

## DISCLOSED BY A FRESHET.

INDIAN SKELETONS, BEADS, TOMAHAWKS AND POTTERY DISCOVERED.

The south branch of the Potomac River is the Nile of West Virginia. Along the meadowlands where it flows, the soil is rich and productive, on portions of it the farmers sow, but are in doubt about the reaping, for the river may overflow and carry off the crops. At times the receding waters are not content to carry the grain, but often take deep soil, too.

A freshet, which occurred a year or so ago, unearthed an Indian burying ground. The cemetery is near the river, about eight miles from Romney, in Hampshire county. The oldest residents were not aware that the place had been the receptacle of dead braves, squaws and papooses until the river disclosed the skeletons. Many of the bones are in a good state of preservation, but crumble away when exposed. The Indians were all found in a sort of reclining position, resting on their left side. In the lap of each Indian were earthenware pots, and in these pots were found the belongings of the corpse—beads, arrow, spear, or tomahawk heads, Indian money made of bone or ivory. Some of the beads are made of bone and others of beautiful and curious coloured stones. A few are of glass. These, together with some hooks and copper trinkets, seem to have been the extent of their property. All of the trinkets are perforated. The holes in some of the beads are so small, that in the absence of cotton they must have been strung on hair. Those which the Indians are supposed to have made from bone, are in perfect preservation, even to the colouring. Residents of the surrounding country have gathered hundreds of the relics. There are, it is thought, many others not yet unearthed. Pieces of pottery of peculiar manufacture are among the other curiosities which the river disclosed

## MILITIA NOTES.

The Comptroller of Northwest Mounted Police has been advised that the operations of Dakota timber thieves on the southern Manitoba frontier have been entirely stopped by the presence of the police patrol.

The next Wimbledon meeting will be held on Wimbledon Common, owing to the difficulty of finding a suitable site. The National Rifle Association finds Brookwood, the site in Surrey, would cost too much, and none other are available at once.

J. Drew Gray, late colonel in the Ottoman army, and for eighteen years war correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, writes to the Montreal press about recent adverse comment upon the Canadian volunteers. He says: Canadians to-day possess many volunteer and militia regiments which could take the field alongside of any line regiments in Europe with credit and confidence.

An officer, referring to the present army, says: "I have more than once directed attention to the excellence of the young officers who enter the English army, especially the Royal Engineers and the Royal Artillery, from the Military College at Kingston. Recently seven commissions in the Engineers were given to Canada, and now we have the beginning of a grumble here that these commissions should be so given when Canada pays nothing toward the maintenance of the British army."

## THE JEWELLER.

In a gray old German city, in the Rhineland by the sea,  
Dwelt, in ancient times, a singer, with his craft of high degree.

And his songs were sad and plaintive, while he wrought of gems and gold

Many a quaint device to pleasure ladye-love and baron bold.

Many years the cunning craftsman laboured at his wondrous art,

And each jewelled triumph finished drew a song from out his heart.

'Till one eve, for ever stricken, fell his deft and dainty hand,  
With a blood-red ruby, carven for the Prince of all the land.

"It is just," he bowed and whispered. "Yea, O God, Thy doom is just;

These be lurid lights that beckon souls of men to depths accurst."

And afar the angel-warder, keeping watch above his own,  
Murmured deep within the silence where the stars of God are sown:

Spoken well, O worthy master!—hark! the little children sing;

Thine the song—a better guerdon far than carven gems may bring.

Montreal.

JOHN ARBORY.

## HUMOROUS.

A man never knows what he can do until he tries—or what he can't do, either.

Experimental philosophy—asking a man to lend you money. Moral philosophy—refusing to do it.

When er man accidentally steps on er rattlesnake an' de snake bites him, it am too late for 'pologies.

One great trouble with those who go to the bad is that they do not think to provide themselves with a return ticket.

Mother: "Charlie, what is Uncle John doing this morning?" Charlie (first visit to country): "He's murdering the hogs."

A Southern hotel advertises "A parlour for ladies 35 feet wide." This appears to be a direct bid for dime museum patronage.

A Washington barkeeper played a mean New Year's joke on his customers. He labeled a bowl of free punch "Pro Bono Publico," and none of the visiting statesmen dared touch it.

The man who spends most of his days in giving advice to his friends has no need at all to lie awake nights wondering why he isn't popular.

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to add to your defence?" Prisoner (smiling sweetly): "Your honour, I wish you a happy new year."

The minister who, sixty years ago, preached the first sermon in Chicago, still lives, and he is still of the opinion that Chicago is good missionary ground.

The law is like a hotel. It is open to all who have money. You may go in, but you cannot get out unless you leave some of your money behind you.

A geyser that throws hot mud has begun operations in Dakota. Sensational newspapers in need of an editor might secure the services of the geyser for a reasonable sum.

A man who is owing us a little bill said he would call last week and pay us if he was alive. He still appears on the street, but as he did not call, it is naturally supposed that he is dead, and is walking about to save funeral expenses.

First Kentuckian: Say, colonel, there's a Mormon elder down the road preachin' to a crowd o' young women an' singin' "Would I Were a Bird!" Second Kentuckian: Well, I kin furnish the feathers. You git some tar to stick 'em on.

Stranger (in a street car): "I see you in these cars frequently, but not at this hour." "No; this is a holiday trip. My wife sent me down town to match some dress trimming." Stranger: "Ah! glad to meet you. (Presents his card). I am a divorce lawyer."

## A LARGE JOB.

The man who wants to reform the world  
Of a billion souls, can guess of the labour,  
If he'll begin in a very small way,  
And try to reform his neighbour.

*Ottawa Journal*: Dakota wants a State name suggestive of warmth. What is the matter with Cayenne?—*Detroit Free Press*.

Some Canadians who have come back give it a hotter name than that.

Rev. Mr. Cantwell: "My dear young friend, pardon me for intruding, but I consider it my duty to offer the counsel. Now, we know as a fact that all vice is bad and most objectionable —." Young Spendthrift: "Yes, especially advice! Good morning!"

Clem (to Uncle Rastus): Am yo gibben dat boy ob yours an education, Uncle Rastus? Uncle Rastus: Well, I don' sen' him ter school yit, but he kin tell a Philadelfy spring chicken in the dark quicker nor I kin; dat's a practukle education. Time nuff yit fur him ter git into the classicks.

Benjamin Franklin wrote a note to a friend in England when the American Colonies declared their independence, which closed thus:

You and I were long friends. You are now my enemy and I am yours. B. FRANKLIN.

An exchange wants the name of the man who invented the wheelbarrow; but what many more persons crave is the name of the man who lets the wheelbarrow stand in the middle of the sidewalk after dark. The latter is more deserving of death.

There can be much wit in the manner in which writers subscribe themselves. When Glengarry claimed the chieftainship of the Macdonald clan, the generally acknowledged chief wrote him as follows:

MY DEAR GLENGARRY—As soon as you can prove yourself my chief I shall be ready to acknowledge you. In the meantime I am yours, MACDONALD.

Ready wit cannot be said to be natural to youth, for the answers given by precocious schoolboys are not witty, being usually the outcome either of misunderstanding or of cheek. There are exceptions, however, to this rule. A teacher asks his class what was meant by divers diseases, and was rather surprised when one of the boys answered, "Water in the head."

arrayed in the beautiful robes of Faith, Hope and Charity; the other proudly borne along on a rampant brute, and dressed up in finery and gay costume. Both these address him, each in turn; the one invites him up the rugged and narrow pathway to celestial happiness, the other to worldly pleasures and delights. Consulting his companion, who acts toward him the part of Bunyan's Talkative, he resolves to take the broad and easy way; and thus, like Bunyan's Pilgrim in Vanity Fair, he soon finds himself in the midst of this world's vanities, in the mansion of worldly felicity. After revelling here to satiety, he thinks himself at last that it is time to pause, and stepping for a moment outside of the vicious circle in which he is entangled, he begins seriously to reflect upon the worth of all worldly pleasures. Whilst so engaged, he sees, all of a sudden, that down they go into the fathomless depths of hell; and, like the Pilgrim, finds himself to be set fast in a miry slough, out of which he is helped by a lady of surpassing beauty and glory, viz., the grace of God. And here begins, from a theological point of view, the more important section of the book: that without the grace of God we cannot rise from sin, that without Jesus Christ there is no salvation—is the one great lesson stamped upon every page of the devout and learned author's work.

"Leaving the reader to follow our hero through the various details, we need but further say that in the course of these we find, as in Bunyan, that the knight is brought to trial on an indictment before a tribunal of justice; and many witnesses come forward to testify against him, whilst in self-defence he has nothing to plead. Through the operation of Divine mercy, however, he obtains his release, and, being plunged into a crystal fountain—the Blood of Jesus Christ—he comes forth cleansed from all the mire of the filthy slough into which he had fallen. He, too, meets his Evangelist, in the person of a venerable recluse, who instructs him in the practice of penance and the science of salvation. He is afterward transported, like the Pilgrim, in a triumphal car, to the Delectable Mountains, where he finds the home of Virtue, and there receives from Evangelist many instructive lessons on the supernatural virtues in their respective order. There, too, he gets a view of Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, and receives a deeply interesting instruction upon the signification of its walls, its streets, its gates, etc.

"Like the Pilgrim, he is then put on his guard by Evangelist against a certain Temporary, and taught how to hold on with Perseverance to the last. Bunyan's work terminates with a sort of dissolving view, which, while it charms the imagination, tends to detach the reader from all personal participation in the scene; but the monkish author identifies his reader practically with the knight, whom he leaves, with mind enlightened, courage strengthened, and resolution fortified, to continue to fight on in the great battle of life, aided with the graces to be obtained through prayers and the Sacraments, on which, in the course of the work, full instructions are given."

The whole treatise, from first to last, is well calculated not only to furnish entertainment and instruction to the pious Christian, but also to effect the true conversion of sinners, as the author himself points out, when at the outset he says:

"This book, when thrice 'tis well read through,  
Will make of thee a creature new."

Seek not to please the world but your own conscience. The man who has a feeling within him that he has done his duty upon every occasion is far happier than he who hangs on the smiles of the great, or the still more sickly favours of the multitude.

Be very circumspect in the choice of thy company. In the society of thine equals thou shalt enjoy more pleasure; in the society of thy superiors thou shalt find more profits. To be the best in company is the way to grow the worst. The best means to grow better is to be the worst there.

It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life and leaves only weeds. A cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom, and the best way to overcome it is to look on the cheerful side of things.