Continued from first page.

feet, and knew that now was the time to call; for, once they had entered they might not hear me.

'Tom!' I cried, 'Tom!'

There was no answer, and my heart felt cold within me.

'Tom!' I again cried.

This time, to my great joy, both of the boys in a breath sang out, 'hello!'

'Tom!' I cried again in as loud a tone of voice as I dare use; 'Tom come here!'

'Why, that's Dan!' What can be the matter?'

And both came as fast as their legs would carry them down to near where I was hanging.

'Don't come too near!' I cried. 'For Heaven's sake, don't come too near! I have fallen through the brush over this shaft; and it's just ready to break and let me down. Get a rope, quick—the windlass rope, you know.'

Tom ran to the cabin, and in less than a minute, though it seemed an hour to me, he was back with the rope, when I stopped them.

'Stop right where you are boys. Now listen or you will kill me. Don't come near the brush about the shaft, or you will break it and let me down. Take hold of the rope about twenty feet apart and walk so as to bring it across the shaft so that I can reach it.'

They did as I directed, and the rope was soon against my face. I began slowly to lift my right hand to clutch it, but a crackling of the brush on which I hung suspended startled me so much that I had not the courage to try and grasp the rope. I thought of making a sudden plunge for it, but I feared I might fail to catch it, when I would most certainly break through and fall to the bottom of the shaft.

'What is the matter?' asked Bob, 'can't you get hold of the rope?'

'No,' I replied, 'I shall break through if I even lift one finger.'

'Take hold of the rope with your teeth then!' cried Tom.

This was the very idea.

'Hold the rope a little lower,' said I 'and I will try. Lower yet. There—hold on.

'Have you got it?' asked Tom.

'Yes,' I answered, as well as I could.

'Now try it with your hands,' cried Bob.

As quickly as I could use my stiffened right arm I made a clutch at the rope, and, most luckily for myself, got hold of it. Had I missed it I should have been precipitated to the bottom of the shaft; for, as I clutched the rope, the whole rotten pile of boughs broke loose and dropped into the the dark pit below.

After being dragged some distance from the black and yawning mouth of the shaft. I still held the rope with both teeth and hands, and could hardly be persuaded that I was out of danger. I was so completely exhausted that I was unable to walk to the cabin without the assistance of both of my partners; and it was some weeks before my strained shoulders were free from pain.

They may be more trying and perilous positions than that above described; but if there are, I beg leave to be excused from trying them.

Miscellaneous.

TRAVELLING IN JAPAN.

The pedestrian power of the Japanese people is something astonishing. The jinrikisha coolies will draw you twenty miles on a run with only three or four stops of five minutes each; and not only men but women and children seem to think nothing of tramping twenty or thirty miles a day over the roughest kind of mountain roads, with their little baggage tied up in a cloth and slung upon their backs by the ends of the cloth, which pass over the shoulder and across the breast, where they are tied. If you don't want to walk you may possibly be able to get a pack-horse, on which you may ride, perched on top of your baggage, at an immense distance, as it seems, from the ground, with your feet either curled up under you or hanging down and resting in two loops of rope, in lieu of stirrups, on either side of the animal's neck in front of his fore legs, while a native, probably naked, leads him. But next to walking, the most popular method of travelling is cow back. The Japanese cows are not used for milking, but, like the bulls, solely for beasts of burden. In the mountains nearly all merchandise is packed on cows. I can confidently affirm from a sad experience that it is the most detestable method of traveling that I ever heard of, except, perhaps, riding on a rail. Not only is the cow not famed for rapidity of gait, but she has a peculiar jerk and sideway swing that inspires you with a constant fear that you will either incontinently tumble off or else be reduced to a condition of jelly. Then the saddles that they use on the beasts have peaks so high and sharp and so close together that it is quite impossible for a foreigner of average size to squeeze himself between them so that he is not in mometary danger of being thrown upon one of them. If, however, you are a bloated aristocrat, you will go by kago. A kago (literally "basket" or "cage") is a round flat basket of split bamboo, about two feet in diameter and as many inches in depth. It is slung by bamboo supports under a stout pole perhaps ten feet long, and provided overhead with a little flat roof of bamboo, to keep off the sun. In case of rain an oil paper covering is drawn over the whole concern. Two men, one in front adn one behind, carry the machine on their shoulders. In the other hand they carry a bamboo cane, and every two or three rods they stop, put the cane under the pole, and shift to the other shoulder. Three men go with each kago, who relieve each other at short intervals, so that one is always resting. They travel, including stops, about one ri (two and half miles) and hour, an the charge for three men is usually eighteen and three-quarter cents per ri. In the bottom of the basket and up the back you put a futon, which is a thick quilt or thin mattress made of blue calico and stuffed with cotton; and then in you get and try to curl yourself up in some endurable position. You can take half a dozen different positions in a kago, and each of them, while you are in it, seems worse than the others. Of course, lying down or sitting within the circumference of the basket is quite impossible. You must either kneel, as the Japanese do, or sit Turk-fashion, or curl your legs under you in some uncomfortable fashion. Then, too, the height of the kago is calculated for the Japanese, who are a very short race, so that if you are of the average height of foreigners you will probably be continually knocking your head against the pole.—*Correspondence Hartford Post.*

MONSTER STEERS.—The steers fed by Mr. Charles Baker, of Fort Lawrence, and which brought the first prize at Truro County and Kentville Provincial Exhibitions, for fat cattle of any age, have been sold to Mr. Peter Daan, jr., of St. John for the handsome sum of $550, for the Christmas market.—*Amherst Gazette.*

☞ It is the duty of affectionate and considerate daughters to gather enough autumn leaves to bed the family horse all winter.

A MARRIAGE BROKEN OFF AT THE ALTAR.

The Chicago *Tribune* says:—The guests at a recent expected marriage in a certain church on the West Side were treated to a singular and rather startling sensation at the very moment when the connubial knot was to be tried. The bride and groom were a very young couple and had made all the necessary preparations for the anticipated happy event that was to unite them as one, and it was thought by the respective friends of the pair that the course of true love had run quite smoothly with them and a genuine mutual affection existed beween them. The invited company entered the house of worship and the attendants on the couple had taken their places around the altar, while the minister remained in waiting to perform the ceremony. The bride attired in all the gorgeous finery customary on such occasions, alighted from the carriage, and the groom stepped blithely and lightly after her and upon her long train. As he did so the fair lady uttered a low cry and exclaimed sharply, 'Oh, dear, how awkward you are!' The young man's face colored as he stumbled off the rich garment, and he gave his arm to the lady while laboring under a confused mind. The pair walked into the church and down the aisle to the altar. All eyes rested on their movements, and a murmur of voices arose as they came in and took their ppsitions before the minister. The ceremony proceeded, the minister asked the bride if she would accept the groom for her wedded husband and received the usual affirmative answer, and was about to interrogate the young man, when the latter, impulsively and unexpectedly said to the bride: 'Oh, dear, how awkward you are!' and quickly turning on his heel, walked out of the edifice without another word of explanation, leaving the astonished bride standing at the altar in mute bewilderment, and the minister and guests in blank amazement. The young man went his way in a carriage, and the disappointed bride and the maids who sought to comfort her left the church for their homes. The occurrence was an actual fact, and has created no small amount of gossip in the vicinity where the church is situated.

A STORM PANORAMA IN NEVADA.

From the Virginia City Enterprise, November 3.]

Last Sunday afternoon no less than five distinct snow-squalls were at the same moment to be seen in progress among the mountains and deserts to the eastward, while in this city not a flake was falling. The squalls presented all degrees of fierceness, and, from the most northerly to the most southerly stretched over an extent of at least one hundred miles of country. The most northerly was also that further east, and appeared to be directly over the Forty-mile desert. It was black as night, and appeared to be some 10 miles in diameter. A man in the centre of it would have been inclined to suppose that it was snowing furiously over the whole continent, yet a few miles to the northward two or three tall peaks were glowing in the full blaze of the sun. The hills and mountains beyond this squall were hidden as though by a black curtain. Nearer and further south a storm was in progress that was less black in appearance, though it was thick enough to hide all the country behind it as it crept along to the eastward, reaching from the level of the valley of the Carson to the cloud whence it came, high in the heavens. Still nearer and between the city and the mountains of Como a light squall, two or three miles in width, was in progress. Through this the mountain peaks beyond were to be seen as through a light fog, while a mile further south a storm was raging in a belt not two miles in width that was so black as to hide all behind it. Miles away to the southward still another heavy storm was creeping along, covering and hiding a range of twenty or thirty miles of hills. Between these several snow squalls or storms the hills and mountain-peaks were plainly to be seen as far as the eye could reach, and here and there a peak glowed like gold miles and miles beyond the dark curtains of falling snow. In few locolities can a wider range of country be taken in at one view than from our elevated look-out on Mount Davidson; therefore, in few places is there a better opportunity of studying the peculiarities of either snow or rain storms than is afforded here in Virginia.

HARD LIFE OF A PRIMA DONNA.

To the superficial observer the life of a prima donna appears like a triumphal procession. But there is a scamy side to the robe. The casual looker-on knows nothing of the perpetual exhausting work of the eternal practising necessary to keep that precious possession, a fine voice, in perfect working order, of the constant endeavor to improve here and there a performance which has been repeated in public a hundred times, of the self-denial, without which no singer can get through her work even creditably.

As a brilliant roulade, or a trill of perfect clearness and accuracy charms the ear, as a grand declamatory passage brightens the eye and quickens the pulse, as a sustained note of surpassing brilliancy is followed by thunders of applause, the listener is apt to forget the long, weary mornings, not of months but of years, it has cost to produce that catching bit of *bravury*, that matchless shake, nicely balanced as if the work of exquisite machinery,—that grand breadth of tone, that heart-stirring notes which lets loose the enthusiasm of the audience.

The opera-goer hears only the result of thousands of repetitions, of abstinence from many of the pleasures of life, of watchfulness against heat and cold, of perpetual struggles against the depressing effect of the dead, deoxygenated air of the theater. The work of the operatic singer is never done; for her rebelltous organ, like an unruly horse, will play strange pranks unless kept under by incessant work, and it is this state of constant training which sooner or later must tell upon the strongest constitution. But the singer has no choice but to abdicate altogether or to work on.

COVERING STRAWBERRIES.

Evergreen branches are more useful for this purpose than any other covering which we have employed. They are equally good for flower beds which contain tender bulbs and shrubs. If not put on so thickly as entirely to exclude light, they are less liable than anything else to injure the plants by smothering. Straw is apt to become packed flat on the strawberries after a soaking rain. Dry leaves are still worse by excluding air and light. The same fault exists with manure. By using a covering of evergreens the strawberry plants will come out in a vigorous condition with bright green foliage, and not brown and injured like those which are exposed to all the changes of freezing and thawing. The evergreens are easily applied and removed, and leave the bed clear.—*Cultivator.*

☞ A youngster who had been stung by a bee told his father he had kicked a bug that had a splinter in its tail.

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Bridgetown, July 19th, 1876. 6m n15 HUGH FRASER.

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NOTICE!

ALL PERSONS having any legal claims against the estate of THOMAS JOHNSON, of Wilmot, Annapolis Co., deceased, must render their accounts, duly attested to, within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

HIRAM JOHNSON,
Administrator.

Wilmot, Sept. 18th, 1877. 3m 135

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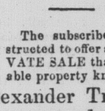

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Miscellaneous.

THE CONGO RIVER.

Mr. W. Milner Roberts calls our attention to several references to the size of the Congo, made in Stanley's report and quoted by us, which he finds it difficult to reconcile. They are these: "It certainly exceeds the Nile in volume, and possibly also in area of drainage." "Where Livingstone was stopped, the Lualaba was a noble stream from 2,000 to 6,000 yards wide." That is one mile to three miles wide. "Near the equator, it developes into a still broader stream from two to ten miles wide, choked with islands."

"Then (referring to the Congo) at the cataracts, where the river breaks through the Coast Mountains, the stream narrows to 600 yards or less; then spreads out into a broad stream from two to four miles wide, with a current flowing about three miles an hour. The volume of water discharged is enormous; Captain Tuckey's estimate—2,000,000 cubic feet a minute—is probably not far from the truth." "At its mouth the Congo is a thousand feet deep." "The tide is felt as far as the first cataract, 40 miles up the river."

The quantity assigned for the discharge—2,000,000 cubic feet per minute—in a river two to four miles wide, flowing about three miles an hour (for a width of say three miles) would require a depth of less than six inches. So that either the width and rate of flow must be largely overestimated, or the quantity of water assumed must be very much too little. The flow of the Nile is at least ten times greater than the above, and the flow of the Mississippi must be thirty times greater than 2,000,000 cubic feet per minute.

Now if the Congo were a thousand feet deep at its mouth, with the width above mentioned (three miles) it is obvious that the current could be only about two thousandths of a mile per hour to correspond with the depth further up of only six inches, as the calculation shows; which would be nearly still water. In that case the other phenomena mentioned could hardly occur. The sea would not be freshened forty miles out.

A stream only 100 yards wide and 26 feet deep would, at the rate of three miles an hour, flow a little more than 2,000,000 cubic feet per minute. The Mississippi, just above the head of the passes, with a greater depth, is thirty times wider than that, being nine thousand feet across; and where it is narrowed to three thousand feet it has a depth of a hundred feet or more.

More accurate information than we now have in connection with the Congo river is desirable; and if the details of Stanley's observations do not afford something more definite, the next explorer of the river at the coast should be requested to make more careful notes. It would be interesting to know what the actual discharge of the Congo is—both in its high and low stages.—*Scientific American.*

STANDING TREAT.

One of the most absurd of all foolish customs, is that of inviting a crowd of friends or strangers to walk up to the bar and "take something at my expense."

Men do not buy other things, either useful or ornamental in this way;—why should they make an exception in favor of this poisonous draught, which curse the land and which fill the community with poverty, mourning and woe.

Some one has sensibly said:—"Now, boys, if you want to be generous and treat each other, why not select some other place besides the liquor shop? Suppose, as you go by the post office, you remark: "I say, my dear fellow, come in and take some stamps!" These stamps will cost you no more than drinks all round. Or go to the haberdasher's and say: "Boys, come in and take a box of collars." Walk up to a grocer's, free and generous, and say: "What kind of coffee will you have?" Why not treat to groceries by the pound as well as liquors by the glass? Or take your comrades to a cutler's and say: "I'll stand a good pocket-knife all round."

This would be thought a strange way of showing friendship, but would it not be better than to offer to friends a maddening, poisonous, deadly draught?

Suppose a man should keep a den of rattlesnakes, and allow men to come in and be bitten at sixpence a bite? Would it be a sensible thing for a man to invite all his friends in to be bitten at his expense? Is it worth our while to turn our friends into brutes, maniacs and murderers, and their homes into hells of trouble and distress by giving them "something to drink at my expense?" "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

CUTTING OUT A NERVE TO CURE NEURALGIA.

For several years Judge Bay, of this city, has been a great sufferer from facial neuralgia, and to avail himself of any benefit that might possibly result from a change of climate, spent most of 1873 in California and the last part of 1874 in Colorado, without any material benefit, and on his return from Colorado Dr. Hodgen cut out a little over one half inch of the fifth facial nerve, and for seven or eight months the Judge experienced entire relief from the disease, but at the expiration of that time it gradually returned upon him with increased severity, until life was almost unbearable. Dr. Hodgen became satisfied that the separate parts of the nerve had united, and he determined to perform a second operation; and on the 7th inst., at the residence of Judge Bay, 3,200 Chestnut St. and in the presence of several medical gentleman, cut out two inches of the nerve and removed several collateral branches. The operation lasted fifteen minutes, was exceedingly painful, and though the Judge declined to take chloroform or any opiate, he stood the knife without flinching. This operation has been rarely performed in the West, and from the proximity of the nerve to the eye requires great care and much skill. The Judge has had no return of the neuralgic pains, and all the indications are that the operation will prove eminently successful, though it will probably be a week before he will be able to leave his house.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Joker's Corner.

Childhood's progress—From pap to papa.

The proposition to introduce ladies as railroad conductors is frowned upon, in view of the fact that their trains are always behind.

"A kind word spoken to a husband will go farther than a broomstick or a flirtation," says a woman of experience.

An editor, referring to air-tight coffins says: "No persen having once tried these coffins will ever use any other."

A Chicago man wants the thief who stole his well bucket and rope to come back and take the well, as it is of no use now.

An editor published a long letter on hogs. A rival paper in the same village upbraids him for obtruding his family matters upon the public.

If you put two persons in the same bed-room, one of whom has the toothache, and the other is in love, you will find that the person who has the toothache will go to sleep first.

"Och," said a love-sick Hibernian, "what a recreation it is to be dying of love! It sets the heart aching so delicately there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain!"

A life insurance agent in the West lately pretended to be a minister in order to get a chance to talk up his favorite subject to a man who has to hang the next day.

Vassar College is to have a thousand dollars elevator. The girls have almost worn the banisters out sliding down, so the faculty think it would be cheaper to provide an elevator.—*Boston Globe.*

When a woman makes up her mind that a hen shall not set, and the hen makes up her mind that she will, the irresistible meets the immovable, and every law of nature is broken or perverted.—*Boston Traveller.*

Morgan of Nineteenth street was quarreling with his wife yesterday morning and threatened to let her hit him with a pressboard, and then jump in and lick all her family traits out of her, when his mother-in-law quietly walked in and laid her hands on him, but not in the way of kindness. And as he looked around he said, "Foreclosed on a mortgage,"—*New York Herald.*

Says the Louisville *Courier Journal*: A country chap went into Warner's yesterday, and inquired: "Dew you retail shirts here?" "No," replied Warner; "we make 'em all new." And Charley dropped his carpet sack like if it was full of lead, and looked at Warner ten minutes before he picked that carpet sack up and walked out with it.

SENSIBLE TO THE LAST.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mulcahy lived on a farm. They were shrewd and thrifty and had the reputation of being "close." Finally Mrs. Mulcahy sickened, and was about to die. Finding herself nearing the end, she expressed a desire to put things in order before that event occurred, and old Tom prepared to listen.

"Tom," says Mrs. Mulcahy, "there's Mrs. Smith, up at the crossing, she owes me $1.80 for butter; see ye git it."

"Sinsible to the last, my dear; sinsible to the last," said Tom, "I'll get it."

"Then there's Mrs. Jones, up at the Creek, she owes me $1.50 for chickens.

"Ah! look at that, now, for a mind; she forgets nothing."

"And Mrs. Brown, in the village, she owes me $2.30 for milk."

"D'ye hear that? Sinsible to the last; sinsible to the last! Go on, my dear."

"And—and—

"Yis?"

"And Mrs. Roberts, at the toll-gate, I owe her——"

"Ah! poor dear! poor dear!" broke in old Tom hastily; "how her moind does be wandering! Sure we've allowed her to talk too much entirely, so we have!"—*Cleaveland Herald.*

A VAGRANT PHILOSOPHER.

Detroit Free Press.]

In the hip pocket of an old vagrant pulled in by the police the other night was a memorandum book full of his own writing with a pencil, and some of his philosophy is good enough to be preserved. His first paragraph reads:

"Drinking bad whiskey because it is offered free is like getting in the way of bullets purchased by an enemy."

A second reads:

"Honesty is the best policy, but some folks are satisfied with the second best. It is hard to be honest on an empty stomack."

A third runs:

"A dry plank under a rain-proof shed is better than a feather bed in jail, and one that isn't annoyed by the jailer bringing in a square breakfast."

"Pay as you go. If you haven't anything to pay with don't go. If you are forced to go record every indebtedness, and let your heirs settle the bills."

The fifth explains:

"We should have charity for all. When the winter winds blow cold and drear we vags should pity the poor fellows in India who are having red-hot weather."

A sixth is recorded:

"Politeness costs nothing, but is not expected that you will wake a man up at midnight to ask permission to go through his hen-house. It is more courteous to let him enjoy his needed repose."

The seventh and last was recorded as follows:

"When you pick up an apple-core do not find fault because it is not the apple itself, but be satisfied with the grade of descent. Do not be ashamed of your occupation. We cannot all be lords, nor can we all be vagrants. As I cannot be a lord I should not lament at being a vagrant. Be truthful and outspoken—that is, tell 'em you are a Chicago fire sufferer. Keep reasonable hours, or some other vag will get your plank first. Be hopeful, cheerful and good-natured. Growling won't cure a sore heel."