(Continued from first page.)

said enough. Do not let us quarrel over the fellow.'

'You are prejudiced,' persisted Poppy pettishly, 'and you are very unfair. You ought not to begrudge me an hour's pleasure. I have done all I could for you today.'

Jocelyn was silenced—he was both brother and guardian to the fatherless girl, and he felt that to-day, in his selfish happiness, he had forgotten this, and, if she had fallen into a snare, the fault was his. The thought did not make him like Richard Lancross the better. He had a singular repulsion for this friend of Davenant's, a sort of superstitious dislike, of which he was half ashamed; and mingled with it was a jealousy and mistrust for his sister's sake, of which he could scarcely speak except to her and his mother.

'You must take my word for it, Poppy, that the man is not one of the right sort, not a man a girl should trust. If you permit yourself to be flirted with after my giving you this warning, the fault will be your own. I tell you a man knows a man—a girl does not.' Saying this, Thurlstone put the reins in his sister's hands, and prepared to alight.

'What are you stopping here for?' she asked crossly.

'I am going to get something at the jeweller's,' he answered.

And in a moment he had entered the shop. Poppy's eyes followed him with the smart of tears in them.

'He is gone to buy a ring for Lilian,' she said. 'So it seems every one is to be happy except myself.'

At the farther end of the large shop a gasalier was burning for the better display of gems, and a gentleman stood there leaning on a table on which stood some open cases of jewellery flashing with the light of diamonds. He turned, saw Jocelyn, and after a moment's hesitation came forward and half held out his hand, and then dropped it as he observed that his greeting was received only by a slight lifting of the hat.

'I have to thank you, Captain Thurlstone, for my life—and not for mine only. You know, I am sure, that the lady you saved——'

'Pray say no more, Mr. Davenant,' interrupted Jocelyn hurriedly. 'Upon my word, I have heard so much of the affair lately that I am heartily sick of it. I did no more than a dog would have done, and not half so well as a Newfoundland.'

'I hope at all events that you will let me say that I am grateful,' Edgar returned, speaking that time naturally and with ease. 'I should feel gratitude, you'll own, even to a dog.'

'So you might to a dog, but not to me,' Jocelyn said, with a short laugh. 'Pray divest yourself of all ideas of gratitude; it is a burden you will not like in a day or two; and, moreover, I assure you on my honor that you owe me none.'

'If not on my own account, at least for Miss Challacombe,' Edgar answered a little stiffy, 'you will perhaps permit me to tender you my thanks.'

'Not at all; I can accept no thanks from you on her behalf. If I am to be bothered with gratitude, I will take it only from the lady herself.' And Jocelyn drew back and tried to laugh again. 'What I did was done entirely to please myself—believe that, and let us say no more.'

Edgar Davenant felt both puzzled and rebuffed. He imagined gratitude to be a duty which he was striving to pay, and it was not pleasant to have it flung back to him so churlishly. Moreover, there was a sort of implied contempt for him in Thurlestone's manner, as if the saving of his life was a mere incidental trifle not worth talking about.

'As you will,' he said, turning away. 'A man however cannot help feeling somewhat obliged to another for plucking him out of death's jaws; so, whether you choose to hear it or no, I fear I must tell you that I shall think of you a little gratefully.'

For the first time Jocelyn's color rose; he half held out his hand, and then withdrew it hastily.

'No,' he said to himself, 'it won't do—we cannot be friends; and I doubt if he could ever understand the strength of that temptation, and how will conquered nature when I dragged him out of the sea. Well, I will try him—I will give him a chance of comprehending it.'

He came a step towards Davenant, and spoke with a slightly embarassed laugh.

'According to an old proverb,' he said, 'you ought to owe me a grudge for plucking you out of the sea—it is an unlucky thing to be saved from drowning.'

'So I have heard, sir,' observed the jeweller, plunging into the dialogue with much interest. 'But I thought the ill-luck fell on the rescuer, not on the person saved.'

'I cannot imagine the rescued person believing in the truth of that saying,' returned Davenant, with more ease.

It seemed a relief to both men to have a third party standing between them who might act as a sort of medium for friendly words which they could not speak to each other.

'It is as true as most proverbs,' said Jocelyn half earnestly, though he laughed. 'There is a grain of sense in these old sayings that one cannot gainsay. It is always unlucky to be, even for a moment, at another man's mercy to have one's life dependent on his judgment or generosity—to hang, as it were, on a word or a touch of his for one's existence or happiness. Ah'—with a slight shudder and shrug of his broad shoulders—'It is almost too great a temptation for poor human nature! That is the reason, you see, why it is counted unlucky for both parties.'

'I do not see that, Mr. Phillips, do you?' said Edgar, addressing himself to the jeweller.

'No, sir—hardly. And I doubt whether Captain Thurlestone saw all that either, when he was swimming ashore with one arm, and you on the other.'

'Well, perhaps Mr. Davenant will see it one day, when his turn comes,' rejoined Thurlstone, also speaking to to this obliging interpreter who stood between them; 'and then you can ask him if some such thoughts as these do not come to the mind at such a time. A little self-sacrifice, a little generous skill given, and the man is saved—these withheld, he is lost—and oneself too, most likely;' and with an abrupt laugh Thurlstone turned to the counter and asked for pencil cases.

The jeweller looked puzzled.

'I scarcely understand, do you, sir?' he said to Davenant.

'I imagine Captain Thurlstone is alluding to the old distich,' returned Edgar, 'which says—

'When thou sav'st me, I shall rue it;
When I save thee, that shall undo it.'

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

The Church in Russia.

To most strangers there seems very little difference between Orthodox Greek and Roman Catholic, but they do not think so themselves. The Greek gives the sacrament in both kinds to the people, uses no instrumental music, forbids images, and allows only pictures in the churches. These are the principal points of difference between the two communions. In Russia the Church allows the circulation of the Bible, and this may yet have results of a beneficial character; indeed, I have been told that in many peasants' houses the Bible is regularly read with the approbation of the clergy, but if I may judge from what I saw of the peasantry, no literature, sacred or secular, can be much in their way, and a bottle of gin comes more handy to them than any book. No Church has a greater hold outwardly of its people than the Russian. Its blessing is asked on every circumstance of life. If a man builds a house, changes his dwelling, launches a ship, starts on a journey, opens a shop, or does anything of a special character, the priest has to be sent for to read a particular service, and receive a particular fee.

What the spiritual results of all the organization of this great Church is I am unable to estimate; but I fear, from what was told me by people well able to form an opinion, that the religious life of the Russian Church is at a very low ebb. I hope they are wrong. The clergy are of two descriptions. The black clergy or monks, and the white clergy or parish priests. All the highest offices in the Church are filled from the ranks of the black clergy, and many of the dignitaries are eminent both for learning and piety. The common parish priest is little above the rank of a peasant, and is generally as fond of strong drink as any of his parishioners, which is saying a great deal.

Ere we leave the Kremlin we sit on the battlements, and silently look down upon the wonderful view. None that we have seen in our roaming to and fro is more striking, not that from the Prophet's Seat at Damascus, nor that from the Mount of Olives, nor that from the Pincian at Rome, nor even that from the Alhambra at Granada. Below us lay the great oriental looking city, with its thousand domes, its cored roofs, and green gardens, winding river, and the great flat plain stretching away as far as the eye could reach. It was a grand view, one we were never tired of going to gaze upon. But our thoughts as we sat there that Sunday morning were very full of the strange scene we had just witnessed in the great cathedral. What a mighty Church this Greek Church is, numbering one hundred million souls, 'extending,' as an admirer has said, 'from the sea of Okhosk to the palaces of Venice, from the ice fields that grind against the Slovetsky monastery to the burning jungles of Malabar, embracing a thousand languages and nations, and tongues.' 'That was a good prayer that they had in there whatever,' said my Highland friend breaking our silence with his honest Celtic voice. 'It sounds very like the Gaelic, 'Gospo di, pomlui! Gospodi, pomlui!' 'Amen,' said I.—*Good Words.*

A Quick Retort.

Foote, the famous comedian, was more noted for his wit than his courage. He once gave offence to a famous duelist of the day, who had vowed vengeance, and was only waiting to meet the luckless actor. Foote was told of it, and kept out of his way for a long time. At last they met at an inn where the actor generally dined, and where the duelist happened quite casually to come in. Foote saw his danger when it was too late; but as his enemy said nothing, did his best to entertain him and keep him in good humor. No one could be more diverting when he chose, and here he was not only very anxious but very successful. He told one story after another. He kept the table in a roar, and the fire-eater forgot his rancor. At last Foote took to imitating different people, a practice for which he had extraordinary facility. The other guests got quite uproarious with the fun, when suddenly the luckless actor saw from the face of his enemy that he had inadvertantly imitated one of his friends. The duelist was, in fact, putting his hand in his pocket to pull out a card and present it as the preliminary to a challenge, when he turned round to the mimic and said in a dry, satiric voice, 'Really, Mr. Foote, you are so uncommonly clever in taking other people off, I wonder whether you could take yourself off.' 'Oh, certainly,' said Mr. Foote, and he walked straightway into the street. Here his readiness probably saved him his life. —*Chicago Ledger.*

The Richest Woman in America.

The richest woman in America, and, indeed, excepting royalty and Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the richest in the world, is Mrs. E. H. Green, the wife of the Vice President of the Louisville and Nashville Road. She was a Miss Robinson, and her father was a whaling master at New Bedford. He owned a fleet of ships know as the blue line of whalers, and from his profession was known as 'Blubber Robinson.' He died when his daughter was a mere girl, and left her a fortune of about eight millions. She lived slenderly and prudently, and gave the management of her affairs to Mr. John J. Cisco. As her tastes were simple and her wants few, she was able to transfer enormous income almost every year to the body of the fortune itself, and is has now accumulated to more than $27,000,000. Her husband, Mr. Greene, was a very rich man when she married him, and has been successful since. It is said by one who should know that the income of this couple is $3,500,000 a year. Mr. Green is rather large in stature, quiet, reserved, and of modest habits. He is about forty-seven years of age, and she is about forty-three.

The richest young ladies in New York are the Misses Garner, the daughters of Commodore Garner, who was dropped under a yacht that overturned a few years ago. He made his fortune in Wall street, and upon his death was able to leave his daughters $4,000,000 or $5,000,000 each. Added to this, they are charming and beautiful young ladies.

PLAIN CUP CAKE.—One-half cupful of milk, one teaspoonful creamtartar, half teaspoonful soda, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two eggs, one cupful sugar,

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Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Works, Grenville Canal," will be received at this Office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, THE 3RD DAY OF JUNE next, for the construction of two Lift Locks and other works at Greece's Point, or lower entrance of the Grenville Canal.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works to be done, can be seen at this Office and at the resident Engineer's Office, Grenville, on and after THURSDAY, THE 20TH MAY, inst., at either of which places printed forms of Tender can be obtained.

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 residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of $2,000 must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited, if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

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

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender may be accepted will be required to make a deposit equal to *five per cent.* of the bulk sum of the contract within *eight days* after the date of the notification. The sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part of the deposit.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

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

By order,
F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 13th May, 1880. 52i15m

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

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TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:—

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240 Box Freight Cars,
100 Flat Cars,
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40 Hand Cars,

THE WHOLE TO BE MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.

By Order,
F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880. 19tf12

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

Winter Arrangement.

Time Table,

COMMENCING

3RD DEC. 1879.

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Express Monday, Wed., and Sat. only.	Pass. and Freight Tues. Thurs. and Friday only.	Passengers and Freight Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
0	Halifax—leave	7 30	7 30	2 44
14	Windsor Junc—leave	8 13	8 25	3 26
46	Windsor	9 30	10 30	5 45
53	Hantsport	9 50	10 54	6 10
61	Grand Pre	10 14	11 21	6 38
64	Wolfville	10 24	11 36	6 53
66	Port Williams	10 30	11 44	7 01
71	Kentville—arrive	10 45	12 00	7 15
			P. M.	
	Do—leave	11 00	12 30	
83	Berwick	11 32	1 18	
88	Aylesford	11 46	1 38	
95	Kingston	12 00	2 02	
		P. M.		
98	Wilmot	12 09	2 14	
102	Middleton	12 20	2 30	
108	Lawrencetown	12 37	2 53	
111	Paradise	12 47	3 05	
116	Bridgetown	1 02	3 25	
124	Roundhill	1 23	3 52	
130	Annapolis — arrive	1 45	4 20	
	St. John by Steamer	7 30		

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Passengers and Freight Daily.	Pass. and Freight Tues., Thurs. and Friday only.	Express Monday, Wed., and Saturday only.
		A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
	St. John—leave	.....	.....	8 00
				P. M.
0	Annapolis—leave	.....	7 30	2 15
6	Round Hill	.....	7 57	2 37
14	Bridgetown	.....	8 23	2 57
19	Paradise	.....	8 43	3 11
22	Lawrencetown	.....	8 56	3 21
28	Middleton	.....	9 23	3 38
32	Wilmot	.....	9 40	3 49
35	Kingston	.....	9 55	3 58
42	Aylesford	.....	10 25	4 12
47	Berwick	.....	10 45	4 27
59	Kentville—arrive	.....	11 35	5 00
	Do—leave	6 40	12 00	5 10
		.....	P. M.	
64	Port Wllliams	7.00	12 20	5 25
66	Wolfville	7 07	12 30	5 31
69	Grand Pre	7 20	12 42	5 40
77	Hantsport	7 46	1 14	6 05
84	Windsor	8 25	2 00	6 30
116	Windsor Junct	10 17	4 10	7 51
130	Halifax—arrive	11 00	5 00	8 25

N. B.—Trains are run on Railway Station Time 16 minutes added will give Halifax time.

Steamer "Scud" leaves St. John every Wednesday and Saturday, at 8, a. m., for Annapolis, and returns same days on arrival of 7.30 a. m. Express Train from Halifax.

Intercolonial Railway Trains leave Windsor Junction daily at 5.48 a. m., 1.35 p. m., and 5.49 p.m., for Truro, Pictou, Moncton, Quebec, Montreal, and all places West.

International Steamers leave St. John every Monday and Thursday at 8 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

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Middleton, Nov., '78

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Pastoral Calls Condemned.

THEIR EVIL TENDENCIES PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF BAPTIST MINISTERS.

At the Monday meeting of the Baptist ministers of New York the Rev. Thomas Armitage. D. D., of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, criticised strongly the conduct of a certain class of pastors in the matter of pastoral calls. He said that there was a false clamor for this sort of pastoral visitation on the part of parishioners, and that too often it degenerated into the indulgence of ingrained laziness and the propensity to gossip. Clergymen who idled away their time in idle gossip at the houses or business places of their parishioners were sacrificing the most precious opportunities. The less a minister made it his business to study up the family scandals and business difficulties of his people the better. In such matters he should have a deaf ear and a tongue dumb to the root. As for that pastor who deliberately and for no other purpose than the enjoyment of gossip and tittle-tattle made a business of leaving his Bible and going up and down and making his ear the common sewer of all the floating scandal of his parish, for such a man he could feel nothing but righteous indignation and contempt. The notion that our clergymen must be made confessors for all the pecadilloes and frailties of one or both sexes, even to a limited extent, could not but be false and pernicious. A lawyer, a merchant, or a tradesman had just as much call to be made the repository of this sort of confidence as ministers. 'In nine cases out of ten,' added Dr. Armitage, with emphasis, 'the shame and scandal which have lain at the doors of ministers of late years have had their origin in this system of pastoral visitation.' He denounced in vigorous language the conduct of 'those lounging shepherds,' whose gossipings, and confidences, and familiarities, indulged in under the cloak afforded by the sanctity of the pastoral relation, too often ended in downright immorality. A minister was but a man, and as such had a man's weaknesses; and in what situation was he more likely to exhibit them than in intercourse of this kind? The sooner that Churches and pastors hustled this sort of pastoral visitation out of existence the better it would be for the honor of the ministry. 'When we make friendly calls,' added the doctor, 'let us call them friendly calls, and not something which they are not. The true sort of pastoral calls that the conscientious pastor should aim to make were to the old or to the infirm, who could not go to church, or to those in deep trouble, and, therefore, in special need of consolation. These were vastly different from that degrading system of regulated laziness—of going from house to house to listen to family gossip, the tattle of the neighborhood, etc. All true pastoral influence took its rise in the overshadowing powers of pastoral preaching, and it was to this, and not to mere rounds of social visits, that the conscientious and honorable minister should look for the maintainence of his influence. The speaker also argued against the practice on the ground that it took up too much of the pastor's time and placed him practically at the beck and call of each one of his congregation. 'Because he is a minister he has not therefore, forgone all the rights of his manhood; you have no right to deprive him of rest or social enjoyment or the society of friends.' The doctors remarks were listened to with profound interest and were interrupted by frequent expressions of approval from the clergymen present.—*N. Y. Times.*

A Great Work.

Somewhere about 3,000 workmen, 600 or 700 wagons, 17 or 18 locomotive engines, 3 steam 'navvies,' and a great quantity of minor machinery of various kinds have been engaged since 1875 at the south-east end of London in a work compared with which the building of the pyramids—with modern appliances—would have been no very signal feat. Hitherto the one entrance to the Victoria Docks from the Thames had been at Blackwall Point, but now there is a dock capable of receiving all vessels, no matter what they might be. Three and a half miles of walls have been built, enclosing ninety acres of water. These 'walls' are 40 feet high, 5 feet thick at the top, and 18 feet to 19 feet thick at the bottom, the whole of this enormous mass being composed of solid concrete, for which 80,000 tons of Portland cement have been used. Some 4,000,000 cubic feet of earth have been dug out. It may assist the imagination somewhat to state that if it were filled into ordinary carts the vehicles would form an unbroken line 7,000 miles long. The excavations have gone through a submerged forest, and among other curiosities dug out have been a reindeer's horn, a Roman vase, and what is supposed to be an ancient British canoe carved out of solid oak. The latter is now in the British Museum. The new entrance below Woolwick will save about 3½ miles of river navigation, which in case of vessels of heavy draught, is of course a matter of very great importance. The London and St. Katharine's and Victoria Docks Company are now prepared for vessels of all kinds, not excluding the largest iron-clads of the British navy. The cost has been estimated roundly at £1,000,000. It is expected that all will be in readiness for the admission of the water about the second week in May. The docks will take about a fortnight to fill, and the ceremonial opening will be celebrated some time early in June.

Sir Hugh Allan.

Sir Hugh Allan, the large Montreal ship-owner, is 70 years of age. He started in life as a dry goods clerk, with a capital of $100. He has become a merchant prince with accumulated wealth reputed to amount to $10,000,000 or $16,000,000. Not a day passes that he is not found in his office from 10 o'clock in the morning until a late hour in the afternoon. Besides his shipping interests, Sir Hugh is connected with almost every manufacturing or industrial enterprise in the province. He is President of the Montreal Telegraph Company, Richlieu and Ontario Navigation Company, Hudson Cotton Company, Adams Tobacco Factory, Williams Sewing Machine Company, Montreal Elevator Company and Citizens Insurance Company. He is also Director of the Merchants Bank.

Why does the new moon remind one of a giddy girl?—Because she is to young to show much reflection.

Joker's Corner.

They Met and Parted.

'Now then,' says tramp No. 1 to No. 2 as they turned into Montcalm street from Woodward avenue the other day, 'here is the game, you walk down the street and ring the bell of some house, when the lady answers you tell her that you haven't had anything to eat for three days. If she says she don't care tell her that you are desperate and ready to commit any crime. If she starts to slam the door on you hold it open with your foot and roll your eyes and look savage. I'll arrive just about then, and I'll take you by the neck, slam you around and pitch you out of the yard. I'm the lady's protector and the hero of the hour, you see. I'll be very modest and claw off, but I'll tell her I'm a stranger and need a quarter to buy food. She'll hand it over, and I'll join you around the corner and divide. See?'

'Magnificent!' replied No. 2. 'You ought to be in the United States Senate! Well, here I go.'

He passed down the street and selected a house, and the programme was carefully followed out until he reached the point where he said he was desperate. At that instant the hall door was pulled wide open, and a six-foot husband shot out with his right hand and knocked No. 2 clear off the lower step. No. 1 was just rushing in, and six-footer thought he might as well kill two birds with the one stone, so he gave him one on the jaw, and when tired of walking around on their prostrate bodies he flung them over the fence. The tramps limped down to the corner, looked at each other in disgust and then separated forever.

'The circus is coming,' remarked Mrs. Goodington, laying down her paper, 'with no end of trained horses and caramels, hypothenuses and other bedizens of the forest and jungle. How well I remember the first time Daniel took me to the circus? As we entered the tainted enclosure, I said to him, 'How terrible the wild animalsules growl, don't they?' I was eenamost frightened to death till Daniel told me it was only the vendoos of peanuts and prize packages playing their rogation.' —*Boston Transcript.*

A REMINDER.—It makes a mother's heart revert to her younger days when she comes into the parlor next morning after her daughter's beau has been around and finds only the chair in front of the fire-place and the others sitting along the walls as if they hadn't been touched for three years.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A bashful young man escorted an equally bashful young woman. As they approached the dwelling of the damsal, she said entreatingly, 'Zchill, don't tell anybody you beau'd me home.' 'Sary,' said he emphatically, 'don't you mind, I am as much ashamed of it as you are.

A succession of direful shreaks is heard on the first floor. Fond mother—'What is the matter with Billy?' Colored servant—'Please, mam, he is crying about de jewberries.' 'He can't have any more. He has had four saucerfuls already.' 'Dem is de berry ones he is whoopin' about. He's all swolled up.'—*Galveston News.*

A five-year old son of a family the other day stood watching his baby brother who was making a great noise over having his face washed. The little fellow at length lost his patience and stamping his tiny foot, said: 'You think you have lots of trouble, but you don't know anything about it. Wait till you are big enough to get a lickin,' and then you'll see—won't he, mamma?'

They were fond of each other, very, and had been engaged. But they quarralled and were too proud to make it up. He called a few days ago at her father's house—to see the old gentleman on business, of course. She answered his ring at the door-bell. Said he, 'Ah, Miss——, I believe; is your father within?'

'No, Sir,' she replied; 'pa is not in at present. Did you wish to see him, personally?'

'Yes, Miss,' was the bluff response, feeling that she was yielding; 'on very particular personal business,' and he proudly turned to go away.

'I beg your pardon,' she called after him, as he struck the lower step, 'but who shall I say called?' He never smiled again.

A man was sawing wood yesterday afternoon in a back yard. He severed two sticks as thick as your wrist, and then went into the house. 'Mary,' said he to his wife, 'my country needs me; there's no use of talking; we've just got to slaughter all these injuns; no true patriot can be expected to hang around a wood-pile these days.' 'John,' said his wife, 'if you fight injuns as well as you saw wood and support your family, it would take 118 like you to capture one squaw, and you'd have to catch her when she had the ague and throw pepper in her eyes.' John went back to the wood-pile.

AN IRISH EXPLANATION.—An Irish soldier who was boasting of his great courage, was asked why he ran away in battle. 'Faith,' said Pat "my heart is as bold as a lion's, so it is; but I happen to have a pair of cowardly legs, which always run away wid me body whin I'd be after fighting the inimy, bad luck to them.'

After a telegraph pole had fallen on a Savannah negro's head, he threw up his hands and shouted: 'Don't hit me again wid yer club, Mr. Policeman. It wasn't me that stole der chickens. It was Deacon Henry.' Then he looked, saw what hit him, and walked off, saying, 'Golly, I'se in luck dis morning. I'spected dat de policeman had me shuah dat time.'

Albany girls stand no fooling. One of them was to have been married a day or two since, and the girl was all ready, the minister on hand, and the feast spread, but still no bridegroom. 'I'll wait for him just ten minutes,' said the girl, 'and then I'm open to proposals.' Ten minutes flew like the wind, and a little red-haired fellow, with a paper-collar, and his trowsers all frilled at the bottom, stepped up, proposed, was accepted, married and scooped in the banquet.

Social Amenities: Papa (to Mabel who has been to a juvenile party)—'Did any one pay you any attention, Mab?' Mabel, 'I don't know.' Papa—'I mean did any one talk to you, or dance with you?' Mabel—'Well, there was a little boy who made faces at me.'