THE ARGUS.

DEVOTED TO THE FISHING, AGRICULTURA, MINING, AND COMMERCIAL INTERESTS OF LUNENBURG COUNTY

VOL. 2. LUNENBURG, N. S., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1891. NO. 45

Business Cards.

THE ARGUS
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY THE LUNENBURG COUNTY PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY. (LIMITED)

$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE.	1 week	4 wks	3 mos.	6 mos.	12 mos.
1 Inch	60	1.20	2.00	3.25	5.00
2 "	1.00	2.00	3.25	5.25	8.00
3 "	1.50	3.00	5.00	8.00	12.00
4 "	2.00	4.00	6.75	10.00	16.00
6 "	3.00	6.00	10.00	16.00	24.00
8 "	4.00	8.00	13.00	21.00	32.00
10 "	5.00	10.00	16.50	26.00	40.00
12 "	6.00	12.00	20.00	32.00	45.00
15 "	7.50	15.00	24.50	40.00	60.00
20 "	10.00	20.00	33.00	54.00	75.00
1 Col.	12.00	24.00	40.00	60.00	90.00

☞ Yearly advertisements may be changed monthly without extra charge. and it will pay advertisers to bear this in mind as they will thus secure better returns for their money.

All advertisements, changes of advertisements, and correspondence must be handed into the office not later than Tuesday evening to ensure insertion in the following issue.

All reading matter advertisements will be marked as such and published under the head of "Local and Special" advertisements, at 10 cents a line per insertion.

☞ All contracts payable quarterly. ☜

All notices of Church or Society meetings at which an admittance fee is charged will be inserted as regular advertising at the usual rates.

TERMS—$1.00 per year in advance; $1.25 if not paid within 6 months; $1.50 if not paid before the expiration of the year.

☞ All correspondence must be addressed,

W. A. LETSON,
EDITOR ARGUS,
Lunenburg, N. S.

Church Services.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

RECTOR.
Rev. Geo. Haslam, M. A. T. C. D.

Sunday 10. 30. a. m. 7. 0. p. m
Sunday School 2. 0. p. m
Young men's Bible Class } 1. 0. p. m. 3. 15. p. m.
Wednesday (in School House) 7. 30. p. m.
Friday Young ladies Bible Class 7. 30. p. m.

CELEBRATION OF HOLY COMMUNION.
1st. and 3rd. Sundays of month after morning service, and last Sunday of month 8. a. m.

MISSION CHURCH.
BLUE ROCKS.
Each 2, 4, 5, Sunday 3. 15. p. m.
Each Thursday 6. 30. p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.

PASTOR.....REV. J. J. TEASDALE

TOWN SERVICES.

Sunday —Services at 10. 30 a. m. and 7 p. m.
" S School—(in Basement) at 2. 15 p. m.
Tuesday Evening—Young Men's Prayer Meeting.
" " —Young Women's Class-Meeting.
Wednesday " —Men's Class-Meeting.
" " —Women's " "
Thursday " —S. S. Teachers' Meeting.
Saturday " —Women's Prayer Meeting.
" " —Congregational Prayer Meeting.
Meeting of Band-Workers First Tuesday of every month.

COUNTRY SERVICES.

South .....1st Sunday of every month 3.30 p. m..
2nd Peninsula.... 1st Monday of every month.
Black Rocks.... 2nd Thursday of every month.
Acker's School House.... 3rd Thursday of every month.
Heckman's Island.... 4th Tuesday in every month.
Herman's and Corkum's Island occasionally
Sunday School at South..... 2. p. m.
Sunday School at Acker's School House 2. p. m.
Sunday School at Heckman's Island..... 2. p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

PASTOR.....REV. J. S. BROWN.

TOWN SERVICES.

Sunday —Preaching at 10. 30. a. m. and 7. p. m.
" S. School—2. p. m.. Bible Class at same hour.
Wednesday Evening—Prayer Meeting at 7. 30.
Conference Meeting—Every Friday before the 1st. Sunday in the month at 7. 30. p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

PASTOR.....REV. E. D. MILLER.

TOWN SERVICE.

Sunday —Preaching at 10.30. a.m. and 7. p.m.
" S. School—2.15. p.m
" Bible Class—2.15. p.m.
Wednesday Evening—Prayer meeting at 7.30.
Friday " " —Ladies " "
" " —Young mens " " 8.30
Rocks.
1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at 3 p.m

BACKMAN'S HOTEL,
LUNENBURG,
Enlarged, improved and newly furnished, situated right in the Business Centre of the town, making it a convenient and pleasant place to stop
GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS.
This "HOTEL" has a STABLE in connection, 120 feet in length, and Horses entrusted to my care will receive proper care and feeding.
Passengers taken from or carried to Boats or Station FREE.
J. HENRY BACKMAN, Proprietor,
GEO. H. LOVE, Manager.

INSURANCE AGENCY.

Equitable Life Insurance Co.
The Largest and strongest Company in the World.

New business 1890.....	$263,816,107
Total outstanding.....	720,962,473
Surplus undivided.....	23,740,447

Northern Fire Insurance Co.
Eastern Fire Insurance Co.
Dominion Building and Loan Association of Toronto.
CAPITAL.....$5,000,000
A. J. WOLFF,
Ship and Insurance Broker.
Lunenburg, N. S.

JAMES E. RICHARDSON,
General Insurance Agent.
OFFICE,—Pelham Street, Lunenburg.
REPRESENTING
Nova Scotia Marine Insurance Co. (limited) of Halifax.
Ocean Mutual Marine Insurance Co (limited) of Halifax
Insurance effected on Hulls, Freight and Cargoes, at lowest rates. Losses paid promptly.
FIRE INSURANCE.
Agent for the "Acadia Fire Insurance Company of Halifax.
All correspondents promptly answered.

Poetry.

In Good Time.

Ofttimes, in sunny morning hours,
The cheerist seaso
We say: "This day must not pass by
Without some grand endeavor."
And this we mean from honest hearts
To make and not to shun it;
But when the evening curtain falls,
Alas! we have not done it.

But we perhaps, take up instead
Some little grievance gladly,
And magnify its puny form
And gaze upon it sadly,
When, maybe, this faint, tiny spark
That we are hourly fanning
Is but a part of some good work
That God for us is planning.

"There is a wheel within a wheel,"
Albeit we little heed them,
And some machines need sharpened blades
And needle points to feed them.
And so it is, in this strange life,
Through which we journey blindly,
But when the needful knife probes deep
We do not take it kindly.

The time will come for those who bear
Their ill as God's annointed,
When they shall read earth's mysteries—
A time by heaven appointed.
Then let us calmly watch and wait
With trusting spirits ever,
Still carrying out from day to day
Some good and grand endeavor.

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in New York Ledger.*

An Interesting Story.

THE GHOST BELL.

It is now many years since I was quartered with my regiment in Vienna. Among the acquaintances which I formed there was a young nobleman who was in the Imperial Guard—the Baron von Steingraff. He was the sole descendant of an ancient Styrian family that had lived for centuries in a castle near Salzburg.

A finer-hearted fellow could not be found in his imperial majesty's dominions nor a better soldier in his army than Friedrich. Frank and gay as a companion, he was a favourite with his own sex, and a good figure, to say nothing of a good property, made him not unacceptable with old mammas and young daughters.

Friedrich, however, seemed to be no marrying man, though he had not the misogynistic in his nature. When our friendship had grown into close intimacy, I happened to banter him on the subject of matrimony, but Friedrich assured me gravely that he had resolved never to marry.

"Not," said he, "that I have any disinclination to the matrimonial state, but fate, cruel and inexorable, has forbidden me to enter it."

I stared at him in silent surprise. After a moment he told me how, when a child, he had met a Ziegeuner-inn, or a gypsy woman, from Bohemia, as he crossed a wood near the Schloss. She had stopped him, looked into his hand and said:

"Young herr, when you go to marry a wife take heed. The way to God's altar lies through God's acre!"

"Well!" cried I, laughing, "that was a safe prophecy. A man cannot well get to the church door unless he walks through the church yard."

Friedrich shook his head. "That was not her meaning," said he, "but rather that I or she whom I shall wish to make my bride must die on the bridal day.

Therefore, dear friend, I shall never marry. You may think me superstitious and a fool, but there have been stranger things known to our family. He shivered and turned pale, but just as I would have questioned him he laid his hand on my shoulder and added: "And now, Hauptman, let us never speak of this again!"

A year passed by and I was far away in the north of Germany when I got a letter from Von Steingraff. It announced his coming marriage with a young lady of his own country. "My destiny," he wrote, "what it may be I must work out. I could not resist my passion for my little Roeschen. So come to me as soon as you can; and who knows but your happier interpretation of the gypsy's prophecy may be the true one?

I laughed heartily as I closed the letter. The old story! Woman's tongue had overcome man's resolve—pretty Roeschen had whipped the withered gypsy from the field. And so saying I packed for my journey, and the morrow found me en route.

At the close of a lovely autumn day I drove along the road between Salzburg and St. Gilgen where it skirt the picturesque little lake of Mondsee so snugly embosomed in the precipitous hills clothed with pine and larch.

Not far from this stood the schloss of my friend, built close to the ruins of a suppressed monastery, and sheltered by the dark forest on whose tree tops the evening sun glinted warmly. Thither I worked my way—but slowly—for the approach was steep and circuitous, and by the time I reached the entrance and stood under the heavy arches of the doorway, the sun had set and the great stone mass of building was lying in the gloom. This gave me a strange, unpleasant feeling, which increased as I stood knocking for many minutes at the heavy open portal without response from within.

Was I, then, not expected? And at this hour? I shook off a sensation of nervousness and beat loudly upon the panelling with my clenched fist, and with the heavy handle of my riding whip.

There was the sound of the slipping of bolts on the inner door, and with a sense of relief I knew that, at last, my summons had been answered. Then the door opened, and before me stood a person who looked more like a holzknecht, or woodman, of the district than the servitor of a well ordered establishment such as I believed Friedrich's to be. He carried a lamp in his hand, and over it regarded me suspiciously. I stated who I was, and desired him to conduct me to his master. To this he made no reply, but shaking his ill looking head, motioned me to follow. We crossed the great hall and entered a small chamber, where my strange guide deposited the light and left me without a word.

"A strange welcome," I muttered, "from a bridegroom to his best man." and then I looked about me.

The room in which I stood alone was elegantly and most comfortably furnished. There were cases well filled with books running along the walls, and above them racks holding curious weapons, many guns, spears and hunting gear. An escritoire of excellent workmanship stood near the fireplace, but no cheerful fire glowed on the hearth, a few half-burned logs lay cold on the iron dogs, and again the strange feeling of gloom and nervousness settled upon me.

Suddenly conscious of some other presence I looked up from the cheerless hearth. An old serving man stood in the doorway. Bowing respectfully, he entered the room, and solved the mystery of my strange reception. On the very day his master had written me, he was prostrated with a serious illness, and he was now in the eighth day, struggling with the delirium of fever. The doctors of St. Gilgen declared the case to be hopeless, but were in almost constant attendance. One had just left the young baron, and had said he would return, as the crisis would occur that very night.

I need not say how this intelligence affected me. I determined, of course to await the issue, and asked to be shown Friedrich's chamber. In a few moments I stood by the bed side of my dearest friend and looked down on a poor, shattered being, with flushed face, a burning lip and glazed eye, tossing and raving, whose hand was unconscious of my loving pressure whose ear turned from my words of affection.

From time to time I could distinguish words through his mutterings, which told how the bewildered spirit wrestled with horrible phantoms. With appalling incongruity he mingled the scenes of the bridal chamber and the charnel vault, now calling on his bride to wrap her grave clothes about her, now bidding the sexton pledge him a skull of wine. Terrible as all this was to hear and painful to see, I determined to watch through the night, and the faithful old butler begged to remain also. Indeed, I felt so nervous and distressed that I was glad of his company. The doctor was to return at midnight. When it wanted but two hours of that time Friedrich, who had gradually ceased his raving, fell into a lethargic stupor. I left the bedside and went to sit by the fire. Old Klaus threw on a fresh log and filled a glass with Hungarian wine from a flask on the table. I noticed that the old fellow's hand trembled, and his eyes were filled with tears. I spoke a few words of comfort and he sobbed aloud:

"Alas! Herr Hauptman, my mind misgives me sadly! I fear every moment that I shall hear the dismal ringing of the ghost dead bell!"

At this uncanny title I shivered. "But what may that be?" I asked anxiously.

"Ach! What an old fool I am. I forget sometimes; but forgive it."

"But, Klaus," said I, "what did you mean?"

Klaus bent toward me, his old face drawn with fear. "The bell that rings out the life of every Von Steingraff," said he, with suppressed emotion. I suppose I looked both startled and interested, and the old servant, glad of sympathy and attention, continued in a hushed voice: "Mayhap you observed the monastery near the castle, sir as you came up the drive."

"Ah, Klaus, and a fine old ruin it is with it's bell tower still standing."

"A ruin now, sir, but it was once a grand and holy place, with its lord abbot and monks and broad, rich lands. Well, sir, a long time ago—I do not know how many hundred years—the Baron Steingraff of that day, who lived then in the schloss higher up in the hills above the Krotensee, had a quarrel with the abbot. The baron was a fierce and haughty man who cared little for church and priest and the abbot was haughty in his way, so the feud grew deadlier every day.

"At last the abbot swore on the holy relics of St. Wolfgang that he would excommunicate the baron. And the baron swore by the cross on his swordhilt that he would tear the frock off the abbot's back and drive him and his monks out of the monastery. The abbot was as good as his word, and so, on the feast of the blessed St. Wolfgang, he and his monks walked in procession through the church up to the altar, and the great book was opened and the anathemas read, and then the bell was tolled and the lighted candles extinguished, and thus the baron was excommunicated.

"Well! The bell was still tolling and the priests were on their way down the aisle when the shouts of the baron and his wild men-at-arms, his jagers and holzknecht rang at the walls and sledges and great pine beams were battering at the gates.

"Snort work they made of it.

"One mad fellow seized a splinter of wood and lit it at the altar and then fired the panels, and the roof and the dry wood were all soon in a blaze. The baron, as if possessed by an evil spirit, seized the bell rope and rung out a loud peal of triumph. But the abbot walked up to him, dressed in all his robes, and holding up his hands cursed him in the name of the blessed Trinity, and said:

"As the evil one peals that bell now through your hands, so shall he peal it when he claims the soul as it passes from the body of you and of your son and of your son's son, in saecula, saeculorum. Amen!"

"So saying, the abbot called his monks, and they went their way down to the Lake of Aver. But the baron and his followers threw themselves upon the holy men and tore their frocks from their backs and threw their books into the lake. The baron then seized the monastery lands and held them, too, for might was right in those days, and he built the present castle hard by the ruins of the monastery, lest the abbot and his retainers should rally and seek to regain their old possessions."

"But they did not, for the abbot was not over-loved in the country, and the baron was too powerful to be lightly meddled with, so the monks built a new monastery, where the church of Wolfgang now stands.

"Time passed on and the baron had well-nigh forgotten that abbot or monk had ever dwelt within the old blackened monastery walls.

"One cold winter's night the baron sat with his retainers in the great hall drinking and revelling, as was their wont. The wind howled in gusts fitfully, and in the pauses a loud knock was heard at the oaken door, the very door at which you entered this evening, Herr Hauptman. The Thurhuter, when he opened the door, saw no one, though the moon was at that moment shining through a rift of the clouds, but he felt a cold blast sweep across his face. So he shut the door again, and thought it must have been the storm that deceived him.

"The next moment those in the hall saw a monk in a black habit, with a cowl drawn over his head, enter and walk without a word to where the baron was sitting. Then the monk drew back his hood, and an old withered face, ghastly pale, but stern and fierce, gazed undaunted on the baron.

"'Tausend sakerment!' shouted the baron, starting in a rage. 'Dog of an abbot, what brings you here? Trundle out the shaveling, and set the dogs on him.'

"The abbot raised his skinny arm and said in a hollow and solemn voice: 'This night twenty years you and I met. I am on my way to the abbey; follow me.

"The abbot retired as he came, no one daring to hinder or harm the holy man.

"'Zum henker! to the hangman with him,' cried the baron, choking with rage and springing after him. That moment the old bell pealed out with a wild clang from the tower. The baron in his haste tripped over a stool and fell to the ground. When they lifted him up he was dead.

"'Twas said he died of a fit. Maybe so. But that very night one of the holzknechts returning to the village from Riesen up on the hill where he had been working, declared that as he passed the tower, he heard the old bell pealing, and saw a procession of monks following a bier and disappearing within the ruins. Next morning tidings came that the old abbot had died the day before at St. Wolfgang's, but where or when he was buried nobody ever knew."

Old Klaus ceased and sat looking in the fire

"A strange wild tale!" I said lightly, unwilling to confess myself moved by the story. "Has the ghost bell ever been heard since that time?"

Old Klaus shuddered. "Ay, sir," he answered gloomily, "whenever the soul passes from the body of a Von Steingraff, but I am not willing to believe that the evil one dare claim the spirit of my dear young master—one so good and noble as he!" and again the old servant fell to weeping.

"Hush, Klaus, lest you disturb him," I said hastily, although a glance at my poor Fredrich well-nigh assured me that few sounds would disturb him more. Then I paced the room and out into the hall and down the stairs, for I heard the sound of horses at the gates. and I knew that the physician was orming.

Ilet him go up alone, while I sat for a few moments in the chamber I had been shown to on my arrival. I could not take my mind from the story of the ghost bell. I am not naturally credulous, but the shock I had received after the weariness of my journey of several days had, I suppose, told upon my nerves. I stole up once more to the sick room. The physician sat at the foot of the bed. Fredrich seemed to be sleeping quietly. I hoped this might be a good sign, but, to my inquiry, the old physician shook his head sadly.

"Tis the sleep that will wake only in death," he answered sadly. "An hour will decide, but be prepared for the worst—I can give you but little hope."

Impelled by I know not what, I suddenly asked:

"Doctor, what could have caused this sudden illness? My friend has had the most perfect health all his life. He once told me had never been ill. What could have caused this fever?"

"God alone can tell!" answered the physician. "The young baron was with me the day previous to his illness, and bade me gayly enough to [illegible] wedding. I never saw him looking better. He was on horseback and rode swiftly out to St. Gilgen, reining up his steed for an instant to throw money to an old gypsy who stood her hand outstretched, by the road. Always kind," added the good doctor. "always noble!" I have known qim thus as boy and man." And the usually kind man of science brushed his hand across his eyes.

I took his other hand and pressed it warmly. Then I went to the chamber below. Old Klaus crept after me far sympathy. I sat down by the fire with a heavy heart. I pondered on the Doctor's words. I found myself wondering why I had put the question to him, and then I recalled word his auswer.

A sudden thought shot through my brain.

He had sdoken of an old gypsy who stood with outstretched hand by the roadside.

Another scene rose before me.

A fair-haired lad, with his firm palm held frankly out—a withered old face bent over it, and I seemed to hear the quavering voice muttering the prophecy: "Young herr, take heed to your wedding day! The way to God's altar lies through God's acre."

"Klaus," I asked sharply, "when was your master to have been married?" for Fredrich had mentioned no day in his letter—"We will talk over everything when you come," he wrote.

"Ach. Mein Herr! But to-morrow!"

I seemed to turn cold all over. To think of other things I questioned Klaus concerning the young Rosschen, whose cup of happiness was so soon to be dashed from her lips. I learned that she was lovely and amiable and deeply enamored of her handsome lover. His illness had been kept from her as long as possible, and though she knew her marriage must be postponed she dreamed, as yet, of no change.

"Alas!" said Klaus, "should my lord not recover I fear it will go hard with the sweet young lady, for she loves him better than life. Who knows but there may be two burials rather than one bridal?"

"The way to God's altar lies thruough God's acre!"

Would the words ever cease ringing in my ears? I shook myself impatiently. A coincidence—a sad coincidence—that was all! And my grief had surely unsettled my mind. I took up a book from one of the shelves and tried to read. The words swam upon the page. Not a sound was to be heard save the ticking of the great clock in the hall. I laid down the book and sighed. Just then the clock oed the midnight hour. The deep bell struck 12 times, loud and clear, and mechanically I counted every stroke.

Midnight! A sudden thought—the crisis!

Then my poor Friedrich might even now be passing the portal of eternity!

I was about to speak to Klaus when I discovered that he slept exhausted on the hearth.

"God forbid!" I cried aloud in my fear.

"Poor, faithful soul! thought I. 'Rest there awhile—you may awake to deepest grief!". For I realized that he, like myself—like Roeschen—must lose with Friedrich that which he best loved on earth.

So I rose noiselessly, and passed sadly and alone into the great stone hall.

A bresth of cold air struck my cheek. It came from the end of the hall—down there, toward the outer doors. I was pierced through and through with its chill touch. Certainly the outer doors must be open. Could Klaus in his anxiety have forgotten to close them after the doctor's entrance? I peered through the vista of the dimly lighted arches toward the entrance, and moved a few steps in that direction.

As I did so I was sure I heard a muffled knocking at the portal. I listened intently, and after a momenthe sound was repeated, and followed almost immediately by the slipping of a bolt. Still I saw no one, and I concluded the sounds must come from some other part of the Schloss. I was about to turn and desist from investigation when I again felt that icy blast sweep my face and throat. Thoroughly startled, I strained my eyes to see more clearly before me. They became gradually accustomed to the semi-darkness, and I perceived the massive doors swing inward on their on their iron hinges to admit a tall, dark figure in a cloak and hood.

"A priest?" I thought instantly; then the thought was succeeded by another. "Friedrich is not a Catholic! Who has summoned him? The doctor, perhaps?" And then again, who was it that admitted him? I myself had seen this dark figure pass through doors bolted and barred! I heard his muffled knocking! I saw him, now, before me—and yet of a certainty I had done that myself. He did not enter nor had any hand unclosed the gates to give him entrance!

Smitten with anameless fear I stood, or leaned rgainst one of the stone pillars for support. The dark figure now moved toward me down the hall. Nearer, nearer it came, and I saw that I was right—it was the figure of a priest. As he passed close beside me his cowl fell back and revealed an old wrinkled, ashy face in which were set two gleaming eyes—black and evil. He looked not to the right nor to the ieft, but as he passed up the wide stair he raised one thin, white hand above his head, and the dark sleeve fell back and showed the skinny, withered arm bare to the elbow.

I stood frozen with terror to the spot—I know not foi how long—when a harsh sound smote upon my ear. It was followed by a shrill scream, and old Klaus rushed from the room and threw himself at my feet.

"God have mercy upon us!" he shrieked, almost crazed with fright "The ghost bell!"

Again came the harsh sound—the clanging of an iron bell! It smote cruelly upon my sharpened sense—wild, fitful, irregular—and, God forgive me! not as human hand would have rung it!

I flew up the stairs—Klaus close behind me.

In a momont I was at the baron's chamber. The physician laid his cold hand on mine—I saw the truth written in his face—"It is all over," he said "He is dead!"

Making Jewsharps.

The village of Bath-on-the-Hudson, though its manufacturing interests are few says the Albany Journal, can boast of possessing the only Jewsharp factory in the United States, outside of New York city: Simple as the jewsharp is it requires, nevertheless, no little skill in construction. The proprietor of the factory in Bath is John Smith. For 30 years he has worked at the business, and he has perfected himself to such an extent that his work is recognized as among the best in the world. The factory is a small building situated a short distance off the Third Street, and although, unpretentious, contains every facility for the manufacture of Jewsharps. Phen the factory is running at its fullest capacity over two gross a day are turned out. The busiest part of the year is that just preceeding the holidays.

The manufacture of the harps is an interesting process, and but few people are aware of the large amount of work expended in making a jewsharp of good tone. The frames of the instruments are not made by Mr. Smith. He buys them from a foundry. Upon these frames is bestowed the least work; it is setting the steel tongue in the frame and filing the lower portion of the frame to fit the tongue that the most care and skill are required. The first work done on a jewsharp is to place the frame in a vise, file off the roughness, and taper down the points so that every side presents a sharp edge, between which the tongue is to vibrate. The most delicate work then begins. A piece of steel wire is cut from a coil,, hammered flat at one end and left round at the other, and tempered with the greatest care. The flat end is then set in the arc of the frame, and then the two arms are carefully pressed and hammered until they come as close as possible to the tongue without touching it.

The round end of the tongue is then bent in the form of a right angle the point is turned over and the harp is ready to be placed in the hands of the finisher. There are seven sizes and four kinds of finishing—the common, gold bronze, lacquered and tin plated. The harp can be toned to any pitch. To make the tone high, the tongue is made small and pressed back toward the frame; to make the tone lower it if bent forward. Mr Smith is not only a good maker of the harp but can extract quite a little music from the little instrument. He can also play two at once which he tunes so that they are in harmony, by filing the frames.

Life's Mistakes.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like the drops of of the ocean or the sands on the shore in number; but it is well to be accurate. Here, then, are the fourreen great mistakes:

It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.

To measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To look for judgement and experience in youth.

To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike.

Not to yield to immaterial trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied.

Not alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power.

Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others.

To consider everything impossible that we cannot perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To expect to be able to understand everything.

The greaeest of mistakes is to live for time alone, when any moment may launch us into eternity.—*Boston Home Journal.*

A Baby's Record.

Jot Down all His Wonderful Doings.

A mother writing to the *Voice* advised every mother to keep a record of her baby. There is both entertainment and profit in it. It is like bottling sunshine. I procured, she says, shortly after my baby was born, an ordinary blank book with a Russia leather binding. I began the record with the date and place of birth, the weight and measurements, and a description of general characteristics. Then followed the full name and whom he was named for, and the date of his christening. Then a page is given to his "family tree." Then a running nar is kept, not daily, of course, but semi-occasionally, of his first visit to his grandma, of his first ride in the cars, of his feat of pulling a couple of false teeth out of the mouth of a young man who became too familiar with him; of his changes in residences; of his weight at different periods, etc., etc. When the first photograph was taken, the photographer finished one copy all but mounting it, and that was carefully pasted on a page, with the date underneath. On another page I held his little hand with the fingers spread while I traced the outlines of it. I did the same with his foot. A lock of his baby hair is coiled on another page I keep a record of his ailments and the treatment that seemed most successful in each case. When he first said "mamma" is duly recorded, as also his first steps "loney, loney." The other day I jotted down his complete vocabulary dawn to date, and found 105 words. My baby is now 22 months old. If he should die I would not take a small fortune for my babybook. And when he becomes President of the United States, what an interesting chapter his biographer will be enabled to write on "His days of boyhood."

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