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Controls all Hemorrhages
From the Nose, Throat,
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POND'S
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and effectively arrests the
flow of blood from the
EXTRACT.
the HEAD, NASAL
MEMBRANES, INFLAMMATIONS
OF THE THROAT,
BRONCHITIS, AND
ALL OTHER AFFECTIONS OF
THE RESPIRATORY SYSTEM.
In all cases use
it freely. Will be sent in
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EXTRACT is sold only in
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with the name of the
POND'S EXTRACT
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POND'S EXTRACT TO
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WORT
Remedy
THE SAME TIME ON
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TO KIDNEYS.
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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 21, 1880.

NO. 17.

Alder Blossoms.
A wild wind of the spring
And a cloud the thangth lo!
But I'll hie me to the brook,
Down where the alders blow.
Down to the brook,
Down where the alders blow,
Where the quivering shivering alders blow.
Robes under the rocks,
Pearls hiding in the sea,
But gold hung down in showers
From many a brown old tree.
Down in the brook,
Down where the alders blow,
Where the quivering shivering alders blow.
A blackbird's rollicking trill,
A voice from over the sea,
A rustle in the bare hedge,
A hint, a mystery,
Down in the brook,
Down where the alders blow,
Where the quivering shivering alders blow.
The scent of a rose, airy,
The breath of a lily rare,
All odors of flowers to be
Stealing into the air,
Down by the brook,
Down where the alders blow,
Where the quivering shivering alders blow.
The step of a coming joy,
A flutter of gleams that go,
And oh, to hide by the brook,
Down where the alders blow!
Down by the brook,
Down where the alders blow,
Where the quivering shivering alders blow.
—Emily A. Bradock, in Good Company.

Now a Bashful Editor Won a Bride.

BY PAUL TREVELYAN.

Eva Austin was a spoiled child; her parents' hearts had been wrung too painfully by the death of her brothers in early life for them to resist in the slightest degree her wishes or her whims; and if she was not possessed of a considerable stock of common sense, there is no knowing to what an extent her follies might not have extended. She had control of \$2,000 per year, which, for a Madison avenue belle, was none too much for her necessary expenditure upon dress, jewelry and eatables. She was the recognized leader in her own circle of acquaintance, both as regarded style, beauty and audacity; in consequence Eva Austin had a host of admirers, whose homage she took good naturedly, but for any one of whom she had yet failed to evince marked preference. Of course, she flirted desperately with the more eligible gentlemen of her set, but her heart was whole, at least what there was of it, and it was with a feeling of incredulity that she read of the falling in love process.

On a balmy June evening, in 187—, she was reclining upon an ottoman in the palatial cabin of the steamer Drew, with a lady friend named Clara Hastings. They were en route to Saratoga to spend a few weeks of the summer season, and with their friends formed two large social parties.

The conversation of the two young ladies ran very much as such conversations do—from the latest fashions to the last ball; from the new novel to picking holes in the character of some lady member of society, and to the discussion of the peculiarities or merits of some male acquaintance.

"I declare he's the most peculiar gentleman that ever came into our drawing-room," said Miss Hastings. "As to figure, certainly, he has one; but it's not fashionable, for his shoulders stick out like two wings, and his coat—oh, dear, such a coat! it had two fearful wrinkles in the back at last Wednesday's reception; it was fully a size too large for him; his boots were not polished, and when he was walking with Miss Everdon, he trod upon her toes, bringing tears to her eyes, and then he hopped back on Charley Clayton's heel while he was conducting me to a seat. Then he whirled round excitedly, and with a red face, apologized to old Smithers; the putting of whose wheezy breath made the 'stupid' imagine that the old gentleman was his victim. We did laugh, and I was cruel enough to say to him, in the midst of his confusion, that I should be unable to dance a polka he had me engaged for." "Dear me, Miss Hastings," he stammered, "misfortunes seem to come together this evening; I—I—hope—" then he paused as if collecting some of his wandering senses, and desperately wound up by saying: "Won't you have an ice with me, Miss Hastings?" "Oh, dear, no!" I replied, laughing. "I must define Mr. Banger, for I am quite cool enough"—and collected, roughly chimed in Charley Clayton. Then poor Banger glanced savagely at Charley, and, striding off, made himself miserable in the alcove with a comic almanac.

"Clara, do stop telling me about Banger," interposed impulsive Eva. "His boorish bashfulness only too vividly recalls a most trying scene I was compelled to become an actress in at the Spa, last summer. Such a dreadful grouping together of unfortunate events in a few minutes I never before witnessed. It was really awful, Clara.

Pa, you know, owns several farms at Eagle's Crag, back of Ballston, and appointed the editor of the village paper his agent. The editor was one of those nervous, high strung, but exceedingly bashful young men, who have not the slightest self-esteem and who, when they lose their little self-control, are perfectly beside themselves. Well, we were at the Spa hotel one afternoon and pa had telegraphed for Geo. Flint, that's the young editor's name, to come over and have a business talk with him. After that pa invited Mr. Flint to dine with us, and I afterward learned that he pleaded hard to be allowed to return as he had already eaten a dinner at noon, but pa was inexorable, and that evening the quiet little party of seven at our table was increased to eight. 'Eva,' said pa, 'this is Mr. Flint, editor of the Eagle's Crag Illuminator.' The editor first made an abrupt and most ungraceful bow, blushing simultaneously, and then, imagining that he should have shaken hands, he rushed round the table with his sunburnt palm extended at the exact moment I had commenced my plate of soup. He drew his hand back as if it had been stung, when he took the situation, and kept getting redder and redder in the face. 'Take a seat, Mr. Flint,' shouted pa; 'now make yourself just as much at home as if you were at your own board.' The young editor awkwardly got into his chair, remarking that the weather was hotter, or something to that effect, and when the waiter brought him a plate of soup, his hand actually trembled as he raised the spoon to sup it; he reached for his bread and his fingers grew stiff—really, Clara, they seemed to have a fit, and when he took the first mouthful, a crumb went the wrong way, and he coughed vehemently behind his napkin, which until that moment lay neatly folded on the table instead of being spread across his knees. Such a livid red as his face was then! I never saw the like before. At first I decided to enjoy myself at the poor fellow's expense, but his suffering seemed so great that I began to pity him. He had a well-shaped head, and it was no doubt as full of knowledge as the average editor's head is, but he could impart none of it to us. His voice was thick and quavering, and he, tremblingly, answered in reply to a question of mine, that Eagle's Crag was a quiet place, and I raised plenty of sheep. I had to smile at that, and then in his extremity he added, 'here's a copy of my paper,' pulling out a blurred and crumpled sheet from his breast pocket. As he reached it over the table to me he clumsily upset a bottle of salad oil which ran down all over my amber silk; then, in desperately attempting to restore the bottle to its upright position, his coat sleeve went into the butter and he scooped up about half a pound of it; he then drew his elbow back nervously and knocked his glass of water into his lap, the glass falling upon the floor and breaking, which caused him to jump up so suddenly as to overturn a waiter who was bringing in a dish of beef gravy, which copiously anointed the fallen domestic and the now thoroughly horrified editor. He gave vent to his agony of feeling in a loud, 'Oh, my,' which immediately attracted the attention of the 150 diners, some of whom smiled very audibly, upon which Flint rushed away recklessly into a passage among the servants asking for a washbowl and looking as if he had just escaped from an earthquake. I rose, with my amber dress ruined, and retired. Pa soon after came up, vowing energetically that we would never allow another editor to dine at our table, even if it was James Gordon Bennett himself. He also told me that a most ridiculous story was going the rounds downstairs that Flint was an old rejected country lover of mine, who had flung a crustant on me because of some fancied slight and that he then rushed into the servants' apartments and attempted suicide.

"At the top that evening I was quite a heroine, and my friends persisted in congratulating me on. Such a narrow escape from that lunatic! Frank Keller, the young lawyer, told me he had seen the little episode; he knew Flint well, and he was a most sensible young fellow, but extremely bashful, and in Flint's name begged my pardon, which I granted, of course, and which Keller conveyed next day, like a Good Samaritan, to Eagle's Crag."

At this moment dainty Mr. Keller came striding down the steamer's saloon and was heartily received by the young ladies.

"Mr. Keller," said Eva, "do you recollect that scene at the Spa in which I took rather a prominent part?"

"Most vividly," said Keller, laughing; "but I'm afraid you ladies make no allowance for a man's imperfections and weaknesses, and persist in looking solely at them, while his noble traits of character are ignored. Why, poor Flint, the hero of the salad oil tragedy, is one of the most intelligent, shrewd and persevering young men in the State. He is neither vain or stupid, and his principal defect is his excessive bashful-

ness. I go on a fishing excursion with him every summer and have his letter in my pocket now arranging for a three day excursion near Glen lake, and, ladies, if you wish to be just, if not generous, you should pay our camp a flying visit and see the bright side of the country editor. Banger, who I know you affect to despise, is one of the party, but as Mr. Clayton will likewise be present I am sure, Miss Austin, you will feel a slight inducement to come."

"Not the slightest," replied Miss Austin. "I will go solely from a sense of duty, to see if your judgment in regard to the editor is a correct one."

"Won't you come, too, Miss Hastings?"

"Really," replied she, "I feel like declining to spend a whole day in the company of two such barbarians as Banger and the luckless editor."

CHAPTER II.

About a month afterward the young ladies with their male friends found themselves one lovely morning upon the shore of Glen lake, which sits like a beautiful gem in the heart of the verdure-clad hills. Two fishing boats bore them to a lovely little isle at the foot of the lake, and here for the first time the editor relaxed sufficiently from the claims of the oar to respond to the remarks of his lady friends. Miss Hastings seemed to get on much better with him than Miss Austin, and he soon began to give to the former a vivid description of an autumnal storm, which he had encountered upon the lake. With much elegance of diction, grace of manner and earnestness did he proceed with his narration, and gradually all the other members of the party became absorbed in his conversation. Miss Austin was gazing intently into his handsome face. So intent was this look that young Keller happened to notice it, and as he watched her he found himself fastening his courtly, lovely and talented New York belle had actually found something to admire in the young editor, or was her heart as true to him (Keller) as he fondly believed it must be. These questions were destined to be answered in a very convincing manner before nightfall. The party had fished, strolled over the ferny isle, picked flowers, and were leisurely preparing to re-embark for the mainland, when Mr. Flint conveyed the unwelcome intelligence that a heavy thunder-storm, which had been brewing during the last half hour, was now advancing much more rapidly than he had expected—was, in fact, likely to burst upon them in a short time.

"And you never told us before," said Miss Austin, half reproachfully.

"If I dared explain," promptly replied the editor of the Illuminator, "I might give a very satisfactory reason why I didn't."

"Do tell us," said Miss Hastings. But Mr. Flint found that a crisis had arrived, not only in his history but in the state of the weather, and he hastily, with his male companion's aid, got the boats ready for the return trip. He had intended all along to secure Miss Austin's passage in his own boat, but as he was about to ask her to occupy the stern sheets, Mr. Keller interposed, saying: "We've no time to lose, Miss Austin," hurried her into his boat, and away the party went.

The wind had risen, and the little chopping waves began to throw the spray over the sides of the boats.

"Row hard, friends," shouted Flint to Keller and his companion at the oars; "because if we do not round yonder point before the coming squall breaks upon us, our safety is endangered."

The two skiffs now fairly spun through the troubled waters; but just as Flint was about to change the course of his boat, so as to round the point, one of his oars broke, and the craft now lost half her headway under the impulse of but one pair of oars.

"Shall I stand by you?" shouted Keller, as his boat crossed the wake of Flint's.

"No," replied Flint; "your time is too precious; we have but to persevere now, and will try to get round the point before the storm commences."

Soon the overhanging rocks of the precipitous point were left in the background by Keller's boat, and it was in comparative safety; not till then did he note the pale and anxious face of Miss Austin.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Austin," said he, soothingly; "I shall land you all safe in another ten minutes."

"It is not of my own safety I am thinking, so much as that of those in the other boat," she replied. "See, it is out of sight. Do let us get out on these rocks and then go back to their help, Mr. Keller?"

Mr. Keller, however, knew that brave Eva's wish was not echoed by any other lady in the boat, and so he kept on to the open beach. Just as the boat's keel grated on the stones the storm burst in all its fury; heavy banks of clouds seemed to settle upon the black cliffs of the Point, and the wind roared with startling fury. The ladies in Keller's boat were hastily conducted to the shelter of an old fish shanty, but Miss Austin seemed careless whether she was wet or dry.

"Oh, save them, Mr. Keller," she cried. "I know you are brave and humane; do try, for life is precious."

"For your sake, Miss Austin—Eva"—he passionately responded, "I will risk even my life itself."

"Well, then," replied she, quite haughtily, "you need not delay to say more."

Keller sprang to the small boat lying on the beach, but the combined efforts of himself and friend could not launch it against the violence of the waves.

Eva stood statue-like upon the sands, straining her eyes toward the point, the rain pelting down upon her beautiful hair, and the gale tossing her golden bar back from under her gypsy hat. But, alas! the missing boat came not, and she involuntarily shuddered.

"Come into the shelter," urged one of the ladies in the shed; but Miss Austin heard her not. At that instant she saw far out, floating at the summit of a huge wave, a gentleman's hat, and with a shriek she fell fainting upon the sand. "Drowned, drowned, and lost to me," were the words she muttered, on regaining consciousness; but meanwhile some farmers on the opposite side of the point, seeing the perilous position in which Flint's boat was, had gallantly started to the rescue, and in a short time brought the hatless editor and his drenched companion safe to shore, but the intervening cliffs prevented Keller's party from knowing this, and they gave themselves up to gloomy despair, as the luckless editor's hat bobbed up and down on the waves. Keller, in a desperate effort to launch his boat and seek Flint, had stove her in on the rocks, and was now walking about, wringing his hands in anguish, when a cheery voice from the hillaby shouted: "We're dripping wet, but all safe. It was Flint's." "Thank God!" fervently ejaculated Miss Austin, her color going and coming, as if she were about to have a second fainting fit. When Flint clambered down to them he tried to assume a jaunty tone as he greeted Miss Austin, but the look in her beautiful eyes, as she raised them to his, revealed to him that with his life, as he had tossed about in danger of drowning, was bound up that of fair Eva Austin's. He stammered and reddened as after a pause she said, tenderly and reverently: "My prayer was answered." Keller did not hear what she said, but the troubled look upon his handsome, manly face showed that he divined the cause of Miss Austin's emotion. His greeting to Flint was none the less warm, but this was a deep thing, void in his heart now. It was a silent party that returned to Ballston Spa. Miss Austin did not care to joke and laugh as of old, nor did the editor speak to her except to offer the shelter of his great coat to "keep off the dew," and she most graciously accepted it. Keller's urgent legal business took him away to New York next day, and he left Eva with a cool "good-bye," which she knew covered up the throbbings of a great love for her. Flint's delicate, bashful style of wooing—so different from the ball-room audacity of blue city men—charmed the fair girl, and she allowed the happy day to be fixed before even her father knew of what was going on. He stormed awhile and forbade the editor to call on Eva again, but when she coolly told him that being of age, she would take Flint and bear poverty for the sake of the man she loved, he relented, attended the wedding like a good father should, and bought Flint an interest in the Albany Daily Spectator.

Mr. Flint and Mrs. Flint are now settled happily, and even Keller has admitted that with all her money and beauty she couldn't have made a better match.

The little three-year old child of Mr. William Murray was sitting on a stile, in Pearson county, N. C., feeding chickens when a large eagle swooped down on the chickens, scattering them in all directions. As the child was moving off the eagle made a second swoop, catching the child in its talons. With its prey it rose in the air, but the child was too heavy, and the eagle managed to flutter a short distance to the limb of a decayed oak. Its talons were so entangled in the clothing of the child that it could not get loose, and the weight soon made it come down to the ground. The frightened father of the child came up and killed the eagle. The child, who some deep scratches, was uninjured.

TIMELY TOPIC.

The sad effects of gambling were illustrated in a New York court one day not long ago, when Jasper G. Eaton, a clerk nineteen years old, was arraigned on the charge of robbing his employer. He pilfered from the money-drawer, and being once forgiven resumed the practice to get money to gamble. During the case he was being heard a middle-aged woman, dressed in black, stood outside the iron railing. This was the young man's mother. When the magistrate decided to hold her son she gave a long sigh, and called him to her. She fell on his neck and asked: "Has it come to this, my boy? This has all come through gambling. You are ruined by cards. My boy! my boy!" and she buried her face on his shoulder. The young man was so overcome that he, too, broke down, and was led away to the cells weeping. The mother became semi-unconscious, and had to be carried out to the open air.

A missionary of the American Sunday-school union, in Kansas, who four years ago organized a Sunday-school in the Modoc camp in the Indian Territory, writes of a recent visit to the same camp. He found the Indians singing "The Ninety and Nine" in a large frame building. Steamboat Frank, a licensed preacher, erect, tall, well formed, in a suit of clerical black, white cravat and all, welcomed the missionary. Bogus Charley, the chief, made an address, in which he said: "I don't drink whisky, play cards or swear. I left off these like I take off my coat. We done bad. 'Tis hard work. We'll do best we can. I been tried in my heart. Twenty-six years ago I know'd Shag-Nasty-Jim. We good friends. Now we had better. I pray God make my heart better." Then he walked over and shook hands with Shag-Nasty Jim, and the tears ran down the two Indians' cheeks.

On Thursday and Friday, December 4 and 5 of last year, Mrs. Anson Daho, a German woman, living six miles southeast of the village of Topeka, Ill., gave birth to four well-developed living female children. The first was born at 3 o'clock p. m. on Thursday; the second at 10 o'clock a. m., the third at 11 o'clock a. m., and the fourth at 12 o'clock m. on Friday. Very unfortunately the mother died on Saturday. Mrs. Daho was married in 1879, and had five children previous to the quadruple birth. Mr. Daho is a poor, hard-working farmer, who could not long sustain his infant family without aid. In view of this fact the board of supervisors of Mason county have appropriated \$50 per month, to be used for paying nurses and other expenses; besides this, the curious visitors who almost continually throng the premises contribute quite liberally to their support. The babies are all well at this time, and are nursing upon their mother's milk, with as many chances in their favor as any children of their age.

The *Moniteur*, of Martinique, prints an interesting story about the finding of an anchor belonging to the ship upon which Christopher Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery to the new world. On the night of August 1, 1498, says the *Moniteur*, the small fleet had come to an anchor at the southwestern extremity of the island of Trinidad, to which the navigator had given the name of Arenas Point. Washington Irving relates that Columbus, who was a very poor sleeper, suddenly heard a frightful noise, apparently coming from the south. Rushing on deck he saw rolling toward him a wave as huge as a mountain, which threatened to submerge the fleet. All hands thought their last hour had come, but the only damage sustained was the loss of one of the anchors of the admiral's ship. The big wave was caused by the sudden swelling of one of the rivers that empty their waters into the gulf of Paria, the existence of which was unknown to the discoverer. The incident is mentioned in the narrative of the voyage bequeathed to us by Ferdinand Columbus' son. This historical anchor has been found after all these centuries by Senor Agostino, the owner of Arenas Point. It weighs 1,110 pounds, and is of decidedly primitive form. Senor Agostino found it while making some excavations in his garden. This garden, upon a careful examination, appears to occupy the precise spot where rode the ships of the great mariner in 1498. The finder at first took his treasure trove for a Phœnician anchor, but upon attentive examination he found the date of 1497 on the stock.

What subtle power in nature has made the snowflake so different from the raindrop, yet substantially the same? Science easily solves that question. It is magnetism, that almost unknown agent, so wonderful in its operations, and whose mysteries are being daily revealed to us.

The collection of Chinese works in the British museum includes 30,000 volumes.

The Old Home.

I have gone—I cannot always go, you know; Best 'tis so— Home across the distant ridges of the years, With my tears; And the old house, standing still on the old ground, There I found. In the parlor, in my fancy, I could trace Father's face; And my mother, with her old accustomed air, Sitting there; While beside them brothers, sisters, true and good, Silent stood. Through the stillness swam the song of summer bird, And there stirred On the wall the leaf-flecked sunshine; and its glow Faded slow; But from all the loving lips I watched around— Not a sound. Of the breathe that stirred the draperies to and fro Long ago; Of the eyes that through the casement used to peep Out of sleep; Of the feet that in these chambers used to run— Now are none. Of the sunshine pouring downward from the sky, Blue and high; Of the leafage and the ancient garden plot, Brown and hot; Of the streamlet, and the shingle, and the tide— These abide. But beyond its azure vaulting overhead Are my dead; Though their graves were dug apart in many lands, Joining hands, I have gathered and are waiting till I come. That is home! —Presbyterian.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Whitewashers—Good laundresses. Sportsmen don't object to banging hare.

In 300 years five Sundays in February can only occur nine times.

The term Nihilist is said to have originated with Tourgenieff, the novelist.

Twenty-five thousand quails are being imported from England to be set at liberty in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Comstock, who discovered the Nevada mine of wonderful wealth, died in privation in the wilds of Montana.

Parses, in their present form thought differently constructed, were used by the ancient Egyptians. The idea was borrowed from the East.

Benjamin Franklin was the youngest son and the fifteenth child of a family of seventeen children. He was born in Boston, January 17, 1706. His father emigrated to America in 1682.

The New York Herald and Telegram, both owned by James Gordon Bennett, recently made a contract for white paper which will cost them nearly \$1,000 a day more than they paid last year.

Mrs. Grossman, of Berlin, Canada, is twenty-six years old, and has been married seven years. But she is the mother of twelve children, which might be appropriately described as two solitaires, two sets of twins, and two sets of triplets.

There are thirty-four persons in the United Kingdom who are owners of over 100,000 acres each. The Duke of Buccleugh owns 450,000; Breadalbane, 373,979; Elphinstone, 257,652; J. Matheson, 224,560; Argyle, 175,114, and Athole, 194,640.

American Newspapers.

George Augustus Sala, the pleasant-tongued correspondent of the London Telegraph, now on the Pacific slope grows enthusiastic over the newspapers of the United States, and puts his admiration into enduring type, thus: "I admire the newspapers of the United States for the wonderful diversity of their intelligence, and for the versatile ingenuity with which the items of that intelligence are strung together. Since my arrival in this country I have not set eyes upon a single English daily newspaper; yet I venture to think that, thanks to the wonderfully developed system of telegraphic communication of which the conductors of the newspapers are enabled to avail themselves, and the equally wonderful skill displayed by the gentlemen who attend to the science and paste department, I am not so very far behind hand touching what has occurred in my native land, and on the continent of Europe, since I left Queens-town in the middle of November last. The astonishingly copious salmagundi of odds and ends served up every day in the columns of the American papers makes them the most diverting reading in the world. They are as entertaining as the Paris *Figaro* and *Gaulois*, without the indecency of the boulevard papers."