

Shortly after the war with Great Britain, an aristocratic English gentleman built a residence in the vicinity of Fort George on the Niagara frontier, and, in accordance with the Old Country idea of exclusiveness he inclosed his grounds with a high tight fence. There was a good understanding between the American officers at Fort Niagara and the British at Fort George and the men were permitted occasionally to visit back and forth. Among the American soldiers was a green chap who stuttered terribly, was very fond of hunting, and who was always getting into some sort of mischief. One day this chap took the small boat that lay moored at the foot of the wall of the fort, and crossed over to the Canadian shore for a hunt. He wandered over several miles in the rear of Fort George without meeting any game, and on his return, seeing a crow on a tree in the inclosure of the aristocratic Englishman, he scaled the high fence, fired, and brought down his game. Colonel B—witnessed the transaction, and advanced while the soldier was reloading. He was very angry, but seeing the Yankee standing coolly with a loaded gun in his hand, gulped down his passion for a moment, and merely asked him if he killed the crow.

The soldier replied that he did.

"I am sorry," said the colonel, "for he was a pet. By the-by, this is a very pretty gun. Will you be so kind as to let me look at it?"

The soldier complied with the request. The Englishman took the gun, stepped back a few paces, took deliberate aim, and then broke forth in a tirade of abuse, concluding with an order to stoop down and take a bite of the crow, or he would blow his brains out. The soldier explained, apologized, entreated. It was no use. The colonel kept his finger on the trigger, and he sternly repeated the command. There was "shoot" in the Englishman's eye; there was no help for it; and the stuttering soldier stooped and took a bite of the crow; but swallow it he could not. Up came his breakfast, and it really appeared as if he would throw up his toenails. The Englishman gloated on the misery of his victim, and smiled complacently at every additional heave. After the man had wiped his eyes, the colonel handed him his gun, with this remark: "Now you rascal, that will teach you how to peach on a gentleman's inclosure."

The Yankee soldier took his gun, and the colonel might have seen the devil in his eye if he had looked close. Stepping back he took deliberate aim at the heart of his host, and ordered him instantly to finish the crow. Angry expostulations were useless. There was "shoot" in the American's eye, as there had been in the Englishman's. There was no help at hand, and he took a bite of the crow. One bite was enough, and while the Englishman was in an agony of sickness Jonathan escaped to the American shore.

The next morning early the commandant at Fort Niagara was sitting in his quarters, when the colonel was announced.

"Sir," said the colonel, "I come to demand the punishment of one of your men, who yesterday entered my premises and committed a great outrage."

"We have here three hundred men, and it would be difficult for me to know who it is you mean," said the American officer.

The Englishman described him as a long, dangling, stuttering, stoop-shouldered devil.

"Ah! I know who you mean," said the officer. "He is always getting into mischief. Orderly call Tom."

In a moment Tom entered, and stood all attention and straight as his natural build would allow, while not a trace of emotion was visible in his countenance.

"Tom," said the officer, "do you know this gentleman?"

"Ye-ye-yes, Sir."

"Where did you ever see him before?"

"I—I—I," said Tom, stuttering awfully, but

regaining the grave expression natural to his face—*"I di-di-dined with him yesterday."*

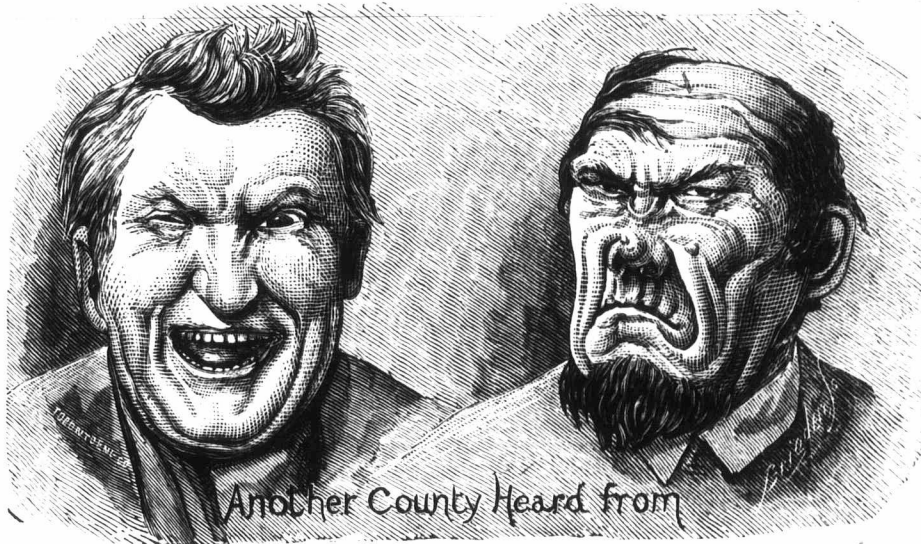
Tom was not punished.—*Cor. Harpers' Monthly.*

How to Take Life.

Take life like a man, says the Spurgeon. Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited your coming. Take it as though it were a grand opportunity to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes, to hold and to cheer a suffering, weary, it may be a heart-broken brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done. Who cannot look back on opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, and all caused from lack of necessary and possible effort! If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he will, and follow it up, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish.

YOUNG MAIDEN. "Why Tom, what makes you carry an Umbrella such a lovely day?"

CROSS OLD BACHELOR (who has evidently loved and been deceived). Because the weather is so much like your Sex that it can't be depended on for two moments together."



The Elections.

During the present month many of you will be excited about the elections. If we could record a vote that would send half of the members home that you are obliged to elect, we would record it quickly, as we consider our affairs could be managed quite as well or better with half the number of members.

Should any of you be doubting which way to vote, we would advise:

1—Vote for the man who has the most honor and integrity. 2—A man who has real unencumbered property in our country. 3—Prefer a plain substantial farmer, if he has only good common sense and honor. Do not vote for any man merely because he belongs to a particular party. You are apt to be led too often by a flowing speech or sharp oratory; a few quiet remarks are often of more value.

There is danger and loss in electing men to responsible positions and to power who have no stake in the country. They must make and the country must pay them. The high position that England now holds is in a great measure due to her independent members of Parliament; they cannot be bought. The reason that such depression prevails on this continent is because unprin-

cipled men have been elected to power. They have too often neglected the public interests to build up their own fortunes.

We give you the accompanying cut. If the faces do not represent a true likeness of some of your friends, you may depend the expression shows the feelings of some of them. Perhaps some of you may find that one or the other exactly fits your own case.

Life is Sweet.

Life with all its joys and sorrows, its smiles and tears, its mingled cup of bitter and sweet, sunshine and storm, of prosperity and adversity, is the common lot of mortals, yet who but feels some happiness now and then, even in such a world as this? Some tell us that this is but a gloomy vale! that nothing but pricking thorns, and poisonous weeds, and dark and dismal clouds are seen over our mortal sky. Sometimes indeed the tempest darkens the heaven above, and the icy breath of winter robs the earth of its rich beauties and greenness, but the sun soon breaks through the clouds and the warm breath of gentle spring restores the wonted greenness of the earth. So it is after sorrow, and tears, and bitter grief: the dark clouds are quickly dispelled by the sunshine of happiness. In sickness how sweet to feel returning health, and how dearly prized the bounties of providence after having for a season known want. There are but few whose experience has not shown them that there is more real happiness and joy than sorrow and pain. Yes it is very sweet to live in a world of so much beauty. No wonder that the heart is sometimes filled to overflowing with pure joy, when the eye beholds the rich glory of earth and sky. It is sweet to feel the charms of nature. It is sweet to enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse, but to the real of the covenant it is sweeter far to die and put on immortality and go to a world where the skies are always cloudless, where sorrow and pain are unknown.

Marriage in Lapland

It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment to a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed, in starting, the advantage of

a third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid over-run her suitor the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the notion of marriage. But if the virgin has an affection for him, though at first she runs hard to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atalanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she cometh to the mark or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own wills; and this is the cause that in this poor country the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.

Some active women, who pride themselves on their housekeeping, seem to forget that the object of keeping house is that human beings may be accommodated in it. Their sole idea seems to be this, that the object of keeping a house is that the house may be kept in a certain form and order, and to the performance of the form and order they sacrifice the comfort the house was established to secure. Such active women are pests to society, because they want sense to direct and control their energies.

BUSINESS MOTTOES.—Act with dispatch and correctness. Talk business and be brief. Three points to make in business are—largest profits with the least cost of labor in the shortest length of time.