The Official Paper of the County

The 'Guide-Advocate'

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Done with neatness and dispatch. Estimates furnished on application.

JAS. ... TYE, Editor and Proprietor.

Grand Trunk Railway, G.W. Division

TIME TABLE—SARNIA BRANCH.

GO NO EAST.		GOING WEST.
Accommodation 7.35 a.m.		Accommodation 8.47 a.m
Express.....1.00 p.m.		Express.....3.40 p.m
Mixed.....2.05 p.m.		Accommodation 7.00 p.m
Accommodation 3.05 p.m.		Mixed.....1.00 p.m

Michigan Central R'y, St. Clair Div.

PASSENGER TIME TABLE.

All trains run on Central Standard Time, one hour slower than Grand Trunk Railway Time.

WEST. St. Clair Express	WEST. Accom.	STATIONS.	EAST. St. Thos. Express	EAST. Accom.
P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	A.M.
7 25	10 40	Arrive...Courtright. Depart	7 15	11 40
7 05	10 20	Depart...Kimball.....	7 25	11 50
			P.M.	P.M.
6 58	10 14	.....Brigden.....	7 40	12 05
				P.M.
6 00	9 25	.....Petrolea.....	6 45	12 05
				P.M.
6 35	9 35	.....Oil City.....	7 58	12 51
6 18	9 05	.....Weldman.....	8 15	1 07
6 15	9 00	.....Inwood.....	8 18	1 29
6 02	8 32	.....Alvinston.....	8 32	2 00
5 49	7 50	.....Walker's.....	8 45	2 15
5 40	7 30	.....Elfrith.....	8 53	2 35
5 30	7 20	.....G. W. Crossing.....	9 04	2 45
5 23	7 10	.....Melborne.....	9 11	2 55
5 10	6 48	.....Delaware.....	9 25	3 17
5 04	6 38	.....Southwold.....	9 31	3 27
4 53	6 25	.....Air Line Crossing.....	9 40	3 40
4 50	6 15	.....St. Clair Junction.....	9 50	3 50
4 40	6 00	.....St. Thomas..Arrive	10 05	4 05

Trains leave St. Thomas for the east 2.45 and 10.55 a.m., 1.00, 3.45, 11.15 p.m. For the West 4.15, 9.55 a.m., 1.15, 2.55 and 4.45 p.m. Close connection made with C. P. R. to and from Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec and all local points; also for Detroit, Chicago, Buffalo and New York.

For freight and passenger rates apply to R. R. Gwynn, Agent, Alvinston, who will supply tickets for all principal points in America.

Ask for Cheap Rates via this line for Manitoba and Dakota points.

O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill. J. Q. LAVEN, G. P. A., Toronto.

H. D. LEDYARD, General Manager, Detroit, Mich.

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LISTER & COWAN, Barristers, Solicitors in the Supreme Court, Proctors in the Maritime Court, Sarnia and Watford, Ont. Sarnia Offices—Over the Bank of Commerce. Watford Offices—Over Fawcett's Banking Office.

JAMES P. LISTER. JOHN COWAN.

DRS. HARVEY & STANLEY, Physicians and Surgeons—LEANDER HARVEY, M. D., Graduate of Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, and of the University of Philadelphia; Member College Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario; Coroner County Lambton.—URIAH M. STANLEY, M. B., M. D., Graduate of Trinity University and of the University of Toronto; Fellow of Trinity Medical School; Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons Ont. Office and residence, Front st., Watford. ju2084

DR. WOODRUFF, permanently located in London, No. 185 Queen's Avenue, a few doors east of the Post Office. Special attention given to diseases of the Eye, bad sight, and the preservation of vision; diseases of the Ear, impaired hearing, and discharges from the ear; diseases of the Throat, chronic inflammation being a frequent cause of deafness; disease of the Nose, catarrh being a common cause of impaired hearing. 1488m6

PAINTING.

C. LOSSING, Painter, Grainer Paper Hanger and Calsominer. Orders solicited. Residence—Next to the English Church, Watford. f06

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LAMBTON FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. (Established, 1875.) Geo. Dewar, President; Robt. King, Vice-President; Directors:—Wm. Thompson, James C. Duncan, John Dallas, Thos. Steadman, W. G. Willoughby, Secretary-Treasurer, Walnut P. O. Feb 1st, 1885.

O. O. FORESTERS.

COURT LORNE, No. 17, C.O.F. Regular meetings the Second and Fourth Monday in each month at 7.30 o'clock. Next regular meeting on MONDAY, JANUARY 25th. Court Room, over Rodgers Bros. store, Main-st., Watford. George Burley, C. R.; Dr U. M. Stanley, R. S.; Thos. White F. S. d31y

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W. M. MANIGAULT, Provincial Land Surveyor & Civil Engineer. Office—Arcade Block, Iron St. Strathroy. ja184

WM. H. STEWART, Township Clerk, Conveyancer, Commissioner in B. R. for taking affidavits, Money to Loan on Farm property. Office and residence, lot 6, con. 1, S.I.R., Warwick, P. O. au2484

REVERE HOUSE, ALVINSTON. Fred. Benner Manager.

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK, Architect and Contractor, who has had over thirty years experience in Canada, is prepared to furnish plans, specifications and estimates of any style or size of building on short notice. Good references given and satisfaction guaranteed.

Watford, Jan. 8th, 1885

JOHN MARSHALL

WOULD respectfully announce to the people of Watford and vicinity that he is prepared to carry on the

Tailoring Business in all its branches

IF YOU WANT A NICE SUIT

well got up and finished, call on

MARSHALL

And he will guarantee fit and workmanship

SHOP—Corner of Main and Ontario streets, near the Guide-News office.

Watford Feb. 4th, 1884

McCormack & Bros.

BRICK AND TILE YARD.

THE undersigned wishes to inform the farmers and others that he has on hand and is manufacturing all sizes of Tile, from 2 to 8 inches, which are of first-class quality, and which they are prepared to furnish at their

Yards—Lot 14, Con. 2, N.E.R., AND Lot 8, Con 4, S.E.R., Warwick,

Better known as Coulter's Brick and Tile Yard. Distance from Wyoming 7½ miles.

PRICES OF TILE PER THOUSAND:

2 inch, $6.50; 2½ inch, $8.00; 3 inch, $10.00; 4 inch $14.00; 5 inch, $24.00; 6 inch, $24.00.

We return thanks to all our patrons for past favors and hope for a large share of new ones. A call solicited from all.

H. J. McCORMACK & BROS. Proprietors

Warwick, June 5th, 1885

The Guide Advocate.

AMALGAMATED JANUARY 1886.

$1 00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. $1.50 IF NOT PAID IN 3 MONTHS.

East Lambton Local Interests our Aim.

SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

Vol. XII.—No. 3. WATFORD, FRIDAY, JANUARY 22nd, 1886. Whole No. 575.

HOUSE AND FOUR LOTS FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers his fine residence on Simcoe street, Watford, for sale at a bargain. The house is a two storey, substantially built and well finished, containing 7 rooms and good cellar. Good stable on the premises, also spring well, large cistern and every convenience. Terms, half cash, balance to be secured by mortgage. Also a corner lot on same street, for sale on easy terms. Apply to

JOHN CLARK, Jr.

Watford, Oct. 29th, 1885. 3m

BRICK COTTAGE AND LOT FOR SALE.

SITUATED on John Street, containing seven rooms and hallway, good well of water, good stable and everything convenient.

TERMS:—A bargain.

For further particulars apply to

THOS. IRVING, Watford.

Watford, Dec. 3rd, 1885, 3m

FARM FOR SALE.

THE North half lots 25 and 26, 11th concession Euphemia, containing 116 acres, formerly owned by Robt. Belford. There are on the premises a new brick house and good frame outbuildings, well fenced. About 90 acres in good state of cultivation; also a fine bearing orchard. Price $3,500. Terms easy. Apply to

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THE ELARTON Salt Works Company,

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OHA, J. E. NOSTONE, WARWICK WEST P. O.

October 3rd, 1885.

THOS. J. HOWDEN

Builder & Contractor

Begs to inform the inhabitants of Watford and vicinity that he is prepared to receive orders for Buildings of all kinds, which he will execute in the best workmanship—second to none—and on the shortest notice. Job Work and Repairing a specialty. All orders left at his shop will be promptly filled.

T. A. KIRKPATRICK,

Banking and Exchange Office, Federal Bank Buildings, Richmond-st, London.

Merchants and farmers' notes cashed on liberal terms. Drafts issued on the United States and Europe at lowest rates. Stocks and shares bought and sold. American silver bought.

Money to Loan on Mortgage or Real Estate at 6 per cent.

WELLAND CANAL ENLARGEMENT.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on MONDAY, the 25th day of JANUARY next (1886), for raising the walls of the locks, weirs, &c., and increasing the height of the banks of that part of the Welland Canal between Fort Dalhousie and Thorold, and for deepening the Summit Level between Thorold and Ramey's Bend, near Humberton.

The works, throughout, will be let in Sections.

Maps of the several localities, together with plans and descriptive specifications, can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, the 11th day of JANUARY next (1886), where printed forms of tender can be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works north of Allanburg will be furnished at the Resident Engineer's Office, THOROLD; and for works south of Allanburg, plans, specifications, &c., may be seen at the Resident Engineer's Office, WELLAND.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS or more—according to the extent of the work on the section—must accompany the respective tenders, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates stated in the offer submitted.

The amount required in each case will be stated on the form of tender.

The cheque or money thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 9th December, 1885. 5d125

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessaries of Life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on the

Liver, Stomach, Kidney

and Bowels, giving tone, energy and vigor to these MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never-failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the World

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers, it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas Gout, Rheumatism,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail. The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at

533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all vendors of medicines throughout the civilized world; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa, hence, anyone throughout the British Possessions who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

For Sale by T. B. TAYLOR, Watford.

January 1st, 1884.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

She isn't verry pretty
(So say her lady friends);
She's neither wise nor witty
With verbal odds and ends.

No fleeting freaks of fashion
Across her fancy run:
She's never in a passion—
Except a tender one.

Her voice is low and cooing;
She listens more than speaks,
While others talk of doing,
The duty near she seeks.

It may be but to burnish
The sideboard's scanty plate,
Or but with bread to furnish
The beggar at the gate.

So I, who see what graces
She sheds on lowly life,
To fashion's fairest faces
Prefer my little wife.

And, though at her with pity
The city dames may smile,
Who deem her hardly pretty
And sadly out of style.

To me she seems a creature
So musically sweet,
I would not change one feature—
One curve from crown to feet,

And if I could be never
Her lover and her mate,
I think I'd be forever
The beggar at the gate.

THE LEPRAHAWN.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"——Him the sprite,
Whom maids at night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted."

HIBERNIAN mythology, though not so ancient as the Grecian, is much more copious, and certainly not less interesting.

The Irish giants of the rale ould times were supposed to possess a strength of body, and mind, and will, far superior to that of Giants, who sprang from the blood of Cœlus; and every valley, and stream was presided over by a deity more or less interested in the affairs of mankind.

The fairies or good people, were the fallen angels that reached the earth when the gates of heaven were closed behind them.

As they formed the rear-guard of Lucifer's followers, they did not descend to hell; but it is their hope of being restored to their former glorious state that prevents them from destroying the earth and all it contains.

They are subdivided into several distinct classes, each class having several duties to perform, for the weal or woe of mankind.

The banshee is represented as a little woman with long golden hair, and dressed in a scarlet kirtle; but as she is not furnished with feet, she glides along the surface of the ground.

She is sometimes seen in lonely dells combing her hair, or heard round the homes of the descendants of the old Irish chieftains, bewailing the approaching death of some member of the family.

The fetch assumes the exact form, dress and features of a person who is soon to depart this world; it appears to some particular friend of the doomed one and flits before him without making any sound or gesticulation, except the person it represents is about to meet a violent death, when it appears disturbed and agitated in its motions.

The phooka haunts the gloomy dale and lonely stream in the shape of a diminutive mule, but wearing long horns like these of a reindeer.

Its mission is to butt unruly children who disobey their parents or loiter on errands of importance.

But the most popular of all the fairy tribe was the leprahawn, who filled the office of brogue-maker for such of his fraternity as were anxious to appear in patent leathers.

Notwithstanding his humble calling he was acquainted with all the hidden treasures of the earth, but it required considerable tact and foresight on the part of the individual who had succeeded in finding one to exact the necessary information from him, for he (the leprahawn) was almost certain to vanish if the gaze of the lucky finder could be diverted to some other object, even for a moment.

The leprahawns pursued their avocations in some secluded spot during the twilight hours which precede and follow the fine summer day, and the faint tick, tick of the hammer as it descended on the tiny shoe might be heard before the scarlet jacket and green-plumed caps of the weeshy leprahawn appeared visible to the eyes of the astonished peasant.

At the beginning of the present century there could not be found a finer or more romantic edifice within the province of Munster than Carrick Castle.

Its owner—Captain Smyth—was a kind landlord and master.

A tradition was current amongst his tenantry that his great-grandfather, Toby Smith, came into the district a very poor man—in fact a common laborer, and was hired as a servant boy by a comfortable farmer.

He was of studious habits, and cared not to mingle with the peasantry in their holiday sports.

This did not tend to increase his popularity, but he found one constant friend in the daughter of his kind employer, and he desired the society of no other.

Mary O'Carroll loved the handsome boughal, and received his love in return.

Mary, said he to her one Sunday afternoon, as they sat together on a shady bank behind her father's house, —Mary, you found me poor and friendless, and yet you loved me for my own sake. How shall I reward your generosity and kindness?

Ah, Toby, answered the maiden, the love of your noble heart is sufficient compensation for me!

By Heaven, it is not! exclaimed the lovestruck youth. And if I ever happen to grow rich, I'll build a splendid castle for my darling Mary! Dearest, he continued, with much enthusiasm, there is a strange mystery about me which I cannot reveal to you at present; but—but I may one day or other be a wealthy man, and then, I swear——

It is time you had the cows milked an' the calves fed, Mary, said Mrs. O'Carroll, as she advanced to where the two lovers sat.

A few evenings afterwards, as Toby was straying along the border of a plantation, his eyes bent on his book, but his thoughts concentrated on his charming Mary, a slight tapping noise proceeding from the centre of the grove attracted his attention.

He put aside his book, and stole noiselessly to the place whence the sounds proceeded, and there espied the smallest man he had ever imagined, sitting upon a tiny stool, and hammering away at a little shoe which rested on his knees.

Toby was sufficiently versed in Irish folk-lore to know that he was a leprahawn that was seated before him, so he rivited his gaze on the fairy Crispin, and saluted him with, A fine evening, honest man!

The leprahawn gave a slight start as the human voice fell upon his ears, but composing himself instantly, he replied, I know it is. Tell us something we don't know!

That would be hard, said Toby. But you didn't know a minute ago that I was so near you. Come shell out the gold!

Who is the pretty maiden standing behind you? inquired the fairy with a look of surprise.

Toby gave a start, and wheeled round to look at the intruder, but at the same instant a scornful laugh rang out on the evening air, and when he turned again to look on the wily leprahawn, he had vanished.

With feelings of disappointment and sorrow, the baffled Toby returned to his master's house, and drawing aside his Mary, related to her the story of his strange adventure.

You need not give way to despair, remarked his fair adviser, for the leprahawn is bound to appear to you three times before he is entirely out of your power. When you meet with him again, don't take your eyes off him, no matter how many observations he may make. Pretend to stab him, or bring him home, and place the gridiron on the fire with the intention of roasting him, and, never fear, he shall show you where there are crocks of gold, but, for Heaven's sake, don't take your eyes off him for an instant!

We are led to suppose that Tobias Smyth followed out the injunctions of his loving counsellor, and that his next adventure was crowned with success, for he bought out the property soon afterwards, erected Carrick Castle, and installed Mary O'Carroll as lawful mistress therein; but some prosaic chroniclers, assert that he received a letter from some legal functionary about the same time, and that he obtained his wealth in the shape of a legacy left him by an eccentric uncle, who died out in some part of India; but whatever doubt overhangs the story of his recounter with the leprahawn, there can be none attached to the sequel which is here subjoined.

Charley Moore was a farm laborer in the employment of Captain Smyth; and Charley's ancestors served the Smyth family in the same humble capacity back to the fourth generation.

Physically speaking, he was a large man. He measured six feet three inches in his hribeens—for stockings he never wore—and he drew the scale at sixteen stones.

Like the generality of his class Charlie trod the even tenor of his ways, surrounded by his wife and childhre, pig and his potatoes, his pipe and his weekly pittance, from the opening to the close of the year.

He had heard the story of Toby Smyth and the leprahawn related often, and his soul yearned for the hour when pitying Fortune would throw a fairy cobbler in his way.

Then he would sway the world with his golden trident, and revolutionize society by the simple rule of inversion!

Such were Charley's ambitious hopes, and such his notions of terrestrial happiness.

But it is time we had our other man to the front.

Contemporary with Captain Smyth was David Muggs, Esquire, of Fairy Hall, Flintshire, Wales, who felt vain of being considered the smallest gentleman in Europe.

He measured eight-and-thirty inches from the lowest point of his heel to the crown of his head, and his weight did not exceed seventy pounds; nevertheless he was a well-favored person.

But if David's body was small, his soul was large enough.

David was a patriot.

Ere he had attained his thirty-fifth birthday he had shed a bushel of tears over the wrongs inflicted on his valiant ancestors by the Saxon hordes, so that his lachryman fount was well nigh exhausted when his old college friend, Captain Smyth, of Carrick Castle, advised him to ear the leek, and try the pleasures of a fox-hunt on the emerald plains of Cork.

It was a fine March morning, as Charley Moore sat smoking his dhudeen by his own fireside, while his wife Katty occupied herself in washing.

Throth, Katty, I had a quare dhrame last night.

A dhrame, Charley! Musha, what was it?

I thought that I cotch a leprahawh?

The Lord betune us an' harm! Was it a morning dhrame, Charlie?

'Dade, then, it was, Katty. But, in any case, I won't go to my work to-day bekaise it might be unlucky; an' besides, the captain is goin' out on a fox-hunt wid a lot o' nobles—some of them furriners—so that I'll have a chance of killin' a rabbit or two in the ould plantation while they're sportin'.

So saying, Charley Moore went forth with the avowed intention of providing his family with a fair sample of the palatable game which abounded on his employer's preserves.

It was approaching the hour of noon as he proceeded with cautious and stealthy footsteps along the margin of the ould plantation in quest of his prey, while ever and anon he paused in his course as the clamorous baying of fox-hounds and the lively call of the hunter's horn resounded at the opposite side of the wood.

He was in the act of crossing a ditch, which extended from an angle of the wood when a strange object lying motionless on the grass within a few yards of him arrested his attention, and caused his eyeballs to expand to their wildest limits.

It had the appearance of a human creature dressed in hunting attire, but so diminutive in body, that the gigantic peasant could be excused his consternation.

Ah, ah! exclaimed Charley, as he rushed over to the little figure, a rale leprahawn, afther all my watchin' an' waitin'! Rouse up, my hayro, for your masther is here!

And he gave the manikin a gentle shake.

Hands off, caltiff? Know you that I am the last of the Ancient Britons—the Honorable David Muggs of Fairy Hall!

Bah! the last of the ould Danes, ye mane. Stir up, an' fork me out the good, for I'm in no good humor! There's my knife, ye see!

Bandit! I have no gold on my person. See my horse grazing behind you? Take him, and be gone!

And the Honorable David Muggs—for it was really he—recollected with a feeling of dismay that he had forgotten his pistols when he set out for the hunt from Carrick Castle.

Look round me, is it? said Charley, with a ludicrous grimace, which he intended for a frown of anger; look round me?—no! not the nine eighth of an inch.

And he chuckled the unfortunate Muggs in a savage manner.

Shade of Giraldus Cambriensis! exclaimed the helpless victim, return with thy facile pen, and add one more item to thy truthful chronicle! By my soul, it is not an incubus I am laboring under.

Come, me gay fellah, none o' your palaverin' about pins or needles. I'll shade ye in the bov that Faragth the Fairyman nailed the four asses' shoes on for to hould such customers as you. I'll just carry ye home and roast ye on the gridiron if ye don't thrash out a sack o' goold for me.

It would be extending this o'er true tale beyond its prescribed limits were we to recount the whole dialogue which passed between the little Welshman and his brawner captor; enough to say that Charley Moore carried home his leprahawn, and with the assistance of his worthy spouse deposited him in the rude chest prepared for his reception.

Me sowl to glory, Charley, but yer a great man afther all! How on arth did ye ketch him?

Whisht—whisht, Katty, me jewel! Shure, he couldn't escape me. Down wid the gridiron, he continued in a louder key, an' see if we don't roast the spalpeen to cindhers if he doesn't open out his threasures. Blur an agers! isn't he obstinate! Why, old Smyth's leprahawn gav' no such constharriness at all, but supplied his demands at the first moment; an' he's supplyin' them yet, by all accounts.

The incarcerated Welshman listened to every word and sound with intense, and, indeed, painful interest.

He felt as though every moment was his last; but being a man of courage, his presence of mind did not now desert him.

He knew that explanations or promises were of no avail; but as the name of Smyth was pronounced by the peasant, he resolved to act upon a different scheme, as a last resort.

Master Charley, I have something to say to you, he called out.

Ho, ha, me little codger. You know the gridiron is gettin' hot for ye. What is id?

Are you aware that Captain Smyth has a—a fairy, like me, in a private vault in his castle?

Of coorse I am. An' a better natured chap than you are, if report spakes thrue.

Will you carry a message to him, then, because he holds the key of all the fairy treasures, and I am impotent without it?

But, shure, I can't get to see him in any case, said Charley.

You are not required to see him personally, said David. All you need do is hand my note to Captain Smyth, and he is bound to procure it from him.

Bedad, that fair enough, anyhow, remarked Charley. An', in throth, I'd rather keep ye alive than be forced to the exthrames of roastin' you to death.

Very well. Allow me a modicum of light, if you please, said the much relieved captive, and I'll write out the order. You are ill it—— You cannot read, I suppose?

Och, never a scrawl! replied Charley.

The lid of the chest was raised gently and cautiously by Charley and Katty, so that David Muggs found sufficient light to scribble the following lines on the front of his note-book—

"CAPTAIN SMYTH—I am a prisoner in the hands of the Philistines—I mean your Irish wehr wolves who have mistaken me for a fairy or cacodemon of some material kind, for they have locked me in a chest (large enough for my body, but too small for my honor), and are about to incinerate me in one of their metal dishes. Come and release me immediately, or I am undone. Charley, the bearer is my executioner. By my soul, I am in earnest.

"Yours till death,

"DAVID MUGGS,

"Late of Fairy Hall."

Is Captain Smyth at home? inquired Charley Moore of the servant who opened the hall door of Carrick Castle.

Yes; he is dining with some of his hunting friends at present. Is your message urgent, that I may carry it to him?

I'll carry it to him myself. Clear the way, I say!

You cannot interrupt the company at prestent; but if you wait——

Faugh-a-ballagh! Lave me way!

Whack! and Charley stepped over the prostrate form of the servant, and rushed into the dining-room with no further ceremony.

Here, Captain Smyth, he observed, in an authoritive tone, as he handed him the note-book; give that to yer fairy cobbler, and I'll wait outside for the key.

The Captain tore open the cover without offering a remark, and read the contents.

Gentlemen, said he at length, you are all naturally surprised; but when you learn the meaning, you will be inclined to overlook what appears to be an unpardonable breach of etiquette. Follow me please.

Outside the hall door Charley Smyth was again confronted by Charley Moore, who appeared considerably agitated as he timidly inquired—

Did you get the kay, yer honor?

Yes, Charley the key of his Majesty's prison; and I now arrest you for the unlawful detention of with intent to murder, my friend, David Muggs, Esquire, of Fairy Hall. Gentlemen, he continued, turning to his companions, we were of opinion that our newly arrived guest, Mr. Muggs had turned away from the hunting field to pay his respects at the house of Major O'Hart; but it appears that he fell into the hands of this blood-thirsty individual, who mistook him for a leprahawn.

Och, murther, sheery! What's this yer sayin' at all, at all? yelled Charley, as he scratched his head, and glanced around in a bewildered manner. Shur, bad luck attind the man that introduced the first leprahawn into Ireland, for they brought mere evil than luck, any how.

* * * * * * *

David Muggs was quickly released from his uncomfortable position; and when he heard how he had been mistaken for a gold producing fairy, he not only pardoned his captor, but took him into his own services.

Three weeks later, Charley Moore and family took their places on the deck of a Liverpool boat, and attracted the attention of passengers and crew; for, besides Charley's unusual statute, they possessed an old deal chest, with four ass's shoes nailed to the lid.

It bore the strange address—Fairy Hall, Flintshire, Wales; with care.

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.

A New York paper makes this curious calculation as to the bulk of the Vanderbilt fortune:

Mr. Vanderbilt was worth $200,000,000. If we say that he was worth $500,000,000, or $1,000,000,000, do we get a perceptibly different impression about the bulk of his fortune? Most people do not. To the average mind the conception of enormous wealth is much the same whether it be reckoned in hundreds of millions or octillions. The human mind cannot grasp these great sums or clearly appreciate the difference between one hundred millions and two hundred millions.

Let us try and describe Mr. Vanderbilt's great fortune in terms of linear, square and cubic measures and of weight. Everybody understands these terms, and they make a definite impression on men's minds.

If this sum of $200,000,000 were in standard silver dollars it would present such features as this:

Put lengthwise, dollar after dollar, it would stretch a distance of 4,672 making a stretch from New York across the ocean to Liverpool.

Piled up, dollar on dollar, it would reach a height of 355 miles.

Laid flat on the ground the dollars would cover a space of nearly sixty acres.

The weight of this mass of silver would be 7,160 tons.

To transport it would require 358 cars, carrying twenty tons each, (this is the capacity of the strongest freight cars), and making a train just about two and one-half miles long.

On ordinary grades it would require twelve locomotives to haul this train. On roads of steep grades and sharp curves, fifteen or twenty locomotives would be required.

In one-dollar bills this $200,000,000 fortune would assume such shape as this:

The bills stretched lengthwise would extend 23,674 miles, or nearly the circumference of the earth at the equator.

Piled up one on another, close as leaves in a new book, they would reach a height of twelve miles.

Spread out on the ground they would cover 764 acres, or nearly the whole surface of Central Park, including ponds and reservoirs.

A safe deposit vault to contain the bills would require to be twenty three feet long, twenty-two feet wide and twenty feet high.

A SNOW KNIFE.

Railroad men and travelers will feel skeptical at first when informed that a machine has been invented which will practically put an end to snow blockades. Those who have been snowbound along the lines of Western railroads, and have been detained for weeks at a time waiting for the snow-plows to clear the tracks may well have felt discouraged when they learned from the officials of the road that some 4,000 patents had been issued for snow-plows and the best hail to raise a big blockade.

About eight years ago a Canadian began inventing snow-plows. Finally he found that a model he had constructed would not only clear away the snow rapidly and well, but would throw it almost any place designed to send it. His labors culminated in making the machine here described.

The front is a tremendous knife wheel, 10 feet in diameter, making from two to three hundred revolutions per minute, cutting 12 inches off the snow bank with each of the four steel knives at every revolution, or four feet at every turn. The snow thus cut is delivered on 12 shovels revolving in an opposite direction at the same rate, and hurling it (by centrifugal force) out of the shute at the top. The cutting and shovel wheels are made to revolve by a system of four gear wheels, to which are attached powerful engines.

With one locomotive to hold the knives up to their work, the machine cuts the snow and hurls it far enough away to make it of no farther trouble. At the exhibition in March the snow was cut to a great distance, being hard and mixed with sand, having lain on the track from December 1st until March 28th. The monster went through the common mass, and delivered the hard, frozen snow 295 feet from the track, over 10 other tracks and above a trestle work 32 feet high.

The best steel is used in the construction of the knives and shovels, and all important parts of the machine. Its gross weight is 46 tons, its working capacity two to ten miles an hour, according to the drift to be removed. It is reversible, and throws the snow on either side of the track at the will of the engineer. This excavator is entirely different from the plows now in use, and will revolutionize the methods hitherto used by railroads in raising snow blockades.

Last winter the amount of damage done by the blockades was enormous. Thousands of head of cattle and hogs were frozen, tons of mail and freight were delayed, and many passengers suffered. According to figures printed last March, $2,000,000 was expended by the Western roads during the month of February simply for shovelling snow.

A SWINDLER'S SHARP TRICK.

A French nobleman played a game of ecarte with a foreign Count. The latter won, and the Frenchman pulled out 10,000 francs and handed them to the winner, who quietly secured them in his pocket-book and went home. Early next morning a gentleman of aristocratic bearing and decorated with the order of the Legion'd Honneur was shown into the apartment of the foreign Count who was still asleep. "Monsieur," he said in tones trembling with excitement, "you hold in your hands the honor of a whole family." "Indeed!" "Kindly tell me, was it you who played with M. de H?" "Yes." "You won 10,000 francs and he paid you?" "Yes, in bank notes, and I have them here." "Well, sir, the notes are false. Last night we heard of the nefarious practices of our relative, and I came in heaven's name to ask you to exchange them for ten others I have brought." The noble foreigner at once exchanged the notes. In the evening he was not a little surprised to meet his opponent at the club, and to be asked to give revenge. The foreigner curtly refused, which led to an explanation. The Count drew from his pocket the exchanged notes he had received in the morning. They were false. The gentleman with the decorations was a notorious French swindler.

McGREGOR'S SPEEDY CURE.

It is popularly admitted everywhere that McGregor's Speedy Cure is the safest, most reliable, and by far the cheapest remedy for Constipation, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Impure Blood, Loss of Apetite, and all similar troubles. It is not necessary to take a great quantity before any result is produced. A few doses will convince you of its merits. Trial bottle given free at Taylor's Drug Store. nov1-3m

FOOD FOR HORSES.

The oat is pre-eminently the food for the growing horse, and always should be used when obtainable, if you want to get the best results from him. A colt should be so fed and handled as always to be kept growing and thriving, without any checks either from want of food, food of poor quality or unsuited to his needs or from sickness. Another extreme should always be avoided, and with as much care as poverty of flesh, and that is excessive fatness, which usually occurs from too much fat-producing food, excessive feeding, or want of exercise. Fatness in any animal means disease, not health, and the worst of all places is to find it on the horse. Lay on all the muscle you can, but never allow yourself to be deluded into the folly of mistaking fat for it. The best of all places to raise a horse is in a pasture with running water, with a comfortable stable, where he can go in an out at pleasure with such feeding in kind, quality and quantity, regularly given, as will keep him in growing condition at all times. If not so situated as to command the above conditions, you can modify them to suit your case.

DON'T BE DECEIVED.

Beware of any druggist who will try to induce you to take anything in the place of McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It is a marvel of healing for Sores, Cuts, Burns, etc. No family should be without it. It has no equal. Get McGregor & Parke's, and have no other. Only 25c. per box at T. B. Taylor's. nov1-3m