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IS PUBLISHED

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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

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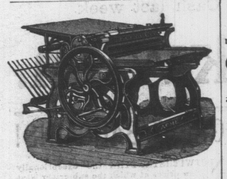

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Weekly Monitor.

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VOL. 13. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1885. NO. 23.

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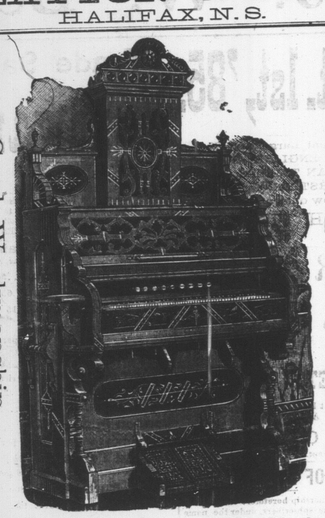
Good Workmanship.  Reasonable Prices.

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Poetry.

Weariness.

Weary of each days doing, from rising to set of sun?
Weary of so much doing, and seeing so little done?
Are deeds so great in the dreaming, so so small in the doing found?
And all life's earnest endeavors only with failure crowned?

You look to the sky at evening, and out of the depths of blue.
A little star, you call it, is glimmering faintly through.
Little! He sees, who looks from his throne in the highest place.
A great world, circling grandly the limitless realms of space.

So with your life's deep purpose, set in His mighty plan.
Out of the dark you see it, looking with human scan.
Little and weak you call it. He from His throne may see
Issues that move on grandly into eternity.

Sow the good seed, and already the harvest may be won.
The deed is great in the doing, that God calls good when done.
'Tis as great, perhaps, to be noble, as noble things to do;
And the world of men is better, if one man grows more true.

Let us be strong in the doing, for that is ours alone;
The meaning and end are His, and He will care for his own.
And if it seems to us little, remember that from afar
He looks into a world where we but glance at a star.

Select Literature.

Drifting Downward.

'Fifteen minutes of nine, Harry. You have no time to lose,' called his mother, as Harry Walsh, after opening the door, stood upon the front steps enjoying the May morning.

'All right! It only takes me ten minutes to walk to the office.' He began to move briskly, and had his hand upon the gate when Ruth Burnett's voice arrested him.

'Would you like a rose-bud for your button-hole?'

The garden-lots of Mrs. Walsh and Dr. Burnett were separated but by a low pale fence, and Harry, looking across, saw pretty Ruth, with garden gloves and scissors, clipping a bouquet for parlor vases. She held up a sofrano bud, and Harry needed no second invitation to step to the fence and receive it.

Harry was eighteen and Ruth seventeen. They had graduated together last June from the Clifton Academy. The old school-boy and school-girl intimacy had, within the last few months, began to assume a slightly coquetish character, more self-conscious than the old relation, though scarcely dignified enough to have been quite a 'grown-up' footing. They had plenty to say to each other, though the chatter was not particularly wise.

'I suppose a yellow rose-bud is hardly worth your acceptance. Heliotrope, I have been informed is your favorite flower,' said Ruth as she pinned her offering to his coat.

'Who gave you the valuable information?'

'The birds of the air whispered it, perhaps: or, perhaps somebody sharper than a bird overheard the conversation in Mrs. Gray's bow-window last night, when a certain gentleman got possession of a certain lady's fan, and refused to deliver it until she had ransomed it by the sacrifice of part of her bouquet.'

'Now, who told you that, I should like to know?' You weren't at the sociable.'

'Somebody else was, however, though you, it seems had eyes but for one.'

'Who told you?'

'Guess!'

Thus the conversation continued, until the sound of the town clock striking nine brought the interview to an abrupt close.

'Nine o'clock, and I shall be late again! That is your fault, you naughty girl!' and with this unceremonious leave-taking Harry started for the gate, striding off down town as fast as his long legs would carry him.

He was seriously annoyed, and he had good cause to be. When he had graduated last year, his future career had been a matter of anxious concern both to his mother and to himself, and they accepted with hearty thanks the offer made to Harry by Col. Holcomb of a clerk's seat in his office. The salary offered, though small, was quite sufficient to lighten the mother's cares, while the opportunity of studying under the colonel's oversight was an advantage that outweighed the money compensation he received.

The colonel himself felt that he had done Harry a favor in giving him the place. He would have preferred an older and more experienced clerk, but he had taken Harry simply because he felt it a duty to help the widow and her boy.

The colonel was highly respected by his fellow-townsmen. He was liberal, high-minded and energetic, and used his large income wisely and generously. With all his virtues, however, he had some marked peculiarities. One of these was a tendency to look upon small failings with a less charitable eye than upon greater sins.

Punctuality was his hobby and Harry had received many admonitions from him on the necessity of acquiring that virtue, so that he fully understood the colonel's views and requirements upon it.

Nine o'clock was the hour the young man was expected to take his seat in the office, and during the first few months of his employment he had not failed to be at his work at that time. Twice during the previous week, however, he had been late. The second time the colonel had expressed great displeasure, and Harry felt very loth to encounter such a rebuke again.

He drew a long breath of relief when, upon entering the office this morning, he found his employer was not there. The colonel, who kept early hours, was generally at his desk at seven o'clock, but he frequently left the office before Harry's arrival.

'If he went out before nine o'clock, he will probably never know of this last piece of negligence of mine,' thought Harry, as he took his chair. With thankfulness for his narrow escape, however, came also a twinge of compunction. 'I declare I won't let such a thing as this happen again!' The old gentleman isn't far wrong when he says such carelessness is inexcusable.'

Then he betook himself to his daily tasks with more than usual diligence to atone, so far as he might, for his delinquency. Half an hour later the colonel entered. His manner was grave, but he exchanged greetings with Harry in his usual friendly way. Looking around with a vexed and disappointed air, he asked,—

'Has there been a man here to see me?'

'No, sir.'

The colonel took his seat at his desk without further remarks, and Harry thought, 'I am safe this time,' and continued his work with a lighter heart.

The bells were ringing at noon before the colonel spoke again. It was his custom to remain in the office until Harry had dined and returned, and to-day as Harry was making preparations for departure, he looked up from his work and asked rather abruptly,—

'At what hour did you leave home this morning, Welsh?'

'At a quarter of nine, sir,' replied Harry, remembering his mother's words as he left the house.

'It takes you about ten minutes to walk down here?'

'Yes, sir,' said Harry with heightened color.

'I was called out of the office unexpectedly a little before nine this morning,' continued the colonel, 'Poor old Mr. Roberts had a paralytic stroke, and his wife sent for me to help get him from the shop to his bed. I did not like to leave, as I had told Dan Shaw to meet me here at 9 o'clock. I need not have troubled myself, however, for, as usual, the rascal forgot the appointment as he forgets everything else he ought to attend to. I could hardly have missed him, I think. It was about a quarter of nine when I was called out, but you, I presume, were here when the hour struck?'

The colonel paused inquiringly. Harry was too much dismayed to pause for thought. His present predicament was far worse than the earlier one. It would have been bad enough to plead guilty to a third case of unpunctuality within a week; but now the prevaricating answers he had given would have subjected him to a far severer reprimand. The colonel waited on an answer. There was no time for consideration, and Harry answered,—

'Yes, sir.'

Nothing more was said, and the next moment the lad was in the street, his cheeks burning, his eyes filled with remorseful tears, feeling more heartily ashamed of himself than ever he had felt in his honest young life before.

He reviewed the situation very thoroughly on his homeward walk. Conscience cried loudly, 'Confess your sin at once, and ask forgiveness.' Pride promptly rejoined. 'What good would that do? The lie has been told. Confession now would bring shame, and do no good.'

Not to confess seemed less painful than confession would be, so he concluded to remain silent. 'I'll never be guilty of such a falsehood again,' was his energetic conclusion. But nobody shall know of this if I can help it.' Then he tried to cast the affair out of his mind.

Meanwhile, at the office, Col. Holcomb pursued his work for sometime after his clerk's departure. He was aroused by the opening of the outer door, and raising his eyes saw before him a tall haggard man with bloodshot eyes, unshaven chin and general seediness of aspect. He was perfectly sober, however, and abject as he looked, poor, wretched, he walked to the colonel's desk with a composure and self-respect he had seldom felt of late years.

'Found you this time, have I, colonel?' said he, in a tone which, though familiar, was perfectly respectful. 'Taint a likely story to tell, and there ain't many folks would believe it if I did tell it, that you and me made an appointment and you broke it.'

The stern glance the colonel had turned towards the stranger when he first entered, changed now to look of undisguised contempt.

'It is scarcely worth while to incur the sin of falsehood to cover your lack of punctuality, Shaw. You wish me to believe, I suppose, that you came to the office this morning, and did not find me?'

'That's just what I did,' rejoined the man, his red face growing visibly redder. 'I was here before nine, and dangled my legs on your high stool for a good quarter-hour. Then, as I had a little job of work to attend to, concluded I'd better go, and give your Honor another call when you had more time to talk to me.'

The colonel bent his clear gray eyes sharply upon his visitor. 'You were here this morning at nine o'clock, you say?'

'That's just what I was; that is, if your clock yonder don't lie, for it struck while I was here waiting.'

'If you could not wait, why did you not leave a message for me with my clerk?'

'There was no clerk to leave it with. There wn't a soul in the office the whole time I was here.'

'That will do, Shaw,' said the colonel sternly. 'I will not listen to any more falsehoods. I know positively that the office has not been left unoccupied for a longer time than ten minutes since seven this morning. Your excuses are mere fabrications, and the little faith I was beginning to place in your promises of reform I have lost. I had a good place for you, but after the specimen of your untruthfulness you have given to-day, you cannot have a recommendation or help from me. You may go, sir; I have no further use for you.'

The poor wretch endeavored to expostulate and explain; but the colonel would not listen, and he left the office in despair.

Harry Welsh returned to his work at the usual time. Col. Holcomb made no allusion to the interview he had just had, and after a few days Harry concluded that his misdemeanor was a thing of the past.

Something like a week later, Mr. Whitlow, the proprietor of a neighboring store, came into the office where the colonel and his clerk were working together.

'Have you heard of the tragedy in Irish-town?' Nancy Lawson was just in the store and gave the particulars.'

'No, I have not heard,' said the colonel.

'Dan Shaw has committed suicide, she tells me.'

'Poor wretch!' said the colonel, in tones of genuine compassion. 'I hope his lot in another world may be better than it has in this.'

'It couldn't well be worse,' rejoined Mr. Whitlow. 'He has been a hard drinker, as every one knows, but Nancy tells me that the temperance folks got hold of him a few weeks ago, and to so good a purpose that for a while it really seemed as though he were going to reform. He had been steady and eager to do whatever work he could obtain, until a little more than a week ago, when he suddenly broke down, and seemed to have lost all heart. He declared that the world was against him, and that no one would trust or believe him, no matter how hard he tried to do right. After that he took to drink again worse than ever. Last night, it seems, he mixed laudanum with his whiskey, and put an end to all his earthly troubles.'

Col. Holcomb had thrown down his pen, and was now sitting back in his chair with a very troubled expression of countenance.

'Do you know, Whitlow, I am afraid I am somewhat to blame for this. Yet, God knows, I meant well by poor Dan, and if I could have conscientiously served him, I would have done so. I had heard of his taking the blue ribbon. Some of the ladies of the Methodist Church spoke to me about him, asking me to help him to a job of work now and then.

'I said I would, and happening a day or two later to hear of an opening that I thought he might fill, I made an appointment with him to meet me here last—let me see; what day was it I spoke to you about him, Welsh?'

'A week ago last Wednesday, sir,' replied Harry, remembering the day only too well.

'Yes; I told him to come to me here at nine o'clock sharp. I was called out unexpectedly just before that time, but Welsh was here at nine, and we neither of us saw or heard anything of him. In the afternoon of the same day he called, and coolly declared that he was here at nine o'clock, and found no one in.

'He said he waited fifteen minutes or so, and as no one came in, he went off. I never heard a lie told with such unhesitating fluency. I think I should really have believed him, if I had not been assured by Harry here that he was in the office when the clock struck nine, the very moment that Shaw positively declared he was here himself. Of course so barefaced a falsehood irritated me, and I sent him about his business pretty roughly, I am afraid. I am sorry now for the manner in which I dismissed him, but for the act itself it seems to me I was hardly to blame.'

'Most other men would have done the same,' replied Mr. Whitlow, and soon after took his departure.

After a moment's sober meditation, Col. Holcomb took up his pen and was about to resume work, when an exclamation, half-sob, half groan, drew his attention to his clerk. The lad was lying forward upon the table, his face hidden in his outstretched arms, so silent and motionless that the colonel was frightened, and advanced quickly to his side.

'What is the trouble?' he cried; 'are you ill?'

Harry raised a white, haggard face. 'I am not ill, Col. Holcomb,' he said. 'I wish I was; I wish I were dead. I shall never have a happy moment again as long as I live.'

'If your body is not affected, your mind certainly is,' said the colonel, now seriously alarmed. 'Here! I will get you a glass of water.'

'No,' said Harry, 'I do not need it; I can tell you in a moment what the trouble is;' he paused to gather resolution, then continued rapidly, 'It was not poor Dan Shaw who lied to you the other day, Col. Holcomb—it was I. It was ten minutes past nine when I entered the office, and so far as I know, Shaw's story was true—every word of it.'

The colonel fell back a step or two, his face growing dark with dismay and indignation. 'Can it be possible!' he cried; 'have I been so deceived in you? Do you know that, if the thing you accuse yourself of is true, you are responsible before God for'——

'Don't say it! Don't say it!' cried Harry, grasping his arm; and softened in spite of himself by the agony in the boy's voice—the white misery of his face—the colonel passed in his denunciation, adding soberly, a moment later—

'I also am to blame. I should not have been so one-sided—so hasty in judgment.'

A pause ensued, broken at last by Harry's quavering voice. 'Do you think it is certainly true? Is there no hope that the story is false, or at least exaggerated?'

The colonel turned abruptly to the table where his hat and cane were lying. 'We will soon find out. Get your hat and we will go together to see if anything can yet be done for the poor fellow.'

Harry mutely obeyed. Together the two traversed the narrow streets that led to that portion of the town inhabited by the lowest class of its population. The house they sought was a miserable shanty around which a crowd was gathered. As the colonel approached, a woman whom he recognized as the old washerwoman, Nancy Lawson, saluted him and he stopped to ask a few questions.

'I have heard that Dan Shaw is dead. Do you know whether the report is true?'

'An' what else could it be, an' him with laudanum enough inside him to pison a regiment?'

Harry clutched the colonel's arm for support. 'He lived here, I believe; can we go in to see him?'

'I'm afeared not, your Honor; the docther has been here for an hour or more, an' he turned ivery sowl of us out of doors as soon as he came.'

'What doctor is with him?'

'It's Burnett the bye brought, though the pore crathur of a wife yonder sent him for O'Brien.'

Even while the woman spoke the door of the house opened, and Dr. Burnett himself approached.

'Is Mrs. Shaw there? I should like her to come in, if she is.'

A woman, weeping vociferously, came forward, assisted by officious friends, all of whom the doctor summarily dismissed. His face brightened as he caught a glimpse of Col. Holcomb; 'Hallo, colonel! I'm glad to *see you* here; come in, please.'

The colonel entered the house leading Harry with him, though upon the latter the doctor looked somewhat askance.

'What is the truth of this sad story?' asked the colonel. 'Is it as bad as we have heard?'

'It is bad enough. Poor Dan drank himself into *delirium tremens*, and then tried to put an end to his sufferings and his life at once. Fortunately, though the dose he took was enough to have killed an ox, it was too much for a human stomach to stand. I have been doing my best to help nature, and I believe, between us, we shall pull him through yet. At all events, he is still alive.'

'Thank God! Thank God!' cried Harry, and burst into a hearty fit of crying.

'Thank God!' echoed the colonel, reverently, and then gave, in as few words as possible, such an explanation to Dr. Burnett as made their extreme interest in poor Dan intelligible, without betraying that Harry's share in the wrong done was greater than his own.

'I am glad that the poor fellow—from any cause—has found friends,' said the doctor. 'Dan is not a bad sort of a fellow if he can be weaned from the whiskey-bottle. I believe that this spell will make a better man of him if he can survive it, and I think he will if he has proper care.'

Proper care he had, as it is hardly necessary to say. A patient, tireless watcher, in Harry Welsh; a liberal provider of all necessary comforts in Col. Holcomb; and after a long illness, Dan Shaw fulfilled Dr. Burnett's prediction, and arose from his bed a wiser man.

The consequences of the lie told by Harry Welsh were not so terrible as they had threatened to be, but the lesson they taught him is likely to last for a lifetime.
—*Youth's Companion.*

Bread made from Grasshoppers.

During the present week there has been a large band of Indians along Butter creek gathering a grasshopper harvest. The men and children have succeeded in capturing large quantities of the pests and yesterday they brought in town twelve large bags of them. They drove them into pits with branches from trees, and the catch was easily made. The Indians have a way of taking the legs and wings from the hoppers by pressing upon the bags containing them, leaving only the bodies. The harvest is turned over to the squaws, who convert it into flour and then into bread. The hoppers are ground into a fine powder in stone mortars, after the fashion of grinding their maize. Old-timers who have eaten grasshopper bread, say that it has a pleasant taste, not unlike that made from wheat flour, and that it is just as nourishing. The Indians prize it more highly than wheat bread. The process of drying the hoppers is an interesting sight. The insects are spread upon canvas stretchers upon the ground in a sunny spot, and are turned and returned with the same care that a perfect cook would hot cakes to keep them from scorching. The insects undergo this course of treatment for nearly a week, at the end of which time they are as dry as leaves and easily powdered. To the Indians this is now a land of plenty since grasshoppers can be captured by thousands with but little effort.—*Chicago Chronicle.*

The Panama Canal.

Dr. Charles Pickney, a man of fine learning and observation, opens up a stupendous suggestion. He asked the other day: 'Have you thought much of the physical effect of the Panama canal?'

'Not much.'

'Well, let me throw out a suggestion. The Pacific Ocean is five times as large as the Atlantic. The rotary motion of the earth, acting on water near the equatorial line of course, has a tendency to pile it up. The bulk of the Pacific being so much larger than the Atlantic, is lifted 28 feet higher than the Atlantic. For the same reason, that of its bulk, it is about 20 deg. colder. Now imagine the effect of this enormous body of water, 28 feet higher in level and 20 degrees lower in temperature, being poured into the Atlantic through the canal.'

'Why doesn't it seek its level below the cape?'

'Because that point of meeting is so far from the equatorial line that the centrafugal force is not so great, and the levels of the two oceans are the same. Up about the Panama the difference in levels is great and the immense volume of the Pacific will rush down into the Atlantic with the terrific force.'

'And with what effect?'

'That is almost beyond speculation. But suppose this mingling of the two oceans simply changed the current of the gulf stream. That one change would wipe out the cotton and rice industry making Georgia many degrees colder. These are speculations; but the cold facts are as stated, and it is interesting to think of what will be the effect when this canal is cut, and the high immensity of the Pacific is dropped to the level of the Atlantic.'—*Atlanta Constitution.*

WHAT A CENTURY HAS BROUGHT FORTH.—From 1784 to 1884 is only a century, but it embraces almost all the inventions which we find so useful in daily life. Even many inventions once deemed indispensable, but now being rapidly superseded by others, were born within this century. It was only in 1784 the first mail coach was seen, and yet "the Wild Irishman" and "the Flying Dutchman" express trains travelling a mile a minute, have become household words the world over. The first balloon was sent up in 1784, and to-day monstrous developements of the idea are being used in warfare. A century ago the oil lamps, so familiar, were unknown; candles would not burn without snuffing; the wax candle even was unknown, and gas for illumination was uninvented. Since then gas has been abandoned for illumination but applied for heating and cooking purposes as fuel saving inventions. The flint and tinder were the means of obtaining light until as late as 1827 when the matches we value so lightly were invented. Really good locks and the manifold adoptions of the use of a spring were all discovered during this century. The locks of the past being clumsy and easily disarranged contrivances. Labor saving machinery in almost every branch, belongs to this century; and in agricultural machinery the inventions have received their great incentive through the abundance of land and scarcity of labor upon the continent. Photography too, has placed within the means of the masses a priceless boon—the facility of preserving correct impressions of relatives' features—and strengthened the hands of justice in tracing criminals. This wonderous invention belongs to this century also. Soon we might proceed with an astonishing list embracing every branch of science, and affecting every walk of life.

A MAN WITH A MENAGERIE IN HIS STOMACH.—*Chicago, Sept.* 2—Dr. Rowles of the Marace Hospital, tells of a singular occurrence in connection with an operation recently performed at the hospital. Some time ago a sailor applied for admission. He was tall, lank and cadaverous, and was suffering from an almost perpetual pain in the stomach. At times he would be seized with frightful convulsions, and nothing seemed to allay his sufferings but food. He had a ravenous appetite, and could eat a hearty meal a dozen times a day. The doctors, after a long course of treatment succeeded in taking from the man a tape worm and also a snake thirteen inches long resembling a monstorous angle worm. The physicians were somewhat astonished at finding so strange a resident as the snake in the man's stomach, but they were quite dumbfounded by the startling phenomena that presented itself soon after. While examining the reptile the physicians found that it was actually giving birth to another claimant for the vast quantity of food devoured by the unfortunate Jack tar. They could account for the appearance of snake in the man's stomach, but that a reptile which when small, had found its way there should increase to its present size, and also have young, was a problem which they were unable to solve. The tape worm, together with the snake and its progeny, were carefully placed in a bottle, and are now on exhibition at the dispensing department at the Custom House.

—Again the sea serpent. He is late this year but makes up in ferocity of appearance for all tardiness. The Biddeford *Journal* reports that on Wednesday of last week a lady of that city saw from a piazza of a cottage at Fortune's Rocks a huge black monster heading toward the beach. It moved with great rapidity, leaving a long wake behind, but when near the shore turned suddenly and shot off into deeper water. The serpent is described as being from fifty to eighty feet long, with a head resembling that of a horse, and body as big around as a flour barrel, black and shiny, and having sharp spikes projecting at regular intervals along the ridge of its back. Its movements resemble those of a snake, while its tail lashed the water furiously. The monster remained off the Rocks fully an hour, we are told, witnessed by a large throng of cattagers. It was in easy rifle range but nobody fired a shot. The account from which we obtain the above information neglects to state that the monster had "eyes of a dull, glowing red, a mouth lined with rows of sharp, glistening teeth, tongue like a serpent's fangs, and dove repeatedly, coming up with a sullen roar." No sea serpent is genuine unless these gentle features are blown in the bottle. Probably that part of the description has become pied since last season.

—An extraordinary scene, says one of our English exchanges, has been witnessed at Pembrey, Carmarthenshire. It appears that several scientists were making experiments of dynamite in a barn among the Welsh hills. The charge of dynamite, with a five minutes' fuse attached, was thrown into the water; and the power of the explosive was judged by the volume of water forced up by the concussion. While the operations were proceeding, a sportsman, accompanied by his dog, appeared on the scene; and as the dynamite charge was cast into the lake, the animal instantly sprang into the water and seized the explosive, which it quickly brought ashore. The sportsmen shrieked to his dog to drop the substance, but the animal ran in the direction of his master and the experimentalists, who immediately made chase and the dog was only kept at bay by a continuous shower of stones. The charge ultimately exploded, and the poor animal was blown to pieces, its master and friends narrowly escaping with their lives.

—Tourists used to go from St. Germain to see Monte Cristo, the architectural folly of old Dumas, which he built at the cost of 700,000 francs, and sold to get rid of an urgent creditor at 30,000 francs. It was an asylum in his time for all the masterless dogs in the neighbourhood, and the grounds were open to anybody who felt tempted to use them as a promenade. The inhabitants of his menagerie, with whom he was on companionable terms, were almost human in their intelligence. Jugurtha, a vulture, which he bought in Algeria for 10 francs, and brought thence in anti-railway times to Monte Cristo at an expense of 50,000 francs, was the tyrant and, to some extent, the schoolmaster of Dumas's private zoo. All this is changed now. There is a high wall round the premises, with broken ends of bottles stuck in the mortar on the summit. A ferocious dog menaces all those who try to peep in through the bars of the gate. If the ghost of Dumas haunts the domain he created, how it must suffer in the presence of this Cerberus!—*London Truth.*

EIGHT POUNDS OF AMBER.—A piece of amber weighing eight pounds is at present being exhibited in the Mark Museum, at Dantzic, for which the owner has refused 21,000. It is probably the largest piece in the world without blemish. Frederick the Great, more than a century ago, paid the same sum for a piece weighing 13 pounds, which is preserved in the mineralogical museum at Berlin, but it has gaps and cavities. Two beautiful pieces of work in amber are also to be seen in Berlin. One is a flute, which also was an acquisition of Frederick the Great. The other is a complete tobacco pipe belonging to Frederick William III., the father of the present Emperor. It bears an admirably carved likeness of that monarch.

—An exchange truthfully says: "It is worth remembering that no newspaper is printed especially for any one person, any more than a hotel is built especially to please one guest. People who become greatly displeased with something they find in a newspaper should remember that the very thing that displeases them is exactly the thing that will please somebody who has just as much interest in the paper as they have."

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