PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

At the Turn of the Road.

When the rough road turns, and the valley sweet
Smiles bright with its balm are bloom,
We'll forget the thorns that have pierced the feet,
And the nights with their grief and gloom,
And the sky will smile and the stars will beam,
And we'll lay us down in the light to dream.

We shall lay us down in the bloom and light
With a prayer and a fear for rest,
As tired children who creep at night
To the side of a mother's breast,
And forgetting the grief of the stormy past,
Rest—rest in peace or at least—at last!

Sweeping across of the weary way
And the lonesome night and long,
With its darkness drew to the perfect day
With its endless light of light and song,
The light that shall bless us and kiss us and love us
And sprinkle the roses of heaven above us!

—Atlanta Constitution.

BOSCO'S BENEFIT.

Of all the successful performers who stepped into the arena of Gallaxy's famous circus none obtained such a degree of popular approval as did Signor Alfredo Bosco and his 8-year-old son Alfredo. Whether it was due to the diversion of their feats, the daring skill displayed in the execution of them, or to a general attractive demeanor, certain it is that from the day of their first appearance down to the end of the four Signor Bosco and his son were received with a genuine enthusiasm such as definitely established them in the favor of the audience. Where, therefore, it became known that the last night of the season was to be devoted to the benefit of these popular performers, it was confidently predicted that the house would be a bumper.

The proprietor, deeming it advisable on such an occasion that some special novelty should be introduced into the programme, it was with no small degree of interest that the populace that morning found the walls placarded with glaring posters, in the reddest of red ink, announcing that on this the last night of the season at Gallaxy's royal circus and hippodrome, specially set apart for the benefit of Signor Alfredo Bosco, that eminent and world-renowned performer would, for the first and only time, attempt a novel and dangerous feat—to wit, William Tell's historic and never-to-be-forgotten exploit of shooting an apple, placed upon the head of his own son, a pistol on this occasion being substituted for the obsolete bow and arrow.

In private life Signor Alfredo Bosco's name was plain Alfred Green, and he was as little of Italian extraction as any one possessing the name of Green could well be. Distinguishing himself as a young man by marked and intrepid daring, he had found a field for his talents in the circus arena. Having married an opera singer, a son was born to him, but the act cost the young mother her life, to Alfredo's inexpressible grief. The child soon became the father's idol, his whole existence becoming wrapped up in that of the boy. It was for his sake that he worked doubly hard at his profession, on his behalf that he denied himself most of the comforts of life, and for his benefit, and in order that he might be ever near him, that he reared the lad in his own profession, never accepting an engagement unless the boy was included in it.

When, therefore, the proprietor of Gallaxy's suggested to him the performance of the feat alluded to, it may naturally be supposed that so fond a father hesitated before committing himself to it, and when, under strong representations, he finally consented it was with no little anxiety and concern. Not that he mistrust of his own powers in the least. He was a sure shot. One of his chief performances in the ring was to shoot with a pistol, while galloping on horseback, at a number of glass balls thrown promiscuously into the air, and so accomplished was he at this feat that he seldom missed one, and never two, out of the number. Therefore, it was not personal considerations that made him hesitate, but fear lest the lad by any untoward movement should jeopardize the action and endanger his own precious life. Nor was his anxiety decreased when, on the eventful day, he discovered that the boy was far from well.

"It's only a headache, father," the lad said, in response to his questionings. "I shall be better to-night." And when night came the anxious father hung round the child's neck, secure from observation, a little medallion portrait of his mother, which he always wore when any feat of a specially dangerous nature was to be undertaken.

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It soon became evident that expectations would be realized, and that the canvas of Gallaxy's monster tent would that night cover an audience out of all former precedent. Long before the doors were opened the entrance was besieged by crowds anxious to obtain the best seats, and an hour before the time of commencement the place was filled to its utmost capacity. Well might all concerned view the scene with satisfaction.

The performance comprised all the feats that invariably find a place in the programme of a circus, the big event being reserved for the conclusion of the entertainment. Everything went off well, and the delighted audience applauded all that came before it, wisely determining not to miss the other good things in the menu for the sake of an especial dish. The graceful evolutions of the lady performers, the equestrian feats of the gentlemen riders, the daring somersaults, the quibbles and quips of the funny clowns, all came in for their due share of praise.

At length the piece de resistance was reached, and amid the entreating strains of the band and the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience Bosco came forward, leading by the hand his little son. As soon as the applause had subsided, the performer motioned the lad to his place. An apple was then brought and ostentatiously placed by an attendant, upon the child's head, and then, under the glare of a powerful light, the unusual paleness of the boy's pretty face was plainly discernible—especially to the eager eyes of his anxious father. With an outward coolness, in strong contrast to the beatings of a tender heart within, the performer loaded his pistol and raised it, amid the breathless excitement of the expectant audience.

A pull of the trigger, a sharp click, and a murmur of disappointment told that the weapon had missed fire. Nothing daunted, and still with an apparent perfect calmness, every movement being eagerly watched by the audience, Bosco reloaded the pistol and again raised it. There was a sharp click, followed by a loud report, and in another second the child stepped forward, holding the shattered apple in his hands. The suspended breath of the audience returned and broke out into a deafening shout.

"Bravo! bravo!" came from a thousand throats simultaneously, and a thousand pairs of hands met in approval.

"Encore! Do it again!" rose above the din, and the idea catching hold developed into a loud roar, "Do it again!"

Bosco seemed pleased and paused a moment. He hesitated.

"Do it again!" and the shout assumed a peremptory tone. Some one threw a hat crown into the ring; it was followed by another, and soon a shower of silverlay at the performer's feet. How could he resist? He motioned to the boy, and a second apple was brought and placed in position. The lad's excessively pale face attracted general attention now, but a few sympathetic voices raised in protest were howled down by the imperious demand, "Do it again!"

Bosco showed some traces of excitement as he reloaded his weapon, and the operation seemed to occupy a longer time. Could it be that his nerve was failing him, or was it the sight of the boy's face that filled him with dread? Again he raised the weapon amid increased excitement and fired. The shot was again true, and for the second time the lad brought forward the shattered apple.

And the applause that followed, Bosco took the hand of his son and was about to retire when once more the unreasonable shout was raised: "Do it again! Do it too third time!" The performer declined.

The shouts grew louder and more determined.

"Again! again!" resounded through the place, until it seemed that a mad infatuation had seized upon the people, and they were thirsting for a tragic end. "Again! again!" rose the shouts, each time uttered in a more angry tone. It was flung from gallery to pit; the amphitheatre caught it up and threw it back again, until the whole house rang with the tumultuous demand.

Still Bosco declined, until on a personal appeal from the proprietor, who feared the growing storm, he reluctantly yielded.

When it was seen that he had given way, a wild cheer of triumph rent the air, almost drowning the hissing. Is it thus that audiences play with their favorites?

For the third time an apple was placed in position and the fatal pistol again thrown on. How terribly pale were those features now! Bosco's hand visibly trembled as he loaded the deadly weapon. The few tender hearts in that vast multitude sickened at the sight.

Making a tremendous effort to recover his self possession, Bosco raised the weapon and took aim. There was again a sharp click, a loud report and the boy fell heavily to the ground.

My God! what have I done? What have I done?" exclaimed the performer in an agony of grief and rushed from the ring. A few attendants lifted the lad's prostrate form and conveyed it to an inner tent, with a murmur akin to remorse escaped the vast crowd.

A painful suspense followed, during which the band struck up a lively tune, but it sounded like a funeral march.

"The boy! the boy! what about the boy?" the audience shouted. They were human again now. At length the manager appeared. He told them the lad had been ill all day and had taken part in the performance at great risk. The mental strain was too much for him, however, and as the last shot was fired his strength gave way, and he swooned. "But he is not hurt," the manager concluded, "and as soon as the fainting fit is over he shall be presented to you. See, here he comes!" and as he spoke Bosco emerged from the tent, leading by the hand his little son, displaying the remnants of the third apple.

Such a shout arose as has never since been heard under the canvas of Gallaxy's monster tent; and when Bosco raised the boy in his arms and kissed him affectionately on both cheeks the cries of "Bravo, Bosco!" could have been heard for miles around.

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Alfredo Bosco has never told how that very fainting fit of Alfonso's saved the lad's life, for he, and he only, knew that his aim was defective, and that the shot struck the apple just as the swooning boy was falling to the ground. William Tell's history and never to be forgotten feat no longer forms an item in Signor Alfredo Bosco's extensive repertory.—London Tit-Bits.

The Hawaiian Language.

The Hawaiian language is composed mainly of vowels, and a few consonants put in to vary the monotony. And the beauty of the system is that there is no waste. Every vowel is pronounced. For instance, when the American eye winces at the appearance of the simple word "maunu," the glib native rolls out the five syllables with neatness and dispatch. This means "enlighten." Double vowels are very frequent, but never a diphthong. Three vowels are not uncommon, and, as above, four and sometimes more are found unseparated by consonants. In the mouth of the uneducated native the language is apt to be explosive, but the higher classes speak it with a fluent grace that surpasses the French or Italian.

It somewhat resembles the general flow of the continental European languages, for the vowels all have the French quality and the accents are not dissimilar.—Washington Star.

Where the Ghost Gave Up.

For many days past a mischievous ghost has caused inconvenience to a landed proprietor and farmer at Krafftoldorf, in Germany. The "Spuk" commenced by removing the chains which bound the cows in their stalls. The horses were let loose from the stables, and the harness and stable utensils were scattered over the place, and a pitchfork was hung at the entrance to the stables. In the dwelling house, the furniture was turned topsy-turvey, the pier glasses were torn from the walls, and fruit and onions strewn over the carpet. The "Spuk" then helped himself to a savings-bank book and 30 marks in cash. This last act was suicidal, for the "Spuk" gave up the ghost when he tried to realize the contents of the book. The disturber of the farmer's peace was his only son, a youth of 13. He has been removed to a place where his ghostly proclivities will receive a check for many months to come.

Chinese Alligators.

It seems strange, but it is a fact nevertheless, that the Chinese alligator, which have long been supposed to be extinct, has been rediscovered and specimens of it sent to the Royal Zoological Gardens at London. Marco Polo was, I believe, the last author to describe it. In his description he mentions a curious superstition—viz., that its gall was a specific for the cure of hydrophobia.—St. Louis Republic.

The Orchid the Aristocrat Among Flowers.

The literature and cultivated orchids would already make a large library, and there are journals in several languages devoted to them exclusively, most of them illustrated with pictures drawn and colored with consummate skill. Millions of dollars are invested in them, and the money value of a single private collection in this country is at least a quarter of a million dollars, while the plants in one commercial establishment are worth still more. Of course, the prices which individual specimens command bear no relation to their beauty when judged by the ordinary canons of taste, and a plant which brings a thousand dollars at auction may differ so slightly from varieties that are sold by the dozen for the production of market flowers, that only the trained eye of the connoisseur can detect the peculiarities of habit and form, or can appreciate the purity of color, or the richness of in ring, which makes it unique or rare. As with other objects prized by collectors, the value of such a plant is enhanced by the comforting assurance that no one else, or at least only a few of the elect, can share with its owner the joy of possession.—W. A. Stiles, in Scribner.

Wisdom in a World of Follies.

Responsibility educates. — Wendell Phillips.

None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.—Franklin.

If thou desire to be wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—Lavater.

Might bending breaks the bow; much unbending the mind.—Bacon.

Riches exclude only one inconvenience, and that is poverty.—Johnson.

He who is firm and resolute in will moulds the world to himself.—Goethe.

More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.—Tennyson.

Every generation of man is a laborer for that which succeeds it.—Gladstone.

Speak but little and well if you would be esteemed a man of merit.—French.

Accurate Reasoning.

"That friend of yours has just arrived in this city, hasn't he?"

"Yes; how did you know?"

"Oh, he must have come from somewhere else. He hasn't a cold."—Washington Star.

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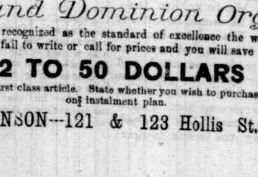

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