

J. E. COLLINS Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME I.

To a Little Maiden. Sweet little maiden, Modest little maiden Blushing little maiden Thirteen There's an airy spell about you, There's a dainty charm about you.

There's a modest grace about you, I ween. Would you know wherein the spell lies, little

maiden ? Do you ask wherein the charm lies, little

maiden ? Shall I tell wherein the grace lies, little maiden

> Nay, nay ! For were I to tell, Indeed, I know full well

It would surely break the spell, Little maiden But I'll whisper in your ear A word for you to hear;

Just a hint-never fear. Little maiden

Be always bright and ready, Press onward strong and steady, Ever help the poor and needy, Little maiden :

And the charm and the grace That are scaled on thy face Will never loose their place. Little maiden

-Bosion Transcript.

Her Blue-Eyed Boy.

"My boy, my boy, my blue-eyed boy. For thee I sigh, for thee I weep, When others tread the mazy dance, Or smile in happy dreams and sleep. Torn from these loving arms away, By those who recked not tear or prayer, Ere thou couldst speak thy mother's name, My tiny bud, my babelet fair.

"My boy, my boy, my blue-eyed boy, Could I within thy bright eyes geze, Or have an hour to kiss thee in, Twould light up many weary days. But thou art far away from me; Between us ocean's billows beat, And I can but thy picture kiss, My fairy rose, my babelet sweet."

As Miss Isabella Spooner finished reading these verses and proceeded to cut them out of the paper they had graced, with a pair of scissors that in company Miss Spooner went on, "and she's a deli-cate little thing, and—" with a bunch of keys hung from her generous girdle, a murmur of admiration and sympathy arose from her audience. This audience consisted of Mrs. Spooner, Isa-bella's mother, a tall, thin, pale woman with a great deal of forehead—that is, in regard to height—and very white, well-shaped hands, which looked as though ered on her wherever she goes—she is you better than I."

"Well, I should say she was quite smart. Yes-s," said the young pork merchant, in a nasal voice. "Them verses sounded very pretty. I don't read anything in the newspapers but the lard quotations and the hog market the dear little birds was so like a baby's voice. "Couldn't you git him away from them folks? Pears to me I couldn't read anything whether the set of the set of the set of the set of the dear little birds was so like a baby's voice. "Couldn't you git him away from them folks? Pears to me I couldn't read anything whether you can be a set of the s

read anything in the newspapers but the lard quotations and the hog market reports myself, but I know good po'try when I hear it. 'And you read first-rate, Miss Spooner, you do. Yes-s."
"It was nice," said his sister; "but i know good po'try when I hear it. 'And you read first-rate, Miss Spooner, you do. Yes-s."
"It was nice," said his sister; "but i hands and look at me with tears in your based of the sorrowing in the chair top better than a friend of mine can do.
She can write pomes by the hour, but is she don't print none. She don't need to, 'cause her pa's rich. She only does it for fun."
"Well, I'm blessed," here broke in Sang from the chair-top on which they had been elevated, "if I wouldn't like to she? And who's the blue-eyed boy?"
"Why, bless me! you've just come, and the blue-eyed boy is her only child—a lovely babe—"
"Babelet," corrected Mrs. Dusenberry, at the same time playfully flicking the cheek of a youth at her, side, one of the spooner's story had heglected to far the rival of Madame De Sevigne, after having been captured and detailed for that duty only five minutes before.
"And when her husband died," con-

the rival of Madame De Sevigne, after having been captured and detailed for that duty only five minutes before. "And when her husband died," con-tinued the fair Isabella "(he was the younger son of an aristoeratic English family, one of the very highest—intimate with the Queen—and he ran away to this country on a lark, and his folks disowned him because they thought he married behim because they thought he married be-low him, though I've no doubt she was much too good for him, and he treated her lips. "Sir, do low him, though I've no doubt she was much too good for him, and he treated her shockingly), his father sent for the boy, and tore him from nis weeping mother's "Insult you!" cried the captain, spring-ing to his feet—"insult you, my dear little woman! I never dreamed of such

a thing." "But you offered me-money," she

"And recked not tear or prayer," quoted Mrs. Dusenberry. "But why did she let them take him?" shouted the captain. "By heavens! they couldn't have taken him if she'd 'a held stammered. "And I was about offering you"my hand and heart—that's the way they put it in the love stories, don't they? Will you marry me, Lilian? and then, if on. Foreigners tearing citizens of the United States from their mothers' arms!

Who ever heard of such a thing before?" "Well, they didn't exactly tear him away," explained his niece. "That's the poetical way of putting it," interpolated Mrs. Dusenberry. "But she was left almost destitute," Win you marry me, Linan? and then, if you choose, we'll go together for the boy." "Generous man!" said the widow, a tear stealing down her pretty cheek. "But don't you see"—and a smile suc-do? Loculd new r hat that would never do? Loculd never place for the transport with you marry me, Linan? and then, if you choose, we'll go together for the boy." tear stealing down her pretty cheek. "But don't you see"—and a smile suc-ceeded the tear—"that that would never do? I could never plead for my child as the wife of Captain Hottop. It must be as the widow of Montgomery Mon-turne"

"Circumstances were too many for her," suggested the pork merchant. "Just so," assented his hostess. "But, most fortunately, she possesses the gift of song; and with what her writings bring be as the widow of Montgomery Mon-tague." "Blessed if you ain't right!" exclaimed the captain, looking at her admiringly. "Well, promise to marry me when you

they had been molded out of lard; Mrs. Dusenberry, a lady who looked about five-and-forty, but who, according to her own calculations, grew young so fast that few years she would be a girl again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be a girl again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be a girl again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be a girl again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be a girl again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be a girl again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be a girl again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be a girl again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be a girl again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be a girl again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be a girl again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be a girl again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be a girl again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be a girl again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be again again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be again again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be again again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be again again, with fine set the other read of the tore methods about few years she would be again again. State the other set the other the again again, with fine set the other set the other the again again. State the other the tore set the other the again again. State the other the again again, with few she is willing to be his wife, and to come and live with him, and she says 'Yes.'

A Kaffir Wedding. General Cunynghame writes in his work on South Africa: "I went to see the marriage of the chief Faku, with the daughter of another chief from the Klip river district. Faku is a chief who did Mr. David McIver, one of the proprie-tors of the Cunard line of steamships and member of Parliament for Birkenhead, writes to the London Ti mes, declaring unright good service during the rebellion, and he is liked well. I was glad of an esitatingly that from his personal exrectaining to an the does not know of any nation whose trade prospects at pres-ent are so gloomy as Great Britain's. The depression in the United States and else-where, he says, does not at all approach the depression here. The British ex-ports to the United States are compara-tively nothing, either as regards volume or value. The British food importations are steadily increasing, and the balance of trade is so overwhelmingly against Great Britain that he sees nothing except ruin for home industries, whether manufac-turing or agricultural, if the present state of things is allowed to continue. Heturing or difference in the does not know of any nation whose trade prospects at pres-tively nothing, either as regards volume or value. The British food importations are steadily increasing, and the balance of trade is so overwhelmingly against Great britain that he sees nothing except ruin for home industries, whether manufac-turing or agricultural, if the present state of things is allowed to continue. opportunity of paying some mark of re-spect, went as an uninvited guest, and was right hospitably received. Well, sir, before this I was always under the impression that a Kaffir marriage was a sort of bargain and sale, hop the broomstick affair, so many cows paid, and the woman handed over to the husband in the presence of the official witness; but I was much surprised to find it quite a different affair, and one of much ceremony. In anair, and one of much ceremony. In civilized society the gentleman usually settles himself and a dower on the lady, but here the dower is given to the father, and he brings the lady in much Kaffir state to the husband. Proceedings open by a wild sort of dance, which announces the approach of the bride; in the mean-time she and her brides mide were said to

FREDERICTON, N. B., TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1879.

DEM

While parents and guardians would consider themselves culpably negligent if children under their charge should partake of poisonous food or drink, yet how few are equally solicitous as to the character of the mental food supplied to the youthful mind. Three New York forgers, brought back from Barbadoes by the police, ascribe their crimes to the intime she and her bridesmaids were said to be washing and decorationg themselves be washing and decorationg themselves at a stream near by. After a short time the bride's party advanced, and was re-ceived by the husband and his people sit-ting down, a space being left of about twenty paces between them. All guests were on the husband's right hand, he and they being surrounded by the hus-band's tribe-men, women and children -in a sort of half-circle. The dances and songs open with the men on the bride's side, and after the dance the men deposit their shields one on the other in the center of the space, the bride's father's shield, as chief, being placed on the top. The bridesmaids' dance and song then begins, the bride herself being still kept in the background. When this is over the bride suddenly appears in the center of the bridesmaids, with her face veiled, a knife in her right hand and a small shield in her The police, ascribe their crimes to the in-fluence of dime novels. It is not enough that parents should simply forbid their children reading such demoralizing literature; it is equally important that every household should be supplied only with papers, books, and magazines that are elevating and instructive in their tone and contents. The active minds of youth demand some occupation, and will gravitate towards that which is exciting and stimulating, unless wiser counsels prevail. Let those in authority beware of the presence of rank moral poisons in the household. in her right hand and a small shield in her left. The dance and song of bridesmaids

TIMELY TOPICS.

left. The dance and song of bridesmaids begin again, all grandly advancing to the shields, and then stop. The husband calls to the bride to come to him, and she turns her back to him and dances with the rest back again; then again the men dance and sing. Several of the elders and wives of the bride's party run up in front of the husband and chaff him, tell him he is "no go." and not good enough for the The drowning of sixty English hussars in Afghanistan shows the wisdom of the old Peninsular general who said that "every English officer and soldier should be able to swim." It is true that the strongest swimmer has little chance against a raging sea or the rush of a mountain torrent, but, nevertheless, a knowledge of swimming has saved Eng-land more than one valuable life during her Eastern wars. In the Sikh campaign the bride's vail is lowered to the nose, such to the brink of a flooded river by the and her eyes seen, and she advances be-yond the shields. Induana, on the bride's enemy, slid from the saddle, and grasped his horse's mane with one hand while paddling with the other. The animal, thus lightened, swam safely to the shore. In 1857, again, Major Thompson and Capt. Delafosse, the only survivors of the yond the shields. Induana, on the bride's side, sits down in a peculiar manner, in-dicating that the husband must give her plenty of milk, and so the dance goes on until she comes up to the husband. He speaks to her; she turns her back to him; he asks her lovingly to give him her hand; she does so; and as she does so she looks over her shoulder at Cawnpore massacre, saved themselves by plunging into the Ganges and floating lown the stream, the incessant firing of does so she looks over her shoulder at the Sepoys from the bank serving merely to scare the crocodiles, who might other-

Kaffir Traits.

South Africa by General Cunynghame, at one time commander of the British forces in that region. The Kaffirs are

true savages in their capacity for enor-mous eating on the one hand, and for enduring famine on the other. We

read: "The quantity of meat which a Kaffir

FARMERS' TROUBLES. Humorist Tells Us of the Many Trials Ants that keep the world busy-Inf-Which the Patient Agriculturist Undergoos. ants "One robin doesn't make a spring;' R. J. Burdette, the Burlington (Ia.)

but one robbing makes a thief Hawkeye journalist, while on a recent lecturing tour through Illinois, wrote People found abroad after eleven P. lecturing perience as a carrier he does not know of as follows: M. in Peoria, Ill., must explain them-

bles, because we grumble at the

SUBSCRIPTION --- \$2.50 per Annum, Payable in Advance

NUMBER 82.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

and then of course nobody sympathizes with him nor cares a cent for his trou-

What color is pied type?-Meriden Recorder. "Well, it's not red.-Keokuk Constitution. But it makes a printer thing. Prices never did suit anybody. The seller always thinks they are too feel blue.-Hackensack Republic

low, and the buyer always knows they are too high. The merchant goes into Professor (looking at his watch)bankruptcy because he is compelled to sell his goods for half what they cost him; and the customer goes naked and starves because he can't afford to pay one-half what is asked for them. So As we have a few minutes, I should like to have any one ask questions, if so disposed." Student—"What time is it, please?"

The area of the New England States the farmer, when he grumbles at prices, is no worse off than the rest of us, and accordingly attracts no sympathy. But here is where, to my way of thinking, the gazelle comes in for the

There was an ingenious amount of devotion implied in the remark of a love-sick millionaire when the object farmer. It is spring, and the annual warfare begins. Early in the morning the jo-cund farmer hies him to the field, and hunts around in the dead weeds and grass for the plow he left out there somewhere some time last fall. When he finds it, he takes it to the shop to have it mended. When it is mended he goes back into the field with it. Half way down the first furrow he lays, he runs the plow fairly into a hie have it we runs the plow fairly into a hie he was an ingenious amount of devotion implied in the remark of a love-sick millionaire' when the object of his affections became ecstatic over the beauty of the evening star — "Oh, do not—do not praise it like that!" he cried; "I cannot get it for you." A former paragrapher has settled in Toledo as a teacher of writing. One of his scholars said to him the other day: "Which is the proper way to any the plow fairly into a hie the takes of the state of th

Toledo as a teacher of writing. One of his scholars said to him the other day: "Which is the proper way to Half way down the first furrow he lays, he runs the plow fairly into a big live oak root, the handles alternately break a rib on this side of him and igh the breath out of him on the replied : shines." jab the breath out of him on the

jab the breath out of him on the other, and the sturdy root, looking up out of the ground with a pleased smile of recognition, says cheerfully: "Ah, Mr. Thistlepod, at it again, the reply. "My wife shops all day, said a gentleman to a friend the other day. "Dry goods never brisker," was the reply. "My wife shops all day, every chair in the house is covered with bundles, and I think of sending my pocketbook out of town for change of sir-it's too thin."-New York Star. A French surgeon has performed a remarkable feat in the art of the transplantation of teeth. He extracted an incisor (projecting under the tongue) in the lower jaw of a young woman of twenty-six, and planted it in the upper jaw in place of a decayed tooth just removed. you woke me up." And then the granger sits down and patiently tries to tie on that plow point with a hickory withe, and while he pursues this fruitless task, the friendly crow groups down and while he pursues this fruitless task, the friendly crow groups down and site of a decayed tooth just removed. In a few weeks the tooth was firmly fixed. This successful experiment opens up a new field for dentists.

AN EDITOR'S EPITAPH. Oh, man of shears,

You've had your share Of this world's fears And scanty fare. If you would look

Of joy you took, You'd change your tack;

You'll no more squack

-Lyceum Gazette

And see the lack

But now all paste To you is past;

Your form is cased.

Your inky quills No more will quack. Your 'itt' > bills

Oi pric-a-brac

And petty squibs

Jokes upon Names.

Your die is cast;

Fifty feet further on he strikes a Fifty feet further on he strikes a stone that doubles up the plow point like a piece of lead, and while the amazed and breathless agriculturist leans, a limp heap of humanity, across the plow, the relic of the glacial period remarks, sleepily: • "Ab hel spring here already? Glad "Ah, ha! spring here already? Glad

friendly crow swoops down near enough to ask:

eh Pi

farmer.

"Goin' to put this twenty in corn this year, Mr. Thistlepod?" And Lefore he has time to answer the sable bird, a tiny grasshopper, wriggling out of a clod so full of eggs that they can't be counted, shouts briskly: "Here we are again, Mr. Thistlepod dinner for 500.000.000.000! And then a slow-moving, but very ern coast of New Guinea, establish a positive potato bug, crawls out into th ern coast of New Guinea, establish a colony there, and found a new city un-der the name of Italia. Their object is to find an outlet for that spirit of adven-ture and enterprise which Italian unity aroused in many who are still yoing men. Among the twent the transformation of the set men. Among those who are to join the expedition are between twenty and thirty now sitting as deputies in the Italian parliament. The party will number about 3,000, and will be divided into two parts: the military, commanded by Signor Fazzari, for the protection of the souther are in the protection of the souther are in the protection of the souther stating that there would be a construct and the agrin A great many good jokes and bright puns have been made on queer names. Sometimes they have been really cruel, settlers against the natives; and the agri-cultural and industrial, to lay the veritacircular stating that there won't be a drop of rain from the middle of May though generally they are made good-naturedly. Perhaps a witty little epi-gram on Dr. Leettsom, a famous physible foundations of the colony and turn the resources of the country to account. Four steamers are to be engaged to carry a little resigned when a dispatch is re-Four steamers are to be engaged to carry the adventurers to their destination, and to convey all the requisite stores and recian of the last century, was written with-out a design to wound him, but it could the adventurers to their destination, and to convey all the requisite stores and re-quirements, from spades, pick-axes, saws and planes to printing-presses and a tele-graphic cable, with which they may place themselves at once in communica-tion the requisite stores and re-culture at Washington, saying that all indications point to a summer of un-precedented, almost incessant and long-continued rains and floods, and advishardly be read without doing him some injury. He used to sign his prescriptions I. Leettsom, and the following was written: place themselves at once in communica-tion with the northernmost point of ing him to plant no root crops at all. While he is trying to find words in which to express his emotion, a neighbor drops in to tell him that all the peach trees in the country are winter-killed, and that the hog cholera is rag-We make an extract from a work on

is "no go," and not good enough for the girl. The men's dance then ceases, and

hips at all, bumpy brow, small, black, uneven eyes, a nondescript nose and a figure remarkable for its unobtrusive-ness; Captain Hottop, Miss Spooner's uncle, a hale, hearty, rather handsor. man, who had spent most of his life in a sailing vessel: Mr. Wellington Octoper, is young pork merchant, called "Devil-fish" by those of 'his companions who had been to the Aquarium, "because it came so near being Octopus, you know," had been to the Aquarium, because it came so near being Octopus, you know," with reddish hair, reddish complexion and no forehead to speak of; Miss Eugenia Ann Octoper, sister of the pork merchant, ing from the forefinger of her right hand to the forefinger of her left. "we must all a pretty, pert young girl, who came down to breakfast in diamond earrings, and

325.

capest resses, sthing in use it dyes very r sent 15c. free. n, Vt.

is the nited

peo-

City. ETS recent N, Their SET break Their RSET which dns no

nts. N.Y.

IE !

at Halt

LD 1260 mplete sight ts. hia, Pa

S Ridge"

T ALL S, viz.; ILADEL-MEDAL, st hon-

es and N CO.

l KID-es un-ter, St, , Lon-nes; F. le day.

5

It was a lovely day in the last week of July, and these people were gathered together on the broad veranda of the a few summer boarders for company), And and, truth to tell, they could not have

one—was a comfortable, sentimental old just been reading your sweet, sweet maid, with an obrusive figure (in which poem, 'A Mother's Wail.' Welcome respect she formed a great contrast to her to the homestead!" respect she formed a great contrast to her friend Mrs. Dusenberry), light, very light blue eyes, and a snub-nose. She wore her hair brushed back from her forehead -a forehead much like her mamma'sand falling in a curly crop in the back of her neck. In evening dress these curls were always tied with a bit of bright ribbon, which imparted to them quite a juvenile appearance and charm.

Isabella doted on poetry, and upon all rhymers as "heavenlooked upon all rhymers as "heaven-born." In fact, she had an intense respect for and admiration of all persons connected with literature, and was wont "Could I have been pen-gifted I would have asked no other boon." "How very sweet!" said Mrs. Du-

senberry, in a soft, too soft voice, as Miss Spooner, after reading the verses quoted above, took her scissors in her hand. "They remind me of some lines I introduced in my first letter to Professor Ganz at the time I became so North America. He said afterward, by-the-bye, that the brightness of that letter absolutely dazzled him." Mrs. Dusenberry prided herself on her letter-writing, and, anxious that her tal-ent should not be "hid under a bushel," wrote on the subject which she thought would be most interesting to him, with a hint as to the impression he had made on her susceptible heart, to every man with whom she came in contact, as soon as possible after forming his acquaintance.

And when do you expect her, Isabella?" asked Mrs. Spooner, lifting her hands, of which she was very proud, from her lap, to regard them more closely, and then listlessly dropping

them again. afternoon, toward evening," This "This atternoon, toward evening," answered Miss Spooner, taking a letter from her pocket and referring to it. "She rites: 'I hope to arrive just as the shr is beginning to drown in your beautiful river, and the evening star peeps forth as bright—as bright, alas! as the eyes of my blue-eyed boy." "How very sweet!" said Mrs. Du-senberry. "It reminds me of a note I

lips so thin that they came near being no | was at the other end of the room, behind will." she said. hps at all, bumpy brow, small, black, some tall plants—he was very attentive to

"And recked not tear or prayer,'

ring from the forefinger of her right hand to the forefinger of her left, "we must all be very kind to her. I sympathize with talked a great deal about "style;" and her with all my heart about her child. two or three elderly men and three or know how I'd feel if I lost you, Isabella. four young men, who, being mere no-bodiës, can, of course, only expect mere mention. ""Why babelet sweet!" murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, fixing her peculiar eyes on her friend, on which the gawky

youth at her side dropped the fan, and burst into a loud guffaw. "Hush!" cried Miss Isabella.

And up the garden walk tripped a slight girlish-looking woman, dressed in a blue-gray silk, with a Gainsborbeen in a pleasanter place. The house, substantially built of gray stone and draped with beautifully wistarias that climbed to the very roof, faced the Dela-the back of her head. Her pale yellow ware river, and the gleam of the water through the branches of the catalpa-trees that stood just outside the garden gate, laden with showy flowers, among which the bees were having rare riot,

was a pleasant sight to see. Miss Isabella Spooner, the real mistress of the homestead—her mother's extreme lassitude rendering her only the nominal she said, with enthusiasm, "we have

"How beautiful it is!" said the tle woman, clasping her daintily kidded hands, and speaking in a low clear voice perfectly audible to the listeners above as she turned toward the river That glimpse of the water! the grand old trees! the fragrance of the air! and " -raising her beautiful eyes-" the glori-ous sky, so like "-with a catch in her

breath-"so like the eyes of my lost, my darling boy!"

In less than a week every man that house was more or less in love with Mrs. Montgomery Montague-the

captain, the pork merchant, the clerks and the young clerks. And the women—well, the women didn't like her as well as they did be-

fore she came. "She's pretty enough and clever enough," said Mrs. Dusenberry, "but I for one am getting tired of her blue-eyed boy. As I said in a letter of mine to a distinguished literary gentleman-immediately upon reading it he enrolled himself among my band of admirers-'I have lost children, lost them in the grave, but I never bring my shadows to cloud the sunshine of my friends.'" And, to do her justice, she never did. On the contrary, so uncommonly well fore she came. On the contrary, so uncommonly well they can resort to is a very simple one-did she bear her bereavements that one the use of soap and water. An eminent

from her pocket and referring to it. "She mites: 'I hope to arrive just as the sum is beginning to drown in your beautiful river, and the evening star as the eyes of my blue-eyed boy.''' "How very sweet!" said Mrs. Du-senberry. "It reminds me of a note I received the other day from Dr. Drake, in answer to one I sent him, begging him for a copy of his lecture on the 'Human Skeleton.'''

"Will what, my precious?" he asked, Other dances and ceremonies follow, but,

smiling. "Everything," she answered; and turned and fled like a bashful girl, after turned and fled like a bashful girl, after there was no constraint in the matter; on the contrary, from the look, rather a lik-the bridegroom. And by the very next steamer Mrs. Montgomery Montague started for Eng-land, with a valuable solitaire diamond

engagement ring glittering on her pretty hand, a check for five hundred dollars in his hand, a check for hve hundred dollars in her silver portemonnaie, and many use-g a ful and ornamental farewell gifts from and the ladies of the Spooner household. The all ladies felt all their old interest in her re-ith vive, now that she had gone away indeed, . I as Mrs. Dusenberry informed the eighty-a." year-old grandfather of the youth who defended by the afterneous of Mrs. and very pretty."

fanned her on the afternoon of Mrs. Mon-tague's arrival. "She was much too lovely, and made me quite jealous of you, you false man

And Miss Isabella Spooner hung the picture of young Montgomery, "that babelet fair," in the parlor, and wreathed it with daisies. "Heaven grant that we may see the darling himself soon!" she said, with pious emphasis.

But they never did. For, a couple of weeks after the widow's departure, Wel-lington Octoper burst in among them all

"A million tierces of lard and twice as many pigs, I suppose," murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, leaning in an unconscious manner against the shoulder of her partner.

"She's a fraud! Yes-s," continued the

pork merchant. "Who?" they all cried this time. "The widow, Mrs. Montgomery Mon-tague, that is, Mrs. Maria J. Thompson. Yes-s." "A fraud, sir! What do you mean, sir?—what do you mean?" bellowed Captain Hottop, as though through a speaking-trumpet, a flush overspreading his weather-bronzed face. "Unit what I say captain Yes-s."

"Just what I say, captain. Yes-s," answered the pork merchant. "It ought to be the first of April—it ought—for, by jingo, there never was such a sell! The only truth she told was when she said she was a widow. So she is. Yes-s. The widow of Jack Thompson, celebrated

mince and punkin pie maker in Chicago met his brother on the street to-day. He's a pork merchant. And she never had any children."

"Not a blue-eyed boy?" gasped the captain.

Not even a blue-eyed boy. Yes-s!" Wellington Octoper.—Harper's said Weekly.

Soap as a Board of Health.

Those who are at all afraid of epidemic

lisease may feel comforted on hearing that one of the best protective measures

could scarcely believe she had ever been bereaved. But to go back to the pretty poet's lovers. Captain Hottop was the most devoted of them all. He had never been devoted of them all. He had never been to be aver been devoted of them all. He had never been to be aver be aver been to be aver be devoted of them all. He had never been in love before, and love, like scarlet fe-ver, is a most serious complaint when contracted late in life. He followed Mrs. Montague around like a faithful, loving slave, carrying a heavy shawl to spread on the grass when she chose to sit be-neath the trees, and a large umbrella to shield her from the sun when it was her pleasure to ramble along the road. He

Menotti Garibaldi, son of the general, and Achille Fazzari, his companion-in-arms, have been intending to sail in the autumn with 3,000 Italians for the south-Everything was most orderly; beer (ubatywala) there was for the guests, but no drunkenness. The bride was one of the finest women I have ever seen in South Africa, six feet high, well formed

Interesting Facts About the Blind.

The organ of vision is considered the nost delicate organization of the human frame; yet many who have been born blind have been enabled to see by surgical operations, and the following is an interesting fact concerning one of that class: A youth had become thirteen ears of age when his eyes were touched

by a surgeon. He thought scarlet the most beautiful color; black was painful. He fancied every object touched him, and he could not distinguish by sight what he perfectly well knew by feeling; what he perfectly well knew by feeling; for instance, the cat and dog. When his second eye was touched, he remarked that the objects were not so large in ap-pearance to this as to the one opened at Australia.

irst. Pictures he considered only partly-colored surfaces, and a miniature ab-solutely astonished him, seeming to him like putting a bushel into a pint. Stanly, the organist, and many blind musician have been the best performers of thei time, and a schoolmistress in England could discover that the boys were playing in a distant corner of the room in-stead of studying, although a person using his eyes could not detect the slight-est sound. Professor Sanderson, who was blind, could, in a few minutes, tell how

can devour is miraculous. Pound after pound vanishes before him, nor does he many persons were in a mixed company, and of each sex. A blind French lady appear torpid or less active in consequence. It is by no means uncommon for a couple of men to finish a small sheep in twenty-four hours. They are could dance in figure dances, sew, and thread her own needle. A blind man in Derbyshire, England, has actually been a surveyor and planner of roads, his ear guiding him as to distance as accurately consider revolting meet from them the as the eye to others; and the late Justice most ready appreciation, and apparently every portion is as digestible as it is pala-Fielding, who was blind, on walking into a room for the first time, after speaking a few words, said: "This room is twenty-two feet long, eighteen wide, and twelve high," all of which was true. table. I was told that a bullock that had been left by a transport rider was bitten in the tongue by an adder while grazing. The ox, feeling the stinging pain, ejected the snake from its mouth, and an hour

Artistic Savages.

Artistic Savages. The curious development of art in-stincts and art capacity in the Bushmen of South Africa and their failure to grow toward civilization in other respects, is sharply presented in a recently-published work on that country: "How strange it is that these creatures, so low in the so-cial scale, should have possessed artistic skill superior to most savages! They have portrayed on the rough rocks scenes

have portrayed on the rough rocks scenes of the chase and of native customs with such vigor, with a few colors of so percall this the girdle of famine, and they fill the vacuum by drinking water.

manent a character, that the spectator might take them for rough, first sketches. Of one of the chiefs we read as follows: might take them for rough, first sketches, by some untrained artist, executed only a six followers, excellent shots, and armed short while since. Each animal is char-acteristically rendered, and the manner their charges. He not unfrequently uses

acteristically rendered, and the manner of chasing and securing it, with the fig-ures of those who assisted in running it down, are faithfully shown. Possessing such admirable talents in so high a de-gree, these people were yet incapable of attempting the erection of any descrip-tion of house, but sheltered themselves in such caverns and rocky niches as nature hannered to provide. Some of these the sum of the sector such caverns and rocky niches as nature happened to provide. Some of these drawings include forty or fifty figures, correctly representing the chase of the lion, the eland, the rhinoceros, the gnu, the blesbok and many other wild ani-mals, all vigorously drawn and colored in a species of distemper. These little people are described as wonderful hunt-ers, their sense of sight being scarcely surpassed by that of the eagle, or their sense of hearing by that of the wolf. Their hardihood and endurance far sur-passed that of any animal in the field, while their cunning and adroitness was only equaled by the fox."

It is related that Sir Thomas More said to a Mr. Silver, who was brought before him for some misdemeanor: "Silver, you must be tried by fire." "Yes," replied the prisoner; "but you know, my lord, that quicksilver cannot abide the fire!" The promptness of the retort so pleased Sir Thomas that he let the man go. There is a very good story of a witty ing fiercely in the northern part of the township. Then his wife comes out to tell him the dog has fallen into the well, and when the poor man gets to the dooryard, his children with much

shouting and excitement meet him and tell him there are a couple of cats, o There is a very good story of a witty judge, who having listened patiently to the tedious testimony of a witness named Gunn, dismissed him from the box thus: tell him there are a couple of cats, o the pole denomination, in the spring house, and another one under the barn. With tears and groans he returns to the field, but by that time it has be-gun to snow so hard he can't see the horses when he stands at the plow. He is discouraged and starts for the house with his team, when he meets a man who bounces him for using a "Gunn, you can go off. You are dis-charged." In the books of the Edinburgh custom house the dismissal of an employee, named Alexander Gunn, is thus recorded : "A. Gunn was discharged for making a false report." Mr. Isaac Came, a rich shoemaker of Liverpool, who left his immense property to public charities, opened his first shop opposite the build-ing where he had been a servant, and put up a sign, which read: "I. Came, from over the way." Somewhat like this was the sign of a tavern keeper named Dan-ger, near Bambridge, England, who having been driven out of his house, built another opposite, and inscribed it: "Danger from over the way." His successor then retorted by putting up a new in-scription: "There is no Danger here

drawn on the jury. No, I would not, even if I could, be

farmer. The life is pleasant and independent, but it seems to have its drawbacks. If I were a farmer I would grumble all I wanted, and thump the man who found fault with me for it.

Characteristics of Animals.

Characteristics of Animais. All animals are neat by habit—even the hog, which has been unjustly esteemed the very type of filth. We can think of no animal that does not look neat when in its free, normal condition. Even the toad, that makes its house in the dirt, when he comes forth from his hiding-the toad at the toan and the toan and the toan at the when he comes forth from his hiding-place, looks as slick as a new pin, and not a particle of dirt sticks to the eel, though are under the dominion of man, subject to their mercy, which sometimes is cruelty, and too seldom is considerate kindness. this story, "have I ever met with a young author who so fully believed in his own powers, nor with one that had so much reason for such belief, for my visitor was Victor Hugo."

and the second second

strike?-A clock, when it won't go.

was offered a manuscript by a pale young man with a large forehead. The publisher glanced over the pages and

when he comes forth from his hiding-place, looks as slick as a new pin, and not a particle of dirt sticks to the eel, though he plows in the mud for his living. The woodchuck burrows in the sand-hill, and, though he has no wash-bowl, nor towal nor comb nor brush who ever and, though he has no wash-bowl, nor towel, nor comb, nor brush, who ever saw one dirty or with hair disheveled? The whole feathered creation are as careful of their personal appearance and as nice and tidy in their dress as a bride. It is only in their domestic, abnormal condition that the inferior animals look filthy and are filthy; and here it is not their fault, but their misfortune. They are under the dominion of man, subject to tleman was wont to say when relating this story, "have I ever met with a

A Story of Victor Hugo. The story is told of Victor Hugo, France's greatest living author, that many years ago the father of the pres-ent head of a Parisian publishing house

rods on it, and before the poor farmer can get his gun half loaded, the bailiff comes in to tell him that he has been

not at all particular what part of the ani-mal they eat. Pieces which we should three-horse clevis he made himself, and wrings ten reluctant dollars out of him for it. When he reaches the house the drive-well man is waiting for him, and while he is settling with him a clock peddler comes in, and a lightning rod man, screened by the storm, climbs up on the ten dollar smoke house and fastens \$65 worth of lightning

When any patient calls in haste, I physics, bleeds and sweats 'em; If after that they choose to die, Why, what care I ? I. LEETS'EM!