Continued from first page.

forward to this day as the crowning joy of my life. I return to my old home to see my cup of bliss grasped by the hand of another. It was a merciless fate that snatched me from the hand of the foe!'

'It was you Maker's will, Andrew,' I interposed.

''Yes, yes,' he murmured, 'that truth must not forksake me, besides, the future here need be of little moment to me now. I feel myself prematurely aged.'

'I led Andrew, with soothing words to his mother's door, and bade him good-bye.

'The next Sunday, after vespers, I was hastily sammoned to Andrew's bedside. One glance assured me that the shadow of death was creeping swiftly over him. He held out his long, thin fingers to me, and said to me in a faint whisper:

''My warfare is nearly accomplished.'

''Andrew, I said, 'have you any earthly wish?'

''Yes, yes,' he articulated, with laboring breath. 'Guiseppe and Marie—I should like to see them once more.'

''Nay, Andrew,' said I, 'have pity on her, at least, and spare her this blow.''

''Perhaps you are right,' he murmured; 'come nearer to me; 'a mist is gathering round me; I can scarcely see.'

'As I bent over him he drew from under his pillow a small wooden cross, with a lock of golden hair entwined around it.

''Place those next my heart when I am gone,' he feebly whispered.

'His hand again wandered beneath the pillow, and when he drew it forth his Orders and Cross were in it.

'Keep them for my sake,' he said; 'my last fight is over. Pray!'

'I knelt down by his bedside, still holding his hand in mine, and as my prayers rose to the throne of mercy, his fingers relaxed, a deep sigh broke from him; his earthly warfare was accomplished, and the shadow of death fell darkly over him. There on the grassy slope of yonder little graveyard he sleeps in peace.'

'And Marie,' I asked, as the old pastor finished.

'Lived out a happy life,' replied my venerable friend; 'a chaste wife and loving mother.

A MUSQUITO FIGHT.

BY F. E. HAMILTON.

Some twenty years ago, while living in Vermont, I started to make the journey from Burlington to Canaan, a town in the north east corner of the State. Leaving the railroad at St. Albans, I proceeded on foot from that point with rod and gun, fishing the brooks as I advanced, and occasionally spending an afternoon in hunting, until I had crossed the first range. Thus far I had enjoyed myself immensely. The weather had been cool, the weather September, the fish hungry, and I had shot several foxes, a large number of squirrels and one fine buck. From this point I decided to advance without further delay to Canaan, complete my business there and then renew my fishing and hunting upon my return trip to Morgan. With this idea I left my gun and fishing-rod in charge of the old innkeeper at the little tavern where I had been staying, to be kept until I called for them, and one crisp, sunny morning began my climb over the mountains toward my journey's end. The distance between Morgan and Canaan was about twenty miles and I intended to accomplish it in one day.

"Nothing of importance occurred to me in crossing the mountains, nor did I meet with a single person until I was far down the valley upon the other side.

"Just as the sun disappeared behind the mountains, which now lay to the westward. I reached a little hill which commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, and something less than three miles ahead, close to the shining Connecticut river, I saw gleaming through the twilight the white houses of Canaan.

"'Tis not so far as I thought,' said I to myself, as my eye followed the winding road that lay before me, 'but there are some woods that I must pass before dark and I'll hurry on;' and with that I began the descent of the hill.

"About half-way between my point of observation and the village lay a body of woods, apparently a kind of half swamp, through which I must pass; and I desired to reach the open country beyond before the night had fairly set in. To this end I walked rapidly along the road, which was already growing duskish, and I had almost reached the timber when I heard the noise of an approaching waggon, and just at the very edge of the timber I met a man leading a horse, to which was hitched a light lumber wagon.

"Good evening, sir," I remarked, as he drew near. He stared at me but made no reply. 'How far do you call it to Canaan?'

"'Are you going through the woods to Canaan?'

"'I am, sir. Is not this the nearest way?' I returned.

"The man laughed a sort of desperate laugh. 'You'll never reach the town this way,' he replied. 'You'll never pass these woods alive!'

"'Good Heavens!' I cried, 'What do you mean? Are there murderers here?'

"'Millions of them! Millions!' he answered with earnestness. 'Listen!' he added, seizing my arm, 'do you not hear them?'

'The night or evening was still, and the chirp of the crickets and the far off barking of the farm dogs sounded clear and distinct through the air: but I could hear nothing more frightful, and I said so.

"'Don't you hear them? don't you? Try again; they're singing while they wait for you,' the man continued. 'Listen!'

"From the depths of the swamps a faint but growing sound now fell upon my ear. It was like the song of a million bees, only the note was sharper and more shrill, and filled the air until it trembled with the quick vibrations. A sudden thought came to me.

"'Musquitoes!' I cried.

"My informant grinned. 'I thought you'd hear 'em, Don't try to pass the woods to-night. Come back with me.'

"'What! Do you think I am afraid of them?' I exclaimed, half angrily, turning away; 'I shall be in Canaan in half an hour. Good night;' and without further delay I broke from the grasp of my would-be-friend and entered the dim shadows of the road. But even as I disappeared from his view I heard him call after me with a grim humor, "Good night, an' if you will go, good-by.'

I hurried on. I had passed, perhaps, one third of the distance when I became aware that a cloud of the troublesome insects was following me. I increased my speed, they flew the faster and began to sting me. I struck here and there, killing them upon my face and hands by dozens. Hundreds immediately took their place. The song which the countryman spoke of sounded clear and clearer each moment in my ears, and the numbers of my assailants increased every instant. It was becoming to say the least, unpleasant.

"Turning aside for a moment I cut a leafy branch and with it thought to drive the insects from the air about my head. I might as well have tried to drive the air itself away. They settled upon me in swarms, each individual biting as though it was his first and last chance for a meal. I threw aside my branch and ran. My pursuers sang but the louder and darkened all the road before me. The sound of their humming drowned the noise of my own foot-steps, they filled my eyes, my ears, my mouth and my nostrils! I fought them to breathe, and my hands were covered with my own blood!

"My retreat became a rout. I ran with all the speed that I was capable of. I felt myself growing weak, an indescribble horror took possession of me, I shrieked, beating the air, with red and dripping hands; and my feet flew along the narrow road. Should I never reach the clearing?

"The last five minutes of that fearful race I cannot remember. I never remembered them. All grew dark and I lost myself, to regain self-possession only when I stumbled against the fence of one of the outlying houses in the town of Canaan. Then partial consciousness returned, and blind, half dead, and moaning with agony I staggered up the village street and dragged myself into the village inn. A dozen men sat around the bar room, but as I entered every one sprang to his feet, and a single cry went up from all, 'He's come through the musquito swamp!'

"I thought that I had.

"It was three days before I could leave my bed, nearly a week before I could leave my room, and for fully two months I retained the scars of my terrible battle. Since then I have added a certain amount of fear to my hatred for the musquito, knowing that there are times when even the smallest adversaries are dangerous.—*Christian Union.*

Miscellaneous.

RESOURCES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Mr. Justice Gray, of British Columbia, in a recent pen-and-ink sketch thus speaks of the mineral wealth of the Pacific Province:—

"The gold fields of British Columbia have been among the richest yet known in the modern world. In early days the yield of Cariboo was fabulous. In a mere sketch like the present, which one cannot encumber with great numbers of authentic returns, the statement of the amount would be discredited. The mines to this time have simply been worked by hydraulic power supplied by ditches or sluices running along the hills, at the base of which the deposits are found, and bringing the water often from great distances to obtain height and force. No quartz-crushing mills have yet been established; the primitive rocker holds it own, and the bed rock stops the way. Compared with California and Nevada the business here is in its infancy; yet in 1875, owing to Cassiar, the total gold yield, including what was carried away by private hands, as well as what was shipped by the banks, was estimated at $2,400,000. Considering the shortness of the mining season, and the number of persons engaged in the actual mining, believed not to exceed 1,500, it can well be understood why gold mining with all its hardships and all its uncertainties is so attractive.

'Compared with Ontario, Manitoba, California, or any of the Western Prairie States, British Columbia can never be considered an agricultural country. Doubtless, as in the Eastern States and Provinces, there will be good agricultural districts, and cereals and fruits of remarkable size and quality will be produced, but as an exporting country of grain it never can be classed. Its true wealth, like the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and the State of Maine in former days, will be in its shipbuilding, fisheries, mines and forests, and, at a future day, its manufactures."

INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE SULTAN AND THE PATRIARCH.

At an interview which the Sultan recently accorded to Monsignor Nerses, the Armenian Patriarch, much was said on both sides of the fidelity of the Armenian subjects of the Porte, and of the rewards which are in store for them. The Patriarch said:—

"Majesty! All the thought of my nation are fixed upon you and upon your army, for whose success we never cease to pray, forgetting even ourselves in our anxiety for you." To this the Sultan replied:—"Truly I groan continually over the miseries of the present time. I, who would not willingly tread upon an ant, am deeply grieved that so much innocent blood is being shed. But God knows that I am not responsible for this horrid war." 'You are the greatest of Monarchs, sire," replied the Patriarch. "You have surpassed all your predecessors who ascended the throne of Osman in prosperous times, whilst you have crowned the Ottoman flag with glory in the midst of trials and difficulties of every kind. Since you ascended the throne you have not had an instant of repose; and it is in this that your greatness consists. The entire nation prays night and day for the success of your arms and for the determination set in your solemn Hatt, and devote yourself to the development of agriculture, commerce, art and education." "I am entirely satisfied with my Armenian nation," said the Sultan. "I thank the Armenians with all my heart, and I desire you to convey to the Armenian nation the expression of my satisfaction and the assurance of my regard. I make no distinction between Mahometans and Christians. All are Ottomans. Their religion is between them and their God. I have given them *La Constitution* (the Sultan used here the French word) in order that they may all prosper in fraternal equality." The Patriarch then offered up a long prayer for the preservation of the Sultan's life, for the success of his armies, and the accomplishment of his great designs. The Sultan listened with his hands crossed on his breast and his head bowed as if in prayer himself.

☞ A French ornithologist has taken the trouble to find out at what hour during the summer the commonest small birds wake up and begin to sing. The result of his enquiry shows that the earliest riser of all is the greenfinch, who tunes up at about half-past one a. m., some hours before the more robust and melodious species of finches are ready for work. The second to put in an appearance is the blackcap, who is to be heard at half-past two or thereabouts; and half an hour later the quail makes his first attempt at a musical performance. It is nearly four o'clock, and the sun is well above the horizon, before the first real songster appears in the person of the blackbird, who precedes the thrush about half an hour, and the chirp of the robbin is about the same length of time before that of the wren. Finally the house sparrow and the tomtit occupy the last place on the list.

PIANOFORTE & ORGAN DEPOT.

COR. UNION and CHARLOTTE STS.,....ST. JOHN, N. B.

We take much pleasure in informing our friends in Nova Scotia that WE escaped the terrible conflagration which recently destroyed the greater part of our city, and that we are prepared to supply them with

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

on our usual favorable terms.

We have a large stock of

STANDARD PIANOFORTES

and are receiving every week new and beautiful styles of

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Parties applying to us in person, or by direct correspondence will be supplied at WHOLESALE PRICES.

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As supplied to the Admiralty, Board of Works, Austrian Lloyd's, Woolwich Arsenal, Cunard Company, &c.,

For House, Ship and General Use, Indoors and Out.

And in all Colors.

Manufactured by the SILICATE PAINT COMPANY, LIVERPOOL, having no chemical action on Iron and other Metals; will stand any degree of heat without blistering—1 cwt. being nearly equal in bulk, and doing the work of 2 cwt. Lead Paints.

Artificial Stone Paint, { For preserving Wood, Zinc, and other Buildings, giving them the appearance of White or Bath Stone, &c.

DAMP WALLS, DAMP CHURCHES, &c. Cured by the PETRIFYING LIQUID, at a cost of about 2d. per square yard.

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GRIFFITH'S PAT. ENAMELL'G PAINTS. *Every article for the Trade at lowest prices.*

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Refined Scotch and Sweedish IRON.

BLISTER, CAULKING, TYRE, CAST DRILL STEEL

ALSO:—Canada Horse Shoe Nails. Boiled and Raw Paint Oil, Best Quality.

☞ Now in Stock: ☜

A Quantity of the Silicate Paints,

(Different Colors) prepared for all kinds of House and Ship Painting, also for all kinds of Iron Work and Machinery. The Anti-Fouling Paint, for Ships' Bottoms, is an article highly recommended as a complete protection against Worms, &c., and will not foul. It leaves a Hard, Smooth Surface like Glass. All orders promptly attended to, and every information given on application to the agent.

Bidgetown, July 19th, 1876. 6m n15 HUGH FRASER.

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W. WHYTAL & CO.,

Manufacturers of

Sole, Harness, Grain, Wax, Buff, Polish, Oil Pebble, Welt, Rigging and Split

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Importers and dealers in French Calf, C. D. Fronts, English Fitted Uppers, Shoe Findings, Tanners' and Curriers' Tools, Rubber and Leather Belting, Lace Leather, &c.

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we are enabled to offer Cash Customers the MOST LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS.

☞ The highest cash price paid for Hides.

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GOODS ARRIVING DAILY

June 22nd, '77 n11tf

LONDON HOUSE, RETAIL.

The following NEW GOODS opened to-day:

COLORED Hamburgs and Laces for Trimming, Grass Cloth Dress Materials, New Braids, Trimmings and Wool Fringes, New Umbrellas and Sunshades, New Frillings for the neck in enormous varieties, New Slipper Patterns and Working Canvas, New Reguttas and Prints, and a large variety of other Goods, making the largest and most complete assortment in the city.

AT OUR USUAL LOW PRICES.

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August 2nd, 1876. n17 y

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Cheapest Yet.

CARPETS! CARPETS!

Brussels, from	$1.05
Tapestry, "	.95
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LACE CURTAINS, from $2.00 set; CURTAIN NET and MUSLIN, from 14 cts.

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DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

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promptly executed. Call and see samples!

J. W. WHITMAN.

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Granulated Sugar.

100 BBLS. Granulated Sugar. Landing Ex "Riverside."

GEORGE S. DE FOREST,

11 South wharf,

St. John, July 18, 1877.

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INVESTMENTS

Made in best Securities, Stocks, Bonds, &c.

Interest allowed on deposists subject to cheque.

Exchange bought and sold.

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ly n27 HALIFAX, N. S.

WANTED.

WE WANT reliable, energetic canvassing agents in every town in the Dominion for the new "Illustrated History of the Dominion of Canada." This work is truly magnificent, containing over 2,000 double column quarto pages, and over 300 superb full page engravings. The work is published in Parts, on a plan which insures its welcome to every English reading family. To energetic young men or ladies, who are willing to work, we will guarantee a permanent position for two years, and GOOD PAY! Don't fail to write for our private terms, sample pages, etc. This is a grand opportunity for school teachers to make more than double their salaries without interfering with their professional duties. The work is being manufactured at a cost of over $20,000 for the literary, artistic and mechanical work of producing the plates, by the old well-known, reliable Lovell Printing and Publishing Co., of Montreal. All letters from agents must be addressed to the Publishers general agents as follows:—

HAZEN B. BIGNEY & CO.,

28 and 30 St. Francis Xavier Street,

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Fall and Winter Clothing.

JUST RECEIVED from one of the Best Clothing Establishments in the Dominion, a large stock of MEN & BOY'S CLOTHING, Consisting of Overcoats & Reefers, in BLACK, BROWN, BLUE & DRAB. ULSTERS, SUITS of the most FASHIONABLE MAKE and MATERIAL, DRESS COATS. PANTS & VEST to MATCH in great variety. Heavy Working Pants.

Customers will find the above stock as well assorted in style, make and size, as any in the County.

All of which will be sold at the *smallest possible profit.* TERMS:—Positively 3 months.

J. W. TOMLINSON.

Lawrencetown, August 27th, 1877.

G. W. STUART,

Produce Commission Merchant,

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THIS old and well-known stand is situated in the most favourable part of the city, for the sale of produce of all kinds, being large and commodious having ample room for storage, if necessary.

The subscriber with past experience and strict attention to business, feels confident he cannot fail to give satisfaction to all who favor him with their patronage. All goods are carefully handled and carried on spring waggons. All charges moderate—in no case more than 5 per cent. commission charged, Prompt returns. Any reference required, given. All correspondence promptly answered. The smallest consignments receive a full share of attention.

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THE BANKRUPT

STOCK!

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HAVING been purchased by MAGEE BROTHERS is now being sold at

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IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

Cor. King & Prince William sts.

Visitors to St. John will find superior advantages offered for procuring

CHEAP DRY GOODS

at this establishment Fresh importations are being constantly received from Europe and the United States to keep the Stock well assorted, and are sold at

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ST. JOHN, N. B., May 1st, 1876. y

Haying Season, '77.

Scythes,

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COSSIT'S NEW MODEL

Buckeye Mowing Machine,

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with PATENT IMPROVED HORSE-DUMPING LEVER.

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New silks, New flowers, New Laces, New Feathers, New Frillings.

Bonnets and Hats

trimmed to order on the Premise by an experienced Milliner,

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Annapolis, May 30th, 1877. n6 tf

NOTICE TO SHOE DEALERS.

WE beg to announce that owing to the large increase in our business, we have been compelled to lease the large and commodious Brick Building of Wm. Peter's, 240 Union street, where with increased facilities for manufacturing purposes, we will in future be better prepared to meet the wants of our customers and the trade generally in the manufacture of

Mens' Larrigans and Shoe Pacs, Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Childrens' Slippers of all kinds,—a specialty; also, Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Newport Ties, battoned and buckled, Walking Shoes in various qualities and finish. VINCENT & McFATE,

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may21 '77

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.

We have recently published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the *radical and permanent cure* (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

☞ Price, in sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use os internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and *radically.*

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One GOOD ACTIVE AGENT WANTED in every township to introduce the **Victor Butter Worker.** Sample Machine free to Agents. Price $6.00, $7.00 and $8.00 each. One Million to be sold in the Dominion. Apply early with stamp, for agents circular to the

VICTOR WRINGER & Co.,

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Neatly executed at the office of this paper.

Miscellaneous.

AN UNWILLING CORPSE.

A most extraordinary case of suspended animation recently occurred in Shelby county, about thirty miles from Dayton. An old woman in whom the lamp of life was flickering—ready to expire at the faintest breath—was the subject, yet her little spark of life clung to her aged frame with a tenacity that was remarkable. Her name was Mary Slaughter; she was in her eighty-eighth year, and one of the oldest settlers in that portion of the State. With the increase of years she became weak and childish, and at times would remain for weeks in an unconscious state, taking no subsistance and scarcely moving to show that she was still living. Thursday of last week hardly any life was preceptible. Her limbs and body grew cold, and every sign of life and breath departed, and the family, assured of her death, sent the next day to Carlisle for a coffin and notified her relatives.

A hearse containing a coffin arrived from Carlisle Friday afternoon. But to the surprise of friends and the assembled relatives of the supposed deceased, and to the undeataker himself, the corpse he had come for was no longer a corpse, but was returning once more to life. No ice had been placed about the body when at first it had been believed she was dead, thinking, perhaps, that life might not be extinct; afterwards this was forgotton. The watchers, who sat all Thursday night with a cold corpse, had on Friday night a warm body, with the blood apparently in good circulation. On Friday, toward midnight, they found the eyes of the corpse of the night previous wide open, looking at them and conscious of what was going on about her, though she was unable to speak or to move. The physician was summoned by the family, and every effort exhausted to sustain this life. This appeared impossible, and it again disappeaaed. At three o'clock Saturday morning there were no symptoms of life, and the physicians pronounced her dead. This was sustained by the fact that the body had began to mortify, and it was evident could not long be preserved. Before the burial her relatives at Stringtown, who had not seen the lady since her death, wished to take a parting glance at her. The coffin was opened, and the smell of mortification was almost too strong to be endured. But those who looked were astonished by the appearance of the eyelids, which appeared to quiver, though they did not open. The body was found to be again warm and the heart beating. The funeral was postponed, but the warmth passed shortly from the body, and its death became apparent, while the odor of putrefaction was not to be restrained. Sunday there was no change or indication of life, and in the afternoon it was decided to bury the corpse.—*Dayton (Ohio) Journal, Sept. 27.*

THE QUEEN'S INCOME.

The Queen of England is at this moment the richest woman in the world, totally apart from the sum which she annually receives from the country. When the Prince Consort chose South Kensington as the site for the great exhibition he invested a large amount of money in lands there abouts, and that money has by this time increased forty or fifty fold, and brings in a revenue adequate in itself to cover the expenses of a good sized kingdom. The Queen herself is an excellent manager, and had she begun life with a capital of £500 she would by this time have made it £50,000 for she has a turn for money-making, and never loses a chance of increasing her shining store. It may be doubted whether she spends much, if any, more than £25,000 a year, for she rarely receives anybody even to dinner, and although she has to keep up a large staff of servants, $125,000 will go a long way even here to defray all expenses of that description. I mentioned this sum of £25,000 the other day to a friend of mine who knows a good deal more about the Court than I do, and he laughed at it as absurdly high. However that may be, the Queen receives £335,000 a year from the nation, about £40,000 more from the Duchy of Lancaster, and not less than £200,000 from her investments—or $3,125,000 a year. The Prince of Wales receives £40,000 from the nation, about £40,000 more from the Duchy of Cornwall, and his wife £10,000 from the nation—altogether £110,000 and upon this he has to keep a large family and to receive and entertain numerous visitors and guests give garden parties, balls, dinners, and incur vast expenses generally, which ought properly to fall upon the monarch. No wonder that he is relatively a poor man. The prospect before him is not very bright, for the Queen may reign for twenty years to come yet. She is only fifty-eight, and as strong as a lion, in perfect health, and probably hopes to reign as long as her distinguished ancestor, George III., who was on the throne for sixty years—peace to his memory! And certainly no one wishes any evil to happen to the Queen or to see the shortening of her days, for, after all, it is by no means certain that a change, whenever it may come, will necessarily be for the better.

THE HIGHEST RAILROAD BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.

The Cincinnati papers are giving accounts of the opening of the new Southern Railroad from that city to the Kentucky River, where there is said to be the highest railroad bridge yet built. It is 275 feet high, having three spans, the middle one 375 feet long and the others 300 feet each, the total length being 1,125 feet. There is a bridge in Switzerland, which is 254 feet high, but with a span only 114 feet long. The piers of the Kentucky bridge are the largest in the country, except those of the New York and Brooklyn bridge, the stonework being 130 x 27 feet, and the base of the ironwork 117 x 28. The frame is all wrought iron, and was built out from the abutments toward the centre of each span. The fastening of the junction points was accomplished in a novel way. One sunshiny day having expanded the framework, the connecting bolts were fastened, and so much secured; then a second day of sunshine having given all the expansion the bridge was capable of, the bolts were made fast permanently. At the opening, the other day, the bridge was made subject to seven severe tests and stood them all admirably.

Jokers' Corner.

A SHY YOUNG MAN.

Mr. Kilpatrick selected as the hero of this story a shy young man of Scotland, who for fourteen years had wooed the lassie of his heart. One night, Jamie, for that was the young man's name, called to see Jennie, and there was a terrible look about his eyes, just as there is sometimes when they've made up their minds to pop the question. And Jamie came in and sat down by the fire just as he had done every Tuesday and Friday night for fourteen long years, and he talked of the weather, and the cattle, and the crops, and the stock market I was going to say—but no, they didn't talk about that. And finally Jamie says:

"Jennie, I've known you now for a long time."

"Yes, Jamie," said she.

"And—I've thought I'd always like to—know you, Jennie."

"Y-e-s—Jamie."

"So—that- when—"

"Yes—Jamie—yes."

"We're dead we can lay our bones together."

The fool had gone and bought a lot in a graveyard, but Jennie wasn't discouraged. She knew her man well—after fourteen years she ought to—and so she said gently:

"Jamie."

"Yes, Jennie."

"Don't you think 'twould be better to lay our bones together, while we're alive?"

"Are you acquainted with Square Root?" asked a teacher of a girl of fourteen, who had been "promoted." "No," replied the pupil, blushingly, "I don't know Esquire Root, but I like John pretty well."

As a wife was holding her husband's aching head in her hands one morning, she asked, "Are a man and wife one?" "I suppose so," said the husband. "Then," rejoined the wife, "I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself.

"Never do anything you would not like to see others do," remarks the New York "Herald." Well now, that's the worst yet. If we wanted to marry a girl, for instance, we wouldn't like to see some other fellow marry her.

A Judge joking a young lawyer, said: "if you and I were turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?" "The ass, to be sure," replied the lawyer. "I've heard of an ass being made a Judge, but a horse never!".

A policeman was stationed in front of a vile groggery in New York to warn strangers of the dangerous character of the place, whereupon the proprietor posted a placard, saying that he was under police protection, and no one need be afraid to patronize him.

The plan of making it rain just when one pleases is well enough, perhaps, as the scientists figure it out, but how will you manage when a man wants to wet down his corn field the same afternoon the church society hold their annual picnic?—*Bridgeport Standard.*

A missionary joked an Indian who was about to take a wife, and among the other things said, "I should think you'd be afraid you'd have too much joy—more than even your stoicism could stand." The noble red man reflected for a moment, and then said, "The pale-face is right. Squaw wife too much jawy—sometimes great deal more than Injun can stand."

When little Henry Augustus was reprimanded by his father for throwing stones at another boy, and told that he might be hanged some day if he was not a better boy, the lad said that he didn't care if he would be, "for then the papers would print my portrait, and the girls would send me flowers in jail, and I'd go to heaven, and that'd be bully." The inference is plain that Henry Augustus reads the daily papers.

It was a little hard on the boy, for he meant well, and had a sincere admiration for the girl. They were sitting at the tea table with a company of others, and as he passed her the sugar he murmured in an undertone, "Here it is, sweet, just like you." The compliment was a little awkward, to be sure, but he meant it, and it seemed more than cruel when in a moment later, she had occasion to pass the butter to him, she drawled, "Here it is, soft, just like you."

A lady asked a very silly—(we won't mention the nationality) how it happened that his countrymen who came out of his own country were, generally speaking, men of more ability than those who remained at home. "O madam," said he, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, that for the honor of the country no one be permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding." "Then" said she, "I suppose you were smuggled."

Why she wouldn't: A young lady was at a party during which quarrels between husband and wife were discussed. "I think," said an unmarried elder son, "that the proper thing is for the husband to have it out at once, and thus avoid quarrels for the future. I would light a cigar in the carriage after the wedding breakfast, and settle the smoking question forever." "I would knock the cigar out of your mouth," interrupted the belle. "Do you know I don't think you would be there!" he remarked.

IT DOESN'T PAY.—Many people contend that truth will prevail, and that truthful people will reap a rich reward, but it isn't so. Yesterday afternoon a servant girl in search of a situation called at a house on Miami avenue, and after some general talk with the lady, she said:

"I think I'd like to come, ma'am, and I'll tell you in advance that I have five beaux, I must have a night key, I shall want two afternoons and all the evenings. Shall go to church twice on Sunday. I hate children, and if I take a notion to leave I shan't give you an hour's warning."

It was the plain truth she spoke, and yet the lady escorted her to the door in about a minute.