Weekly Monitor.

VOL 4. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1876. N. 29.

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion, $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, 6.00; twelve months $10.00.

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Circulars,
Programmes,
Bill-Heads,
Dodgers,
Business Cards,
Wedding Cards,
Visiting Cards,
Shipping Tags,
Posters,
Tickets,
&c., &c., &c.

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A large stock on hand.

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HYMNS FOR SOCIAL SERVICE

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By an arrangement with the publisher, THE HOUSEKEEPER'S COMPANION, a new eight-page illustrated paper, elegantly printed and devoted to HOUSEKEEPING in all its branches, will be sent "on trial" for *one month* FREE to every reader of THE MONITOR.

The number before us contains articles on "Game Birds, and How to Cook Them" "Color Decoration of Rooms," "Food for Lean Women," "A Cheap Carpet," "How to Save a Child from Choking," "How to Cook Vegetables," etc., besides many excellent recipes and a variety of miscellaneous information of great value to every housekeeper.

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From local agent in Southport, Conn.: "In our village of eighty houses I have taken sixty-five orders; have canvassed in all about twelve days (in village and country), and have taken orders for *One Hundred and Six Copies*.

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J. B. FORD & Co., Publishers,
11 Broomfield St., Boston.

Bill-Heads.

Different sizes and styles promptly and cheaply printed at the office of this paper.

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING

Thursday, 8th of June, 1876.

HALIFAX to ST. JOHN.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Exp.	Pass. and Frgt.	Pass. and Frgt.
			A. M.	A. M	P. M.
0	Halifax	Leave	8 00	9 15	3 00
8	Bedford	"	8 22	9 43	3 30
13	Windsor Jnctn	"	8 35	10 35	3 55
26	Mt. Uniacke	"	9 08	11 25	4 43
36	Ellerhouse	"	9 35	12 05	5 20
				P. M.	
39	Newport	"	9 43	12 18	5 32
45	Windsor	"	10 02	1 00	6 15
52	Hantsport	"	10 21	1 28	6 40
63	Wolfville	"	10 50	2 17	7 18
			P. M.		
70	Kentville	"	11 25	3 25	7 45
82	Berwick	"	11 55	4 26	....
87	Aylesford	"	12 08	4 47	.....
98	Wilmot	"	12 36	5 29	.....
101	Middleton	"	12 44	5 41	.....
107	Lawrencetown	"	12 59	6 04	.....
110	Paradise	"	1 07	6 16	.....
115	Bridgetown	"	1 20	6 36	....
122	Round Hill	"	1 37	7 03	.....
			1 55	7 30	.....
129	Annapolis—Arrive				
190	St. John by Steamer		8 00	.....	....

ST. JOHN to HALIFAX.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Pass. and Frgt.	Pass. and Frgt.	Exp.
			A. M	A. M.	A. M.
	St. John by Steamer		.....	.....	8 00
					P. M.
0	Annapolis	Leave	.....	6 15	2 10
7	Round Hill	"	.....	6 40	2 26
14	Bridgetown	"	.....	7 05	2 43
19	Paradise	"	.....	7 26	2 56
22	Lawrencetown	"	.....	7 39	3 04
28	Middleton	"	.....	8 05	3 18
31	Wilmot	"	.....	8 17	3 25
42	Aylesford	"	.....	9 08	3 53
47	Berwick	"	.....	9 28	4 05
				P. M.	
59	Kentville	"	6 20	11 10	4 45
66	Wolfville	"	6 57	11 41	5 04
77	Hantsport	"	7 39	12 29	5 33
84	Windsor	"	8 20	1 15	5 55
90	Newport	"	8 42	1 40	6 10
93	Ellerhouse	"	8 56	1 54	6 18
103	Mt. Uniacke	"	9 50	2 36	6 42
116	Windsor Jnctn	"	10 40	3 45	7 15
121	Bedford	"	11 00	4 00	9 30
129	Halifax—Arrive		11 30	4 30	7 55

Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Annapolis and Halifax run daily; trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Kentville and Halifax run daily.

Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Halifax and Annapolis, run daily.

Steamer "Empress" leaves St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 8 a. m. for Annapolis, and returns from Annapolis every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, on arrival of 8.30 a. m. Express Train from Halifax.

Intercolonial Railway trains leave Windsor Junction daily at 8.56 a. m., 5.17 p. m., 6.22 p. m., and 7·30 p. m., for Truro, Pictou, Moncton, Quebec, Montreal, and all places West.

International Steamers leave St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 8 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

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Through Tickets at reduced fares by above routes to all parts of the United States and Canada, may be obtained at the Company's Office, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, at Richmond, and the principal Stations on the Railway.

P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, June 8th, '76

Three Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS."

For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.

On and after MONDAY, June 12th, Steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY MORNING, at 8 o'clock. Returning on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...$5.00
do do do 2nd class... 3.50
do. do. Annapolis..... 2.00
do. do. Digby..... 1.50

Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class.)..... 7.50

Return tickets to Clergyman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
11 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., June 5th, '76.

STEAMER EMPRESS

AND THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

FREIGHTS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendence at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7, a. m., and 6. p. m., daily, to receive Freight.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

CARDING! CARDING!

The Subscribers have now their

CARDING MILL AT LAWRENCETOWN

in good running order, having been fitted up by Mr. John Robertson. The management of the Mill is under Mr. Brown, who is thoroughly acquainted with the business, and we feel confidant of being able to give entire satisfaction in the work done at our Establishment.

ISRAEL BOWLBY & CO.

May 30th, '76. tf

ADAM YOUNG.

38, 40, & 42 WATER ST.

and 143 Prince William St. John, N. B.,

Manufacturer of

Cooking, Hall and Parlor Stoves,

Ranges, Furnances, &c.

Marbleized Slate Mantle Pieces,

—AND—

Register Grates.

A large assortment of the above Goods always on hand, at the lowest possible prices. Catalogues on application.

August 2nd, 1876. n17 y

W. H. OLIVE,

Custom House, Forwarding, COMMISSION,

Railroad and Steamboat Agent.

Prince William St.....St. John, N. B.

May 3rd, 1876. y

GEORGE WHITMAN,

Auctioneer & Real Estate Agent,

Round Hill, Annapolis, N S.

Parties having Real Estate to dispose of will find it their interest to consult with Mr. Whitman in reference thereto.

No charge made unless a sale is effected, or for advertising when ordered so to do.

may 22 '73 tf

CARD.

Jno. B. Mills,

Barrister, &c., &c.,

Bona Vista House,

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

MORSE & PARKER,

Barristers-at-Law,

Solicitors, Conveyancers,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y

ROYAL HOTEL.

(*Formerly STUBBS'*)

146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

Opposite Custom House,

St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND.....PROPRIETOR.

sept '73 y

WILLIAM HILLMAN,

Silver and Brass Plater,

ELECTOR PLATER

in gold and silver.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF

CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS

No. 60 Charlotte St.,..St. John, N. B

sept30 y

Great Bargains

—IN—

DRESS GOODS.

A LOT OF

SUMMER DRESS GOODS!

Now Being Offered at Cost, by

M. C. Barbour,

18 Prince William St., St. John. N B.

THOMAS PEARNESS,

Manufacturer of

Monuments, Grave-Stones

TABLE TOPS, &c.

South Side King Square,....St. John, N. B.

P. S.—Mr. Dearness will visit Annapolis and neighboring counties at stated intervals to solicit orders. oct y

June Importation.

Checked Dress Goods; Black Silk Fringes; Seal Brown, Cream and Ecru Silks; Nottingham Lace Curtains; Ecru Lace Curtains; Neck Frillings; Ecru Nets, Ecru Laces, Ecru Scarfs; Muslins of all kinds; Brown Hollands; Irish Linens; Cream Damask; Linen Tea d'Oyleys; Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs, New Styles; Black Trimming Velvet; Mantle Velvets; Matalasse Cloths; Matalasse Braids; Black Dress Buttons; Gentlemen's Linen Collars and Cuffs; Linen Tassos, for Costumes; Narrow Plaid Ribbons; Plaid Sash Ribbons; Ladies' Josephine and Cuff Kid Gloves; Hyde Park Wraps, for Girls; Crumb Cloths; Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves; New Plaid Prints.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

27 King Street, St. John, N. B.

NOW LANDING.

200 PACKAGES LONDON CONGOU TEA; 6 bags Ceylon Coffee; 75 boxes Corn Starch; 20 boxes Diamond Gloss Starch; 40 boxes Colman's Starch; 2 cases Nixey's Black Lead; 1 case Shop Twine; 15 cases Mustard, Spices, etc.; 5 tons Brandram's White Lead; 2 tons Colored Paints; 5 cases Preserved Milk; 10 bbls. Currants; 100 bbls. Dried Apples; 50 bbls. American Refined Sugar. For sale at lowest market rates by

GEO. S. DEFOREST,
11 South Wharf.

St. John, N. B., May 2, '76

The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is 12,154, being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

L. H. DEVEBER & SONS.

Wholesale Merchants,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Dry Goods Department

93 & 95 PRINCE WILLIAM ST.

Keep constantly on hand a large stock of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

from the English Markets, suitable for the Wholesale Trade.

—ALSO—

AMERICAN GOODS,

such as Prints, Grey & White Cottons, Cotton Flannel, and Roll Linings, sold by the case or small quantity.

Canadian and Domestic Goods.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT,

34 & 36 *Water St.*

A full stock kept constantly on hand, of Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Rice, Soda, Cream Tartar, Nuts, and an assortment of Spices, for sale in bulk at the lowest prices.

August 2nd, 1876. n17 y

New Goods! New Goods!!

MRS. L. C. WHEELOCK, has just opened a fresh assortment of

DRESS GOODS,

Gloves, Hosiery, Haberdashery, Laces, Trimmings, Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, Grey and Bleached Cottons, Window Nets, &c., &c.

MILLINERY AT SHORTEST NOTICE.

BOOTS & SHOES

selling off at 20 per cent below usual prices.

Lawrencetown, June 13th, '76

Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late EDWARD CROPLEY, Deceased, will render the same duly proved inside of Nine Months from date; and any person indebted to the said Estate, will please make immediate payment to

JAMES ROY,
Executor.

Port George, Sept. 15th, '75. 9i t33

NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of *GEORGE BALLENTINE*, late of Wilmot, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within six months from this date and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

GEO. N. BALLENTINE,
Executor.

Wilmot, Sept. 25th, 1876. 13i t38

CAUTION!

I hereby forbid any person or persons harbouring or trusting my wife,

Rebecca A. Pomeroy,

on my account, as I will not be accountable for any debt or debts contracted by her.

W. H. POMEROY.

Victoria Road, Annapolis Co. Sept. 11th, A. D. 1876. 13i t37

Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the Estate of the REV. THOMAS H. DAVIES, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, Methodist Minister, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within one year from the date hereof to

WILLIAM H. HEARTZ,
GEORGE S. DAVIES,
5i t31 Executors.

THE BANKRUPT

STOCK!

—OF THE—

Estate of Lansdowne & Martin

HAVING been purchased by MAGEE BROTHERS is now being sold at

BANKRUPT PRICES!

and will be continued until May 1st, 1877, at the

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

Cor. King & Prince William Sts.

Visitors to St. John will find superior advantages offered for procuring

CHEAP DRY GOODS

at this establishment Fresh importations are being constantly received from Europe and the United States to keep the Stock well assorted, and are sold at

COST PRICES.

MAGEE BROTHERS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., May 1st, 1876. y

ELM HOUSE.

MRS. DANIEL STARRATT,

(*Formerly of the American House*)

has removed to the premises formerly occupied by Wesley Phinney, and is now prepared to accomodate

Transient or Permanent Boarders

as heretofore.

GOOD STABLING FOR HORSES.

MRS. DANIEL STARRATT.

Lawrencetown, Sept. 12th '76. 3m n23

Just Received.

1 BBL. SCOTCH SNUFF;
SIMPSON'S CATTLE SPICE;
POWDERED TUMERIC;
BORAX, SALTPERTE;

Ayer's Hair Vigor, Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime, Kidder's Liniment, C. Brown's Chlorodyne, Essential Oil of Orange, very fine, Essential Oil of Bergamot. For sale by

J. CHALONER,
Cor. King and Germain Street.

St. John, N. B., May, '76.

Poetry.

THE BALD-HEADED TYRANT

BY MARY E. VANDENE.

Oh! the quietest home on earth had I,
No thought of trouble, no hint of care;
Like a dream of pleasure the days fled by,
And Peace had folded her pinions there.
But one day there joined in our household band
A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Oh! the despot came in the dead of night,
And no one ventured to ask him why;
Like slaves we trembled before his might,
Our hearts stood still when we heard him cry;
For never a soul could his power withstand,
That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

He ordered us here and sent us there—
Though never a word could his small lips speak,
With his toothless gums and his vacant stare,
And his helpless limbs so frail and weak,
Till I cried, in a voice of stern command,
"Go up, thou bald-head from No-man's land.

But his abject slaves they turned on me;
Like the bees in scripture, they'd rend me there,
The while they worshipped with bended knee
This ruthless wretch with the missing hair;
For he rules them all with relentless hand
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Then I searched for help in every clime,
For peace had fled from dwelling now,
Till I finally thought of old Father Time,
And low before him I made my bow:
"Wilt thou deliver me out of his hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land?"

Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,
And a smile came over his features grim,
"I'll take the tyrant under my care.
Watch what, my hour-glass does to him.
The variest humbug that ever was planned
Is the same bald-head from No-man's-land."

Old Time is doing his work full well—
Much less of might does the tyrant wield;
But, ah! with sorrow my heart will swell
And sad tears fall as I see him yield.
Could I stay the touch of that shrivelled hand,
I would keep the bald-head from No-man's-land.

For the loss of peace I have ceased to care;
Like other vassals, I've learned, forsooth,
To love the wretch who forgot his hair
And hurried along without a tooth.
And he rules me too with his tiny hand,
The bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Select Literature.

A Double Danger.

A story or two from an old hunter will not prove uninteresting I know, consequently I will copy a few pages from my diary in relation to my adventures in Africa, where I spent considerable time, nearly a score of years ago, hunting the wild and ferocious monsters of the forest and jungles.

With no more preface, then, my good friends, I will at once proceed with my narrative.

I had been out on a hunt for several months, and had had a number of thrilling adventures—far more exciting than really pleasant.

This season I was accompanied by a friend named Morris Kelley, and, as usual, several sooty-faced natives. The latter were not much to be depended on, however, in a moment of trouble or danger. In fact, they were rather cowardly, and almost always ready to run, if the chance for flight was anyway good. On several occasions they had left Kelley and me to face the music, wholly alone and unaided.

Well, early one morning, before we had made a start, and while the natives were preparing breakfast, Kelley declared his intention of going out a little to look around. No sooner said than done, and out he went, leaving mo to smoke my pipe and enjoy my leisure.

'You stay here,' said he to me, 'and see that the breakfast is properly prepared by the time I get back, which won't be long, I assure you, for I'm mighty hungry myself. I'll just take a squint around here, and see if there is any game stirring, though there's never much lack of that, I take it, in this section of the world.'

'Well, hurry back,' I replied, 'breakfast is almost ready now, and we'll make an early start. Besides I wouldn't venture far away alone.'

Kelley said he should run no risk, and would be back in good season. In fact, he added he should not go out of the sound of my voice. With these words my companion started off, and in a few minutes disappeared from my sight.

Fifteen minutes afterwards I was startled by the crack of a rifle, not very far off, either. Leaping to my feet I excitedly cried out:

'There! Kelley's into it already, some how.'

Bidding the natives follow me, I seized my rifle and darted off in the direction of the sound. The darkies obeyed my hurried behest, but managed to lag a good way behind, as usual.—Quietly—for I enjoined silence—we hurried along.

At length we began to mount the side of a huge hill that lay before us. Up, up, up, cautiously crawling on our hands and knees, for there the crack of a rifle was almost always a warning of danger, and the hunter made his calcutions accordingly.

At length I reached the top, where I found a level plateau of several acres. The spot was almost barren, and the tropical sun poured down with a scorching power. However, I could see but one thing then, with any distinctness, and the sight of that fairly curdled the blood in my veins.

In the centre of the plateau appeared the form of a lion, and the mighty monster was ripping and rending the body of poor Kelley into a hundred pieces.

I think the animal came suddenly upon my companion, who fired his weapon but missed his aim, and before he could reload—hiding-place there was none, not even the trunk of a tree—the terrible animal bore him down. Such things often happened, and to the best of hunters, as may well be supposed.

On the edge of the plateau I suddenly halted, riveted to the spot by what I saw. Before I fully recovered my senses, my natives reached my side, and just as they arrived at the top of the hill, and took in a realizing sense of what was before them, the lion raised his head and uttered a roar that seemed to shake the very air. Quick as lightning they took to their heels, and tore back down the hill, leaving me alone to do the best I could.

All this—the appearance of the natives at the brow of the hill the roar of the lion, and the flight of the blackeys—occurred almost simultaneously; and the next moment, quick as a flash, the roaring monster sprang away from the gory carcass of poor Kelley and darted at me, with a single bound clearing half the distance, and the moment he struck the ground fiercely bounding forward again. As the lion left the ground a second time, I sank down below the brow of the hill, dropped upon my knees, pointed my rifle upwards and fired away at the monster while he was flying through the air almost directly over me. The ball struck him but not fatally, and the next moment the animal landed a few feet beyond me, on the side of the hill. Alighting in such a way and in such a place, the fierce brute could find no footing. After a few struggles to retain his balance he toppled over and rolled down the hill, uttering roar upon roar.

At the same moment I sprang up on the level ground above, and rapidly began to reload my rifle, accomplishing the task in an extraordinary short space of time.

Meanwhile the lion had reached the bottom of the hill, which was pretty steep, I assure you, and regained his feet. For a moment only he stood, and looked around, as if a little bewildered, and thon he spied me, and darted up the hill toward the spot I occupied.

The monster was bleeding in several places; both Kelley and myself had evidently wounded him, and he appeared to be maddened with the pain of his injuries. Such a roaring as he made, mortal ears seldom hear. It was a critical moment for me, but thank God! my nerves were firm, and my eyes undazzled. To the fullest I realized the peril of my situation, but I was too old a hunter to be so easily dashed.

Well, the mighty monster glided steadily toward me, and, when about half way up the hill, I raised my rifle and took a steady aim at his shaggy head. I thought I had him sure, but, you know, 'man proposes and God disposes.'

One moment I stopped to make myself doubly sure. All ready! I laid my finger against the trigger, but just then a sudden sound stayed my purpose. It was the cry of a leopard that fell upon my ear, and the sound came from right behind me, bursting upon me like a clap of thunder.

I dropped the muzzle of my rifle, and rapidly looked behind me.

'Good God!' I cried, with a feeling of alarm which I could not control. Not twenty feet behind me, crouched down for a deadly spring—down so close that it lay almost flat upon the ground—with its fiery, burning glaring eyes fixed steadily upon me, was a huge leopard.

There I was, between a lion and a leopard, and I ask you now could any mortal man be placed in a more desperate and perilous situation?

'Heaven help me now!' I muttered.

Not a minute elapsed after I turned to look back, before the ferocious leopard vaulted from the ground, and went whizzing through the air. The moment for action restored to me a measure of my forethought, and I jumped backward several paces, at the same time stooping down under the flying monster.

The leopard landed on the very spot I had been standing—what would have been my fate if I had not moved back, you may guess—and just as his feet touched the ground, the lion's head appeared above hill, and, almost instantly afterward, the lion himself.

A roar from one, and a screech from the other followed and mingled together. Between the two I seemed to escape observation, and I tell you I was mighty thankful for it. I looked on with bated breath.

Instantaneously the monsters bounded at each other, taking the fight wholly out of my hands. Standing, as they did, their charge upon each other overturned their balanec, and they rolled over and over down the hill, ripping and tearing, and screaming and roaring like very devils.

I ran to the edge, and, looking over, watched them. That was my time to escape, you will say, but I was fascinated by the sight of two such dreadful monsters engaged in battle array, and I almost forgot my own imminent danger.

At the bottom of the hill the battle was renewed with three-fold fury, and for a long time the denouement seemed uncertain. I could have shot either but that would have left me exposed to the attack of the survivor. Besides, I really wanted to see the monstors fight it out, and felt pretty sure that they would demolish one another in the long run.

Lying flat on my stomach, with my head just over the brow of the hill, I watched the sanguinary battle below. With eager interest I noticed every phase of the unusual conflict.

At length the leopard stretched himself upon the ground, and uttered a loud and wailing cry. Standing over the twitching and kicking animal, the conquering lion proudly threw his head aloft, and uttered a roar of triumph.

At that moment his eyes fell upon me, and the gory, unsated animal again darted up the hill. Once more I leveled my rifle, and this time nothing occurred to mar my purpose. I fired and struck brute between the eyes. Weak and wounded as he was that was almost too much for him, with a cry of pain he tottered and nearly fell backward down to the bottom. By a mighty effort recovering himself, however, he clung to the side of the hill, and struggled fiercely to maintain his footing. I felt no pity for the monster, however,—could not be expected to feel any.

A large stone just as much as I could lift, happening to be lying loose at my feet, I picked it up, and with all my force cast it at my enemy. The heavy stone struck the dying beast in the head finishing his career. With a last roar he rolled over and over down the hill.

Shortly after I was joined by my native guides, but it was quite a while before I could induce them to approach the plateau. Finally I somewhat overcome their alarm, and that accomplished, I had a grave dug for poor Kelley in which he was laid to rest and left to his eternal repose.

'Peace be with you my friend!' I mentally prayed, as I bowed over the hunter's lonely grave.

GEMS OF GOLD.

We know of no two things that differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, despatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is laboring eternally, but to little or no purpose, and in constant motion without getting on an atom.

If none were to reprove the vicious excepting those who sincerely hate vice, there would be much less censoriousness in the world than there now is. Our Master could love the criminal while he hated the crime; but we, his desciples, too often love the crime, but hate the criminal.

Some are so censorious as to advance that those who have discovered a thorough knowledge of all the depravity of the human heart must be themselves depraved: but this is about as wise as to a firm that every physician who understands a disease must himself be diseased.

That extremes beget extremes is an apothegm built on the most profound observation of the human mind; and its truth is in nothing more apparent than in those moral phenonema perceivable when a nation, inspired by one common sentiment, rushes at once from despotism to liberty.

Pearls are deposited, as perhaps everyone knows, in the interior part of shell-fish, and form the lining of the shell. These shell-fish may be made to deposit this matter in the form of drops or globules, instead of spreading it naturally over the inner surface of the shell. The art of effecting this is understood by pearl fishers.

A short time since, Mr. Elisha Langhon, living near Taborville, Mass., apprehensive of a coming storm, sent his whole force of laborers into the fields to cap some stacks. Two sons, aged respectively fourteen and eleven, were among the number, and were riding to the field behind a splendid span of horses, a hired man with a pitchfork following. As Mr. Langhon stood in his doorway watching them, a flash of lightning was followed by the fall of the boys, and on going to the spot the father found his elder son dead, the younger one disabled under the two horses, which were also dead, while the pitchfork had been wrenched from the hired man's hand and hurled to a considerable distance.

It appears from the number of chairs that "Washington sat in," now on exhibition at the Centennial, that the Father of his Country sat down 29,866 times during the Revolutionary war, and each time in a different chair, many of them being patterns of 1857. This explains the entry in Mrs. Washington's journal which has mystified everybody:—"Oh, if I knew where I could get something to reinforce George's trousers with, that which would not wear out in less than two weeks."

A wonderful place is Bankok, the capital of Siam. On either side of the wide, majestic stream, moored in regular streets and alleys, extending as far as the eye can reach, are upwards of seventy thousand neat little houses, each one floating on a compact raft of bamboos, and the whole intermediate space of the river is one dense mass of ships, junks, and boats of every conceivable shape, color and size.

The head of the Scottish house of Murray, generally known as the Duke of Athol, a young man of thirty-six, holds one dukedom, two marquisates, five earldoms, three titles as viscounts and twelve as baron—twenty-three in all—six more than any other nobleman in the United Kingdom.

A singular "walking-fish" is found near Sherman, Colerado, on the line of the Rocky mountains, and 8,200 feet above the sea-level. The fish is partially amphibious, and has four legs, which it uses when on land. In the water the legs double up, and a ring of fins round the neck stand out like a ruffle, and assists the fish to swim.

—Children may be easily molded into ladies and gentlemen if surrounded with refinement and culture.