*Concluded from first page.*

to the accused. But supposing the basket had been prepared and placed there for Bloody to find, how did the photograph get there? It was in Thebault's house till the night of Charlotte Hill's disappearance, and next morning it was gone.

He would next turn their attention to the evidence of the identity of Thebault. Bell's crop was broken into by his cattle, and he arises at midnight to turn them out and sees the prisoner and his victim pass his house. This was the start on that journey so fatal to one of them. They had been told that the prisoner must have been mad to have gone so far away over a public road to commit the murder, instead of dropping the girl into a pool near home. It would have been absolute madness to have done this, for when the girl was missed the woods would be searched and the ponds dragged. But he chooses the loneliest place he knows off. A more lonely place than the scene of the murder could hardly be found in the province. He started out so as to accomplish the greater part of his journey in the hours of darkness. When on his return it was said he came openly, and why not? There was no need to fly. If from some sudden impulse he had not made a fire to destroy the remains of the murdered woman and that smoke had not guided the Munros to the spot, the body would have been covered by the snows of this winter and perhaps till the girl had been forgotton or Thebault had passed away. No, he felt secure on his homeward journey, for as had been said, it was not unusual that he should be seen driving on that road. Next, after Bell seeing them start out, Adelbert Thomas sees them pass the Milford House early in the morning. A mile further on the road the Dukes hears meet them. Mrs. Dukeshear, when she gives her testimony, says, 'that looks like the man, but he was more stern looking.' What more natural, for then the man had almost arrived at his journey's end and was steeling himself for the commission of the fearful crime. Then we trace him on his homeward journey. He is seen by Wynott, Router, McBrine and then by the much abused Sypher. You were told not to consider his evidence because he said he came here to hang Thebault, and when asked if he had said it didn't remember the barber who lathered and shaved and pumped him of all he knew. There was nothing wonderful in this. Would the counsel for the defence be able to identify every man who had pulled his nose, lathered his face or brushed his hair. (Laughter). (Mr. Motton remarks 'That is a bald assertion.') But you need not depend on Sypher's evidence alone, for you have that of Router and McBride, who saw the prisoner near the same place. Then, further on, Osmond Dunn meets him, then Porter and Albert Marshall. With all this evidence before them they must be satisfied that the two they saw were the two who left home together, were seen driving towards the Meadow Road, and then the prisonor is seen to return without her. In that journey to the scene of slaughter and back the prisoner is met by sixteen different persons. It is true all were not positive, but some were and had spoken to him, while all agreed in the description of the man and team. Could all six teen have been mistaken and merely be positive because they had seen some one like the prisoner whom public sentiment was against? But the fact was that the public sentiment against him was not aroused and no suspicion rested upon him till these people told their story and he was arrested. Having now, he felt satisfied, proved the identity of Thebault, he called attention to several circumstances connecting the links in the chain and corroborating the evidence before referred to. The subpœnaing of the wife and family of the prisoner had been pathetically described by the counsel for the defence. He could say that there was no wish on behalf of the prosecution to agravate the trials the family had to endure, but where there was a possibility of justice being baffled he would not hesitate to call members of a prisoner's family, for this was an age when sentiment could not interfere with public duty. He had let the children go without taking their evidence because he found it unnecessary. So far as Mrs. Thebault was concerned he would never have sent her a subpœna if he had known that the name given him was that of the prisoner's wife, for she knew and everybody knew that a wife could not give testimony for or against her husband. After all they had heard, could they feel that there was anything in the evidence to lead a doubt which would enable them to give a verdict of acquittal? The defence had brought nothing to break one link in the long chain of evidence. There had, however, been an effort made to excite their feelings in behalf of the prisoner. He would tell them it was not for them to exercise mercy and charity—it was their duty to exercise justice alone. To do that they had been sworn. Mercy and charity! That unfortunate girl he need not tell them was a stranger to mercy and charity and even justice. The poor creature's existence began in vice, continued in penury, and ended in one of the most horrible crimes on record. She was not by man numbered as worthy the attention bestowed upon the very beasts of the field. There was but one being who cared for her. For that poor wretch in life there had been no human sympathy, charity or mercy. It was for us to say now whether in death she was beyond the pale of justice. If the jury had a reasonable doubt of the prisoner's guilt let him go, but he implored them to beware that they considered well, for if they believed him guilty and found a verdict to the contrary, it would give them very little satisfaction. He, on behalf of the Crown, didn't ask for vengeance, but justice. The last case of murder tried here had been spoken of. He believed the jury did right in finding the verdict they did, but the Crown chose to exercise mercy, as they recognized there was different degrees of murder. So it was in the present case. If there was to be mercy exercised it was the duty of the Crown, not the jury, to exercise it.

The addresses of counsel were listened to throughout with most earnest attention; some passages were delivered with most thrilling effect, and the solemn nature of the case from the first seemed to impress counsel, judge, jury and audience. The prisoner, however, showed no outward feeling, but seemed to study the countenances of the jury, scarcely taking his eyes from them, as if to note the effect of the addresses on those who were so soon to decide his life or death. Once, when some of the audience crowded between him and the jury, he exhibited great uneasines till the constable forced the intruders back. The court room was packed all day, the audience bringing lunches in their pockets. Quite a number of ladies, and nearly all the clergymen of the neiguborhood and some from neighboring counties, were present. The rooms opening off the court room were also crowded.

The Judge will deliver his charge to the jury to morrow, as the addresses of counsel occupied all to-day. People have come from all over Annapolis, King's, Digby, Queen's, and Hants counties, and even from St. John, expressly to hear the close of this trial, and all the hotels to-night are crowded to their utmost capacity.

☞ Judge Weatherby's address to the jury will be found on our inside pages.

### Young People and Dancing.

Dancing is just the music of the feet, and the gladness of the young legs, and is well called the poetry of motion. It is like all other natural pleasures, given to be used, and to be not abused, either by yourself or by those who don't like it, and don't enjoy your doing it—shabby dogs these, beware of them! And if this be done, it is a good and a grace, as well as pleasure, and satisfies some good end of our being, and in its own way glorifies our Maker. Did you ever see anything in this world more beautiful than the lambs running races and dancing round the big stone of the field?

We have no right to keep ourselves or others from natural pleasures; and we are all too apt to interfere with and judge harshly the pleasures of others; hence we who are stiff and given to other pleasures, and who, now that we are old, knowing the many wickednesses of the world, are too apt to put the vices of the jaded, empty, old heart, like a dark and ghastly fire burnt out, into the feet, and the eyes, and the heart, and the head of the young. I remember a story of a good old Antiburgher minister. It was in the days when dancing was held to be a great sin, and to be dealt with by the session. Jessie, a comely, and good, and blithe young woman, a great favorite of the minister's, had been guilty of dancing at a friend's wedding. She was summoned before the session to be 'dealt with'—the grim old fellows sternly concentrating their eyes upon her, as she stood trembling in her striped short-gown, and her pretty bare feet. The doctor, who was one of divinity, and a deep thinker, greatly pitying her and himself, said, 'Jessie, my woman, were ye dancin?'

'Yes,' sobbed Jessie.

'Ye maun e'en promise never to dance again, Jessie.'

'I wull, sir; I wull promise,' with a courtesy.

'Now, what were ye thinking o,' Jessie, when ye were dancin?' tell us truly' said an old elder, who had been a poacher in youth.

'Nae ill, sir,' sobbed out the dear little woman.

'Then, Jessie, my woman, aye dance,' cried the delighted doctor.

And so say I, to the extent that so long as our young girls think 'nae ill,' they may dance their own and their feet's fills: and so on with all the round of the sunshine and flowers God has thrown on and along the path of his children.—*Selected.*

### The Indian's Test of Honesty.

An old trader who had established himself at what happened to be a favorable locality among the Northern Indians, tells a good story of his first trials with his red customers. Other traders had located in that same place before, but had not remained long. The Indians, who evidently wanted goods, and had money and furs, flocked about the store of the trader, and carefully examined his goods, but offered to buy nothing. Finally the chief, with a large number of the tribe visited him.

'How do, John?' said the chief. 'Show me goods. Aha, I take a blanket for me; and that calico for squaw, three otter skins for blankets, and one for calico. Ough! pay by'n by—to-morrow.'

He received his goods and left. On the next day he returned with a large part of his band, his blanket well stuffed with skins of various kinds.

'Now, John, I pay.'

And with this he drew an otter skin from his blanket, and laid it on the counter. Then he drew a second, a third, and a fourth. A moment's hesitation, as though calculating, and he drew a fifth skin—a very rich and rare one—and passed it over.

The trader instantly pushed back the last skin, with—

'You owe me but four. I want only my just due.'

The chief refused to take it, and they passed it several times back and forth, each one asserting that it belonged to the other. At length the dusky chieftian appeared satisfied. He gave the trader, a scrutinizing look, and then he stepped to the door and gave a yell, and cried to his followers—

'Come, come, and trade with the paleface, John. He no cheat Indian his heart big.'

Then turning back to the trader, he said—

'Suppose you take last skin, I tell my people no trade with you. We drive you off like a dog, as we drive off others; but now you Indian's friends and we be yours.'

Before dark the trader was waist deep in furs, and loaded down with cash. He found that honesty had commercial value with the Indians.

WOMAN'S GRAVE.—I can pass by the tomb of a man with indifference, but when I survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntarily escapes me. With the holy name of women I associate every soft, tender, and delicate affection. I think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of the heart: as the chaste and virtuous matron, tried with the follies of the world, and preparing for the grave to which she must descend. Oh! there is something in contemplating the character of a woman that raises the soul far above the level of society. She is formed to adorn and humanize mankind, to soothe his cares and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress she is the rock on which he leans for support and when fate calls him from existence her tears bedew his grave. Can you look upon her tomb without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory; woman never. The pages of history lie open to the one; but the meek and unobtrusive excellencies of the other sleep with her unnoticed in the grave. In her may have shone the genius of a poet with the virtues of a saint. She, too, may have passed along the sterile path of existence, and felt for others as I now feel for her.

— Love is the only thing that has a perennial root, and that death cannot touch.


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| 100 Full Sized Slate Pencils in Box, | 15 |
| 125 Sheets good Note Paper, | 20 |
| 100 good Envelops, | 20 |
| 24 large sheets Foolscap, | 15 |
| 12 Lead Pencils (round), | 7 |
| 12 " " Carpenters best lead in use, | 20 |
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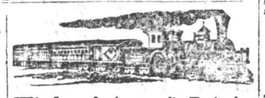

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

Winter Arrangement.

Time Table,

COMMENCING

THE 29th DAY NOV., 1880.

| Miles. | GOING WEST. | Express Daily. | Pass. and Freight Mon., Wed. and Friday only. | Express and Freight Daily. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| 0 | Halifax—leave | 7 45 | 7 45 | 3 00 |
| 14 | Windsor Junc—ive | 8 24 | 8 45 | 3 50 |
| 46 | Windsor | 9 40 | 11 15 | 6 25 |
| 53 | Hantsport | 10 00 | 11 40 | 6 47 |
| | | | P. M. | |
| 61 | Grand Pre | 10 25 | 12 09 | 7 15 |
| 64 | Wolfville | 10 34 | 12 23 | 7 27 |
| 66 | Port Williams | 10 41 | 12 31 | 7 35 |
| 71 | Kentville—arrive | 10 55 | 12 50 | 7 50 |
| | Do—leave | 11 10 | 1 20 | |
| 83 | Berwick | 11 44 | 2 08 | |
| 88 | Aylesford | 11 58 | 2 30 | |
| | | P. M. | | |
| 95 | Kingston | 12 12 | 2 56 | |
| 98 | Wilmot | 12 21 | 3 06 | |
| 102 | Middleton | 12 32 | 3 10 | |
| 108 | Lawrencetown | 12 49 | 4 15 | |
| 111 | Paradise | 12 58 | 4 27 | |
| 116 | Bridgetown | 1 14 | 4 55 | |
| 124 | Roundhill | 1 34 | 5 00 | |
| 130 | Annapolis — arrive | 1 55 | 5 25 | |
| | St. John by Steamer | 7 46 | | |

| Miles. | GOING EAST. | Passengers and Freight Daily. | Pass. and Freight Tues. Thurs. and Saturday only. | Express Daily. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| | St. John—leave | | | 8 00 |
| | | | | P. M. |
| 0 | Annapolis—leave | 7 30 | | 2 10 |
| 6 | Round Hill | 7 55 | | 2 31 |
| 14 | Bridgetown | 8 21 | | 2 52 |
| 19 | Paradise | 8 42 | | 3 08 |
| 22 | Lawrencetown | 8 55 | | 3 18 |
| 28 | Middleton | 9 20 | | 3 35 |
| 32 | Wilmot | 9 37 | | 3 46 |
| 35 | Kingston | 9 51 | | 3 55 |
| 42 | Aylesford | 10 20 | | 4 10 |
| 47 | Berwick | 10 46 | | 4 26 |
| 59 | Kentville—arrive | 11 50 | | 5 00 |
| | Do—leave | P. M. | | 5 10 |
| 64 | Port Williams | 12 20 | | 5 25 |
| 66 | Wolfville | 12 40 | | 5 31 |
| 69 | Grand Pre | 12 50 | | 5 40 |
| | | 1 02 | | |
| 77 | Hantsport | 1 35 | 36 | 6 05 |
| 84 | Windsor | 2 25 | 15 | 6 30 |
| 116 | Windsor Junct | 4 35 | 15 | 7 50 |
| 130 | Halifax—arrive | 5 25 | 00 | 8 25 |

N. B.—Trains are run Railway Standard Time 15 minutes added wgive Halifax time.

Steamer "Edgar Stuart" leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m., for Digby and Annolis, and returns same days, on arrival of 5 p. m., Express Train from Halifax.

Western Counties Railwtrains leave Digby every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 4.00 p. m., on arrival steamer "Edgar Stuart" from Annapolis, every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, at 10 a. m., for Yarmouth and Intermediate stations, and leave Yarmouth at 7.45 a. m., for Digby, connecting on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays with Steamer "Edgar Stuart" for Annapolis and Halifax.

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

St. John & Maine Railwayains leave St. John at 7.45 a. m. daily, for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

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P. INNES, Gen'l Manager.

Kentville, 24th Novem '80.

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For Pains in the Back, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa, arising from internal ulceration, and uterine diseases and General Debility, VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs, allays inflammation, cures ulceration and regulates the bowels.

For Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Headache, Piles, Nervousness, and General Prostration of the Nervous System, no medicine has ever given such perfect satisfaction as the VEGETINE. It purifies the blood, cleanses all of the organs, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

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BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

READ THE FACTS.

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Sir—I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the efficacy of your invaluable family medicine, VEGETINE. For three years I was a great sufferer from *Chronic Rheumatism, and Derangement of the Kidneys*, and, after testing innumerable so called remedies, in the spring of last year I was recommended to give the *Vegetine* a trial and to persevere in using it for some time. I did so, and in the course three months found that a perfect cure had been effected, and I am now, thank God, in the full enjoyment of the best of health. I consider it the most effective remedy for the distressing complaints just mentioned, and for *Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaint*. It is very pleasant to take, vitalizing and invigorating. I can most confidantly recommend it, knowing the benefits I have derived from its use, and consider I cannot overstate its great and important value to those similarly afflicted as I have been.

Yours faithfully,

R. COLE, Accountant.

*SUPERIOR BLOOD PURIFIER.*

TONIC for the STOMACH.

*Thorold, Ont.*, Jan. 13th, 1880.

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and intermediate stations, and at Digby with the Western Counties Railway, for Yarmouth and intermediate stations.

UNTIL further notice, Str. "Edgar Stuart" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY mornings at 8 o'clock, and return same days.

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| Fare—St. John to Digby | $1.50 |
| " " Annapolis | 2.00 |
| Fare St. John to Halifax | 5.00 |
| " " and return | 7.50 |
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Still further Reduction,

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PARLOR FURNITURE, in Suits, from $60.00 to $120.00.

BEDROOM SUITS, in Pine, from $25.00 to $40.00. A good suit for $28.00.

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Please call and examine my STOCK, and you will find as good an assortment as is generally kept in large Cities, and as times are hard I will sell at Prices that will DEFY COMPETITION.

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A FRESH LOT of Summonses and Executions just printed and for sale at this office.


## Agricultural.

### The Pig Pasture.

We always have the best success with breeding sows when they are allowed to feed on grass. This is the only food they require until the young pigs are a week or two old, when milk or meal of some sort may be given to them to increase the flow of milk if they require it. Sows thus managed are never ugly and never destroy their pigs. Why? Because they are in a natural and healthy condition. The grass also increases the flow of milk and is, quite often, sufficient food for a sow while rearing her young. Young pigs soon learn to eat the grass, which is alike natural and healthy for them. We never had a case of scours or thumps among young pigs when running in pasture. The grass serves to counteract the effect of corn, and many pigs on grass can be fed heavily with this food without the injury it would do them if confined and deprived of grass.

Our experience has convinced us that no farm is complete without a pig pasture. Clover is the best of all the grasses for this purpose, and next to it we prefer orchard grass for the season that it starts up promptly after being eaten off, is the earliest in the spring, and is relished by the pigs. It is not necessary to have a special field for the pig pasture, but they may be allowed to run in any field if promptly enclosed. There should be plenty of water in the field and plenty of grass. A patch of sweet corn sowed in drills will be found convenient to supplement a short pasture in the late summer. There should also be another patch of turnips or other roots into which the pigs may be turned for fall feeding. With the three auxiliaries of pasture, the sweet corn stalks, and a root patch, the cost of rearing and feeding pigs may be reduced to less than one half their expence when they are confined and fed in pens, to say nothing about their better condition for food.—*F. D. Curtis, in Rural New Yorker.*

OATS WITH WHEAT.—The sowing of a bushel of oats per acre, with the winter wheat, has often proved of material benefit to the wheat crop. The oats grows more vigorously than the wheat and aid in catching and holding the snow. The oats act as a protection or mulch to the wheat. The little food the young oat plants draw from the soil is returned during the spring when being killed by the winter, they rapidly decay.

— Long ladders are the most easily moved to any considerable distance upon the farm by strapping them upon a wheel barrow, the rear end being used as the handles, by means of which the whole is trundled along. The entire ladder is before the person, and there is no danger of doing any injury to surrounding objects, as is the case when carried upon the shoulder.

DRAUGHTS OF COLD AIR IN THE STABLES.—Horses are quite sensitive to chilling draughts of air blowing upon them, and especially upon their heads; hence, in the construction of stables that should be borne in mind. Many stables have the horses face an alley along the sides of which are doors, or a large space is left entirely open, in such cases, whenever the rear stable door and the one leading out of the alley are open, the horses stand in a chilling draught, from which they cannot escape. Horses, like many people, can stand much wind in an open field, but will catch cold while in a draught only a short time. With proper ventilation, the doors of the stable should be kept closed in cool weather, that no draughts may occur.—*Am. Ag.*

— To remove warts on horses, take arsenious acid, wet your finger with spittle, dip it in the acid and cover the wart upon its crown with the same. Repeat every alternate day after the second days use. It will become a hard, stiff crust, in a few days; then cease the use of the medicine until the amount destroyed peals off; then repeat, if necessary. Never try to soften the scab, as all your neighbors will advise you to do. Make the crown of the wart red or sore before using the medicine.—*Indiana Farmer*

### Newspaper Enterprise.

Many readers will remember the pulseless anxiety of the public in the early days of October, 1854, when hopes for the safety of the steamship Arctic faded gradually out. On the night of October 10, George M. Burns, a survivor from the lost ship, reached New York and went to the *Herald*, knowing that paper paid well for news. His narrative was taken and put in type at a late hour—after three o'clock. The *Herald's* plan was to withhold their city circulation until an hour at which no other sheet could reprint the story from its columns.

A rumor of the arrival of a survivor reached the city editor of the *Times*, but his most trusty reporters worked until 2. a. m. and found nothing reliable. The forms of the *Times* were closed, and the city editor started for home, disheartened and every nerve strained to painful tension over defeat. A few blocks were passed, when a man jumped on the street car He was sufficiently intoxicated to attempt familiarity with the conductor. The quick ear of the city editor caught the words Arctic—*Herald*. It was enough; he left the car, ran at the top of his speed to the *Times* office, and shouted, out of breath: 'Stop the press!' A young man named South was called from the pressroom and promised fifty dollars if he could get the first copy of the *Herald* that came off the press. 'Buy it, beg it, steal it, anything, so long as you get it!' exclaimed the city editor. All the *Times* compositors were routed out of their beds by messengers, and stood at their cases, sticks in hand, like an army sure of a speedy and glorious victory. Forty minutes after the press stopped South came into the composing room, waving the wet sheet of the next morning *Herald* overhead. A mighty shout arose. The story was given out in four-line 'takes.' In an hour it was all up, and the presses again set to work. They ran without intermission until two o'clock in the afternoon to supply the demand. The *Herald*, not discovering the theft of the paper, adhered to the plan of withholding the city papers until seven o'clock, and then found the heavy edition dead on their hands. South got his fifty dollars, and the salary of the city editor was increased.—*Printer's Circular.*

— If a seaman should put about every time he encounters a head wind, he would never make a voyage; so he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances will never make headway in the voyage of life. A sailor uses every wind to propel his vessel; so should the young man learn to trim his sails and guide his bark that even adverse gales should fill its belayed canvas and send it forward on its onward course.

— A simple way to cleanse old pork barrels is to fill with fresh earth and let it stand two or three days, then repeat and fumigate with sulphur.

— Contrary to the general impression, growing plants are not unhealthy in living-rooms if there is proper ventilation, so that the air of the apartment is not exhausted.

## Joker's Corner.

A FATHER WHO MELTED.—The other evening a citizen of Detroit beckoned to his 12-year-old son to follow him to the woodshed, and when he had arrived there he began:

'Now, young man, you have been fighting again! How many times have I told you that it is disgraceful to fight?'

'Oh, father, this wasn't about marbles or anything of that kind,' replied the poor lad.

'I cannot help it. As a Christian man it becometh my duty to bring up my children to fear the Lord. Take off your coat.'

But, father, the boy I was fighting with called me names.'

'Really I can't help it; calling names don't hurt any one. Off with that coat!'

'He said that I was the son of a wire-puller.'

'What! What's that?'

'And he said you was an office-hunter.'

'What! What loafer dared make that assertion?'

'It made me awful mad, but I didn't say anything. Then he called you a hireling.'

'Called me a hireling! Why, I'd like to get my hands on him!' puffed the old gent.

'Yes, and said you was a political lick spittle!'

'Land o' gracious! but wouldn't I like to have the training of that boy for about five minutes!' wheezed the old man, as he hopped around.

'I put up with that,' continued the boy, 'and then he said you laid your pipes for office and got left by a large majority. I couldn't stand that, father, so I sailed over the fence and kicked him bald-headed in less'n two minutes! Thrash me if you must, father, but I couldn't stand it to hear you abused by the malignant opposition!'

'My son,' said the father as he felt for a half a dollar with one hand and wiped his eyes with the other, 'you may go out and buy two pounds of candy. The Bible says it is wrong to fight, but the Bible must make allowance for political campaigns and the vile slanders of the other party. I only brought you out here to talk with you, and now you can put on your coat and run along.'

— An old fogy exchange, talking about the slatternly home life of our society girls, advises the young man of to day 'to see the girl he is courting before breakfast.' Why bless you stupid old soul, they all do. See her before breakfast? Hours before. Some of the boys never think of starting home until they smell liver and bacon climbing up the hall stairs like a south wind blowing over a bank of violets stealing and giving odor. But the most of them say, with a fine sense of sarcasm, 'good night' about three o'clock in the morning. This gives the girl four hours or more in which to get ready for breakfast and if she can't fix herself up in that time, she is a slow coach. 'See her before breakfast,' indeed. Did you suppose the boys went away before nine o'clock?

POLISHING THE CROCKERY.—A French drummer, who had never dined anywhere but at a table d'hote, is invited to dine with one of his most important customers—who is no end of a swell.

The soup being removed and a clean plate placed before our *commis-voyageur*, he instinctively brushes its surface clean with his napkin.

The host nods severely to the servant, who removes the plate and substitutes another one, which is similarly wiped off and removed, and so on.

At the sixth renewal the drummer says confidentially to his neighbor:

'Say, does the old gentleman expect me to polish all his crockery for him?'

— Your little birdie has been very, very sick,' she wrote to the young man. 'It was some sort of nervous trouble, and the doctors said I should have perfect rest and quiet, and that I must think of nothing—absolutely nothing. And all the time, dear George, I thought constantly of you.' The young man read it over, and then read it through again very slowly, and put it in his pocket and went out under the silent stars, and kept thinking, and thinking, and thinking. But he didn't say anything. He only kept thinking. —*Rockland Courier.*

— It is said the ordinary life of the bee is only ninety days. The end of the bee, however, is very lively.

— A 'Gem of Thought' writer says: 'No star ever rose and set without an influence somewhere.' It is the same way with a hen.

— 'Why,' thundered an impassioned orator at a temperance mass meeting, 'in only one year, in twelve short months, the people of the United States drank 27,867,915 gallons of beer and 7,853,291 gallons of whiskey! How much of that hideous aggregate did you drink? he shrieked, glaring around at the respectable vice presidents on the platform. And in the impressive pause that followed, the corresponding secretary arose and said that with the exception of the tonic drops she was compelled to take before breakfast and the anti-malarial bitters that Dr. Rolus prescribed for her, and a little pale ale for her digestion and a pint of beer at night which she couldn't close her eyes in sleep without it and maybe an occasional drop of brandy for the neuralgy, she had not tasted a drop of spiritual or fermentuous liquids since she joined the society. And a great hush fell upon the meeting, like the voice of a man who has just been asked for the loan of ten dollars!—*Hawkeye.*

— Mrs Partington says that Ike having become enammeled of a siren of Boston, has led her to the menial altar. He didn't appear the least bit decomposed. On the back of his wedding cards were little cubebs with wings.

— A little boy says: 'When cats is a swearin' and a blasfemin' and a tryin' the gages of their steam b'ilers in the back yard at nite, it makes a feller awful frade, if he isn't sleepin' with his big brother.'

— Appreciative sympathy, Herr Bogoluboffski plays a lovely nocturne, which he has just composed. To him, as he softly touches the final note, Fair Amateur, 'Oh, thanks! I am so fond of that dear old tune!'

—'Accidents will happen.' Brighton (at last winging a pheasant, after missing right and left all day) 'Ah ha! Knocked him over that time, Jenkins!' Keeper—'Yes, sir; they will fly into it sometimes!'