

A GREAT SERIAL THIS WEEK BANK OF CALIFORNIA BY PRENTICE MULFORD.

The Saturday Gazette.

HAND TO HAND FISH WEEK. An interesting story complete this week.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1888.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

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THE BAY ISLANDS.

SOMEWHAT HISTORICAL AND SOMEWHAT LEGENDARY.

An Island which with its Picturesque Features and Pinnacles, Spires, Towers, and Peaks.

About forty miles south-west from St. John and twenty miles south from Eastport, Maine, a group of islands, of which Grand Manan is the chief, rear their picturesque cliffs from the sea, unmoved by the tremendous tides which have made the name of the Bay of Fundy, at the mouth of which these islands lie, familiar to men who go down to the sea in ships, all over the civilized world.

Grand Manan was visited by Champlain in 1605, but no settlement was made on the island till 180 years later when a few families of Loyalists took up their abode here, and among the population there are still to be found many of their descendants. Commander de Rasilly was among the early navigators who visited Grand Manan, and it is asserted that among the many wonders that he discovered about its shores was a rock of lapis lazuli, a specimen of which he sent home to France, was valued at ten crowns an ounce. Be this as it may, the existence of the rock, which de Rasilly said was almost always covered by the sea, has never since been disclosed. Still it is said that every stone mentioned in the book of Revelation is found on the shores of Grand Manan, and notably at Whale Cove, on the north-east shore, where bits of agate, jasper, porphyry and other minerals are frequently cast upon the single beach by the waves.

The actual length of the island of Grand Manan is sixteen miles; it is about five miles in breadth and it has a population of about 2,000, the settlements being scattered along by the coves and bays that indent its eastern shores; here there is a gentle slope from the high lands to the water's edge and the scenery is of surpassing beauty. The western shore of the island consists of one continuous range of purple cliffs which rise perpendicularly to a height of 200 to 400 feet, in a calm are wonderfully beautiful, but in a storm they are terrible in their magnificence. This range of cliffs is indented by Bradford's Cove, which, as legend hath it, was once a rendezvous of Capt. Kidd, and Dark Harbor, a triangular sheet of water, on two sides shut in by the cliffs and on the third by a sea wall which the waves have been piling up for centuries. About half a mile from Dark Harbor a freak of Nature is pointed out which, perhaps, is without a counterpart on the continent. From the trunk of a birch tree, one of the oldest on the island, and about thirty feet from its base, three large and vigorous branches strike out, one of which is a rowan, one a spruce, and one a fir. Some there are who consider this one of Capt. Kidd's landmarks, but it is likely that the seeds of the three varieties of trees were blown by the wind, or deposited by birds, in the bark of the parent tree, where they sprouted, and by some fortuitous circumstance were enabled to maintain their growth.

In this paradise of cliffs the climax of solitary wildness and grandeur is found in the great cliffs at Southern Head. To gain a full appreciation of this wonderful piece of Nature's handiwork they should be seen from the sea as well as from the land. They rise to a perpendicular height of 250 to 300 feet, and about their base, which has the appearance of a massive wall, the waves beat and dash incessantly, dashing the spray in storms that prevail here in spring and autumn, at times, to a height of fifty to one hundred feet above the summit of the cliffs. In the interstices of these cliffs thousands of gulls build their nests and rear their young. At times the air around the Southern Head seems full of snow at midsummer, so many of these birds are circling about their nests or searching for food along the surface of the waves. But what strikes the heart of the beholder with the deepest awe, is the Southern Cross, which rises from the sea, near the base of the cliffs, to a height of 70 to 80 feet, as perfect in every detail, as if fresh from the hands of one of the world's most conscientious sculptors. Yet here it stood, buffeted by the tides and the storms, when time was in its infancy, when Rome rose and fell, in the days of the Normans, when civilization

reached our shores, and here it will stand until some unprecedented convulsion shall shake it from its base.

One of the singular features of the Southern Cross is, that from one point of view its appearance is that of a woman, not unlike Queen Victoria in her royal robes.

It seems as if Nature had said of this island, "I will make it unique—I will fill it with surprises—I will show man that I can do when I get wild and reckless." Swallow Tail Point lies near the northern extremity of the island; it is a fan-shaped peninsula, surrounded by every quarter of the compass. It is about 200 yards in length by 100 yards in breadth, has an elevation of 200 to 250 feet above the sea, and is connected with the island at its apex by a foot bridge over the chasm, a gorge 300 feet in depth and something more than 100 feet in breadth. Then there are the Devil's Oven, the Hole in the Wall, the Devil's Retreat, the Devil's Slide, a number of gigantic figures in relief, the Bishop at the Northern Head, and an innumerable number of objects from Nature's workshop which strike the beholder speechless with amazement.

Before the confederation of the provinces, Grand Manan with its contiguous islands and reefs was the scene of many wrecks, involving the loss of many hundreds of lives and property to the amount of many hundreds of thousands of dollars, but since then light houses have been erected at the Northern Head, Bradford's Cove and on several of the neighboring islands and reefs, these disasters are much more infrequent than formerly. The cod, halibut, haddock and herring fishermen ply their avocations in comparative security, and in the thick fog with which at seasons of the year the vicinity is surrounded, passing vessels are careful to avoid the locality.

"The happy Mannettes" said an old writer, "rove from rock to rock, and from cove to cove, and in the rocky nooks of the sea." All the waters in the vicinity of these islands abound in food fishes, in the capture of which most of the islanders are engaged, and which ultimately find their way to all the great markets of the world.

When these islands were discovered they were inhabited by the Passamaquoddy Indians, the smoke of whose villages rose from every cove and inlet, and in the neighboring islands, and even now, fragments of the tribe drift back every summer from the coast of Maine, build their wigwags on Indian Beach, and spend the season in fishing or in shooting gulls about the Southern Head, the winds and breaths of which they sell to tourists, with baskets, moccasins and other articles that are manufactured by the squaws. Of a summer evening, when all is still save the waves that gleaming with the moonlight, murmur softly to the many colored sands, the Indian, as he smokes his pipe, delights to recount to any casual listener the stories of Gioscap, as they have come down to him from his ancestors. Gioscap was the Hiawatha of the Micmacs and the Milicetes, than by whom he was hardly less revered by the Passamaquoddy. Tradition describes him as an envoy of the Great Spirit, who had the form and habits of humanity, but was superior to all perils, sickness and death. He dwelt alone in a great wigwag, but was never far from those who were willing to profit by his councils. "His power was unbounded and supernatural, and was wielded against the enchantments of the magicians, while his wisdom taught the Indians how to hunt and fish, to heal diseases and to build wigwags, and canoes. He named the constellations and many of the chief points of the elements and by his magic wand he led the moose and caribou and bear to his throne. The allied powers of evil advanced with immense hosts to overthrow his great wigwag and break his power; but he extinguished their camp fires by night and summoned the spirits of the frost, by whose endeavors the land was visited by an intense cold and the hostile armies were frozen in the forest. At the approach of the English he turned his huge lightning dogs into stone and then passed away; but he will

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THE STORY OF PAWEKA AND SAKOMA.

Early in the sixteenth century, long before the island of Grand Manan was visited by Champlain or De Mont, its shores and bays formed the site of many populous Indian villages whose peaceful inhabitants gained a comfortable subsistence from fishing or the chase. All along the southern coast of the island the wigwags were packed so thickly together that they were to-day, on every sunny afternoon hundreds of seal delighted to bask on every shining shore, and it was by no means uncommon for whales to be led by the tide or driven to the quarry at will in the rocky nooks of the sea. At low tide, between Ross' Cove, and White Head Islands, of these islands were known by other names, and on several of the neighboring islands and reefs, these disasters are much more infrequent than formerly. The cod, halibut, haddock and herring fishermen ply their avocations in comparative security, and in the thick fog with which at seasons of the year the vicinity is surrounded, passing vessels are careful to avoid the locality.

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When these islands were discovered they were inhabited by the Passamaquoddy Indians, the smoke of whose villages rose from every cove and inlet, and in the neighboring islands, and even now, fragments of the tribe drift back every summer from the coast of Maine, build their wigwags on Indian Beach, and spend the season in fishing or in shooting gulls about the Southern Head, the winds and breaths of which they sell to tourists, with baskets, moccasins and other articles that are manufactured by the squaws. Of a summer evening, when all is still save the waves that gleaming with the moonlight, murmur softly to the many colored sands, the Indian, as he smokes his pipe, delights to recount to any casual listener the stories of Gioscap, as they have come down to him from his ancestors. Gioscap was the Hiawatha of the Micmacs and the Milicetes, than by whom he was hardly less revered by the Passamaquoddy. Tradition describes him as an envoy of the Great Spirit, who had the form and habits of humanity, but was superior to all perils, sickness and death. He dwelt alone in a great wigwag, but was never far from those who were willing to profit by his councils. "His power was unbounded and supernatural, and was wielded against the enchantments of the magicians, while his wisdom taught the Indians how to hunt and fish, to heal diseases and to build wigwags, and canoes. He named the constellations and many of the chief points of the elements and by his magic wand he led the moose and caribou and bear to his throne. The allied powers of evil advanced with immense hosts to overthrow his great wigwag and break his power; but he extinguished their camp fires by night and summoned the spirits of the frost, by whose endeavors the land was visited by an intense cold and the hostile armies were frozen in the forest. At the approach of the English he turned his huge lightning dogs into stone and then passed away; but he will

return again, call the dogs to life and once more dispense his royal hospitality as he was wont to do in the golden age." Tradition tells that on his departure from Acadia the great snowy owl retired to the deep forests to return no more until he could come to welcome Gioscap, and in these sylvan depths, the owl, even yet, repeats in the night, "Koo-koo-akoo! Koo-koo-akoo!" which is, to say in the Indian tongue "O, I am sorry! O, I am sorry!" and the loons, who had been the huntsmen of Gioscap, go restlessly up and down through the world, seeking vainly for their master, which they cannot find, and wailing because they find him not.

Some summers ago the writer with a party of tourists circumnavigated the island of Grand Manan in a yacht, calling at Long Island, High Duck Island, Low Duck Island, Nantuxet Island, Bradford's Cove and Dark Harbor, and finally disembarked in the early twilight at Indian Beach, where fifteen or twenty of the Passamaquoddy were encamped. Like all of their race they were uncommunicative, but when they discovered that we felt an interest in their history, they grew voluble, and under the stars repeated some of their legends, one or two of which are jotted down, as examples of the literature of a fast vanishing race.

THE STORY OF PAWEKA AND SAKOMA.

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LIFE AND ITS DUTIES.

ITS OBJECT AND THEIR PERFORMANCE.

Mrs. Parkin Talks to the Pupils in her Schools.

Victor Hugo, whom Tennyson calls the "Child-lover" who, not only wrote the most beautiful verses about childhood, but also loved children so well that he could put himself on a level with his grand-children, Jeanne and Georges, when he was more than fourscore years of age, has told us what Louis Philippe said to him one day, of his tutor, a woman who instructed him with the utmost carefulness how to acquire the facility of using his hands as well as his brain.

"It was a weak, lazy and cowardly boy, said the king; I was afraid of him! He made me a tolerably bold man with some amount of spirit." If Madame de Genlis, through the combination of severe mental and manual labor, could not only change the character of a prince, but could also fashion him into a strong, industrious and somewhat brave man, then surely any ordinary boy, through judicious training, aided by his own personal application, may become eventually, an intelligent and useful citizen, while, the brightest may fall by wasting his time, and trusting too much to his genius. For though it is a great advantage for a boy to have a good start, still, however, "the gift of the matter is not where a man begins but where he leaves off."

Holidays, in our city schools are nearly at hand, friendships in some instances, will be broken off, parting words of admonition will be received from faithful and earnest teachers whose impress will still remain, and as is usual at this season of the year, many of our genial, sunny-hearted boys, bright with innocence and honor, will leave the wholesome restraint of school-life forever, and go forth into the busy world, armed with all the vivid forces of boyish resolve, not only to take part in the active duties of life, but also to struggle, subdue and win. Still, however, all the privileges the boy has enjoyed, all the book-learning he has gained has done him little or no good, unless he has the understanding not only to know how to make the proper use of the knowledge already acquired, but also to continually seek for more wherever it is to be found in books, men, society and nature.

IN THE BY-WAYS AND HEDGES.

What the Lounger Hears Other People Talking About and His Views on Things in General.

The public or some person should look after North Street. It is continuously in a state of filth almost indescribable.

The closing exercises of the Sackville institutions always excite considerable interest among the educationalists of the province.

I understand that the liquor dealers who failed to get licenses have caused or will enter actions for damages against the city on the ground that the mayor should have called the meeting at which the licenses were granted before April 1st.

After eight years suffering from deafness, so bad that I was unable to attend to my business, I was cured by the use of Hagar's Yellow Oil.

The ARGONAUTS OF NORTH LIBERTY, by Bret Harte, has many of the characteristics which have made its author famous.

MIRACLE GOD, by Richard Dowling, is a pleasant story for summer reading.

Gail Hamilton is studying the manners and customs of the Orient.

John G. Whittier has a lingering fondness for the shoe-making trade.

Colonel Bob Ingersoll has a habit of thinking aloud. He went to an art gallery in Twenty-third street one day last week to inspect a collection of Bums.

Excelsior, excellent! he said meditatively. "And to think that such a rose blossomed amid a lot of blanked thistles."

The mode of operating of Burdock Blood Bitters is that it works at one and the same time upon the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

Burdock Blood Bitters unites in one combination remarkable powers as a tonic, blood-purifying, system-regulating and cleansing medicine.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

An oleomargarine manufacturer in New York has just committed suicide on account of the restrictions placed upon his business by the lawmakers.

Some silver spoons have just been discovered in a gutter in New Orleans which doesn't appear to have been cleaned out since the days of the war.

The latest fad among ladies in the cities, and one yet to be introduced here, is called "tips."

A syndicate formed to tunnel the Detroit river at Detroit, known as the Michigan and Canada Tunnel Company, which represents more than \$10,000,000 of capital, and was locally formed in Canada, will be properly qualified for transacting business under Michigan laws.

Maine shipping owners are much interested in the monster schooner to be built in Wadoboro this season, one that will eclipse everything ever before attempted in Maine.

Nere, an old Jonestown negro, who belonged to a slave family in the Kingdom of Henry County, S. C., asserts that he is 108 years old.

The largest umbrella in the world has been made in Glasgow for a King of East Africa. It can be opened and shut in the usual way, and when open is 21 feet in diameter.

M. Perrin, the French astronomer, has been observing the planet Mars very closely of late through powerful glasses.

The crust which civilization has laid over human existence is a very thin one. The semblance of a great hand in the sky near the gaseous town of Findlay, Ohio, with its index finger pointing to that city, the other day, is reported to have had a terrifying effect upon a large number of people.

Paul Akers, the talented Maine sculptor died in Philadelphia in 1896. For a long time one of his finest statues—a marble figure in character in Hawthorne's "Marble Faun"—has been in the possession of a gentleman in Buffalo, New York.

A woman at Bridgeport, West Va., gave birth to her 25th child last week. She is 48 years old, and was married at the age of 14.

Fifteen of the seventy-eight members of the graduating class of the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale earned their own living while taking their course of instruction.

FOR MUSICIANS.

"Only a Musician." This expression, often uttered in contemptuous tones, conveys some idea of the estimation in which the musical profession is held by those who form their judgment of a class from what they know of individuals.

The musician, whose art frequently brings him in contact with intelligent and well-informed people, who find him able to participate in the discussion of topics outside of those to his profession, is of more credit to that profession than the musician who can talk only of music, and knows nothing else.

W. R. Alger, writing to the Leader on the use of music says: "The essential use of music, stated in the most comprehensive terms, is to educate the spirit, universal, giving it richness, variety, and readiness of action.

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Music expresses feelings, awakens feelings, orders or arranges and proportionates feelings; and so purifies, enriches, and exalts feelings.

A Good Offer. is made by the proprietors of Hagar's Yellow Oil, who have long offered to refund every cent expended for that remedy if it fails to give satisfaction.

A New England man has beaten the green goods swindlers men at their own game. He got one of their circulars and in reply asked for a sample of their goods.

HINTS FOR THE CUBINE.

To Utilize Pieces of Cold Beefsteak.

Chop the best and most tender portions, add hot water enough to moisten well, add butter, salt and pepper, heat quickly, and serve as soon as hot.

Three pounds of mutton, remove nearly all the fat, slice five pounds of potatoes, put in the pot a layer of meat, then a layer of potatoes, till all the material is used, season with salt and pepper, pour in a little more than a pint of water, let it simmer for two hours or more, until all is done.

Wash the cutlets clean and pin in a fish cloth, drop into boiling water and boil for 15 minutes; serve with cream, butter and sliced lemon.

One quart of milk, yolks of four eggs, four tablespoons of corn starch, one tablespoonful of sugar; make into a boiled custard, beat the white of the eggs with six tablespoons of sugar for frosting; pour the frosting into a pudding dish, spread the custard on top, and bake in a water bath over 15 or 20 minutes.

That wonderful humorist, Tom Hood, once remarked: "Good wine is a friend; because it is dry; or, at least they may be by and by; or any other reason why." The last is perhaps the most common reason.

Among the most morbid conditions resulting from the use of alcoholic liquors, as well as from improper food and customs of eating, are inflammation of the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys and brain.

Against sudden colds, irritating coughs and sore throats of the throat. Keep Hagar's Fectoral Balsam at hand for these prevalent troubles of winter and spring. It is the best safeguard.

HATS. HATS. MANKS & CO.,

Are now showing the following makes of Hats in all the latest styles: SILL DRESS HATS, STIFF FELT HATS, FLEXIBLE FELT HATS. Flange Brim Hats, Soft Felt Hats, Crush Hats. In Light, Medium and Dark Colors.

SKINNER'S Carpet Warerooms

Elegant Wilton Carpets, with 5-8 Borders to Match; Beautiful Brussels Carpets, New Colorings, 5-8 Borders to Match; Tapestry in Brussels Designs, 5-8 Borders to Match; A magnificent line of Curtains, in all the New Makes, viz., Madras, India Grape, Chenille, Burmah, Turcoman, etc.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 and 62 Prince William Street.

Builders' Hardware: A full line of above in LOCKS, HINGES, KNOBS, GLASS, NAILS, PAINTS, OILS, and the numerous goods comprised in this Department. Housekeepers' Hardware: In TINWARE, AGATEWARE, KITCHENWARE, FIRE IRONS, COAL VASES, DISH COVERS, &c., &c.

S. & M. UNGAR, 32 WATERLOO STREET.

Lace Curtains

Cleansed Equal to New at 50c. per pair. We guarantee not to injure the finest of Curtains, and on any one showing us that we have done so we are prepared to replace them with new.

LEE & LOGAN DIRECT IMPORTERS OF Groceries, Wines & Liquors.

FINE OLD PORT WINE. EXTRA TABLE SHERRY WINE. SEVEN STAR WINE. CHAMPAGNE. SUPERIOR. GIN. WHISKY. DUBLIN PORT. GIN. AND Pils. RASS. PALE ALE. GUINNESS. STOUT. AND Pils. SIX YEAR OLD RYE WHISKY. KENTUCKY BOURBON WHISKY. HAZEL. SUPERIOR. HAZEL. SUPERIOR. HAZEL. SUPERIOR.

Advertisement for New Langtry Langtry BUSTLE! AMERICAN RUBBER STORE! 65 CHARLOTTE STREET. The Only Exclusive Rubber Store East of Boston.

nauseous gulp, the fluid was poured down with an occasional raspy, "Ho-m" or an eager grasping for the water pitcher, held out to the vigorous ravages of cold whisky.

"Brother, another screw in our respective coffins. Boys, who know this story, we or John Harley?"

"Brother, I guess," said a piping voice. "Brood's got 'em. Shakes. Alone in his cabin for two weeks with a five-gallon demijohn of whisky. Saw him as I was comin' up evening, his doornail like fury. Asked him what was the matter. Lord, how he yelled! 'Matter? Matter enough, how he yelled! The house is full of bugs and beetles, snakes and centipedes, horned toads and tumble bees, and I can't keep 'em out! I vomited.'"

"He was up here yesterday afternoon," said another. "Come walking into the stony quiet enough until he saw Rankin behind the counter took him for a mule team, I guess. Anyway, he made for him with a black make whip, stinging out: 'What! What! How did that come? How Rankin did give from the hill? The boys got after 'em and started Rankin home. Nice man to be laying round loose. Somebody ought to look after him.'"

"He came here a fortnight ago to lay in his winter's provisions," said Rankin. "I asked him to make out his order. Well, he said he guessed he'd have a sack of flour, ten pounds of pork, four pounds of sugar, three of coffee, and so on, as he was being lugged the number of pounds until he got to the whisky. He said that he'd have a barrel. I took him down to five gallons. 'You've commenced on that before tackling the grub.'"

"I wish," said one, "I had his claim any way, on that point of rocks. They say he's got pickles, jars full of dust under his seat. I saw him take ten ounces one day out of a pot hole myself. They say he's got rum, luck and a Boston sailor go together. Put Rankin without a cent on a bed in the morning, got a color from before, all him full of whisky, and give him a pan and an iron spoon, and he'll pull straight for the only \$4000 steps on the bar. If I could manage Rankin I'd break him in and use him for a gold pinger, as I would like to put for 'em."

"I like," said Big Dick, "to see a man on his way home, and hear him cursing the devil himself, because for the first time in their lives, they find themselves freed from all social restraints and in a country where a man can do pretty much as he pleases, or as he likes."

"They're living now," he continued, "on the stable yard muck hill side of life, and call it independence. That is to say, 'independence' with them means disregard for the dress, rough language, and a cutting away from all the amenities, manners and polish of the older settlements. It is a great mistake. They can't always remain in it. They've got to be beautiful life, refine it, polish it up to themselves, and ten years hence you'll find a portion of the fellows on the bar living in towns and cities in grand houses, and clothed in purple and fine linen."

CHAPTER IX.
CLOUDS.

Broder remained with me several months before making another trip to San Francisco. He taught me "panning out" and the use of the rocker. I agonized for days before getting the knack of this instrument. It is to be worked with the left hand, while water is poured by the right on the dirt in the top sieve, and right and left arms seemed continually trying to do each other's work, the right shaking and the left pouring, at least, they'd make efforts to that effect—and often was I so irritated by the seeming contradictions, both of my arms and the machine, that I was tempted to kick it to pieces.

Broder would laugh, saying: "Take it easier. Sit down and let your mind rest. There's where the trouble lies. You don't know how to teach a man to pan. Don't get angry. Recollect how many times you first fell down when you were trying to walk."

In a few days I mastered the rocker. Before leaving Broder thus advised me: "If you have your twenty ounces of river sand, I'll leave you twenty ounces of river sand. You don't know what means 'River sand'. It's less river gold dust broadcast in it, so it's bound to yield four or five dollars a day with any work. That'll keep up the vein of the claim. We must seem to be making something here. If I called it with 'Rumblers' river dust or dust from the dry diggings, the trader would detect it. That would excite their curiosity, and that's what we want of all things to ward off."

"I want to make as quick work as possible," he continued, "of the 'Bank' up the mountain. I don't think it's a vein that'll hold out long. It's got the right formation. The ledge is the line on both sides—granite and that's a good holding ledge for gold. A quartz vein to hold out should be between two different kinds of rock—say, granite and slate. This gold-bearing quartz gets poured in between them, as it says to lie, the ledge only shows. This ore is a short-lived deposit—might be rich as long as it lasts, but when it gives out it will wipe all as once—like some people's goodness when the temptation becomes too strong."

It was about the first of March when Broder made this trip to San Francisco. On leaving, he said to me: "Watch the 'Bank' very carefully, but don't touch it. I want to do all the work on it myself. Go to it every day, and keep an eye on all strangers, prospectors and stragglers, and the more ragged and no account a man looks, the more you want to look out for him. I was left alone. But six months had elapsed since I left Eastport. I had now time and solitude to think things and myself over. I seemed to have lived ten years in as many weeks. Eastport and my Eastport self seemed of some remote period. I was part and parcel of a new life, and new surroundings and new men—not a man's looker-on, but a watcher vitally interested in every movement about me, because it might deeply affect my own fortune."

Above and beyond all in my reflections stood out this man Broder. In one sense, he was his follower, absorbed by him, led by him. He was entire master of the situation. I looked up to him and admired his common sense, his ease and adaptability to men and circumstances, his outward appearance of recklessness, which seemed but a cloak for the caution underneath.

Yet I did not feel wholly like Broder. One reason was, he repelled anything like a warm expression of friendship.

"Don't try to thank me for what you say"

"You don't see," he remarked one evening, "when in certain cases and to some extent you can't tell what will grow into or what will grow into us that'll make us friendly, indifferent or hostile to each other. That's my doctrine. In plain, old-fashioned words, its every man for himself in reality, and the Old Scratch take the hindmost. You don't like it. I see. You believe in friendship to the last and clinging to whatever you like until it's the last stage of decay and killing you with the poison. You believe in hanging on to a friend while he, maybe, out of pure ignorance or selfishness, is through his weakness, dragging you to ruin along with him. I don't. Like strong people, so long as they are strong, I pity them as they become weak. I cut from a circle when he leans on me too heavily."

"And how with women?" I asked.

"That's somewhat another affair. I am as much a woman's tyrant in this way, I or rather the nature inside of me, exacts of a woman what she shall continue to do so. If she doesn't, I'm, the same as I'm, to remain a hypocrite and pretend a sentiment which she don't feel."

Broder seemed to be a lover, glittering in the sunlight and reflecting the light from a thousand pinpoints, but to the touch, full of power, hot, but unpleasant to near approach; pleasing only so long as one maintained the proper distance.

"You socially, he was ever to me the most fascinating and when he chose could make me forget him as the iceberg. An educated man, but not a pedant; book learned, but not bookish or book talkative; alive to the past, but as much if not more fully so to the present, and especially home to the 'points' in the varied array of human nature on Bull Bar. It is his true mark of his conversation was in a word, full of power, hot, but unpleasant to near approach; pleasing only so long as one maintained the proper distance."

"I was not a fighter," he said, "I was a talker, and I should first address him. I framed his starting one morning with him and hammer. I knew by these tools he was after me. He kept me, probably to make expense."

Quartz prospectors used to carry a bit of cow's horn, so cut as to form an elliptical shaped bowl. It was better for washing pulverized 'rock' than the larger copper bowl. Pratt took a route through the chapparral near the base of the mountain on the side where he was 'Bank'. I worked a couple of hours in a miserable state of mind and then he took himself to the 'Bank' intending there to stay all day and guard it. In the afternoon I saw Pratt already being speared over the rock. I followed him to the place where he was speared, and he was speared over the rock. I followed him to the place where he was speared, and he was speared over the rock.

CHAPTER X.
DEATH.

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CHAPTER XI.
THE SEARCH.

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"I want to make as quick work as possible," he continued, "of the 'Bank' up the mountain. I don't think it's a vein that'll hold out long. It's got the right formation. The ledge is the line on both sides—granite and that's a good holding ledge for gold. A quartz vein to hold out should be between two different kinds of rock—say, granite and slate. This gold-bearing quartz gets poured in between them, as it says to lie, the ledge only shows. This ore is a short-lived deposit—might be rich as long as it lasts, but when it gives out it will wipe all as once—like some people's goodness when the temptation becomes too strong."

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Above and beyond all in my reflections stood out this man Broder. In one sense, he was his follower, absorbed by him, led by him. He was entire master of the situation. I looked up to him and admired his common sense, his ease and adaptability to men and circumstances, his outward appearance of recklessness, which seemed but a cloak for the caution underneath.

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CHAPTER XIII.
THE SEARCH.

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Of course, Pratt said his companion would remark his frequent absence from my claim. They would be hunting quarts up and down the mountain, and would be certain to intercept me on my daily trips to and from the 'Bank'. Then I remembered with dismay that the mountain side was strewn with bits of quartz, its milky whiteness bringing it out in strong contrast with the red soil, and that, in small and large fragments, it was especially thick near the claim. Now, these before-undiscovered masses of rock seemed to me so many finger points pointing out to all our treasure. I passed the whole night in a fever, and suffered a dozen realizations of imagination concerning my coming troubles with Pratt & Co.

I wrote immediately to Broder, informing him of the situation. But in those days communication by mail with San Francisco was slow. A week at least would pass before Broder would get my letter and return.

CHAPTER X.
DEATH.

Within three days Pratt and his partner, Hillyar, had completed their cabin. Pratt had a starting one morning with him and hammer. I knew by these tools he was after me. He kept me, probably to make expense."

Quartz prospectors used to carry a bit of cow's horn, so cut as to form an elliptical shaped bowl. It was better for washing pulverized 'rock' than the larger copper bowl. Pratt took a route through the chapparral near the base of the mountain on the side where he was 'Bank'. I worked a couple of hours in a miserable state of mind and then he took himself to the 'Bank' intending there to stay all day and guard it. In the afternoon I saw Pratt already being speared over the rock. I followed him to the place where he was speared, and he was speared over the rock.

CHAPTER XI.
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St. John Academy of Art
—AND—
SCHOOL OF DESIGN.
Now open for instruction in Free-Hand Drawing from objects. Perspective painting in Oil and Water Colors by competent teachers. Chinese painting taught by the most improved method. Lessons in painting by mail. Courses for students on Saturdays and two nights a week. Circulars sent on application.
JOHN C. MILLS, A. B. C. A. Principal.
FRED. M. C. MILLS, Assistant.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B.
FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor.

Royal Hotel,
T. F. RAYMOND, Prop'r
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Victoria Hotel
(Formerly Waverley).
81 to 87 KING STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
D. W. MCCORMICK, Prop'r.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL.
(LATE ROYAL).
King Square, St. John, N. B.
G. H. PRICE,
Owner and Proprietor.
Thoroughly renovated and furnished. First class in all its appointments.

Queen Hotel,
FREDERICKTON, N. B.
J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
Fine Sample Room in Connection.
ALSO, A FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Coches at trains and boats.

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QUEEN ST., FREDERICKTON.
Newly refurnished and now one of the leading hotels in the Maritime Provinces.
Simple Room & Livery Stable
Modern Improvements constantly being made.

F. B. COLEMAN, Proprietor

PROFESSIONAL.
WILLIAM PUGSLEY, D. C. L.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law.
OFFICES:
Cor. Prince Wm. & Church Sts.

John F. Ashe,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, Etc.
OFFICE:
94 Prince William Street.

DR. ANDREWS
HAS REMOVED TO
No. 15 Colberg Street,
NEXT DOOR ABOVE DR. HAMILTON'S.

J. HUTCHISON, M. D.
GRADUATE OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS
OF ST. JOHN, N. B. (of King's College
London, and the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, Scot-
land).
Office and Residence, Paradise Row, Portland
N. B. Adjunct to the Mission Chapel.

Choice Oysters
Fresh and Salt Fish
OF ALL KINDS AT
No. 19 N. S. KING SQUARE.
J. D. TURNER.

FOR YOUR OYSTERS
GO TO
S. BRUCE'S
Oyster House,
9 King Square (North side).
Oysters delivered at all parts of the City. Discount made on Family and Hotel Orders.

WHEN ORDERING
Your Oysters,
5 KING SQUARE.
Do not forget the New Oyster Store,
City and Portland.
OYSTERS delivered to any part of the City and Portland.
[To be continued.]

THE
Maritime Warehousing
—AND—
DOCK COMPANY,
Victoria Wharf, Smythe Street,
(Foot of Union Street),
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

DIRECTORS:
SIMON JONES, Sec. Treasurer,
GEORGE ROBERTSON, Vice-President,
THE HON. JOHN BOND,
C. H. FAIRBANKS, Esq.,
W. H. CHURCH, Esq.

THOS. STEAD,
Secretary and Manager

BONDED and Free Warehouses, Goods stored at moderate rates. Warehouse receipts negotiable by endorsement, issued under authority of Special Act of Parliament of the Dominion of Canada.

Shippers may consign goods direct to the Company. With substantial and dry warehouses open in position to receive consignments, and attend to all communications to be addressed to

THOS. STEAD, Sec'y.
Insurance at minimum rates.

HACYARD'S
YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM
FREEMAN'S
WORM POWDERS.
Are pleasant to take. Contain Chloroform, Peppermint, in a safe, sure, and effective **Chloroform of Worms in Children of Adults.**

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CURES COLIC, CHOLERA, HOARSENESS, ETC.

WANTED.
Hides, Calfskins, Sheepskins, Wool and Wool Pickings. Persons in the country sending the hides will promptly receive the highest market prices.

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Storeman—Head of Alley, 10 Sydney St.,
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CITY OF LONDON
FIRE INSURANCE CO.
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Capital, - - - \$1,000,000.
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Losses adjusted and paid without reference to England.

AGENTS FOR
Royal Family Cigarette
We have on hand a fine Assortment

Choice Havana Cigars
Which we will sell low to the Trade.

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WANTED - - - 50,000 REEN or Cuts sent for at 1100 a ton. **Wm. LAUDRY,**
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EXPRESS.
The Intercolonial Express Co.
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Forwards Merchandise, Money and Packages every day (Sundays excepted), with Goods, Drafts, Notes and Accounts. Special Messengers in charge, over the entire line of the Intercolonial Railway, connecting at Halifax with the Atlantic and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

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for all points in the Province of Quebec and Ontario and the Western States, and at St. John with the Atlantic and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

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for all points in the Eastern and Southern States. Branch office in Summerside and Charlotte. P. E. I. Express forwarded and received weekly. Delicate Goods or Goods in Bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch. Special rates for Large Consignments and further information on application to

JAMES BRYCE, J. H. STONE,
Secretaries.

TO LET.
SHOP, 161 BRUSSELS ST.,
Stable for a Jobbing Blacksmith or Horse Shoeing. Immediate possession given. Rent Low. Apply to
A. G. BOWES & CO.,
No. 21 Canterbury St.

RAILROADS.
New Brunswick Railway Co.
(CALL RAIL LINE).
ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS, in effect April 2nd, 1888. Leave St. John International Station—Standard Time.
6.10 a.m.—Port Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and Portland, and for Fredericton, St. Stephen, Hinton, Woodstock, Grand Falls, Grand Falls and Woodstock, with Pullman Parlor Car for Boston.
8.40 a.m.—For St. Stephen, and for Bangor and Woodstock.
4.45 p.m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.
8.30 p.m.—(Except Saturday night)—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points west, (except Saturday and Sunday night), for Hinton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Presque Isle and Grand Falls, with Pullman Sleeping Car for Boston.
ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.
5.45 a.m.—(Except Monday Morning)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points west, and from St. Stephen, Hinton and Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls, with Pullman Sleeping Car for Boston.
9.00 a.m.—From Fredericton and intermediate points.
2.25 p.m.—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from Fredericton, St. Stephen, Hinton, Woodstock, Grand Falls and Presque Isle.
7.00 p.m.—From St. Stephen, and from St. Andrew, Fredericton, Hinton and Woodstock.
LEAVE CARLETON.
8.00 a.m.—For Fredericton, and for Bangor and all points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Hinton, Woodstock and Woodstock.
4.30 p.m.—For Fredericton, and for Fredericton and intermediate points.
8.40 a.m.—From Fredericton.
5.05 p.m.—From Fredericton and points west.
H. D. McLEOD, F. W. CLARK,
Super. Southern Division. F. W. CLARK,
J. P. LARIVY, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.
St. John, N. B., October 11, 1887.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
1887 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1888
ON and AFTER MONDAY, NOV. 26th 1887
of the trains this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:
Trains will Leave St. John.
DAY EXPRESS: 7.00 a.m., 1.00 p.m., 7.00 p.m.
NIGHT EXPRESS: 11.00 p.m.
Express from St. John to Fredericton, and from Fredericton to St. John, will leave St. John at 7.00 a.m., and arrive at Fredericton at 1.00 p.m., and leave Fredericton at 1.00 p.m., and arrive at St. John at 7.00 p.m.
A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 10.00 train.
On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached to the Montreal Express.
Trains will Arrive at St. John:
Express from HALIFAX & QUEBEC: 7.00 a.m., 1.00 p.m., 7.00 p.m.
Express from ST. JOHN: 1.00 p.m., 7.00 p.m.
Express from ST. JOHN: 1.00 p.m., 7.00 p.m.
All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTSINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., November 22nd, 1887.

Grand Southern Railway.
ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Feb. 29, Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:—
LEAVE ST. JOHN at 10.45 a.m., and Carleton at 1.00 p.m., and arrive at St. Stephen at 7.00 p.m., and leave St. Stephen at 7.00 p.m., and arrive at St. John at 1.00 p.m.
LEAVE ST. STEPHEN at 8.30 a.m., St. George at 10.00 a.m., Carleton Place at 11.00 a.m., and St. John at 1.00 p.m.
John will stop at Moncton for refreshment, up to 5.00 or 6.00 lbs. not more in bulk will be received by James Macdonald, 40 Water Street, St. John, N. B., all other weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the Warehouse, Moncton, N. B., where a truckman will be in attendance.
Wm. W. STURDEN, Receiver.
E. W. HOLL, Superintendent.

STEAMERS.
INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT:
—FOR—
BOSTON,
Via Eastport and Portland.
ON COMMENCING MONDAY, April 20th, and on further notice, Steamers of this line will leave St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 9 a.m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.
Returning will leave Boston at 9 a.m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and Portland at 9 a.m. same days, for Eastport and St. John.
H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

NOVA SCOTIA STEAMSHIP CO., Limited
—TO—
DIGBY, ANNAPOLIS,
Yarmouth, Kentville, Halifax, and all intermediate stations.
ON and AFTER NOVEMBER 14th, and until further notice, the Steamer **St. John** will leave St. John every MONDAY and SATURDAY morning at 7.00 a.m., for Digby, Annapolis, Yarmouth, Kentville, Halifax, and all intermediate stations, after arrival of trains from Halifax and St. John.
H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

SMITH'S MANUAL</

FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS

WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE.

Paragraphs from a Great Number of Places and About a Great Number of Subjects.

St. Peter—You were a wicked reporter, I see, and only went to church when sent there to take sermons. How many sermons did you report?

Reporter—One a week for twenty years; twenty times fifty-two is—twice nought's nought, twice two are four, twice five are ten—1940 sermons, sir.

Go over to that fleecy cloud and lie down and rest.

How long can I stay there?

Forever.

Confirmed bachelor—How time does fly, Miss Seaside! Why, it was 10 years ago that you refused me on this very spot.

Miss Seaside (who wishes she hadn't)—So long as that! I was very young and foolish then, Mr. Smith.

Confirmed Bachelor—But we are both older and wiser now, 'est-ce-pas?

That the old alcaides of California sometimes delivered judgments instead with homely wisdom is clearly shown by the following anecdote:

A wife once summoned her husband before an alcalde for having serenaded another woman.

"Bring forth the culprit," said the judge, "and let him play to us as he played before the woman he wished to captivate."

When this was done the judge asked, "Is that the time you played it?"

"Si, señor."

"Is that the best you can play it?"

"Si, señor."

"Then I fine you \$2 for disturbing the public peace."

Polite caller—I did not know you were such an accomplished linguist, Miss Highnote.

Amateur soprano—Linguist?

"Yes. What language were you singing in just now, Italian, German, French or Spanish?"

"I was singing in English, sir."

A bushel of corn makes four gallons of whiskey. It sells for \$15 at retail. The government gets \$3.00, the farmer 40 cents, the railroad \$1, the manufacturer \$4, the vendor \$7, and the drinker all that is left—\$4.00.

Prince Alexander (of Bulgaria)—My darling, the lord high chamberlain tells me that Lord Highleather told him that Duke Demit told him that Prince Big-bag told him that Bismarck said I might kiss you just once.

Princess Victoria—How nice.

You can't always judge the degree of the fervor of a man's piety by the amount of rattle he succeeds in getting out of the coil that he drops into the contribution box.—Somerville Journal.

"Well," said an undertaker, "I'm not much of a fighter, but when it comes to boxing, I can easily lay out any man."—Undertaker's Journal.

If you want to be well informed take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some good points.—Yonkers Statesman.

First Clubman—I say, Freddie, is your watch a stop watch?

Second Clubman—Yes, it's stopping down at "uncle's" for a few days.

"Is this all that you can give me?" said a tramp to the lady of the house when she handed him a cup of cold water in charity.

"Oh, no; I can give you a whole basinful, with soap and a towel, but I don't think you want it, do you?"

The tramp hurried away with all speed.

Augustus Popinjay (to his country cousin, who is on a visit to the family)—Do you object to the weed, Bella?

Bella—No, but pa does. He's at 'em with the hoe early and late.

"Are you familiar with Thackeray's works, Miss Soother?" asked Mr. Miles Standish of the Pittsburg girl, and she artlessly responded:

"Can't say that I am. I do not keep the run of half the fountain they are putting up in Pittsburg."

Bartender—Abine the frappe as usual, this morning, sir?

Mr. Hoffman House—Gwacious! Can't you see I'm wearing a blue overall? You don't expect me to take a green drink, give me a little gin and Polly.—Puck.

"Fine night," said Johnson to Johnson as they came out of the club.

"Yes," answered Johnson, as the clock began striking the hour of twelve, "it is a fine night, but I expect it will storm when I get home."—Boston Courier.

Philadelphia Little Girl—What are you learning at your school? I'm in vulgar fractions.

Boston Little Girl—Oh, ma would not permit me to engage in any such a study as that, You know. Our fractions are awfully gentle.

Husband (of economical views)—That's a becoming remark, my dear.

Wife (of sarcastic turn)—Oh, yes, becoming very old and decrepit.

Could not the wind be classed under the head of roar materials.—Yonkers Statesman.

Wonder if a balloon would be more effective if it was made of fly paper?—Boston Bulletin.

Should earthquakes be referred to as "real estate movements" or "matters in connection with ground rents"?—Boston Centinel.

A rural contributor writes to ask if "a treatise upon the gooseberry would be a welcome addition to current literature."—Detroit Free Press.

We would like to inquire if, during the honeymoon, newly-married people are expected to arrange their hair with a honey-comb.—Lowell Citizen.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A COLUMN OF GOSSIP AND HINTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG GIRLS.

What Women all Over the World are Talking and Thinking About.

Paul Blouet, better known as "Max O'Reil," has been telling Londoners that American women have "a kind of spiritual politeness, a tender solicitude for other people, combined with a strong individuality." This is refreshing.

Mrs. Maria E. Beasley, of Philadelphia, has made a fortune from the most remarkable invention which the mind of a woman ever conceived. In 1884 Mrs. Beasley took out a patent for a machine for the construction of barrels. Up to that time barrels had been made almost altogether by hand. The machine is worked by three men and turns out more than 600 complete barrels a day. Mrs. Beasley was born in North Carolina of wealthy parents. She possesses wonderful mechanical genius. Her first invention was a machine for hooping barrels. It will hoop 1,700 barrels a day, and is used by the Standard Oil Company.

Fingerless gloves were a novelty at the Vanderbilt dinner. They were a compromise between wholly gloved hands, which are clumsy and unsuitable to eat with, and bare hands, which seem hardly the right thing for a dressy occasion.

So a number of the ladies, as though by prearrangement wore gloves that stopped a little beyond their knuckles. These were like the suits of our grandmothers, except that they were made of kid. Not only did they have the advantage of beauty and utility in the handling of knives, forks and spoons, but they permitted a display of jewelry. The strategy of rings on gloved fingers is not often committed by fashionable women, who have therefore been reluctantly compelled to hide or leave off their finger jewels at all times when gloves were prescribed. The fingerless gloves as thus introduced were a special manufacture to order, but the dealers will, of course, hasten to meet a demand. Customers can't wait for an importation, which would take six weeks, by which time the season of spring dinners will be over. So the dealers will have to amputate the fingers of gloves already in stock and finish the cut edges with fancy stitching. If anybody desires to go into the business of supplying kid covers for sore fingers he can now lay in a supply cheaply.

And now a new Christmas and birthday industry has opened up to the wives, sisters, and sweethearts of the gilded youth of the town. His slipper, handkerchiefs, and tennis hat crowns have been embroidered, his toilet articles hidden away in flimsy little cases all atangle with ribbon, his clothing concealed in sundry startling and puzzling receptacles, he has anatomized the embroidered footstools and hassocks over which he has stumbled in the darkness or amid the bewildering reflection superinduced by a club dinner; and now that everything known to man has been decorated and tied up with silken bows and the fairest sigh for new worlds to conquer, the tailor has come to the rescue with the latest decree of fashion, which ordains that the waistcoats of gentlemen's evening suits shall be embroidered. Waistcoats of white and black satin, of white, Marcellise, black broadcloth or fine diagonal are all worn, and, to be complete, must have a vine of embroidery around the collar, down the front just back of the buttons, and turning the corners extending across the front, the same distance from the braid on the edge as it is down the front. Each pocket has a special little design of its own. The work is done with fine, firm silk, Cordelli preferred, in a close, compact, little pattern, in what is called laid work and French knots. The cloth for the vest is obtained from the tailor before it is cut, he marking out the direction required to be taken by the work, which, when it is finished and nicely pressed, is returned to him to be cut and made.

If, then, a young woman be seen working on a plain square of cloth, either black or white, tracing a fine smooth vine in two right angles and two semicircles with three little sprays in some convenient space, it will be safe to surmise that some one dear to her heart will appear in all the gorgeousness of an embroidered waistcoat at next winter's festivities.

Children now dressed in the newest and most fashionable garments are dressed as they should be, as far as regards health and beauty. Little girls no longer wear apologies for pinnacles, which barely cover the thighs, and the loose belts and sleeves in vogue give little arms and bodies chance to grow.

From the small undershirt of gauze flannel and the white jean body, supplied with buttons for side elastic, petticoats and waists, to the comfortable low shoes and broad-brimmed hats, attention is given to comfort and health.

Under twelve years children are dressed in inexpensive materials. That is, no heavy silks, velvets or broadcades are worn, but those who can purchase the finest of linens, ginghams, flannels, tweeds and lawns. Brown Holland linen is used by the most fashionable children's modistes on Fifth avenue, and all the little Van-

derbilts, Gobelts and Livingstons are provided with everyday dresses of this desirable material. When tastefully patterned and nice laundered the linen is one of the most desirable, and for many years it has found favor in England.

The Scotch ginghams in all the pretty and variegated plaids, trimmed with narrow edging of colored embroidery, and made with white gimps, are made up in a variety of modes for both boys and girls, the pinks, blues and greens being worn by the latter, and the browns, yellows and deep blues by small boys.

It is quite a study to trace the development of what is called women's fancy work. If one take up an old book on the matter it is found to contain various chapters on leather work, wax work, and paper flowers, picture frames made of beans and rice, landscapes composed of pebbles, moss, and pieces of bark, and decorative pictures. There used to be manuals of knitting, tatting, and crochet work. Everyone had to have a knitted purse, a tatting set of lingerie and crocheted edges for trimming underwear. She should know how to knit suspenders and smoking caps for her future spouse, tidies and bedspreads for her mamma, and alghans and shirts for her baby friends.

In those days the guest chamber had match boxes and mottoes made from perforated card board and worsted, a flycatcher or six candle hanging from the chandelier, worsted lamp mats and Java canvas toilet sets; all in as many colors as the rainbow. The young ladies' work basket held a square of canvas being transformed into a worsted landscape, portraits of a peacock, or gorgeous bunch of flowers. On the walls hung a newspaper basket manufactured from old hoopstrik wires, a stiff shell picture frame, and a most excellent likeness in crayon of some member of the family.

But there were some things the girl of the period produced that will always remain beautiful. The pressed sea mosses make just as interesting a little portfolio to-day as when the grand old dame of the period produced them. The dusty sea, the graceful vines and flowers worked out on soft flannel, the fine hemstitching, the drawn thread work, handed down to us from nimble fingers of bygone days, are as beautiful needlework as anything we can do.

The herbariums of flowers and leaves pressed in some old book have developed into work with a flower press, and such art arrangements as the stationers get out to contain pressed flowers as souvenirs of different localities. Leather work has been supplanted by wood carving full of life and beauty. The conventional worsted work has given place to embroidery on beautiful textures that takes high rank in our work, and is essentially feminine.

While it vies with the grandmother accomplishments with the needle in its delicacy and finish, it has gained strength in breadth and boldness of design, in arrangement of color, and in warm tones and variety of fabrics. The deathly wax-flower art has risen into wax and clay modelling, and whereas the caller used to be entertained by sketches books of old castles and ruined bridges copied from unnatural landscapes, to-day he looks upon a painted screen radiant with groups of natural flowers, a silken banner with a lifelike bird singing on a swinging vine, a canvas on the easel filled with nodding pansies; bits of life gleaming out here and there and everywhere.

Fashion Notes.

Paris milliners perfume their most expensive French flowers and flower bonnets.

Grasshopper green and periwinkle pink are the names of two spring tints daintily intermingled in the adornings of a Parisian round hat.

The indefinite shadowy knocche patterns produced by the Jacquard looms are noticeable in many of the beautiful semi-diplomatic textiles imported for mid-summer wear.

White tea gowns are increasing in favor, and are made in watered silk, satin, Merveilleux, cashmere and muslin, all plentifully trimmed with lace, and many with gold.

In bijouterie a novelty consists of a small gold spoon as a brooch, with a pearl in the centre of the bowl. The floral buttons, in the form of daisies, violets, etc., are quite works of art. As yet they are scarce and somewhat costly.

Rouge saignant is the name of the shade of red which is this season combined with sargent gray, or the fashionable shade known as fume de bois, or wood smoke to distinguish it from the long-favored fawn gray of a brownish tinge.

Large aprons of spotted cream muslin trimmed with lace and finished off at the left side with a sash of Pongee silk or a length of watered ribbon, also cream-colored, are being worn in the morning and also at tea-time. White satin Merveilleux drawing-room pinafores, trimmed and edged with lace, are to be seen on some children but the most popular are the "smoked" pinafores in linen or soft silk.

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