

ANSWERED.—An observing individual in a very healthy village, observing the sexton at work in a hole in the ground, asked what he was about. "Digging a grave sir." "Digging a grave! Why I thought people did'nt die often here—do they?" "O no, sir; they never die but once."

..... "Papa," said a little boy, "ought the master to flog me for what I didn't do?" "Certainly not, my boy," replied the father. "Well," replied the little fellow, "he did to-day when I didn't do any sum."

AN ICE WELL.—E. B. Osgood, a few days since, returned from Brandon, Vermont, where he examined the famous ice well, so called, about which there has been so much discussion among the savants. The well is of the ordinary size, and forty feet in depth. At the depth of thirty nine-feet ice is formed on the sides of the well, and from that down. The water is of the same temperature as that of ice water, and no matter how the thermometer stands on the surface of the earth, even if it indicates one hundred in the shade, this never varies, and the ice is always there. In the winter the coating is thicker. No other well in the vicinity has this feature, and the cause is not easily explained.

A DIFFICULT KNOT TO TIE.—The following is from the Stratford Beacon of Friday:—"MARRIED—At Stratford on the 27th inst., at the residence of Adam Argo, Esq. by the Rev. Thos. McPlierson, assisted by the Rev. A. Drummond, of Shakespeare, Rev. T. Lowry of West's corners, the Rev. Robert Hamilton, of Fullerton, the Rev. Robert Hall, of Missouri, the Rev. Robert Renwick, of Elma, the Rev. John Fotheringham, of Hibbert, and the Rev. Mr. James, of Galt, Archibald McTaggart, Esq., to Catharine McKay, both of Dundas." Whew! what an array of ecclesiastial force to join two palpitating hearts together! One would think the couple must have been exceedingly restive indeed to require no less than eight clergymen to tie the important knot. The thing, however, was done, by the combined efforts of the eight, and the "happy pair" may boast that they at any rate were "well wedded."

THE CHIEF AND HIS DAUGHTER.

There was an Indian Chief, named Blackrock, who had an only daughter, of a sweet countenance and modest behaviour. A painter drew her picture.

She was dressed in skins, adorned with brass buttons, and her ears were adorned with strings of beads. The picture was so much admired that a gentleman purchased it; and hung it up in his house. No one knew what had become of the girl till one day Blackrock came to the house where the picture was, and entering the room, went up to the picture and exclaimed, "My heart is glad again, now I see her! I want this picture, that I may always talk to my daughter; for she is dead. She died while I was absent, hunting buffaloes! I want my daughter! Take her down and give her to me! I have brought ten horses with me, and a beautiful wigwam as the price of my daughter." The owner, seeing how much the father loved his daughter, took down the picture from the wall, and placed it in his hands, saying, "The picture is yours; keep your horses and your wigwam too. May they help to mend your heart, broken by the loss of your only daughter." With great delight and much gratitude, Blackrock carried home the precious picture.