

Miscellaneous.

The most memorable, in some respects, of all the sieges of Gibraltar, was the last, called the "great siege"—one of the mighty struggles of history—which began in the year 1779. The famous General Elliot was commander of the fortress. Spain, in alliance with France and Morocco, endeavored to surprise Gibraltar; but a Swedish ship gave Elliot the alarm. The garrison comprised but five companies of artillery, and the whole force was less than five thousand five hundred men. The enemy's force was fourteen thousand. The siege began by the blockading of the port; and a camp was formed at San Roque, with the design of starving out the garrison. When the English Governor, resolved to open fire upon his besiegers, a lady in the garrison fired the first shot. Never did a siege-war rage more furiously than did this for nearly three years. The garrison was often reduced to sore straits for food. "A goose was worth a guinea," and Elliot tried upon himself the experiment of living upon four ounces of rice a day for a week. Exciting stories are told of the privations, that ran in, amid dangers, with provisions, and of the storms which threw welcome wood and cork within the reach of the besieged. The rock at one time would surely have been taken had it not been for Admiral Rodney, who, sailing off the strait, captured a Spanish fleet of Spanish warships, merchantmen, and clearing the strait of besiegers, brought his prizes into port. But all danger was not yet averted; Gibraltar was again blockaded; scurvy broke out in the garrison, and Morocco refused her harbors to English ships. The enemy crept closer and closer to the fortress, till, after enduring every now and then enabled the English still to hold out. The siege was almost destroyed; scarcely a house was habitable, and those left standing were perched by shot and shell. At one time the desperate garrison felt to plunder the town. Elliot shot the leaders in this outrage. The long agony, full of terrific combats and frightful privations, ended by the final abandonment of the fortress, 1782. If in that year the English had not made up their minds that they must let go their American colonies, they had at least the consolation that Gibraltar was still theirs.

FACTS ABOUT SLEEP.

Without a full proportion of sound and regular sleep, the minds sooner or later fail of elasticity, the vigor and life, to be followed by nervousness, weakness of intellect, softening of the brain, insanity and death. The varying amount of sleep required in individual cases, and at different times, renders it impossible to make any fixed rules upon the subject, and each observant individual will soon learn the requirements of his own system. Alfred of England divided the day into three portions of eight hours each, one of which he assigned to sleep. Bishop Taylor considered three hours, and Richard Baxter four hours' sleep sufficient for any man. Frederick of Prussia and Napoleon, as a general thing, devoted only three or four hours to sleep. Individual cases are authentic, of persons reaching advanced age without ever having had more than one or two hours of sleep out of the twenty-four. Wesley states, however, that during his long life he never spent a year in which he did not sleep a large proportion of the time in sleep, though in some instances it may be short and light. The average of humanity requires fully seven hours' sleep and the number who can maintain mental and body vigor with less amount of sleep is far exceeded by those whose systems demand even more than seven hours.

The influence of habit in promoting or preventing sleep is remarkable. Those accustomed to the quiet of rural districts are annoyed by the din of city thoroughfares. Men who are in the habit of sleeping in buildings occupied by noisy machinery awake the moment the wheels stop, and cogs and gears come to a standstill. It is said that those who live near the cataracts of Niagara or the Nile cannot sleep at a distance from them, owing to their having become accustomed to the roar of waters. Well attested cases are recorded where soldiers would sleep, after extreme fatigue and exhaustion, on the ground by the side of a twenty-four pound which was being constantly fired. Marines slept from fatigue on board of Nelson's ship at the battle of the Nile. Even boiler-makers have been known to sleep in a boiler while the men were constantly hammering. Sleep can continue even in the most trying circumstances. Couriers on long journeys nap on horse back, coachmen on their boxes, and in these latter days many travellers sleep soundly in palace cars or sleeping coaches.

Among the impressive incidents of Sir John Moore's disastrous retreat to Corunna, in Spain, not the least striking is the recorded fact that many of his soldiers steadily pursued their march while fast asleep. It is said by military authorities that the march of Napoleon's army was not so much hindered by the march of his army as it was by the march of his army. Franklin slept nearly an hour while swamping on his back. Many singular occurrences prove conclusively that sleep in not incompatible with motion. Birds that roost in sitting position are furnished with a well adapted mechanism which keeps them firmly supported without voluntary or conscious action. The tendon of the claws is so arranged as to be tightened by their weight when the

thighs are bent, thus contracting closely, and grasping the bough or perch. In certain other animals that sleep erect the articulations of the foot and knee are described as resembling the spring of a pocket-knife, which opens the instrument and serves to keep the blade in a line with handle. All animated nature seems to be dependent upon the recuperative power of sleep.

Two horse thieves were hunted down and shot dead at Buena Vista, Arkansas, the other day, when it was found that one of them was a young and handsome woman. There was no clue to the identity of either, and they were buried where they fell.

"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit." If you take off still another still the whole of "it" remains. If you take off still another, it is still "it" totally up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit" you must throw it off altogether.

Chisholm's Rapids, upon the Trent, are the favorite fishing grounds in Ontario for frogs for the markets of New York. The fishermen use nets and catch from 200 to 400 a day during the season, though one man has caught 1,000, which, the frogs selling for one cent each, gave him \$11 for his day's work.

The flouring mills industry of the United States is said to rank next to iron. The number of mills is over 25,000, affording employment to 600,000 men whose annual wages are about \$20,000,000 and turning out yearly about 50,000,000 barrel of flour, of which 4,000,000 are exported to foreign countries.

A man named Thos. Berton, clerk in Claffin & Co's., New York, since 1866, confessed the other day that he had stolen during the past six years property from his employers to the amount of \$50,000. The greater part of it was cotton spool thread and needles. He gave up his bank account of \$12,000 on being arrested.

The Royal Exchange was founded by Edward III. to facilitate the exchange of gold and silver coin. Certain persons in London and other places where made the only exchangers of money. When they gave silver for gold, they gave one silver penny less for each rose noble than its current value, and when they gave gold for silver they took one penny more.

The largest body of tin ore in the world has been found within thirty miles of San Bernardino, Cal. Tin is a metal in universal demand, and the supply is quite limited. The total product from all sources, Great Britain included, does not average 25,000 tons a year. The United States annually imports about \$17,000,000 worth of this metal. Should the ore be as abundant as it is said to be, it will be a new source of riches to California and the whole country.

Romanian agriculturists have been a good deal disturbed by the sudden appearance of a species of mole, yellowish in color and of a snake-like appearance, which has already destroyed 120 acres of wheat, part of the ground being so effectually cleared that it is impossible to tell what species of grain had been sown thereon. These animals disappear during the daytime in holes dug in the earth and come out at night to commence their depredations. The oldest inhabitants of the district have never seen anything of the kind before.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Mr. C. R. Tuttle, the historian of Canada, whose latest works we noticed two weeks ago, is only thirty years of age, having been born at Wallace, Cumberland County, on the 14th of March, 1848. He was engaged as a coal miner at Macanac in 1862. The mining industry of that occupation he applied to education himself. First, a farmer's boy; then a miner; next a student; a teacher in his native Province; a reporter for a Boston daily paper; city editor; managing editor; then a successful journalist for three years; lastly, an author who has produced eleven books of his story more or less meritorious and a couple of successful novels. Mr. Tuttle's career has been one of regular progress, creditable to himself and this his native Province.—*Eastern Chron.*

LEARN A TRADE.

There is a large amount of good sense stored in the following words, written by Horace Greeley while editing the New York Tribune:—

"It is a great source of consolation to us, that when the public shall be tired of an editor, we can make a satisfactory livelihood at setting type or farming; so that while our strength lasts ten thousand blockheads taking offence at some article they do not understand could not drive us to the poorhouse."

The young man who has a good trade, be it that of a mechanic or a farmer—for true farming is a trade—has a sure foundation from which to build. The following anecdote, though an old one, is worth reading again and the lesson it teaches should be heeded:—

A clerk had faithfully served Stephen Girard from boyhood to manhood. On his twenty-first birthday day he went to the merchant and told him his time was up. He expected a promotion, but Girard said to him:—

"Very well. Now go and learn a trade." "What trade, sir?" "Good barrels and butts must be in demand while you live. Go and learn the cooper's trade, and when you have a perfect barrel, bring it to me."

The young man went away and learned the trade, and in time brought to his old master a splendid barrel of his own make. Girard examined it, and gave the maker two thousand dollars for it, and they said to him:—

"Now, sir, I want you in my counting room; but henceforth you will not be dependent on the whim of Stephen Girard. Let what will come you have a good trade always in reserve."

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Bridgetown, July 19th, 1876. 6m n15

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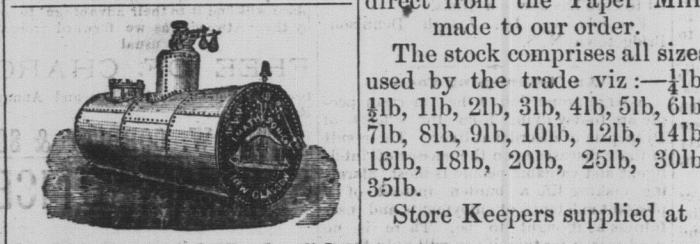
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Those acquainted with a ring will understand the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put up in this manner.

All our goods have our name and address upon them. None other are genuine.

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BETTER STILL

THE Subscribers have lately received per "Albion,"

100 lbs. Choice Flour, "Gold Drop," 100 lbs. Fresh Graham Meal, 50 "Cracked Corn."

Arrived to-day by "T. B. Harris," direct from Mills—200 lbs. Flour, "Mistletoe," "White Eagle," and "Avalanche." Also in stock—40 Bags Layer Raisins, do. 1 box "Porto Rico" Sugar, Tea, Biscuits, Spices, &c.

Salt, coarse and fine, Pickled, Dried and Canned Fish. A few casks of Kerosene, by cask 25 cents. Agent for Higgins, Crow & Co's. Confectionery.

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THE LYRE BIRD.

One of nature's singular and beautiful freaks is found embodied in the the lyre-bird, an inhabitant of the mountains of Australia. It seems strange enough to find this large bird classes with the wren family, those tiny warblers of English hedgerows, but science pronounces them of similar construction, however different in appearance. The name of lyre-bird has been bestowed on account of the resemblance of the tail feathers of the male to an ancient lyre, but the natives of Australia call it *butia butia*, in imitation of its wild, shrill cry. The color of its plumage is rich rather than brilliant. Mostly of a dark brownish gray, it is brightened by red on the throat and the short feathers at the base of the tail.

It is very shy in its habits, choosing haunts among the thickly wooded cliffs which are almost inaccessible to the most daring hunter. Its nest is generally placed in the crotch of some tree very near the ground, as it is not a bird of lofty flight, and loves best to hide among the low overgrowth of the forest. Its nest is roughly built of sticks and leaves of a round form, with the entrance on one side, and seen from a little distance resembles a heap of forest rubbish tumbled together by chance; but, inside, nothing could exceed the softness and coziness of the feather lining supplied by the mother. In this downy nest she deposits one single egg of ashy gray spotted with brown. As she only nests once a year, it is natural that these birds should not be very numerous. They are generally found in isolated pairs, and the male jealously resents any infringement upon his domain, fighting with a good will any other suitor that may dare to cast eyes on his lady. This jealousy is made use of by the natives to entrap the bird. They fasten a tail from some captured bird upon the head, and concealing themselves in the bushes, move sufficiently to give a natural swaying motion to the feathers. When the male sees the appearance of a supposed rival, he advances, furious for battle, and falls an easy prey to the hunter.

The lyre bird might properly be called the Australian mocking-bird, for, besides its own peculiar note, it imitates the song of other birds, and even human voices. A saw-mill was at one time situated among the Australian mountains where these birds were known to have their haunts. On holidays, when the mill was stopped and all was still, from out the wild, unbroken forest came sounds of human laughter and singing, barking of dogs, even an imitation of the rough rasping noise of the saw, mingled with notes of all kinds of birds, and at intervals the sharp, shrill *butia-butia*, which betrayed the lyre-bird as the imitative singer. Efforts have been made to raise the young of the lyre-bird, but they invariably droop and die after a few months of captivity.—HELEN S. CONANT, in *Harper's Magazine* for August.

The potato bugs attempted to fly over Saratoga lake, in New York. They miscalculated as to distance, and it was noticed that being unable to reach the opposite shore, dropped to the surface of the water; and were at once carried under by the immense school of fish in it. The farmers at once began to rejoice at what they regarded as an ominous Presidential omen, and the potato bug soon the gladness was turned into fresh trouble, for it was found that the fish, unable to digest the hard shells of the bugs, died and were washed up on the shore in large quantities. Many of them have been found filled with hundreds of the bugs.

A spoonful of vinegar should always be put into water in which fish is boiled.

Sprigs of wintergreen or ground ivy will drive away red ants; branches of wormwood will serve the same purpose for black ants.

STAIN ON THE HANDS.—When there is danger of staining the hands from preparing fruit and vegetables, rub them with fresh lard.

When washing cloths, put a little milk in the last water they are washed with. This will keep them bright and clean longer than clear water.

To keep lemons fresh, place them in a jar with water enough to cover them. They will keep fresh in this way several days without changing the water.

MUSLIN GOWNS.—Soft tinted muslins require careful washing. They will not fade if soaked and rinsed in a solution of one tablespoonful of alum and one of salt in one gallon of water.

Meat can be prevented from scorching, during the roasting process, by simply placing a basin or cup of water in the oven. The steam generated not only prevents scorching, but makes the meat cook nicer.

TO CLEAN SMOKY MARBLE.—Brush a paste of chloride of lime and water over the entire surface. Grease spots can be removed from marble by applying a paste of crude potash and whitening in this manner.

A lump of bread about the size of a billiard ball, tied up in a linen bag and placed in the pot in which greens are boiling, will absorb the gases which oftentimes send such an insupportable odor to the regions above.

To remove smoke and dust from wall-paper, tie a large piece of clean white cloth over a broom, and brush the wall down well. Then take a stale loaf of bread, cut it open, and rub the soft side all over the paper. Be sure and rub downward. It will also remove spots of lime or white wash.

DEODORIZERS.—A pail of clear water in a newly painted room will remove the sickening odor of paint. Coffee pounded in a mortar and roasted on an iron plate, sugar burned on hot coals, and vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture in the sick room are excellent deodorizers.

WASHING GLOVES.—The cheap Austrian gloves which look as well as kid can be washed a dozen times if need be. Put them on and scrub them thoroughly with borax and water. Rub them dry with a smooth cloth not taking them off while a drop of moisture remains in them.

There is a genuine ring about a colored sermon, colored only as to orthography. The tinted Johnson's hold of a bottom fact on which to base his theory, and it would be a harm to find it away among the pale faces.

Breddren, 'y' sp'ience is dat it a de profession of 'ligion, but de 'casual practice of it dat makes a man 'e table up yender. Then yer gits to golden gate, and Peter look yer right eye and yer shows him yer lo' creed an' says, p'ompsious like, dat 'longed ter de 'big 'Discipalian Church de 'Postle 'I shake his head an' say, 'Dat ain't yer get, yer through. But if yer takes all yer bills and yer arm, yer grocer bills an' yer rent bill, an' he looks 'em over an' finds 'em an' unlocks de gate an' let yer pass yer voice for de angelic song. But ain't no use ter travel along dat r'per path 'less yer can Kerry, folded in yer creed, a good rec'mendation from year creditors. Hebben ain't place for a man who has to dodge round a corner for fear de creditor who'll ask for dat little bill dat neb' was paid."

HIS RECOLLECTION OF IT.

"Now, Leander, my dear, I want y to be sure and not forget to bring the few things when you come down night," says the young wife, just before the kiss and "good-by" at the sumer hotel, in the morning, as the gentlemen were starting for the city.

"Certainly not, my love. And this is the way the list ran:—

1. Two yards of blue braid. 2. Three yards of Hamburg edging. 3. My new braid from the hair store. 4. Half a dozen of each of names. 5. Box of pearl powder from my per drawer. 6. 'Modern Minister' from Lorin Library.

Arriving in town, he forgot all ab the list that late in the afternoon, then he couldn't find it in any of his pockets; but hadn't he read it over and didn't he recollect all of it? Of course he did, and this is what he brought home to his expectant wife:—

1. Two yards of blue braid. 2. Three yards of handsome net (mosquito). 3. Some blue braid. 4. Half a dollar's worth of canned soup. 5. Box of sediz powder. 6. Loring said he hadn't got a such book as 'The Mug and Canister' in the library. Exclamation on reading the above:—"O, Leander, Leander, you must have been dining at that club again, or you could not have made such a mistake!"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

BEAT THE THERMOMETER.

Wednesday when the boiling, spring masses discovered that the thermometers down town marked 100 degrees in the shade, they wiped off their chins and congratulated each other on having lived to see such a period. At the time that every body was happiest, among came small boy whose face was as red as a beet and whose eyes shone like glass.

"Where's a doctor?" he called out he entered a crowd.

"Here, boy—what's the matter?" plied one of the men as he reached to detain the boy.

"Hull fan'y freesin' to death at house he explained. 'De doctor in down stair bed-room, shakin' and e'erin' an' callin' on me to bring red hot tea and put bricks to his feet. Mam she's up-stairs, with four qu and a carpet over her, but I heard shiver clear down to the corner, sister she's got her feet in the oven, and is writing an ode to winter, and brother Bill he's lyin' on the sun on the sidewalk an' axin' ev' body to lend him some Kyanu pep to help start a circulation."

"Is—that—so?" slowly queried a sen.

"Course it is! Hain't I down to after a doctor? I seed 'em all, I wish some of you fellers would tell if the weather reports predict a chance to warmer weather."

The thermometer still marked plumb, but as the cry again turned to the figures there seemed to be a gone some where—a of aching void which figures could fill.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The man who is always bragging to his wife about his night in a always lets her get up in the night to medicine for the children.

Joker's Corner.

A new form of the "Jingo" rhyme pitifully and sentimentally:—

We don't want to fight; but by Jingo, if we do, We won't go to the front ourselves, but we'll send the mild Jingo.

WELSH RARE BIT.

A writer in a contemporary across a charming poem with this:—

—Poor Nancy Jones of Llanfairpw gwyn gongobwidi llandysilligogo! touches one stanza as a specimen of touching verses in which the poet ments the fate of his heroine:—

The winter passed, the spring-time came, the summer saw a shone bright— A green grave lies beneath the shade Snowden's kindly height; And many a tear I shed for her who lies dead so low.

And Nancy Jones of Llanfairpw gwyn g