

Miscellaneous

Narrow Escapes in Battle

Many computations have been made of the number of bullets fired in battle for every man killed. The following stories collected by the Detroit Free Press, show how near some of the army officers came to being killed.

At the battle of Peach Orchard, when McClellan was making his change of base, a Michigan infantryman fell to the ground as he shot down an enemy left lying on the ground in a changed position. The ball which hit him first struck the barrel of his gun, glanced and knocked a bullet from his coat, then the watch out of his vest pocket, and then struck the man just over the heart, and was stopped there by a bone.

At Pilsbury Landing a member of the Twelfth Michigan Infantry stooped down to give a wounded man a drink from his canteen. While in the act a bullet aimed at his breast struck the canteen, turned aside, passed through the body of a man and buried itself in the leg of a horse. The canteen was splintered, and dropped to the ground in halves.

At Brandy Station one of Custer's troopers had his left stirrup strap cut away by a group of whirling bullets from the leg of the horse, bisecting his skin as if with a red hot iron. He dismounted to ascertain the nature of his injury, and as he bent over a bullet knocked his hat off and killed his horse. In the same fight was a trooper who had suffered several days from toothache. In a hand-to-hand struggle he received a pistol ball in the right cheek. It knocked out his aching double tooth and passed out of the left hand corner of his mouth, a part of an upper tooth along. The joy of being rid of the toothache was so great that the trooper could not be wrenched from the rear to have his wound dressed.

An object no matter how trifling will turn a bullet from its true course. This was shown one day at the recent camp in Pleasant Valley. They had a 'bull pen' there, in which about five hundred bounty jumpers and other hard cases were under guard. Once in a while one of these men would make a break for liberty. Every sentinel in position would open fire, and it did not matter in the least if the men ran toward the crowded camp. On this occasion a prisoner made for the camp, and as many as six shots were fired at him without effect. One of the bullets entered the tent of a captain in the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry. He was lying down, and the course of the bullet would have been fatal to his chest. Fortunately for him the candle by which he was reading sat on a stand between him and where the bullet entered. This was struck and put squarely in two, and the lighted end dropped to the floor without being snuffed out. The ball was deflected, and buried itself in the pillow under the officer's head, passed out of that and through his tent, entered one behind it, passed between two men, and brought up against a camp kettle.

'CARRYING A LADDER'—Did you ever see a person carrying a ladder? He puts it on his shoulder, or it may be, his head between the rungs, and has one of the sides resting on each shoulder, and having it nicely balanced walks along. A man with a ladder is an interesting object in a crowded street. He looks the end of the ladder, and the other's head, passed out of that and through his tent, entered one behind it, passed between two men, and brought up against a camp kettle.

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MILLER BROTHERS, MIDDLETON, Annapolis Co., N. S.

Importers and Dealers in Sewing Machines of both American and Canadian Manufacturers, over 20 different kinds in stock, among which is The RAYMOND, the most Popular Machine in the market.

Second-Hand MACHINES Taken in Exchange as part payment for new ones. THE REPAIRING of all SEWING MACHINES will be attended to. All Sewing Machines WARRANTEED. SEWING MACHINES! FROM \$5.00 to \$100.00. Shuttles, Needles AND EXTRAS of all kinds in stock.

ORGANS, PIANOS, Mason and Hamlin, Geo. A. Prince, Geo. Woods, The Bell, etc. Also, Importers and Dealers in Weber, Stelzway, Emerson, &c. &c.

DYE WORKS, GILBERT'S LANE, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Men's clothes, of all kinds, cleaned or re-dyed and pressed, equal to new. LACE CURTAINS, BLANKETS, CARPETS, etc. Cleaned by a NEW PROCESS, every week day. STAYS, IRISH POPLINS, DRESS MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS DYED. FEATHERS, KID GLOVES, TIES, etc., are CLEANED OR DYED.

All orders left at the following places will receive prompt attention. PRICES LOW. Maceley Bros., 50, 51 Charlotte street, W. P. Moore & Co., Vancouver, N. S.; W. H. Kitcher, Tracy, N. S.; P. H. Glendonning, New Glasgow, N. S.; Wm. Shannon, Charlottetown, N. S.; Chipman & Kitcher, Amherst, N. S.; Miss Wright, Digby, N. S.; Robt. Young, Annapolis, P. E. I., or at the DYE WORKS, GILBERT'S LANE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

H. S. PIPER, AGENT, BRIDGETOWN.

Favorite Literature. AT CONNOLLY'S. LATEST LIST. More Bitter than Death, The Roof of all Hell, Thrown on the Road, A Terrible Secret, A Bitter Absence, Gervaise, Millbank, The Sin of a Lifetime, Married Beneath Him, Madeline's Lover, Publicans and Sinners, Struggles and Triumphs, Pen and Sword, A Broken Faith, How Meredith, Taken at the Flood, Ought we to Visit Her, Who Breaks Pays, In Pains and Out, Only a Woman, The Fallen Leaves, And 500 others, all by the best authors. Don't wait till tomorrow. If you do the books you want may be sold, but we sell large quantities of these popular books.

THOS. F. CONOLLY, Central Bookseller, Cor. George and Grandville Sts., Halifax, N. S.

Look Here, Look Here! S. N. Fallesen's - IS THE - CHEAPEST PLACE - TO BUY - Your Clothes. A Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Just Received from Montreal: A Large Lot of CLOTHS, which will be sold at the lowest prices. Call and inspect goods before purchasing elsewhere.

S. N. Fallesen, Merchant Tailor, Water St., Bridgetown, July 6, '90.

BRIDGETOWN Marble Works. ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE. FALCONER & WHITMAN are now manufacturing Monuments & Gravestones OF ITALIAN and AMERICAN Marble.

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad.

Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work. DANIEL FALCONER. OLDFAM WHITMAN.

A WEEK IN BUSINESS.—To be successful a man must first of all be able to supply his customers as favourably as any other tradesman if he is to gain success. This he can do best by understanding the markets; where, and by whom such and such goods are purchased.

Being able to supply his customers favourably, his next right is to let the world know the fact. This may be done in a variety of ways—by a judicious use of the local press, or by printing circulars, cards, prospectuses, catalogues, &c., and having them liberally and judiciously distributed.

In making sales, impress your customer with the feeling that you are not desirous that any one should hear his name, for he is your best customer. Avoid, at all hazards, misrepresentations. To one of our customers. Lastly, treat all your customers equitably, and all alike, giving patient attention to even small orders, as they may bring in larger ones.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway

Summer Arrangement, Time Table, COMMENCING THE 14th DAY JUNE, 1880.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, GOING EAST, Station, Time, Express Daily, etc. Stations include Halifax, Windsor, Annapolis, etc.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway

Express Daily, Windsor to Annapolis, Annapolis to Windsor, etc.

GOING WEST, GOING EAST, Station, Time, Express Daily, etc.

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Agricultural

Raising Calves

Mrs. J. G. Bourinot, wife of the Clerk Assistant of the House of Commons, was awarded the First Prize offered by the American Agricultural Society for her essay on 'The Family Cow, and How to Keep Her.' Mrs. B. relates her experience with calves as follows: 'I thought I had tried almost everything relating to the care of cows, but when I undertook to rear a five weeks' old calf, I found my education in this respect sadly neglected. I asked a farmer's wife how I was going to manage. 'Oh,' she said, 'just dip your fingers in the milk, and let it cool, and suck them a few times, and it will soon learn to put its nose in the pail, and drink.' It sounded simple enough, so I took my pail and started for the barn, where that wretched animal stopped me all over with milk, bunted me round and round the pen, until I was black and blue, sucked the skin off my fingers, and wouldn't drink. After trying at intervals for two days, the calf was getting thin, and so was I. In despair, I left the pail of milk, giving that calf a few drops of whole-milk whey. When I went back two hours after, the calf was standing over the empty pail, with an expression on its face, that translated into an inquiry, as to why I hadn't left that pail there before. I have weaned several calves since then, but have never had any trouble. Leave them with the cow 3 or 4 days, then take a little milk and hold the calf's nose in the pail, it must open its mouth or smother, and when once it tastes the milk, will soon learn to drink. When it is a week old, commence feeding with oil-cake, skim milk, and molasses. Into an old 2 1/2 bushel can, I put one tablespoonful of oil-cake, one of molasses, fill up the can with boiling water, and set it on the stove until thoroughly cooked. That quantity will be its allowance for one next week give it that quantity at each meal, and the next week twice that. The calf will then be four weeks old, and the butcher ought to give you a price for it that will pay for all trouble and the family milk bill while the cow is dry. It does not pay to raise calves where you only keep one cow. (Mr. Cochrane, the owner of the celebrated cow 'Duchess of Airdrie,' told me the other morning that last year he sold a calf of hers to an English gentleman for 4,000 guineas. [20,000.] I think it would pay to have a wet nurse if one had a calf like that. I table one and then prevent the calf from 'scurring,' a complaint very common among calves brought up by hand. I believe that winter rye makes a valuable soiling plant, but I have never tried it.

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Jokers' Corner

Equal to the Occasion

It was dark in the depot one day last week when the evening train came in. An elderly farmer was backed up against the partition, watching in open-mouthed wonder the big pulling engine and the yellow covered cars as they discharged their passengers, when a handsome girl in a sordid cloak, dashed forward, and throwing herself upon the honest granger's manly breast, imprinted a kiss upon his sun-browned cheek and neck. 'You dear old man, I knew you would be waiting for me! And how's Jennie, and John—and oh! pa, you take the children home with you, please.' The granger was old and kind of dried up, and he had never known what it was to have a wife, much less a daughter. He mistrusted the young lady in the seal-skin sack had made a mistake, but instead of stammering and hemming and hawing he came gallantly up to the station, and throwing his arms around the fair creature, he made up his mind to be a father to her or die in the attempt. Imprinting a kiss like the report of a rifle upon her cheek, he enthusiastically ejaculated: 'Oh your mother's a real 'John an' Henry,' an' 'Horace an' Belvidere an' Calvin (smack) an' Joshua an' Peter (smack, smack), oh, they're all smart and hearty an'—'

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From all parts of the wheat-growing world come cheering reports of the season's wheat crops. On this continent there is promise of a magnificent wheat harvest. This, preceded by the fact that the Chicago wheat crop has broken, will give us cheap bread for many months to come.

A good name is best won by good deeds. There is no surer way of being well thought of as by deserving well. You have a little world around you, wrote Daniel Webster to an early friend; 'fill it with good deeds, and you will fill it with your own glory.'

JOHN B. REED, Bridgetown, April 2nd, 1879. For Sale, or To Let. A SMALL PLACE CONTAINING FOUR ACRES OF LAND, with comfortable HOUSE AND BARN. PARADISE, MAY 10th, '90. BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN BOOK STORE. SO universally known for many years at 101 Grandville Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street. Re-novated and improved. BUCKLEY & ALLEN, 124 Grandville St., Halifax, N. S. July 17th, 1878.

CAUTION! EACH PLUG OF THE Myrtle Navy! IS MARKED T. & B. IN BRONZE LETTERS. NONE OTHER GENUINE. \$1500 TO \$4000 A YEAR OR \$5 to \$20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Anyone can do the work. You can make from \$25 to \$50 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth \$5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address: GEORGE STINSON & CO., 70 Portland, Maine, July 30th.

Just Received, SPLENDID STOCK OF CLOTHS. John H. Fisher, MERCHANT TAILOR, Side Door, Main Street, Bridgetown, wishes to inform his friends and customers that he has just returned from a personal selection of CLOTHS suitable for Spring and Summer wear, and is prepared to make suits up in the latest styles, and on reasonable terms.

MR. COLBERT, my former Coat-maker has lately returned from Boston, where he has been working the present winter, and is again with me. His well-known proficiency as a workman, guaranteeing satisfaction. J. H. FISHER, Bridgetown, Mar. 24, '90.

Bill Heads in all sizes and styles executed at this office at reasonable rates.

Lowest Market Prices! NEVER UNDERTAKING attended to in all its branches. JOHN Z. BENT. Just Received, SPLENDID STOCK OF CLOTHS. John H. Fisher, MERCHANT TAILOR, Side Door, Main Street, Bridgetown, wishes to inform his friends and customers that he has just returned from a personal selection of CLOTHS suitable for Spring and Summer wear, and is prepared to make suits up in the latest styles, and on reasonable terms.

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Never make fun of anybody who is sick or nervous in a thunder storm. It is not cowardice, but a temporary result of the influence sustained by the nerves from the electricity in the air. A woman who is spoken of as 'one of the most dandiest ever known' was sick in bed for hours, after the great storm at Springfield, Mass., last year. She had received a shock of lightning years before, and never since failed to be ill in a thunder storm.

Well, Father Brown, how did you like my sermon yesterday? 'I asked a young preacher, 'To see, parson,' was the reply. 'I have a few more to touch me.' 'Strange! very strange! How did you account for it?' 'Well, sometimes I've thought that it was because I sat down on a high branch of a very tall tree.'

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