THE
LISTOWEL STANDARD
—is published—
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
In time for the early mails, at the office,
MARTIN'S BLOCK, MAIN ST., LISTOWEL,
—by—
A. ST. GEORGE HAWKINS.

TERMS:
If paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per annum; otherwise, $1.50.

ADVERTISING RATES.
First insertion, per line ..... 8c.
Each subsequent insertion ..... 3c.
Contract advertisements inserted at the following rates:

	1 year.	6 months.	3 months.
One column,	$60 00	$35 00	$20 00
Half "	35 00	20 00	12 00
Quarter "	20 00	12 00	7 00
Eighth "	12 00	7 00	4 00

Business cards, not exceeding 8 lines, $4 per annum; over 8 and under 12 lines, $5.
Advertisements of farms for sale, cattle estray, and other small advertisements, $1 for first month, and 50c. per month thereafter.
Special notices, 10c. per line each insertion. Any special notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual, company or society, to be considered an advertisement, and charged accordingly.
All advertisements measured by a scale of Nonpareil—12 lines to the inch. Advertisements without specified directions will be inserted till forbid. Instructions to change or discontinue an advertisement must be left at the office by noon on Monday, and the copy for changes must be handed in not later than 10 a.m. on Wednesday.

JOB PRINTING.
We have a first-class jobbing department in connection—Wharfedale and Gordon presses, and the latest designs in printing material—enabling us to execute all descriptions of job printing on shortest notice, and in style second to no city office.
Our terms for job work, casual advertisements and special notices are cash. Contract advertisements payable quarterly.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CHRIST CHURCH (ANGLICAN)—Main St., Rev. G. R. Taylor, Incumbent. Morning Service at 11; Evening Service at 7.00 o'clock. Sunday school at 2.30 p. m.

KNOX CHURCH.—Inkerman St., Rev. J. W. Bell, M. A., Pastor. Services at 11 a. m., and 6.30 p.m. Sabbath school at 2.30 p.m. Congregational prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30. Bible class Thursday evening at 7.30.

CANADA METHODIST CHURCH.—Elma St., Rev. J. W. Holmes, Pastor. Services at 10.30 a. m., and 6.30 p. m. Sunday school at 2.30 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Inkerman St., Rev. A. Cooper, Pastor. Services at 10.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH.—William St., Rev. J. A. Trollope Pastor. Services at 10.30 a. m., and 6.30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2.30 p. m. Prayer meeting Tuesday evening at 7.30.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Raglan St., Rev. W. F. Clarke, Pastor. Services at 11 a. m., and 6.30 p. m. Bible class at 3 p. m. Weekly prayer meeting Wednesday evening p. m.

GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH.—Services held in the Town Hall every other Sunday, at 10.30 a. m. Rev. Dr. Al. Sommer, Pastor. Sunday school every Sunday at 3 p. m.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—St., Rev. G. M. Graff, Pastor. Service every other Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 p. m.

MONTHLY CATTLE FAIRS.

LISTOWEL—First Friday in each month.
GUELPH—First Wednesday in each month.
CLIFFORD—Thursday before the Guelph fair.
TEVIOTDALE—Friday before the Guelph fair.
HARRISTON—Friday before the Guelph fair.
BOSWORTH—Saturday before Guelph.
DRAYTON—Saturday before Guelph.
MOOREFIELD—Monday before Guelph.
ELORA—The day before Guelph.
NEW HAMBURG—First Tuesday in each month.
BERLIN—First Thursday in each month.
ELMIRA—Second Monday in each month.
WATERLOO—Second Tuesday in each month.
MOUNT FOREST—Third Wednesday in each month.
GALT—Wednesday after the second Tuesday.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
(SOUTHERN EXTENSION OF W. G. & B. RY.)
Trains leave Listowel Station daily as under:
For Kincardine and intermediate points—Mixed, 8.10 a.m.; Express 12.37 p.m.; Express 8.38 p.m.
For Palmerston—Express at 6.50 a. m.; Express 1.38 p.m.; Mixed, 10.00 p.m.

GEORGIAN BAY AND LAKE ERIE DIVISION.
Trains leave Listowel station daily as under:
GOING SOUTH.
Express, 8.00 a. m.; Express, 2.39 p.m.; Mixed, 3.35 p. m.
GOING NORTH.
Mixed, 9.30 a.m.; Express, 11.30 p.m. Express, 7.30 p.m.

J. R. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M., Graduate of McGill University, Montreal, and member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. ATWOOD, Ont.

DINGMAN & DARLING, BARRISTERS, Solicitors in the High Court. Offices, over Scott's Banking House, Listowel.
D. B. DINGMAN. J. L. DARLING.

FENNELL & GEARING, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Solicitors in the High Court. Solicitors for Bank of Hamilton. Offices—over Roy & McDonald's store, Main Street Listowel.

W. J. FERGUSON, B.A., ATTORNEY at Law, Solicitor in Chancery Conveyancer, &c. Office—Campbell's Block Main street, Listowel. ☞ Money to lend on farm security at low rates.

J. H. MICHENER, M. D., PHYSICIAN Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office at his drug store, next door to Thompson Bros., Main street. Residence, opp. old Post Office Main st.

DR. A. M. SLOAN, GRADUATE OF Trinity University, Licentiate of Royal College Physicians, Edinburgh. Office, over J. P. Newman's shoe store, third door west of Post office. Night calls—at Grand Central Hotel.

WM. BRUCE, SURGEON DENTIST, late of Toronto, Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons. Office—Over Dr. Michener's store, Main street, Listowel. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous-oxide gas.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, MAIN ST., Listowel. The undersigned having leased this Hotel for a term of years, invites the patronage of the public. The bar will be constantly supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Excellent accommodation for guests. Special attention will be given to farmers' trade. Good stabling and driving sheds, and an attentive hostler can always be relied upon. Charges very moderate.
18 JAS. STEWART.

AMERICAN HOTEL WALLACE ST., Listowel, J. W. KREUGER, Proprietor. Under the new management this house will be kept in first-class style throughout. Excellent accommodation for guests. Bar supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Good stabling, etc Prime lager a specialty.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, WINGHAM, ONT.
CHAS. SCHMIDT, PROPRIETOR.
First-class accommodation for the travelling public. Bar supplied with choice liquors and cigars. Charges moderate. 26

D. D. CAMPBELL, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the County of Perth. Sales of all kinds conducted on reasonable terms. Orders left at the STANDARD office will receive prompt attention.

THOMAS, E. HAY, AUCTIONEER for County of Perth, also the Townships of Grey and Howick, in the County of Huron. Sales attended on reasonable terms. Orders left at the STANDARD office, promptly attended to. Money to loan.

THOMAS, FULLARTON, NERWY Ont., Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Commissioner in B. R. Deeds, mortgages, leases and all conveyancing done on reasonable terms. Money to lend.

COUNTY OF PERTH.—THE WARDEN will be in attendance at the Clerk's Office on the first and third Tuesday in each month, from 10 to 3 o'clock. The Clerk will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, from 1 to 3 o'clock. The Treasurer will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week, during same hours.
W. M. DAVIDSON, County Clerk.
County Clerk's office, Stratford.

S. R. HUFFMAN,
Piano Tuner and Repairer,
will visit Listowel quarterly in August, November, February and May, for the purpose of tuning and repairing Pianos and Organs. Satisfaction given. Prices low. Communications addressed to Belleville P. O. will receive due attention.

MARBLE WORKS!
MITCHELL & KEMP,
Dealer in American and Foreign Marble.
Granite Monuments, English & American Grave Stones.
Table tops Mantel pieces, Fire Grates, window and door sills, etc.
STAND—Opposite Commercial hotel, Main street, Listowel.
W. MITCHELL. R. T. KEMP.

Listowel Standard.

VOL. V.—NO. 47. LISTOWEL, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1882. $ A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

J. W. SCOTT, Banker,
LISTOWEL, ONTARIO.
ESTABLISHED 1873
Does a General Banking Business.
Special attention given to collections at a moderate charge. Interest allowed on deposit at the rate of
FIVE PER CENT. PER ANNUM
can be drawn at any time.
Money advanced in small or large amount at all times, on good endorsed notes on collateral security.
J. W. SCOTT,
Manager and Proprietor

BANKING HOUSE
—OF—
A. McDONALD & CO.,
MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL, ONT.
MONEY TO LOAN
on approved notes, short or long dates. Sale notes bought on reasonable terms.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.
Money received on deposit in large or small sums; interest allowed at the rate of
FIVE PER CENT. PER ANNUM
Money remitted by draft to any part of Canada or the United States.
Collections attended to promptly; terms reasonable.
REFERENCE—Merchants Bank of Canada.
Office Hours from 9 a. m., to 4 p. m.
A. McDONALD & D. ROY,
9. Proprietors.

MONEY TO LOAN.
A LARGE AMOUNT OF
PRIVATE FUNDS TO LOAN,
—AT—
LOWEST RATES OF INEEREST.
The best privileges given for paying off loans.
DINGMAN & DARLING,
11. Over Scott's Banking House, Listowe'.

MONEY TO LOAN
AT 6 to 7 PER CENT.
Persons wanting money on Mortgage can have the same at 6½ per cent., interest to be paid at the end of each year, with the best privileges of paying a part or the whole loan on a month's notice.
Apply to
R. MARTIN.
Listowel P. O.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT 6 PER CENT.
—o—
Farm & Town Property.
THE BEST OF
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT
AND GUARANTEE COMPANIES REPRESENTED.
Office—Montreal Telegraph Office, Main St. Listowel.
S. M. SMITH.

GOLD, Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

IN NEW PREMISES!
WM. McKEEVER,
Has pleasure in announcing that he has fitted up a
First-Class Butcher Stall
in his new Brick Block on west side of Wallace street, opposite the old stand, where the
Choicest Meats of the Season
can be had at all times, and at moderate rates.
SPECIAL REDUCTIONS!
to Hotels and Boarding Houses.
Will not be Undersold.
WM. McKEEVER.
Listowel, 1881 46.

THE BEST VALUE IN
STAPLE GROCERIES!
—AT—
JAS. ARMSTRONG'S
next to McDonald's Bank, Main St.
SPECIAL VALUE IN TEAS.
Large stock of
CROCKERY, CUTLERY & GLASSWARE
will be sold very cheap for one month.
Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Buckwheat flour, &c., constantly on hand.
Farmers, bring your Butter and Eggs, and dried meat this way. Highest market price allowed in exchange for goods. 3.

$500 REWARD!
We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar coated, containing thirty Pills. 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 81 and 83 King St. East, Toronto, Ont. Free trial package sent by mail prepaid on receipt of a 3 cent stamp.

$1000 FORFEIT!
Having the utmost confidence in its superiority over all others, and after thousands of tests of the most complicated and severest cases we could find, we feel justified in offering to forfeit One Thousand Dollars for any case of coughs, colds, sore throat, influenza, hoarseness, bronchitis, consumption in its early stages, whooping cough, and all diseases of the throat and lungs, except Asthma, for which we only claim relief, that we can't cure with West's Cough Syrup, when taken according to directions. Sample bottles, 25 and 50 cents, large bottles one dollar. Genuine wrappers only in blue. Sold by all druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price. JOHN C. WEST & CO., 81 & 83 King St. East, Toronto, Ont. For sale at Livingstone's Drug Store.

MUSIC & FURNITURE DEPOT.
STEWART PATERSON
Takes pleasure in informing the public that he keeps in stock a full assortment of
FURNITURE,
which he will sell at lowest prices. Also
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
DULCIMERS,
ACCORDEONS,
CONCERTINAS,
VIOLINS,
VIOLIN STRINGS,
FITTINGS,
MUSIC, &C.
PICTURE FRAMING
a specialty. Large stock of mouldings kept in stock.
SHOW ROOM—Under the Osborn Hall, Main street. 15

IN OUR NEW STAND!
KARGES BROS.
Have removed to McKeever's Block, West side of Wallace Street, directly opposite their old stand, where they have opened out a new stock of
BOOTS & SHOES!
and where they purpose keeping a much larger assortment than heretofore, in
Men's, Boys', Ladies', Misses and, Children's Wear.
IN ORDERED WORK!
None can surpass us, as we employ only first-class workmen and use the very best material.
In SEWED WORK we defy competition. Our prices are as low as the lowest. Give us a call.
14 KARGES BROS.

SEWING MACHINES.
A. MORROW
IS SELLING THE
Best Singer Sewing Machine
IN THE MARKET.
AND ALSO ANOTHER MACHINE THAT IS AHEAD OF ALL MACHINES.
He would advise the public to call and examine it, or see it work, before purchasing elsewhere.
T TEA E TEA A!
I am giving great bargains in Tea, Wholesale or Retail. A trial solicited.
A. MORROW,
Main Street West.

W. E. BINNING,
BUILDER & CONTRACTOR,
LISTOWEL.
Contracts taken for all classes of buildings, Plan, and specifications prepared, and estimate furnished.
SHOP—Part of Milne's Factory. 14.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Me

READ! READ!
E. GABEL,
LATE CUTTER FOR MR. JOHN RIGGS,
Takes pleasure in intimating to the citizens of Listowel and neighborhood that he has commenced business for himself, and has opened a
TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT
OVER J. C. BURT'S STORE,
MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL,
and all who wish to
SAVE MONEY,
at at the same time get their clothes made in
FIRST-CLASS STYLE,
and guaranteed to fit, are invited to leave their orders with him.
Special attention given to cutting suits. A call is respectfully solicited.
For stylish fit and low prices we will be found to be second to none.
16 E. GABEL.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER
when well put together, by
J. P. NEWMAN.
To be convinced of that, call and see J. P Newman's
SPLENDID STOCK
—of—
BOOTS & SHOES,
Part of which has just arrived, and more coming.
LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.
He would direct special attention to his
CUSTOM WORK.
SEWED WORK A SPECIALTY.
Having just received sets of latest styles of American Lasts, he can guarantee a new Boot as easy as an old Shoe, and fit like an old stocking.
REPAIRING Promptly attended to. Liberal discount for Cash.
J. P. NEWMAN.

SALESMEN WANTED.
To begin work at once on Sales for Fall of 1882, for the
FONTHILL NURSERIES.
THE LARGEST IN CANADA.
Head Office—Toronto, Ontario.
Branch Offices—Montreal, P. Q. & St. Paul, Minn.
NURSERIES—FONTHILL, ONTARIO.
We can start in addition to our already large force,
100 Additional Canvassers,
and want men who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work your success is almost certain. The best of references required.
Apply to STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS
FOR SALE!
ON
MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS
Terms to suit buyers.
GEORGE DRAPER.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below,
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing, flirting—skimming along,
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from Heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go;
Whirling about in maddening fun;
Chasing—laughing—hurrying by—
It lights on the face, and it sprinkles the eye;
And the dogs with a bark and a bound
Snap at the crystals as they eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song;
How the gay sleighs like meteors flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing—swinging—dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,
Fell like the snowflakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trompled as filth on the street,
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading—cursing—dreading—
Selling my soulto whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead;
Merciful God, have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow,

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!

Fathers—mothers—sisters—all—
God and myself I have lost by the fall:
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;
For all that is on or above me I know,
There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be when the right comes again
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain,

Fainting—freezing—dying alone—
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan,
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of snow coming down;
To be and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
Sinner, despair not: Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.
Groaning—bleeding—dying for thee—
The Crucified hung on the cursed tree;
His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear;
"Is there mercy for me? Will he heed my weak prayer?"
"Oh God! in the stream that for sinners did flow,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."
—[Major W. H. Sigourney.

THE LOST BRIDEGROOM.

In the rugged and mountainous district of Wales there is situated a mining village, noted for this little story which the miners tell to their children.

Years ago in the little village of —— there was a humble but neatly-kept cottage, where an old miner dwelt with his wife and only child—a son. And Alick was but a young boy when he first descended into the mines with his father.

One evening, as the old man was returning home from a neighboring village, his attention was attracted by a little girl. She was weeping bitterly. A few broken, almost inarticulate words told that she had been deserted by her mother. The child, weary and hungry, had cried itself to sleep, and while she was sleeping, the unnatural parent had forsaken her.

The old man was touched by the incident. Raising her tenderly in his arms, he wended his way homeward. Entering the cottage he placed the light burden in his wife's lap, saying:

'God in his wisdom has seen fit to choose our home from all other homes in the village to shelter this deserted child. Knowing your kind heart, wife, I did not fear to bring the little one to you.'

The dame pressed the good man's hand affectionately in reply, and Amy—for so the child was called—was soon seated before a simple repast.

Alick, on his return from the parish school, welcomed the little girl with every expression of pleasure.

Years passed away, and Amy's childhood days were spent.

Without great claims to beauty, there was, nevertheless, a charm about her which all recognized.

The miner and his wife were not surprised one day when Alick asked them for their consent to make Amy his wife, and to this request they accorded their heartfelt blessing.

The day for the rustic nuptials was named, and was looked forward to as an occasion of great rejoicing. The happy day arrived, work was suspended that all might join in the merry-making.

Taking the hand of the trembling girl within his own, Alick, according to the long-established custom of the village, led the way to the little vine covered church, where the parish priest blessed their love. Children strewed flowers by the wayside and sang gay songs. Each one had made a modest offering, but to no one would Alick confide the nature of his gift, wishing, as he did to excite an agreeable surprise.

When they returned to the cottage Alick kissed his wife, telling her he would leave her but a short season. He left the house, and, with one last, lingering look at the doorway where Amy stood waving a merry adieu, he hurried off in the direction of the old mines, and a curve in the road soon hid him from view. As his lithe figure disappeared Amy uttered a faint sigh, suggestive of a dull foreboding of evil or the fullness of her mirthful joy. But Alick never came back again.

Days passed, and search had been made everywhere. Weeks followed; then months. But the bridegroom did not return. Nor could his absence or strange disappearance be accounted for. No clew was gained by those who searched untiringly. At length hope was abandoned. The widowed bride clung tenaciously to one idea, which seemed almost like a folly, in life or death, she would see her husband again before she was callen away from earth. This belief afforded her comfort, and the neighbors, while they did not share the conviction, humored her in the thought, and spoke regretfully of the sad changes that sorrow had wrought in her fresh young face.

Forty years were gone, and but for the sad, wistful face of old Amy, and the whispered stories of the peasantry, the unaccountable disappearance of Alick would have been forgotten. But the tale told in an underbreath by many a hearth was, that Alick had been carried off by an evil spirit, with whom he had held a compact. Many even went so far as to say that his soul haunted the old cottage, and had been seen during stormy nights in the mounteins. Amy indeed asserted that she often heard his voice calling her, and the light that burned always from nightfall until dawn in her casement told that her heart ever kept vigil over his fate.

The old cottage continued to be thought haunted by ghostly visitors, and because of this superstition none would occupy it. It gradually fell into decay. The women of the village rarely passed the dead miner's house without offering a prayer for the restless soul.

The old mines having been worked, it was at length determined that new excavations should be opened. Amid the operations a subterranean murmur was heard mingling with the sound of the pick. Suddenly a wailing cry rent the air, and the earth seemed to tremble. Those above rushed in terror to the mouth of the pit, and the most fearless were about to descend, when the bell-bell rung violently. Every rope was at once put in use, while the miners were white and trembling with intense fear.

To every inquiry they accorded the most disconnected replies, such as 'a man,' 'a demon,' 'a miracle!' At length from an old man they learned that they had worked hard to open a communication between the new and the old mine, but finding only a small obstruction at last a sturdy blow was made, and the dividing wall had given away; then when the cloud of dust had passed from before their astonished eyes they saw a young man; that he was lying upon a rocky bed; he seemed to be sleeping; that his cheeks looked fresh and fair, and that his lips were still red. Instead of approaching him they had fled in fright, filled with the belief that it was an evil spirit in human guise that they beheld.

The owner of the mine listened attentively. As the old man ceased he rushed forward exclaiming; 'To the mine! To the mine!' Soon the truth was known. Ere many minutes three miners issed forth, bearing between them the body of the young man. With a feeling of irrepressible horror they laid him down upon the green sward. His clothes were old and indicated a style worn years and years ago; all were, however, in a perfect state of preservation. He seemed dressed as though for a fete. In his hand he held a box. It contained a gold cross, chain and medallion. Time had blackened these little pledges which the stranger had doubtless intended for some village maiden.

They were about to raise the body and bear it away for burial, when old Amy was seen approaching.

They made way for her, and those near at hand were struck by the singular expression of her face. Her eyes sparkled with new life, and her steps usually so feeble, seemed almost to have gained the elasticity of youth. Waving them aside with an imposing dignity, she advanced directly towards the dead man. Kneeling, she parted the dark hair on his brow and murmured, in a tone of inexpressible love and tenderness, his name—'Alick!'

At once all was clear. In an instant the old people present recognized the companion of their youth. Again she spoke:

'Alick, friend of my childhood, my husband, I knew that we would meet again on earth.'

As she ceased speaking, her head dropped lower and lower, until it sank upon his breast, as if in prayer.

At length the young men advanced to remove the body. Gently the women raised the figure of the forlorn woman. Seeing that she made no resistance, they bent over her, and found that she, too, was dead. Her long, loving vigil was at an end. The same grave holds them both, and many a sweet flower is laid upon it in remembrance of their fate, while the legend of their love is often recounted in the humble homes of the poor.

The Victims of Pompeii.

The work of exploration which has been steadily going on in Pompeii for over a century from the day when excavations first began on the site of what was then vaguely called "La Civita," in 1748, has led to other than purely archæological results. It has enabled a fairly accurate notion to be formed of the nature and extent of the catastrophe. We know for instance, that the lava stream did not reach Pompeii, and that the city was not destroyed by fire. We know also, that the eruption was accompanied by one or more shocks of earthquake, which threw down houses here and there and buried men and women under their ruins. From the fact that skeletons have been found at the entrance to the public bath, which was quitted hastily by the few grand ladies who were not present at the gladiatorial performance in the amphitheater, the time of the catastrophe can be fixed with approximate accuracy at or about noon. Above all, the discoveries of skeletons, every one of which has been carefully recorded for at least a century, enable some conclusion to be drawn as to the total number of victims of the catastrophe. It would be a mistake to suppose that the majority, of even a very large portion, of the inhabitants of Pompeii perished. The effects of the ashen shower were not instantaneous, and every one who could get away from the city on first alarm probably saved his life. The bulk of the people were in the amphitheater, which was situated near one of the city gates on the side remote from Vesuvias, and there was nothing to hinder every one in the great audience from getting away in time. Those who perished were those who deliberately put off their flight to save wife and child, or, still more often, valuables.

Of such victims 450 have been already found. From the year when the excavations began, in 1748, to the year 1826 the total number of human remains discovered was 160; from 1827 to 1845 it was 63; from 1846 to 1860 it was 60; from 1861 to 1872 it was 87; and from 1873 to 1881 about 100. But it is to be remembered that only two-fifths of the buried surface has been brought to light. On the whole, there appears good reason for putting the total number of human beings that perished by the eruption at least as high as 1,000. To these should be added the skeletons of three dogs, seven horses, eleven hens, two tortoises, fifteen pigs, ten oxen, and the bones of fifteen other animals. The remains of one of these dogs were found in the porch of the "House of Orpheus," and the cast which Signor Fiorelli has taken brings before us with a painful vividness one of the minor tragedies of that awful day. The poor beast was chained at his post, and in the general panic and confusion no one remembered to let him loose. The chain lay by the remains when they were found, and it was evident that the creature had strained this tether to the utmost in the effort to keep himself above the masses of ash and pumice stone that rapidly accumulated around and over him. The cast is to be seen in the little museum at Pompeii. The dog lies half on his side, half on his back, his slender head and open muzzle, gasping for a little air, buried between the hind legs, which have been convulsively brought forward in the last agony of death. But the process which has been so successful in reproducing the very form and likeness of this creature as he lived and died his produced results no less extraordinary in the case of human victims of the catastrophe. The idea of pouring plaster of Paris in a liquid state into the moulds left by the bodies in the soft ash did not occur to any one till it suddenly flashed across Florelili about twenty years ago. Of the remains of the 180 human beings discovered in Pompeii in the first hundred years of the excavations, there is consequently only a written record. It is only from the Journal of Excavations for the year 1831 that we know of the touching and famous sight which greeted the eyes of the first discoverers of the "House of the Faun." On the floor of the banquetting hall lay the body of a woman, probably the mistress of the house; with her jewels scattered where she had thrown them in dispair of rescue or escape. The roof had been crushed in by the weight of fallen ash and pumice stone, and the hands of the dying woman were upstretched in a vain effort to keep off the impending weight. Parts of the body and clothing could still be made out, and a drawing could be made of one charming foot.

But such records are lifeless and tame indeed beside the extraordinary portrait statutes which are now to be seen in the little museum at Pompeii There are nine of these, or were a very short time since, and to see them is like seeing men and women of eighteen centuries ago. Floreili's method is as simple as possible. A small opening is made, the plaster is delicately poured in, and when it has had time to harden the surface crust of ash is peeled off, and the man comes back to life again. The details of clothing and feature have all left their mark on soft ash, and are all faithfully preserved in the plaster cast. The results achieved by Floreili are striking and complete. Take the cast of the elderly slave, for instance probably a man of some 60 years old, who appears to have been taking his siesta when the eruption began, and to have been painlessly asphyxiated in his sleep. He lies on his right side the knees a little bent, the left leg drawn up, and the cheek resting on the right hand. The coarse, strongly marked features, and peaceful expression of the sleeper, have all been perfectly preserved. A hardly less easy death must have been the lot of the few persons found lying on teeir backs in the street. Three of these were men, one of them a negro of the most pronounced type. The fourth was a woman of unusual stature, whose time for becoming a mother was evidently not far off. The three persons found lying on their faces do not appear to have found quite so quick a death. Two of them are women. One an elderly woman with a thin figure, lies by herself her face buried in her arms as if to protect herself from the fatal rain. The other lies side by side with a man in whose company she appears to have taken flight. She has covered her face with a fold of her dress, and the hands are tight clenched in the death agony.

The Utilization of Smoke.

A company at Elk Rapids, Mich., which manufactures fifty tons of charcoal iron a day, formerly allowed the smoke made in burning the coal to go to waste. Now the smoke as it is formed is delivered into stills charged with lime and surrounded by cold water, the result of the condensation being, first, acetate of lime; second, alcohol; third, tar; the fourth part produces gas, which is consumed under the boilers. A thousand cords of wood are converted into charcoal daily, yielding 2,800,000 cubic feet of smoke, from which are obtained 12,000 pounds of acetate of lime, 200 gallons of alcohol and 25 pounds of tar. The alcohol has been contracted to a firm in Buffalo, N. Y., the *Trade Review* says, for five years, they furnishing the packages and receiving it at the works at 80 cents per gallon The gases usually avasted when iron is produced with stone coal or coke are now in some European establishments, made to give up the tar, ammonia, etc., which they contain. *Engineering* reports that this is affected at the Gartsherrie Works without disturbing the smelting process nd without materially lessening the value of the gases for heating boilers and simlar work. A similar process has lately been introduced in the coke trade of South Durham, and at some of the coking colleries of France, the waste gases being used in the production of commercial ammonia.

Concerning Marriage.

To become a husband is as serious a matter to a man as it is to a woman to become a wife. Marriage is no child's play; it brings added care, trials, perlexity, vexation, and it requires a great deal of the happiness which legitimately springs out of it to make the balance heavy in its favor. Very few live happily in marriage, and yet this is not because unhappiness is germane to the relation, but because those who enter into it do not know, first, how to get properly married, and second, how to live married happily. You have already made your choice; wisely I am bound to believe. Those qualities of character which have attracted you to choose as you have, should make your love grow daily while you live together.

And as to the second point. If you wish to live in harmonious union with your wife start out with the recognition of that fact that she is your companion and co-partner. Marriage usually makes the wife neither of these. In many instances she sees less of her husband than before she married him. He comes, he goes, he reads, thinks, works, and under the stimulus of business has all his powers and faculties to the surface, and is developed thereby—not always symmetrically, but vigorously—not always harmoniously, but with increasing power. Married men do not usually shrivel up nor put on a look of premature age, but women frequently do, and it is plain to us why they do.

Married women are shut up in houses, and their chief care is for things that have no inspring influence. Their time is taken up in meeting the physical wants of their families—cooking, washing dishes, keeping the house in order, sewing, receiving company—not one of which has in it a tendency even to culture, and elevation. Married women are devoted to a house, and this means a life of vexation and pettiness. It gives no sort of stimulus to the spirit. So the husband, who is out of doors, active, interested in measures which effect the public good, coming into contact with men greater than himself who inspire him to better purpose and nobler ends of labor, develops into manly beauty, and grows in character: while his wife at home, who has as faithfully performed her share of the worhs, withers and decays prematurely.

Treat your wife exactly as you yourself would like to be treated, if you had to live under her circumstances, and you will not go far wrong.

Do not entertain the sickly notion that because she is of a different gender from your own that she is therefore different in her wants, feelings, qualities, and power. Do not be the victim of social policy. Stand up bravely for the right, be somebody and become something.

Try to be thoughtful, considerate, and forbearing. You will have new duties, and they will bring new trials. Take good care of your health and hers. Be simple in your habits; be continent in your relations; be careful in your expenditures; be industrious. If you keep good health and are frugal, blessings will come from your united love, and you will grow happier and better day by day as the years pass.

*** "Figures are not always facts," but the incontrovertible facts concerning Kidney-Wort are better than most figures. For instance: "It is curing everybody" writes a druggist. "Kidney-Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be by right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels and kidneys. Do not fail to try it.

A Thousand Million Suns.

But as astronomers increased their estimates to the sun's distance, and as, observing more and more carefully the stars' positions, they diminished the possible range of the as yet undetected apparent motions, men's conceptions of the grandeur of the material universe increased. With Briarean arms science thrust back the stars into the depths of space, until the glories of the nocturnal heavens were changed from so many thousand points of light to as many suns, many as grand as our own, many far grander, some, like Sirius, Vega, and Canepus, so much vaster than he is, that by comparison with them he seems the merest miniature of a sun.

But even this, stupendous though it seems, is little compared with the scene presented when we rightly interpret what the telescope reveals respecting the depths of space beyond the domain of the visible stars. For each star we can see, thousands were made visible by the telescope of Galileo, in later times tens of thousands, and in the days of the elder Herschel hundreds of thousands. With the best telescopes in our own time it is probable that as many as a thousand million stars could be seen were every part of the celestial sphere examined. A thousand million suns, a thousand million repetitions of the glories and the wonders which modern science reveals in the central orb of our system!—*Professor Proctor in Belgravia.*

Australia's Vastness.

It is not easy to grasp the bulk of the Australian continent—the practically unlimited space within which the colonies have room to grow. The colony of Victoria—the smallest and at the same time the most populous and highly developed of the continental group—is about as large as Great Britain: New South Wales has an area five times that of England, but it is not half so big as Queensland, and only a third of the size of South Australia. Western Australia is even larger and more empty of population; after measuring acres with South Australia, it would have almost sufficient land to furnish out New Zealand and Tasmania, and yet New Zealand compares in area with the British Islands, and Tasmania is nearly as large as Scotland. The acreage under crop in Australia in 1880 was 5,500,000 acres. That seems a respectable total; yet it seems ridiculously small when we compare with it the illimitable extent of land yet lying waste. To take the case of New South Wales, while there are 635,000 acres in cultivation and 17,500,000 acres enclosed, there are 180,000,000 acres, much of it excellent land, still unalienated. Even at the present rapid rate at which the land is being fended, it will occupy 180 years to dispose of it all. The colony alone contained the extraordinary number of 32,400,000 sheep in 1880, besides 2,580,000 cattle and nearly 400,000 horses. Before the close of the next decade it is expected that the sheep stock of New South Wales will run to between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000 head.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

Editing a Paper.

Editing a paper is the very nicest thing a man can engage in. He has all sorts of people to please, and it is an old saying that in pleasing everybody, you please no one; and a truer maxim man never gave utterance to. If we publish jokes, people will say we are trying to be funny and don't know how; and if we omit jokes, they say we are old fossils, and our paper is stale as bread in dog days. If we write poetry, they say we are getting spoony on some girls, and if we fail to publish poetry, the girls say, "How awful, why don't he?" If we publish houshold receipts of merit the matron says, "Just as much as he knows about it," and if we don't publish them, they say, "He ought to give them," when if we did they would not use them. If we give a person a complimentary notice the rest say we are partial, and if we don't compliment a person they say, "He is a hog, a cur dog," and other pet names not very complimentary to us. If we wear poor clothes, folks say, "He is poor and not to be trusted," and if we wear good ones they say "He stole them, or has been to a fire, or they say they are not paid for." If we send in bills that are overdue from subscribers, they send it along with a request to stop their paper, and that we are a "humbug;" but if we let it run without paying, year in and year out, and fail by the means, they say, "He ought to have collected closer, for his paper is a good one and ought to have gone along."

Truth in the Lime-Liln Club.

'It am my painful dooty,' said the president, as he opened the meeting, 'to inform you dat death has again invaded our circle. Brudder Sladback Burbanks, of Syracuse, N. Y., am no mo' on airth. He breathed his last three days ago, after an illness of sixteen days. What action will de club take in de matter?'

'I move dat we send de widder a resolushun of sympathy,' announced Judge Cadaver.

'I reckon dat we had better resolve dat de club has los a shinin' light,' timidly added Pickles Smith.

'De club will neither resolve nor for'd any resolutions of sympathy,' remarked the president. '