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W. A. CRAIG,
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Bridgetown, March 10th, '85 y

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Bridgetown, July, 1885

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Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
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VOL. 14. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1886. NO. 17.

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Excels all other Remedies for External Use.
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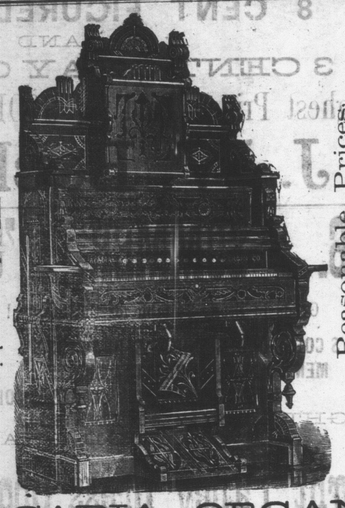
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Flying Frenchman,
will stand in
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JOHN HALL.
Bridgetown, April 6th, 1886. 52tf.

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CORN IN EGYPT!
Roop & Shaw
Beg to notify the public generally that they always keep on hand an assortment of
CARRIAGES
of the latest styles, made from
First Class Stock,
which will be sold on easy terms and reasonable prices.
Middleton, April 20th, 1885. n24tf.

Poetry.

Via Solitaria.

[The following poem was written by the sweetest of poets, the late H. W. Longfellow, very soon after the death of his beloved wife, in 1861. It will be read by many with tearful eyes when they remember how patiently he waited at the 'station' till at last 'the parted were made 'one.']

Alone I walked the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own;
Oh! friends I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me you lake rejoices,
Though moved by loving airs of June,
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray;
In vain the evening's starry marches
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes;
They gaze on other fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—Death.

For well I know the voice of duty,
And, therefore, life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait until with glad thanksgiving
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveler stands—
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands.

And I as he who stands and listens
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb;
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,
And there—oh! vision of delight!—
I see the child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Then, then, the longing heart breakest,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call thee blessed when thou makest,
The parted—one.

Select Literature.

[Written for the Monitor.]

Zisca's Oak.

ROBERT GRANT.

In the village of Trosnow in the Budweis neighborhood of Silesia, just where the Elb is young and singing, stands an oak tree, named from a man who was born under it, amidst the yellow harvest fields.

This man, Zisca, was strong, fierce and just, but with a most unnatural appetite for a certain Kaiser Sigismund, and for the priests of those times. Never a blow was struck but there was a sharp recoil from him, and he sweeps dark, vindictive and fiery across the face of history. His plutonic blows had unnatural power behind them, but what that power was one cannot easily say.

With a dim chaotic religion, a clear sense of right and wrong, and a commander's soul to crown all, no wonder that for three hundred years and more, the oak under which he was born possessed supernatural qualities, and it grew to be the custom among all smiths to go at the midnight of All Hallow E'en, cut a twig off this tree and bring it home to their smithy to insure good luck for the year's labor.

He may have kept alive the fear and power of his name by one singular freak, which, odd as it seems, does credit to the man's eccentric nature. It was an insupportable thought to him that he must die, and as the last menace to his foes, he ordered that the skin of his body should be made into a drum and hung from the citadel of Glatz.

We wonder if the soul of Zisca ever heard its wild tattoo from the rocky walls of Glatz, and grew glad or repentant at such an awful legacy to the hardly used world.

We will leave this fire breathing, spectre haunted Zisca, to tell you of some people who believed in his oak, who regularly brought a bunch of it home for luck, and who met their doom beneath it.

For generation upon generation the Schulzes had dwelt in Trosnow. Their people one after the other had been miners, shepherds, smiths, or linen-weavers, in a quiet unambitious fashion. They had not improved in the years gone by, but had dwindled down both in numbers and courage. Their sole representative, at last, was one Johann Schulze, who had seemingly all the ambition and worth of character, which nature had so recklessly forgotten to bestow upon the others.

His character, though fiery, was quiet and ready to endure much, but, once aroused, a perfect volcano in its passion.

What had heightened his whole nature was a great love—it usually does so—for a fair German maiden who had mastered him, brawn, brain and heart, in toto—little Ulrique Dessauer, also of the Budweis in Silesia.

Was she beautiful? Ah, but what a bewitching mite she was, with her fair curls, rose leaf cheeks, where dimples played hide and seek continually, lips deliciously parting over ivory white teeth, and eyes, blue as Silesia's own brave skies, though rather unsteady and wavering. With dower, and beauty, and many suitors there is our Ulrique now; with home and love and unrest we have her again; with disgrace and—oh Zisca! did you war for her, as well as that sister Gretchen of yours, whose blotted life made yours more dark and terrible?

Not just the woman, she, for ardent Johann, who could be devoted enough to let her tear his heart out and make a plaything of it, so long as she was his alone, but who was fierce enough in like measure to slay any one who dared to interfere with his rights.

By clear strategy, he won her to betrothal, and her many suitors, possessed both of power, and a knowledge that Johann was a tremendous hitter, fell back and gave him a clear field. He was straight forward and manly with them too, and one night as they were clambering over a peak of the Reisengebirge—that was a rare sunset and his fine form caught a radiance out of it—the talk drifted upon this point, and he said quite simply in his Silesian tongue:

'My lads, it has been a fair field hasn't it?'

'Aye, Johann!' answered his comrades.

'And now the winner is'——here came an ominous silence.

'The winner and luck to him!' shouted they all quite loyally.

'But what was that?' An echo from the night folded peaks of the Reisengebirge or some voice muttering the words, 'Schloss! Schloss?'

Here their ways separate. We wish to follow two who take a zigzag path further from Trosnow than the others. Listen to what you can, for the dry twigs keep crackling, and small stones are flying downward beneath their heavy boots, preventing many of their words from reaching us.

'August Winterfeld, of Schloss?'

'Humph,' and here the lightest young man caught hold of a jutting rock and swung himself far below. The other plodded along more slowly.

'Think he loves her?'

The answer came in a gesture only. Such a derisive leer sat on his face, as he winked at somebody or something—probably his dwarfed soul—over his shoulder.

'And then she?'

'Careful, Mr. Pryer, we beseech you, if you value that fair satin hide of yours, for there is a very panthery shine about him who is in advance, which looks dangerous. If you keep up that senseless chatter, and persist in asking foolish questions, you will certainly feel his claws.

'Does she, now does she, do you think, love him?' the fool put in again, as if to goad the other into fury.

'*Does she love him?* you beast! Ask me a question like that will you?' and the mocking tone ended in a threatening roar.

'Don't the little fools,' he went on, savagely, 'always love a man above them, even if they know it doesn't mean marriage? Let their hearts be caught like so much thistle down, but if we wooden tooted—*ah-h!*' and then there was a furious grind of the teeth followed by silence. The questioner cared not a whif for either.

'Will she marry Johann?' Clearly, he had no sense whatever.

'Not if I can help it,' was the bitter reply. 'Help me, you,' he added in desperation.

That he should appeal to such a piece of shaky, unseasoned timber, showed how forlorn his hope, and how far wit had deserted him, for however warmly the aid was promised, the chances were that if the rash youth kept up his questions, he would badger some one into sending him into a larger field of inquiries, before that aid was needed.

The other sneered, as he looked at the sallow youth whose five senses seemed all gone into that imbecile tongue of his, and turning abruptly rushed on alone.

Often, after this, did he meet Ulrique, and in an adroit way, make her feel her superiority to Johann Schulze and the grind of a peasant's life, and so aided in luring her on to destruction more surely than ever.

True it is, that the pride and vanity, which is within this human fortress of ours, bring us to ruin more easily than any assaulting force without, be it ever so dexterously handled or powerfully mailed.

Once in a while hints of a gossipy nature reached Johann, but so secure was he in his own love, so true and honorable in himself, so blindly worshipful was he of his maiden, that it passed him by as lightly as a breath from his dear mountains.

Poor silly Ulrique, slighting this peasant lover of yours, whose honor is fit for a king. As Ulrique! your Reisengebirge peaks do not rise loftier than your peasant lover, nor are their shadows, falling on the valley of Trosnow, darker than is the heart of him from the proud Schloss.

If you do not know it now, you will some time, when to learn will be a mocking torment, and the lesson will have broken your poor foolish little heart. Merrily enough you are sailing now in a spice laden, flattering wind from the south which will never hint the sirocco in it, until it is upon you in a blast.

Month after month flew by, and still the maiden would not consent to be married. Johann came to feel sorely about it, for she was growing sadly cold and whimsical of late. The hammer's din, and the musical heart rhythm which had made one long play of each day's work were often silent, now, and Johann was worried and sad.

After a fresh story from a new source, one autumn day, he started for the Dessauer farm at night. The wind, somehow, kept moaning and reminding him of the gray evening on which his mother died, years and years ago when he was just a lad. Unconsciously he put out his brown hand to measure the child's height, which was in his mind, then he sighed pitifully and tramped on again. Still that moan of the wind in his ears.

But suddenly up rose the fair white Schloss in his sight. If a spark is needed to unloose the spirit of powder, then only that glance was needed to make him a demon of insulted love and hate. On he strode cursing both it and him who was master there.

'Where is Ulrique?' he asked after his salutations with the family were passed, and Ulrique had not appeared.

She expected you, and went down your way, Johann,' they replied, with laughter, for this suitor was a great favorite with the family, 'but she has seen you so many times this week—Oh! she'll be in quite soon now.'

Johann was dumb. He had not been there all that week. Oh! that villain! Seizing his hat he started through the door, but paused when he saw Ulrique coming to the house from over the hill.

Carelessly she approached, gave him her hand, and said simply, 'I was looking for you.' This as if no mystery lay about her, when hand and lip were yet warm with the south wind kisses. She led the way to the house.

'Ulrique,' he said, in presence of them all, 'I want to know if we are betrothed to each other?'

The old grandmother hearing this and misinterpreting his question, broke in shrilly.

'You have been betrothed, Johann Schulze, this year gone, and that you should ask such a thing, you whose mother was my playmate, and who was——'

'Sh-h-h,' said Ulrique's father, 'he knows that well enough, mother. They have fallen out a bit. Listen you, maiden, tell Johann what you mean by your dillydallyings—tell us all.'

Very stupid she seemed all at once.

'I—I—mean to—to—' she stammered confusedly.

'Mean to what? Why you've been delaying this marriage for a year now. Speak out, girl,' her father said sternly.

'Ulrique, oh! my Ulr que,' Johann cried out, sharply, and then the storm of pain and love which had beaten him up the hillside, took away all speech and he could utter no more.

But she was heedless of that voice of misery—deaf, it seemed, as the trysting stone, on which two people had sat just one half hour earlier, and laughed at this pure souled Johann, while — ah! Sirocco, Sirocco in the heart of it.

'Will you deceive me, after all my love Ulrique?' came in a stern voice, for her hardness was maddening this patient lover.

Here a spinster aunt, having no doubt ulcerative matter in her mind, put in sharply.

'And if she did, Johann Schulze, have you told her all your life?'

She loved dearly the maid, Ulrique, and would take her side with or without reason, at all times, except when she herself was acting both as defendant and barrister in one.

'You men can do anything, and tell no tales, but if the madchen fail in a breath, you never forgive them. Shame on your manliness,' she went on.

Whether she spoke sybil wise, or was settling an old score, there was justice in her words, though her tone was like a screech owl's. True, aunt Dessauer, there is no just reason why one half the world should sow broad acres of dragon's teeth, and be silent about it forever, while the other half must look sharp to their confessions and 'Forgive me, my lords,' to save themselves from everlasting condemnation and disgrace.

This shell thrown hot and sizzling caused a dead silence, but it glanced off harmless from Johann's armof of uprightness and rectitude, and he spoke with a sudden tenderness breaking into all his voice:

'Madchen knows that all. Oh! come to me, I will forgive all without the asking, if you will but come!'—surely, grand enough, poor peasant—and Ulrique reluctantly, but pushed forward by the staff of her old grand dame whose eagerness outran her prudence, went to Johann's side and stood shamefacedly, but with a somewhat kinder manner, beside him.

She was come to him again. Oh life after death! He could have fallen down before his idol and worshipped her, so beautiful did she appear in his love blinded eyes. With a sigh of relief, he took her hand and placed her beside him, in the old way, which gave him full opportunity to feast his hungry eyes on her fair face.

Foolish fellow! your idol is of clay. Only clay of the unwrought ruinous kind which went to the undoing of a weak Adam, which will undo your life as surely, Johann Schulze.

Well, before it ended, the wedding day was set, in the presence of them all—and truth to say, more by the others than by Ulrique—and all seemed bright again after the slight storm.

The day came soon, far too soon for Ulrique, who lay with wide open eyes and tears on her cheeks all the long night before it, watched only by a moon which had looked on in pity, as she kept wicked tryst with one, in the still twilight of the day just fled.

A year went by after the wedding. No sight or sound from him of the Schloss, but a seemingly happy woman was eating her heart in secret on account of his absence from Trosnow. Not even the presence of little Hermann lessened the desire to see her foul hearted lover.

But one day in mid October, a tall form went dashing down the village street, one glance at which sent the blood rushing in wild torrents to heart and brain of a watching woman. No one but little Hermann by, to witness that sudden storm of tears and laughter. None but baby fingers to wander across the path of the tears, or touch the red lips parted in such strange laughte. Yet if their sweet touch failed to win, how could even an angel's work redemption?

Ah the story is briefly told. Short glimpses, stolen interviews, then the old beguilement. Silly little fly creeping with blind eyes into this bulging orbed spider's den.

All Hallow Een came. Johann must repair to the Zisca Oak for the customary twig.

He went out a trifle before the hour, leaving Ulrique looking wistfully from the window. Her face had been paling and flushing strangely that night, while her manner was fitfully cold and warm.

No sooner had he disappeared than she, pausing only to tuck a bit of paper in the baby's tiny hand and kiss him, fled from the house and off into the darkness toward a certain spot which she knew only too well.

Johann had broken the twig and was putting it in his button, when he heard quick steps advancing to where he stood, and out of the gloom a voice saying wild wicked things of his wife, of the mother of his boy. He seized a heavy hammer, but his arm was arrested by a mocking voice saying:

'Save that strength for the deserving ones. You'll need it. Go to the oak at one, and see, Johann Schulze, if I'm a liar!' and off through the darkness strode the ghostly talebearer.

The story was past belief. He smiled scornfully as he went into his house and called for his wife, first confidently, then in growing alarm. What did the strange silence mean?

As he paused to look about him the baby stirred in his cradle, and, going to him Johann read his doom.

Dark as a devil's, grew his face. He went to the door of the servant's room and awoke her to watch with Hermann. Then he went quietly to the wall, took down his gun from its rests, and slung it across his shoulder, put a wallet into his coat pocket and walked out of the house. He turned back to bid the girl take the child to his grandmother in the morning, if he were not there, then vanished with awful face from her terrified eyes. Like a tiger he crouched and waited under the oak. Slow were the steps in coming. Fiery lines danced up and down before his eyes and once above the sound of the tree thrashing in the wind he heard the wailing of his child, from his cottage though far away in the distance. But s-s-st! steps!

Some one is pulling a lucky branch; then he hears his wife's voice and laugh.

'Ach Gott! that they should take that with such a curse, in their palms!'

One, two, three shots in an eye glance, and then one form lies stark and silent in the cold midnight, while the other is fleeing before a mad pursuer.

Rest on as thou wilt, but the time will come that, when this avenger shall fall, another shall haunt thee through the eternal universe, poor fool!

Early next morning, while the birds were chirping in the still dawn, a woman's dead body was laid in the smith's desolate cottage, and a breathless messenger hastened up over the hills to the Dessauer farm, with a crying child and woful tidings for them.

Years passed and the home of this tragedy was left empty, save the rude cradle in which a baby had slept under a faithless mother's care. Left as a cruel phantom of the past, and near, a dark red stain which time nor labor could ever efface. The oak centuries old, and blighted by the name of Zisca and this murder, was hewn down, and a chapel built on its site.

Upon the Dessauer farm overlooked by the towering Schloss is a low heaped grave. At its head an unmarked gray stone stands grimly to mark a broken home and wasted life.

Hermann grew to manhood and followed sheep folding. None ever lived in the Schulze cottage after that night, and it came to be whispered about among the children, how the little baby cried all one night for the dead mother under the terrible Zisca tree, and on Hallow Een night, a child's wailing could still be heard from the cottage.

One day when they went to peer cautiously into its eldrich windows, they fled back in dismay, and hastened to bring their older friends to see what it was buddled up in one corner, so dark and still, and there they found Johann Schulze, gray and haggard, clasping his baby's cradle, his head bent upon it as his last resting place on earth—dead.

Thus ends this story of two wasted lives, and still the Erzegebirge sends down its torrents, and still the young Elbe goes singing through the green fields of Silesia.

Cured of Traumatic Tetanus.

SAID TO BE THE ONLY INSTANCE OF RECOVERY FROM LOCKJAW CAUSED FROM A WOUND.

Dr. Robert Taylor, formerly associated with Dr. L. A. Sayre, and now resident at Bronxville for the summer season, reports the cure of a case of traumatic tetanus, or lockjaw, resultant from a wound, which is, it is said the only instance in which a fatal conclusion to such an attack has been averted. On May 1st, Miss Effie Masterton, daughter of Mr. Robert M. Masterton, a retired New York merchant, resident of Brookville, had the bones of the toe and instep of her right foot crushed.

Dr. Taylor dressed the wound, removing a number of pieces of bone, and trimmed off the little toe, which could not be saved. Recognizing the extreme probability of lockjaw, he put the patient under the influence of morphine. Other doctors and friends of the young lady strongly urged him to cut off the foot, averring that in no other way could lockjaw be averted. Miss Masterton settled the matter by declaring that whatever Dr. Taylor directed was what she would have done. He began by giving her sixty drops of Majendie's solution of the sulphate of morphia (one-quarter of a grain to the drachm) at each dose, three doses a day. This he increased gradually until it was doubled, and during the worst period of her suffering, that amount even was exceeded, enough to keep her in a stupified condition all the time. Twice a day her wound was dressed with balsam of Peru and oakum, and the bandage pressure was carefully regulated and constantly watched to prevent the matter burrowing. It healed admirably, showing a healthy tendency from the first. But eight days after the injury the first symptoms of lockjaw appeared—severe and increasing pains in the side of the face, followed by violent twitching in the muscles of the face and limbs. The pain in the sides of the face became so great that it could hardly be allayed, even by the enormous doses of morphine given. In four days after the first symptoms declared themselves, the tetanus was fully established. The girl's jaws were tightly locked together, the muscles of the right leg, arm and side twitched convulsively, and the body was bent like a bow, resting upon the head and heels. These violent symptoms lasted nine days. During that time, in addition to the morphine, large quantities of rye whisky, brandy, champagne, sherry, egg-nog, milk punch and other stimulants were given to her. The loss of a tooth permitted their introduction into the mouth through a rubber tube. At length the first indication of recovery appeared in the cessation of the twitching of the muscles, and then the opening of the mouth far enough to permit the passage of a knife blade between the teeth. From that point the progress of recovery was rapid, until now the foot is well and the lockjaw disappeared.

Dr. Taylor said: 'It is the only case or cure of traumatic tetanus in the history of the world. I knew when I saw the injury that Miss Masterton had received that there was hardly a possibility of her escaping lockjaw and prepared, as well as possible, to meet that extreme peril. There are only two remedies prescribed by the books, woovari and the calabar bean, and they are not cures, but possible palliatives until death brings relief. Even at the best, if they could cure tetanus, woovari is likely to cause idiocy and the calabar bean produces paralysis of the muscles of the chest, which results in death. So I went ahead on my own theory of treatment, assuming the responsibility for the results, and am glad that I did. For seven weeks I never left her side, day or night, until her recovery was assured. I simply gave her all the morphine and stimulants that she could bear. Fifteen or sixteen bottles of whiskey, and I don't know how much of other liquors and wines anything of that sort that I could get her to swallow, she consumed, and, with the exception of the morphine, not a drop of any other medicine. Now she is well goes outriding every day, and is getting her strength rapidly. Traumatic tetanus is very different from idiopathic tetanus, which is produced by other causes than violent physical injuries, and is easy of cure.

A Portland Romance.

The Lewiston *Journal* tells the following story of a Portland woman:—

When a young girl, she fell desperately in love with a poor fellow, who returned her affections, but did not have money enough to pay the parson for marrying them. After a deal of consideration by both of them, it was decided that he should start for China, to seek his fortune, and that she should remain behind and wait for his return. She made a vow that she would not marry for three years, and if at the expiration of that time, he had not returned, she would be at perfect liberty, to act at her own pleasure, about marriage. Accordingly the lover boarded the first ship he could find that was bound for that port and the lovers parted. Six months passed and the girl heard not a word from her lover.

A year went by, and no letter. The girl grew almost distracted, for she came to the conclusion that he had either gone back on her or was dead. A second year went by and nothing was heard from him. At this time another gentlemen began paying his attention to the lady and finally asked for her hand in marriage. The girl thought of her vow and said no, not until the three years is past. The second man urged her with all his power to marry him. He offered her wealth, and every luxury that money could buy, but she was true to her vow, and said she would not marry till the expiration of the three years. Long before this, she had supposed her lover dead.

The end of the third year was drawing to a close and she had promised the ardent suitor, who had been paying her every honor in his power, for a year and a half, that when the time was up, she would marry him on the following day. If her former lover did not return. The day came and the man didn't return from China. On that very day the wedding bells were rung, and they were united in marriage.

Hardly had the marriage ceremony been performed, when a ship came into the bay from China, and on board was her lover, who had left her three years ago to gain a fortune for them both—returned. Imagine, if you can, her grief when she saw him. He came back abundantly rich, to claim her as her bride, and she had three days before married another. The blow nearly crushed them both. But six years wore away, and in the meantime the man married and went out West to live. In a few years his wife died. He had not heard one word from his old love for many years, and one day, merely from curiosity, he addressed a letter to her brother, enquiring if she was alive, and if so, where she resided. He received a letter shortly after saying that she had been a widow several years, and was living near Portland. The gentleman left for Portland on the next train, and in less than a week's time they were married, and to-day they are living happily together in the suburbs of Portland.

A Boy's Courage.—Do the lands of this generation declaim that poetical tribute to youthful heroism which extols the boy who 'stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled? When we were boys, there was scarcely a 'Declamation Day' on which we did not hear it recited. It may be that the years since then have been so freighted with examples of boyish heroism that no one cares for 'Casablanca.'

One of these later, and, to our thinking, more attractive examples of youthful heroism occurred at the outbreak of the Sepoy mutiny in 1857. Just before the awful storm broke, the system of electric telegraphs had been extended over the surface of British India.

The mutineers rushed to Delhi to seize upon the old hereditary seat of the Mohammedan Empire, and began cutting the throats of Europeans. While the rattle of cannon and musketry was rolling around the telegraph office, a little English boy, moved by the English sense of duty, stuck to his post until he had telegraphed to the commissioner at Lahore. The message announced that the mutineers had arrived at Delhi, and had murdered this civilian and that officer, and wound up with these significant but child-like words, 'we're off!'

The boy's courage and sense of duty saved the Punjaub. As soon as the telegram reached Lahore the general in command of the Sepoys disarmed them. When they learned of the rising at Delhi, they were powerless to do any injury.

The general flashed the awful news to Peshawur. The Hindoestanee regiments were also disarmed, and, though mutineer at heart, were rendered incapable of harm.

Then the telegraph was cut by the rebels—but the boy at Delhi had saved Northern India to the British crown. The officer in charge had been killed, but that brave lad stayed long enough at the instrument to despatch the warning.

Mosquitoes that Kill Bears.—J. A. Johnston, a well known expert, returned from Alaska a few days ago. 'Next to the rich ore,' said Mr. Johnston, 'what I struck the most forcibly was the mosquitoes. Why, sir, they kill the bears. Now it seems strange that a mosquito could kill a bear, but, this is the way it is done. The bear comes down from the hills into marsh land to feed on roots and berries—a sort of cranberry found there. As soon as they get comfortably to work the mosquitoes attack them, and go for their eyes. The bears get up on their hind legs to fight them off, and sink into the swamp. The mosquitoes, which are of a most extraordinary size, keep at them until they are totally blind and then they have them completely at their mercy. I have seen over a dozen bear carcases in those swamps positively killed by the mosquitoes.—*Victoria Times.*

Schr. Ivica,
Capt. Longmire.
This well known packet schooner will commence running on her regular trips between
Bridgetown & St. John
about March 20th. All freight carefully handled.
LIME
will be kept constantly on hand and for sale
Apply on board or at residence of subscriber.
JOHN LONGMIRE.
Bridgetown, March 9th '86. 48tf.