

THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO.

SONGS OF BIRDS.

The Skylark's song: "Arise, arise! Oh, from glad wings, awake the air! On, on, above, the light is there! Pass the faint clouds and know the skies, Oh, loomless, oh deep-endless height! On unvoiced sun! Oh ecstasy of upward flight! I mount! I mount! Oh sun! Oh sun!"
The Sparrow's song: "Let me to sing: Skies blacken under night or rain; Wild wings are weary all in vain. Lo, the fair earth, the fruitful store! And the dear sunbeams travel down, And warn our ears, And bring gay Summer to the town, Oh sun! Oh bloom! Oh safe warm caves!"

THE DRESS-MAKER AT GREEN HARBOR.

Mis' Babson, the dress-maker, is the most important personage in the village at Green Harbor, and there is no place so much visited as her shop, which is situated on the first floor of her own little house at the corner. When my acquaintance with the lady first began, I supposed that she was single, judging not only from the fact that she was called Mis' Babson, but because there was something in the twist of her natural ringlets, and in the tone of her jew's-harp-like voice, which suggested single-blessedness. But I soon discovered my mistake. She is not one who makes her griefs unbearable by concealing them. She gives each new customer the full particulars of her several widowhoods, and talks as if burying husbands were the chief occupation of woman. She is a tall, rather plump woman, of forty-five or thereabouts. Her mouth has a peculiar expression, owing to a habit of keeping it perpetually filled with pins. Her reddish-brown hair grows down on one side of her polished brow, after a fashion which is called by her neighbors a cowlick. Her pale complexion is delicately tinted with green, and her light-gray eyes have a glittering brightness. A look of mournful liveliness pervades her whole countenance. She is not only the dressmaker of the village, but fills various other important positions with great credit. She makes and trims all the bridal bonnets in the region, though there is another outraged milliner at the Landing who serves on ordinary occasions. As a nurse she is quite famous, though, unless the case be particularly attractive or extremely severe, she does not feel justified in leaving her shop to the tender mercies of Idelia Rosanna, the flightiest niece that ever wise aunt was afflicted with, to devote herself to the care of the sick. As a doctress she is also highly valued; and, as there is no regular physician within five miles, her skill is often called into practice. When, as she phrases it, any one is "called away" in the town, her services are always required for making the shroud and preparing the body for burial. Then, she is the very efficient President of the Ladies' Sewing Society, the leading soprano in the church choir, the proprietress of a celebrated eye-wash, and the general adviser of both old and young in the town, and several neighboring towns as well. Of late years the Harbor has been crowded with summer visitors, and she has taken these on her hands, also. It is a fascinating place, that little shop of hers, and, whether you wish to make a purchase, or not, it is well worth the while to visit it on a summer morning. To be sure, your entrance is likely to be attended with some difficulty, as the gate of the flower-filled yard in front is fastened by a unique sort of latch—an invention of the latest-lamented, who certainly must have been a genius, and one which she piously retains in memory of him, though some of her customers prefer to climb the fence rather than attempt to make an entrance by solving its mysteries. Then a small dog, belonging to another lamented, objects considerably to strangers. Once inside, through the politeness of Idelia Rosanna or the aid of an experienced neighbor, you draw a long breath of relief and prepare yourself to enjoy the situation. Through the open

doors and windows, on the breath of a whole-souled breeze, comes the pungent aroma of the sea, when sparkles not far away. You listen to its music and the sleepy rattle of the wheat-fidle opposite while awaiting the shop-mistress, who is invariably detained by some household duty and apologizes elaborately for the untidiness of her personal appearance when she finally enters the door in solemn haste. The sunshine dances on the painted floor and peeps with eyes as curious as your own into the crowded show-case, from whose splendid abundance Idelia Rosanna is bedecked as maiden was never bedecked before. What does it not contain within its crystal clearness? Gorgeous flowers, the semblance of nothing which grows in either field or garden; amazing articles, designed as ornaments for the neck, heaped together in many-colored splendor; accordions, which share the palm with melodious in Green Harbor ideas of melody; cotton-laces in rich flowered patterns; a dazzling display of jewelry, beads, bracelets, necklaces, with a great variety of precious stones glittering from elaborate settings; scissors, pocket-knives, pink and white candy, spectacles, rattles, rainbow ribbons, crocheted edging, cough-drops, collars, golden cement, dolls and fancy soaps, to say nothing of patent medicines and a small assortment of books, evidently chosen solely for the elegance of their bindings. The well-to-do sea-captains are building new houses at Green Harbor, late, and no new parlor is complete without a few gorgeous books for the center-table. Outside the show-case are also many fascinating things—bonnets, daintily covered with pink netting as a protection from the flies; stamped patterns for rugs, in rich and strange variety; Britannia teapots, shining like the sun over a shelf piled with new prints, and in close proximity to these an odd collection of boots and shoes.

The door which leads into the sitting-room is always open, and reveals a cozy interior. The clean, yellow-painted floor is covered with the softest and brightest of home-made rugs. The windows are pleasantly shadowed with morning-glory vines, and a great many flowering plants perfume the atmosphere. Mis' Babson takes the same pride in her "parlants" which a great many women do in their blankets and table-linen, and exhibits them with great complacency, especially her "geranium blows." A rest-inviting elintz-covered lounge is usually occupied by a splendid black cat, and a great, plump-cushioned, sleepy-hollow rocking-chair has always been sacred to husbands. When not occupied by one of these happy in-valids, it is usually tied up in black crape in memory of one.

Here they sat one after another, as you have been informed, through long terms of comparatively comfortable consumption. How could one ask for a more peaceful ending of his days? Here they rocked tranquilly, read the Falmouth County Herald, or dozed in the dreamy light of the afternoon sunshine. They could not have been lonely, for there was the gossip of July Ann's customers to distract the mind, and all the life of the household sounding from the busy little kitchen as well. If they coughed, there was July Ann ready to rush in from the shop with a bottle of the "Magic Drops." If they were afflicted with headache, though she might have sometimes been unable to spare time to apply the "Electric Relief" herself, she detailed Idelia Rosanna to act in her stead. And through the quiet evenings she always sat by her husband's side, busied either on a dress or a wedding-bonnet or a shroud, while the visitors dropped in one after another with plenty of news and chat. There was always a good stock of apple-pies in the pantry, and the hymn-singing the most devout soul could possibly wish for in the parlor of a Sunday night. To be sure, the graves of the departed were in sight from the sunny windows, and rather mournfully suggestive; but still the scene must have been very peaceful, with the grass rippling and tossing in the breeze, and there were no grave-stones in the region more fine and costly than those which July Ann raised to the memory of her spouses. It was now more than a year since the last occupant of the chair had joined those sleepers, and that the fascinating widow did not marry again was a circumstance which everybody wondered at. It certainly could not be for lack of opportunity, so tenderly did she protect and cherish husbands, so amply able was she to provide for them. So popular was she with old and young of both sexes.

I noticed that Mr. Spurling, the rosy and robust leader of the choir, directed decidedly tender glances toward the region of her crape veil over his hymn-book on Sundays, and that more than one jolly Captain made an errand to the shop when the mackerel schooners were in during a "spell of weather."

"Why isn't she married? she has so many admirers?" I ventured to inquire myself, speaking my thoughts aloud to Idelia Rosanna one day while waiting for this airy damsel to match a pattern of erimon worsted.

"Lor', they're all too healthy. There hain't no consumptive or rheumatic men round just now, nor but one with the shakin' palsy, that I know of, 'n' he's married. Aunt, she don't care much about healthy folks, male or female. Diseases is fascinatin' to her, though if she ever has as much as a cold or a crick in the neck herself she's blue as a whetstone."

This was two years ago. Last summer the first news I heard after reaching the Harbor was that Mis' Babson was about to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony for the fourth time.

I saw at once that the chambermaid who came to attend to my room had something on her mind. Usually extremely parsimonious in the matter of towels, she hung seven or eight after another in an absent-minded way on my rack, and forgot to inform me that she was a school-teacher in reality, and had only slipped from that loftier sphere of usefulness for a short time to accommodate Mis' White, the laundress. "What is it, Mary Jane?" I inquired, at length.

"You know Mis' Babson, the dress-maker?" I acknowledged my acquaintance with this lady, and waited with some curiosity to hear what she had to say concerning her. "Well, don't you think, she's been and found an invalid man and is going to get married next Sunday! He's a stoopin' at her house now, with a cough that sounds half as if he made it. He's rather poor 'n' peaked, though, but handsome as a peacock."

"But where did she find the invalid?" I asked. "I thought the gentlemen of Green Harbor were all hopelessly healthy."

"So they be. Mr. Spurlin' he's done everything to get himself up a pale look, he's eat slate-pencils 'n' pickles by the ton, they say, 'n' kep' awake nights—that's dreiful wearin', you know—but it didn't do no good. He belongs to an awful shifless race, 'n' she's got a good bit of property 'n' not a chick nor a child in the world. Cap'n Loud he actually made a cough till he began to heave one in reality, 'n' that scart him so that he left off countin' her 'n' went off on a voyage to the Banks 'n' hain't been seen in these parts since. This man comes from Plumfield, thirty or forty miles away. He heard tell of her over there, they say, 'n' come over here a-purpose to marry her, though she's old enough to be his mother. Ideily she sticks to it that he hain't got no more lung trouble than she has; but there he sets in the rockin'-chair-lookin' at his finger-nails, 'n' she waits upon him by inches, 'n' doses him with enough of that pizen 'relief' to kill a common man. She's a wonderful woman, Mis' Babson is, 'tendin' to all the business she has on her hands 'n' sick husband's besides."

The next morning I went over to the shop to make a congratulatory call. There was no change around the house. The small dog awoke from his slumbers and threatened my ankles until I trembled with fear. The gate, as usual, resisted all my efforts to open it, and Idelia Rosanna, as usual, appeared to my relief.

"I s'pose you've heard the news about aunt's gittin' married?" said she. "The hull county's a-talkin' about it, 'n' I declare I don't blame 'em. Walk 'n' take a seat."

The little shop was as bright as ever, and everything just as it had been the year before, but that the big chair, which had been decorated with black crape in memory of the departed husbands, was now radiant with a new chintz covering and was occupied by a decidedly rustic but rather handsome young man with hectic cheeks. I stole a good look at him, and he dropped his eyes with a somewhat sheepish expression. The window was open, and the three white headstones of the three departed husbands glittered brightly in the little family burying-ground not far away. I involuntarily glanced in that direction.

Mrs. Babson made her appearance before very long with her usual mournfully beaming countenance and the usual apologies for her negligent appearance. "You always do ketch me lookin' 'n' just so, Mis' Smith; but I hev so many things to 'tend to that I hev to burry through my housework the best way I kin 'n' not stop to fix up much. I've been makin' apple-pies this mornin', 'n' it always breaks me down to make apple-pies; for there was my first husband, there warn't no trouble in the world to him if he could only hev plenty of apple-pies to eat. Many a time in his last sickness I've got up in the night to git him a piece of apple pie. Not even a hymn was so consolatin' to him. Cap'n Higgins he sot his life by 'em, too; only he must have 'em flavored with cinnamon; 'n' Mr. Babson—Lor', I reckon he felt as bad about dyin' 'n' leavin' apple-pies as he did about leavin' his friends! How he did cling to life when I was a-bakin'!"

"And how is it with the future husband?" I asked in a low tone.

"So you've heard so soon! I declare, how news does travel in these parts! Well, the first day he got here I found he loved 'em dearly. Why, I couldn't make up my mind to marry a man no-how that didn't love apple-pie 'n' hev a cough. 'Twould seem unnatural. It's dreiful sickly round here this summer," she added, with a pleased smile. "Shouldn't wonder if all you city folks hev fevers."

They were married the next week with a great deal of solemn festivity. But I have heard since that the new husband was recovering his health in the most disenchanted manner, and that his devoted wife was so low-spirited in consequence that she could not even enjoy the typhoid fever, which was making its annual autumn visit to the town.—Lippincott's Magazine.

—A wail comes from Virginia with regard to the English sparrows. They are proclaimed as strict vegetarians. Their increase is at the rate of twelve per annum for each pair. They cannot be driven off. One writer dislodged a pair and destroyed their nest two days in succession, finding the nest renewed and one egg ready for him in the morning. In wild despair this writer says that only shooting and poisoning will remove them "with their incessant, insufferable, arrogant chatter."

Youths' Department.

LITTLE DORA'S SOLILOQUY.

I can't see what our baby boy is doin' for, any way! He don't know how to walk or talk, he don't know how to play. He tears up ev'ry thing zing he posses-bility. An' even tried to break, one day, my mamma's bestest fan. He's at his 'tumble' bout ze floor, an' gives us awful scares. An' when he goes to bed at night he never says his prayers. On Sunday, too, he musses up my gote-mustin' clothes. An' once I foun' him hard at work-a-pin'in' Holly's nose. An' ze other day zat naughty boy zow what you s'pose you zink? Upped a dreiful big bottle of my papa's writin' ink. An' 'stead of kyin' doot an' hard, as course he ought to done, He laughed, an' kekced his head most off, as zough he zought 'twas fun. He ev'ntime ze reach up high, an' pull zings off ze shelf. An' he's alays wantin' 'em, of course, jus' when you wan's 'em self. I rat' ze loss, I really do, from how he pulls my turtie. Zez all was made a-purpose for to 'noj us little dits; An' I waz zere wasn't no such zing as naug'hty lady ze zittin' 'n' kyin' 'now; he makes a dreiful noise. I dess I better run and see, for it he has—hoos! Felled down ze stairs and killed his-self, what ever zeez all deo! —St. Nicholas.

UNCLE HARRY'S FIRST PANTHER.

"Say, Uncle Harry, you've shot most everything; did you ever shoot a panther?" inquired Charlie, as he looked up from the book he was reading. "Of course he has," interrupted Tom. "Don't you remember the skin he has in his room?" "That panther was nothing to my first," said Uncle Harry, with a laugh. "Tell us about it," pleaded Charlie, as he drew his chair closer to his uncle's.

Uncle Harry laughed again good-naturedly, and commenced as follows: It was the summer your father got married that I took my first trip into the Adirondacks. I went up to Martin's, hired a guide, and we started off for Little Tupper Lake, where we were to camp. We selected a camping-place at the head of the lake, where there was a good spring of water, and soon had our tent up and the camp fixed. Certain bear and panther tracks around the spring did not add to our sense of security; but the guide assured me that they would not come into camp in the daytime, and that at night the dog would give warning. For the first three or four days all went well; we shot a deer, caught plenty of trout, and had a good time generally. But one afternoon, about four o'clock, Hank Sweeney, my guide, came to me with the announcement that the dog was gone.

"Chawed up his rope, and skeddaddled," as Hank expressed it. "I reckon he must a smelled that thar panther that was to the spring last night. He's death on panthers."

"What are you going to do?" I inquired, anxiously. "Well, I reckon I'll fetch some more wood into camp, so as you can keep up a fire, then I'll take and row around the lake and up the creek, and yell for him; he won't go fur," answered Hank.

"Then why not let him come home himself?" I suggested, for I had no fancy for being left in camp alone; for we had been in camp all the morning, and Hank had filled my head so full of panther stories that I trembled at every sound.

"Why, you see, he'd start out for home over on Long Lake if he got lost," explained Hank. "And then if he should tree a panther, he'd set at the foot of the tree till 1976 ef I didn't call him off. You ain't afraid to keep camp for an hour or two?" he added. "O-h-h-u-o-o!" I murmured.

For the next few minutes Hank busied himself in collecting a large pile of pine boughs and dry sticks for the fire. Then he shouldered my light rifle, and handing me his heavy one, he remarked: "I guess I'll start. Keep up a good fire, and don't go fur away from it, as the panthers come close to camp sometimes along the edge of the evening, and climb into a tree; then when a feller goes under, they drop on him. I'll leave my heavy rifle for you, for it would give you a better chance if anything should turn up."

"Hadn't I better go with you?" I ventured. "And leave the camp alone?" answered Hank, in fine scorn. "Why, that deer would draw all the cats in the neighborhood. Keep the fire a-going, and you're all right."

I thought to myself that I would much prefer to be out of the way when all the cats in the neighborhood came to investigate the deer; but Hank was in the boat, and I could hear the splash of the oars as he pulled up the lake. I sat by the fire, with Hank's rifle on my knees, listening as the sound of his voice calling the dog died away in the distance. I examined the rifle, and saw that it was loaded; it was one of the old pattern repeating rifles, and kicked like a mule. I tried to whistle, but it was a failure. I endeavored to turn my thoughts to something else, but it was no use. The story of the man who fell asleep beside the camp fire and was eaten up by a panther, of the other man who had a panther jump on him from a tree and who lost both eyes in the struggle, and of various other men who had been killed or wounded by the fierce animals, were uppermost in my mind. I sat and watched the sunlight fade, the gold and crimson melt off the fleecy clouds, and the shadows as they gathered thicker and deeper in the valleys. Except for the occasional weird and demon-like laugh of the loon far down the lake, everything was perfectly still, and every sound seemed magni-

fied; the cracking of a twig seemed the tread of a bear, the buzz of a night beetle, the growl of a panther. I sat, I don't know how long, till suddenly my heart almost stopped beating as I heard the steady but stealthy sound of footsteps on my left. I did not dare to move. At last, with a desperate exertion, I turned, and there in the crotch of a low tree, about twenty feet from me, sat an immense panther just ready to spring. It was so dark that I could just distinguish the outlines of his form, and his two eyes gleaming like coals of fire. I raised the rifle carefully to my shoulder, I took aim right between the eyes, fired, and missed, I supposed, for the beast was in the same position, and I could see his eyes wink and glare at me vindictively. I shot again, but as before with no effect. I grew desperate, and fired the whole five shots as rapidly as I could, and was just reaching for my revolver, when Hank came rushing up the bank followed by his dog.

"What on earth is the matter?" he shouted. I pointed to the motionless form in the tree, and gasped: "A panther! See his eyes! Shoot him, Hank!" I was nearly beside myself with fear by this time, and my hair stood on end, like wire.

Hank looked at the tree for a moment, then turning to me, fairly shouted: "A panther! Why, you—!" and here he burst into a roar of laughter. "A panther! Why, it's—!" and again he laughed so heartily that he had to hold onto a tree for support. At last, when he had recovered himself some what, he went to the tree, and reaching up into the crotch he took down a—blue army coat with brass buttons. As he unrolled it and gazed at the holes made by many bullets he burst into a fresh fit of laughter. Every bullet had taken effect, and, as Hank remarked, "It was of no use except for the top to a pepper box." Here Uncle Harry stopped and laughed at the recollection of the scene, then he added, in explanation, "You see, children, the coat was rolled so that two of the brass buttons showed and glittered in the fire-light like the eyes of some wild animal. I promised Hank a new coat and unlimited tobacco if he would say nothing about it; but the story was too good to keep, and all the way home I was teased with sly hints about my panther hunt. Hello, it's ten o'clock. Come, off to bed every one of you," added Uncle Harry, looking at his watch. "You didn't save the skin of that panther, did you, Uncle Harry?" said Charlie, as he left the room.—Harper's Young People.

Beaver Hunting in the Northwest.

The Indians of the United States—at least those of Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho and Montana—are very indifferent trappers. The half-breeds, on the contrary, are the deadly enemies of the beaver tribe, for they combine the acuteness of the white man and the dogged perseverance and primitive style of living of their mothers' race. They will winter in regions where but very few even of the amazingly hardy trappers will venture to remain, and, moreover, as they have generally a little party of squaws and young bucks with them, they reap all the advantages of skillful and gratuitous labor in skinning and preparing the pelts.

Not a few white trappers are married to squaws, but while their wives' kith and kin will not willingly accompany the pale-face, they would do so readily were the man a half-breed. Not a few trapper "outfits" I met or heard of were composed of both elements, say one white man and a half-breed, with a couple of willing female slaves. Those, as a rule, are perhaps the most successful, and I have heard of very large takes, making the business a really profitable one, were it not that the trappers, both whites and natives, are usually terribly cheated when exchanging their peltry for provisions.

The Government post-traders and Indian agents at the remote little Indian forts, pushed far in advance of other white settlements, make a 250 per cent. profit in buying up beaver skins (they usually allow \$1 or 1s. worth of provisions, which cost them perhaps a little more than half) and sending them direct to wholesale houses in New York, where they fetch from 10s. to 15s. In the old days of the fur traders the beaver skin was the unit of computation in buying or trading.

Provisions, ammunition and blankets were bought with beaver skins, and horses and squaw wives were traded for them. A fifty-skin wife was an average article. Considering that the working of the peltry, the tanning and softening, fell always to the lot of these unfortunate female slaves, it was in past days no unusual occurrence for one wife to work up skins wherewith, in good Mormon fashion, a new wife was to be traded.—London Field.

—About one-quarter of Georgia is extremely unhealthy for lack of good water. "In that rotten limestone region a man who doesn't die only half lives, and is subject to malarial disorders constantly." The water is "milky and rovy," and it has been said that artesian wells are impossible there. John F. Fort, a prominent planter, seems to have solved the water problem for that region. He has struck below the water-proof marl, at 530 feet, an abundance of the purest water, coming, as he thinks, from the North Georgia mountains.

—Ever; thing can happen in Arizona. They are telling the story of the bird which entered the Post-Office of Phoenix, flew into a mail-bag unseen, and was locked in and sent to Maricopa, where it arrived unharmed.