, and then bang against the fence in a most disturbing manner. This little incident seemed to have upset his train of thought, and it was some minutes before he seemed to grasp the situation.

It was a fortunate thing that the morning was fine, though the grass looked abominably wet. I inwardly shuddered at the idea, that, had there been a gate, we should have felt obliged to open it, and take to the grass; and catching Harold's eye, we both felt somewhat guilty, as though we might be shirking something. But that 'something' was not to be shirked. The professor calmly commenced to climb the paling, which, as his one hand was occupied, and as he was an exceedingly ungainly man, obviously never born for feats of agility, seemed rather an extraordinary proceeding. Over he would go, however, and over Mrs. Cargill must go with him; when a man is in a trance he is very unreasonable; how Mrs. Cargill stood it, I cannot tell, save that she herself was, perhaps a little affected.

We were helping them quietly over when the professor got into a most unaccountable hurry, and, had we not both devoted our attention to Mrs. Cargill, she and her leader must have fallen and the train of thought been probably broken. We had been asked to maintain a discreet silence, but I could almost have sworn I caught a smothered exclamation from Harold, as Mrs. Cargill's foot was brought smartly round upon the side of his head, owing to the professor's unreasonable haste.

Once over the paling the scent seemed to have grown weaker. Of course there was no hesitation in the avenue, and a very evident absence of such feeling when palings had to be surmounted; but once on the dewy grass things might be taken more easily. I went back to the palings to join Harold, and we left the pair to themselves till they got fairly across the field. Then the professor seemed to recognize the proximity of another paling, and he had to run to be in time to help them over. We were getting more used to it now, and Mrs. Cargill was bearing up wonderfully. We handed them over without any mishap, save that the professor's foot got twisted in the fence, and his boot (one of those elastic-sided monstrosities and very old) came off in the struggle to extricate him.

It was by this time thoroughly light; we must have been out for nearly half an hour and as yet had done nothing but climb palings and get our feet very wet. Still it certainly seemed that there might be some some method in this madness, and so on we went, more slowly now, owing to the brushwood, which happily was not very thick. Suddenly the professor stopped, in so decided a manner that I could not but think it possible that we were near the object of our search. He was at the moment just opposite a thick laurel bush. I looked hastily at Harold, who appeared as confident as myself that we must have come to something to cause such a decided and prolonged stop. A few minutes of silence and suspense passed like hours, then, a step forward, and the professor commenced to stoop slowly downward, when we heard a rustling among the laurel leaves, and a fox slunk out from the other side of the woods. This distracted my attention for a moment, and when I looked round the professor had resumed his usual stiff-backed attitude. We waited for full five minutes. What had gone wrong! Where was the professor's promise? Was there nothing in the bush after all?

He slowly relaxed Mrs. Cargill's hand. 'It is no use, gentleman; I can do nothing more just now!' But why? What was the reason? Why stop himself just as discovery appeared certain? The professor could understand it no more than we. 'I came here,' he said, guided by Mrs. Cargill's thought. I don't know where I am. I had the diamond or the clue to it, five minutes ago; now it is lost. Whether Mrs. Cargill has ceased to assist me or not I cannot tell. But I know I can do nothing more just now.'

It seemed best, if we wished to preserve any secrecy in the matter, to make our way home as quick as we could. I gave the professor his boot, and Mrs. Cargill (who was something exhausted) my arm; and we returned, gloomily, almost as we had come, this is to say, by the shortest and most direct way. We were all too disgusted with the professor to be able to discuss the matter amicably with him at the moment, so we parted quietly and like guilty creatures in the hall to court the sleep which we all began to feel would be beneficial.

His explanations later in the day made the matter no clearer. He was certain that he had been on the track (and it certainly had looked like it), but the reason for the sudden stop he could not tell. Still, in the end, he managed to talk us over, and Mrs. Cargill was induced to go through the experiment again; but this time we were to start where we had left off. One thing alone the professor would swear to, the diamond could not be in the house, else he never would have gone outside. Also he informed us that his foot, notwithstanding his thick stockings, was considerably the worse for wear.

The hour at length came again. Harold and I had decided to dispense with sleep. Mrs. Cargill and the professor turned up very punctually within a few seconds of one another.

The morning was clear and frosty. We walked to the laurel bush, where, having blindfolded the professor as before, Mrs. Cargill took his hand. He soon started off, taking no notice of the laurel bush, but away through the wood. We must have been walking for several minutes, and at a pretty quick pace, when, like an evil omen, a fox (probably the one we had seen on the previous night) sprang out of a clump of underwood and vanished among the trees.

It was the same story over again. Our leader's pace slackened, then he stopped. Could it be that a fox, was as it were, a non-conducting agent? I put the question to the professor; nay, I further hinted that, perhaps, when in a mesmeric state the sense of smell might be so heightened that he had been following like a foxhound, for two nights in succession, this evil denizen of the woods. He put the suggestion aside with scorn, but the more I thought the more I felt there might be something in it, and Harold so far agreed with me as to question the learned professor next day as to whether he had been fond of hunting.

We had gone home as before nonplussed; we had retired to our rooms, slumbered late and met for fresh discussion, all to no purpose. Mrs. Cargill wished to give up the attempt and call in the detectives. Harold and I were inclined somewhat ignominiously to agree. But we had forgotton the professor; his blood was up; our taunts on the subject of fox hunting had aggravated him more than we had fancied. Prove himself right he would; his honor, he insisted, was at stake; he must be successful in the end. He appealed to Mrs. Cargill to stand by him, and the long and the short of it was that she agreed to make a third and last trial, the professor on his side promising that it should be the very last.

It rained hard all the evening, and at daybreak when we met it was so damp, dreary and misty that we all felt relieved when the professor asked us to leave matters alone for a day and give his last attempt every possible chance.

All this time things in the household had been going on quietly enough and it seemed as though the servants had quite made up their minds that no further search was intended. The only fresh circumstance that came to light was that the gardener's kennel, formerly occupied by a tame fox for which he had a great affection, was observed to be empty. The man affirmed that the animal had slipped its collar the day before. We could only question him casually on the subject, but it seemed likely that the animal whose scent had proved too strong for the professor, was the one which the gardener affirmed only to have escaped on the previous day. The animal he said, was bound to come back for its meals sooner or later; but we did not altogether agree with him on that point.

Daybreak next morning saw us again assembled in the dining room, and we left the house to recommence business in the wood where we had last stopped. It was a fine clear morning, and gave promise of a glorious day. The professor was on his mettle. He had said to us: 'I will succeed to-morrow,' and to succeed he evidently intended.

He stood for a few moments, blindfolded as usual, before he took Mrs. Cargill's hand, and then commenced to move forward, but in an opposite direction to that he had been taking when he lost the clew before. On he went, and on, right through the wood, till the affair began to grow tiresome. He was going well today certainly; he had kept us at it a good long time, but if we were only going to get a few hundred yards every night, and perhaps not find the stone after all, we might as well give the matter up entirely. Harold appeared by the frown upon his face, to have begun to consider matters in this light too, when the professor who had been going at a fair pace suddenly stopped. It seemed to me only natural that, as he had gone further than he had ever gone before that he should stop. His imbecile mind could stand the strain no longer. After considerable hesitation, however, he turned slowly to the left, bent over some thick brushwood and gradually stretched out his hand. 'It's that fox again to a certainty,' whispered Harold to me; 'the professor's as mad as a March hare.' No signs of the fox, though, and the professor was well into the bush; if the diamond was there, surely a sudden flash of thought would assist him; but it was not likely to be there any more than our friend the fox, who would certainly have made off long before now.

Ere my ideas were completed the flash of thought did come. A sudden dart downward on the part of the professor was instantaneously succeeded by a frightful yell that rang through the woods. Mrs. Cargill's hand was dropped in a second, and it seemed as though the professor was engaging blindfolded in some awful struggle with a foe whom none of us had yet seen.

It was the fox after all. The professor had tracked him down this time, if not to his den, at least to the trap in which the animal was struggling.

Certes, he was pretty severely punished for his fox hunting presentities! Foxes don't usually attack until driven to the last extremity, and the professor must have forced the animal to the furthermost point it could go with the trap on its fore paw ere he made that sudden dive which was so disastrous for him. Had it not been that the learned man's hand was most terribly bitten we should have been struck with the absurdity of the scene. Mrs. Cargill had a great freight; the professor was in a towering rage, not merely at the injury done to his hand but that he should after all have again tracked down his fox; so Harold and I were in any condition for action. The professor swore that he must kill the fox that had so bitten him, and so great was his wrath and haste that he would scarcely wait till he had stanched his wound with a handkerchief.

I took Mrs. Cargill to some little distance, and when I returned the fox was well nigh demoralized by the aid of a stout stick, with which the professor had promptly avenged himself.

He was calmer now, and as we were talking over the little excitement of the moment he gave it as his decided opinion that either Mrs. Cargill must, unknown to herself, have been wearing the diamond all the time, or the fox must have swallowed it. The last idea seemed to have something in it, and he was so impressed with it that the only course to convince him (for we had begun to doubt his sanity) seemed to be to dissect the animal there and then. I left them to inform Mrs. Cargill of our last resolve when a shout of joy from the professor and of surprise from Harold made me hastily turn to rejoin them, Mrs. Cargill, hearing the shout, was with us in a trice.

The diamond had been found! The fox had not swallowed it, but tied tightly round its neck, roughly sewed up in a piece of brown leather, was the missing stone.

The professor was exultant; his wound was forgotten; he had been right after all.

But who was the thief? Some one must have committed the diamond to the fox's care. Was it true that the animal had slipped its collar; or had the culprit freed it for greater safety, in the belief that it would return for its meals? Only the gardener could tell us, and he would probably not miss his fox till the morning.

Excited as we were, we talked it all over in the wood and were considerable later than usual in getting home where we parted at once silently retiring to our several chambers to take the rest we had so well earned, after mutual compliments all around.

We had decided that the gardener alone could be the thief, and that we would confront him with the charge in the morning—but we had reckoned without our host! When we assembled for breakfast, the professor with his hand wrapped up in most ungainly fashion, Mrs. Cargill met us with a blank face. A note, which the servant had found in the silver chest some minutes since, explained all. It was a filthy piece of workmanship, but still legible, and the contents, alas! too plainly spoke the truth. It ran as follows:—

MISSUS,—I seen you and the gintlemen too nites wanking about the woods looking fur mi fox. You Kent find him any more than me so fine off. I hop you may ketch mi fox I kant so me an my pals tuk a few spuns insed. Your obedient sirvent,

TOM BLAK.

ps—thenks for levin the door opin.

The professor was the only one who made a hearty breakfast. He had proved the power of thought reading; it was our fault, not his, that the gardener had been too sharp for us. Now of course, we had the detectives down, but we never caught Mr. Black. 'Tuk a few spunes insted! I should rather think he had, there was not a piece of plate left in the house.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Schr. Ivica,
Capt. Longmire.
This well known packet schooner will commence running on her regular trips between
Bridgetown & St. John
about March 20th. All freight carefully handled.
LIME
will be kept constantly on hand and for sale Apply on board or at residence of subscriber.
JOHN LONGMIRE,
Bridgetown, March 9th '86. 43tf.

A BENEFACTOR.

If a man is a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, how much more is he a benefactor who should succeed in doubling the poultry products of this country? Such a result is in a fair way to be accomplished, and that very soon. The discovery of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay, will revolutionize the whole poultry industry. During the autumn of 1885 and winter of 1886, a thorough trial of Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay, was made by thousands of intelligent poultry keepers, and the result was most satisfactory and convincing. Not a man or woman who made the trial got less than double the average number of eggs, and many got more than four times as many as they received from the same numbes of hens during the same time the previous year. This trial was no hap-hazzard affair, but was as severe a test as could be applied. The trial was made under prescribed rules, and every report had to be signed by the person who made the trial and sworn to before a justice of peace. There is therefore, no longer any doubt in the minds of intelligent poultry keepers but that a judicious use of Sheridan's Powder will not only largely increase the egg product, but will stimulate such a healthy condition amongst birds of any name or nature, as will greatly increase the profit in raising them. This is a matter of supreme importance to women, children and invalids, for there is no way by by which a steady cash income can be secured with so little labor as by keeping and caring for poultry. I. S. Johnson & Co., of 22 Custom House Street, Boston, have published recently a book entitled 'The Farmers' Poultry Raising Guide,' price 25 cents. They will however email it post paid to any person sending 60 cents for two twenty five cent packs of Sheridan's Powder, or $1.20 for a 2½ lb. tin can.

GREAT INVENTION.—A scientific journal records the invention of a mechanical contrivance by which it is rendered possible to write without employing the hand. The instrument is called the brachionograph, and is especially designed for the use of persons afflicted with writer's cramp or paralysis of the fingers. It is of simple construction, and consists of a long, light strip of iron, curved so as to be easily adapted to the forearm. This splint is sewed into a casing of supple leather material, shaped so as to form a kind of gauntlet or sleeve. The bar carries at its lower end a mechanism with a universal joint, by means of which a pen may be held in any desired position. The art of writing is performed by the muscles of the arm and shoulder, while those of the digits and thumb are thrown completely out of use. Thus equipped, it is possible, even for an individual whose hand has been amputated, to drive the quill with ease and legibility, but little practice being required.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

There is probably no better relaxing remedy for stiff joints, contracted cords, and painful congestion, than Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It cured Mrs. John Siddell, of Orton, Ont., who was afflicted for years with contraction of the bronchial pipes and tightness of the chest. It is the great remedy for internal or external pain.

The Golden Rule.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—Matthew vii, 12.

A simple rule—
Any fool
Can understand it.
Yet so grand it
Wins from men of every station
Admiration.
All receive it,
And believe it.
But to do it,
Ah, to do it
(As I view it),
Is the hardest task that ever
Any mortal may endeavor.
Pity, Lord, my woful need;
Help me match my creed with deed.

—Joseph A. Torrey, in the Golden Rule.

THE SCOURGE OF AMERICA.

The one terrible blight of our country is scrofula—from impure blood—it causes consumption and many wasting, lingering and fatal diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters cures scrofula it taken in time.

SCORE ONE FOR THE WOMAN.—A Frenchman and his wife boarded the Spring Hill accommodation at Painsec Friday night, and on entering the second-class car found it occupied by a number of men smoking. The woman gave vent to her disgust in a jocular way, and the smoking at once ceased. The husband thereupon produced his pipe and commenced puffing wreaths of smoke, and told the others in the car to "smoke away, as women were hard to suit," whereupon his better half retorted: "Hard to suit, indeed! A person to look at me and then at you wouldn't think so." The applause that greeted this outburst cleared the atmosphere of smoke, and the husband went outside and kicked himself. —*Herald.*

A CURE FOR CROUP.

It is a valuable fact for mothers to know that there is no better or more certain remedy for croup than Hagyard's Yellow Oil used internally and externally. This handy household remedy may be had of any druggist.

—A young woman picking her way across the railroad tracks in Indianapolis saw a brakeman wave his hand to her from the top of a departing freight train. She smiled sweetly and waved back. Then the brakeman waved more violently, and the girl smiled more sweetly and stopped and tried to get her handkerchief, to flitingly carry on the flirtation. The next thing she was yanked off the track by a flagman, but in time to escape a backing train, which the brakeman had seen and had tried in vain to warn her of.—*New York Sun.*