thus, for the boat, and I can just keep it going lazily with one oar. Please unpack the basket—I have only one hand free.'

'How nice!' cried Poppy as she brought forth one dainty after another. 'How thoughtful of you to bring all these good things!'

'I always take care of myself,' remarked Bichard; 'I don't go anywhere unprovided. You have no idea what a cautious, far-seeing individual I am. Now which will you have, sherry or claret? Hold the glass steady, or I shall spoil your glove.'

'I'll take it off,' said Poppy.

She did, and somehow it slipped into his hand and stayed there. They drank from the same glass; they ate early strawberries from the same basket, and chicken sandwiches from the same improvised plates of paper. They talked, they laughed, they had tiny soft moments of silence, and he looked up into her eyes, and she gazed into his, and it was a happy and foolish time—a time never to be forgotton till the sun for them should shine no more, and the ebb and flow of the sea should go and come and find their silent graves upon its shore.

Meanwhile the boat floated on softly like a water-lily glorified by the sun, which painted on the shining water not a mere boat, but a poet's dream—an idyll of summer and fleeting love—a man and a maiden on a smiling sea, floating away idly into the land of dreams and ecstacy, breathing love in every breath, and living the happiest hour of their lives in blissful forgetfulness of death.

Dreamers standing on the heights above looked down on the passing picture of life and love painted on the sea, and, turning away before a shadow fell to mar the scene, owned with a sigh that the earth was fair.

CHAPTER XI.

'Is the time come for the telling of secrets?' said Richard, bending back his chestnut head till it nearly touched the dark blue drapery floating near him. 'We have eaten all the strawberries and drunk the wine, and I am growing sleepy. Nothing but curiosity is keeping me awake. Is not this lovely?' And the saucy head bent farther back, and farther still, till it touched Poppy's knee, and rested there, with closed eyes and lips that smiled.

Poppy knew nothing of this—ignorance was bliss, and so she feigned it beautifully, and looked up to the sky with great innocent eyes, and down into the crystal-clear depths, where wicked rocks lay sleeping; and, letting the amber shining lights, rest there, she said—

'Yes, it is lovely, too lovely; and earth and air and sea and sky are all divine.'

'And do you give me no credit?' asked Richard. 'I have brought you into the heart of the sunshine without fee or reward. I know what poppies love, sunshine and glare, and plenty of golden corn, for all which they give nothing.'

'That's a cruel libel,' answered Poppy.

'No, it is a true case, truly put. They are little, heartless, ungrateful, flaunting things, all poppies, not worth gathering—are they?'

And now his eyes unclosed, and gathered hues as in a mirror, and the flower-face drooped and drooped till there was only just a hand-breadth of summer air between her lips and his white brow. But his lips pouted, and there was a shadow of trouble on all the drooping face.

'I did not mean it!' he cried hurriedly. 'You shall see to-morrow; I will wear a poppy on my breast before all the town.'

'Will you?' And into her eyes there sprang with sudden glisten the lustre of unshed tears, while her hand fell among his chestnut curls, caressing as bird upon her nest.

Then he seized the hand, and drew her face down to his, and the loveliest lips that breathed touched his fore head lightly with butterfly swiftness, and then flitted away.

'That is not fair,' he said, holding her still, with a flush creeping over the brown of his sunburnt face. 'You will not ask me to accept such small payment? If you do, I shall say again that a poppy is a garish, heartless flower.'

'What do you want?' asked Poppy, looking straight out at a great frigate in the offing.

'I want a kiss—a real kiss—no little fly-away counterfeit, Poppy, cheating the lips.'

'No, no,' she said—'I must not—I ought not. Jocelyn will be looking for me. You must row me back to my perch now.'

'I will not stir till I get my fee. I will let you float over to France first.'

How handsome he looked in Poppy's eyes, as his flashed in warm resolve, and over all his sun browned face there shone a resolute hue, which gave to his pleading voice the addition of power which subdued. A woman likes to be conquered; and he saw the shadow of yielding in Poppy's pretty, supple figure before she turned her averted head and asked for grace.

'When we come ashore,' she said.

'No, now, or—see—I let the oars go, and then we shall be picked up some where in Brittany.'

He had turned, and his arm was around her as he said this, and she held back her lips no more from his first kiss.

'I was obliged to yield,' she said, and her voice shook strangely, 'or I should have upset the boat. You took an unfair advantage.'

'Then now I'll take a fair one.'

'No, no, take your oars, and row me back. I am getting frightened. Jocelyn will be angry.'

Poppy's bright face looked grave, and a shadow seemed to fall between them, for he receded a little, yet held her hand still.

'A good day is always too short,' he said, half sighing. 'And you have not kept your promise yet.'

'What promise?' he asked, with a quick blush.

'About Luffincot.'

Poppy had forgotten his existance. Poor honest hearted Luffincot, whose love was worth gold seven times tried—she had quite forgotten him in the sunshine of this summer pastime.

'Oh it is not worth telling you!' she said. 'And you do not care much to hear it.'

'Yes, I do,' he declared, pressing her hand in a warmer grasp, and seating himself again in the old place, with head bent back, and long limbs stretched out in pliant strength. 'Come, let me hear why no news coming from me would sound pleasant in the red ears of Lieutenant Luffincot.'

'Don't laugh at him. Can't you guess why?'

'No,' he said lazily, smoothing his cheek against her ivory hand; 'I can't take the trouble to guess.'

'Well, I am almost afraid to tell you—you will laugh. But it is because—because he is so jealous.'

'Of me?' said Richard; and his eyes, with cruel laughing gaze, read every quivering line and fevered blush upon her face.

'Of you,' she answered, and stooped, because her great heart-throbs gave her no breath for another word.

'Now what possible reason can the fellow have for being jealous of me? I don't know—do you?'

There was no answer, except a troubled quivering of lips and eyes, and a slight struggle to draw her hand away. But Richard held it fast, and gratified vanity, natural triumph, and all the thoughts that lead a young man lightly on to love pressed upon him with summer warmth, and brought his lips upon her slender fingers.

'What two spoony mortals we are!' he said, smiling up at her changing face with eyes so full of love that they belied his laughing words. 'And it is no end of a shame we are out here rocking on the sea in this wooden cradle! I wish I had you on shore.' This was said with a long, long look which made Poppy's eyes droop and kept her silent. 'Never mind, he continued—'we will pass a day on shore yet, Poppy; and I promise you my arms shall not ache then as they do now.'

'Have you rowed too much?' she asked demurely.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

Memory.

The mystery of memory lies in the apparent immediateness of the mind's contact with the vanished part. In 'looking back' over our life, we seem for the moment to rise above the limitations of time, to undo its work of extinction, seizing again the realities which its onrushing stream had borne far from us. Memory is a kind of resurrection of the buried past, as we fix our retrospective glance on it, it appears to start anew into life; forms arise within our minds which we feel, faithfully represent the things that were. We do not ask for any proof of the fidelity of this dramatic representation of our past history by memory. It is seen to be a faithful imitation, just before it is felt to be a revival of the past. To seek to make the immediate testimony of memory more sure seems absurd, since all our ways of describing and illustrating this mental operation assume that in the very act of performing it we do not recover a part of our seemingly 'dead selves.' To challenge the veracity of a person's memory is one of the boldest things one can do in the way of attacking deep-seated conviction. Memory is the peculiar domain of the individual. In going back in recollection to the scenes of other years he is drawing on the secret storehouse of his own consciousness, with which a stranger must not intermeddle. Philosophers commonly distinguish memory as mediate knowledge of something absent, from perception as immediate knowledge of something present. Yet people are wont to feel just as certain of the one as the other. Indeed, it may almost be said that a man more easily brooks a critical investigation of an act of perception than of an act of recollection. Perception has to do with our common objective world, and we allow others to have their say about the impressions it produces. Most people are willing, to some extent, to regulate and correct their individual perceptions of external objects by others' perceptions. And hardly anybody is so obstinate as to refuse to reinspect an object in deference to an assurance by others that what he thinks he has seen differs from the reality. But with respect to matters of recollection people are apt to be much more dogmatic. To cast doubt on a man's memory is commonly resented as a rule impertinence. It looks like an attempt of another to walk into the strictly private apartment of his own mind. Even if the challenger professedly bases his challenge on the testimony of his own memory, the challenged party is hardly likely to allow the right of comparing testimonies. He can in most cases boldly assert that those who differ from him are lacking in the power of recollection. The past, in becoming the past, has for most people ceased to be a common object of reference: it has become a part of the individual's own inner self, and cannot be easily dislodged or shaken.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

How to Spoil the Prosperity of a Town

Horace Greeley presents the following as a sure means of destroying the prosperity of the most promising town:—'If you want to keep a town from thriving don't put up any more buildings than you can conveniently occupy yourself. If you should accidently have an empty building and any one should want to rent it, ask three times the value of it. Demand a Shylock price for every spot of ground that God has given you stewardship over. Turn a cold shoulder to every mechanic and business man seeking a home with you. Look at every new comer with a scowl. Run down the work of every new workmen. Go abroad for wares rather than deal with those who seek to do business in your midst. Fail to advertise, or in any other way to support your paper, so that people abroad may know whether any business is going on in that town or not. Wrap yourselves up within yourselves with a coat of impervious selfishness. There is no more effectual way to retard the growth of a town than actions like those enumerated, and there are people in every town who are pursuing the same course every day of their lives, and to whom the above remarks are respectfully offered for their consideration.'

Dr. Peck, of Indianapolis, has amputated the legs of a young girl on account of decay in the bones, produced by excessive rope jumping. He advises parents and teachers to prohibit this play under all circumstances.

Mad dogs have recently occasioned a good deal of trouble in Cumberland county, N. S., and Westmoreland, N. B. Cattle, horses and sheep were bitten by them, went mad, and were either killed by their owners or died in consequence.

A Bad Style of Arithmetic.—Division among families.

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Bridgetown, July 6, '79.

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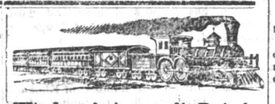

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

Winter Arrangement.

Time Table,

COMMENCING

3RD DEC. 1879.

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Express Monday, Wed. and Sat. only.	Pass. and Freight Tues. Thur. and Friday only.	Passenger and Freight Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
0	Halifax—leave	7 30	7 30	2 44
14	Windsor Junc—leave	8 13	8 25	3 26
46	Windsor	9 30	10 30	5 45
53	Hantsport	9 50	10 54	6 10
61	Grand Pre	10 14	11 21	6 38
64	Wolfville	10 24	11 36	6 53
66	Port Williams	10 30	11 44	7 01
71	Kentville—arrive	10 45	12 00	7 15
			P. M.	
	Do—leave	11 00	12 30	
83	Berwick	11 32	1 18	
88	Aylesford	11 46	1 38	
95	Kingston	12 00	2 02	
			P. M.	
98	Wilmot	12 09	2 14	
102	Middleton	12 20	2 30	
108	Lawrencetown	12 37	2 53	
111	Paradise	12 47	3 05	
116	Bridgetown	1 02	3 25	
124	Roundhill	1 23	3 52	
130	Annapolis—arrive	1 45	4 20	
	St. John by Steamer	7 30		

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Passengers and Freight Daily.	Pass. and Freight Tues. Thurs. and Friday only.	Express Monday, Wed., and Saturday only.
		A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
	St. John—leave	.....	.....	8 00
				P. M.
0	Annapolis—leave	.....	7 30	2 15
6	Round Hill	.....	7 57	2 37
14	Bridgetown	.....	8 23	2 57
19	Paradise	.....	8 43	3 11
22	Lawrencetown	.....	8 56	3 21
28	Middleton	.....	9 23	3 38
32	Wilmot	.....	9 40	3 49
35	Kingston	.....	9 55	3 58
42	Aylesford	.....	10 25	4 12
47	Berwick	.....	10 45	4 27
59	Kentville—arrive	.....	11 35	5 00
	Do—leave	6 40	12 00	5 10
		.....	P. M.	
64	Port Williams	7 00	12 20	5 25
66	Wolfville	7 07	12 30	5 31
69	Grand Pre	7 20	12 42	5 40
77	Hantsport	7 46	1 14	6 05
84	Windsor	8 25	2 00	6 30
116	Windsor Junct	10 17	4 10	7 51
130	Halifax—arrive	11 00	5 00	8 25

N. B.—Trains are run on Railway Station Time 16 minutes added will give Halifax time.

Steamer "Scud" leaves St. John every Wednesday and Saturday, at 8, a. m., for Annapolis, and returns same days on arrival of 7.30 a. m. Express Train from Halifax.

Intercolonial Railway Trains leave Windsor Junction daily at 8.48 a. m., 1.35 p. m., and 5.40 p.m., for Truro, Pictou, Moncton, Quebec, Montreal, and all places West.

International Steamers leave St. John every Monday and Thursday at 8 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

St. John & Maine Railway trains leave St. John at 8.25 a. m. daily, for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of the United States and Canada.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. INNES, General Manager.

Kentville, 1st Dec. '79.

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GRENVILLE CANAL, OTTAWA RIVER.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals), and endorsed "Tender for Works, Grenville Canal," will be received at this Office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on THURSDAY, THE 3RD DAY OF JUNE next, for the construction of two Lift Locks and other works at Greece's Point, or lower entrance of the Grenville Canal.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works to be done, can be seen at this Office and at the resident Engineer's Office, Grenville, on and after THURSDAY, THE 20TH MAY, inst., at either of which places printed forms of Tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of $2,000 must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited, if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender may be accepted will be required to make a deposit equal to *five per cent.* of the bulk sum of the contract within *eight days* after the date of the notification. The sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part of the deposit.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 13th May, 1880. } 52t15m

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:—

20 Locomotive Engines,
16 First-class Cars (a proportion being sleepers),
20 Second-class Cars, do
3 Express and Baggage Cars,
3 Postal and Smoking Cars,
240 Box Freight Cars,
100 Flat Cars,
2 Wing Ploughs,
2 Snow Ploughs,
2 Flangers,
40 Hand Cars,

THE WHOLE TO BE MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the 1st day of JULY next.

By Order.

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, Ottawa, 7th February, 1880. } 19t12

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FALL SUITS

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Middleton, Nov., '78.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

VENNOR ON THE COMING WEATHER.—The Canadian Meteorologist't last prediction says: I believe, he says, that June will be an intensely hot month on the whole, but the end of the present month, and probably the first of June, will be fall-like, with frost again. July will be a terrible month for storms, with terms of intense heat, but another fall like relapse, with frost, will in all likelihood occur a few days before the 20th. I fear the storms of thunder and hail will be of unusual severity during July. I must claim the verification of my prediction relates to a cold wave with frosts over a large portion of the United States between the 10th and 15th of May. The relapse towards the close of the present month will be more severe than that just past.

WHAT THE STARS FORETELL FOR 1881.—Those who study the stars will have plenty of occupation in the coming year. The index hand on the celestial dial-plate points to events of momentuous import. The four great planets reach their nearest points to the sun more nearly together than they have done for almost 2,000 years. It is not unreasonable to suppose that with their pull and pull all together they will create some unusual disturbance in the chaotic elements that make up the sun's fiery mass. The forces of the new spot cycle are now in active operation, and those who have closely watched the influence of the solar disturbance on climate conditions, predict a hot summer from the heat waves that follow the commencement of the tremendous solar outbreak. The hidden chambers of the Great Pyramid have given forth in oracular fashion momentous prophecies for 1881 to the few disciples who have faith in their teachings, and astrologers cast strange heroscopes from the unusual planetary combinations. —*Providence Journal.*

OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN IN NEW YORK.—In the city or suburbs we find women employed in staining and enamelling glass; in making glass signs; in cutting ivory, pearl, and tortoise-shell; working in gutta percha, gumelastic, and hair; making willow-ware and cane chairs; feeding printers' presses and setting type; making and packing candles; moulding tablets of water-colors; assisting in the manufacture of chemicals and fire-works; making clocks, enamelling dials, and painting the cases; finishing backgammon boards; making and dressing dolls and toys; stitching the cloths and making the pockets of billiard tables; painting the handles of brooms, and weaving twine into netting; making paper collars and twine; burnishing jewelry and making buttons. There are about five hundred millinery houses in the city, employing over two thousand milliners, and the manufacture of straw hats engages several thousand women in weaving the braid, sewing, and bleaching. The artificial-flower trade employs about four thousand women, many of them French, and it is as lucrative to adept hands as any other. The manufacture of hoop-skirts is said to engage over ten thousand women, who spool the cotton, weave the tape, and cover the steel; and the cap trade gives employment to many more thousands, whose earnings vary from three to five dollars a week. The weaving of hair cloth is also done by women, the packing of confectionery, and the making of shoe 'uppers.'

Some of these occupations, and others to which we have not referred, are dangerous to the operatives, not merely from the long hours of toil, the insufficient food, and the lack of proper ventilation in the workshops, but from the nature of the materials and the manner of fabrication. The artificial-flower makers, the gold leaf workers, the button-gilders, the cigar-makers, and the lucifer-match makers also suffer from the nature of their occupation.

In large manufactories of artificial flowers the ventilation is usually sufficient, and precautions are taken to prevent the inhalation of poisonous colors. But nearly all the brilliant leaves are made in the artisans' own home, a back room or an attic devoted to all the purposes of existence, and the arsenic that produced the spring-like vividness of color is diffused in the atmosphere and absorbed by the system. The fabric from which the leaves are cut is colored in the piece, Paris green, cold water, and starch or gum-arabic being used for the purpose. This liquid is spread by the fingers over lengths of fine calico or muslin, which are afterward beaten or kneaded by hand until they have an even tint. They are then spread out in frames to dry, and are next cut and shaded, the final process being their immersion in warm wax, and the removal of any loose color upon them. The detached particles float in the air, and are inevitably inhaled by the workers, whose handkerchiefs are speckled with dots of green blown out through the nose. Another operation, technically known as 'grass work,' consists in the fastening of small glass beads of 'dew-drops' to the artificial blades, which dislodges portions of the color, and leads to its inhalation. The consequences are variable. When the persons employed are cleanly in their habits, and keep their windows open, an occasional headache or an attack of dyspepsia is the most they suffer; but in other cases all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning are revealed in eruptions of the skin, nausea, colic, and general debility.

In gilding metal buttons, mercury and nitric acid are used, producing their characteristic diseases; and in making lucifer-matches the work-women sometimes contract the terrible disease which is technically described as necrosis of the maxillary bones, many cases of which have been treated at Bellevue Hospital. In the preparation of gold-leaf the substance is so fragile and buoyant that the doors and windows are necessarily kept closed, and the air of the work-rooms becomes very impure. But the women who suffer most from the character of their occupation are the cigar-makers, who, mingling with men, boys, and children, toil many hours a day for five or six dollars a week, living in an atmosphere surcharged with dust and fumes that would make the most inveterate smoker sick. Part of the work is done in factories, but most of it is done in the dwellings of the operatives, and in neither is any attention paid to ventilation or cleanliness. Growing girls at the verge of womanhood suffer in many ways, and are as much under the influence of tobacco, as a constant smoker. Their faces are pale, and their eyes are dead; a stupor overcomes them; their nerves are unsettled, and their lungs are diseased in nearly every case.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Joker's Corner.

A New Mode of Exterminating Flies.

The New York *Times* says a new method of exterminating flies has been invented. It is simple this: Put molasses on the floor, in lines or circles and, in parallel lines or concentric circles, place a train of gunpowder; when the unconscious flies are feeding, fire the train, and up goes the flies. Two boys tried it upon the bald head of their sleeping father, a good deacon in Connecticut. We quotd: The deacon resides in a Connecticut village, and is in the possession of a bald head, of a very devout and venerable appearance. Naturally, he suffers a great deal from flies, who, with the malicious and irreverent habit of their kind, take pleasure in holding balls and parties on his head. His two sone—boys of tender years, but of remarkable enterprise—heard the deacon read aloud, some time since, from his favorite country paper the gunpowder device for the extermination of flies. He soon forgot all about it, but his boys remembered it. They hated flies and loved their father. They could not bear to see his beloved scalp danced over by wicked flies, and they resolved to try the gunpowder experiment, merely as an expression of their filial affection. The deacon is in the habit of sleeping soundly in his chair every Sunday afternoon, and last Sunday the boys seized the opportunity thus offered to them, and softly put a little molasses on the exact top of his head. Around the bait they heaped a little circle of gunpowder. They could not afford to buy much powder but they made a quarter of a pound go as far as it would, and there is no doubt that they would have willingly lavished an entire pound in the sacred cause of final devotion, if they had been able to procure it. In a short time the deacon's head was black with flies. The youngest boy said that there was 'morns-million' of them, but perhaps he exaggerated. At any rate, when the match was deliberately applied to the powder, not a fly escaped, and had there been double the quantity of flies they would have all been exterminated.

Of course the boys meant well, and we should blame, not them, but the writer of the lying letter which suggested to them their kindly intended but disastrous scheme. They are still explating their error in dark rooms, lying exclusively on their faces, and wondering how their mother ever developed so much strength of arm. The deacon will probably recover during the winter, provided erysipelas does not set in, but his left ear vanished with the flies, and it is doubtful if he will ever regain the use of his eyes; in case he should recover, he intends to find out the man who wrote the letter concerning gunpowder and flies, and to hold a short interview with him. He is a large and muscular deacon, and he will infallibly keep his word.

A smart young man asked a gentleman from Cape Cod, 'What's the difference between you and a clam?' thinking that the Cape Codger would say he didn't know, and then the young man would pity him for not being able to see any difference between himself and a clam, but the thing didn't work. The Codger took the young man and brushed a path across the street with him, and then, after crowding him into an empty fish barrel and yanking him out again, said: A clam wouldn't be playing with you this way. That's the difference twixt me an' a clam.' The young man had no more questions to ask.—*Boston Post.*

Wanted the Facts in a Worldly Way.

The church at Walnut Hill has for some time been without a pastor. Candidates have at various times presented themselves, but up to date none have seemed to fill the bill. On Sunday last a new candidate presented himself. The sermon was on 'Prayer,' and the candidate threw his whole soul into his discourse. At last while illustrating the need and efficacy of prayer he drew an illustration from his own experience. He was out on a lake in a boat when by a mischance he lost both oars. The wind was rising, night was coming on, and he was in imminent danger of being swamped and finding a watery grave. What could he do? Evidently nothing of himself, so he knelt down and prayed long and fervently for deliverance. He placed himself in the hands of the Lord and so was saved. So he passed from one thing to another, and at last the sermon was finished. He raised his hands to pronounce the benediction. The audience stood with bowed heads waiting for the gracious words, when old Captain Sweetsir, af North Yarmouth, a rugged old sea dog, cried out: 'Say, Mr. Preacher, I want you to tell me how you got ashore.' The large audience was still no more, but broke into a roar, and it was fully five minutes before the minister could explain that a man saw him from the shore and put out in another boat and took him in.

They Quit Winking.

Among the passengers who boarded the east-bound train at Holly the other day were a bride and groom of the regular hollyhock order. Although the car was full of passengers the pair began to squeeze hands and hug as soon as they were seated. This of course attracted attention, and pretty soon everybody was nodding and winking and several persons so far forgot themselves as to laugh outright. By and by the broad-shouldered and red-handed groom became aware of the fact that he was being ridiculed, and he unlinked himself to the height of six feet, looked up and down the aisle and said:

'There seems to be considerable nodding and winking around here because I am hugging the girl who was married to me at 7 o'clock this morning. If the rules of this railroad forbid a man hugging his wife after he's paid full fare then I'm going to quit, but if the rules don't, and this winking and blinking isn't bitten short off when we pass the next mile-post, I'm going to begin on the front seats and create a rising market for false teeth and crutches!'

If there were any more winks and blinks in that car the groom didn't catch them at it.

A Boaster, who was apt to make critical comments on the company whenever he was invited out, said to a friend—'I dined at the Marchioness' the other day, and would you believe it, they had no fish!'—The wit replied:—'Ah! well, I suppose it was all eaten up stairs.'

Eve was the first and only woman who did not gather up her dress in both hands and yell at the sight of a snake.