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The Weekly Monitor

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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor

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Williamston, June 17 '84.13tz23.

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HARNESESS
—IN—
GOLDPLATE, SILVER, NICKLE, BRASS, & X O PLATE,
which I will sell low for cash or approved credit. Also in stock a large assortment of
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300 BUS. PLASTERER'S HAIR
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George Murdoch.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 12. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1884. NO. 20.

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Mill, Steamboat, and Railroad Supplies,
41 DOCK ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
Rubber and Leather Belting, Rubber and Linen Hose, Lace Leather and Cut Lacing, Cotton Waste and Steam Packing, Lubricating Oils, Mill Files, Emery Wheels, Emery Cloth, and Emery, Wrought Iron Pipe, Cast Iron Water Pipe, Steam, Gas, and Water Fittings, Steam Pumps, Steam Gauges, Injectors, Bolts, Nuts and Washers, Babbitt Metal and Antimony, Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Rich's Patent Saw Sharpener and Gummer, for Grinding Saws.
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Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of five or six years, enabling a person of very moderate means to secure this invaluable work.

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MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.
And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Does 1 teasp'n to pail full of food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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SINGLE BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN. Patented July 27th, 1880. THE BEST GUN IN THE MARKET
Has Top Snap Action, Rebounding Lock, Pistol Grip, Patent Fore-end Fastening. Uses either Paper or Brass Central Fire Shells. The brass shells can be reloaded many hundred times, making it cost no more to shoot than a muzzle loader.
PRICES: Plain Barrel, 12 bore, $15; do., 10 bore, $16; Twist Barrel, 12 bore, $18; do., 10 bore, $19.
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Wholsale and Retail Gun Dealers, - - BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.
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MANUFACTURERS OF
FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,
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NOW is the time to leave your order at Morrison's, the Tailor. For the next THIRTY DAYS I will make suits
From $13.00 up
Latest styles, perfect fits and good work guaranteed.
Having received this week another lot of ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS AND WORSTEDS,
Which gives my customers a complete line of Goods to select from, at prices that defies competition. Call and be convinced at
A. J. MORRISON'S,
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NEAR THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
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Brackets, Bracket Stands, Easels, Mottoes, Frames, Mats, Xmas Cards.
Something new—Japanese Brackets. Call and see them.
Fine line of Pictures in Marine Views, Pastoral Scenes, views of notable places, etc.
Also portraits of notable men and women Longfellow, Evangeline, Mrs. Langtry, etc.
Picture framing done at short notice. different styles of moulding to select from.
All kinds of Picture fixtures.
A call respectfully solicited,
Bridgetown, Dec. 19, '83. 6t

A FINE LOT OF
TWEEDS —AND— WORSTEDS
have just arrived at the
"BLUE" STORE,
where persons wanting can examine them.
JOHN. H. FISHER, Prop.
Bridgetown. March 6, '84.

THE EXCELSIOR
Carpet Fasteners!
The Greatest Invention of the Age for Putting Down Carpets.
THEY SAVE TIME, CARPETS, MONEY, AND PATIENCE!
PRICE, FROM $3.00 TO $4.50 PER GROSS.
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General Agent for Kings, Annapolis, Digby and Yarmouth Counties.
A good, reliable, live man wanted to canvas Digby County. n3tf

Celebrated Rubber Bucket
CHAIN PUMPS!
ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.
Pumps Complete,
or in parts to suit.
FLOUR AND MEAL AT 25 CENTS ADVANCE ON COST.
LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO
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AT PRIMROSE'S
Drug Store
ANNAPOLIS,
Will be found the best assortment of
FANCY GOODS!
PERFUMERY, SOAPS, and all TOILET ARTICLES, EVER OFFERED IN THE COUNTY.
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Bridgetown N. S., near Presbyterian Church.
Coffins and Caskets, and Coffin trimmings, in all styles, always on hand. All branches of this department of his business will receive the most careful attention. 36lyr

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS AND DESCRIPTION EXECUTED AT THE OFFICE OF THIS PAPER.

Poetry.

Mother's Letters.

Mother's letters! precious things!
Speeding with their snowy wings!
Waited for by household bands,
In all countries and all lands!

Mother's letter to her boy!
See him grasp it, oh! what joy!
Now with tears his eyes are dim—
Mother, dear, believes in him.

Tender thoughts from mother's pen
He must read to listening men,
They in camp, or 'marching through,'
May have anxious mothers, too.

O'er the sea, from shore to shore,
'Mid the great Atlantic's roar,
Speed the little missives white,
On their rounds of love and light;

Cheering many a maiden's heart,
Forced from home and friends to part;
Checking many a lad's career
When the tempter lurketh near.

Mother's letters! full of love,
Oh, what comforters they prove
In the dark and dismal day,
When the sunlight gilds the way.

Mother's letters! precious things!
Speeding with their snowy wings!
Waited for by household bands,
In all countries and all lands.

Select Literature.

The Passenger's Story.

The night mail upon the Cumberland Valley Railroad had reached the heavy up grade a few miles beyond Kanakia station, when it became evident to the passengers that something had gone decidedly wrong. The speed of the train sensibly slackened; there came a series of tremendous jolts, accompanied by a curious and unpleasant whirring sound, followed in turn by complete stoppage. A dozen heads were thrust inquisitively out of the car windows, and as many voices insisted upon knowing all about it immediately. In these days of magnificent collisions and holocausts, the travelling public exhibits an astonishing amount of interest in railway concerns, to the great scorn and indignation of all officials connected.

'You have nothing to fear,' said the conductor, who passed through the car, superb in gold buttons and official's dignity. 'We have struck an up grade where an oil train stopped an hour ago. The tracks are oiled, and the drivers don't take hold. We shall get the sand running in half a minute.'

It was doubtless clear enough to those who understood such matters, but to me his explanation was mere jargon. As somebody said of Coleridge's commentary upon his poem, 'Christabel,' I wish he would explain his explanation.'

The gentleman who occupied the seat immediately in front of me, a fine middle-aged man, with an erect military air, seemed to have no difficulty in making out the state of affairs. He smiled and nodded with an exceedingly knowing look, and was preparing to settle himself comfortably in his seat again, when I tapped him upon the shoulder and said:

'Excuse me, sir, but what has happened? The conductor's explanation is Chinese to me. What does he mean by the track's being oiled?'

The gentleman turned about so as to face me.

'It is simple enough,' he said, courteously, 'to those who have an idea of railroad affairs. The power of an engine depends upon the friction of the drivers on the tracks—taking hold, as it is called. If there is oil upon the rails, especially upon an up grade, there is no friction, consequently the wheels simply spin around upon the tracks without moving the train.'

'Ah,' said I, 'I comprehend.'

'I could illustrate the case by an event which occurred to me upon this very spot some years ago. I have always thought it a rather remarkable circumstance, and perhaps you may find it so. The incident I refer to,' he continued, 'took place during the war. I was at the time Adjutant upon General Thomas' staff during the exciting and momentous campaign in the mountains of Tennessee. If you remember, there were many times when it was feared that our last hour had come. Our communications were repeatedly cut off, and our whole command in danger of instant destruction. I was at one of those times that the event I will relate occurred.

'We were at this time intrenched upon a spur of the hills around Chattanooga, whether we had been driven by the desperate courage of the confederates. Our own men had fought bravely and well, but they were exhausted with long marchs and constant action. Our stores had run low, and but one line of communication was left open to us—that of the railroad into the eastern part of the State. By a brilliant flank movement the confederates succeeded in throwing a line across the one highway; and there we were, hemmed in like a woodchuck in his burrow. Starvation or surrender stared us in the face. One or the other of these alternatives, we must accept in a few days at most, unless some unexpected change took place very speedily.

'It is, perhaps, difficult for us to comprehend the feelings of the commander, hitherto successful, and with the fate perhaps of a nation depending upon his action placed in such a position as our General then was. I saw his face grow hourly more pale and despairing, his step slower and more feeble, and his whole air that of a man whose heart and spirit were breaking under the strain. But Thomas was not the man to yield until every resource has been sounded to the bottom. And there was still one resource still left a very desperate and almost hopeless one, it is true.

'Forty miles to the westward of us, lay Stockton's command of nearly 30,000 men, serenely unconscious of our danger and their own. Several days before; Stockton had been directed to occupy a pass in the mountains on the left and wait until further orders Of course, unaware of the perdicament of the main army, he would make no movement to our relief. Communications were now cut off, and it seemed a matter of impossibility to reopen them through the heavy lines of confederates, which lay across the railroad. Gen. Thomas, however, determined to try it, and I was selected for the dangerous but honorable duty of the attempt.

'We had reason to suppose that the enemy had not destroyed the railroad, and that if we were not captured at the outset we might get an engine through to Kanakia station, where Stockton lay.

'At half-past ten-oclock my orders were given me, and I mounted the engine which was either to carry me to my death or save the army. It was not a powerful machine, but it was the best at our desposal, and in good order, fortunately. One of our men who had been a engineer, undertook to manage the engine, and another to fire it. Both were cool tried men, but as we stepped into the cab together I saw them shake hands with their comrades, and bid them farewell. Evidently neither of them expected to get through alive.

'Put in a couple of extra tallow cans, John,' said the engineer. 'We are going to make time and I expect the old machine will heat up finely.

'The cans were stowed away in the caboose, and the engineer opened the throttle valve, and amid an impressive silence, we moved slowly away. About two miles distant lay the first battery which the enemy had thrown up to command the road; beyond that were several more to say nothing of several picket lines scattered along the tracks. So you will perceive we were to run a pretty warm gauntlet.

'We had proceeded out a very short distance when there was a flash and a report from the shrubbery skirting the road, and a bullet crashed through the window of the cab. An out-post had already discovered us, and had given us a foretaste of what was coming.

'Let her out,' I said to the engineer. 'There is no use in trying to hide ourselves. Speed is our only chance now.'

'Very good, sir,' replied the engineer, opening the valve as he spoke. The engine bounded like a spurred horse. On we went, swaying from side to side, until it seemed as if we must jump the track. Meanwhile our enemies along the track were not idle. Bullet after bullet whistled by us, but fortunately, what with the darkness and the rapidity of our motion, none of them reached us.

'We had now arrived in sight of the battery. By the lights moving hurriedly along the parapets, it was obvious that our approach was expected. As we passed abreast of the battery, it gave us its first complement in the shape of a round shot accompanied with a storm of grape. Here again, the darkness and our speed saved us. Several of the grape shot glanced off the frame of the engine without doing any damage.

'Give her some more fire, John,' said the engineer grimly. 'If they happen to knock a hole in us with one of those bits of iron, you won't do any more fireing, my boy, I can tell you that.'

'Not in this world, anyway,' responded the fireman, with saturnine humor. 'Can't tell what I may do in the next world William.'

'The reckless bravery of the two men, in the face of such danger, shamed way my tremor, and folded my arms and looked toward the battery, which was evidently preparing to give us another salute. It came in the shape of a conical shot, with so true an aim that it whizzed within a foot of the boiler, and carried off the bell, which fell with a clang among the bushes.

'Thank you,' said the engineer, with a grin. 'We don't need the bell, anyhow. You can use it yourselves to ring to dinner with.

'By this time we were out of the range of the first battery, and were under the guns of two more. These works had been constructed to command the junction of our road with another running south. There was also a station at this point, and as we whirled by, I caught sight of an engine upon a siding, with steam up. I caught sight of a number of men running towards it, as well as others busy with a car which stood near it. What they were at I could not make out, for we passed them like a flash of lightning. At this moment too, the batteries, which had probably received telegraphic notice of our approach, opened fire upon us, and for a moment the air seemed to be alive with shrieking iron.

'More fire, John,' cried the engineer; 'ram her full to the door, or it is all up with us.'

'The fireman stopped to obey, but at that moment a shell struck upon the caboose, and burst within three feet of us. It was a ten-inch monster, and how any of us escaped alive, I fail to see. As it was, when the dust and smoke cleared away, I found the top of the cab gone, a portion of the caboose torn off, and the fireman lying in a heap on the floor, with his arm broken.

'I'm knocked out, William,' he groaned; 'and now who's to fire her for the rest of the trip?'

'I will,' I said. 'I think I can manage it.'

'After placing the poor fellow in as comfortable a position as possible, I seized the shovel and began my new duties.

'By this time we had passed out of the range of the batteries, which now and then, however, sent a sullen shot in our direction, as a parting evidence of their goodwill.

'We are safe!' I said, with a sigh of relief; 'that was their last line of works. The road is clear before us.'

'I hope so sir,' responded the engineer. 'How is your arm, John?'

'Very bad William,' groaned the fireman, 'but that ain't the worst of it. We ain't through with the trouble yet.'

'What do you mean I asked. 'The scouts say that there are no troops beyond us, except our own at Canokia station.'

'But they are following us,' replied the poor fireman. They are after us hot and heavy.'

'I looked at the engineer under the impression that the fireman was in a delirium with his injury.

'He's right, Captain,' said the engineer listening intently. 'Sure as fate they have pulled out that engine we saw at the junction, and are chasing us.'

'But there's no possibility of their over taking us,' I replied.

'Don't know about that,' he said, gravely. 'That engine is a heavy one, and I have seen her make a good fifty miles with a train behind her. This one is a light machine, and I can't promise more than forty at the most. Besides they have the advantage of us in the fact that they have a car attached, and we are running alone.'

'I should suppose that our lightness would be rather in our favor than otherwise,' I responded.

'Got something to balance her,' grunted the fireman, sententiously.

'John is right,' explained the engineer. 'You see, sir, if an engine has no weight behind her she is apt to jump and pound the rails, and if you put her at her full speed, to get off the track altogether. So, while the engine behind us can do her level best, we can't even let her out to forty miles, without danger of a smash up.'

I now comprehended the extent of our peril. To have been killed by a round shot from the fort would have been a soldier's death. To be run down and picked off coolly like ducks on a puddle, was to put it mildly, a decidedly undignified way of settling accounts with the world. As for surrender, I am certain that neither of my comrades thought of it as a means of escape any more than I did. A sacred trust, involving the fate of an army, perhaps of a nation, had been placed with us. To yield it to any but the skeleton hand of death itself, was a notion which never entered our heads. It was then life and more than life that hung upon the issue, and it was with such sensations as come to few men's experience, that we listened to the dull roar of the approaching engine.

'Meanwhile our own little machine was not idle. I kept the furnace at a white heat. The steam, pent up in the boiler, groaned and wheezed like the breathing of an imprisoned giant. The wheels spun around upon the tracks, crashing from side to side, until there were moments when even the engineer peered with a startled eye out of the side window at the complicated mechanism below. As we passed over a long trestle bridge across a wide marsh, I saw, emerging from the shadows at the other end, the black form of the pursuing engine, followed by the car, through whose lighted windows a crowd of armed men were visible. Here we had a momentary advantage, for desperate as our enemies might be, their engineer dared not carry his weighty engine over the light framework as rapidly as we had gone. It was but a trifling gain, however, for once once on the solid roadbed again the monster came on at a redoubled speed.

'More fire, Captain,' muttered the engineer at this moment. 'On this grade we must do our best, or it will be all over in five minutes.'

'I opened the furnace door and began to shovel in the coal. Upon the instant there was a dash and report from the cab windows of the pursuing engine, and a rifle ball smashed the clock in our cab, within an inch of the engineer's head.

'The flames gave them a fine mark,' observed the engineer, calmly. 'That ball was meant for me, and but for the swaying of the engine, it would have hit, too.'

'I completed my task as speedily as possible and closed the furnace door. We were now in darkness again, and if a ball reached us it must be by accident. Our enemies made no further attempt, however, confident, doubtless, of running us down very shortly. And well they might be. We had ten miles to run before reaching a point where they would themselves be in danger of capture or destruction from our own division at Kanakia. During the last ten miles they had decreased the distance one-half, and running as we now were, and it would be all up with us in five miles more.

'Is there nothing we can do?' I asked anxiously.

'Pitch something on the track,' said the fireman from his corner. 'Maybe you can catch their wheels? Try one of those fire bars.'

'It's a good idea John,' replied the engineer. 'Perhaps you had better make the experiment, Captain.'

'I seized one of the heavy bars, a piece of metal as thick as a crowbar and ten feet long, and clambering over the coal in the caboose, leaned down and dropped the bar as nearly as I could across the track. Heaven forgive me! But with what interest I waited for some crash or outcry which should signal the destruction of our pursuers! In a moment there was a sharp clang along the rails behind us, and a crackling among the bushes lining the road.

'She has kicked it off,' said the engineer. 'Try my heavy overcoat. I've known a piece of cloth like that to get among the wheels and jam them so that you couldn't stir them an inch.'

'I did as directed. The garment fell across the track, and exactly where the forward trucks would strike it. Presently there was a heavy jolting sound behind us, and a shrill escape of steam.

'Caught! cried the engineer.' If it has only wedged into the piston bar, they may work it out.'

Some accident had certainly happened to our enemies, for all sounds of pursuit rapidly died away, and we began to breathe freer. We had now reached a point within five miles of Kanakia, in two or three more we should be within the line of our out-posts. At this moment, I saw the engineer lean forward and listen again intently.

'What is it?' I asked.

'After us again,' he said quietly. 'The coat merely retarded them a little. There they are!'

I could now plainly perceive the black figure of the engine, emitting white clouds of steam into the pale night sky, whirling swiftly around a curve not sixty rods behind. Angered at the delay, and knowing that if we were to be captured at all, it must be within the next ten minutes, they were coming more rapidly than ever. We were at the foot of this very up grade where we are now. It extends for nearly three miles beyond Kanakia, and is one of the heaviest in the country. It was at this point that our fate was decided. From the moment we ran up to it our light engine began to lose ground hopelessly. Our pursuers were now so near that we could plainly observe the men in the engine cab by the light of the gage lamp. The platform of the car was crowded with men cocking their muskets and making ready for an exterminating volley.

'Oh, for five minutes more!' I groaned. 'It is horrible to be trapped or killed in sight of friends and safety.

'Yes,' muttered the engineer, 'there is no hope now. When they fire there won't be much left of us. And they will too, in half a moment.'

'I've an idear,' said the fireman arising stiffly from his corner. 'I can't fight, and I can't fire the machine, but I've one arm left, and that'll do to hold her steady while you and William are putting a spoke in their wheel.'

'But how?' cried the engineer. 'Speak quick John; moments are gold now.'

'Where are the tallow cans we put on board,' asked the fireman.

'Bravo, John, just the thing!' exclaimed the engineer, as if perceiving a meaning in the other's words which escaped me utterly. 'Captain those dispatches are safe, and you owe it to John for I should never have thought of it in a lifetime.'

By this time the fireman was standing at the valves, and the engineer had found the tallow cans, two brass vessels each holding a gallon or more, with long curved spouts. One of them he gave to me, while he kept the other himself, and we scrambled over the coal to the rear of the tender. I had not the remotest idea of what we were going to accomplish and there was no time to lose in any explanation.

'Now, said my companion in an excited tone, 'lean over and pour your tallow carefully upon the track as we go along. Don't waste a drop, and don't leave a foot of rail unoiled.'

'I obeyed him in silence, and soon the tracks for a long distance behind us were shining with the thick greasy fluid. When the contents of the cans were exhausted, the engineer said, as he arose from his cramped position.

'I think we've fixed them. John, old man, you can ease her up a trifle. We needn't smash the machine with trying to get away. We shall have no more trouble to-night.

I looked back and saw that our pursuers had just reached the oiled section of the track. Their own momentum carried them forward some distance, then there was a harsh, whirling sound, and a furious escape of steam. All was plain to me now. On the up grade, the drivers, finding no resistance on the oiled track, whirled around without bearing the engine on a foot. It was as helpless as a hamstrung elephant.

At this moment a shot was fired in the road before us, and a hoarse voice commanded us to halt. Well aware that we were now among friends, our engine was stopped, and the facts explained to the officer who was in command of the detachment.

There is little more to relate. Our pursuers and their engine were neatly captured. Stockton's division made a forward movement and relieved Thomas and his army from their perilous position. As for myself and my brave companions, we were not forgotten, and I am glad to say that the inventive John, whose timely suggestion had saved our engine, and perhaps our army, left the service with the rank of captain in the engineer corps.'

Having finished the story, and our train at the same time beginning to move on, my interesting companion wrapped himself up in his cloak, and was soon asleep.

Antipathies of Remarkable Characters.

Almost every person who has lived in history has had some particular antipathy. Julius Cesar couldn't eat a periwinkle, and Alexander always fainted at the sight of a black beetle.

Chaucer would be unwell for several days if he heard the cry of 'mackerel!' and Spencer never saw a leg of mutton without shivering all over.

Boadicea hated red whiskers; it nearly cost Caractacus his life because he came into her presence with a tremendous pair on.

The smell of pickles always sent Cardinal Wolsey into hysterical fits. He called upon Henry the Eight once while the monarch was lunching off some cold meat, and Wolsey fell down under the table as soon as he smelt there was pickled cabbage in the room. Henry thinking he was intoxicated, had him locked up in the Tower immediately.

Cleopatra couldn't look at a person with freckles. Anthony had all his soldiers who were at all freckled painted black to please her.

Napolean took a violent hatred against any one who didn't take snuff. It is said the cause of his separation from Josephine was because she would never take a pinch from him.

Alfred the Great could not bear the taste of suet dumplings.

Artaxerxes had such an intense horror of fleas that he could not go to bed without a suit of armor, made like a nightgown to fit close to the skin. He would lose his reason for several days when bitten by one. There was a reward of ten talents during this reign for the apprehension of every flea, dead or alive, and merchants would come far and near to claim the reward.

Queen Elizabeth had the strongest antipathy to a sheriff's officer. She would run away as fast as she could directly she saw one, and continue running for miles, until her guards who knew her weakness, stopped her.

Old Parr would turn pale if he touched a piece of soap. This is the reason he never shaved. Cicero had such an antipathy to Wednesday that he used to remain in bed all that day; and Anna Bolena could not hear the word 'potato' pronounced without turning violently red and feeling low-spirited for weeks afterward.

Charles the Second could never go through Temple Bar. It used to take the whole strength of Villiers with Rochester and Nell Gwyn, to push him through it. Cromwell never could pass a tripe shop without bursting immediately into tears.

Henry Villard's Unselfishness.

It is reported that Villard has not only lost three or four millions himself, but that he has handed over to other losers the $300,000 that he gave a year ago to his wife, a daughter of William Loyd Garrison. I hope this is not true. A man should not pay so dearly as that for a miscalculation.

There's only one thing—a recollection—that makes me think the report may be true. In the autumn of 1852 he came into the army of the Potomac as a correspondent. I was writing letters to the New York *Tribune*. His horse was a better one than mine and he always kept ahead—except perhaps on a retreat. One night when the army was being transferred from the Rapidan over to Fredericksburg and Villard and I were trying to keep along with it we found ourselves a good way from any eligible house and compelled to camp soldier fashion, on the ground. We picketed our horses, then brought a dozen bright, soft, three-corned rails from a worm fence near by, laid them gracefully side by side in the wet grass as close together as possible, and went to bed. As it was cold we put our blankets together and laid them over us, and as there was no musquitoes, we got along fairly well. The only disturbance was made by Villard. I woke suddenly about one o'clock and found Villard sitting up and carefully pushing the blanket out over me, and saying: Excuse me. This happened three or four times during the night, my conscientious bed-fellow pulling the blanket over me as if he had more than his share. And each time saying: Excuse me. I don't suppose that such a man ever would be rich. Maybe he has been so foolish as to give away his wife's property and start from bed-rock again—who knows?—*W. A. Croffut in Detroit Tribune.*

—The hanging of a California murderer was useful to the science of surgery. His arm had been fractured a week before in an effort to escape. After death it was discovered that the initial process of healing had begun, and that this was effected by the organization of the blood which was poured out and around the break at the time of the injury. This held the bones in place, and proves what was not known before, that prompt adjustment in a fracture is essential.

—An English physician pronounces a judicious vegetable diet, without meat of any kind, a positive cure for rheumatism.

—Miss Florence Nightingale, whose long experience in India with cholera gives great value to what she says, has sent a letter to the New York *Herald*, in which she declares that "the only preventation is to put the earth, air and water and buildings into a healthy state by scavenging, lime-washing and every kind of sanitary work." She ridicules the idea that cholera can be "caught" from others, and says that this is as impossible as that cases of poisoning should "infect.

—According to the article in Bradstreet's, $14,000,000 in bank capital have been lost in Canada since 1871. This does not include the "rests" that had been made and then lost in the same operations. It is over a million dollars a year by unsound banking.—*Toronto World.*

—A story comes from India that a monster snake was recently shot with a rifle in Travancore. It measured 57 feet in length and eight feet in circumference. A native physician cut open certain parts to take fat from them, but found that the huge reptile was too young to have fat. It was the largest serpent ever seen in Travancore.

—The largest room in the world, under one roof, and unbroken by pillars, is at St. Petersburg. It is 620 feet long by 150 in breadth. By daylight it is used for military display, and a battalion can completely manœuvre in it. Twenty thousand wax tapers are required to light it. The roof of this structure is a single arche of iron, and it exhibits a remarkable engineering skill in the architecture.

—A Frenchman met an English soldier with a Waterloo medal, and cost reproaches on the English Government for bestowing such a trifle, remarking that it would scarcely cost three francs. 'That may be true,' replied the hero, 'but then it cost the French Government a Napoleon.'

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