

Miscellaneous.

Suddenly down in the Cove, they heard the report of a gun, and a constabulary...

Then a man stooped over him, and took something from him. 'There go old scores,' he muttered; 'and now we are quits.'

Flung away his gun, this same man plunged down the steep track by which he had come up...

The constabulary turned out, and the men in the Cove rushed up to see what was amiss when they heard the signal.

'Lord above us!' he cried; 'here's old Jim Carnes's gun!'

The old man came forward at the sound of his name; 'The mercy of God be on me!' he cried; 'it's mine sure enough. Where's Jose?'

'Ay, where's Jose?' echoed old Martin, savagely. 'We're all here, all we Cove men; and where's Jose?'

'I saw him go up the face of the cliff, said George Martin, with his eyes on the ground. 'When the Squire went away Jose went too.'

'My God, and so he did!' said Ralph. 'Yet Ralph loved Jose well, and wished him no harm.'

'And this here's old Jim's gun,' said one of the men; 'and the inference was too evident for anyone to attempt to ignore it.'

This quarrel yesterday, the Squire's fancy for now buzzed about through the Cove, old Carnes's gun still warm, and Jose's disappearance. There was no doubt in the minds of any. Besides, did not young George Martin say he had seen him leave the Cove directly after the Squire? The case looked black enough; and when the constabulary had turned it over and over, and the policemen from St. Mary's had turned it over too, there was but one belief among them all, and that a voice was raised to assert Jose Carnes's innocence. It was pretty much the same in the Cove. Even his father had doubted and his mother trembled; but Mary Beard, lifting her hands to heaven, cried passionately, 'It is not true! Whoever did it, Jose had no hand in it, and may God send the Deathship for the sinner!'

The fisherman shrunk back as she said this. The Death-ship of Treason Cove was a fact to them as true as the sun; it came only for the vilest of sinners when they were dying, for those for whom God had no mercy, and hell a vacant place. But it was a curse that would settle on the Cove for ever, unless lifted off by fulfillment, and they talked of it in low and anxious tones, and wished she had not said it. Only Dan Martin scoffed at the whole thing; but then he believed in nothing, neither in God nor the Devil.

CHAPTER IV. But where was Jose all this time? He had been last seen standing, with Mary Beard, not far from where the poor dead bodies lay; and after that no one had taken much note of him. No one but George Martin seemed to have seen him again, or was able to say he had or had not been in the Cove. George was the only witness, truly; but as the policeman said 'one is as good as a dozen, if the one's word goes for fight in it.' And so the whole thing fitted in too well to allow of much doubt. So, when Jose came back, the next day, saying he had been at Penance overnight, it was of no avail for him to swear that he had set out before the Squire, or that he had been at Penance at such and such an hour, and that he had witnesses to prove it. He might have run, he might have ridden; he might have taken short cuts across the fields; he might have done a hundred things which would have brought him to town at the time he said, if even he could substantiate that fact; and yet he might have lain in wait for the Squire on his way, and have put a bullet in his head at the top of the cliff.

Besides, his going to Penance at all on such a night, and after such a day's work, was suspicious in itself. He had gone for a license, had he? If a poor man, must be married by license, forsooth! The reason was, had a one as could be given, and it was to better by the production of the license itself. It was too evidently a blind, they all said or thought; and Jose found his case weakened not strengthened by the truth.

It was all very well to try and clear himself, poor boy! said the men; but who else could have done it? Mr. Trescat had no feud with anyone else. He was not popular, maybe, and the men were angry about the wreckage matter; but, good 'Lord! men don't shoot each other's throats because they don't like a master's way on public grounds! When it touches a boy's honour with his girl's, that's another matter, if you please!

(To be continued.)

The Suez Canal is doing an increasingly profitable business. The tolls received in 1876 amounted to \$5,777,260; in 1875, \$5,994,999; in 1874, \$6,652,279; in 1873, \$6,683,000; and the canal making an average in tolls of \$3,946 for each vessel.

Miscellaneous.

—He who betrays another's secret because he has quarrelled with him, was never worthy of the name of friend, a breach of kindness will not justify a breach of trust.

In Newburyport, Mass., a few days since, a boy twelve years old took up a loaded gun to frighten some little girls, when it was discharged, killing one child, six years of age, and wounding two others.

Few persons have an idea of the amount of coal dug out of the earth in a year. It is difficult, if not impossible to get the exact figures, but the most careful calculations make the gross amount 273,000,000 tons.

The tallest man in the union is supposed to be Henry Thurston, of White Creek, Texas. He stands seven feet six inches high, and is well proportioned. He has refused to exhibit himself at the suggestion of showmen, who have offered him very liberal inducements in the way of money to do so.

A novel wedding took place in Aurelia, a town on the Iowa division of the Illinois Central Railroad, a short time ago. The conductor of a freight train, W. H. Reynolds, stopped his train, jumped off, went into the depot, was married to Miss Jennie Denio, who was in waiting with her friends, placed his bride in the caboose and started his train again. The arrangements were so complete, the knot so swiftly tied, and the bride and groom so self-contained, that none of the train-men had any suspicion of what had occurred.

Dr. Stroussburg, the well-known German engineer and contractor, has published a pamphlet showing the feasibility of connecting Berlin with the Baltic Sea and the German Ocean. He attempts to show that there is every thing in the nature and configuration of the soil to assist the rapid construction of deep sea canals between Berlin and the mouths of the Elbe and Oder, while the scheme is considered to give promises profitable enough to consider its originator to offer to carry it through without any assistance from the Government. If only half the ordinary number of vessels plying between the North Sea and the Baltic prefer towage way through the canal, the capital, fixed at about \$3,000,000 sterling, will, it is stated, bear an interest of 10 per cent. Considering the immense importance of the scheme from a military, political, commercial and industrial point of view, it is certain to attract attention. If the plan could be realized Berlin would be raised to the position of a dominant commercial manufacturing and military centre on the Continent.

THE OLDEST WOMAN. Some time ago we gave publicity to an article giving an account of an extremely aged woman living a Barney's River, Pictou County. The age claimed for the old lady—130 years—was disputed by competent authorities, but all agreed in the statement that her years numbered many more than a century.

The woman in question, Jean Sutherland, better known as 'Big Jean,' died some months ago, a fact recorded at the time. Inquiries made by her relatives in her native parish, in Scotland, have resulted in the announcement that Mrs. Sutherland was fully 120 years old. She was born in Clyne, Southendshire, and came with her parents to Nova Scotia, where she married, and reared a large family. Her family was remarkable for longevity. Her father, celebrated as Kiltie John, breathing his last when 115 years old, and her mother dying also at an extremely advanced age. Mrs. Sutherland leaves many descendants at Barney's River to mourn the departure of one of the best, as she was one of the oldest, of women.—Pictou Standard.

FAILURES IN CANADA. Says the 'Witness':—In three years the failures amount to \$78,000,000, and many business men have in that time effected a private composition with their creditors without its being made public. We have every reason to believe that the money actually lost in the country in the last three years amounts to more than \$60,000,000. There is in such fact a strong jurisdiction for the meetings which are being held in various parts of the country to shorten the terms of credit given, and wholesale merchants are beginning to be much more cautious in giving credit than has been their custom. The unfavorable weather since the beginning of winter, and the unsatisfactory condition of the foreign market, will probably cause the quantity of timber got out this year to be small. Apart from the losses which lumbermen must suffer from being unable to work steadily it is most desirable that there should be a great decrease in the production, and that more attention should be paid to getting out timber of a higher average quality than usual. The depression is now very great in those countries in which we are especially interested, and we fear that we must still exercise much watchfulness and self-restraint, as a business community, before things begin to brighten.

THE PETRIFYING SILICATE PAINTS.

As supplied to the Admiralty, Board of Works, Austrian Lloyd's, Woolwich Arsenal, Cunard Company, &c. For House, Ship and General Use, Indoors and Out. And in all colors. Manufactured by the SILICATE PAINT COMPANY, Liverpool, having no chemical action on Iron and other Metals; will stand any degree of heat without blistering, &c. being nearly equal in bulk, and doing the work of 3 wt. Lead Paints.

Artificial Stone Paint, For preserving Wood, Zinc, and other Buildings, giving them the appearance of White or Bath Stone, &c. TO PREVENT WHITE ANT, IN WOODS, SHIPS, RAILWAY SLEEPERS, SAIRS, BOTTOMS, BEAMS AND HOME TRIMMERS, AND GENERAL PAINT AND WOOD WORK. GRIFFITH'S PAT. ENAMELLING PAINTS. Greasy articles for the Trade at lowest prices.

Porous Tile Roofs, Wet Walls, Wooden Structures, Ships' Bottoms, &c., made thoroughly WATERPROOF and IRONWORK protected from Oxidation, by GRIFFITH'S PATENT ENAMELLING PAINT. Manufactured by THE SILICATE PAINT COMPANY, LIVERPOOL, G. B. Agent for Nova Scotia—HUGH FRASER, BRIDGETOWN.

ALSO—CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE, Refined Scotch and Swedish IRON. BLISTER, CAULKING, TYRE, CAST DRILL STEEL. ALSO—Canada Horse Shoe Nails. Boiled and Raw Paint Oil, Best Quality. Now in Stock: A Quantity of the Silicate Paints.

(Different Colors) prepared for all kinds of House and Ship Painting, also for all kinds of Iron Work and Machinery. The Anti-Poisoning Paint, for Ships' Bottoms, is an article highly recommended as a complete protection against Worms, &c., and will not foul. It leaves a Hard, Smooth Surface like that of glass. All orders promptly attended to, and every information given on application to the agent.

HUGH FRASER. NOTICE.—A Complete Set of the West India and United States Charts or Sailing Books, &c. Also, First Class EXTANT, all will be sold low for Cash.

June Importation. Checked Dress Goods; Black Silk Fringes; Seal Brown, Cream and Ecoré Silks; Nottingham Lace Curtains; Ecoré Lace Curtains; Neck Frillings; Ecoré Nets; Ecoré Laces; Neck Scarfs; Moslins of all kinds; Brown Hollands; Trial Linens; Ladies' Linnen Collars and Cuffs, New Styles; Black Trimming Velvet; Mantle Velvets; Maltese Cloths; Maltese Braids; Black Dress Buttons; Gentlemen's Linen Collars and Cuffs; Linen Tassos, for Costumes; Narrow Plaid Ribbons; Plaid Silk Ribbons; Ladies' Josephine and Cuff Kid Gloves; Hyde Park Wraps, for Girls; Cramb Children's French Kid Gloves; New Plaid Prints.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison. 27 King Street, St. John, N. B. 1877. STOCK for 1877. Spring Trade now complete at CONNOLLY'S CENTRAL BOOKSTORE.

Extra Fine Stationery! Bank, Post, Parchment, Cream Laid, Ruled, Plain and Water Lined. ENVELOPES in Great Variety. FASHIONABLE STATIONERY, in handsome boxes—64 varieties to select from. BLANK BOOKS, in Every Binding. NEW NOVA SCOTIA SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS. Cheapest and best Series now in use, and every article used in the School Room, for sale low. Wrapping Paper, Paper Bags—all sizes and qualities; Taylor's, Carter's and Stephens's Celebrated Ties, Lead Pencils of every stamp, Room paper, Green paper and Paper shades. Wholesale and Retail. THOMAS P. CONNOLLY, Cor. Grenville and George Sts., Halifax, N. S. may 25 '77 17 1/2.

L. H. DEVEBER & SONS. Wholesale Merchants, ST. JOHN, N. B. Dry Goods Department 93 & 95 PRINCE WILLIAM ST. Keep constantly on hand a large stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, from the English Markets, suitable for the Wholesale Trade.

AMERICAN GOODS. such as Pe'lie, Gray & White Cottons, Cotton Flannel, and Roll Linings, sold by the case or small quantity. Canadian and Domestic Goods. GROCERY DEPARTMENT, 34 & 36 WATER ST. A full stock kept constantly on hand, of Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Rice, Soda, Cream Tartar, Nuts, and an assortment of Spices, for sale in bulk at the lowest prices. August 2nd, 1876. n17 y

ADAM YOUNG. 38, 40 & 42 WATER ST. and 143 Prince William St. John, N. B. Manufacturer of Cooking, Hall and Parlor Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, &c. Marbleized Slate Mantle Pieces. Register Grates. A large assortment of the above Goods all ways on hand, at the lowest possible prices. Catalogues on application. August 2nd, 1876. n17 y

Important to Butter Workers. One Good ACTIVE AGENT WANTED in every township to introduce the 'Victor' Butter Workers. Sample Machine free to Agents. Price \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$8.00 each. One Million to be sold in the Dominion. Apply early with stamp, for agents circular to this effect. VICTOR WAINWRIGHT & Co., Brookville, Ont.

W. WHYAL & CO., Manufacturers of Sole, Harness, Grain, Wax, Buff, Polish, Oil, Public, Wolf, Biggins and Split. LEATHERS. Importers and Dealers in French Calf, G. D. French, English Pitted Uppers, Shoe Findings, Tanners' and Carriers' Tools, Rubber and Leather Belting, Laces, Leather, &c. Being the oldest Established Leather and Findings Business in the Province, we are enabled to offer Cash Customers the most LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS. The highest cash price paid for Hides. 228 Hollis Street, Halifax. Tannery, Three-mile House, Bedford Road, N. Y. BILL HEADS. Different sizes and styles promptly and Neatly printed at this office. Call and inspect samples.

BETTER STILL. THE Subscribers have lately received per 'Atwood'— 100 bbls. Choice Flour, 100 do. K. D. Corn Meal, 'Gold Drop,' 100 Bbls. Fresh Graham Meal, 50 do. Cracked Corn. Arrived to-day from 'B. Harris,' direct from Mills—200 bbls. Flour, 'Mistake,' 'White Eagle,' and 'Avalanche.' Also in stock—50 Bbls. Layer Raisins, do. 1, boxes. 'Porto Rico' Sugar, Tea, Biscuits, Spices, &c. Salt, coarse and fine, Pickled, Dry and Smoked fish. A few sacks of Kerosene, by oak 25 cents. Agent for Higgins, Crow & Co's Confectionery. RANDALL, HIGGINS & CO., Opposite Railway Station, Annapolis, Jan. 15th, 1877.

New Stock! Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready-Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Crockeryware, AT LOW PRICES, to suit the FRED. LEAVITT. Lawrenceston, Nov. 7th, '77. Lawrencetown, OCTOBER, 1877. THE subscriber has just opened a fresh supply of Silks, French Merinos, Cashmeres, Lustrous, Brilliantines, Pannamatis, Barathres, Plain and Plain Winceys, Velvets, Mantles, Cloths, Gowns, Shawls, Saques, &c. Also—Military and Dress Trimmings. A good stock of Family Groceries constantly on hand. An early call is solicited. MRS. L. C. WHELOCK, Lawrenceston, N. S., Oct. 24th, 1877.

Murdoch & Co. OFFER the following Goods at the Lowest Market Prices, for Cash or Good Credit. READY-MADE CLOTHING. Comprising Mens' and Boys' Reefers, Overcoats, Pants, Vests, Undershirts, &c., &c. Boots and Shoes, Including Childs', Boys', Youths' and Mens' LONNIE BOOTS, and Womens' Misses' and Childs' Leather & Prunella Boots in variety. Mens' and Womens' Carpet Slippers, and a complete stock of RUBBERS AND OVERSHOES, 25 trunks different sizes and quality at cut. Shovels, Spades, Shelf Hardware, Cut and Clinch Nails, Spikes, Whips and Thongs, Tanned and Plain Sheathing Paper, American Kerosene, Paint and Lubricating Oils of best quality, Lamps, Pans, Wax, Thread, &c. Also, always in stock a large assortment of GENERAL GROCERIES. OF COMMERCE: 1 Hand Cider Mill; 25 Cider Barrels; 25 Buffalo Roles. MURDOCH & CO. GEO. MOIR, Importer and Wholesale Dealer in Pianofortes and Organs, HAS now on hand at his Musical Warehouse, FARMERS, WILSON, ANAPOLIS CO., a very large selection of Splendid Instruments, consisting of American Pianos of the best makers. —ALSO— English, German, and Paris de France, Oxbridge, and Taylor & Farley Organs. Parties wishing to purchase will do well to call and examine. Will take part payment in trade. An prepared to sell 25 per cent lower than any other dealer. Farmington, Nov. 1st, 1877. n27

Queen St., Bridgetown, September 27th, 1877. JUST RECEIVED. A Fresh Supply of TEA & SUGAR. Rankine's Celebrated BISCUITS! CONFECTIONERY, &c. Also a lot of LAYER RAISINS BY BOX OR RETAIL, VERY LOW. MRS. L. C. WHELOCK. BRIDGETOWN, Sept. 26th, '77. Administrator's Notice. ALL persons having any claims against the estate of ALAN GRANT, of Port Williams, in the County of Annapolis, are hereby requested to render their accounts daily at least within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned. CHRISTOPHER GRANT, Administrator. Port Williams, Nov. 18, 1877. [3m 44]

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White & Titus, WILL RESUME BUSINESS IN A FEW DAYS, AT 222 SOUTH SIDE UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. GOODS ARRIVING DAILY. June 22nd, '77. LAWYERS' BLANK EXECUTIONS. A FRESH stock just printed and for sale at the 'Moore's Office.' September 1st, 1877.

Bill Heads in all sizes and styles executed at this office at reasonable rates.

Agricultural. The 'American Agriculturist' for February says:— 'The oldest inhabitant' does not remember a winter that began so favorable as the present one. To plow on the last day of the year, with the weather like that of May, while the cows are starting on the meadow, is, for the Northern and Eastern States, something remarkable. Fortunately, there has been little harm done by the extraordinary mildness of the early winter; and much of the spring work has been put in a very forward state. This is a great help; a fall, unless it can be ahead of his work, must labor under many disadvantages. Of and now the farmer most lives for and works for the future. He plows and sows, months before he reaps. His young stock always appear to him as the future matured animals, and not the young creatures which he feeds and nurses. He must plan far years ahead; when he breaks up a sod he has in his mind's eye the field again in grass five or six years hence, and the work of all those years is to ensure a good meadow then. No man needs to be more patient than he, nor to wait more cheerfully for good or ill, he knows not which they may befall him. And now which, winter seems hardly to have begun, we are already anxious about the spring, which will be at hand in a month, and planning what shall be done about this or that. The management of properly regulated farms should be planned, once for all. There should be no changes, except those regularly recurring which arrive year by year, and which follow one another as orderly as the change of the seasons. The great fault of farming is this constant desire for change. We change our farms as we would change the fashion of our coats. We rarely think of them as homes which our children shall occupy after us. It is the same with our stock, crops, and manner of farming. As the fashion comes up, or any new thing or idea is talked about we cast aside, or leave the old, and take up the new. We do not take time to learn the value of what we have, or that there is good in everything, if we only persevere and bring it out. We take up dairying, for instance, trying all the popular breeds of cows, and leave that to take up hogs, lobsters, and finally begin to think the West, or the South, or orange-growing in Florida, is more desirable, and try to sell out; in the meantime we give no heart to our business, and that necessarily languishes. There are many exceptions, but this is the rule. We hear it talked over wherever farmers gather, and read of it in reports of farmers' clubs and conventions. This is unprofitable. The farmer should be conservative, steady, patient, persevering, and contented, if he would be a successful and happy man. While the world depends upon him for food and clothing, he can never fail to have profitable employment, or find a market for his crops. The best farmers are those who discover what their farms are best fitted for, what they can do the best and persevere in that. This is unprofitable. This is unprofitable. More experienced, and more successful.

CAUSES OF WAR. A certain king sent to another king, saying, 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—' The other replied, 'I have not got one, and if I had—' On this weighty cause they went to war. After they had exhausted their armies and resources and laid waste their kingdoms, they began to wish to make peace; but before this could be done it was necessary that the insult done to the king of the blue pig should be explained. 'What would you mean,' asked the second king of the first, by 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—' 'Why said the other, 'I meant a blue pig with a black tail, or else some other color. But what could you mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had—' 'Why, of course, if I had I should have sent it.' The explanation was satisfactory, and peace was accordingly concluded. The story of the two kings ought to serve as a lesson to us all. Most of the quarrels between individuals are quite as foolish as the war of the blue pig with a black tail.

Men's words to women are so much kinder when written than when they are uttered. The Marquis of Bute has in his grounds at Rothay Castle, Scotland, a curiosity in the shape of a beaver park, where he has imprisoned a number of these animals with a high wall and succeeded in breeding them. The wall encloses a solitary pine tree, through which runs a stream of water, and upon this the beavers have constructed their peculiar houses and dams. There are now twelve of these interesting animals in the colony, but it is extremely difficult to catch sight of them owing to their great shyness.

Barbers often assert that razors get tired of shaving, and that they will perform satisfactorily if permitted to rest for a time. It has been found by microscopic examination that the tired razor, from long stopping by the same hand in the same place, has the ultimate fibres of its surface or edge all arranged in one direction, like the edge of a piece of cut velvet; but after a month's rest these fibres rearrange themselves heterogeneously, crossing each other and presenting a saw-like edge, fibre supporting its fellow; and being cutting the beard, instead of being forced down flat without cutting, as when laid by.

An exciting incident happened in a recent review of Austrian Cavalry by the Emperor and Empress. About thirty thousand cavalry were in line and charging down in a mad gallop to salute the sovereigns, when a little forlorn-looking child, escaping from her mother, ran directly in front of the rushing horse. The Emperor screamed and everybody expected to witness the instant death of the child, when a trooper in the front rank bent forward from his saddle, seized the child without slackening speed and placed her at his saddle-bow. The crowd cheered the gallant deed loudly, and the Emperor, taking from his neck the cross of the order of Marie Theres, hung it upon that of the soldier.

Next Sabbath, remarked a Deadwood pastor to his congregation, as the contribution box was being passed around, 'Next Sabbath there will be no morning service, provided the collection to-day will warrant me in sending down to Yankton for 100 rats and Reduced Bill's black-and-tan pup.'

A gentleman in England committed suicide the other day, and left a paper stating that he did so because his wife was a great deal too good for him. That's why the jury returned a verdict recording their opinion that the deceased 'was of an unsound state of mind.'

A boy came along to one of our neighboring houses holding a very dirty dog, and asked the gentleman of the house:— 'Don't you want to buy a dog, Mister?' 'What kind of a dog is it?' asked the gentleman. 'The boy looked puzzled. 'Well, he said 'it is par terrier.' 'And what is the rest?' asked the gentleman. 'The rest,' answered the boy, 'why, the rest is—is—just dog.'

ODOR BLIND. Yesterday morning an anxious looking citizen, who was evidently desirous of concealing the fact that even at the ninth hour he was filled with new wine, or old whiskey, strolled into a Main street grocery and halted by an open barrel, the contents of which he began to examine. 'Good apples are pretty so scarce this season,' he remarked, with a profound expression of wisdom. 'Then sin't apples the same, though,' remarked the grocer in a tone of surprise. 'Of course,' said the citizen, with great dignity, in rather offhand tones; 'I see they are not, but I presume you have a man many—or—handful potatoes and talk of apples, nevertheless, can't he?' 'Yes,' said the grocer, opening his eyes to their widest extent; 'but them sin't potatoes, neither; they are onions.'

'So I see,' replied the citizen apologetically, 'so I see now I examine them more—hah—closely; but the—hah—fact is, I have stuck a cold this morning that I can't tell—hah—one kind of fruit from another. And with an air of mingled abstraction and confusion he bid a large bit out the street very unsteadily munching his lunch with feelings of amazement.

UNCLE MOSE'S SERMON. Uncle Moses is the chief executive of a suburban colored Sunday school. Last Sunday, raising his black face, with its snowy fringe, he peered over his ante-bellum 'stock' and collar at the little Nigs, who were buzzing like bees in a hive just under his nose. 'Ordash, chillen, ordash! Don't yer hear me chillen? Little Jim Lumpkins, dere, he's dat talkin, like a con-sterble on 'lection day.' When Jimmie ceased his conversation, the chief executive resumed:— 'I calls de detenush ob de school ter day wasse been a-carryin' ob de bressed day. What yer been a doin'?' And de way yer comes is a bin a carussin' is so'n loud. The black fingers pushed the tall collar back and pulled the black chin forward. 'Now, I puts it ter yer an' do you all listen, an' you, too, Lis Millins—I ax yer dis question: How many eyes you chillens got?' 'Chorus: 'Two.' 'An' how many yer mouves?' 'Unanimously: 'One.' 'What does dat means? It means yer mus' see twice as much as yer talk.' 'Now, how many yer eyes got?' 'Chorus: 'Two.' 'An' how many mouves?' 'One.' 'Dat means yer mus' hear twice as much as yer talks. Now, 'member dis lesson; an' you, Henry Giles, contribute de papers' row fer we jines in pray.'

There were in a railroad coach, journeying to Chicago. On the opposite seat was a man of commanding figure, massive brow and thoughtful expression. 'What a fine countenance, James. I wish I knew his occupation.' 'Maybe he's a lawyer, Amelia.' 'No he's not a lawyer. The Lord writes a plain hand—there's too much benevolence in that face for a lawyer!' 'He may be a banker?' 'Not a bit of it. A man with such a heavenly expression couldn't content himself with money getting. His aim in life is higher than that.' 'Do you think he's an editor?' 'An editor, with such a face? An editor, saying hard things about everybody, ridiculing long dresses and abusing his mother-in-law? An editor, cutting and slandering his enemies, signing public men indiscriminately and mercilessly slaughtering his best friend for the sake of a three-line paragraph? No, James he's a philanthropist. He's a Christian minister or a learned professor, spending his life for the good of mankind. His face plainly indicates that he is all that is noble, pure and true.' 'I guess you're right Amelia. I'll take your word and his face for it.' At the next station an inquisitive farmer took his seat beside the man with noble brow, and asked him about his vocation. Amelia held her breath and listened to the reply. 'I keep a saloon and meat shop. My wife sells beer, and I do my own butchering.'

Joker's Corner.

An exchange says that 'electricity has developed new power; during a struck storm two Georgia mules were struck by lightning and instantly killed. Those mules must have been sickly.'

That scientific expedition around the world may perhaps be able to tell us when it returns why a man always takes off his boots first when undressing, while a woman begins at her hair-pins.

'Next Sabbath,' remarked a Deadwood pastor to his congregation, as the contribution box was being passed around, 'Next Sabbath there will be no morning service, provided the collection to-day will warrant me in sending down to Yankton for 100 rats and Reduced Bill's black-and-tan pup.'

A gentleman in England committed suicide the other day, and left a paper stating that he did so because his wife was a great deal too good for him. That's why the jury returned a verdict recording their opinion that the deceased 'was of an unsound state of mind.'

A boy came along to one of our neighboring houses holding a very dirty dog, and asked the gentleman of the house:— 'Don't you want to buy a dog, Mister?' 'What kind of a dog is it?' asked the gentleman. 'The boy looked puzzled. 'Well, he said 'it is par terrier.' 'And what is the rest?' asked the gentleman. 'The rest,' answered the boy, 'why, the rest is—is—just dog.'

ODOR BLIND. Yesterday morning an anxious looking citizen, who was evidently desirous of concealing the fact that even at the ninth hour he was filled with new wine, or old whiskey, strolled into a Main street grocery and halted by an open barrel, the contents of which he began to examine. 'Good apples are pretty so scarce this season,' he remarked, with a profound expression of wisdom. 'Then sin't apples the same, though,' remarked the grocer in a tone of surprise. 'Of course,' said the citizen, with great dignity, in rather offhand tones; 'I see they are not, but I presume you have a man many—or—handful potatoes and talk of apples, nevertheless, can't he?' 'Yes,' said the grocer, opening his eyes to their widest extent; 'but them sin't potatoes, neither; they are onions.'

'So I see,' replied the citizen apologetically, 'so I see now I examine them more—hah—closely; but the—hah—fact is, I have stuck a cold this morning that I can't tell—hah—one kind of fruit from another. And with an air of mingled abstraction and confusion he bid a large bit out the street very unsteadily munching his lunch with feelings of amazement.

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