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in every detail and commands the universal admiration of the public.
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to visit
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Aug. 16, 1888.

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Our Specific No. 23 permanently restores EXHAUSTED VITALITY, LOST MANHOOD and GENERAL DEBILITY when other treatment fails, Send 6 cents in stamps for our TREATISE and DIRECTIONS for home cure. TORONTO MEDICINE Co., 343 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

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Solicit consignments of all kinds of produce, such as Hay, Potatoes, Apples, Eggs, Poultry (alive or dressed,) or anything else parties wish to ship to this market on sale. Fish of all kinds in their seasons. Quick sales. Prompt returns.
CHARGES MODERATE.
Correspondence promptly answered and price lists furnished when desired.
(March 21 1888.)

The Weekly Observer

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, EDUCATION, TEMPERANCE, and GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. 4. HILLSBORO, ALBERT COUNTY, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1888. NO 38.

The Weekly Observer.

HILLSBORO, N. B., Nov. 22, 1888.

Immortality.

Is they are looking down upon us,
Loved ones who have gone before,
In a world of light and glory
Do they love us as of yore?
Are the bright eyes, closed in slumber,
Oped and gazing from on high,
Beaming with a clearer vision;
Watching o'er us, yea, for aye?

Do they know our thoughts and feelings,
Know our utmost hearts to read?
Do they mourn when we are tempted?
When we fail to sow good seed?
Are they watching, are they waiting,
For the coming of our feet?
Will the same fond hearts receive us?
Will the same sweet voices greet?

Who shall say they are not with us?
Men of science and of lore,
Can you tell us, with your wisdom,
As you o'er your volumes pore,
If the heavens are far beyond us—
If the regions are high above?
Or a region all around us,
Where God's messengers of love

Are uplifting human creatures,
Helping them each day and hour
Better to sustain their burdens,
Better yet to know His power?
Or is it a world of glory,
All divided from our own,
Where no influence can mingle
With the trials earth hath known?

Oh, for hope that comes to gladden!
Oh, for faith that doth assure
That our loved ones have not left us,
Though immortal now, and pure,
They are still beside us walking,
Though unseen by mortal eye;
They are working in his vineyard,
They are with the Father nigh.

The Captain's Plot.

A Story of the Sea.

God's ways are full of mystery, and no one recognizes the truth of the quotation more than the men who go down to the sea in ships. My fifteenth birthday found me an orphan and a waif in the streets of New Orleans. I had run away from a farmer in Illinois to whom I was bound, and by hook and crook had reached the great town on the Father of Waters. I had been living a precarious life for a month when the proprietor of an oyster house gave me a job. It was part of my work to open the oysters consumed in the place, and this portion was done in a little room in the rear of some private stalls or compartments. They fronted the public room, of course, and were intended for parties who desired privacy while eating a stew or drinking a glass of wine. I could hear all that was said in two of them, as the partitions were only cloth; but I had been in the place two weeks before anything of interest was dropped from either. One evening while I was at work two men entered one of the stalls, and drank some grog, and, after lighting cigars, entered upon a conversation which at once attracted my attention.

Well, you have got it all fixed? asked one.

Everything ship-shape and understood replied the other.

She is insured?

Way up?

And no suspicion?

Not a one.

We take the machinery to Rio Janerio?

Yes. That and other stuff?

And bring back sugar and coffee?

Yes, if we return.

What do we get?

Three thousand apiece.

Well, I don't like it, but I'm in with you. She is to go off down the Guinea coast, eh?

Yes, down that way.

Spring a leak and founder, and all hands to take to the boats, I suppose?

That's the plan.

Well, here's success to it. The Albatross is a good old craft, and I hate to see her go, but one must look out for himself.

Aye! mate, that's Gospel truth. That's what you and me are going to do now. It'll come from the rich insurance companies, and no one will be the poorer.

And we can trust Williams to hand over our divvy.

He's square. He's got to be square.

I was a green country boy, but I caught on to their talk. They were sailors and they were planning the loss of a ship to get the insurance. I rose up and found a hole in the cloth through which I could get a look at them. They talked a bit more and then went out, and within twelve hours one of the mysteries occurred. A boy who had formerly worked for the restaurant, and who had fallen sick, recovered sufficiently to displace me, and I was cast adrift again with only four bits in my purse. The next day but one, as I entered the tavern on the levee in hopes to find something to do, the proprietor gave me a cordial welcome, with a dinner, and at last got around to say:

Now, my boy, I feel like a father to you. I do, indeed. You have had a hard time, and you have been full of pluck. I'm interested in seeing you do well, and have got a nice place for you. My brother, who is the best man in the world, is a sea captain, and he wants a good boy to sail with him.

But I was never on a ship, I protested.

Of course not, but that makes no difference. You will have a nice little room to yourself, live like a prince, and as for work, all you have to do will be to hand the captain his spyglasses when a ship comes in sight.

I had no desire to go to sea. Indeed I had a dread of it; but in half an hour he had won me over, and that afternoon I was sent off to the ship in company with several sailors. In two hours after coming aboard the started down the river on her trip, and it was only then that I got my eyes opened. There was such a hubbub aboard that I had not paid particular attention to the officers or men, but all of a sudden I discovered that the captain and mate were the very two men I had seen and overheard in the oyster booth. Then I asked the name of the ship, and learned that it was the *Albatross*, I was greatly troubled, or would have been if left to myself. We were hardly in tow of the tug before the first mate whose name was McCoy, came up to me with a rope's end, and a terrible curse, and exclaimed:

Now, then, sir your stumps or I'll break every bone in your body. Did you come aboard to play young gentleman?

That was the beginning. I had been shipped, not as a cabin boy, for there was no place for one, but as a ship's dog, a boy who must come and go at everybody's call, and who would be kicked and cuffed by everybody. According to the novelist, I should have found a staunch friend in the forecastle, a Jack Bolt or Ben Brace, who would take me under his wing and offer to fight the whole ship in my behalf, but nothing of the kind happened. Most of the crew were Dagoes, and no one showed me the slightest pity. When we had been out four days I began to feel very anxious about the safety of the ship. The plan was, as I overheard it, to take to the boats, and it suddenly occurred to me they would refuse to take me with them. I suppose I got this from the men telling me that I was no good, and that I ought to be flung overboard, and other expressions intended to upset me. You can judge how green I was by what followed. I was in McCoy's watch, and on the night of the fourth day, it had seemed to soften up a big when giving me an order, I made bold to say:

Mr. McCoy, when you get ready to have the ship go down, you won't leave me to drown, will you?

W—what? he gasped, as he staggered back like one shot,

In ten minutes he had treated me, and he stood before me pale-faced and trembling. When he had made sure that I had not said anything to any of the crew, he took me aft and locked me in a state-room designed for the supercargo. Next morning I was taken to the cabin, and questioned by the captain and mate and returned to my prison. They were not harsh with me, but on the contrary, promised that I should go in the captain's own boat, and that I need not work any more. I was made cabin boy, and was warned that if I said one single word to any person I should be flung to the sharks at once. They could not trust me Simple Simon that I was. I cared only to save myself when the hour came. I could not realize that the scuttling of a ship was anything more than a sharp trick. For all I knew, it was practised every day in the year.

One day when we had been out about two weeks, as near as I can remember, I was sent to help the second mate look for something wanted from the lazarette. His name was Elderson, and he was the only one aboard who had a friendly look. He had spoken to me kindly two or three times, and I felt that he was a friend. We were scarcely alone when he took from his pocket a box of sulphur matches, a fishline and several hooks, and a large pocket knife. He handed them to me and said:

Ben, take these and stow them away in your pocket, and on your life say nothing to any one! Be sure to keep them about you.

He turned from me as if he did not want to be questioned, and I pocketed the articles without a word. I was in a state of wonder, however, and nothing was made plain until the next day. At 10 o'clock in the forenoon the ship was hove to about a mile from a small island, a boat ordered lowered, and then all hands were called aft. When they had assembled the captain said:

Men, I discovered two days ago that this boy was a leper. He has got it bad, and is to be pitied. My duty in the case is plain. He must be marooned.

Aye, aye, sir! chorused the crew.

I shall fit him out and set him ashore here, he continued, and you are my witnesses that it is a step necessary for the safety of all.

There was a ready assent, and before I fully understood what was going on I was in the boat with McCoy and being pulled toward the island by two sailors. Even when I knew that I was to be left I did not raise an objection. I supposed the island to be inhabited, perhaps there was a city there, and I was not sorry for the change. We ran in so close that I could wade ashore, and the mate handed me several bundles which the men supposed contained food, clothing and conveniences. As soon as I had got everything out of the boat the crew gave me a curt good bye, and I sat down on the sand and watched them return. The boat was hoisted up, the *Albatross* made sail and I was marooned upon an uninhabited island. The fact was not fully realized until toward night, and I was so simple, that it was several hours before I had figured it out why I had been set ashore. I was in possession of the plan to scuttle the ship, and I must be got rid of. The captain had called me a leper to justify his action with the crew, and it was planned that I should not live long ashore. When I came to undo the bundles I found them to be composed of empty bottles, oakum and bits of canvas. There was not a particle of food—not an article of clothing—nothing but rubbish. It was then I realized the kindness of the second mate. He must have overheard them plotting to maroon me, and he went as far as it was safe for him to go.

When, at about noon, I rose up and understood my position, I felt that the first thing to do was to explore my island. I am writing of the year 1852.

At that time many of the islands in the Caribbean Sea had not been charted or named. I was, as I afterwards ascertained, on a key or isle to the north of Trinidad, and up to twelve years ago it was down on the charts as Little Ceco.

It was about three miles long by one and a half wide, and fully wooded. There were various birds, troops of monkeys, and numerous snakes, but no wild animals to put one in fear. I had been landed in the little bay on the western side of the island. I found a spring of water a quarter of a mile inland, with plenty of wild fruit all around me, and on the first night of my stay I slept on the open beach. It was three days before I fully realized my position and saw that I must depend entirely on myself. Then I walked clear around the island and across it, and decided that my best location was near where I had come ashore. Had I gone to the east end of the island and raised a signal I should have been taken off in a week, as there was a channel between this and the next island north much used, but this I had no means of knowing. When I found myself the sole inhabitant, I made up my mind that escape was impossible, and that I had to live out my years on the island. The captain had called me a leper. I had never heard the name before. He had sent me ashore because I endangered the safety of the crew. While I suspected that this was a subterfuge, I was not quite satisfied about it. If I was something to be shunned and afraid of why should I dare to escape? If taken off I had no home to go to, no friends to welcome me, I was lonesome and somewhat afraid here, but was, nevertheless, enjoying the novelty of the situation.

I built a rude shelter, wandered over the island, fished, set snares and captured parrots and monkeys, and after the first week was quite content. I had been on the island three weeks before the second mystery occurred. A peninsula or neck of land on the western end of the island was composed of sand, and bare of tree or bush. It was about 300 feet long. There had been a heavy blow from the south with a big sea rolling in, and after this had lasted several days there was an unusually low tide. I caught sight of a timber heaved up on the spit and went out to inspect it, and while surveying the banks which the tide had uncovered, I caught sight of some queer little boxes half buried in the sand. I dug one out to find it so heavy that I could hardly drag it away. They were of wood, hooped with iron, and ten or twelve inches long by eight or ten inches high. I had little curiosity as to there contents, and the idea that they contained treasure never crossed my mind. I got out four before the tide turned, and there were several more in sight. After I had them all together above high water, I began to wonder whether they contained nails or bullets, and set about breaking one open. When rows upon rows of silver coins greeted my eyes I came near losing what little sense I had. Two others contained silver, the fourth one gold. It was English money, every piece of it, and as I had never seen any before I was at a loss to estimate the value.

Before the discovery of that money I wanted nothing but a pair of shoes, and the sight of a sail would not have affected me. Now I was wild to get at the other boxes, and my eyes were constantly searching the sea for sight of relief. I dragged the boxes to my house, and most of the next week was spent on the neck in the hope of getting more treasure. The water continued high, however, and I got nothing more. On the eighth day after I got the treasure, and about thirty days after my landing, the third mystery was revealed. At nine o'clock in the morning, while the tide was setting in strong, I observed a ship's boat drifting in from the south-east. It was not ten minutes after I saw her that she was cast on the beach, and as she rolled over two bodies were flung out. To my amazement and horror I recognised them as the captain and mate of the *Albatross*, though it was more by their clothing than their features. It was plain at a glance that they had died of exposure and want. There was neither food nor drink in the boat, and the bodies were little better than skeletons. It was the captain's gig and it seemed that these two got away alone. They must have drifted here and there for days, for there was neither sail nor oar.

I was scooping out a grave for the bodies when a turtle sloop rounded the island and was in the cove before I saw her. She had a crew of three men and a boy, and they had come for a stay of a week or two, it being the season when the turtles came ashore to lay their eggs. They were not from the mainland, but from a larger island to the north and were native West Indians. The captain spoke English fairly well, and I gave him a full explanation, even to the finding of the treasure. They could have knocked me in the head and safely taken all, but they did no do it. The captain looked over my money, and said I had about $23,000, and it was agreed that, in repayment for a passage to Porto Rico, I was to surrender all rights to the ship's boat. In four days those poor turtle catchers, none of whom ever had $50 at once, took $50,000 out of the sands. There were more boxes left, or it was believed so, but they required other outfit to secure them. I was not only landed at Porto Rico, as agreed, but told how to take care of my money, most of which was exchanged for paper, and my passage on a sailing vessel bound for New Orleans was secured.

I did not go near the owners of the *Albatross*. She was reported lost, with all on board, and to this day not one of the crew has been heard of. I could have gone to the authorities with my story, but who would have believed it? Those who had plotted against me had been overcome, and I had sprung from poverty to wealth at a bound. And so I repeat:—"God's ways are full of mystery."

Dr. Dunning and the Drummer.

Rev. A. E. Dunning, D. D., the manager of the Congregational publishing house and Sabbath school work, and one of the busiest men in Boston, is an off hand, approachable man, with a bright, winning face, easy manner and personal magnetism, that contribute much to his success. He has none of the outward signs of his clerical calling, but looks more like a business man. He travels nearly all the time, and he says that in the cars he generally passes as a drummer and is recognized by the fraternity as one of their number. On going to Minneapolis one Saturday evening a smart young fellow approached him in a free and easy way:

"Going to stop over Sunday?"

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"Stop at the Blank hotel, I suppose?"

"No, I am going to stop with a friend."

"Come round to the hotel to-morrow afternoon and we'll have a racket. Quite a number of the boys will be there."

"But to-morrow is Sunday."

"I know it, and that's why we can have such a good time"

"Oh, I think that we fellows who are travelling all the time ought to keep Sunday," said the doctor.

"Yes," asserted the drummer, good naturedly, "but I'll bet you won't."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll go to church to-morrow if you will."

"I'll do it! Where shall we go?"

"To the First Congregational. It's the best church in town."

"All right. I'll be there, but I'll bet you won't."

The drummer was there according to his promise, and could hardly believe his eyes when he saw his friend of the night before ascend to the pulpit. Dr. Dunning tried to find him after the service, but he had fled.

The Perfect Woman.

For a woman of five feet five inches, 138 pounds is the weight, and if she be well-formed she can stand another ten pounds without greatly showing it. When her arms are extended she should measure from tip of middle finger to tip of middle finger just five feet five inches, exactly her own height. The length of her hand should be just one-tenth of that and her feet just one-seventh, and the diameter of her chest a fifth. From her thighs to the ground she should measure just what she measures from the thighs to the top of the head. The knees should come exactly midway between the thigh and the heel. The distance from the elbow to the middle finger should be the same as the distance from the elbow to the middle of the chest. From the top of the head to the chin should be just the length of the foot, and there should be the same distance between the chin and the armpits. A woman of this height should measure twenty four inches about the waist and thirty four inches about the bust, if measured from under the arms, and forty-three if over them. The upper arm should measure thirteen inches and the wrist six. The calf of the leg should measure fourteen and a half inches, the thigh twenty-five and the ankle eight. There is another system of measurements which says that the distance twice around the thumb should go once around the wrist; twice around the wrist once around the throat; twice around the throat once around the waist, and so on; but the first is the measure used by sculptors, who have gained them by measurements of the Greek statues.

Rescued from the Grave.

Incidents are frequently arising which indicate that persons are buried alive. It is horrible to contemplate and fortunately such instances are very rare with us and we trust may never occur. The Chicago *Herald* gives some instances of the kind which suggest very unpleasant thoughts and yet are interesting reading.

"One of the grave diggers who excavated a cemetery in Minneapolis the other day told a reporter of that city in nineteen coffins the remains were found turned on their sides, and in one case lying face downward; the latter was that of a full grown woman with long jet black, beautiful tresses scattered over the shoulders and tangled about the neck, indicating that after being consigned to her last resting-place, the latent spark of life quickened, and conscious of the awful hopelessness of her situation, and with the strength of desperation she began the fearful struggle, vainly turning and twisting within the narrow walls of her prison, until exhaustion finally overcame her and brought relief.

When the ancient cemetery east of Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, was dug up and the remains taken away to allow of the extension of Raymond street, the writer saw numerous indications of premature interments. The most hideous and blood-curdling of these was that of a body found in the old Presbyterian public receiving vault. It had been placed there about four years previously, and the lid or top had been strained so that some of the screws were half torn out, the end and lower part of the top had been wrenched outward, and the right foot and part of the leg had been forced through, and was so found, protruding. Upon further examination the entire body was found twisted, the skull turned under, and the fingers of one hand were thrust through and wedged in under the lid—evidently in the last straining, hopeless effort for liberty. In scores of graves the coffins were found to contain bodies that were turned and twisted more or less to one side—positive proof of having been buried alive.

RESURRECTION OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MOTHER.

It is a well authenticated fact that the mother of the poet Scott, while lying in a trance and declared by the physicians to be dead, was laid away in the family tomb in the great vaults under the parish church. At night the ghoulish sexton stealthily entered the tomb, opened the casket, and proceeded to rob the elegant and wealthy lady of her jewels, which were on her person, according to the then prevalent custom. Finding some finger rings too tightly fixed, the unconscionable thief took his pocket knife and slashed the flesh from the fingers. The sudden shock and flow of blood caused a reaction of the vital forces, and the re-nerved madame opened her eyes, uttered an exclamation of amazement and attempted to rise up. The guilty and horror stricken rascal's hair rose straight upon his head, and, with the yell of a desperate madman, he rushed forth, thus raising the alarm which brought help and rescue to her. She lived many years subsequently, none the worse from her awful adventure, which occurred five years previous to the birth of Sir Walter.

The mother of Gen. Israel Putman, of revolutionary renown, was placed in her coffin and the funeral services commenced, when she revived, and six years afterward gave birth to a child Israel.

A YOUNG AND LOVELY GIRL RESTORED TO LIFE.

Long years ago three medical students, who had paid an extra sum of money to a professional "resurrectionist" for the purpose of procuring an extraordinarly desirable subject, entered the college dissecting-room one night to view their purchase, which had just been received. Lifting the cloth cover they discovered that the body was that of a young girl.

The girl had been ill, and was supposed to have died of some heart disease, and had lain in her family vault about twenty hours. The young student gently lifted the magnificently molded arm. It was not chillingly cold, although cool. The muscles were not hard and fixed severely as in rigor mortis He raised the eyelids and saw none of the glassy and ghastly peculiarities. He was aroused and laid his ear down over the region of the heart. Then he was puzzled and startled, and applied the stethoscope. Then he repressed his growing excitement and summoned assistance. Evidences of latent life in the body were discovered beyond doubt. Vigorous efforts were then made for resuscitation, and successfully, too. Then the hapless girl while yet unconscious, was wrapped in blankets, and tenderly removed to the residence of one of the professors near by. Her relatives were sent for, and in time she regained perfect health, and subsequently wedded the student, who afterward became president of Philadelphia Medical College. She is now a widow, and resides with the youngest of four stalwart sons."

Another Record Broken.

MONTREAL, — The wife of a farmer named Dufort, of Mascouche, has given birth to her thirtieth child. She has been married twenty-one years.

Our Washington Letter.

The President accepts the result with becoming equanimity. He does not regard it as a personal defeat, but rather as the victory of one great party over another. He holds that while there were minor factions tending to injure his campaign, such as the mayoralty fight in New York, the tariff question was the issue that the voters considered. He believes that the working man has been scared by the bug-bear of free trade. In conclusion, he says that he has made no specific preparations as to his residence after the 4th of March, and adds that there is one ray of comfort in the verdict—it will enable him to get acquainted with his wife, a thing that has been impossible in the hurly-burly of state and political duties.

Mrs. Cleveland appears to receive the result with equal composure, though of course not with indifference. To her nervous organization the strain of excitement so long sustained had become almost unbearable, and she says that she now feels the relaxation of certainty. Her hold on Washingtonians is a firm one. Few women in the history of the White House have maintained so individual a social reign and made so few enemies. And this in so young a woman is remarkable. Her social leadership will to a great extent be maintained wherever she may reside, and if her husband has a political future in any return of his party to power, his success would be as much due to her efforts as was that of Lord Beaconsfield's Eudymion to his graceful wife.

In his opinion that the defeat is due to the tariff issue, Mr. Cleveland is endorsed by leading Democrats. "Without other complications," says Senator Morgan, "the free trade scare would have been sufficient." "Added to this" remarks Sunset Cox, "the Republican campaign management was the ablest ever seen in this country. Money went exactly where it was needed, and speakers made no blunders. Mr. Harrison united his party. The Republicans realized what the Democrats forgot—that it was a fight to the death."

President Cleveland's distinguishing characteristic has been his courage in administering his office. He has dared to speak honest convictions without fear of friend or foe. He carried an Herculian load without faltering. Leading Independents believe that his great mistakes were made in the selection of his advisers. He bowed to the will of the party and made Bayard Secretary of State. Bayard is a notoriously weak man in great emergencies. Mr. Cleveland attempted to favor another wing of Democracy by making Garland Attorney General. While Garland's administration of his office has been less scandalous than alleged, his prior reputation was unsavory, and his knowledge of law by no means profound. He may be honest, but—and it has the same effect—the public is not persuaded of it. "The heart of England" says Thackery, "still beats kindly for George the Third, because according to his lights he worshiped Heaven." Mr. Cleveland has done his best, and he is respected.

Many amusing incidents distinguished election night in Washington. A very important policeman, weighed down by the responsibility of his position and a ninety pound colored boy about twelve years old, rushed into the central station at midnight. The policeman had heard the boy threaten to kill Cleveland. Inasmuch as the President very properly declined to go to the police court the next morning and swear that he stood in mortal dread of the lad, the blood thirsty prisoner was discharged.

In the political white heat of the last week of the campaign, came the strange story that Senator Bowen, of Colorado, the best poker player in the Senate, had written a brochure on the "Feet as Mascots," in which the ingenious statesman not only shows that men can be judged by their gait, but that people can influence their luck by changing their manner of walking. Washington poker is notorious for its debilitating effect upon the mind, but no one had thought that it had so greatly effected the Colorado Statesman.

The Republican National League has taken time by the bangs. Twenty-one members have already been appointed a committee to arrange the details of inauguration day. The League is determined not to be forestalled.

One of the first society events of the season will be the marriage of Miss Mary Endicott, daughter of the Secretary of War to Mr Joseph Chamberlain M P., the English politician, who was the lion of Washington society last winter while he was here negotiating for the Fisheries treaty. As President Cleveland will be one of the few guests present, it is said that Lord Sackville West will send his regrets.

Washington. Nov. 11th, 1888.

A Lucky Number.

A curious freak is having the run among the little ones in Lewiston at present They keep a record of everyone who sods or bows to them, and when they have a hundred of them they write it on a paper and bury it in the earth. It is said to be certain to bring good luck in countless ways, and to make certain the answer to all sorts of wishes.—*Ex.*

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A Remarkable Wager Won.

A man won a wager in Washington a few days ago by lighting his cigar by the aid of a lump of ice. He took a piece of clear ice, about an inch thick, from the water cooler, whittled it into the shape of a disk, and with the palms of his hands melted its two sides concave, thus giving it the form of a double convex lens or burning glass. With it he focused the sun's rays on the end of his cigar, thus lighting the cigar. How many fires occur in this way that are said to be "involved in mystery?"

Wedding Comments.

What You Might Hear if You had overheard Mr. Edison's Inventions at a Fashionable Wedding in Church.

Here she comes!
Pretty isn't she?
Who made her dress?
Is it surah silk or satin?
Is her veil real lace?
She's as white as the wall!
Wonder how much he's worth?
Did he give her those diamonds?
He's scared to death!
Isn't she the cool piece!
That train's a horrid shape!
Isn't her mother a dowdy!
Aren't the bridesmaids homely?
That's a handsome usher!
Hasn't she a cute little hand?
Wonder what number her gloves are?
They say her shoes are fives!
If his hair isn't parted in the middle!
Wonder what on earth she married him for?
For his money, of course!
Isn't he handsome?
He's as homely as a hedgehog!
He looks like a circus clown!
No, he's like a dancing master!
Good enough for her, anyway.
She was always a stuck up thing.
She'll be worse than ever now!
She jilted Sam Somebody, didn't she?
No, he never asked her.
He's left town, anyway.
There, the ceremony has begun.
Isn't he awkward?
White as his collar!
Why don't they hurry up?
Did she say she would "obey?"
What a precious fool!
There, they are married!
Doesn't she look happy?
Pity if she wouldn't?
(Wish I were in her place.)
What a handsome couple!
She was always a sweet little thing.
How gracefully she walks!
Dear me, what airs she puts on!
Wouldn't be in her place for a farm.
I'll bet those jewels were hired.
Well, she's off her father's hands at last!
Doesn't she cling tightly to him though!
She has a mortgage on him now!
Hope they'll be happy.
They say she's awful smart.
Too smart for him by a jugful.
There, they are getting in the carriage.
That magnificent dress will be squashed.
The way she does look at him!
I bet she worships him!
Worship be hanged! She's only making believe.
It's kind o' nice to get married, isn't it?
No, it's a dreadful bore.
Wasn't it a stupid wedding?
What dowdy dresses!
I'll never go to another!
I'm just suffocated!
Tired to death!
Glad it's over!
Oh, dear!

Building.

We are building every day,
In a good or evil way,
And the structure as it grows
Will our inmost self disclose.

Be careful how you build. Let nothing go to form your character that will not make it stronger or better. Let each brick be an honest one and let it be laid carefully, with an earnest purpose to make of yourself a good, noble man or woman. If already poor material has entered into your character, seek divine help to remove it. Get out every bad piece, every worthless habit. You cannot afford to have only an ordinary, much less a weak, character. While building see that you build of first class material. You can build but one character in a lifetime, and it is to be yours for eternity; so make it the very best possible. But no character can be built of the best material unless we go to the Bible for it nor built in the best way unless under the direction of Jesus, the master builder. Gathering your material from the word of God, laying every portion with the trowel of prayer and under the direction of Jesus, the great master, your character will be one that will stand all trials, pass all tests, and remain through eternity well worth the life time it took to build it.

Newspaper Law.

The law relating to the taking of newspapers out of a post office by any person, whether a subscriber or not, is so stringent in its provisions that at a recent trial in which a newspaper publisher desired to obtain the value of one and a quarter year's subscription from a delinquent subscriber, the magistrate decided that the party who accepted the paper from the post office is responsible whether he had signed his intention to subscribe or not, and in the case of one before him, the defendant having received the paper from the post office for one month without having declined or refused it, was liable to the payment of the whole year's subscription. He therefore gave judgment for two year's subscription and costs.