OVER THE DAM.

Yes, life is a swift-running river,
And it's mighty hard stemmin' its tide,
But the boat glides so smoothly at startin'
That one feels jest like lettin' it glide.
You hear the wild roar of the rapids
That below you now thunder and break,
But you think you can easily pull back
When you see the white foam in your
wake.

Well, with me it was mighty smooth sailing Durin' all of life's first summer hours, And the river sang ever so sweetly, And its banks were so brilliant with flow-

While the bow that hung over the torrent Seem'd a halo that becken'd me there, And the white mist that rose from its water Quite conceal'd the black gulf of despair

To be sure, I pass'd friends as I drifted, Pullin' sturdily up 'gin the stream,
But I laugh'd as I saw how they labor'd,
While my boat danc'd along like a dream!
What matter'd which way it was glidin'?—
If I sailed with it up or sailed down?—
Behind I saw only life's struggles,
And before me was pleasure—life's crown,

I say I pass'd friends pullin' up stream And they warned me of danger below But advice is so cheap that when given
It amounts to jest nothin, you know And exper'ence—well, that's of some value, But it ain't always wisdom it brings: I've got it—you're right; 'tis a nettle, And I pluck'd it at cost of its stings It's tough, lookin' up that bright river, And seein' where I might have turned

back,
To think that I took thinks so easy, Lettin' everything go to the wrack;
But I'm here now, jest as you find me,
And I'm—well, you can see what I am:
I drifted, you know, with the current,
And of course I went over the dam:

MEMORY

They live again, those happy hours,
The time of truth and bouyancy:
They bloom again, life's withered flowers,
Revived by magic memory.
They live! My buried darlings rise
From out their long and solemn sleep,
And star-like in life's darkened skies
A gentle radiance ever keep,
O memory, kind memory!

And when my sands of life are run, And here no more my form they'se May I return, at least to one, On radiant wings of memory, Back to my unforgotten home,
Back to one loved and loving heart:
If thus I only hope to come,
E'en now I'm ready to depart,
O memory, kind memory!

BRAVE BOY'S FORTUNE.

An hour later Mr. Blastwood arrived upon going with him, and guarding his door. When they came down the prisoner seized his hat, and ran down the an old sailor that knowed how to tie a beisoner seized his hat, and ran down the steps to the basement, intending to leave by the back door. The detective followed him, and laid hands upon him. A seuffle ensued, which attracted the attention of all in the house; but in a moment Mr. Subtille had a pair of handcuffs on the wrists of Mr. Cornelius. This disturbance certain the interest of the ladies.

"There's the scar! I remember that!" scuffle ensued, which attracted the attention of all in the house; but in a moment Mr. Subtille had a pair of handcuffs on the wrists of Mr. Cornelius. This disturbance excited the interest of the ladies, and they followed the prisoner into the library. No one objected to their presence, and Mr. Lynmore explained all that had occurred during the day.

"I know that fellow could not be a Vanderwent," exclaimed Mrs. Vanderwent, with a palpable speer. "I always to the could not be a vanderwent," exclaimed Mrs. Vanderwent, with a palpable speer. "I always to the could not be a vanderwent," exclaimed Mrs. Vanderwent, with a palpable speer. "I always to the could not be a vanderwent," exclaimed Mrs. Vanderwent, with a palpable speer. "I always to the could not be a vanderwent," exclaimed Mrs. Vanderwent, with a palpable speer. "I always to the could not be a vanderwent," exclaimed Mrs. Vanderwent, with a palpable speer.

"Mr. who?" asked the captain.
"Mr. Vanderwent," replied Mr. Lynmore in a loud and distinct tone. Seems to me I've heard that name before; but I'm an old man, and I've

"But your memory is still good, isn't it?" inquired Mr. Vanderwent.
"Well, no; not very. You see I got a blow on the head in the wreek, and

"Yet you remember things that hap-ened before the wreck?" asked Mr.

"Oh! yes. Better than I do what took place since," added the captain with a faint smile. "I owned half of the Albatross, and that was all I had in the world; and when she went down I was a beggar. I have always been sorry I did not go down in her. I lost all I

"She had her child with her, a boy, a fine little fellow. I used to carry him about the deck in my arms in fine weather. The lady was almost distracted when I told her the ship was certainly lost, and that we must take to the boats before she went to pieces but she didn't care for herself; it was only for the child! I took the little fellow from the berth myself when I told his mother how we stood. He had nothing on except his

myself when I told his mother now we stood. He had nothing on except his night-gows, but I wrapped him up in his mother's shawl, I had done it a good many times before, when I walked with him on deck. I put Mrs.—Mrs.—"
"Vanderwent," prompted Mr. Lyn— "I put Mrs. Vanderwent in the stern sheets of the whale boat, and lashed

the child to the grating."
"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Vanderwent, no longer able to suppress

his emotion.

"I picked a crew for the boat, and we slid her off on the top of a big wave; but, bless you, it was no use; the boat rolled over and over like a log. The seamen were swept away, and I lost my hold of the boat. I grasped a floating spar, and it carried me to the shore. I remember feeling the sands under my feet; but it appears that I was hit on the head by a piece of the wreek, and lost my senses. I don't remember much of anything since that. The poor lady and her child were lost. I was the only one saved, and I was only the wreck of a man." "No, sir! you wan't the only one!" shouted Job Seagrain, in the violence of

his excitement. "One moment, Mr. Seagrain," interposed Mr. Lynmore. "How long before you sailed, Captain Penguin, did the

lady engage her passage?"
"Not an hour. She was an English lady; I don't remember where she lived."

"Bedford, iu Bedfordshire," added Mr. Vanderwent. "That was it. Did you know lady? Was she a relation?"
"Go on, if you please," said Mr. Vanderwent, trembling with emotion.

"She had engaged passage in another ship—the 'Gladwing;' for I remember reading in the record at the Snug Harbor that she went down in the same gale that wrecked the 'Albatross.' But her mother was sick, and gave up going for day or two; then her mother improved, and she went to Liverpool with her child. The 'Gladwing' had sailed only two hours before; but I was just going, and had room for her. That's the reason

Mr. Vanderwent; "and now it appears, that my son was saved."
"Saved!" exclaimed Captain Penguin.

"I took him out of the whale boat my-

turbance excited the interest of the ladies, and they followed the prisoner into the library. No one objected to their presence, and Mr. Lynmore explained all that had occurred during the day.

"I knew that fellow could not be a Wanderwent," exclaimed Mrs. Vanderwent, with a palpable sneer. "I always told my husband he had been imposed upon."

The magnate glanced sternly at her, and evidently did not relish the remark: The library was full when Captain Penguin arrived. Corny and Miss Fanny had seated themselves together in the night-dress? "asked Mr. Lynmore.

"I never saw another shawl like that one. One night the child didn't sleep, and the lady told me her husband used to walk the room with him in his arms; so I did so in the cabin several times, for the ship pitched so the poor lady couldn't stand up. I saw the mark on the night-gown, and should know that."

The articles were produced, and the captain declared that he could swear to them. To the astonishment of Mr. and evidently did not relish the remark:

The library was full when Captain
Penguin arrived. Corny and Miss
Fanny had seated themselves together in
one corner; and the beautiful girl wondered if her friend and preserver was
really the son of Mr. Vanderwent.

"I am very glad to see you, Captain,"
said Mr. Lynmore, taking the old man's
hand; and then he presented him to Mr.
Vanderwent.

"I am very glad to see you, Captain,"
said Mr. Lynmore, taking the old man's
hand; and then he presented him to Mr.
Vanderwent.

His emotions were too deep for words. Corny was more bewildered than ever for he was now the centre of attraction.

world 'n my Corny," said Job, warmly.
"I'm rather sorry for Tim Twitterton, for he done me a good turn."

"And this is the way you pay me for it," groaned the culprit.
"When you tried to make it out that

beggar. I have always been sorry I id not go down in her. I lost all I ad, and my health, too, when we were ilmost into New York."

"Can you tell us the particulars of the wreek, Captain Penguin?" said Mr. Vanderwent; and all present were satisfied that he had robbed the firm of six or ten hundred dollars; that he had discovered the leak in the money drawer, and instead of stopping it, had turned for it. We had bad weather on the voyage, and made a long passage. Off Phyre Island Beech we had a hurricane. It came suddenly, and caught us too far in shore. We struck on a bar, and knocked a hole in the ship's bottom. The sea "Here is one more link in the chain,"

I suppose, paid his espenses to Brazili on condition that he should take you out of his way in New York."
"He had a sore head when I left him,"

master.

"I'm glad to see you, Captain Penguin," said Mr. Vanderwent, giving him his hand. "I hope you will stay and dine with us."

"Thank you, sir. I shall be glad to dine with you. I used to dine with the first merchants in New York, if I am in the Snug Harbour; but I'm all broken.

Lanny gave him both her hands, which, in the excitement of the moment, he pressed till she blushed crimson.

"Mr. Vanderwent, I congratulate you," said Mr. Lynmore, "not so much because you have found a son—for that may not always be a blessing," and he glanced at Mr. Twitterton—"but because you have found so good a son. Cornelius you have found so good a son.

dine with you. I used to dine with the first merchants in New York, if I am in the Snug Harbour; but I'm all broken down now; my health's shattered, and I'm like an old hulk that is east by the storm on the sands."

"But your memory is still good, isn't it?" inquired Mr. Vanderwent.

"Well, no; not very. You see I got a blow on the head in the wreek and world's my Corpy" said Joh. To better boy in the world's my Corpy" said Joh. To better boy in the world's my Corpy" said Joh. To be the man in the weak and moble as he is brave."

"The prohetical old souls who this spring foretold for Winnipeg a summer of typhoid, scarlet, and yellow fever, in think the change is an improvement."

"There ain't no better boy in the world's my Corpy" said Joh. To be the look upon their careworn in the said the boy; "I r'n't got no pocket."

The prohetical old souls who this spring foretold for Winnipeg a summer of typhoid, scarlet, and yellow fever, is small-pox, cholera, measles, whooping-to the prohetical old souls who this spring foretold for Winnipeg a summer of typhoid, scarlet, and yellow fever, is mall-pox, cholera, measles, whooping-to the prohetical old souls who this spring foretold for Winnipeg as unmer of typhoid, scarlet, and yellow fever, is made to boy; "I r'n't got no pocket."

"The prohetical old souls who this spring foretold for Winnipeg as unmer of typhoid, scarlet, and yellow fever, is an improve to have a possible to him; and he is as modest and noble as he is brave."

"The prohetical old souls who this spring foretold for Winnipeg as unmer of typhoid, scarlet, and yellow fever, is an improve to have a possible to him; and he is as modest and noble as he is brave."

"The reain't no better boy in the world in the wor

"When you tried to make it out that my boy was a thicf and a robber, you wiped it all out clean," replied Job.

"Yes you sculpin of criminality! you catfish of deceptful! you lobster of impudence! you bad oyster——"

"Kinder easy, Betsy Ann," interposed Job.

The evidence against Tim Twitterton was rehearsed in the presence of Mr. Vanderwent: and all present were satis-

and instead of stopping it, had turned the leakage into his own pocket. It had been shown that he tried to get rid of shore. We struck on a bar, and knocked a hole in the ship's bottom. The sea washed clean over us; but I cut away the bulwarks on the leaked, and got a whale boat ready to launch—I always liked a whale boat in a heavy sca. I had six passengers one of them was a lady what did you say his name was?" said he old shipmaster, suddenly turning to Mr. Lynmore, who sat beside him.

"Mr. Vanderwent."

"Yanderwent. "I know his hand have turned the leakage into his own pocket. It had stready considered him of the imposition upon Mr. Leffingwell," added Mr. Leffingwell, and deal of shipping the strish mar cets with American lady who was travelling from Detroit to Preston, N. J., while the train was near Eastwood gave birth to a child. At Woodstock the conductor had her carefully removed to a hotel. A number of ladies on board the ear did everything possible for their fellow traveller.

"Here is one more link in the chain," Vanderwent. "I know his handhal the turned to get a from Detroit to Preston, N. J., while the train was near Eastwood gave birth to a child. At Woodstock the conductor had her carefully removed to a hotel. A number of ladies on board the ear did everything possible for their fellow traveller.

"Here is one more link in the chain," traveller.

"The letter was written by my cousin, Sam Leffingwell," added Mr. Leffingwell and Mr. Leffingwell produced another writing very well."

Mr. Lynmore, who sat beside him.

"We had been stop to far in the state to get rid of the was nearly the same."

"Vanderwent; that was the name of the was benefit to present the carefully removed to a hotel. A number of ladies on board the ear did everything possible for them to a child. At Woodstock the conductor had her carefully removed to a hotel. A number of ladies on board the ear did everything possible for their fellow train was near Eastwood gave birth to a child. At Woodstock the conductor had her carefully

States is stringy and hard. The consequence of a conclusion of this kind, as a matter of course, would be failure. To present such a termination of a very

sustain their growther the accepted a situation in the office of a civil engineer, but he does not amount to much. When the period of his exile that expired, and he was invited to spend an afternoon at his uncle's, he realized an afternoon at

been done. He was a handsome man, and many a maiden envied the beautiful bride the possession of such a noble and attractive husband.

"Well, Corny, you're spliced now, and I s'pose you won't have much time to think of the old folks over on Long I sland," said Job, giving one hand to each of the married pair.

"As much as ever I had," replied Mr. Vanderwent, Jr., warmly. "I never shall forget you, and never go back on you."

"That's you, Corny! God bless you

seythe must run the isk of a week or tat case on this more before he can r tat case on this more before he can r tat case on this for export packing purpose, is from two hundred and fifty pounds downwards. The well bred Essex of Berkshire hog will not lose more than from ten to fifteen per cent. in offal, whereas the coarse, long-snout, slab-sided, racer-built animal, while devouring five times as much food, will lose in offal fully twenty pounds of the net weight. Some of the paper as good against these as the borer. He had no losses last year. This is the coarse, long-snout, slab-sided, racer-built animal, while devouring five times as much food, will lose in offal fully twenty pounds of the net weight. Some of the paper as good against these as the borer. He had no losses last year. This is the coarse, long-snout, slab-sided, racer-built animal, while devouring five times as much food, will lose in offal fully twenty pounds of the net weight. Some of the pork packers have acquainted themselves the cacher has been eloquent in instance in favor of the same moment, probably, be recalling the cacher has silent teacher has silent

THE APPLE TREE BORER.

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THE LARGEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD .- The bridge over the Frith of Forth will, it is said by the London Builder, be by far the largest bridge in the world. It will be 150 feet in height and will contain nearly 100 spans. The greater span in the centre will be 1,000 feet wide, or nearly a third of a mile in extent, dimensions which are without parallel for any similar piece of architect construction; and the similar openings or spans will be 150 feet in width, being or spans will be 150 feet in width, being considerably beyond the average dimensions of the largest spans in ordinary bridges. It will cost at least \$100,000,

The feeling which still exists in Virginia against the negro, is shown by the following paragraphs from the Richmond Enquirer, many such having appeared during the election campaign:—The white women of Virginia, who are immediately concerned in the success of the Conservative party should recognize no man who fails to vote, and thus preser-no man who fails to vote, and thus preserimmediately concerned in the saccess of the Conservative party should recognize no man who fails to vote, and thus preserve their status." "Every white mother, wife, daughter, and sister should see to it, that every father, husband, and brother, and sweetheart votes, to prevent having you placed upon social negro equality."

sentence out; I did not visit any other persons that evening, but next morning early I went down to see the late Mr. Ross, who was known and called Chief Justice of the Provisional Government under Riel, for the purpose of appealing to him on behalf of the prisoner, but he was not at home; I called upon Mr. Bannatyne, and told him what was going on; he had not heard of it and did

attempted to see Riel at once, but was told he was not at the Fort; I went at once to see Scott who was above the company's office, which was used as a prison; he was alone; there was a guard at the door; a tew days before Scott was handcuffed and shackled, but at this time he did not have these

on, and was perfectly free from these he informed me that he had had wha they called a trial, and was condemned to be shot; that he had obje trial as it was conducted in a language he did not understand; Riel told him that it did not matter much as he (Scott) was a bad man and was to die was with him between two and three hours on that evening; his mind was unsettled, but he said they were bad enough to do it; the only question was would they dare to do it; he made