

that her last hour had come crouched on the ground, and begged piteously, in choicest Black-foot, for the white to spare her.

Markhead led her back to the ponies, and drawing his knife, intimated to her by most emphatic dumb show, that her top knot would assuredly come off if she made the least attempt to escape.

With that, the squaw protested, with every gesture she could devise, that she would never try to get away, she would be like a little dog, and run at his heels; she would be like the pony's tail, always at his back, and inseparable from him.

Finding that her life was in no immediate danger, the squaw rapidly recovered from her fright, and in answer to signs, gave her captor to understand that the five savages had gone as his trail up the creek, just as he had surmised they would, and had been so confident that they would find him that they had left only this squaw to sit by the ponies.

Markhead thought over the distance, and concluding he had a full two-hour's start of them, resolved to take it easy. He made the squaw unpack some cold venison which they had in one of their sacks; and the two strange companions lunched very convivially to gether, for the long run Markhead had, had given him a good appetite.

Assisted by the squaw, he gathered up all the peltries and lashed them on the ponies. Then collecting his own property, he mounted his horse and set off, driving the whole train before him—master of the situation—leaving, in fact, nothing behind.

Once out on the plains, clear of the timber, Markhead drove his singular cavalcade on at a great pace, and travelling all the rest of the day and all that night with but brief halts, reached a trading post.

## The North Star.

CHATHAM, N. B., DECEMBER 9, 1880.

J. E. COLLINS, Editor.

### THE SPIRIT OF LATEST DESPATCHES.

Judge Fisher died at Fredericton yesterday, after a short illness.

One train at Chicago, crashed into another, and killed 15 people.

Mr. J. H. Mann of Halifax is trying to start a cotton mill in that city.

The trade arrangements between Canada and Brazil are rapidly reaching the practical point.

President Hayes has sent his last message to Congress. The Fortino Bay outrage looms up like a mountain in the message—showing the attention the great nation pays to trifles. He recommends the appointment of Grant as Captain General of the army.

### OUR DESERTER.

Mr. JABEZ SNOWBALL is in Ottawa now, but in a few days he is going to England to render up an account of his stewardship to his employers. It is meet and proper Mr. Snowball should go and report to his employers, what he has been doing for the summer, but is it as meet and as proper that to do this, he must desert the county he was elected to represent to the best of his ability. Is running away from Ottawa two or three days after the opening of the House, and staying away till the session is nearly, perhaps quite over, what the people of this county are to expect from a man who with so loud a mouth professes such loyalty for the people's interests from every stump in the country, and who raised the hue and cry against Hon. Peter Mitchell because he was a "Non Resident"? Let this quilled county of Northumberland answer this question.

Of course when our Deserter left for Ottawa, he took his speech in his pocket; and if the opportunity arises during the first week or fortnight the House is in session, he will deliver it. This will get into the papers; it will come down here and Mr. Snowball will fancy he has satisfied his constituents. In the admiration of his speech, he fancy they will not notice he has shipped off to England, and allowed their interests to look after themselves. It is quite true, that many are of opinion Northumberland would be as well off if Mr. Snowball were in Jericho; and while we are not of a contrary way of thinking our selves, yet it will far from justify him for deserting his county, when his own interests called, for those who might, say he was No good, and were as well away as there. For

if he can do anything there of any use, and we are quite sure he can't, yet the people who have elected him, will at least expect him to try.

In olden times from the moment the people elected their man, they looked upon him as at their service; that his interests were sunk in their interests; that his working hours belonged to them, his spare moments for his own purposes. Time has somewhat modified the relations of elector and elect, but nowhere yet, within any country that has Responsible Government or in any county outside of this does the representative consider that the time during which the Parliament sits, belongs to any one beside his constituents. And in turn while the people do not now expect their representative to give all his time to them, they do expect that he will give the time during which their legislatures sit, which is not very long, exclusively to their interests. Else to what end, or for what purpose have they elected him? Is it that he may wear the empty title of one who has conferred upon him? or that, more worthy than other men, they confer the reward upon him as a mark of their esteem? We fancy there is enough of the old time manliness in Northumberland still, to punish the man who, receiving their confidence so largely, when their business is to be done, their interests guarded, their county kept to the front, acts the deceiver, and sneaks away to attend to his own private affairs.

### A WILL O' THE WISP.

We sincerely trust the Local Government will keep the even tenor of its way, and not suffer any of the visionary staff appearing in some of our insignificant Provincial newspapers to lead them astray.

Every half-cracked person now-a-days has a hobby—and not one hobby sometimes but ten—and these he will always endeavour to get before the people through some channel or another. No matter how worthless such individual may be, or how he has failed at everything else, if he have or can borrow a little means, and be able to spell a sentence, he will start a newspaper.

It is then, and not before, the public is in danger—unless the demagogue be of the type of Sand Lots Kearney.

One of several cases in point, is a paper started at Fredericton not long ago. Almost every issue, gives birth to a scheme of the Will Cat variety, some harmless and some quite dangerous. But the worst of the case is, that the paper in question calls through the editorials "we"—which means nothing but the four editors and the two printers of the office, and about twenty readers—upon the Government to carry out the dangerous policy it advocates. We hope therefore the Government will keep its eyes open for these traps; for the traps that public men do not mean meet in their public life, such papers most assuredly are. The paper in question, through some official about the Government Offices, no doubt, has learnt that the Surveyor General intends pursuing a certain line of policy in opening up roads. It immediately comes out, calling on the Government to do the very thing to which it knows the Government is committed, that by and by it may take the credit of being a policy shaper. This is of course only a sample of meanness and impudence, but when the same paper asks the Government to plunge into imprudent and inexpedient colonization schemes, into wasting "\$2,000" in "writing up" certain lands already well known about, we conclude that the "lazy editor" wants to get the writing, and we urge the few who read the paper, especially the Government, to regard it as a Will o' the Wisp; whose leadings it would be fatal to follow.

### GHOSTS HAUNTING NIAGARA.

While ever man is mortal, and so long as the Heaven to which he looks is peopled with innumerable spirits that have neither flesh nor bone, so long will he fancy in the silly night that the creaking of the shutter or the footfalls of the cat are sounds from the spirit world. Indeed of late this belief in spirits has sprung up so strongly that it has taken the form of a religion; and hundreds of thousands of people today believe that many of the sudden thoughts arising in the mind are whisperings from the spirit land, and that the spirits of departed friends, though unseen to mortal eye, are sometimes by our firesides; often in our chambers while we sleep, and while the tethers of the mind are loose upon their inspirations through the mind's open ear; that many spirits live in the woods and haunt the meadows; that no grove or fountain is without them; and that when the storm howls, they, upon missions of good or evil, ride upon the tempest. Truly said Hamlet in the play to his friend:

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than ever have been dreamt of in your philosophy.

Of course we do not believe in this religion of ghosts, or spiritualism, carried to its extent; but as we know nothing of the fate of man in a middle state in that land whence no traveler returns, we shall not take upon ourselves the office of defining or supporting the doctrines as to the facts referred to. However, it is the stories which float through the press, now, of wondrous apparitions seen hovering about the Falls of Niagara, that have set us a-writing today.

The particular apparition referred to has haunted the fields about the Falls for many nights of late, and the most startling stories are told by the belated traveler. So far have the stories gained upon the rural mind, that a few will venture about the haunted spots after dark. A farmer leaving town the other night about even o'clock, the moon being bright, avers that he saw the thing rise from among the tombs in the churchyard and trail towards him. It had the semblance of a woman with long white garments and fair hair, apparently floating. The farmer closed his eyes, and turning his horse drove back into town at a furious gallop, his animal coming to share the fright. Another account states that at one of the lonely crossings in the outskirts of the place the woman was seen crouching beside a low fence. The spectators, two in number this time, did not at first recall the stories of the apparition, and went toward the thing under the impression that some vagrant was crouching there for shelter. As they went near a peculiar sensation affected them both, and without speaking to each other or exactly knowing why, they stopped involuntarily and turned away. As they did so a shuddering thrill went through them, as they say, and they broke into a wild run for the nearest lights.

Four burglars have lately been committed at Niagara; but no one thinks of blaming them on the ghosts.

St. John is the theatre of another tragedy. This time a lad named Holland attacks his father with a cooper's adze and cut him fearfully about the head. The cause of the boys onslaught we believe, that his parents have been in the habit of taking his money. St. John is a wicked place.

The Toronto Mail says there is a Swiss emigration now to Toronto. Germans have also begun to pour in and populate spare lands.

There is also a Parnell in Benja. The Munsellians own the lands, and act like the Irish landlords. The tenants are Christians.

The Mail thinks it is not improbable that a wholesale emigration of Irish peasants may set in to Canada next year.

Sussex gave Major Donville a grand "send off" when that gentleman was leaving for Ottawa.

The St. John papers are reeking with boat racing news.

The Surveyor General went down to St. John Tuesday.

### Life in Florida.

THE GRAND OLD FORESTS OF PINE—THE SWEET FLORA OF THE COUNTRY—NEGRO PREACHING, ETC.

[Written for the Star.]

Shortly after arriving in Florida, I purchased a row boat, and in the evenings made excursions on the river. Landing on the opposite side, you climb a sand bank rising from the river about twenty feet. From here you see a number of pretty cottages: extending on either hand small orange groves, and live oaks, grand old trees sombrely clad with their graceful drapery of Spanish moss and displaying high among their limbs the dark rosettes of the long fanned palmetto. Here grows the holy fig berries looking more brilliant in contrast with its dark green leaves; and the red bird hops from twig to twig trying to outvie in splendor the gorgeous color of the berries. Many an evening have I wandered far across the flat covered with the low growing yellow cactus, and deep into the tangled growth beyond, until warned by the creeping shades of night. The scenery of Florida, though in many places very beautiful, possesses so much sameness owing to the painful flatness of the country, that one soon tires of it. I am now speaking of the eastern and southern portion of the State. Yet it has its charms. The immense forests of pine covering a great portion of the country, always pleased me, the flatness of the land and the absence of underbrush, allowing the passage of a carriage under the trees. There was no impediment to the pedestrian. The numerous wild flowers studding the margins of the small streams or runs, as they are there called, and the sad sighing of the wind through the pine tops makes a weird melancholy music well suited to the loneliness of the dark forest. In the low lying lands near the larger streams and creeks I saw the most gorgeous and highly perfumed Florida's floral treasures. There was here the magnolia, the sweet bay, and the yellow

jasmine. The magnolia tree grows to a large size, reaching the height of forty feet and even more. Its leaves somewhat resemble those of the balm of gilead, but are longer and of a darker green; the blossom is bell-shaped, about three inches in length and colored a delicate pink and creamy white, while the perfume though rich and sweet is so powerful as to be sickening when placed in a close room. The sweet bay or the blossom is pure white and delicately sweet. The yellow jasmine, the beauty of the wilds climbing through its beautiful vine about some thickly growing cedar and falls around its support in a tangle of golden glory. The perfume of its flowers is deliciously sweet, but said to be injurious. On my desk I always kept a spray and never found it ill effect. One thing I must not forget to mention, is the peculiar religious exhalation of the Negroes. Going to meeting with them, seems to take the place of going to a ball—perhaps I should say *ball*. In one of their churches which I visited the ceremonies were worth describing. There was no pulpit. The Minister advancing to a sort of reading desk within the rail, read a chapter from the Bible and offered a prayer. Then one of the congregation, walked into the centre of the building singing a melancholy stave. He seemed to be making the hymn as he went along; the air was I think that of "Bowery gals are you coming out tonight." When he reached the chorus the whole congregation joined in, and an elderly female advancing, took the improvisatore by the hand and kept shaking it up and down violently, keeping time with the music, until the chorus was ended and another verse commenced. At the end of this verse a brother walked out and taking the sister by the hand, went through the same process, the three retaining hold of each other's hand. This continued; a brother and sister alternately coming out until nearly all the congregation had got into the centre of the church, shaking each other's hands and at the same time bending and swaying their bodies with most extraordinary energy. Then the clergyman sermonized his flock. In another of these churches where preached a sort of Negro Henry Ward Beecher the clergyman was remarkably colloquial in his manner. He was preaching a sort of begging sermon for funds to build a new church and had taken his text from a portion of scripture descriptive of the building of Solomon's temple and desiring to refer to something spoken by that celebrated king he wet his finger and kept turning over the leaves of the Bible, at the same time repeating in a most familiar manner, "What do you say, Solomon? What do you say, Solomon?" They keep their services until such a late hour and make such a fearful noise that it is impossible to sleep if you are within reach of the sound, and consequently few owners can rent houses in the neighborhood.

The next autumn or nearly a year after my arrival I was taken down by malarial fever, and after leaving my bed still continued very weak with no return of appetite. The doctor dosed me with quinine, but it was of no use, and at last he said, "You must get down by the sea to recover your strength; try Saint Augustine." A friend of Mr. McDuff, was going there in a few days and I joined him. Leaving Jacksonville in one of the up-river steamers our first place of sail was Mandarin about fifteen miles above our place of departure. Here is the winter home of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Having heard a great deal of her beautiful residence, I was rather disappointed at finding simply a little roughly built one story cottage with no pretension to beauty or architecture; no prettily laid out grounds. The celebrated orange grove consisted of a few trees. The only redeeming feature of the place consisted in three magnificent live oak trees throwing their huge branches high over the roof of the diminutive cottage, and with their drapery of moss looking not unlike grand old giants stretching their protecting arm over the home of the celebrated authoress. Green Cove Springs I remember well, for it was my good fortune to visit it afterward and spend a few days enjoying many a pleasant and refreshing swim in its pellucid though sulphurous waters.

[To be continued.]

### The Clear Water Whooper

ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT'S EXPERIENCE OF THE MOURNFUL CREED.

A NEW TALE.

Mr. Editor,

I have read in your paper a communication signed I. S. relative to the Clear Water Whooper which I most candidly say that I do not believe one word with the exception of that relating to the croak of gold. I will give you my experience of it. Some five years since, business carried me to the mouth of the Clear Water. I had located myself for the night at a little camp occupied by Miles Hunter I think although I am not quite sure of this as I wish to conceal or exaggerate nothing. Shortly after we had lain down to rest I heard the most piercing wail like the voice of your correspondent truly says "of a man bewailing his first born." This ceased and was followed by a voice of thunder in deepest bass. It was not of course so loud as thunder, but I can truly say that the deacon seat on which I lay trembled beneath me. "What is that? What is that?" I said starting up from my uneasy couch. One of the men, Jim, jumped up and said, "The Clear Whooper." Seizing my gun which I had loaded with B. B. shot for rabbits, I rushed out of the camp and stood for a moment looking about me in the dark. From the top of a very tall spruce which the men had left standing

directly over the smoke hole for the purpose of freeing the camp from smoke in stormy days, I thought that I could hear a faint groan and at the same time discovered a slight motion which caused a little of the snow with which the tree was loaded to fall to the ground.

Keeping my gun to my shoulder I aimed as nearly as I could to the spot from which the low groan had proceeded and fired. Something between a devilish scornful laugh and a shriek and yell fell upon my ears, the thought of which even yet fills my mind with horror and dread; and something fell heavily but softly on the ground as if a feather had fallen from the tree top. It was some time before I or the men who in the meantime had rushed from the camp, could muster up courage enough to go to the foot of the tree. When we did however we found resting on the snow what appeared to be a great pile of feathers as least 3 feet high. Time having given us courage we went up to it and finding no motion seized it with our hands, when to our utter amazement we found these feathers were the covering of a large bird which required the strength of three sturdy men to drag to the light of the camp fire. Its head resembled something between that of an owl and that of a turkey buzzard. We opened one of the monstrous eyes which death had closed and found that it measured 6 inches in length and 4 in breadth; the great crooked and horny bill or beak with which it was armed was more than a foot long while strange to say it had also three rows of teeth.

The neck of this creature was upwards of two feet long and bare of feathers, while from the whole mass proceeded the vilest odor. Holding our hands to our noses, we stretched its wings wide open, when we found the distance from tip to tip measured more than 12 feet. Being something of an ornithologist, I said to myself, "Audubon and Wilson, henceforth hide your diminished heads. I am your master. Where are your black swans and white crows? How your spirits will envy my glory! Leaving the fell mass out of sight, I returned to rest, if such may be called the few hours of dozing, troubled and disturbed by hideous dreams of fiends and ogres. The whole livelong night a horrid nightmare rode on my troubled sleep. This however I charged to my having eaten somewhat too freely of "dogs body," as the men in the camp called a lot of heavy dumplings which they had boiled in the same pot with a junk of fat pork. This I had eaten with molasses and it certainly tasted better than I looked. Rising betimes from my couch, I went out of the camp to look at my unearthly game. You can well imagine my amazement and astonishment when I tell you that not a feather was to be seen. All gone, and the ground where it lay was bare of snow, and emitted a strong, small sulphur; and on placing my hand down, I found the heat so great that I was glad speedily to remove it. All my dreams of glory vanished, nor did I any longer laugh at the lasting fame of Audubon or Wilson. Fortunately there were two persons belonging to the camp whom I remembered, and who saw this bird feed, or send bird, which ever you please, and measured its size. One of them lives not far from the mouth of Sabbies river; the other is working this winter with Dan McLoughlin on Renous. I think that I can therefore safely say that I brought down the Clear Water Whooper. As to its disappearance during the night I do not charge the fact to anything supernatural; the owl had been merely wounded and recovering after we had returned to bed, quietly died off I think however it subsequently died of its wounds, as I have never heard of any reliable person who has since heard its hideous voice, if voice such sounds can be called a voice.

The heated ground I explain as follows:—The bird's main body had thawed away the snow, leaving the earth bare, which in my feverish state felt to my hand much hotter than it really was. The smell of sulphur I cannot explain, but I have heard of sulphur springs not far from the mouth of the Clear Water. Trusting that I have not trespassed too long on your valuable paper which contains matters of so much interest to us, I reserve my account of the Croak of Gold for some future issue if you deem it worthy of notice. Giving you my name in confidence, I remain Yours, S.

### WHO IS MRS WINDLOW

As this question is frequently asked, we will simply say that she is a lady who for upwards of thirty years has antiragly spent her time and talents as a female Physician and nurse, principally among children. She has especially studied the constitution and wants of this numerous class, and as a result of this effort and practical knowledge, obtained in a lifetime spent as nurse and physician, she has compounded a Soothing Syrup for children teething. It operates like magic—giving rest and health and is moreover, sure to regulate the bowels. In consequence of this article, Mrs. Windlow is becoming world renowned as a benefactor of her race; children certainly do asse and bleed her, especially in this the case in this city. Vast quantities of the Soothing Syrup are daily sold and used here. We think Mrs. Windlow has immortalized her name by this invaluable article, and we sincerely believe thousands of children have been saved from an early grave by its timely use and that millions unborn will share its benefits and write in calling her blessed. No nurse has discharged her duty to her suffering little ones in our opinion, until she has given to the benefit of Mrs. Windlow's Soothing Syrup. Try it mothers—try it now.—Judson Visitor, New York City. Sold by all Druggists. 25 cents a bottle nov. 27th.

### LOST!

On Thursday last, between the Star Office and residence of Mrs. Crain, an open faced Watchman, nearly new, with a certain piece of plated paper inside of the case. A reward of \$5 is offered for its recovery. Apply at this office. nov. 27th.

HELP—Yourself by making money when a golden chance is offered thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chance for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address Stinson & Co, Portland, Maine. oct30 skwly

Coughs.—"Brown's Bronchial Trochee" is a new and valuable remedy for Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Bronchitis. For thirty years these Trochees have been in use, with annually increasing favor. They are not new and untried, but, having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few simple remedies of the age.

For Coughs.—"Brown's Bronchial Trochee" acts directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the Throat and Larynx, restoring a healthy tone when relaxed, profusely and over-exertion of the voice, and produce a clear and distinct enunciation. Speakers and Singers find the Trochees of great value.

For Sore Throat.—"Brown's Bronchial Trochee" requires immediate attention, as neglect often results in so serious a disease as Lung Disease. "Brown's Bronchial Trochee" will almost invariably give relief. Lotions are offered for sale, many of which are injurious. The genuine "Brown's Bronchial Trochees" are sold only in boxes.

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The Scientific American is a large first-class Weekly Newspaper of Sixteen Pages, printed in the most beautiful style, profusely illustrated with splendid engravings, representing the newest inventions and the most recent Advances in the Arts and Sciences; including New and Interesting Facts in Agriculture, Horticulture, the Home Health, Medical Progress, Social Science, Natural History, Geology, Astronomy, &c. The most valuable practical papers, by eminent writers in all departments of Science, will be found in the Scientific American. Terms \$3.00 per year, \$1.50 half year, which includes postage. Discounts to Agents. Single copies ten cents. Sold by all News Dealers. Remit by postal order to MUNN & CO., Publishers, 37 Park Row, New York.

### PATENTS

In connection with the Scientific American, Messrs. Munn & Co. are Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, have had 35 years experience, and now have the largest establishment in the world. Patents are obtained on the best terms. A special notice is made in the Scientific American of all inventions patented through this Agency, with the name and residence of the patentee. By the immense circulation thus given, public attention is directed to the merits of the new patents, and sales of introduction often easily effected. Any person who has made a new discovery or invention, can ascertain, free of charge, whether a patent can probably be obtained, by writing to MUNN & CO. We also send free our Hand Book about the Patent Laws, Patents, Caveats, Trade-Marks, their costs, and how procured, with hints for procuring advances on inventions. Address for the Paper, or concerning Patents.

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### Administratrix Notice.

All persons having legal claims against the estate of Francis Flynn late of the Parish of Nelson, in the County of Northumberland, Parish of Grand Falls, are requested to render the same duly attested at the office of Jno. J. Harrington, attorney at Law, within three months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the said Jno. J. Harrington.

Dated 15th day of November A.D. 1880.

ANNIE FITZPATRICK, Administratrix.

### To Tailors and Cutters.

A Cutter of twenty years' first-class experience in America and Britain, has invented instruments for measuring coats and pants, which will produce perfect fitting garments without the need of trying on. For particulars address, inclosing stamp: R. G. McCallan, p. o. box 118, Guelph, Ont. oct30 lgl-aw

Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish everything. \$10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many successful persons wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young men and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work for a little more money every day than can be made at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address B. Hallett & Co., Augusta, Maine. oct30 skwly

### FOUND!

An I.C.R. check on Thursday last. The owner can have same by proving it to be his, and paying for this advertisement. Apply at this office. nov27th

Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so easy to learn and our instructions are so simple and plain, that anyone can make great profits from the very start. No one can be who is willing to work. Women are as successful as the men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take no risk. Those who need money should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine. oct30 skwly

It always gives us pleasure to draw attention to articles which are deserving of public patronage. Probably no article ever offered to the public has met with the same success as Gray's Syrup of Iron Serravallo. Thousands of families in the Dominion keep it in their homes as the standard "ough Remedy." The sale of this article has assumed enormous proportions. Our advice to the public at large is to try it if they should at any time unfortunately contract either Coughs or Colds. It is sold by all chemists.

### LOCAL MATTERS.

Off for Tabusintac. Nine fishermen from Chatham, went down to Tabusintac to fish on Monday last.

Large Loss. Mr. John Flett of Nelson lost no less than three horses by the Epizootic last week.

Good Weight. Mr. Thos. Casey of Nelson, killed a steer last week, 3 years old which weighed 800 lbs.

Monster Operations. Mr. Alexander Gibson this winter has 620 horses, and 1,250 men in the lumber woods.

First Prize. The lover of Indian tales will find a feast today on our first page, under "Markheads exploit."

Smelt Shipping. The steamer New Brunswick sails this morning for Boston with thirty tons of fresh smelt from the North Shore. News.

The Epizoo. Mr. Michael Noonan of the Black Luts lost a fine horse worth \$120 by the "ail." This is the fourth fatal case within a short time.

Oysters. Mr. Ferguson fished 300 lbs. of oysters this season in Bay du Vin. These are intended for Montreal and St. John markets, principally the latter.

Errors. It was Mm Wilson & Co. who killed the 66 lb. hog as already published; not Wm. Williston. There is no such man at Escuminac as Wm. Williston.

To correspondents. "Farmer" need not cry out about "bad times." Is he not getting from 40 to 45 cents a bushel for his oats? What will they not bring in March?

Str in Town. Looking at the establishment of Strang & Co. the past few mornings, it is easy to see who sells and buys for cash. Some ten to twelve sled loads of smelt unloaded at his door each morning.

Lobster Factory at Caraguet. Mr. Geo. Young of Caraguet, intends putting up a lobster factory at that place this winter. There is plenty of lobster along the coast, and the prospects for a good trade are encouraging.

A Good Nights Fishing. Mr. Robert Jenkins and Mr. James Noble, of Bay du Vin made a good night's fishing on Wednesday night last in Lower Bay du Vin. They caught 1,400 lbs. of smelt each.

Lumbering on Tabusintac. Messrs. Lee & Fairn have four teams and thirty men employed on the Tabusintac this winter and will get out nearly 1,000,000 feet of lumber. Those lumber chiefly for William Murray Esq., of Chatham.

Incendiarism. In the autumn some roughs from here were shooting partridge in the McCully meadows, Black River. Before leaving they set fire to several large stacks of hay built for the winter. The atrocity has only just been found out.

Caribou. Mr. Daniel Wall of Barriboque, came into town Monday, with a fine caribou head for which he asked \$12. Mr. Wall shot the animal a couple of days before, with Mr. W. Hudsons Mathews breech loader. Mr. Wall shot two other caribou also last week; using the same rifle.

Sneak Thieves. We have an average of 3 or 4 cases of house-breaking or shop lifting here every week now; but never a case of detection have we. On Friday night again, and for the second time this season, Mr. Monaghan's shoemakers shop was broken into, and two pairs of fine boots stolen.

Counterfeit Notes. There are a good many counterfeit \$1 notes in circulation. They may be detected by the following blunders: The title is blurred; Jacques Cartier's eye is a black spot; a white streak runs from ear to chin on one side; the first I in Harrington is not dotted; nor is the I in Harrington. Numbers have been taken in and the notes may reach here.

Newcastle Post Office. Our readers must not think our correspondence from Newcastle on the old post-office there, reflects in the slightest degree on the Postmaster. Mr. Johnston is a faithful and diligent officer; courteous and correct; and we fancy there is no one in Newcastle would rather give a new building up rather than be.

The Smelt Market at Boston. Returns from the Boston Markets proclaim the condition good. Large lots sold at the per lb. by the shippers getting 6 cents per lb. But we would warn shippers against "too much" of a good thing. Scatter your shipments well—do not allow them to accumulate in any market, for that market you run. We see thirty tons sent North Saturday; and by Saturday next 100 tons more will be ready to go in the same direction. American shippers are not so lucky; neither should the shippers be. There is hardly a fry to be had about town, plentiful though be the smelt.