CEYLON'S ISLE.

"Where Every Prospect Pleases, and Only Man is Vile.

Graphic Letter From Mr. McConnell—The Ceylon Beggars—The Spice Gardens.

COLOMBO, Ceylon, 1886.

DEAR SIGNAL,—Your readers will, no doubt, be pleased to get a few letters descriptive of my "Globe Trotting" since my last epistle appeared in your columns. I will endeavor then to give them some short accounts of the various places visited without inflicting them with too much detail. During my six months' absence from Sydney I have visited, too hurriedly as the length of time will show, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Palestine, Italy, Paris, England, Ireland, Scotland and American. You have, I do not doubt, many correspondents who give you descriptive letters on the old country, but the great eastern world is so far out of the ordinary course of travel that the information I give I hope will prove interesting on account of its freshness. Leaving Sydney by a Peninsular and Oriental steamer equal in size to and comparing favorably in point of comfort and convenience with any of the Atlantic steamships, we touch at Molbourne, Adelaide, and West Australia. From the picturesquely situated little town of Albany, West Australia, we strike out into the great Southern Ocean. It is not necessary here to elaborate on the terrible agonies of sea-sickness, for those who have never been to sea will not be able to sympathise with me, and those who have suffered will not want their memory revived with the gruesome thought. Suffice it to say that in the nine different changes of steamers made by me in the rouud trip I was on each occasion more or less, (generally more) sea-sick. On the eleventh day after leaving Albany we sighted the island of Ceylon. This beautiful, cinnamon-scented land of the Buddhist opened out to our longing gaze, with a degree of pleasure only equalled by vivid recollections of the shifting scenes of a panorama of Paradise, that made a lasting impression on our youthful memory many years ago. Numerous writers have expatiated on the charms of this lovely isle, but they have in no degree exaggerated. As we near the island we can see away in the dim distance Adam's Peak, a lofty mountain over 7,000 feet high looking more like a pillar of smoke and concealed in part with fleecy clouds. The ample vegetation, the balmy air, the spice perfume, the long, silvery, sleepy line of surf breaking on the flat beach, the bright sand-bank contrasting strongly with dark green vegetation on the shore, the brick colored tiled roofs of the garden-like town of Colombo now lying just before us, the hundreds of "catamarans" and boats, paddling around our steamer all filled with dusky, chattering natives, the swarms of nearly nude coolies loading and unloading the cargoes of ships lying in the harbor. Everything around reminds us that we are in a part of the world entirely different from our far famed America or Australia. And all the stir and confusion of "catamarans," vendors of shoddy jewelry, money changers and hotel runners. We are landed on a jetty where there are bullock carts, beggars wanting backsheshe, boatmen, Bombay traders, customs collectors, importuning cabmen and coolies, mixed with oil, coffee, cocoanuts, rice, cinnamon, tea and native cuss expressions in hapless confusion. We at last frantically tore ourselves away procured a cab and started for the "Gaul Face" hotel, but even then were we followed by a pitiful object who held up a handless arm begging for backsheshe; this failing, he tried to sell us a cinnamon walking stick for ten times its value, with the only result that we are fully convinced that a Singhalese can run further in a broiling hot sun, trot faster and put in more words to the yard, long measure, than any backsheshe man it has been our unhappy experience to meet with. The principal streets are shaded with large dark leaved tulip trees, affording agreeable shade from the hot tropical sun. The places of business in "The Fort," as the European part of the city is called, are well built of brick and stuccoed elaborately, but even they in their sombre brick dust color look tropical. Colombo, with a population of over 100,000, (of which probably not over 3,000 are English including the soldiers), is an active commercial city supplying the world with about thirty million dollars worth of tea, coffee, cinnamon, cinchona and cocoanut oil every year, not including the intrinsically valuable trade in pearls of which no record is kept in the custom's reports. The Island of Ceylon has nearly 3,000,000 population, made up of Singhalese or original owners of the island, Tamils, Moors, Afghans, Arabs, and the Eurasians or European and Asian half casts, the latter do not number 25,000. The majority of the population are Buddhists, but there are some Hindoos, Protestants, Roman Catholics and Mohommedans. Ceylon was held by the Portuguese from about 1500 until 1658, when it was taken possession of by the Dutch who held it until 1796, when the English became possessed of it and made it a thriving and prosperous crown colony. The Eurasian population consists of half caste Portuguese, Dutch and English. There is probably a purely English population in the island in all eight thousand. The colony is just now recovering from a severe commercial depression which extended over the last three years, principally brought about by the failure of the coffee plant. The planters are now digging up their coffee plantations and extensively cultivating the tea plant so that in a very few years the Ceylon coffee so widely used now will have given place to Ceylon tea. But we must hasten to survey this fairy-like city. Directing "Sefer" our guide, for all new comers here must have an interpreter and guide, to drive us to all the places of interest that the afternoon would permit, we started off in a native carriage for the cinnamon gardens and museum. We pass numerous cocoanut oil mills and coffee mills, along pleasant winding shaded roadways, through outlying native streets where everything we see is so entirely different to our western sights that we are lost in wonderland. The low thatched dirty hovels of houses, the naked children of five years old running for backsheshe, the almost naked, lazy, oil besmeared natives lying about in the shade, the peculiar little humped back bulls drawing cumberous wooden waggons filled with bags of coffee; the varied untempting display af eatables in the open fronted huts, all go to substantiate the correctness of Bishop Heber's couplet, that

"Spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

We wind about the mazy drives in the cinnamon gardens where the air is redolent of cinnamon and coconut palm Yes, the very cinnamon gardens that we had in our boyhood associated with loaded elephants, and thousands of black coolies stripping the bark from the trees and carrying it in baskets to the elephant drivers to be brought to market But, alas for our boyish fancy, there are neither elephants, trees nor coolies We are in a very scrubby looking "garden" much resembling a large common over grown with bushes and brambles with the only redeeming feature is that there are fine drives well shaded by palm and tulip trees, with here and there a modest mansion of some wealthy planter or trader. So much for the *appearance* of the cinnamon gardens. We do not by any means get rid of the backsheshe pest. He is at every turn in the road. he is running beside our carriage, or it may be there is one on each side and one hanging on behind; we stop at the museum, lo! he is there thick; we think to escape by hurrying within the building, but our troubles are trooped up more insurmountably by a gentlemanly usher, who is very attentive to "Sahib," and must necessarily be well backsheshed for his marked attendance. On our way to the hotel we are not a little amused by a rather pretty white brown native girl about six years' old running after carriage and piteously begging for backsheshe. Our horse was going at a good trot but still the little one kept along side us with the greatest ease Finding her imploring look and tone of voice had no effect on our already hardening hearts she devoutly clasped her hands and put her head in the attitude of prayer and gave forth the following which was answered by some of our party with no loss of time: "Please papa give me some penny, me pray the good Lord Jesus Christ for you every day." Whether it was that I showed any family resemblance to the child's beloved parent or that I happened to be nearest her and consequently had to stand the butt of the joke, I do not know, but I am often reminded of the embarassing position of having my family so widely scattered over the face of this mundane sphere. We concluded that the prettily little prayer was taught the child for the express purpose of drawing pennies from the pockets of sympathetic and sentimental travellers. We drive to a Buddhist temple and in a weak moment have given an anna—about two cents—to a babe two years old that we see at the temple door with an older sister watching for backsheshe. It has so far become proficient in the bachsheshe business that when it sees any one approach its hand and arm is automatically extended. Little did we think what our generosity would lead to, but we pass in. Within we stand before a huge image of Budda, carved in wood and painted in all the colors of the rainbow; the priest, who speaks good English explains the various images within the temple and goes through a lengthy description of the strange pictures so gorgeously depicted in red, green and yellow on the walls. The pictures of the rabbit, the crow, the monkey and the goat he explains have all been at some time the form incarnarnate in which Buddha has visited the earth to ameliorate the suffrings of the human race. All the strange figures and marks painted in the plaster have a history, and are explainable by this theological exponent. We are in a few minutes brought face to face with a "charity box" and modestly asked to put something in the box for "charity's sake." We drop in a quarter rupee each, but are kindly reminded that we should give more to charity; on leaving we are again modestly reminded that we should not forget him for his trouble and for the pretty little flower he took from the altar to give us. Again liberality got the better of our miserly nature, and he went off rejoicing—perhaps to the nerrest Arrack store to have a drink. But what was our dismay when outside again; here we are surrounded by all the infantine forces of Colombo. Babes of all shades of color, from light brown to ebony black, from those completely dressed in a garden of Eden raiment to those more completely dressed in a light loose gown of some bright color. But we cannot mistake the object for which they are brought together. We have brought it on ourselves by encouraging the two year old in its first lesson. Many of these are able to walk, all able to talk, at least say "backsheshe," and it is extremely awkward going through the town followed by the coming Singalese generation; so scatttering as many small coins as we had among them, we put whip to our horse and soon were beyond reach. On our way to the hotel we asked our guide to purchase some fruit for us, giving him the required silver; his natural cupidity took advantage of our freshness, he pocketed half the money and satisfied us with the quantity of fruit brought back. Again in the business part of the town we are surrounded by money changers wanting to give us rupees for our sovereigns, shoddy jewellers, pedlars of all kinds of precious stones, men with ivory and ebony elephants, men with Indian embroidery, men with tortoiseshell work, men with coconut and cinnamon walking sticks, men of all styles of dress, shades of color and types of character. When they get too solicitous, we call for a policeman of dark color, who carries a whip and vigorously lays it about him over the backs and bare legs of these troublesome companions; who scatter until we are out of sight of this functionary when again they rally round us more importuning than ever. The "Gaul Face" is situated within a stone's throw of the beach, and is a somewhat different style of hotel to what we have been accustomed, a rambling old building which externally looks as though it had at one time served the purpose of a fort. The furniture is a medley of Indian carved work and old-fashioned English mahogany. The large dining room is kept moderately neat and trim by an army of men waiters who flit about the room dressed in long white robes, the head surmounted by a white or red turban, while the long, slim, coffee colored feet are bare. The 7.30 o'clock dinner is fairly good, a great variety of meats and curries, the latter an abomination to the unacquainted taste; vegetables of many kinds, and tropical fruits, such as mangoes, bananas, oranges, apricots, plums, pumeloes, pine apples, water melons, and berries in abundance. After dinner we sit in front of the hotel beneath the tall cocoanut trees filled with bunches of coconuts, and gazing out to sea we wonder why the hundreds of little bobbing specks on the water, which by a glass which by a glass we make out to be catamarans, do not between some of the rolling billows bob out of sight altogether; so after a very fatiguing and eventful day are shown to our room by the "boy" whose sole duty it is now to wait upon us until we leave the hotel. A small glass tumbler filled with coconut oil and having floating on it two pieces of bamboo sticks laid together in the form of a cross to which is attached a wick given us for a lamp. Our "boy" turns in on the mat outside our door, and after carefully locking against intruders we retire to put in a very restless night on account of heat, mosquitoes and noisy natives who in this country apparently hold all their reverly at night.

D E McC.

KRUPP CANNON.

The Tensile Strength of the Material Used in its Construction.

The superior fitness for cannon of steel over cast iron was recognized many years ago, says a writer in Harper's for October, but the difficulty of casting steel in large masses prevented the introduction of steel guns, and the generally acceptable treatment of cast iron made it answer satisfactorily the demands for gun metal not subjected to unusual strains. Frederick Krupp of Essen, in Germany, was the first steel manufacturer who succeeded in casting steel in large masses and he produced a number of steel guns cast from crucibles in solid ingots, which were bored, turned and fashioned as in the case of cast iron smooth bore guns. These guns held a position in advance of other manufactures on the score of strength of material. But the introduction of the rifle system, the call for higher velocity, the increased charges of powder with the consequent increase of strain, enhanced by the friction attending the passage of the projectile forced along the bore, had the effect of calling attention to the weakness that was inherent in the method of construction of cannon. It is well known that an explosive force operating in the interior of a hollow cylinder of any thickness is not felt equally throughout the wall of metal; the parts near the seat of explosion are called upon to do much more work in restraining the force generated than are the parts more remote. It has been determined that the strain brought upon the portions of the wall is in inverse proportion to the squares of their distances from the seat of effort. Thus, in a gun cast solid, if we take a point two inches from the bore and another four inches from the bore, the strain felt at those points respectively will be inversely in the proportion of four to sixteen, or in other words, the metal at two inches from the bore will be strained four times as much as that at the distance of four inches. From this it can be seen that the metal near the seat of effort may be strained beyond its tensile strength, while that more distant is only in partial sympathy with it. Rupture thus originates at the interior portion and the rest of the wall yields in detail. No additional strength of material can change this relationship between the parts; they result from a law and show that this method of construction for a cannon is untrustworthy where the strains approach the tensile strength of the material.

The means of providing against this successive rupture of overstrained parts is found in the "built up gun," in which an interior tube is surrounded by encircling hoops of metal which are shrunk on at sufficient tension to compress the portions which they enclose. This is the principle of "initial tension," which is the basis of the modern construction of cannon. By adopting this method, an ingot to form a tube to burn the required amount of powder can be cast of a light weight in comparison with what would be needed for a complete gun and the strength and number of re-enforcing rings to be shrunk around it can be readily determined, proportioned to the known strain that will be brought upon the bore of the piece. The late developments in the manufacture of steel by the open hearth process remove all difficulty to procuring the necessary metal in masses suitable for all parts of the heaviest guns.

How a Dude Caught Cold.

A slim young man in the height of fashion was violently sneezing in a street car, when a companion remarked, "Aw, Chawles, deah boy, how d'ye catch that dweadful cold." "Aw, deah fellah, left my cane in the lower hall tother day, and in sucking the ivory handle, so dweadful cold, it chilled me almost to death." If Charles had used Dr. Harvey's Red Pine Gum his cold would not trouble him very much. For sale at J. Wilson's prescription drug store. tf

A bright idea for Cholly—"I say, boys, since she has refused all three of us individually, I say we follow her home and try it as a body. She couldn't resist us.

Freeman's Worm Powders are safe in all cases. They destroy and remove Worms in children or adults. 1m

Glad to Get Out of It.

Professor (to foot of Bot... y class)—Mention some of our common trees?

Student—Ash. maple, elm, larch, locust, spruce, pine, horse———(taking breath.)

Professor (prompting)—Chestnut?

Student—All right, sir, if you've heard 'em before, I'll stop.

National Pills are unsurpassed as a safe, mild, yet thorough, purgative, acting upon the biliary organs promptly and effectually. 1m

"The editor of our esteemed contemporary across the river," said a sarcastic village journalist, "is very fresh, but the malady doesn't extend to his news columns."

One on Moses.

From the Wall-street News.

"I vhas insulted to my face shust now!" exclaimed Moses as he walked up and down in front of his clothing store in an excited manner.

"How—by whom?"

"Dis place beside me vhas for rent as you see. A stranger comes along and looks it oafer, and den he comes oop to me and say: 'Moses, vhas you insured?' 'Yes.' 'For how much?' 'Four tousand dollar.' He looks into der shoore und backs oudt again and says:

"'Um! dot settles me. I rent dis glace next door to keep a shtock of asbestos.'"

8 Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by J. Wilson, Druggist.

CHARITABLE ENTERPRISE.

Fame and Fortune Guaranteed to Literary Aspirants.

For the benefit of amateurs in literature who are so unfortunate as to be unable to secure publication for their work, says the London Spectator, some philanthropic gentlemen have formed themselves into a society for the encouragement of amateur authors and for smoothing their path to fame and fortune. To this end they have established a monthly magazine—copy forwarded on receipt of 7d.—and entered into relations with sundry publishers. All manuscripts forwarded to their secretary will receive prompt attention. If found suitable, the tale, essay or what not will be inserted in the magazine, remuneration half a guinea a page. If the writer would prefer to have his work produced in some other shape, he has only to signify his pleasure and arrangements will be made accordingly. In order to profit by these privileges, all that is required from the literay aspirant is to take the magazine for a year, subscription half a guinea payable in advance, and become a member of the society, yearly subscription one guinea also payable in advance. Our amateur fondly believing that the chance for which he or she has so long yearned is now within his reach, remits the money without delay and follows it up a day or two later with a big bundle of manuscript, a poem of 5000 stanzas or a novel of 1000 folios "for publication in book form;" or it may be some light effusion deemed suitable for the pages of the magazine. After impatiently waiting for a month or so for an answer, the amateur addresses to the secretary a courteous letter, inquiring whether his manuscript had been received, and how it is being dealt with. The reply comes in due course. It is to the effect that the manuscript is in the hands of the society's literary adviser—or editor, as the case may be—that he is extremely busy, but that, so soon as he has a little leisure he will carefully read Mr. Neophyte's novel and lay before him a proposal in relation thereto. The proposal is a long time coming, however; perhaps it never comes at all, or in a shape which renders it utterly unacceptable. The society's publishers are prepared to bring out the novel, provided the author will defray the cost of production, estimated, at say, £150, and they will account to him for sales, or otherwise pay him a royalty of half a guinea each on all copies sold. If the would-be novelist, blessed with more money than wit, should close with the offer, we cannot tell—never having met with anybody who had tried the experiment—what the result would be; but we greatly fear that it might not come up to his expectations. As for the magazine article, he would have reason to consider himself fortunate if he got back his manuscript intact, and bought his experience at no greater outlay than the original £1 11s. 6d.

Mgr. Capel's Downfall.

From the New York News.

Mgr. Capel, the well known English Roman Catholic society priest, who came here some years ago to preach, it is said, the doctrines of his Church to society and wealthy people, is now a badly fallen star of that Church and under its severest bans. When he came here he brought with him letters of introduction to the Jesuit Fathers of this city. This they considered sufficient authorization, and they permitted him to deliver his first American sermon in their Church of St. Francis Xavier in Sixteenth-street, and induced the alumni of the St. Francis Xavier College to entertain him at their rooms on Twenty-eighth street. Very soon his habits attracted the attention of the fathers and of the priests of the archdiocese. His good knowledge of wine, and his persistence in seeking women's company, excited comment, and led to an investigation, the result of which was that he was forbidden by the Archbishop to exercise any priestly function in the diocese and would not even be permitted to say private mass. He left here for San Francisco, but the odor of his life had gone before him, and no priest, secular or religious, of the archdiocese, would receive him.

It was asserted in a despatch published to-day that he was cared for by the Jesuits of San Francisco on his arriving there, and that they did so because they are not on cordial terms with the Archbishop of the diocese. An intimate friend of Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco was seen to-day by a News reporter, and he informed the reporter that Mgr. Capel was not in any way noticed by the Jesuits of the Pacific slope, and also that the most cordial relations exist between the fathers and their diocesans. He added that the San Francisco Jesuits could not notice Mgr. Capel on account of the information they must have had of his conduct in this city before he had to leave it.

According to the despatches now coming from California the conduct of the learned Monsignor in the West has not been an improvement on his latter days in New York. Scandals that Catholics look on with disgust when associated with a priest are coupled with his name.

The news comes that he is now living on a California plantation with the wife of a man whose hospitality he has outraged.

How People Were Fooled in Olden Times

From London Telegraph.

It was predicted that Feb. 1, 1524, would witness the swelling of the Thames to such a height that the metropolis must be submerged, and all living things therein drowned. As in 1761, the prophecy met with credence, and many people fled into the surrounding country. Bolton, the Prior of St. Bartholomew's, built a fortress at Harrow-on-the-Hill, which he stocked with provisions for a couple of months, and repaired thither with his brethren. Many wealthy citizens petitioned the Prior to find them houseroom in his retreat; but he would only entertain his personal friends, of whom a goodly assemblage was forthcoming. When, however, the 1st of February arrived, "the Thames, unmindful of the foolish crowd upon its banks, flowed on quietly as of yore. The tide ebbed at its usual hour, flowed to its usual height, and then ebbed again, just as if 20 astrologers had not pledged their words to the contrary." The astrologers subsequently put it about that the stars were right and they were wrong. They had made a miscalculation by exactly 100 years. Yet it happened that, when Feb. 1, 1624 arrived, London was not destroyed by water, but the prophets had passed beyond the reach of mundane criticism. Doubtless during their after-stay on earth, and when thinking the matter over, these wise men comforted themselves with the reflection that, whether the astral bodies were right or wrong, they at least had effected a profitable time bargain.

Tobacco Started in England.

From the London Standard.

The attempt to grow tobacco in this country which has been made by Messrs. Carter, the great seed merchants, on a farm at Plaistow, in Kent, has so far proved a marked success. The crop, which covers an acre of ground, is now being harvested, and is a splendid growth. The leaves are well grown, succulent, and large in size, some measuring as much as 27 inches in length by 13 inches in breadth, while the mid-rib is delicate, and not coarse in condition. In this, one of the difficulties of tobacco growing has been overcome, for if this portion of the leaf grows large the leaf is unfitted, by want of flexibility, for its most important use, that of rolling up for cigars.

The plants were set out on June 16, the seeds having been obtained from America. The varieties of plants which have been cultivated are seventeen of the best sorts, including the Havana and Virginian, but those which appear to have flourished most luxuriantly are the Connecticut seed leaf, the yellow Pryor, the big Frederick and the Glasner. The tobacco thrives, it is said, in valleys, and the site of the present tobacco garden is in a shallow depression, sufficiently sheltered from winds for the height of the plants. The whole of the produce has been bought by Mr. Cope of Liverpool, and in his hands the true commercial value of the English-grown tobacco will be speedily ascertained.

Bill Heads Printed at Signal

The Noble Estate Which the Duc d'Aumale has Given to the French People.

Chantilly, which is only twenty-five miles, or about an hour's ride by rail, from Paris, is a town of 4000 inhabitants, and is famous for the race meetings held there in May, September and October of each year. The Forest of Chantilly covers 6125 acres, and through it runs a broad road past the race course, which includes a splendid piece of ground of 150 acres, which has been rented to the Jockey Club, and adjoining which are stables erected in 1735 by Louis Henri de Bourbon. It was the family estate of the Condes, and descended to its late ownership from Henri de Bourbon, the last of the Condes, who willed it to the infant d'Aumale, it is claimed through the influence of an Englishman who accompanied him from exile. This devise was one that puzzled French gossips for half a century. There were no reasons why he should leave Chantilly to d'Aumale, for he hated Louis Phillippe and all his uprising blood and revered the exiled Charles X. to the last. Three years after the restoration of his estate by the National Assembly in 1872 Duc d'Aumale began the erection of the present chateau on the foundation of the old, with the intention of restoring it as nearly as possible to the same condition as it was when the last Prince of Conde but one left it as spoils to the sans culoottes. The duke was enabled, thanks to the indulgence of the republican government which has since sent him into exile, to remove his household goods from the banks of the Thames to those of the Nonette. Enlisting into his service skilled artists and artisans he forthwith erected at enormous cost a chantilly as splendid as that described by Bossuet and Mme. de Sevigne. The great charm of the place is the purity of taste displayed throughout and the subservience of parts to the whole. The design was planned with the utmost care, and as far as possible the plan of the former building was adhered to. Hither have been brought the famous collections from Twickenham, the pictures, works of art and magnificent library, which have been added from time to time. Chantilly promised to become one of the most splendid residences in Europe. Quite lately the Duke acquired for £25,000—a bagatelle to a man of his colossal wealth—the Earl of Dudley's famous Raphaels. Besides an historic portrait gallery of great interest, the great masters of Italy and the various schools of French art are here worthily represented. The Poussins, the Ingres, the Greuez, the Delacroix, the Decampe, form a collection worth making a pilgrimage to see. Then there are the Raphaels, Da Vincis, Titiens—in fine, the Duke has not only been one of the most assiduous, but one of the most fortunate collectors in the world. There are also magnificent Beauvals and Gobelin tapestry, faience, miniatures, marqueterie, engraved gems and jewelry, enamels, plate—not an art but is here in itself a museum containing rare old editions in choicest bindings, alike ancient and modern. The arrangement is very elegant and convenient, the upper shelves being reached by light galleries.

A Curious Indian Legend.

From Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

The Passamaquoddies still cling to their old and poetic notion of the nature of thunder. They believe that the rumble of the thunder storm and the flashes of lightning are the demonstrations of thunder spirits who are playing ball and shooting their arrows in the heavens. There is a tradition that a Passamaquoddy Indian one day expressed a desire that he might become "a thunder." All at once his companions saw him mounting to the sky in the smoke of the camp fire. He was taken to the abode of the thunders, placed in a long box, and by some mysterious process invested with the properties and existence of a thunder spirit—or as Louis Mitchell puts it, he was "thunderfied." He lived for seven years among the thunders, played ball with them in the sky, shot his gleaming arrows with them at the birds they were always chasing toward the south, married a female thunder spirit and pursued an active and contented life of thunder and lightning.

Seven years after his translation a violent storm passed over the encampment of the Passamaquoddies; there was an unusual and frightful contention among the thunder spirits the rumbles were more terrific than Passamaquoddy's ear had ever heard; the air smelled of brimstone; the sky blazed with red and yellow flames; the clouds opened and great forks of fire shot out of them; the rain fell in sheets; peal answered peal; one tongue of lightning spat out fire to another; the affrighted Passamaquoddies, who never had beheld such a storm, believed that the legions of the thunder spirits were waging their most awful war. They fell down and crossed themselves. In the midst of their alarm they saw a human form slide down into their camp on a beam of light. It was their old friend, who had made his escape from pursuing thunders, shaken off his 'thunderfied" existence and returned to them. He had changed somewhat, but all his old friends knew him. He lived with his tribe till he died.

Things That Are Odd.

Southern women take kindly to journalism. Over fifty are connected with newspapers of the south, and on the 3d of next month they propose organizing a Southern Women's Press Association.

It is predicted that a new and very handsomely appointed saloon in New York will be a failure simply because there is no bar on which drinkers can lean nor any chairs in which they can sit. The drinks are served by a dignified, butler-looking man from an elegant sideboard.

A St. Louis man was very much startled while going through a dirty alley one rainy night to feel something warm on his leg just above his shoe. He thought it was a rat, and, folding his umbrella, he beat on his leg until it was sore and his umbrella was broken. Then he carefully covered the supposed rat with one hand, and, reaching up his trousers leg with the other, pulled out his gold watch, which had slipped through a hole in his watch pocket, and which was considerably the worse for the pounding that it had received.

The appearance of Edwin Booth in St. Paul and Minneapolis leads one of their newspapers to recall the fact that in the same year that Booth made his first regular appearance on the stage in Boston, the Indians made an attack upon the little log fort, where now stands one of St. Paul's leading hotels; and that the year in which he first appeared in New York in leading tragic parts was the year in which the first house was built where Minneapolis now stands. Now each city claims 150,000 inhabitants, and all this growth has been within the professional life of a man whom no one yet calls old.

Something About the Horse-Shoe.

From Boston Herald.

And now it is authoritatively stated that the horse-shoe is not the emblem of good luck it has so long been supposed. On the contrary, it brings the reverse of luck to people who treasure it. The superstitious will please take notice, and cease to pick up this offending piece of iron whenever and wherever they chance to see it, as has long been their custom. One of the greatest scamps on record, a person who would have sold his mother's false teeth, if the "fit took him," once said nothing on earth or in heaven would prevent him stopping to pick up a horse-shoe, for, if he knew his fortune was at stake should he miss a certain train, he would rather lose both than pass this emblem by! It is melancholy to acknowledge he was always a lucky fellow till he died, and then who can tell whether he was or no? At all event he left a large collection of horse-shoes of all sizes and conditions to mourn his loss, and henceforth exercise their thaumaturgical power in some neighboring junk shope.

He Thought So.

From the N. Y. Sun.

"Mine frend, das coat vas sheap," said a Hebrew dealer to a customer who thought the price exorbitant: "is ish all vool."

"Yes," replied the customer, "I thought there was an inclination to fleece."

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

CHESTNUTS.

From the Galt Reporter.

The crop of chestnuts is said to be a very good one this year, and the first sharp frost will send them rattling down at a great rate. The section of the country between Galt and St. George is where the chestnuts most do grow; and it may here be remarked that although the chestnut tree is natural to the country, and of course grows wild in the woods, all attemps (as far as we are aware) to cultivate it in gardens or shrubberies have been failures. The root will shoot up all right, and make an apparently vigorous growth; but the winter cuts it down invariably. Even if protected it seems impossible to pull the young shoots through more than two or three winters.

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PRINTED GOODS.

NAIRN

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3 Crates,
2 Hogsheads,
5 Cases,
OF

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—AND—
Fancy Glassware!

An Extra Assortment of

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No Charge for inspection. Don't Forget to see them.

C. A. NAIRN,
Court House Square, Goderich
Sept. 16th, 1886.

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C. L. McINTOSH,

Next door to Rhynas' Drug Store, keeps constantly adding to his well-selected stock, choice

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TEAS AND SUGARS
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In returning thanks to my customers for their patronage, I would also invite any others who will, to call and inspect my stock.

C. L. McINTOSH.
South-West side of the Square.
Goderich, Feb. 18th, 1886.