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The Weekly Monitor

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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 12. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1884. NO. 18.

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Weekly Monitor

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MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,
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JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (*For Internal and External Use*). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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CUSTOM CLOTHING,
NOW is the time to leave your order at Morrison's, the Tailor. For the next
THIRTY DAYS
I will make suits
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Which gives my customers a complete line of Goods to select from, at prices that defies competition. Call and be convinced at
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March 26, '84.

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a large and varie asssotment of
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Something new—Japanese Brackets. Call and see them.
Fine line of Pictures in Marine Views, Pastoral Scenes, views of notable places, etc.
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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

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

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Carpet Fasteners!
The Greatest Invention of the Age for Putting Down Carpets.
THEY SAVE TIME, CARPETS, MONEY, AND PATIENCE!
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A good, reliable, live man wanted to canvas Digby County. n3tf

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CHAIN PUMPS!
ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.
Pumps Complete,
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FLOUR AND MEAL AT 25 CENTS ADVANCE ON COST.
LAWRENCETOWN PUMP CO
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Will be found the best assortment of
FANCY GOODS!
PERFUMERY, SOAPS, and all TOILET ARTICLES, EVER OFFERED IN THE COUNTY.
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JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS AND DESCRIPTION EXECUTED AT THE OFFICE OF THIS PAPER.

Poetry.

Home and Heaven.

(Original.)

Home, sweet home! a glorious halo
Seems to hover 'round this spot,
Be it found in halls of grandeur
Or the humblest, meanest cot.
Home! if in thy sacred borders,
Love and purity hold sway;
Thou art like a fair oasis
As we tread earth's desert way.

Home of childhood! as wide open
Mem'ry's mystic door we throw,
Thoughts of that old homestead centre
As it was long years ago,
When we played upon the hillside
Or beneath the shady tree,
And when 'round the family altar
We devoutly bowed the knee.

But, alas! this earth-home changeth,
'Tis as transient as the day,
Death and ruin trace upon it
With bold hand—"Decay! decay!"
One by one loved faces vanish,
Well-known footsteps do not come,
And ere long Time's breath hath withered
Every trace of our old home.

But I turn my thoughts to heaven,
That blest home-land of the soul,
Where grim Death can never enter
And no changing seasons roll.
Oft we scent the fragrant odors,
Wafted from its verdant hill,
But those jasper walls are hidden
By yon stream so dark and chill.

Heaven! Eye hath not seen the splendour
Of thy shining streets of gold,
Pearly gates and glittering mansions,
All so wondrous to behold;
Ear hath never heard the sweetness
Of thy music's rapturous notes,
Which adown the plains of glory
On each balmy zephyr floats.

Heaven! Eternal noontide streameth
From thy dome of dazzling height,
Over which no dim clouds gather
And there falls no shade of night.
Sun nor moon are needed never
To illume thy fair domains,
For the Lamb enthroned forever
King of light and glory reigns.

Heaven! bright home! when shall we wander
By thy murm'ring, crystal sea,
And sit down with saints and loved ones
'Neath the shade of Life's great tree?'
Hope is whisp'ring, soon, lone pilgrim,
Shall the mystic veil be riven,
And on thy ecstatic vision
Burst the endless joys of heaven.

SADIE O. PRINCE.
Springfield, Annapolis Co.

Select Literature.

(Original.)

A Woman can be True?

BY ROBERT GRANT.

The story will not take long in the telling, though years, long ones they were too, witnessed its living. Have you any faith in the fact that the steadfast endurance of evil will work out a victory? That soon or late, however hard the struggle, there will come the triumph so long fought for and so long delayed?

Though, to speak truly, it comes oftentimes too late for earthly hands to seize or human hearts to glow over, yet nevertheless it will come. Let us not doubt that.

'Where?' Why ask that?

Hearts and lives are not simply finite, therefore victories are not all finite. Can you step on?

It may be that they are consummated where our intellect reaches farthest and grows dumb with the intensity of striving to comprehend its own suggestions of vastness, yet makes us acknowledge, even at the point of failure, that the soul is no *cul-de-sac* that at strangest dismay is strongest proof of infinite extension and measureless radiation.

But the woman of whom I tell you to day did not think these things (women are accused, I have heard, of such emptiness). She did what was the highest thing to do—walked nobly through years of despair and torture such as but few people have met, or would even care to dream about.

It was a wild, wicked coast where Marjory Daws lived. There the Atlantic, even in summer, had the hoarsest roar. Even the soft winds and sunny skies could only tone its wrath into a deep menacing rumble, as if down in its heart there were brewing storms such as it most delighted in when the proper time should arrive.

But in winter—the season of all others for angry strength and ferocity—then it arose and shook itself into madness, dashing up hundreds of feet into mid air in the awful wrestle with the grim rocks which guarded the coast. May all good spirits keep us from falling on such a shore.

But the saints had apparently forgotten the ship which was wrecked that winter's day; or it might have been the fault of the owners who sent the craft out with miserable sails, worthless helm, or unskilful captain. In such a case, we say, in justice to the saints, they should wash their hands of all responsibility, as they would have a perfect right to do.

We are stupid enough to commit unending blunders, but not such insane specimens that we expect these friendly powers to overturn all natural laws in order to save us from our own heedlessness. They have other offices, I take it.

However it was, on she came, vast, helpless, filled with people, and tore her heart out on the jagged rocks, going down in that phlegethon of wild waters, the shrieks of her ill-fated passengers and crew rising high above the storm.

One man—God alone knew how—was saved. It must have been that trial and heartache were necessary to one woman on that lone coast, and he was the one sent to inflict it.

Marjory Dawes' brothers went out with the other men from the small fishing village to do what was possible in that furious storm. They found him senseless—dead they thought him—and carried him to their own house for burial.

Woman like—strongest in nursing—or was it to draw down her doom? she devoted herself to reviving the man, and after weary work brought him to consciousness. Of course, after that he were very ungrateful indeed if he did not rapidly get better under her care.

Then, as if forced to carry out the hidden design, she must needs fall in love with him, or he with her, or both together, perhaps, and nothing would do but they must be married.

True, he was not a man to be ashamed of, for, though when she first saw him he was quite bruised and helpless, now these blemishes had all disappeared, while rest had given fulness and strength and love—'tis so said by the physiologist, though we arther laugh at the idea—love gave him an added charm and grace.

Anyway, Marjery Dawes loved the man; and, not being a woman who did things by halves, she made no compromises whatever, but loved him with her whole heart. If need were she would have gone out into those raging waters to rescue him again, or would have sworn by him or done any other of those extremely foolish things some women will do in spite of argument.

Well, if he be worth the saving or swearing by, let her do it, since she is happiest in that. If not she will do it all the same, worthy or unworthy, and there can be no gainsaying it.

Happiness! why in that storm-beaten house overlooking the rocky shores of the Atlantic, there was such an amount of it when spring came around again that no place was so full of brightness and beauty.

At last they were married and went away to the city on a short wedding trip. There had not been the slightest mar in the nuptials—unfavorable augury—and it had all been so quickly done and over that Marjery could scarce realize it.

When the lumbering coach was creeping over the last steep hill lying between her and the old home, she stood up, and, looking back, said gaily to her husband:

'Even our savage ocean is at peace today! Do you not mind that his voice is much lower and sotter?'

Poor, fond, happy, little Marjery!

In the hotel one day they were planning like children what they were to do before returning, though people said afterwards his plans were more like to have been arranged before that, when she remembered something he had promised her in a fond, foolish fashion, and in an assumed imperiousness common to young brides demanded 'he go out at once and buy that.'

Poor little tragedy queen! Your lover came net, though you waited and waited until the minutes stretched into hours, the hours into days and months, and these slipped off into years, and which were longest or dreariest you could not tell.

He was as completely lost and as suddenly as one walking blindly into an abyss.

No breath came to tell his wife where he was.

She was left alone in a great city entirely strange to her, with no money in her purse or a friend within call.

That was a brutal scene when the proprietor of the hotel refused to believe her story, kept her trunks for payment of board, and turned her out into the street. Worse still when she wandered hungry and crazed with grief up and down through the city, passing the hotel again and again, yet never recognizing it or the men who were jeering at her appearance.

Did you do a wise thing, old Atlantic, when your greedy maw spared that man, or you, Marjery, that you did not carry him back and fling him over the beetling cliffs? Was this the only return for your kindness?

It was a wise providence that sent an old fisherman down to the city that week, but he did not act as wisely as the commission warranted, when a wild-faced woman caught at him with a shrill laugh, then fell, senseless as a stone at his feet.

He never could be got to say much about it afterwards, for he pitied the girl, whom he had known so long and worthily far too sincerely to dole the story out in drachms and ounces to a gaping curiosity.

But the desolation! the horror! Not a word still! though she was famishing day by day into a shadow of herself—changing from the blithesome girl into a sober-faced and sad-souled woman.

How the brothers reviled his name, swearing with brawny fist clenched, that, should the time for vengeance ever dawn, he should meet it surely and hopelessly. Still she clung to her constancy, believing that something, what she could not tell when they scornfully taunted her with it, might be explained to his honor.

We have intimated before, I think, that women will be most incomprehensibly absurd in some things.

Her faith in him maddened her friends, though what good it would or would not do, to shake her faith, none could say, and they finally fell away, in a ghostly fashion as friends sometimes go, till left alone with her old mother, she had to think of keeping life as much as keeping faith with this man.

Shall I tell you of the cold bitter night—it makes my heart ache at the thought of it—when, with no human being near, she sat holding the dear gray head of one who had never deserted her, until the pulse dropped lower and lower, and at last—was still. How the ocean roared hoarser and hoarser; and the wind tore up in fiendish passion against the dwelling, wherein was a woman looking down with hands tightly clenched over her heart to keep it from breaking, looking upon the last friend, mute and unpitying, though sobs shook the watcher as the storm shook the sea-weed at the foot of the crags.

Over and over again, she went to the window, to look where the white crests shot up in mid-air like titanic arms stretched out of the deep, longing—it was dangerous to long for death while before that fascinating sea—longing to be rid of the world to.

Out there, Margery Dawes, is eternal silence for you. Only a leap and no more. Then, rest! rest! Go back from the window, child! Go dress your dead with bitter tears blinding you—we know them—and then wait and watch for the morning. It will come! breaking wide over the heaving sea! Wait and watch!

After this, when the hard day's toil was done—for still she must live—when the coarse-meshed nets lay piled in the corner and the heavy fishing jackets on which she sewed, were thrown aside until morning, then, in the gathering gloom she went to her mother's grave for sympathy.

How could that mother's heart keep still even under that weight of earth, when her lonely child was crying out that she was alone and none pitied her. What iron-strong hands must this death have, if a mother could listen to that and not burst from his keeping.

The years went on all the same, unless we except the one in which John Threshie, of their village, wanted her to be his wife. She refused, on the ground that she was already married. Then in anger he taunted her—with shame be it said—with her betrayal into a false marriage. At this point, her patience, so long kept, over-leaped the barrier; and when Threshie got safe home again, he felt as if he had just escaped the hazardous act of marrying a perfectly acting torpedo.

Poor simple fellow, good enough in your simple way, you should have for a wife, one, who would love your pilchard boast as well as yourself. Margery you would never understand, and never be happy with her, try as you might.

* * * * * * * * *

'Did you see that fine-looking couple out on the hills to-day?'

'No.'

'I did.'

'Can't you guess who they are?

It was the strangest thing in the world how it all came to happen, but I will go on and tell you.

He was coming back to the hotel, that day that he had gone on the errand, when, without a moment's warning, he was seized by officers, hurried on ship-board, and carried to sea in irons.

Yes; a deserter, but you would not blame him for it, did you know all, though it was not wise, for his misery was ten-fold greater by reason of it. He was watched like the prisoner he was, not allowed to go out of sight for a moment, nor allowed for a long time to write a word to his friends. When you think of his desperation at the thought of his waiting bride, his wrath at being overpowered, his despair in not being able to send even a line to his wife though he prayed and raved alternately, to be allowed to do so, I say when you think of this, you will not know who of the twain, is deserving of the deeper pity.

After a long time, he was allowed to write, but by some inexplicable fate, his letters all went astray, until one, more fortunate than the others, outwitted destiny and arrived triumphantly at last. It had taken twelve months to reach her, but it was as many years since she saw the man who had sent it to her.

This letter said 'that he still loved her, that he was still hers alone and that if she was alive she must come to him.' Then, a little haughtiness rose up, now that she knew he was alive and still loved her—I can't explain why a woman will act so—and she would not go to him on any condition. He should come to her even if he had to desert over again. He ought to have done it, dear heart! he probably would have, only they gave him a short furlough. He had worked up into a splendid position, and it was necessary for him to be there—and then—well, my story is done. Joy is easily comprehended.

I am much puzzled to get the reason why some of her people stoutly maintained that they always believed in him, and even called on his wife to corroborate their statement.

It may have been—mind it is only one of my odd ideas—it may have been because she wore a camel's hair shawl on her second wedding.

Why They Lose Nerve.

RUNNING AN ENGINE NIGHT AND DAY.—AN ENGINEER'S VISION.

'Oh, yes, engineers do lose their nerve,' said Old Throttle; 'especially one who has a night run all the time. You see in night time an engineer's eyes, thoughts and all are confined to a very small space; it's nearly or quite dark inside the cab, and if his engine is workin' all right carryin' her water, good lots of steam, and the firemen wide-awake and lively, that engineer don't have much to do with his eyes, only to look out ahead over the little space made bright by the headlight and his thoughts are naturally confined to what his eyes take in. In the daytime it's different, he can look around and see lot's goin' on. He notices that this field of taters look good and wonders if his little patch at home will turn out as well; he sees a feller fishin', and remembers the last mess of trout he caught in the Shokola; he sees a woman and a baby in the little white house near the big curve, and thinks of his wife and children, and he wonders what they are doing now.

And this he can take in, and be 'tendin' to business strictly, but in the night-time all is changed, and his visions and thoughts as I said, are confined to the small spot made visible and distinct by the headlight, and his ideas naturally follow the rails. He remembers that the culvert just ahead is the very place that was washed out last spring, and nothing left under the ties and rails for ten or fifteen feet; true his engine jumped the chasm, and only five cars loaded with express matter and baggage went down and were smashed and piled on top of each other, but it might have been the ten cars of emigrants that were coupled in the rear, and it isn't pleasant to think of what might have been.

'Just around the curve is the place where his engine struck a draw-head some careless brakeman had left lying on the track; his engine only turned over on her side, and fortunately the air-brakes had so stopped the train that no further damage was done, but he shudders as he recalls the sensations he experienced while the engine was turning over and crushing its mad way through the ties, and 'tisn't pleasant to think of it. He flies over a huge embankment at a pace of forty miles an hour, and thinks of the feelings that were his on a certain trip last winter, when a side rod came crashing through the side of the cab, while passing over the same embankment.

'In the cut just ahead is where, on the last trip, a watchman, intent on watching a train on the opposite track, had forgotten the express was due, and the horror and agony depicted on his face as the pilot threw him high in the air, will never be forgotten, neither will his mangled and blood stained body, picked up and cared for as soon as the train could be stopped. And so on every mile of the road something of this kind is brought to mind, as his thoughts follow the circle of light ahead, which changes and flashes constantly, now shining on a bridge, now showing an embankment, flashes its rays now on a house and through trees and foliage, and if the man is easily worried or bothered he gets very nervous indeed, and wishes he was at the end of the trip—anywhere off the rail.

'Why, I've known men to give up the best trains on the road and big pay because they had to run in the night-time; and take trains that were much harder to run and poorer pay, simply because the latter run in daylight. Yes, engineers do sometimes get frightened and lose nerve, and it is not to be wondered at when we think of his standing one hand on the throttle and the other on the reverse lever, with his thoughts going back to incidents of his busy and hazardous life, on each curve and straight line of the road, as revealed by the head-light of his engine.'—Port Jervis (N. Y.) *Gazette.*

The Boy Angler,

HOW HE CONTRIVES TO GET THE MOST POSSIBLE ENJOYMENT FROM A DAY'S FISHING.

We do not claim for the boy, nor does he for himself, that he can catch more fish than the scientific angler; but how he loves to go afishin', and how he enjoys it all, from the preparative beginning to the very end. What happiness is his, in the cutting of the pole, in the pleasant woods, where many a sapling is critically scanned and many a one laid low before the right and fore-ordained one is found; and in the buying of the cheap line and half-a dozen beautiful blue fish-hooks, selected with much deliberation from the tempting array in the show case of the country store. How continually he is full of anticipation of sport from the moment he begins digging bait; each big worm unearthed and going into the leaky coffee-pot promises a fish, and as he hurries across the fields to the stream, he cannot stop even to look for a bird's nest, though sparrow, bobolink and meadow-lark start from almost at his feet. Nor hardly can he halt to disentangle his hook and line from the fence or bush they are sure to catch in, for he knows the fish are waiting for him. Then out of breath beside the stream he impales a lively worm, spits on it, not so much for luck as in deference to time honored usage, gets his line straight out behind him, and sends it with a whiz and a resounding 'plung!' of the two-ounce sinker far out into the water and waits for a bite with what patience a boy can wait. Presently perhaps the expected thrill runs up his angle to his hands and through all his nerves, the tip of the pole nods, then bows low to the flood, and by no 'turn of the wrist,' but by main strength and by one and the same motion, he hooks his victim and tears it from its watery hold. So swiftly has it made its curved flight over his head, unseen but as a dissolving streak, that he knows not till he has rushed to where it is kicking on the grass whether his prize is a green and golden barred perch, a gaudy mottled pumpkin seed, a silvery shiner, or an ugly but toothsome bullpout, gritting his wide jaws when his horns do him no good, though they may yet do his captor an injury. Whatever it may be, he glories over it as much as a man over his well fought trout or bass, and straightway runs to cut a forked wand whereon to string it, and takes care that it be long enough to hold many another. Though he goes home with a beggarly account of small fry dangling at the end of his withe, he is unabashed, if not proud; and hopeful for another day. But if it is strung so full that his arms ache with lugging it, what pride fills his heart as he displays his fish! Till they are eaten and digested he ceases to be a 'no account boy.' He cleans them and enjoys it. Every scale is a cent, bright from the mint, and he catches each fish over again as he takes it up He recognizes his worm in their maws. When they are cooked whoever tasted fish so good?

Alack, for the bygone days! When May comes with south winds and soft skies and green fields are dotted with the gold of dandelions and the blue of violets, and the bobolinks are riotous with song over them, who would not be a boy again, just for one day to go afishing?—*Forest and Stream.*

Surgery Extraordinary.

A PATIENT AT ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL HAS HIS BRAIN SEWED UP.

[*From the New York Herald.*]

The brief account in Friday's Herald of the extraordinary operation performed Thursday afternoon at St. Vincent's Hospital upon Michael Hoffman's brain has excited such wide-spread interest both among the members of the medical profession and the public in general, that a Herald reporter called at the hospital last evening to obtain a fuller history of the case.

'Hoffman is getting on finely,' said Dr. Keene, the house surgeon, 'and will be perfectly well in a month from now, although five years ago—or even one year ago, for that matter—his life could not have been saved. This shows what rapid strides the science of surgery is making toward that time when human skill shall have obtained such a mastery over the workings of disease and accident that the life of man can be prolonged to its natural limit of 100 years.

'Hoffman was working Thursday at the bottom of the elevator shaft in the building No. 502 Greenwich street, which has just been erected. The elevator was being used for the first time, and the man who ran it apparently did not know that Hoffman was below him, for on the downward trip of the elevator he let it descend with great rapidity to the basement, knocking Hoffman down and binding him between the floor and the bottom of the elevator. When the screams of the unfortunate man apprised him of what he had done he pulled the rope and the elevator rose just at the instant when a further descent of half an inch would have instantly killed Hoffman.

'As it was, when the latter was carried to the hospital it was found that the end of one of the eight screws, half an inch in diameter, which he had been putting into a heavy board at the bottom of the shaft had been forced into his head to the brain. The skull was badly fractured, and six large pieces were removed, leaving four square inches of the brain exposed. This was bad enough, but the dura mater, or membrane covering the brain, was ruptured, and the gray matter of the brain protruded a distance of half an inch. There seemed to us to be no earthly means of saving the man's life after this discovery was made, until Dr. Larkins suggested that the membrane be sewed up. This has never before been attempted, as the dura mater is as thin and delicate as the lining of an egg shell, and death always ensues from any meddling with it. Nevertheless the suggestion was followed as a dernier resort.

'The protruding portion of the brain was carefully pushed back and the membrane drawn together and fastened with several stitches of catgut, which will soon be absorbed. The wound was then dressed in the ordinary way, and there he has lain, with a trepanned hole in his head as large as one's hand, as conscious and intelligent as you or I, and with every chance of being perfectly well in a few weeks."

'Would you call such an operation trepanning? Is not that term used only when a plate of silver is inserted into the skull?' asked the reporter.

'That is one of the greatest of the popular delusions in regard to surgery,' said the doctor laughingly. 'I may be putting it rather strong, but to my knowledge and belief there never was a plate of silver inserted in the skull of any human being. I do not believe it could be possibly done with success, and besides, even if it could be, of what use is it? The skull, as in Hoffman's case, will soon re-form and cover the opening with a growth which, though at first like gristle, yet in a year's time will be nearly as solid as the rest of his skull. But it was a delicate piece of work, uncovering such an area of a man's brain—pushing back what protruded through the ruptured dura mater, and then drawing this membrane together and sewing it with catgut thread. We could see the minute arteries of the gray matter of the brain pulsating with each beat of his heart. Altogether, it was the most difficult case of the kind which has been treated since the St. Vincent's Hospital was opened.'

—The Order of Oddfellows is of ancient date; it was established by the Roman soldiers in camp after the order of the Israelites, during the reign of Nero, the Roman Emperor, who commenced his reign A. D. 55, at which time they were called Fellow Citizens. The name of Oddfellow was given to this order of men (A. D., 70) by Titus Cæsar, Emperor of Rome, from their singularity of notions, and from their knowing each other by night as well as by day, and for their fidelity to him and their country. He not only gave them the name off Oddfellows, but as a pledge of friendship, presented them with a dispensation engraved on the Arch of Titus Cæsar, the Ark of the Covenant, the Golden Candlesticks, the Golden Table (weighing one great talent) the sun for N. G., the moon for V. G.; a lamp for secretary, the lion for guardian, the dove for warden, and the emblems of mortality for the G. M. It is veryprobable that the first account we have of the Order spreading into other countries is in the fifth century, when it was established in the Spanish Dominions under the Roman dispensation; and in the sixth century by King Henry, into Portugal; and in the twelfth century it was established in France, and afterwards in England by D'Neville, attended by five knights from France, who formed a Loyal Grand Lodge of Honor, in London, which Order remained until the reign of George III, when a part of them began to form themselves into a Union, and a portion of them remain until to-day; on this account the lodges which remain, and are very numerous throughout the world, call themselves Loyal Ancient Independent Oddfellows, being a portion of the original body.—*Dominion Oddfellow.*

AN EVASIVE ANSWER.—'Mike,' said a priest to his servant, 'if the Protestant minister calls to-day, remember, I do not wish to see him; don't say I am not at home, for that would be a lie, but give him an evasive answer.' 'Och, I will,' said Mike. 'Well, Mike,' said the priest in the evening, 'did the minister call?' 'Faix he did, your reverence.' 'What answer did you give him?' 'I gave him an evasive answer, as your riverence towld me.' 'But what did you say to him?' 'Why, your riverence, he asked me was yez at home, and I towld him was his grandmother a donkey!'