Miscellaneous.

Young Men's Blunders.

BY REV. MADISON C. PETERS.

It is a big blunder for a young man to start out in life with the belief that life is not worth living. Life is grand. God made it glorious. It is mean only to him who makes it so. Words refuse to tell how much life means because they cannot. What divineness sleeps within you! What environment, what surroundings, what divine summer, what flocking allies from sky, from earth, from God wait to lift and crown you! There are prizes for every successful worker, and crowns for every honorable head that goes through the smoke of conflict to victory. You may crown your brow with imperishable honors. Though your name may never be heard beyond the narrow limits of your own neighborhood, yet your mission is none the less a high and holy one.

Young men blunder if they forget that the best capital in life is character. Character is a capital that will be unaffected by panics and failures. Character is like stock in trade, the more a man possesses the greater his facilities are for adding to it. Character is power, is influence; it makes friends, draws patronage, and is the easiest and surest way to wealth, honor and prosperity.

Young men blunder if they fail to acquire a good education. Manufacturers tell us that the intelligent mechanic is more profitable at higher wages than the uneducated. Our successful men are always careful to employ intelligent workmen. The successful men to-day, in every department of life, are the men who understand their business.

Young men blunder if they cling to others, like the ivy to the oak, for support. Be self-reliant. Be self-resolved to work your way through the world honestly and bravely. Pluck is the winning horse in the race of life. Luck is a fool. Pluck is a hero.

One of the most serious blunders young men frequently commit is concerning their occupation, or calling. The world is full of 'square men in round holes, and round men in square holes.' Many men have made shipwrecks of themselves and their prospects by rushing thoughtlessly into some business or profession which for nature never intended them. Dean Swift says:—

"Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly,
A foundered horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barred gate.
A dog by instinct turns aside
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats nature;
Who, when she loudly cries Forbear!
With obstinacy fixes there;
And where his genius least inclines
Absurdly bends his whole designs."

The mischievous notion that a man to be respected, must either be a preacher, doctor or lawyer, has spoiled many a good carpenter, blacksmith or farmer. It matters not what a man's vocation is, if honorable and pursued with an honorable spirit.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

About the biggest blunder a young man can make is to drink. Nine-tenths of the failures in life are due to drink. Let it alone. It will abolish the mental and spiritual and cause the brute to triumph. If you drink ever so moderately now, you are apt to go right on, and before you are aware of it you will be enthralled, your system undermined, your life become intolerable, and you will be left the prey of all evil appetites that may choose to alight upon your soul, and you will have a whole menagerie on your hands, and employ a doctor to help dose off your elephants, and alligators, and snakes that laughingly cuddle in your boots. Young man don't make a fool of yourself.

Another serious blunder is to marry a giddy, improvident, rattle brained belle, who has nothing but the face of a doll and a few showy accomplishments to recommend her. Marry a sensible, agreeable, intelligent, and pious woman, who knows how to take care of home and get up 'a good square meal,' and you will be happy. As Merideth says:

"We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends we may live without books,
But civilized men cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without Dining?

The biggest blunder—the blunder eternal in its consequences—is to forget Christ. Would you be men? Be ye imitators of his example and followers in his footsteps. His religion will be your only moral safeguard. Every other influence will be only like the green withes with which the treacherous Delilah endeavored to bind the Hebrew giant. They will snap like threads in the whirlwind of passion, or shrivel like tow before the fire of temptation. Then

Trust Him all your journey through,
Trust Him living, dying too;
Trust Him till your feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea."

What Electricity Will Do.

You have probably seen in the newspapers, from time to time, some rather vague allusions to a new telegraphing scheme, which is to enable persons who are stationary to communicate with friends who are travelling on railway trains while they are in motion. I had been regarding this scheme as rather ephemeral, and even visionary, until yesterday, when an acquaintance of mine, to whom it was mentioned, broke out most enthusiastically concerning it, and he finally induced me to go up town to where the concern is in active operation. The company which is undertaking to introduce this flying telegraph has a number of lines laid down to illustrate the workings of the machine, and nearly every day some railway magnate or other personage of influence in the community is shown the results of these experiments. The scheme is worked simply enough. A wire is laid down along the ground between the tracks on which the cars run, and underneath the floor of each vehicle is a coil of wire which takes up the sound as it is sent along the ground. The coil does not touch the other wire at all, but picks up the sound through the air, no matter at what speed the train may be going. The value of the scheme, according to the promoters, lies partly in the great accomodation which it would be to railway passengers, and partly in the chance it would give the people in control of railroads to avoid accident. For instance let us say a railway train runs off the track. In an instant a message can be sent in each direction the full length of the road conveying the information and preventing other trains from following on. Beyond this, it is claimed that cables may be laid as far as 400 miles out to sea, and that any vessel sailing over them and supplied with the machinery can communicate with the shore. To successfully accomplish this four or five cables would be laid, separated from each other at a considerable distance and duly located in this chart. This would not only give an opportunity to accurately foretell the arrivals of steamers, but would enable passengers to communicate with friends on shore on any important matter. The scheme is in the hands of some heavy capitalists and will undoubtedly be in operation before long on each one of the big railways running out of New York.

The same people have struck another novel idea in electricity, though whether it will ever be of great material value is still an unanswered question. By its use, if you sit in a room in Boston and write your name with a pen attached to one end of a wire, the other end of which is in Worcester or Springfield, your singature will be exactly reproduced at whichever one of these points may be desired. There is no immediate means of determining the utility of this invention, which is as yet entirely crude, but it is proposed to give the use of it, for the time being, to some magician who may mystify his auditors by the device.

Still other new electric affairs are furnished by Thomas A. Edison, who has at last determined upon a scheme for putting the phonograph into practical use. This he means to accomplish by making it take the place, to a certain extent, of an amanuensis. It will work by clock machinery, which can be started at any time by touching a spring, and stopped by touching another. All one has to do is to talk in the funnel, and his words will be recorded on the cylinder. When he has finished or at any time thereafter, the copyist can start the machine again and have the words repeated to him by the phonograph, taking them down rapidly or slowly according to his capacity for writing. Mr. Edison says he has the thing about complete now, and will shortly be able to give the public an opportunity to use the phonograph for business purposes.—*New York Cor. Boston Herald.*

Painful Pleasantry.

How often do we hear a man joke his wife about getting married a second time, or a wife perpetrate the same sort of ghastly pleasantry at the expense of her husband. They would not not do it if they were to stop and think but a moment. Did you ever hear a wife joke about the death of her child or her mother, or her brother, sister, or father? No, no. But society is running over with those who joke about the death of their husbands. It is the most thoughtless sort of humor ever invented. It is trifling with the most serious subject on earth. We decry irreverent passages in a play or public address. It makes the blood chill to see rude hands laid on that which is sacred. Love is sacred, marriage is sacred, death is awful. The one ever-painful thought to those who are happily wed is that death comes at last to take one away and leave the other a lonely survivor. Conceive then the hideous flippancy of that wife's conversation who speculates in jest as to her successor. What violence does a husband do a precious thing when he, in his imagination, jumps over the grave of his wife and dances like a clown into the arena of widowerhood, ready for another matrimonial enterprise! The world takes the proper view of this subject when it demands that the widows of its heroes shall remain constant until they themselves are taken away, and that there shall be no invader on a consecrated field. This natural sentiment of the human heart found expression among the Hindoos in the custom of burning the wife after the death of her husband. This fixes the relationship between the two irrevocably, and that is the exact intention of the custom. It would hardly do to burn the widows in this country, for they are generally well behaved and duly respectful to the memory of their deceased husbands. If there ought to be any burning up in this line it ought to be of the widowers, especially the older ones who are so suddenly rejuveniated when loosed from the matrimonial tether.—*N. Y. World.*

BENEFIT OF EXERCISE.—Men of sedentary habits should have recreation largely of a physical nature. A brisk walk is what physicians most frequently recommend for exercise; but for a person not accustomed to exercise, this is not always beneficial, for his brain being the only part of his body that is kept in activity, the exercise forces the blood into the head, and he returns home with a severe headache. Such a man should take passive exercise, such as rowing, sailing or hunting, where his brain could be in slight activity also. The majority of men engaged in the mercantile pursuits get enough physical exercise from their every-day life, and their recreation should be of a mental nature. A few days in the country, a change of scenery, is beneficial to every one. Stock brokers and bankers require a very quiet recreation, but instead they try to get the most exciting of sports, which is really no change from their daily life. Mechanics and clerks are recommended to attend all entertainments, such as concerts or lectures, or to play cards, chess, checkers, or other games of that nature. Women and children, the former especially, rely too much on excitement for recreation, and carry it to such an excess that it becomes simple dissipation. A distinction must be understood between excitement which invigorates and excitement which exhausts. Dancing and roller skating are excellent exercises, but under the excitement of the music, they are too often continued to exhaustion.

A NOVEL JAIL.—Omaha has just finished a new jail, built on an entirely new plan, which is a novelty well worth visiting. The peculiar feature of the jail, which marks it as different from any other, is that the cells are arranged in the form of a great iron cylinder, which revolves about so that only one cell is at the opening at one time. The cylinder is three stories high, there being ten cells on each floor. Its weight is forty-five tons, and this ponderous weight is hung from above instead of turning on a track below. The strangest part of the arrangement is that the great cylinder can be turned by a single crank with very little force, a man moving it with his left hand readily. When all is completed it is the intention to have a little water motor in the basement, and then by simply moving a lever the cylinder will be set rotating. It is suggested that when there are prisoners who it is feared may be trying to get out, the cylinder can by a motor be easily kept moving slowly all night, so that the prisoners do not remain long enough in one place to do any mischief, or even to crawl out if they had made a partial break.

It seems that prisoners have little chance for escape from this new jail. A cage of iron bars completely surrounds the cylinder in which the cells are. The entrance on each floor is guarded by two doors. The officer standing outside does not have to unlock even the first door, but can swing the cylinder around until the cell appears in which is the desired prisoner, and then by a simple movement the inner door is opened and the prisoner can step out of his cell. Then the officer can open the other door and let the man out, and the other prisoners are beyond any possible reach of the officer, and it is impossible for them to make any break on him when he is taking a man out or putting one in. He can handle a number of men in the same way, and they cannot get within reach of him until he chooses to let them.—*Omaha Bee.*

—A man of tact always manages to get out of difficulty. The clerk of a parish, whose business is to read the 'first lesson,' came across the chapter in David in which the names Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego occur twelve times, and finding it extremely difficult to pronounce those names he went through the chapter referring to them as 'the aforesaid gentleman.'

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T. D. RUGGLES & SONS,
consisting of T. D. Ruggles, Q. C., Edwin Ruggles, B. A., and Harry Ruggles, B. A.
Dated December 16th, A. D., 1884. tf

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT!

Edward Fales,
of Wilmot, in the county of Annapolis, trader, having by deed dated the first day of October, A. D. 1885, assigned all his real and personal property to me, in trust, to dispose of the same and after payment of certain preferential claims, apply the proceeds thereof toward the payment *pro rata* of the respective claims of the creditors, who shall execute said deed of assignment, within six months from the date thereof.
Notice is hereby given, that the said deed lies at the office of John Ervin, solicitor, Bridgetown, N. S., for inspection and signature of all parties interested, and the duplicate thereof is on file and recorded in the office of the Registrar of deeds for the said County of Annapolis.
ANSLEY ELLIOTT,

Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late JOSEPH CLARK, of Granville, in the County of Annapolis, Farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to, within twelve months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
HANNAH CLARK, Executrix.
Granville, Nov. 14th, 1885. 3m.

Administratrix Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late CHARLES E. MORTON, of Centreville, in the county of Annapolis, farmer deceased, are requested to render their accounts duly attested, within three months and all persons indebted to the said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to
LUCY A. MORTON, Administratrix.
Centreville, Oct. 13th, 1885. 3mpd.

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late JOHN W. BOWLEY, of Victoria, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render their accounts duly attested within three months and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
GEORGE ROACH, Administrator.
Victoria, Nov. 20th, 1885. 3mpd.

NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN B. PARKER, late of Granville, in the county of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby notified to render the same duly attested to, within twelve months from this date and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.
CHARLES W. PARKER, W. FLETCHER PARKER, } Extrs.
Bridgetown Jan. 4th, 1886. 3m

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and is too well known to require further description. The best attention given to guests. Passengers conveyed to all parts of the county.
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For the Ladies.

The Young Housekeeper.

The young wife, on first starting housekeeping, gets overwhelmed with advice. 'She must be very strict with her servants, she must be mild with them, she must be neither the one or the other; must be both together,' she is told. Economy is another matter on which some advisers are eloquent.

I myself began housekeeping with an impression, derived from my numerous female relatives, that a leg of mutton was the only economical joint in the world. My ideas on legs of mutton got mixed. I very nearly ended in having two a day, one hot and the other cold, so as to be doubly economical.

Treat your servants as human beings, and not machines. Be regular and punctual yourself, and above all study your husband's wishes and comfort. This is quite sufficient advice for a young lady to start with on her journey through life, if remembered and acted upon. No fear of ship wreck or mutiny among the crew then. She may occasionally bump the ship against a rock or run aground, but it will get safe off in time, and into smooth waters at last.

I should advise every young housekeeper to keep strict accounts from the very first. Learn how much you have to spend on your house, on your dress, on your amusements, and then keep each account separately. It will be a real help in time, though it is tiresome to do at first. It is better with small means to pay your bills weekly. It is not only a check upon your trades man—you are not likely to forget in a week what you have ordered, though in a month you very probably will—but you also learn in this way how much things really cost, and what quantity is required for a house. It is no use asking a friend how much your bills ought to be. Find out for yourself how you can have plenty without extravagance, and be generous without being wasteful. The quantity used will depend on the number your family consists of. In some houses the baker's bill is the largest in proportion, in others the butcher's, and so on. There can be no law about these things.

Above all, do not begin by spending up to your full allowance; always have a margin. Necessaries have a wonderful knack of going up, but they do not come down again so easily.

Another advantage in keeping accounts is that it shows you how trifles run away with money. It is often said: 'What is the good of accounts? The money is gone and there is an end of it.' But it need not be the end. The accounts help to give us the moral. We can learn from the moral the lesson where to be more careful.

One is very apt to see a thing in a shop that seems to be wonderfully cheap, and may be very useful some day, and, therefore, to buy it. 'Women's bargains' are passing into a proverb. A good thing to remember is that a thing is not really cheap for you if it is not required.

In housekeeping have everything of the best—good meat, good bread, good coals. A word about the last. Don't attempt cheap coals, they are a snare and a delusion—all dust and ashes. If you want to make your coal last well, invest in a cinder-sifter. Have all the ashes sifted through it before throwing them into the dust-hole. The small, worthless stuff goes through and the cinders remain and can be used again. They make a hot, clear fire, but of course, do not burn for so long a time as coal. If your coal is bad, it burns quickly to small slate ash, and is not only wasteful but dirty, for the small, white dust flies about and settles on everything in the room.

For a man or woman who has daily work to do—and we must remember that brain work takes more out of a person than mere manual labor—good fresh meat is absolutely necessary, as it also is for children while growing.

It is not a good plan to send orders to your butcher by the boy who calls for orders. Your ideas and the butcher's are not always the same as to the size and choice of joints. If you have a good, trustworthy cook, she can go for you, but I should advise a young housekeeper to go and choose what she wants herself, certainly for the first year it gives experience.

When you order dinner think carefully about all that will be wanted. Dinner is a serious subject in some houses. If you are apt to forget little things—and most young housekeepers are at first—take a pencil and paper and write down everything that is wanted. Give out what you have in the house, for of course you will have a store cupboard. Storerooms are a luxury not often found in small town houses. Order all that will be required in the morning, then it will be off your mind; if left until later some one or something will interrupt you, and the small orders will proeably be forgotten.

When we sit down to dinner those little forgotten things return with accusing force. Sometimes there follows a grumble; sometimes a kindly 'Never mind this time.'

The last makes most impression. No wife likes to remember a grumble, but no true wife can forget the kindly word.

Many a young wife have I heard say, 'He was so kind about it I will try and remember better in the future.

If any young husband deigns to read these few hints, he is to try to remember that the kindly word of encouragement helps the young housekeeper to persever and to succeed in remembering and doing all the little things that tend to make home happy.

KNITTED SILK PORTIERES...Have any of the ladies ever knit silk portiere? It is the easiest thing imaginable to do if you can collect enough silk pieces. An old black silk skirt no matter how forlorn, is the very thing you want. Cut it in stripes about a half-inch wide, and sew together. Mix with it any strips of colored silks. The children's old faded hair ribbons and sashes are made useful by dying them orange, red or any other color. After you have wound your strips into balls like carpet rags, get a pair of bone knitting needles about three-quarters of a yard long, and as large as your finger, and then knit the plain stitch until you have a very handsome portiere. Some balls of these silk strips were sent to the weaver, and were converted into a piano cover with a border of plush, and it is very effective and handsome.

...It was a Frenchman who wrote: What is a woman? For a painter, a model; for a doctor, a subject; for a peasant, a housekeeper; for a Parisian, a dowry; for a naturalist, a female; for an Albanian, a beast of burden; for a Roman, a citizenness; for a schoolboy, an angel; for an honest man, a companion.

Joker's Corner.

The Crushed Masher.

A bright young Cincinnati lady, on her way from Columbus to this city recently, was greatly annoyed by the actions of a train masher. She tried to avoid him, but he finally succeeded in thrusting himself upon her and opened a conversation.

'You will excuse me, I hope,' he said; 'but if I can render any service I shall be glad to do so.'

'Thanks; I am able to take care of myself,' she replied, coldly.

'Ah! the ladies always say that, but in an hour of need they change their minds. I shouldn't have offered my services if I didn't think I had met you before.'

'I don't think you have.'

'I am quite sure of it. I believe it was in Cincinnati. Don't you recall it?'

'No, because I have been in Columbus for a year past.'

'Ah, I remember now. It was in Columbus. How stupid I am.'

'Still I think you are mistaken.'

'I know I can't be. I couldn't possibly forget that face and voice.'

'Well, possibly you have seen my face,' and her voice softened.

'Ah, I knew you would remember,' he interrupted, seeing that he had conquered.

'But you certainly couldn't have heard my voice, you know, for the rules positively forbid our speaking.

'Rules! What rules? I don't understand.'

'Why, you know, I have just finished a one year term in the penitentiary, and—'

There was no need to say more. The masher had gone, and she didn't see him again until she saw him watching her get into her carriage with a party of friends who met her at the station.

MAKING UP A SHORTAGE.—'Just to think of it,' he growled with disgust written on every line of his face.

'I was coming out of St. Louis the other day, and, the car being crowded, I gave half of my seat to a demure little widow.'

'But how do you know that she was a widow?'

'She told me to. She said she was awfully afraid of being robbed, and, knowing by my face that I was an honest man, she wanted me to take charge of her portmonnale until we reached Chicago.'

'And you did?'

'Am I not a fool?' Yes, I did; and as she passed it over she sweetly said;

'There's exactly $90 in the pocket book.'

'We rode to Chicago without leaving our seats. As we ran into the city I handed her the purse. She opened it and counted the money.

'Why, there isn't but $50 here!' she said, as she looked up at me.

'But I haven't taken any.'

'Well, I am $40 short. Perhaps you can explain it to the police.'

'And what did you do?'

'I gave her the $40, of course. Please kick me a few hundred times.

TRYING TO QUALIFY.—A good story about that eternal duel question in France comes from Bordesux. Three years ago a young navy officer, having quarrelled with a corn merchant of the town in a club, sent him his seconds on the following day. 'Gentleman,' said the corn merchant, 'I am quite willing to fight a duel with the Lieutenant, but I do not think that our risks are equal. He is a bachelor, and I have three children. When he has three children I shall be at his disposal.' Lieut. Carjaxe was obstinate. A barber of the neighborhood had a pretty daughter. He immediately courted her, obtained her parents' consent and married her in October, 1882. Ten months later he was presented with a boy, and in 1884 the young officer was blessed with a daughter. At last, to his great joy, a third child was born, three months ago. He lost no time. Taking his first two children in his arms and ordering the nurse to follow him with the baby he called on the corn merchant. 'Well,' said he to him in a triumphant tone, 'we can fight now. I have three children!' 'Ah,' retorted his antagonist, 'but I have five now.'

THEY COMPROMISED.—'For goodness sake, Mary,' asked the young lady's mother at breakfast, 'what was the matter with you and Harry in the parlor last night?

'Why, mamma? What?' inquired the daughter, demurely.

'Why, you joyered and quarreled for half an hour like a pair of pick-pockets.'

'Oh,' she replied remembering the circumstances, 'Harry wanted me to take the big chair and I wanted him to take it because he was company you know.'

'Well, what did you quarrel about?'

'We didn't quarrel, mamma; only he insisted that I should take it, and I wouldn't.'

'How did you settle it finally?'

'Well, mamma, we—we—we compromised, and both of us took it.

—A passenger in a smoking carriage of a train leaned over to the man who sat in front of him and said: 'Have you a match?' 'Yes but I ain't got any cigar,' was the prompt reply, accompanied with a significant wink. 'Then you can't want the match,' said the first man, sweetly.

—A certain little damsel having been aggravated beyond endurance by her brother, plumped down upon her knees and cried: 'O, Lord, bless my brother Tom. He lies, he steals, he swears; all boys do; us girls don't. Amen.'

—Master Georgie (allowed for the first time to see his two new little sisters, with a vivid recollection of the fate of the kittens)—'Which will we keep? I say that one.'

—Mr. John B. Gough reappeared on the lecture platform at Melrose, Mass., a few evenings ago, and introduced himself by explaining the cause of his long silence. 'I appear to-night,' he said, 'for the first time in three months, and for the first time in my life with a set of crockery in my mouth. I have dreaded greatly appearing before the public, not under false pretences, but under false teeth.' Reports say that Mr. Gough spoke with all of his old eloquence and vigor.'

'VULGAR' AFTER ALL!—Maud—'Mamma, who is that vulgar-looking man standing near the doorway?' Mamma (without turning round)—'Why, my dear, that is young Lord Spendquick, the heir of one of the oldest and one of the richest—' Maud—'Why, of course, mamma; I ought to have known. He is not exactly hand some, but' (with enthusiasm) 'how noble and distinguished he looks; and such an air about him, as if he stood on his own proud domain!' Mamma (turning round)—'Bless me! That is not young Spendquick, that is our host's butler.

A PROPOSAL.—Attorney—'Miss Someage, you are the plaintiff in this suit of breach of promise, I believe?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, Miss Someage, you may tell the court how and when he promised to make you his wife.'

'It was on the 3rd of September last, sir.' I went into his photograph gallery asked him if he would take me, and he said he would.'—*Chicago News.*