

THE YOUNG ACADIAN.

Terrible Cyclone.

On the night of August 21st. a terrible cyclone raged in the southeastern part of Minnesota passing through the counties of Winona, Olmstead, and Dodge. The destruction of property was very great and terrible loss of life; one third of Rochester in the county of Olmstead is said to be an entire wreck, and from reports received the whole county surrounding that place is in ruins, and that the number killed may reach into the hundreds.

A train which left Rochester at about 4 P. M. for Zambrota was caught in a severe storm of wind and hail which prevailed in that vicinity between 4 and 6 o'clock and while running at a high speed was lifted from the rail and converted into a mass of ruin burying the unfortunate passengers beneath the debris killing many and injuring nearly every person on the train.

How to Succeed.

The Lockport *Union* thus tells how to successfully perform a certain "mission," which some seem to think it a duty to carry out. It says: "If you wish to keep a town from thriving, don't put up any more houses than you can conveniently occupy yourself. If you should accidentally have an empty dwelling, and any one wanted to rent it, just ask him about the value of it. Demand a Shylock price for every foot of ground that God has given you a stewardship over. Turn a cold shoulder to every mechanic and business man seeking a home among you. Look at every new comer with a scowl. Run down the work of every new workman. Go abroad for wares, rather than trade with those who do business in your midst. Fail to advertise or in any manner support your home paper, so that people abroad may not know whether business flourishes in your town or not. Wrap yourself up in a coat of impervious selfishness. There is no more effectual way to retard the growth of a town than the actions enumerated."

He was Overmatched.

A country merchant visited the city a few days ago and purchased from a dollar store a table castor, which he took home with him, and after putting a tag on it marked fourteen dollars, made a present of it to a Methodist preacher, whose church his family attended. The reverend gentleman took the package home, opened it, and examined the contents. The next day he took the castor (with the tag attached) back to the groceryman, and said to him: "I am too poor in this world's goods to afford to display so valuable a castor on my table, and if you have no objection I should like to return it and take fourteen dollars worth of groceries in its stead." The merchant could do nothing but acquiesce, but fancy his feelings.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Noah's Ark Insured.

RESULT OF A SEARCH AMONG MUSTY INSURANCE PAPERS.

A New York *Times* reporter, after considerable search, discovered, he says, the following in the "inspection minutes" of a Gotham insurance company:—

THE ARK.—Built by Noah; owned by Noah & Sons; tonnage, 42,413.95; length over all, 525 feet; breadth of beam, 87 feet 6 inches; depth of hold, 52 feet 6 inches; built of gopher wood; bow ports and trenailed throughout; used as passenger and cattle transport; rated A 1.

"Can you inform me what the ark was insured for?" asked the reporter.

"I should not feel at liberty to make the matter public without consulting the proprietors," replied the official.

"Was the menagerie insured separately?" the reporter inquired.

"Our company does not insure live stock, and therefore I cannot answer that they were, said the official.

"Can you tell me whether Noah's life was insured?" pursued the questioner.

"I cannot give you information from my own knowledge," replied the official, "as the matter occurred so many years back that I can scarcely recollect it. I have heard, however, that it was. The story is that he was insured with the Lamech Mutual, and you will remember that he lived to be 950 years old. In his 948th. year he happened to figure up the amount of the premium he had paid on his policies, and found that the sum amounted to about four times as much as the value of the policy itself. So he let it lapse."

"Is it a fact that Japhet made a kick about the matter after his father's death?" asked the reporter.

"I don't know," the official said.

"Was it Ham?" inquired the reporter.

"I don't know," replied the official.

"Wasn't it Shem?" queried again the reporter.

"I don't know," repeated the official.

"Well, who was it?" persisted the reporter.

"I don't know," again the official replied; and, as he at that moment reached for a revolver in the back part of a drawer, the reporter came away, sadly but not slowly.

Precepts are like seeds; they are little things which do much good. If the mind which receives them has a disposition, it must not be doubted that this part contributes to the generation, and adds much to that which has been collected.