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A COSTLY SMALL BOOK.

At an auction sale in New York recently, among the books sold the one creating the most spirited bidding was an almanac for the year 1686, entitled "Kalendarium Pennsylvaniae; or, America's Messenger." This book contains twenty leaves, not paged and uncut, and this and another formerly possessed by George Brinley, of Hartford, are the only ones known to be in existence. It is especially valuable from the fact that it is the first work of the first printer of Philadelphia and New York, W. Bradford of the former city who, in an address printed in the book, says: "Hereby understand that after great charge and trouble I have brought the great art of printing into this part of America, believing it may be of great service to you in several respects." It was sold to Mr. Stone for \$520. The other books disposed of include an almanac for 1705, another for 1693, which respectively brought \$11 and \$7; "Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons," \$8; "The American Neptune," in three volumes, printed in 1781 for the use of the Royal Navy of Great Britain, under the direction of the R. H: Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, brought \$90; the Holy Bible, with genealogies prefixed, printed in 1613 by Robert Barker, of London, bound in thick boards, with metal corners and centre, was purchased for \$25.50. A copy of the original charter of Rhode Island College, now Brown's University, presented at the General Assembly in February, 1715, brought \$20.54.

AN EVEN THING.

The other day two strangers were toasting their shins on opposite sides of a big stove in a ferry waiting room, and it was noticed that they often looked at each other as if almost certain that they had met before. Finally one of them got up and said:

"Stranger, I've seen a face almost like yours. Did you ever have a brother Bill?"

"Yes."

"Was he a sailor?"

"He was."

"Did you hear of him last about ten years ago?"

"Yes, just about ten years ago."

"Stranger," continued the first, seeming greatly affected. "I've sailed with your brother Bill. We were wrecked together on the Pacific, and before help came I had to kill and eat him! I knew you must be related. I'm awful sorry it was your brother, and though I was driven to it, and the law can't touch me, I'm willing to pay you damages. Be kinder fair with me, for Bill was old and tough. About how much do you think is fair?"

The other wiped a tear from his eye, spat across the stove and replied,

"Stranger where's your dad?"

"Been dead these twelve years."

"Died in Nevada, didn't he?"

"Yes, out there somewhere."

"Well, I killed him! I knew you were his son the minute I saw you. He and I were in a mine one day, and as we were going up in a bucket I saw that the old rope was going to break under the strain. When we were up about 200 feet, I picked up your old dad and dropped him over. It was bad on him, but it saved me. Now you ate my brother Bill, and I murdered your dad, and I guess we had better call it even and shake to see who pays for the drinks."

They shook, drank, and the old lake captains who could not tell a lie had to sit back and realize how sad it was that they were born with such tender consciences.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW TO START AN ECHO.

We cannot vouch for the truth of the following story, but an Austin gentleman said he was an eye-witness of the occurrence: He was on a steamboat on the Hudson river with a party of excursionists. The boat stopped at a place in the river where there is a wonderful echo. One of the gentlemen asked everybody in the crowd for a pistol with which to wake up the echoes. Nobody had any pistol, but a gentleman from Arkansas said that he had something that was a blame sight more reliable than a pistol, and pulling out of his boot a knife with a thirteen-inch blade, handed it over to the party who wanted to stir up the echoes.—*Siftings.*