SAM PATCH.

Who Jumped into Death and Lating Fame

Pawtucket Falls are entitled to a place in history other than by reason of the early manufactories which began by their side, or the great variety of manufactures now carried on around them in the thriving city which bears their name. At these falls began what may be called the public career of a man whose fame extends all over the country, and who even now has humble imitators. It was at these falls that Sam Patch first learned how to jump from great heights into the water.

The true account of Sam Patch has never been written. The sketches of his feats of jumping in New Jersey, at Niagara Falls, and Genesee Falls may be substantially correct, but only the merest mention has been made of his early life. Some of the cyclopedias say he was born in Rhode Island in 1807, which is true neither as to place nor date. Some of the sketches have called him a sailor, a "wharf rat," and such like pet names, and have conveyed the impression that he was anything but what he was. The sketches of his early life have all been misleading, as well as meagre, and have been allowed to go without contradiction.

Miss Emily Jones, who, with her sister, Mary Jones, (now dead), for years taught school in what was known as the "Old Jones school house," is a neice of Sam Patch and thoroughly conversant with his history up to the time he left home. She is highly respected by all who knew her, and very many of the present residents of Pawtucket of middle age, as well as many former residents elsewhere, remember with a good deal of pleasure and gratitude the days they passed in childhood and youth at the Jones school. The following story of Sam Patch, so far as it relates to his life there, is in the main as told by her:

Sam Patch was born in South Reading, Mass. The date of his birth is unknown, but it must have have been before 1807, as he was more than twenty-two years of age at the time of his death in 1829. His father, Greenleaf Patch, was a farmer at that place. Sam had two brothers, Greenleaf Patch, jr., who was a lawyer at Salem, Mass., and one who went west and became a farmer in Illinois, near the present city of Chicago. Sam also had two sisters, one of whom married Mr Jones and became the mother of Miss Emily Jones. Sam's father died while Sam was a boy, and his mother moved to Pawtucket. Mrs Patch was remembered as a little woman, but a woman of sterling qualities, a member of the first Baptist church, and a woman to be relied upon always.

When a boy Sam worked in the mill on the east side of the river, just above the falls, which was run by Samuel Slater and others. Like his companions in this mill and other mills he was fond of the water, and bathing was an amusement often practised. The river at the foot of the Falls is of very great depth, especially on the east side, and it a common amusement not only sixty years ago, but until very recently, for boys, and men, too, for that matter, to jump from the top rail of the bridge into the river. But the boys could not long be content with the jump. After making it a few times they figuratively turned up their noses at it and sought something higher. In the days of Sam Patch the old Yellow mill, now the paper mill at the east end of the bridge, was two stories lower than at the present time. A few of the more venturesome jumped from the peak of the roof of this mill, a distance of nearly one hundred feet, but their number was not so great as that of those who jumped from the bridge. Jenks Maxwell and Gardner Bucklin were among the first to jump, and many others, including Sam Patch, followed their daring example, and even after the mill was raised up one story this same Mr Bucklin made the jump. Next to the Yellow mill was the old stone mill, which in its early days had a flat roof. This roof was somewhat higher than the roof of the Yellow mill, and the jump from there was more perilous, as it was necessary to make a running jump in order to reach deep water, this mill being further down the river. As Sam's ambition grew upon him he was not satisfied with jumping from the Yellow mill but climbed to the roof of the stone mill and jumped from there. This jump was made by Samuel and Columbia Young and others, but only a few. When the pitched roof was put on the stone mill that put a stop to this sort of fun.

Steve Brodie, envious of the fame of Sam Patch, went there last summer for the purpose of making the same jump which Sam did. But he found the circumstances changed. The old mill was higher, the old stone mill had been replaced by the new mill of D. Groff & Sons, which is much higher than the stone mill, and besides these difficulties he discovered that he would not be allowed to make the attempt. However, he consoled himself as best he might, and the next morning went to Providence, and reported that he got up early in the morning and jumped from the bridge into the river before many were stirring. He may have done so—it was no great feat if he did—nothing to Sam's jump—But if he did there were very few who saw him.

So far as is known, then, Sam Patch while there made no greater jumps than did many of his fellows, and very likely thought little of the feats—he certainly did not think of ever jumping for money or for fame. He was a daring young man, and was proud of it, but no more daring than a few of his fellows. When he grew to manhood, having become acquainted with the mysteries of the cotton manufacture, he entered into partnership with a Scotchman named Kennedy, under the firm name of Kennedy & Patch, and went into the business of cotton manufacture in Central Falls, in a mill which stood where now stands the mill of late years run by Thurber, Horton and Wood. This arrangement did not prove a good thing for Sam. Whether or not the business was successful is not known, but in a short time Kennedy "skipped out," taking with him, it is said, what funds he could get. Poor Sam was now in bad shape. He found himself liable for debts contracted by the firm, and his business crippled. He sold out to the best advantage and went to New Jersey in the hope of bettering his condition. While there, accident brought about some conversation in which he told of the heights from which he had jumped at Pawtucket Falls. His statement was disputed, and the result was he made two or three jumps there. From this point dates his real jumping career.

Jane Marsh Parker, in the history of Rochester, gives a sketch of Sam, the "authority for which is chiefly that of Joseph Cochrane, who was a clear headed lad in 1829, and knew Sam Patch better than anybody else in these parts." She says:

"The date of his arrival at Paterson, N.J., is unknown, but it is said he came in company with an Englishman named Entwistle, and became a cotton spinner at the Hamilton mills. It was about 1829 that he was seized with the jumping mania. A bridge had been built at Paterson. He made his first wonderful jump from the foot of the bridge on the southwestern side of the chasm. After that he jumped a second time from the bridge, a distance of eighty or ninety feet, and rose from the waters of the Passaic hero of the day. He then went about the country jumping from yard arms, and bowsprits, diving from the dizzy heights of topmasts until attracted to Niagara Falls in 1829 with the crowd who went there to see the condemned brig Michigan and its crew of living animals go over the cataract. He jumped from a shelving rock midway between the highest point of Goat island and the water, more than half the height of the falls, a distance of ninety-seven feet. His name rang through the land. Sam then went to Rochester and give his friends a fright by jumping from Fitzhugh street bridge, and swimming under water to a hiding place.

"At daybreak the next morning Sam made a raft below the falls, and ascertained with a pole how much water there was in the spot where he intended to jump. He seemed perfectly satisfied with his surroundings, and the next morning early he made a trip to the falls long before the town was astir. He was accompanied by Joe Cochrane. This time Sam led the way to the spot from which the jump was to be made, and began taking off his clothes in the most unconcerned manner, handing his bull's eye watch to the boy for safe keeping. He was going to practice a bit. "Wait until I get where I can see you," said the boy. He had badly time to get into position when Sam shot down the height and disappeared. The boy stood paralyzed with fear, believing himself to be the solitary spectator of the day-dawn suicide. Then Sam's voice rang out above the roar of the Falls, as the boy was running away, 'Say, boy, where are you going with my watch?' And there the daring man was frolicing like a dolphin in the water. When he emerged from the water he was welcomed by a crowd which had gathered, and he was carried up the steep bank."

The story of Sam's last feat was racily told fifty years afterwards by a printer who saw his fatal jump. He says:

"The success of the leaps at Niagara gave Sam a sporting notoriety, and he was invited by that fraternity to Rochester, who took charge of him. The Genesee Fall, at Rochester, is ninety-five feet in height, and it was announced that he would leap from the precipice into the river below. A large crowd assembled, and Patch appeared, leading his bear. Hats were passed around to collect money for 'the poor fellow.' About one o'clock on the 9th of November Sam stepped to the edge of a rock overhanging the river, and dragging the bear after him suddenly jerked it from the rock. The poor animal whirled in the air, and, reachining the water, sank, but soon swam ashore, and was caught for further torture. Then Sam Patch, with a gay handkerchief twisted about his head, and in shirt and trousers, bowed all around to the spectators, leaped clear of the rock, spread his arms, holding his feet together, and bending backward, he fell rapidly to the water, which he struck feet foremost, having suddenly thrown his arms down close to his body. He reappeared on the surface of the river some rods below, and he gayly pushed away the boat that was ready to take him in and swam ashore This feat was so successful that the sporting fraternity decided upon another exhibition. They built a scaffold upon the rock twenty-five feet high, so that the leap would be 120 feet. The day was a week later (Nov. 13), and a still larger crowd assembled. Sam Patch climbed to his perch and threw off the bear, which happily escaped from the river as before, and again poor Patch, bowing to the crowd, sprang into the air, but his body went to the right and struck the water below with a loud noise. Sam Patch disappeared, and nothing more was seen of him until the next March, when his body was found by a fishing party at the mouth of the river, seven miles below."

It was stated in effect that Sam was under the influence of liquor, and being unable to keep his balance fell and struck upon his side, instead of entering the water in his usual way, and thus was killed, On the contrary Joe Cochrane stoutly denies the stories to this effect. He says Sam drank one glass of brandy, which Sam thanked him for and tossed off in his easy going way. He said very little on his way to the Fall, but that little was in a light-hearted fashion.

"It is estimated that some 2,000 persons were present when Sam climbed the pole to his platform, hand over hand, The multitude were shivering in the chilly air and undergoing a severe nervous strain, which developed itself in various ways when the jump was made, one well known citizen biting off the end of his thumb, and an old lady calling out in a shrill, querulous voice. 'If there's anything in dreams that man is dead.' Sam made a little speech which was lost to the crowd on account of the roar of the water, but was as follows:

"Napoleon was a grand man and a great general. He conquered armies and he conquered nations, but he couldn't jump the Genesee Falls. Wellington was a great man and a great soldier. He conquered armies and he conquered nations, and he conquered Napoleon, but he couldn't jump the Genesee Falls. That was left for me to do, and I can do it and will.'

This exhibition had a marked depressing effect on the crowd. In less than five minutes almost everyone had fled from the locality, silent, sober, and melancholy."

But Sam Patch's fame still lives, and his name is familiar to persons who never heard of Pawtucket Falls, or the Genesee Falls. Sam Patch was also enshrined in verse. In the Providence *Journal* of Nov. 26, 1829, was the follower the signature of Didapper:

Good people all, attendance give,
And list with mournful brow,
If you have any tears to shed,
Prepare to shed them now.
Sam Patch is dead, the famous man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear an old felt hat,
With rim all torn before;
His jacket was of iron gray,
His heart was full of glee,
They say he's killed by jumping off
The falls of Genesee.
Full six score feet they say he jumped,
And struck upon his side.
He sank beneath the roaring flood,
And thus Sam Patch he died,

The following copy of his poster, announcing Sam's last jump" will be of interest. It was sent to this paper by a friend in Chicago, who secured it at Buffalo, where he was at the time of his fatal leap: It was dressed in the highest style of the art typographic, and was headed with a big spread eagle;

"Higher yet!—Sam's last jump!—Some things can be done as well as others!—There's no mistake in Sam Patch! Of the truth of this he will endeavor to convince the good people of Rochester and its vicinity next Friday, Nov. 13, at 2 o'clock, p.m. Having determined to astonish the natives of the world before he returns to the Jerseys, he will have a scaffold twenty-five feet high erected on the banks of the Genesee Falls, int his village, from which he will fearlessly leap into the abyss below, a distance of 125 feet. At 3 p.m. precisely Sam's bear will make the same jump, and follow his master; thus showing that some things can be done as well as others." Moreover, Sam hopes that all the good people will contribute something towards remunerating him for the seemingly hazardous experiment."

It will be seen that the expression, "Some things can be done as well as others," appears twice in this announcement, and this expression must have been a favorite with Sam, "as well as others."

The historian above mentioned says that Sam Patch lies buried in a nameless burying ground on the east side of the Charlotte boulevard, near Rochester—a sunken hillock, almost hidden by riotous myrtle and pine needles.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A Little Nonsense, Now and Then, is Relished by the Wisest of Men.

The dog with an appetite for trousers is liable at any time to go on a tear.

Abuse is one of the few things a man can get without earning or deserving it.

A burn or cut will heal quickly and leave less scar if Victoria Carbolic Salve is applied at once. 1m

It is curious that when carpenters "strike," not the sound of a hammer is heard.

Malarial fever and chills are best broken up and prevented by using Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine. 1m

The Czar has issued a ukase freeing Sebastopol of all taxation on real property in honor of the defence of that stronghold by the Russians in the Crimean war, which event is shortly to be celebrated on an imposing scale.

The inestimable value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood-purifier should be known to every wife and mother. It corrects irregularities, gives tone and strength to the vital organs, and cleanses the system of all impurities. The best family medicine.

"I wonder," said a department clerk to Willie Washington, "why so many of the inscriptions on the tombstones are in Latin!"

"Perhaps," said Willie, after some thought, "it's beeause Latin's a dead language, you know."

A 10 cent piece was found on the main street the other day. That was just enough to buy a packet of Wilson's Fly Poison Pads, and could not be put to better use. For exterminating flies, ants, cockroaches, etc., nothing equals Wilson's Pads. Sold by all druggists. Take no imitations. 1m

Dumley (to landlady)—Did you say, Mrs Hendricks, that this is a canvas-back duck?

Mrs Hendricks—So the dealer told me.

Dumley—Then it must be so. But I think, Mrs Hendricks, that you have given me a piece of the canvas.

What Say They?

In popularity increasing. In reliability the standard. In merit the first. In fact, the best remedy for all summer complaints, diarrhœa, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, etc., is Dr Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. All medicine dealers sell it. 2

"I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?

"No, sir."

"What makes him stop, then?"

"Oh, he's afraid somebody'll say 'Whoa' and he won't hear it."

Distrustful People

Make an exception in favor of Dr Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Its known virtues as a cure for diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera morbus and all bowel complaints cause all who use it to regard it as the most reliable and effectual remedy obtainable. 2

An old molasses-candy woman used to ask her juvenile customers whether they wanted "sticks or gobs." One day her niece took her place, and put the question in this way: "Will you have elongated pieces or condensed moltases?" And the youngsters agreed that she was stuck-up.

Destroy the worms or they may destroy the children. Freeman's Worm Powders destroy and expel all kinds of worms. 1m

CHOOSING A BUSINESS.

A Serious Question for All Young Men to Consider.

"The question of choosing a business is a serious one. As a rule, a young man should adopt the calling for which he has a preference. If he has no particular choice, it would be well for him to try different occupations, until he finds one that suits him. I do not counsel changing about to gratify a spirit of uneasiness, for once a young man is installed in the business that he is suited to, he ought to stick to it," writes Russell Sage to the New York *Herald*. "I have known young men who entered employments reluctantly and, after a trial became fond of them. A young man must be determined to succeed. After all, there is one great lever, and that is willpower. Without it very few men succeed.

"It depends on the circumstances whether failures betray incapacity in a man. If a failure is due to a cause not general, then it may be attributed to a lack of foresight and understanding. A shrewd merchant will not stock up with unsalable things; a shrewd farmer will not not plant his ground to raise unsalable crops. Both the merchant and the farmer must find out what is most salable and act accordingly. There are exigencies, to be sure, like contagions, disasters, combinations, strikes and boycotts, that can not be foreseen. The prudent man of business has prepared himself to stand losses from such causes, and when the troubles have passed the fact of his having weathered them makes his financial position in the community stronger than ever. The present condition of the coal trade well illustrates the uncertainty of things. The mild open winter could not be foreseen, and has caused great dulness and loss in the trade. Then there is the march of improvement, and it requires energy and perception to meet it. It used to take 90 days to find out the contents of the tea crop in Japan or the coffee crop in Brazil. Now an inquiry can be sent and an answer returned in a single day.

"The young man should start out in the world by the time he is 21. If he is qualified to begin life for himself at an earlier age he should do it. I began as a clerk when I was 12. At 18 I was in business for myself, and I have kept my sign up ever since. I should say that the average boy could take a clerkship at the age of 16 or 18. A wrong start need not mean a permanent failure. Many of the most successful men have started wrong and afterward righted themselves. There are many instances where men educated for the pulpit have gone to the bar and been conspicious successes. Then, again, men educated for the bar have gone to the pulpit and achieved success"

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

When you doubt, do not act.

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.

He who believes the truth should himself be true.

The best doctors are Dr Diet, Dr Quiet and Dr Merryman.

Beware of the man who seems to doubt your married happiness.

No man who is wretched in his own heart and feeble in his own work, can help others.

Every man should bear his own grievances rather than detract from the conforts of others.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

Serving riches, instead of making riches serve you, is the most pitious of all poverty. It is slavery.

People who boast that they never did any harm are generally those whe haven't done much good.

National Pills are sugar coated, mild but thorough, and are the best Stomach and Liver Pills in use. 1m.

We must teach more by our example than by our advice. or else we shall be poor pleaders for the right,

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.

Frugality, diligence, punctuality, veracity—these are the grand fountains from which money, and all real values and valors, spring for men.

Let us take care how we speak of those who have fallen on life's field. Help them up—don't heap scorn upon them. We did not see the conflict; we do not know the scars.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gents,—I sprained my leg so badly that I had to be driven home in a carriage. I immediately applied Minard's Liniment freely and in 48 hours could use my leg again as well as ever.

Bridgewater, N. S. Joshua Wynaught.

Fifteen members of our house of Commons have died since the last general elections, that is to say, within a period of three years and a quarter. The *Canadian Health Journal* points out that this is at the rate of 21.15 per thousand per annum, or about three times the average mortality of persons whose lives are insured, of pioneers, or of other persons between the ages of thirty or sixty years with regard to whom statistics are procurable. Although the Commons chamber is supposed to be an unhealthy place, our contemporary thinks it improbable that this fact has any connection with the large death rate among members. The chief cause, it considers, is the irregular habits of living during the session—late hours, want of out-door exercise and of moderate care on the part of members for their physical well-being.

A Canadian Favorite.

The season of green fruits and summer drinks is the time when the worst forms of cholera morbus, diarrhœa, and bowel complaints prevail. As a safeguard Dr Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be kept in the house. For 35 years it has been the most reliable remedy. 2

Attacked by a Bear.

An incident is related about the celebrated writer, Count Tolstoi, which nearly cost him his life. He went out on a bear hunt with some of his friends, and after selecting a spot which commanded a good view of the surrounding grounds, some of the more experienced hunters suggested that the snow had better be trampled down so that it would be easier for them to move about and get out of Bruin's way and have time enough to take a shot at him if he should come upon them unexpectedly.

The count, however, although up to his waist in snow, objected to this and said it was entirely unnecessary, since the whole thing consisted of shooting the bear and not wrestling with him.

They did not have to wait long, for the bear, which had just risen from its lair, was walking along to get out of the way of the hunters when it suddenly stepped out into the open space directly in front of Tolstoi.

He very cooly took aim and fired, but for some reason or other, went wide of his mark. Taking aim again he fired, this time hitting the bear in the head and the bullet lodged in the lower jaw and of course only made a very irritating wound, which made the bear so savage that, taking a few jumps, he was upon Tolstoi before he was able to realize it. Just as the bear came close enough to him he dropped down and of course the bear went right over his body. Toltsoi's whole body sunk into the deep snow, and the only part that remained exposed was his head, which the bear tackled as soon as he had recovered from his surprise in seeing Tolstoi disappear so suddenly.

Tolstoi did his best to push his head head down as low as possible, and elevate his fur cap for the bear to bite. Twice the savage animal snapped, and then, discovering his mistake, made a bite deeper down, this time taking a piece of flesh from the count's right cheek.

Just at this moment his comrades returned, and by their loud yells succeeded in driving away the bear, who very slowly turned his back upon the hunters and walked into the woods, master of the situation.

Save Your Carpets.

A sheet of sticky fly paper will do more damage to carpet and furniture than anything ever invented. No careful housewife would have one about. Wilson's Fly Poison Pads will clear the house of flies more quickly and surely than any other means. If placed near the light where the flies are thickest, Wilson's Pads will kill pints every day, and clear the house in short order. Sold by all druggists. 1m

Do not be Discouraged.

On a certain occasion Marie Antoinette asked her Prime-Minister whether or not a project which she contemplated could be accomplished, and his reply was, "Madame, if impossible, it shall be done."

Of course the impossible cannot be achieved; but "impossibility" would not seem to have had any place in the vocabulary of those who have attained the highest distinction. "Experience is the best of teachers," and we learn—from the experience of others, if we have as yet not learned from our own experience—that tireless exertion and steadfastness of purpose will remove whatever obstacles bar one's way to the proudest eminence.

Andersen, the popular Danish author, was the son of a cobbler, and in his earlier years worked "on the bench" most industriously, doing his first literary work on scraps of paper kept beside him, in the moments when he rested from his regular duties.

Arsaces, who founded the Parthian Empire, against which the mighty hosts of Rome long contended in vain, was a mechanic of obscure origin.

Beranger, the celebrated French poet, wandered about Paris in a state of pitiable destitution until he obtained a situation as pot-boy—that is, to carry pots of beer in public-houses and restaurants.

Burns was the son of a small farmer, and at an early age displayed an appetite for learning which he had few opportunities for gratifying, as is shown in the most brilliant of his poems.

Carrera, beginning life as a drummer-boy and driver of cattle, rose to the Presidency of the republic of Guatemala.

Catharine, Empress of Russia, in some respects one of the most remarkable women that ever lived, was a peasant girl of Livonia and a camp *grisette*.

Demosthenes, the Grecian orator and "prince of eloquence," was the son of a blacksmith. In his first attempt at public speaking he displayed such a weakness of voice, imperfect articulation, and awkwardness that he withdrew from the speaker's platform amidst the hooting and laughter of his hearers.

Giotto, noted as a painter, sculptor, architect, worker in mosaic, and really the founder of modern Italian art, was a shepherd boy whom Cimabue discovered drawing sheep on the sand with a pointed stone, with an accuracy that indicated a natural artistic ability, and so he took him as a student.

Handel was neerly fifty years of age when he published the first of those musical compositions which have immortalized his name.

Sir Isaac Newton while attending school was considered by his teachers but little better than an idiot; and Sheridan, the celebrated playwriter, was presented by his mother to a tutor as a "blockhead."

The foregoing examples prove conclusively that an humble origin, poverty, natural defects, age, or physical ailments need not prevent the attainment of distinction, and they should be encouraging especially to the young.—Harper's Young People.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P.O. address.

Respectfully, Dr T. A. Slocum,
1y 164 W. Adelaide st., Toronto, Ont.

THE DYING SOLDIER'S REQUEST.

An Exceedingly Sad Incident of the Franco Prussian War.

"I had just sold my commission as lieutenant in the British army when the Franco-Prussian war opened," said an Englishman some days ago to a few friends. "I had still some pretty strong hankerings after an active military career, and, as I had been disappointed in the buisness project that had induced me to relinquish the hope of seeing further service with the red coats, I joined the foreign legion of the French army, and the following half year any craving I might have had for fighting was amply gratified. I had many adventures, some of them startling enough, but one, to which no personal danger was attached, stands out at times with unpleasant distinctness in my memory

"A few weeks before all French hopes of final success were buried at Sedan a portion of my corps was detached to engage a party of Prussians that had been harassing some villages near Metz. We found the enemy readily enough, but they had been strongly reinforced, and though we drove them back after several hours of hard fighting, we suffered severely.

"Night had fallen before the firing ceased, and I was sent with an order to an officer on a distant part of the field. The moon was shining as I returned and I was walking my horse as the animal was very tired, when I reined him quickly, because a feeble voice was calling to me.

"'Sir,' it said in very good English, 'I recognize you as an officer of the foreign legion. You are an Englishman, I think. Will you do me a very great and a last favor?'

"I dismounted and found a young French officer lying at my feet. His sword and pistols were gone and he was desperately wounded. His eyes were almost closed, the death damp lay cold and heavy on his forehead, and little specks of foam and blood were on his lips. One bullet had passed completely through his body tearing his lungs in its passage, and he was gashed and perforated in half a dozen different places.

"'What can I do for you?' I asked.

"'I am suffering horribly,' he gasped "and I may live for an hour yet. Will you have the great kindness to blow out my brains and end my agony.'

"I looked closely at the poor fellow. I knew something about gunshot wounds and it was as clear to me as the sun at noon that he had no earthly chance of living until the dawn.

"'I cannot take your life,' I said, 'but if you desire it I will lend you my pistol and turn my head away.'

"'Thank you,' he muttered gratefully, "that will do just as well. I have still enough strength left to pull the trigger. You will find a flask eau de vie and a bundle of cigars in the pocket of my cloak. They are yours, mon ami. Take them, I entreat you. Adieu!'

"Silently I handed him the weapon and turned away. A sharp report rang out. When I looked again at the Frenchman he had ceased to suffer. I took the pistol from his hand and rode away quickly

"I have been condemned for the part I have played in this tragedy, but I have never blamed myself.

Wilson's Fly Poison Pads

Have an enormous sale throughout Canada, and are kept by all druggists. Nothing kills house flies, ants or cockroaches like Wilson's Pads. One packet lasts a long time and kills flies by the quart. 1m

A Boneless Woman.

The London papers find in Emile Selle, an American girl, a fruitful subject for comment. She has been giving peformances in the metropolis which have astonished the habitues of the Music Hall, where she is the chief attraction, and so wide is the interest in her feats of contortion that the illustrated press prints pictures of her in all sorts of shapes and attitudes. It is one of her tricks to turn her back to the audience and thus, without moving her feet and with no more apparent effort than a slight wriggle of the sholders, to turn her face straight to the spectators. She says that the majority of performers are so constituted that they are compelled to adopt a class of exhibits based upon their ability to bend either backward or forward, and but 2 per cent. have their backbones so flexible as to enable them to work both ways, as she herself does. She says the notion that contortionists make themselves supple by anointing with "snake oil" is sheer nonsence. She says that so far she has experienced no ill effects from her exacting efforts. She very seldom sustains even a sprain.

Cold, cough, coffin is what philosophers term "a logical sequence." One is very liable to follow the other; by curing the cold with a dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the cough will be stopped and the coffin not needed—just at present.

The following sentiments uttered by a member of the Roman Catholic hierarchy are so genuinely catholic and Christian in tone, and in such contrast to those of the South Carolina Episcopal Convention recently, that we commend them to the consideration of that body. We quote the following from a recent speech of Archbishop Ireland, of St Paul:—"My solution of the Negro problem is to declare that there is no problem to be solved, since we are all equal, as brothers should be, and we will in consistency with our American and Christian principles treat alike black and white. I know no color line, I will acknowledge none. I am not unaware that this solemn declaration of mine shall be deemed by many, upon whose opinions I set high value, as rash and untimely. Yet I fear not to make it, for I believe I am right. Ay, untimely today, my words will be tomorrow timely. My fault, if there were fault, would be that I am ahead of my day. The time is not distant when Americans and Christians will wonder that there ever was a race prejudice. As the *Independent* well observes, Archbishop Ireland "shames our caste Christianity" by his noble utterances, and points out that the insoluble problem is not how and where to draw the color line, but "how to maintain caste and yet be Christian,"

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.