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Table with columns: GOING WEST, GOING EAST, Station, Time, Express Daily, Passenger, Freight, etc.

GOING WEST. Windsor—leave 9:30, 12:00, 3:30, 6:00, 8:30, 11:00.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Station, Time, Express Daily, Passenger, Freight, etc.

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THE Proprietor who has been established in St. John the past thirty years, has opened a Branch Store in Digby, N. S.

There are two kinds of behaving, Mr. Fielding replied curtly.

One is behaving like a young lady, and the other like a young gentleman, Lou responded with a significant smile.

After that the conversation went on briskly, and there were no pauses which Lou felt called upon to break; for Marianne returned to the Society topic, and he soon became eloquent over the honorable dealings of the "D. K. E's."

In fact, he proved himself so entertaining that the girls were all alive with interest and frolic. He discussed the subject of self-education with Marianne; praised Brownie's voice, after she had given us one of her sweetest melodies; made Marianne promise him one of her class pictures; and listened fervently to all of Lou's side remarks;

Poetry. A FAREWELL. Farewell, days and months and years; Farewell, thoughts and hopes and fears; Farewell, old delight and woe; Farewell, self of long ago!

Farewell, house—no more our home! Others in the years to come, Hither homeward will return— On the hearth their fires will burn; Children that we do not know, Other feet will tread the stair, Other guests be welcomed there.

Farewell, days and months and years, Farewell, buried hopes and fears! Whoso'er our footsteps stray, Whether long or brief our stay, Whate'er good we find, Many graves we leave behind.

Farewell, old joy and pain, Farewell, all things that we leave! Surely life and warmth must cleave To the house where we are gone. Can it empty seem, and lone, When the echoes of the years, Hopes and joys, and griefs and fears, Scarcely wafted from roof and wall? Surely ghostly steps will fall On the bare dismantled floor, Gliding in at open doors, Flitting up and down the stair, Will not shadows wander there, Shades more vague than shadows are, Like a half forgotten dream's lar? Sure our wreaths, when we are gone, Oft will haunt the chambers lone— Come to seek (ah, ne'er to find) All the years we leave behind! Farewell, house, forevermore! Farewell, old familiar door! Farewell, home—yet no, not so— Home goes with us where we go!

Five of Them were Foolish. BY ANNIE DEANE. [Concluded.] "I am not speaking from experience. I judge from the general opinion."

"I beg your pardon, from whose general opinion?" "From my own."

"An unaccountable prejudice; perhaps? Well, yes, you will be a hobby of mine—yourself and all colleges. The process of teaching seems to me like that of the taxidermist, where the human animals are stuffed with all sorts of knowledge from base-ball rules to mathematical brain extinguishers, and then sent out into the world, puffed up in their own conceit."

"Might not the same rule apply to 'Fem Sems'?" he asked, laughingly.

"Perhaps so; but there are exceptions to that rule."

"Then you make no exceptions to the other?" "None at all," she answered, with a toss of her graceful head. "I have been young and now an old, (comparatively) yet I have never seen a boy fresh from college whose head was so perfectly level."

He looked at her with a puzzled expression which I could not read; and I began to be decidedly provoked with Lou. She ought to treat my company more civilly. To be sure, her sweeping assertion was said more in fun and a spirit of contradiction than in real earnest; but I had decided that Lou would like this friend of mine, and had set my heart on his liking Lou.

To tell the truth, I was planning a nice little match in my imaginative brain; for my energetic hero, with his dark hair and rich brown complexion, was such a contrast to my nonchalant heroine, with her delicate face, large dreamy eyes and blonde hair, that they pleased me much and seemed quite suited to each other. Therefore, when I saw that they were entirely antagonistic, and had taken a mutual dislike, I was disappointed, and showed as much in my face, I suppose; for Lou exclaimed suddenly, "Don't scowl, Lilly; I told you I would behave, and isn't telling the truth behaving?"

"There are two kinds of behaving," Mr. Fielding replied curtly.

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while he assured me, as he rose to go, that he had never enjoyed a call more in his life.

On leaving the room, he smiled sweetly at Brownie, who blushed a modest return, cast an admiring glance at Gertry, bowed respectfully to Marianne, and bent a puzzled look of scrutiny upon conscious Lou. As he was bidding me good bye at the door, he hesitated, looked as if he would like to say something, and then asked abruptly, "Miss Lilly, who are these young ladies?"

"Who are they?" I repeated, "why, the pretty one, Miss Winthrop, is the daughter of H. C. Winthrop, the wealthiest gentleman in the city. Brownie is her cousin; and Marianne—Miss Grant—is the daughter of Capt. Grant, the sailor, and the medal scholar in the High School."

"And Miss Emmelyn?" he asked with a blush.

"Oh, Miss Emmelyn is—Miss Emmelyn," I answered, with another.

"As soon as he had gone and my wife had preceded me, I thought to myself how foolish it would not to have taken that chance to give Lou a puff. I might have told him how beautifully she painted, or how finely she managed her French and German! But then, I said to myself, if they won't like each other it isn't my fault."

"Oh, Lilly Bowie!" Gertry exclaimed, rushing into the hall, "why didn't you tell me how handsome he was?"

"And how polished his manners were?" said Marianne.

"And how polished his boots were?" chimed in that absurd Lou.

"I don't all speak at once," I answered, laughing; "but I'm so glad you like him. He said he hoped he should meet you young ladies again, and I'll tell you what I'll do. When I have my 'coming-out' party, after our graduation, I will invite him. It's my opinion that he's taken a fancy to one of you girls, or he wouldn't have asked so particularly for you in the hall."

"Of course! Who could resist the wiles of this young siren?" said Marianne pulling Gertry's curls.

"Oh, fudge!" answered Gertry. "He didn't have any eyes for me. He was talking to Marianne the whole time, and was so fearfully interested in her good arguments."

"For my part," Marianne continued, not displeased, "I noticed a wonderfully ethereal, 'seventh heaven' look in his eyes when Brownie was singing that serenade."

"Brownie blushed deeply, and started off to find her hat and gloves. I ran after her and whispered, 'Tell me, Brownie Brooks, do you really like him?'"

"Like him? I think he's the nicest young gentleman I ever met."

"Oh, you little hero-worshiper!" I said, laughing; "I believe you are the victim, after all."

"Nonsense, girls!" Louie exclaimed, as she buttoned her hat around her French twist; "this young gentleman is only in love with himself, at the good impression he has made."

"Very well, Lou," I answered, "if you do not wish to meet Mr. Fielding again, I won't invite you to my party."

"Oh, but I'm coming," she answered smiling sweetly as she went down the walk, "whether you invite me or not. What do you suppose I'm having that light silk made for?"

The gas was lighted brilliantly throughout the whole house. Perfumes of flowers poured out the air, which rang with the rich and laughter of the young guests assembled in my honor. Music was sounded in the parlor, while pretty young maidens in their light dresses were fitting to and fro, all talking Graduation and Commencement; and I, a real young lady at last, was sweeping about in my first long train, my cheeks flushed with excitement, and my heart filled with girlish happiness.

Lou was there in her new light silk, while her white face was lighted up with animation, and her large eyes were bright with merriment.

Marian, with her rich black silk and dignified bearing, was discussing home matters with sister Margaret; and Brownie, her golden hair caught back in a chignon, was sitting near her in a celestial mood, and submitting to be fanned by a young devotee at her side. Gertry Winthrop, all abloom with healthy, girlish beauty, was standing in the bay-window, beneath a bow of amilax, and smiling the sweetest smile her red lips could give, upon Howard Fielding, our young hero.

"That hath shall be given," I murmured to myself, as I observed the enraptured glances of three or four admirers, all watching the scene in the bay-window.

"I must give, advancing toward her, you bring me up some music before the dancing commences. Several have asked to hear you sing!"

Smiling modestly, she went up to the piano, and turning over her music touched a few chords softly before commencing. Howard Fielding was at her side in a moment; and with graceful ease peculiar to him, turned her music and fanned her while she sang more sweetly than I had ever heard her before. Brownie was one of those voices, which, though not so perfectly accurate in every tone, was melodious and pleasing to all who heard; and the applause was loud and unanimous when she had finished. I advanced to pay her a hearty compliment, just in time to see Mr. Fielding present her a bouquet of white roses and forget-me-nots, accompanied

with a few words of delicate praise, which brought a flush of pleasure to her cheeks.

I smiled, satisfied with the course affairs were taking, and returned to the company saying to myself, 'It is better so. Gertry has had too much attention already, and I always thought he would like Brownie.'

The first dance I enjoyed with Mr. Fielding myself; and he proved himself such a graceful partner, that I began to be even more satisfied than ever with the course affairs were taking. Ten minutes after, however, the following conversation reached my ears.

"Miss Grant, do you dance?" "I am sorry to say I do not, Mr. Fielding; but I enjoy nothing better than watching the dancing of the 'merric company.'"

"Let me enjoy it with you then," seating himself by her side.

"Oh, please don't let me keep you away from the dance, Mr. Fielding."

"Please let me consult my own pleasure, Miss Grant."

"Aha!" I cried, turning away, "sets the wind in that direction?"

And thus the evening wore away mid dancing, chatting, and general gaiety. Shortly after refreshments had been served, meeting Lou in the hall on my way to the parlor, I stopped her, exclaiming, "Where have you been all the evening, Lou? I have entirely lost sight of you. Who took you down to supper?"

"Howard, my dear," she answered, as she passed on; "didn't you see us?"

I did not notice at the time how strange it was for Lou to call Mr. Fielding Howard, but toward the close of the evening an event happened which explained the familiarity. I was entering the conservatory to pick a button-hole bouquet for one of the young gentlemen, when the sound of voices in the further part of the room attracted my attention. Peering around the tall flower-stand which was between me and the speakers, I saw Lou sitting in an arch-way, beneath a spreading oleander plant, while Mr. Fielding, standing by her side, was picking to pieces one of the oleander blossoms, and dropping the petals on her light hair. A soft breeze coming in from the open window, was playing the part of a cosmetic upon her fair cheeks; and the whole picture would have well suited an artist's brush. I suppose the conscientious character of the story-book would have left the room immediately, or else have hummed carelessly to herself, to make me aware of her presence; but I, inquisitive mortal that I was, stood still and listened.

"Do you believe in first impressions, Lou?" he was saying, gently, as he dropped a shower of rose-leaves into her lap.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, with a toss of her head, "if they are good ones."

"Then you believe in mine when I first saw you. No, 'arch not to me, in mild surprise, those beautiful, calm brows of thine?' I am not flattering, Lou. You are, honestly, the first young lady I ever met who dared to speak her own mind."

"But I have asked you not to refer to that mortifying afternoon again. We behaved so ridiculously silly. I can't bear to think of it; but then, 'Five of them were foolish,' you know."

"When the bride-groom came?" he added with a teasing laugh.

Lou blushed, and boxed his ears, playfully, with her fan.

"A kiss for a blow," I heard him say, as he caught the fan and the hand that held it, touching the white fingers lightly with his lips.

Just here, I am sorry to inform my readers, I thought it high time for me to leave, and, wondering and reluctantly, I left the pretty tableau, saying to myself as I went, "What a short-sighted creature I am, not to have seen what has been going on all this time. O hum! Ah! Well! We shall never know the cause."

"Why our likings and dislikes, Have their own instinctive laws."

"Lou," I whispered, as she had me good bye in the dressing-room, "tell me, though shy deceiver, have you seen Howard Fielding since he called on me that afternoon?"

"Yes, she answered, pinching my cheeks, "he has taken me to ride, and called three times; but then," with a pensive air, "you got me into the scrape, and I couldn't help it."

"Mustingly I watched her pass along the hall, and saw Mr. Fielding throw heropercaps around her and follow her into the coach."

"Good night, Brownie," I whispered. "I'm glad you have enjoyed yourself. But did you see that little tableau?"

"Yes," she answered, with a pouting smile, as she started to go. "I told you it would be so, but I suppose it's all right!" "Lilly Brown," exclaimed Gertry, rushing up to me, "this is the last time I get acquainted with any of your double-faced friends! They go, riding home with Lou Emmelyn, and, as the little boy said, 'only last Thursday I gave him my photograph.' And off she darted, while a dozen young gentlemen stepped up at once to offer their escort."

THE USES OF INSECTS.

We often talk about the plague of insects. They are often great plagues, but we must not forget that we owe insects a great deal of gratitude as well. Only a very small portion of the insect world are noxious; the others are engaged in good works for us—some engaged in warring against the same insect-foes that we war against, and the others in clearing away dead and injurious matters. On this last head, an English scientific paper well says: 'Insects are useful in destroying dead vegetable substances, which are even more pernicious to man than animals in the same condition; and not only the soft and succulent portions, but even the solid wood is destroyed by them.' In the immense forests of the tropics, the ground would be covered, and new shoots choked up by the ruins of trees which had fallen by accident or age, and which it would require ages to dispose without the aid of insects. But no sooner is a tree fallen than one tribe of animals cut its bark to pieces, another borrows holes in it all directions; so that the moisture from dew or rain may stand, decompose, and soften. Others come in to eat off the parts that are softened, and so on until it is entirely broken up and scattered; and this is done with such expedition, that they will in a few weeks destroy and carry away the trunks of large trees, without leaving a particle behind; and in places where, two or three years before, there was a populous town, if the inhabitants, as is frequently the case, have chosen to abandon it, there will be a very thick wood, and not a vestige of post to be seen.'

THE POWER OF SOUND.

There is an anecdote related of Rubini, the great tenor singer, which illustrates the peculiar force of the human voice. In an opera by Pacini, called 'The Talisman,' in which Rubini was singing, he had to sing a phrase in which a high B-flat occurred, which he was accustomed to attack and hold out with great power, to the delight of his audience. The public flocked to hear this wonderful note, and never missed calling for a repetition of it. Rubini had already sung the note on several previous occasions, each time twice, and on one evening, when an admiring audience waited for the production of the wonderful note, Rubini was dumb. He opened his mouth, extended his arms and tried to utter the note, which would not come. The audience chanted, applauded and encouraged him in every way, but the obstinate B-flat refused to be sounded. One opera singer, and the force of his powerful lungs overcame the obstacle, and the B-flat rang among the audience with brilliant vigor. But something in the mechanism of his voice had given away, and, though feeling acute pain, he continued the scene, forgetting his suffering in the triumphant conquest he had obtained. When he left the stage he saw the surgeon of the theatre, who examined him and found that, in the exertion of producing the obstinate note, he had actually broken his collar bone. Exerting a little caution in his acting, he positively sang through the remainder of the evening with a broken clavicle, very few of the audience discovering that he had suffered any injury in his endeavor to please them.

WONDERFUL SPIDER'S WEB.

Across the 'sunny paths' of Oeyton, where the forest meets the open country, and which constitutes the brittle roads of the island, an enormous spider stretches his web at the height of from four to eight feet from the ground. The cordage of these webs is fastened on either side to projecting shoots of trees or shrubs, and is so strong as to hurt the traveller's face, as even to lift off his hat, if he is so unlucky as not to see the line. The nest in the centre is sometimes as large as a man's head, and is continually growing larger, as it is formed of successive layers of the old web rolled over each other, sheet after sheet, into a ball. These successive envelopes contain the wings and limbs of insects of all descriptions, which have been the prey of the spider and his family who occupy the den formed in their midst. There seems to be no doubt that a spider casts the web loose and rolls it and the nucleus in the centre when it becomes overcharged with carcasses, and proceeds to construct a fresh one, which in turn is destined to be folded up with the rest—Treatise on the Spider.

THE ELEPHANT.

G. P. Sanderson, the officer in charge of the English elephant-catching establishment in Mysore, says that elephants travel in herds and in strict Indian file. When a calf is born, the herd remains with the mother two days; the calf is then able to march, and can fortify rivers and gullies hills with the assistance of its dam. They are a herd of seventy-nine which he sent across country had the ganges and several of its large tidal branches to cross. In the longest swim they were six hours without touching bottom. After a rest on a sand-bank, they completed the swim in three more. Not one was lost. Twice around an elephant's foot is said to be his height, and generally this measurement is correct. The largest Mr. Sanderson ever saw was nine feet ten inches high at the shoulder.