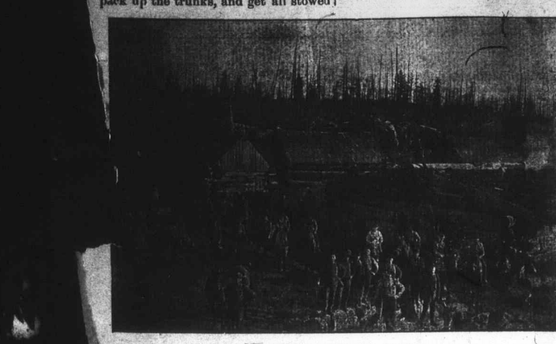
Deer Hunting Up North.

The Reporter Hunting Party's Deer-Slaying Experiences in the Wild Woods—Great Slaughter of Deer and Small Game—Incidents of the Trip, &c.

(Continued from last issue.)

After taking a good rest, the Scribe started out with Pete to the lake camp to remove the tents and camp equipage to to the river rendezvous, while the Agent again put out the dogs, and the Doc took up his watch at the Sand Banks on the river. On reaching the lake it was found that the Ploughboy was on the watch at the "rocky point" about a half-mile further down the lake than where the men struck it. Pete branched off and went in that direction to hurry up the Ploughboy with the boat, as they knew it would be a long and arduous job to pull down the tents, pack up the trunks, and get all stowed



NOON AT A LUMBER CAMP.

away and back up to the river camp before night-fall. The Scribe walked along the lake shore towards camp and was shortly overtaken by the boat and soon all were at camp and actively at work packing up. To add to the discomfort, a drizzling rain set in which soon made the tents heavy and water-soaked. The provisions and such supplies as were necessary to be taken up the river were sorted out and the boat loaded, with Pete as oarsman, and sent across the bay to the mouth of the river, where it was left until the rest to put out the dogs; the Agent and Dominie went to the lake watch; the Scribe to the Sand Hills while the Doc and Bert took up their position at the Rapids. Early in the afternoon the lake watches returned to camp and reported a fine doe killed by them, while the Scribe recounted his experience of the day. He had looked the ground over and concluded that his watch was not in the right place and moved down river a few rods. He built a nice little bough house and had scarcely got things in shape when he heard the dogs in full cry down the river, and soon after near the mouth of the river saw the deer coming down in the company. He succeeded in getting a good opportunity for fully taking aim at of the chosen one, and fired a little behind the shoulder that on the deer dropped in the water dead. The men on the lake watch, hearing the rifle shot, thought it was a buck, and were surprised when they saw the deer floating down the river. The men on the river had heard the rifle shot, and were in readiness when the deer came down, and had rushed out to the river's edge, when the party who had fired the shot came down with the deer. The men on the river had not seen the party where his gun was fired, but had heard the firing and the deer turned tail and darted back into the bushes and down to the river's edge, jumping into the water from a high bluff only a few rods from where the party who were fishing were standing. All was commotion in an instant. Some ran for their guns, others to loosen the hounds, while others got the boat ready to transport the dogs and men to the other shore. The hounds struck the trail at once and darted off, while some of the party hurried down to the places on the river where they supposed the game would be likely to cross if hard pressed by the dogs. An hour passed, the dogs went out of hearing, and the party straggled one after the other back to camp and finished the day's sport by eating a hearty meal and recounting the stirring episodes of the chase.

(To be continued next week.)

THIS ONE THING I DO.

South American Kidney Cure Will Relieve Distressing Kidney Trouble in Six Hours.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are so manifest and painful that no description of them is needful in the public print. All who are afflicted know how much distress and inconvenience is caused them. The important matter is to know how to secure releif and a radical cure. The particular work of South American Kidney Cure is to give the needed relief. It does not undertake to do anything else, but no medicine has been discovered that so completely and quickly cures kidney disease of whatever kind. The world has reason to feel joyous that the discoverer of this great remedy ever saw the light of day. Sold by J. P. Lamb.

A Modern Knight.

The following, as told by an exchange, proves that the spirit of the knights of old is not yet gone:

It was a cold morning in March, in Chicago. A little old man stood on the corner of Clark and Randolph Streets, selling newspapers.

He was thinly clad, and kept trotting up and down, trying to keep warm, and his voice was hoarse from cold, and passers-by could hardly hear him.

Some boys jeered and laughed at him, but one, about thirteen years old, rather better dressed than the rest, after looking at him for a few moments, walked up to him and said; "I will shout for you."

The old man thought the boy was making fun of him, but the boy began to call out: "Times, Herald, Tribune, News!" in a clear voice, which attracted so many customers that in a little while the old man had sold his stock. He offered to pay his youthful partner, but he would take nothing, and went off with a smiling face.

Too Weak to Walk.

FRIENDS HAD GIVEN UP HOPE OF RECOVERY.

The Trouble Began With a Cough Which Settled on the Lungs—Subject to Fainting Spells, and at Last Forced to Take to Bed—Restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills When All Other Medicines Had Failed.

From L'Impartial, Tignish, P. E. I.

Mr. Dominick P. Chiasson, who lives on the Harper Road, about two miles from the town of Tignish P. E. I., personally took the trouble to bring before the editor of L'Impartial the particulars of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. A. D. Chaisson, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The case is certainly remarkable, and we cannot do better than give it in Mr. Chiasson's own words. "My son's wife," said he, "has been sick for some seven years past but previous to that time was a strong healthy person. Just about seven years ago she took a severe cold, which attacked her lungs, and from that time up to the beginning of the past summer her health has been feeble, and at times we despaired of saving her life It was not her disposition to give up easily, and on some occasions when engaged in household work she would be seized with a fainting spell, which would leave her so weak that she would be confined to her bed for several days in a semi-unconscious state. More than once we thought she was dying. There was a continual feeling of numbness in her limbs, and almost constant severe

Can now Walk to Church,

pains in her chest which were only eased by a stooping position. Added to this she was troubled with a hacking cough, sometimes so severe at night that she did not obtain more than a few hours sleep. About the end of 1894 we had given up all hope of her recovery, and the neighbors were of the same opinion. She was reduced to almost a skeleton, and could scarcely take any nourishment. She had grown so weak that she could not walk across the floor without help. We had often heard and read of the great cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at this stage, when all else had failed I urged that they be given a trial, and procured a half dozen boxes. After using them for about three weeks she could walk across her bedroom floor without aid, and from that time on she continued improving in health from day to day. She continued taking the Pink Pills for about four months, with the result that she is now a healthy woman, and it is now no trouble for her to walk to church, a distance of two miles, and the greatful praises of her self and friends will always be given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy which a dealer for the sake of an extra profit to himself may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

It is said that bananas and oranges will be scarce and dear this winter. Bananas come from Jamaica mostly and several of the steamers that carry them have been seized by the U. S. Government for smuggling arms and ammunition to Cuba. The orange crop of Florida, where most of the good fruit comes from, is almost nothing, nearly all the trees having been frozen down last winter.

A UNITED CLERGY.

With One Consent Clergymen of Leading Denominations Speak in High Terms of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

In matter of doctrine and creed the clergymen of the various religious denominations will differ. It has been said, however, that in this day the trend of religious thought through all denominations is towards union in the main essentials. It is certainly the case that the clergy seem well of one mind regarding the merits of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. In the Episcopal Church the Bishop of Toronto, Rt. Rev. A. Sweatman, D.D., D.C.L.; the Rev. John Langary, M.A., D.C.L.; and the Rev. W. R. Williams, names familiar to everyone, have spoken in warm praise of this excellent specific for cold in the head or catarrh. This medicine has been used in the home of the Rev. A.H. Newman, D.D., L.L.D.; Rev. T. Trotter B.A., Rev. Malcolm S. Clark, B.A., prominent members of the Faculty of McMaster University, and like other Episcopal brethren they say good things of it. A kindred opinion has been expressed over their own signatures by leaders of the Methodist church, like the Rev. A.S. Chambers, L.L.B.; Rev. William Galbraith, L.L.B., and the Rev. W.H. Withrow, D.D. Just as heartily the Rev. S. Nicholls, of Olivet Congregational Church, Toronto, writes of this medicine, and so the list might be extended.

One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder diffuses the powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten or fifteen minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsilitis and deafness. 60c. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver. S. G. Detchon, 44 Church st., Toronto. Sold by J.P. Lamb.

At a meeting of the congregation of the Wall street Methodist church, Brockville, have decided to enlarge and improve the church edifice next summer at a cost of $20,000, the greater portion of which has already been subscribed.

HUNGARY'S MILLENNIUM.

A Celebration to Last Throughout an Entire Year.

Hungary is preparing to celebrate its millennium as a State, the celebration to last from January 1, 1896, to December 31 of the same year. This millennial year will be filled with commemorations of events of interest in the long history of the Magyar realm, which, for many hundreds of years, was the bulwark of Western Europe against the barbarism of the East. The year's celebration will be divided into three parts, each commemorating an epoch in the history of Hungary. The celebration proper will open with a combined session of both houses of parliament in the new hall, now nearly completed, at a cost of 16,000,000 florins, and this grand occasion will be marked by unusual pomp and ceremonies. Next will come the opening of the Pantheon at the end of Andrassy street, Buda-Pesth, when hundreds of busts and statues of Hungary's heroes and eminent men and women of the last thousand years will be placed in Hungary's Valhalla. This will be followed by the inauguration of the new Museum of Art and History, built at a cost of 3,600,000 florins, the laying of the corner stones of two new bridges to span the Danube at Buda-Pesth, and the dedication of three other great public buildings, the Palace of Justice, the Exhibition Hall and the Museum of Artistic Hand Work.

Still further to indicate the beginning of a new era in the spring two sections of the older part of the city will be remodeled on hygienic principles, and 500 new public schools throughout the country will be opened. The exhibition buildings in themselves will constitute an attraction of no ordinary kind, as in the different buildings to house the historical collections will be illustrated all the different styles of architecture that have characterized the 1,000 years of Hungary's existence as a State. In addition, in the ethnographic village will be presented all the dwellings, types, characteristics, etc., of Hungary's conglomerate of nationalities, together with schools, police courts, churches, fairs and kirmesses, the whole forming a celebration of unusual interest to the scholar, the historian and ethnographist. Such an exhibition will also be of great significance, not only to Hungary, but to Europe. It will indicate, among other things, the growing sense of nationality in this great Magyar State, and the entrance upon a new era in which education and civilization, humanity and progress will represent the great aims and a new order of events.—Interior Chicago.

A Young Girl's Library.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson in an article in November Ladies' Home Journal, prints a list of one hundred books, by American authors, which he regards as the best works for young girls of fifteen. He considers the attractive and interesting features of books in making up his list, as he holds that literary instruction should be presented in its most palatable and inviting form to youth. In naming the best ten books for young girls Mr. Higginson says: At the head of all available books for American girls—whether to create the love of reading or to gratify it—must be placed, of course, Miss Alcott's "Little Women." The young girls themselves will place it there, if we do not; and there is really no objection to be made to this prominence, beyond some occasional instances of slang or slovenly expression. With it may be classed, though perhaps written for somewhat younger readers, Miss Jane Andrews' immortal "The Seven Little Sisters Who Live on the Round Ball that Floats in the Air," a book which has for the first time brought it home to multitudes of young people that they are the citizens not merely of a nation but of a planet. We may then pass to four classic works, by classic American authors. Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," Longfellow's "Evangeline," Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" and Whittier's "Snow-Bound." With a little less sense of perfect security we may add Irving's "Sketch Book," Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," and Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" the last two having this especial value, that they introduce two new races into literature and won at once an international fame. This makes nine of the first ten, and Dr. Hale's "Ten Times One is Ten" seems almost providential as to the fitness of its title, and may rightfully find its way in.

A Camera's Lies.

Photographers, especially amateur photographers, will tell you that the camera cannot lie. This only proves that photographers, especially amateur photographers, can; for the dry plate can fib as badly as the canvas on occasion, and is actually more pernicious because of its undeserved reputation of veracity. Who would believe a ghost story on the uncorroborated evidence of a painter's picture? Yet a photograph of a house at Halesowen, taken a few day ago, included the likeness of the wealthy lady who vacated it six months back. As she vacated it for the churchyard, the plate appropriately enough exhibited her dressed in a shroud; and so convincing was this counterfeit presentment that a regular ghost scare broke out, and several women averred that they saw the dead lady at the window. On future day it was discovered that it was all due to some flaw in the photographic apparatus, just as in a very similar case at Ipswich some time ago. There the view represented a back water off the River Gipping, and in the water there was clearly outlined a drowned female figure—waist, busty features, hair and all. They actually dragged the river to see what they could find, and found nothing. Curiously enough, a woman was really drowned at the very spot a few weeks later;

Left Leg Enclosed in Plaster of Paris Cast Four Months—Hands Drawn Out of Shape and Body One Mass of Deep, White Scars.

Peterboro': "For four months I endured rheumatism in every part of my body, during which time I was blistered by doctors ten different times in as many different places, and am now covered with deep white scars, the result of action of fly blisters. My hands were drawn out of shape and my fingers were almost destroyed, and all the time the pain was most excruciating. My left leg had to be encased in a plaster of paris cast for four months in order that it might not be drawn out of shape, and now hear the statement that can be vouched for by physicians and citizens of Peterboro'. In twenty-four hours after beginning the use of South American Rheumatic Cure I was a new man, and in one week from the first dose was able to go to work. This remedy is a blessing to mankind. D. DESANETELS. Sold by J. P. Lamb.

A ton of ore from Hastings county was assayed at the stamp mill last week and found to be very rich in gold. The mine from which the ore was taken, is owned by the Silver Creek mining company.

Each Year Heart Disease Claims as Victims Tens of Thousands of Our Best Citizens.

It is almost impossible to pick up a paper without seeing a notice of the sudden death from heart failure of a prominent citizen, who, prior to the attack, was in the very best of health. But this condition was only apparent; the disease had been at work for months perhaps years, and its warning had been unheeded. Such a course is suicidal! When any of the symptoms of the heart disease are noticed, treatment of some kind is imperative.

Dr Agnew's cure for the Heart is adapted only to cure of diseases of this organ. It not only gives relief in 30 minutes to all sufferers from organic or sympathetic heart disease, no matter of how long standing, but effects a radical cure by its direct action on the nerves and nerve centres, which control this most important organ, and supply it with the necessary power to perform its great work. A single dose of this remedy will convince the most incredulous, as it never fails to relieve at once. Sold by J. P. L[illegible]

JERUSALEM OF OLD.

TRACING THE OLD WALL OF THE CITY.

What Major Conder, Mr. Henry Maudslay and Mr. Bliss Have Brought to Light—The "Spade" Expected to Settle Important Matters Still in Doubt.

It is now more than a quarter of a century since Captain, now Major-General Warren carried on his explorations at Jerusalem for the Palestine exploration fund, and which resulted in such brilliant discoveries, revealing to us what was then known as "Underground Jerusalem." That was the remains of the ancient city, now covered up with the accumulated debris of ages—an accumulation that reached, in some places, to a depth of more than seventy feet. Since that time no systematic explorations have been carried on in the Holy City. Herr Baurath von Schick and other agents of the Palestine exploration fund have watched whenever any digging took place—for the foundations of new buildings or any other purposes—and, if anything of importance turned up, it has been faithfully reported in the Quarterly Statement published by the fund, and which is now the recognized journal of archaeology in Palestine

For some years back the value of ground at Jerusalem has been increasing, and building, more particularly on the north and west, has been going on outside the walls, and it became advisable to have some excavations made before houses were erected, which would make explorations impossible. The necessary firman from the Sultan was procured and Dr. F. J. Bliss began operations last year. The first task he undertook was to trace the line of the ancient wall on the southern side of Jerusalem. It was known that the old wall was about 800 feet to the south of the present one, and that is skirted the brow of the slope which forms one side of the Valley of Hinnom. Why the builders of the new wall left this commanding height undefended is a question that is not easily explained. It is certain that the older engineers did not leave this advantageous position for an enemy to occupy. Traces of the wall were first come upon when levelling the ground for the English cemetery.

In 1874, Major Conder, writing from Jerusalem, recommended that explorations should be made at this point, and Mr. Henry Maudslay at that time did sufficient digging to show the existence of the wall all the way from the Protestant school to the east end of the cemetery. Among other things, he found that the dining-room of the school had its walls standing on the square base of one of the ancient towers, and that in places the rock on which the wall stood was scraped below to a depth of thirty feet. Mr. Bliss took up the work at the point where Mr. Maudslay had left off, and followed the line of wall from the cemetery, where it runs in a south-westerly direction for about 250 feet. He also found deep scraps in the rock, which must have given great strength to the defense and made the battlements to tower with an imposing appearance over the Hinnom Valley. The stones are of no great size, that is, in comparison with some of the masonry at other parts of the walls, such as that of the Jews' wailing place and portions of the Haram wall. They have the usual draught round their borders, and the lower course is bedded on the solid rock.

Water supply had not been forgotten, as numerous cisterns have been come upon. The existence of a gateway was discovered at this point, and it is here that one interesting point in the present exploration presents itself. The main street of Jerusalem runs from north to south in almost a straight line—it begins at the Damascus gate on the north and ends on the south at the Sion gate, also known as the Bab an Nabi Daud, or gate of the Prophet David. This is, no doubt, the original line of a thoroughfare that has existed from the earliest times, and it is assumed that there must have been a similar gate at the end of this main street in the older wall. This was one of the points Dr. Bliss was directed to discover. The gate which has been found is not exactly in the position where the expected gate was supposed to exist; it is a little too far to the west to be in a line with the main street. Still it ought to be borne in mind that the present Sion gate is not quite at the end of that street, but a little to the west of it; this may indicate that some reason existed for the deviation in both cases. Here, for the present, judgment must be suspended, as the "spade" will in time settle the matter.

The point would have been cleared up by this time, but, in tracing the wall eastward, difficulties arose with some of the proprietors of fields on the subject of remuneration, and Dr. Bliss, merely as a strategical move in the negotiations, started his operations still farther to the east, where he picked up the line of the wall again near the pool of Siloam. There he found that the wall runs [illegible] of the old pool and turns up in a northerly direction, [illegible] the Hinnom Valley [illegible] Kedron Valley, it is assumed that the wall will continue southward until it joins a portion of the Ophel wall which Warren came upon during his operations. This will then connect it with the old wall of the Temple inclosure at the southeast corner. The Ophel wall is mentioned in II. Chronicles xxvii, 3, where it is said that Jotham "built the high gate of the house of the Lord, and the wall of Ophel he built much." It is also referred to in Jeremiah iii, 26-7: "Moreover, the Nethinims dwelt in Ophel, unto the place over against the water gate toward the east, and the tower that lieth out. After them, the Tokoites repaired another piece, over against the great tower that lieth out, even unto the wall of Ophel."

Close to the corner, where the newly discovered wall turns northward, another gate has been found. As four or five courses of the draughted masonry still exist, the details of this gate can be well made out. Its date may also be determined to within a few years, for Josephus says that at this time Siloam was outside the walls; but Antonius, a martyr, who wrote about 750 A. D., states that 'the mountain of Siloa is, at the present day, within the walls of the city, because the Empress Eudocia herself added these walls to the city." This makes it evident that the portion of the wall, with its gate, that Dr. Bliss has brought to light at Siloam was that built by this Empress, and its erection may be dated as having taken place within a year or two of the middle of the fifth century. The remains of the older wall, that existed in the time of Josephus, are, no doubt, still under the ground, and will require to be sought for in order to make the exploration complete at this locality.—London Daily News.

There is no better way to keep the feet warm in winter than a sheet of ordinary newspaper wrapped around the foot before placing it in the shoe.

"DARLING NELLIE GRAY."

How Ben Hanby Chanced to Write Some Verses That Became Widely Popular.

Ben Hanby, the author of "Nellie Gray," is buried in Otterbein cemetery, Westerville, and much sentimental interest naturally attaches to the town from the fact. The story of Hanby's tender, passionate little song often has been told, although seldom, perhaps, truthfully. Like many brilliant and famous compositions of words and music, it was the creation of an hour, and its sudden and astonishing success was altogether unexpected by the author. The inspiration came to Hanby while he was a passenger on a railway train beween Cincinnatti and Hamilton. He was listlessly reading a newspaper, when he found an account of the manner in which a beautiful quadroon girl had been torn from the arms of her lover and taken to the Southern slave markets to be sold on an auction block.

The quadroon's name was given as Nellie Gray. The story filled Hanby with horror, for he was naturally gentle and kind, and, being of Northern birth, the iniquities of such features of slaveholding were appalling. So impressed was he that with pencil and paper, used as best he could upon the jolting and swaying car seat, he jotted down the words of a song in which the incidents of the story were utilized. This was done simply for the relief of his own mind and his overburdened heart, and at that time there was not the remotest design of ever bringing the verses to the light of day.

By the time Hanby had reached his destination he had practically completed the verses of the song. It was thrown with his baggage and soon after his return to his home in Westerville it was tossed among some other papers in his desk and there forgotten for six months or more. One day he came across the manuscript and sent it to a well-known firm of music publishers in Chicago, with a note saying that if they saw anything in the song they might publish it. The song sprang at once into popularity, and Hanby like Byron, awoke one morning to find himself famous. But this awakening did not come for many months after the pathetic melody of his song had poured from thousands of tuneful throats throughout the land. His publishers never even acknowledged the receipt of the manuscript. They made a fortune from its sale, but of all the thousands of dollars that poured into their bank account Hanby never received a cent. When he wrote to them they sent him six printed copies of the song, without the formality of thanks for the manuscript.

While his song was gaining in popularity and daily growing dearer to hundreds of thousands of tender hearts, Hanby was living undisturbed his calm and peaceful rural life. He was yet to earn his fame. Several months after the music of his song had become familiar as household words, Hanby visited a young lady of this city, and requested her to sing for him. She began, and greatly to his surprise, Hanby recognized the words and music of his "Nellie Gray." It was the first intimation he had that the song had been published.

Hanby came of a musical, as well as highly descended and cultured family. His father was a bishop in the United Brethren Church, and was the compiler of a hymn book which is still in use. Young Hanby composed a number of songs, several of which were published, none, however, receiving the remarkable reception which was given to "Nellie Gray." A few years after the war Hanby died as he lived, in obscurity and poverty, and the fact that he was the author of the famous song was known to few save the family and intimate friends.—Columbus Dispatch.

The British Museum Reading Room.

Among the Americans who visit England in increasing crowds year after year probably only a very small percentage make use of the reading room of the British Museum. A few specialists do so, no doubt, but heavy reading is not the usual end and aim of people who travel. It may be information, therefore, that this national resort of the studious is not open to the public in the same way as the free libraries of your great cities. For example, the veriest loafer can walk into that magnificent building which Boston has just erected and can read at his ease amid palatial surroundings. But in a city the size of London and under the conditions of English life such unchecked admission would be impracticable. The trustees therefore are allowed to make certain rules and regulations for the efficient working of the institution. Any one desirous of reading there has to state the direction his studies will take and has also to procure a recommendation from a householder as a guarantee of respectability. He is then granted a ticket for six months, which is renewable from time to time as it expires. How far the authorities have the power of refusing a ticket to any one fulfilling the conditions they impose has hitherto been a matter of doubt. I never myself heard of such a refusal. But the other day an elderly man appeared before one of the magistrates and complained that although he has enjoyed the use of a ticket for forty years, the privilege had suddenly been stopped and renewal refused. He brought the case within the purview of the court by charging one of the officials with a technical assault in having stopped his entrance by force. The case has been adjourned in order that the library authorities may bring evidence in justification of their action, the magistrate much to their apparent astonishment, expressing his inability to recognize any inherent power on their part to restrict or deny admission

It is a wonderful building, this vast reading room. The first time you go into it the feeling is almost overpowering. There is a silence *that can be felt*. It takes time for the eye to become accustomed to those rows of readers entrenched behind piles of books. You walk slowly about in order to become accustomed to the geography, cursing the shoemaker who has left the tall end of a squeak in your left sole. Presently the reproachful looks of the assistants make you begin to think of sitting down and reading yourself. Concentrating your thoughts when difficulty, you decide upon a book. But then the question is, how to get it. A professor of the royal game of tennis is said to have remarked with a good eye and a firm wrist you might hope to play a little in three months, but then it certainly would take you three years to learn to count the score. To understand the catalogue of the British Museum reading room is a no less lengthy and laborious task. The very look of those shelves, dense with fat volumes, is sufficient to make the bravest heart quail, and your best plan is to accept the inevitable at yourself or

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Texan who described at length the people that had settled in his neighborhood, a large number of them having come from Kentucky. "And there's them Kaintucklans," said he. "They're the speakin'est people I ever see in my life, for a fact. Why, whenever we hev a shootin' match, a camp-meetin,' a weddin' or a fun'ral, you can jest bet that them Kaintucklans will be thar, and afore you knows it they'll be offerin' resolutions and a-makin' speeches till you cain't rest. To tell the truth, Jedge, they cain't git a watermelon without a speech."—Century.

Case of Know Nothing.

At a certain Cambridge viva-voce examination a particular candidate had so far failed to answer any question whatever. After wasting a good deal of patience on him the examiner in desperation finally tore from a sheet paper a portion 2 inches square, placed it in front of the luckless youth and cuttingly observed: "Oblige me, sir, by placing upon this paper the whole of what you know on any subject of any kind whatever."—Judge.

Undoubtedly So.

Mamma—You know, Tommy, it pains me as much as it does you when I have to beat you.

Tommy—Yes, mamma; but not in the same place.

Asking for Information.

He—Do you think you love me well enough to be my wife?

She—Yes, George.

He—Well, I only asked to ascertain how you felt on the subject, so in case I ever should want to marry I should know where to come.

SOME NEW TRICK ELEPHANTS.

They Understand English and Weep When Reprimanded.

Some trained elephants are now being exhibited in New York by a Scotch traveler named Lockhart, who has educated them himself, and unlike many trainers says that affection and confidence are the secrets of controlling this most interesting of beasts. Lockhart is a dapper little man; has large and kindly black eyes and dresses in the plainest manner possible. He does not carry a gold-headed cane, nor does he wear a diamond cross. But as an elephant trainer he is a genius of the first water.

"The secret of my success, I believe," said Mr. Lockhart, "lies in constant attention, kindness, and when necessary, absolute firmness. On arriving at a new town I invariably see my elephants comfortably stowed away and fed before I go to my own hotel. Except for the early breakfast I am always present at their meals. I bring them sweetmeats, buns, knots of sugar, and when they are sick I attend to them carefully. Then they look to me for everything. They know every word I say, and do everything I wish, so far as they can. I treat them just as I would children. Indeed, I am much more careful of them than I am of my own children, because while I have to support my children, the elephants in point of fact support me."

"What is your mode of punishment?"

"Well, really, the animals are so fond of me and so tractable, that beyond a stern look and an occasional harsh word, little is needed. Of course, I can always cut off supplies—that is, reduce their food, and this they feel very strongly. A few nights ago Molly was somewhat slow at her tricks on the stage, and as I passed her one time I gave her a fierce scowl, and growled between my teeth, 'This is very bad. I shall not be friends with you.' Molly is the most tender hearted of the three, and was very much cut up. When the curtain fell she followed me to the stable with great tears rolling down her cheeks, and it was not until I had made friends, and told her that she was forgiven, that she became herself again."

"How long does it take to teach them a 'trick,' or a point in the performance, whatever you may term it?"

"Well, that all depends. Of course, Boney is the cleverest, and picks up things quicker than the others, and, in fact, she helps to teach them. Some trifling movements which you have seen on the stage have cost me two years' assiduous labor. A single movement I have made them repeat from 50 to 100 times a day. But, once they have it, I can rely upon them. I have only to give the sign and they are there. One of the most difficult things was to get Boney to understand that she must keep time, regular time, in playing the organ. But, now she understands it, her time-keeping is that of a born musician. As for the tricycle, it was more difficult to design a machine than to teach Boney to ride. She took to it without any great difficulty, and, in spite of some accidents, she has always shown wonderful intelligence in steering."

"What were the accidents?"

"Well, on one occasion, on a somewhat small and sloping stage when we were in France, Boney could not make the turn in time, and ran into the orchestra. The players fortunately foresaw the avalanche and got out of the way, but the machine was ruined. On another occasion, on a small stage at Buda Pesth, Molly overbalanced herself while standing on her head on a barrel, and toppled over on the big drum, doing damage which cost me $30 to repair. As a rule, however, they are wonderful. The manner in which their business is carried on on the stage proves how thoroughly they are in touch with me. I have only to give them the word and the thing is done."—Springfield Republican.

Queer Wills.

Those who never cease to regret what they call the good old times may usefully reflect on the condition of society in days when a proportion of a subject's goods was ordered to be given to the Crown [illegible] Scripture, in order [illegible]

will that there
Blessed Trinity."

The Earl of Stafford, Germain, 1694, the eldest daughter of Count de Grammont; in his will he expresses himself: "I leave to the very worst of women, who is guilty of everything that is bad, the daughter of M. Grammont, a Frenchman, whom I have unfortunately married, forty-five brass half-pence with which to buy a pullet for supper, a greater sum than her father can often give her, he being the worst of men and his wife the worst of women. Had I only known their characters I had never married their daughter nor made myself so unhappy."

An old proverb says that every man is either a fool or a physician at forty. Sir H. Halford happening one day to quote the saying to a circle of friends, Canning humorously inquired: "Sir Henry, mayn't he be both?" At any rate, experience teaches that lawyers who draw their own wills sometimes make great mistakes. Sir Samuel Romilly's will was improperly worded, Chief Baron Thompson's will became the subject of chancery proceedings, while the will of Bradley, the eminent conveyancer, was actually set aside by Lord Thurlow.

Many wills have been written in verse, and a will chalked upon a cornbin, and another inscribed by a sick man upon his pillow, have, it is said, been filed in the days of doctors' Commons. One of the briefest wills—that of Kenneth Macauley 1865—is thus worded: "One thousand pounds to my brother Tom; all the rest to my dearest wife absolutely.—Temple Bar.

An aged spinster living in Milford, Conn., has carefully stowed away in her attic the timber for a coffin, which she has instructed her relatives to use when she dies. The woman is nearly 70 years old, but gives evidence of living to a ripe old age. A peculiar fact is that she planted a black walnut tree many years ago, when she was a girl, with the sole purpose of using its timber for her coffin. When it was a full-grown tree she hired a farmer to cut it down, and, taking the body to a sawmill, she had the boards sawed out, giving full instructions as to thickness, width, etc. After the work was completed, she told her nearest neighbor all about the matter. A local undertaker has been engaged to make the coffin at her decease.—Hartford Times.

The Important Part.

A young typewriter had just been hired by a prominent lawyer. She had never done regular work before, and was somewhat nervous.

The lawyer settled himself back in his chair and began dictating from mind a brief. He had paged away for about five minutes, when the girl stopped, with a horrified look on her face.

"What's the matter?" asked the lawyer.

"Would you mind saying that again?" the girl asked, with a [illegible] tears.

"Why?"

"I forgot to [illegible] chine!"

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