The Weekly Observer

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, EDUCATION, TEMPERANCE, and GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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Aug. 16, 1888.

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Correspondence promptly answered and price lists furnished when desired.
(March 21 1889.)

Do not fail to show THE OBSERVER to your friends and solicit their subscriptions.

The Weekly Observer.

HILLSBORO, N. B., Oct. 25, 1888.

Nothing and Something.

"It's nothing to me," the beauty said,
With a careless toss of her pretty head:
"The man is weak if he can't refrain
From the cup you say is fraught with pain."

It was something to her in after years,
When her eyes were drenched with burning tears,
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,
And started to hear a staggering tread.

"It's nothing to me," the mother said,
"I have no fear that my son will tread
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken his name."

It was something to her when her only son
From the paths of right was early won,
And madly cast in the flowing bowl
A ruined body and shipwrecked soul.

"It's nothing to me" the merchant said,
As over the ledger he bent his head;
"I'm busy to-day with the tare and tret,
And have no time to fume and fret.

It was something to him when over the wire
A message came from a funeral pire—
A drunken conductor had wrecked a train,
And his wife and child were among the slain.

"It is nothing to me," the young man cried;
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride—
"I heed not the manifold things you tell;
I can rule myself I know full well."

'Twas something to him when in prison he lay,
The victim of drink—life ebbing away,
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,
And the mourful wreck of his wasted life.

"It's nothing to me," the voter said,
"The party's loss is my greatest dread,"
Then he gave his vote for the liquor trade,
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards made.

It was something to him in after life.
When his daughter became a drunkard's wife,
And her hungry children cried for bread,
And trembled to hear their father's tread.

Is nothing to us to idly sleep
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep
Alluring the young and thoughtless in—
And grind in our midst a grist of sin?

It is something—yes, all, for as to stand,
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand—
To learn to labor, live and fight
On the side of God and changeless right.

One or Two?

One evening in the April of 1884, the tramcar was trundling slowly in from San Paolo Fuori le Mura. The flickering light of the lamps fell upon the dingy habits of six monks on their customary way into Rome for the night, a couple of peasants and two foreigners, the one an English gentleman of about thirty, and the other an American somewhat younger. A thunder storm was without, large drops of rain were already falling thickly upon the windows which the light within turned to slate color. A light cloud of tobacco smoke was curling about the heads of several of the passengers, the American's big cigar out-doing the cigarettes of the others. He had soon found out that the Englishman had been visiting the English cemetery at the request of a friend he had left in Naples, and not to see Keats' tomb, which had been his own object. This led him to ask as many questions about Naples as he could think of and to express his curiosity concerning the object of an independent traveller having chosen that time for visiting Naples, then heavily stricken with cholera.

They quarantined you, sir, I guess, he remarked.

I was thoroughly fumigated, answered the Englishman. Then he went on to extol the wonderful exertions of his friend, the Swedish doctor there, and to say that himself had fallen ill and had been sent away as no longer of use. The subject was interesting, and they discussed it until an interruption occurred.

The bell sounded, the car stopped, and a man entered quickly, with rain running down in rills from his hat and shoulders, and seated himself opposite the two, who, like himself were foreigners.

There is always something that strikes one as weird in a lighted vehicle moving along through the dark nights. The contrast of the rain, darkness and storm mutterings without, and the glitter within, in which the silent living figures showed up in vivid light and shade, struck the Englishman with fresh force, as the new comer arrested his special attention by something he could scarcely define, and at once attracted and repulsed him. More than once he caught his sombre, brilliant eyes fixed upon him under the shade of a felt hat. An absurd fancy struck him that he was travelling with a being from another world, who was somehow bound up in his own fate. He watched him furtively, and saw him lean forward with an indifferent air, to read the initials on the small valise he himself had between his feet. The American, who had done the same, observed this too, and said to his neighbor, Now sir, I never remember seeing such queer letters as yours for the initials of an Englishman, as I take you to be.

The young man laughed slightly at this frank curiosity. Q. Q. Q. Well, perhaps, it is an unusual combination. I never heard of another family called by my name, Questin, though for all that we do not boast of any special blueness in our blood.

The car stopped again, and the conductor looked in, gesticulating to the later comer. He, however, shook his head, and signed to him to go on, and no one got out till the car reached its resting-place.

Sir, said the American, as he stepped off the car, there is my card. If you ever come to the States, there is the man there who will give you a welcome, or any other man who has been risking his life by his own free will among cholera victims, as I guess you have, and that man is Septimus S. Perkins. Herewith he nodded, and slipping his card into the other man's hand, disappeared under his umbrella.

The Englishman did the like and tho't no more of S. S. Perkins until three days later he met him again.

Say, began Mr. Perkins, did you ever carry such a thing as a double about with you?

Mr. Questin, surprised and amazed, demanded an explanation.

Only, rejoined Septimus Perkins, that gentleman who got into the tramcar with us Tuesday evening was, I think, cut out of the same bit of cloth as yourself without any alterations. You must be a good sort that a couple of you are needed in the world. You look at yourself in the glass next time you feel at loggerheads with mankind and there you'll see him.

I fancied the face was familiar to me, but didn't think of my own, said Mr. Questin.

But I guess that don't matter, if you were not out too late that same evening, went on Mr. Perkins: you look like wanting quinine and brandy pretty stiff.

Questin acknowledged that he had not felt very well since; that he had been imprudent in coming back so late, and that he was not sufficiently recovered from his illness in Naples to take such liberties with Roman sundowns.

This was the extent of his acquaintance with Septimus Perkins, but it carried with it certain consequences, to be hereafter developed.

* * * * *

A fortnight later on the night mail from Paris was stopping at the long, dark platform of Belfort on the frontier. All passengers were called out by the guard, who ran, lantern in hand, along the train, and porters were tumbling out the baggage in a manner exasperating to owners. The chill air smote them as they descended here and there, unwillingly aroused from warm and slumbers.

Osmund Questin was one of the passengers; he had taken a *fauteuil-lit*, and as it happened that the train was somewhat empty, had been able by a judicious bribe or two to secure his carriage to himself. It was a dark night; the moon rested the heavy clouds and was oftener than not blotted out by them. He could not sleep and had been watching her sink in her pale blue halo, the brown and silver edges of the clouds sweeping along to all appearance with or over her. Then lighting a small travelling lamp, he wrote a post-card which he gave to the inspector when he gave up his keys, with a *douceur* for the trouble of posting it.

He was a well-made, good-looking fellow, with strongly-marked features; but now looked pinched and colorless, and dark about the eyes.

He shivered, and buttoned his coat tightly around him.

When the cabalistic check marks had been made, and he had eaten some soup, he hastened back to his carriage, which stood beyond the rays of light from the infrequent lamps, and threw himself in the midst of his fur rugs. With a lighted cigarette between his lips, and his furs drawn closely around him, he hoped to subside gradually into sleep.

He was weary and inclined to sleep, having taking some *eau de vie* at the refreshment room, and closing his eyes and ears, he fell almost at once into pleasant drowsiness.

The tramp of feet, the clatter of tongues ceased, door after door banged, the train began to make unearthly noises.

Just as a slow movement passed through its length, Questin started up, fancying he heard his own door open. "*Qui va la!*" he called out: but no answer came, and seeing no moving object, he concluded that it had been one of those sudden starts for which circulation or digestion are answerable, that unpleasantly visited a sleeper in his own bed as well as in a situation where a strange sound occurs every minute.

So far Osmund Questin.

* * * * *

In a small flat on Camden Hill that post-card was anxiously expected by the young lady to whom it was addressed, Miss Garnham, No.—St. Philip's Gardens. When it arrived, as it did at the proper time, the sight of the closely-scribbled yellowish square was sweet indeed to her, though the foreign stamp showed her how far off he was. No, not so far to-day as when he wrote it, she said to herself, as with a smile that meant a protest against her folly she softly kissed the untempting morsel of paper.

Soft grey eyes, with their shadows and brown fringes; wise, sweet mouth of the pink coral hue of health; firm, oval face, with the straightforward look of a trusty soul; how often you have been pictured in the long nights of sickness and the short hours of rest between work, loathsome and holy, done in that stricken city of Naples.

Out of the wreck of a very bright painted, light-winged Ship of Life but two, dearer than herself, had been saved to Anastasia Garnham.

These two were her little sister Lottie, and "humble and loving servant to command," Osmund Questin.

He had indeed been this and more to the queen elect of his heart two years back, and this he had quietly, without any hot oaths, declared he would ever continue to be, though his gouty old father threatened to hold the door against the bride for as long as he lived, and bequeath him a shilling when he died if he ventured to cross his stubborn will even then.

Mr. Questin, Sr., had plainly put it to his son, who was his only living child. Had not his own father started with a hod and trowel or had he not? Had he built up for himself an immense fortune, had he left it all to him, cutting off his elder and younger brothers because one smoked and the other parted his hair down the middle or not? Was it likely that he, having cherished this massive fortune and lived always in view of his responsibility toward it, should deliberately cast it into the hands of one of that butterfly, spendthrift, irresponsible lot, the Garnhams? Nay, the daughter of the man who had ignored, snubbed, and otherwise affronted himself personally! Osmund might marry any other girl he chose, but he would hear no more of any Garnham, be she the prettiest lass that ever was born to that handsome, worthless family. Osmund's mother had been a lady of good blood, but home-staying and sensible; let him look out for an other.

Having said that no Garnham could be worth her salt, no spoken evidence in the world would have made him alter his opinion. He was not a vulgar old man, but on the contrary well read and highly respected, afraid of no man, currying favor with none, and Osmund had a strong affection for him. This made matters more difficult, because he had to aim at the reconciliation of two impossibilities.

Having been to Cambridge, he decided that there was enough to do in this world for a willing man with brains and health without crowding into one of the overcrowded professions. What is mine is yours, my boy," said his father, until the question of marriage arose.

Of all girls Osmund naturally set his heart upon the one his father most objected to, the elder daughter of the late ruined squire of the Warwickshire parish, in which Questin Hall, his own place, was situated. And now came the deadlock, even if Osmund had been able to find anything to do, which he had not, Tasia would have refused to marry him against the will of his father, that is, without giving the jealous old man plenty of time to change his mind.

A letter next time, not a post card that any one can read, thought Tasia, but to her surprise, post after post went by without bringing it.

Lottie, for the sake of whose schooling they lived in London, had a supply of explanations on hand to comfort her sister, but one night Tasia heard her stifling sob and she made the confession in the dark that she believed that wicked old ogre, Mr. Questin, had by some means of tyranny got his son to swear to break with them forever—"with us," sobbed Lottie, claiming her share in Osmund.

Disloyalty on the part of the lover who had never vexed her soul with the trifling cruelties common to the race of lovers appeared impossible to Anastasia, whose own faith was entire; so that the blow which presently fell upon her was like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. When she was sick with hope deferred, there came a letter from Paris so constrained in tone, and dwelling so hopelessly upon the barier raised between them by his father's opposition that it needed not the brevity for which he excused himself by saying that he had hurt his hand, to show the poor girl with cruel distinctness, that she was virtually forsaken.

Horrible blow to her love, her pride, her hopes—nay, it destroyed even the past that had worn so false a sweetness, for it proved his heart to have been unsound, his mind wavering all through.

For Lottie's sake she tried to rouse herself, but succeeded indifferently. Dragging herself to the task she wrote to free him from the engagement, and read the answer which came by return of post with a bitter contempt that only added more cutting to the wound.

Doubtless he had fallen in with some woman who had so strong a fascination that his old, dear, admiring love for her had shrunk into a passing fancy. And yet, how could any sudden attraction have so deep and true an existence as that gradually developed affection in which all the best part of his nature had been called out?

Slowly covering her incurable wound she looked around her—ah, the world was so full of inexplicable wrongs and transformations she wondered she had never noticed it before, and ceasing to wonder at her own share in them she resolved to guard Lottie from such treacheries. Lottie should be hard-hearted and give all her love to learning, for books betray not, knowledge certainly rewards its lovers; and she would rather see her in spectacles with short, unkempt hair, than wasting her breath on man, who is unstable as water.

And so, with gallant strivings to fill up the rent made by falsehood, with wisdom of practice and learning, Tasia learned to creep through three long months with an iron yoke instead of wings upon her shoulders. Neither the first, nor the last in very truth—but it takes courage, and that of no mean order.

While Lottie was at school she spent her time at the British Museum, and wrote a few little articles and made charming translations, some of which found their way into a magazine. At the very end of July, when only those who could not get away were still in town, she and Lottie dined with friends, and went after dinner into the Horticultural Gardens. Lottie had been promised to see the fountains playing, and the party was chiefly on her account.

Among the two or three other guests was Dick Sherrieff, a cousin of the family, who had gone on the stage, and was so far successful that now and then he got an engagement for a leading part in a touring company. He was a quiet pleasant fellow, with a good-looking, disappointed face. He and Anastasia, who were old acquaintances, found themselves together when they entered the gardens, and he fell into somewhat confidential talk, finding her sympathetic. Lottie roamed about in ecstacies with the colored beads of light in strings, festoons, and mocking the fruit on the trees of Aladdin's garden, with the fairy buildings starred out against the indigo sky, above all with the foamy fountains dancing on high like so many of Undine's relations, mantled superbly in colored lights.

Anastasia and Sherrieff found a quiet seat at a comfortable distance from the band. People were walking and sitting all around them, and they amused themselves by watching the groups.

Shall we move away from the smoke of that cigar? Mr. Sherrieff asked presently, I'm afraid it comes across your face. By jove! This last exclamation was to himself as he distinctly caught the profile of the smoker.

Anastasia followed his gaze and turned ghastly pale. Osmund Questin's face, his clean cut acquiline profile, his marked eyebrows, his crisp moustache some shade lighter than his hair—worn a trifle longer than formerly—even the heavy intaglio ring on the hand now raised to his cigar—all were before her. The beating of her heart almost choked her; she was afraid her companion would hear her sobbing breath, and see that she trembled from head to foot. She must get the better of the joy pain somehow. Love—the heartlessness of his last letter had killed that—but, oh! the anguish! There had even been hinted reproach to her for not having broken off the engagement before now; she writhed as she thought of it. And how I deceived myself in my blindness, she thought bitterly. I see now in his face what I ought to have seen before—cold self-seeking. He must have altered gradually, for no one could now be attracted by the look of goodness I fancied I could see.

You know that man? she asked young Sherrieff.

So far that once he tried his fortunes on the stage at Manchester in the company with which I was acting. His name is Questin; pretty good on the stage, no good off, I imagine. He seems pretty happy now. Come back from the road to ruin by the looks of him, with the heavy father reconciled.

No doubt the old gentleman with red face and double eye-glasses, who was speaking emphatically at that moment, was Mr. Questin, senior.

Can't go on, I tell you. What I want to know is, what does it mean? I know, it's all a trick to get my consent to your marrying that little hussy.

Anastasia made a strong effort and rose.

We do not want to be taken into family confidence, she said, with a face so pale and strained that Dick Sherrieff was startled.

But it was not so easy to extricate themselves all at once from the second row of seats in which they were, for other persons had come in after them. Tasia dreaded to hear Osmund's voice in answer, and her own head was swimming, her ears throbbing, so that when she spoke, the words were partly muffled, yet she could not help listening with passionate eagerness. Perhaps something he said might make his conduct appear less black. If so, it might save a shred of her self-respect.

I told you, my dear father, that I regretted extremely having been such a fool as to allow that young lady to stand between you and me. I was mistaken in her. I have good reason to know that you were right and I was wrong, and the affair is wholly at an end—

He happened to turn, as Anastasia passed out, to knock off the end of his cigar. The ash touched her dress; he begged pardon, lifted his hat and looked her in the face. For an instant—such instants are comprehensive—their eyes met, each gazing into the other's. The pause on Anastasia's part was perceptible to her companion.

Mr. Sherrieff, she said, I feel rather giddy: I think—shall we find another seat? I cannot walk just at this moment.

(*To be Continued.*)

Good Advice to Farmers.

That was sound and sensible advice which Lieutenant-Governor McLelan gave the Nova Scotia farmers at the opening of the Provincial Exhibition, a week or two since, when he urged that they should bestow as much attention upon the education of the sons whom they intended to take up farming as upon that of those destined for the professions. Why not; It is clearly true, as he said, that often farmers and their wives stint themselves for the purpose of educating sons for the learned professions, to make them doctors, lawyers, or clergymen. He had all honor for those who did this, but claimed that the education of the lad who was to have the farm should have their first care. For the practical purposes of their life-work, as well as for all the higher ends of human life, it is important that the farmers of the future should be men of the highest intelligence and culture. Again we ask, Why not?—*Ex.*

Could not be Tickled.

I was a ticklish youngster, and my comrades sometimes used that weakness for their own amusement. One boy used to show how little effect tickling had upon him; but one hot summer day, as he was lying reading, I tickled him on the ribs, and he almost went into convulsions. I found that he was far more sensitive than any boy in the company, and he revealed his secret to me under condition of my never telling any one else. By holding his breath he became pachydermatous, and would let anybody tickle him as much as they pleased; but, of course, they always gave it up at once when they saw his solid look. I tried the plan, and it worked admirably; and it is my only protection, even unto this day, for my cuticle is as sensitive as ever. The deduction is simple—a man holds his breath and the tickler is baffled.—*Science.*

Original Marriage Ceremony

One of the waiters at the hotel in Grenada, Miss., told us a colored wedding was coming off that evening, and several white people went over to the house designated to witness the affair. The happy couple finally stood up before the minister, who said:

"Samuel, you an' Lucinda am shortly to be jined together. Does you desire to back out?"

"No, sah."

"How am it wid you, Lucinda, Does you want ter flunk afore dese yer white folks?"

"No, sah,"

"Den you two hands hitch."

They hitched.

"Samuel, does you take her fur butter or wuss? Am you gwine to do the fair thing by dis yere gurl, whos' fadder was killed on the railroad up nigh Jackson?"

"Yes, sah."

"Lucinda, does you realise the seriousness of this opportunity? Am you gwine to stick to Samuel clean frew to the judgement day, or am you gwin to trifle around arter other men?"

"Ize gwine to stick."

"Den, chil'en, in the presence of des yere white men from de Norf, one of whom subscribed two bits yesterday to help build de meetin' house dat was blown down by de sighclone, I denounce you as hitched, jined and mar'd corein' to the law and gospel. Now you go 'long an' behave yourselves!"

Eight Days Without Food.

Mrs. Matthew Holmes got astray in the woods near St. Peters last week, and after wandering about for eight days without food of any kind she was found about four miles from the settlement, but although much exhausted was able with some assistance to walk home.—*Cape Breton Reporter.*

Remarkable Fecundity.

A report of a case of remarkable fecundity, rivalling that recently reported from Castagnola, in Switzerland, is reported by the British Medical Journal from France. A woman named Aumont, residing at St. Julien de Varaville (Manche), gave birth to five children, three on June 4th and two more on June 5th. The five children, four boys and one girl, lived for several days. The history of the family of the father in the Swiss case showed a remarkable tendency to plural births, and something of the kind may be traced in this case, for Madame Aumont has given birth to eleven children, though only confined four times. The first time she had a daughter, the second time two daughters, the third time three sons, and the fourth time four sons and one daughter.

A Curiosity at the I. C. R. Depot.

Among the arrivals in the city yesterday were a Mr. and Mrs. Myers of North Weymouth N.S. They carried between them a basket about four feet long and two wide, containing their 22 year old daughter. Last evening in the ladies' waiting room of the I. C. R. depot were Mr. and Mrs. Myers. The basket containing the young woman was on the floor alongside of them, surrounded by a crowd of interested spectators. The young woman was a sight to see. She was lying in the basket, covered with a good supply of flannels, etc., and starting and grinding her teeth as the people around. She cannot speak nor walk, but can see and hear, and is about three feet in height. Her limbs, said the father, were about the size of a man's thumb and her left arm is paralyzed, the hand being tightly clinched. The family had been in Quincey, Mass., all summer and were returning to their home in Nova Scotia. The girl appeared to act as if she was in great pain, continually moving her head about, grinding her teeth and sending forth at times a shriek which called out general sympathy for her. They left on last night's Halifax express for home.—*St. John Sun.*

Roughing it in Texas.

The Account of a Young Englishman Who is Trying Ranching.

This is what some of our luxurious young gentlemen, who are anxious for the delights of ranching and cattle-farming, will probably have to put up with if they go out West. It is part of a letter just received from a young Englishman of aristocratic connections who has "gone to Texas": "The life here is awfully rough, and when I first struck the ranch I did not think I could stay a week, but now I have got used to it. I live with another man in a house 12 feet by 16 feet. In it we eat, sleep, cook, have all our provisions and care for our horses, besides our saddles and bridles, ropes, saddle-blankets, etc. We are fifteen miles from the nearest house and sixty miles from a post-office. If you do not hear from me often you need not think anything of it, as I am so placed that I cannot write—I have ridden fifteen miles to write this letter. I wish you would send me some newspapers, as I have nothing to read, and I only see the few men I am in camp with. In the last month I have not seen eight different people, and only one woman. Sometimes I ride 50 miles to Alamositas, the headquarters of the whole ranch, and ride back the next day. This ranch consists of eight counties, employs 130 hands and has 25,000 head of cattle. The company owns 3,000,000 acres of land and 120,000 head of cattle. I have to keep up 100 miles of wire fence and other general work, such as driving cattle and horses when required. Some time ago 300 broncho (wild horses) were brought to the ranch for us to break. Then we spent most of May in New Mexico, living in tents and hunting for stray cattle. Next month we have to collect the beef cattle to be shipped (by rail) to Chicago. I hope to go with them, as it will relieve the monotony of this awful life, which is barely an existence. The winter was awfully cold, and we had to be out all the time. Yet it is a fine healthy country, and if I had a few congenial men to talk to I should not mind it so much. My pay is $30 (1. s., £6) a month, and I get my grub besides; so, as I had plenty of clothes, I have managed to save £20 in the last eight months. But I should certainly like to get work in a more congenial country than this.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Kisses.

There's a great deal of bliss in a lingering kiss,
And oceans of solid rapture;
There are lots of fun in a stolen one—
If you're clever about the capture.

The cutest trick in a kiss that's quick,
Is to put it where it belongs;
To see that it goes below the nose,
And knocks at the gate of songs.

A kiss that is cold may do for the old,
Or pass with a near relation;
But one like that is a work—that's flat—
Of supererogation.

If you're going to kiss be sure of this—
That the girl has got some heart in her;
I wouldn't give a darn for the full of a barn
Of kisses without a partner.

The point of this rhyme is to take your time;
Kiss slowly, and do it neatly;
If you do the thing right, and are half-way bright,
You can win her sweet heart completely.

His Last Request.

"Wife, dear, my last hour is at hand. Voices are calling and spectral hands are beckoning me away."

"Don't say that, dear."

"When the shadows of the evening deepen, the shadows of death will have encompassed me forever. And now, darling one last request."

"Speak it, John."

"When I am dead do not marry my brother."

"Why?"

"His life has been a temperance one, love, and I would like to feel sure when I go that his declining years will be spent in peace."—[*Lincoln Journal.*

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Foolish Fellow.

For three weeks a band of gypsies were encamped near Littlestown, Pa., and on Wednesday Jacob Felker, an old farmer, conferred with them and was told that any money he might hide on a certain spot on his farm would double itself in a single night. To test the matter he placed $10 on deposit and the next morning found, as predicted, $20. This so elated him that he went to the Littlestown Bank, drew out $800 and made a like deposit, but next morning, to his dismay, the $800 were gone and so were the gypsies.

He Won an Indian Maiden.

Henry Ashburton's Infatuation for a Young Sioux Squaw.

STANDING ROCK, DAK., Oct. 18.—Henry Ashburton, son of a wealthy manufacturer of Leeds, England, and a young Sioux maiden, daughter of one of the leading chiefs were married here yesterday according to Indian fashion.

Ashburton is one of a party of tourists who recently came into the reservation to hunt. Their headquarters has been Standing Rock, and from here they have periodically taken trips among the hills and always returned with well filled bags having unusual luck with smaller game, and occasionally returning with a pair of antlers or a bear skin to demonstrate their ability to bring down larger denizens of the forest should they come within rifle range.

Immediately after his arrival the young savage began to show her preference for him, and he, notwithstanding the remonstrance of his friends, seemed in no wise insensible to her charms. His friends could not induce him to leave the agency to accompany them on their trips, so completely wrapped up was he in this dusky daughter of the Sioux brave. She, on the other hand, followed him about demurely, after the manner of the stolid Indian maiden, but with unmistakable outward signs that she wanted it distinctly understood that she had appropriated Ashburton to herself.

When he found that according to Sioux law he must become her brave he was only too happy to abide by the law and make the pretty squaw his bride. The pleadings and exhortations of his companions had no effect and they were married yesterday.

The contract is considered by the Indians as being legal and binding, but is is thought the foolish Englishman will soon tire of his Indian bride, and make himself scarce in this region.

300 Miles An Hour.

That is the proposed speed of the electric railway of the near future. One has already been erected and is being equipped as an experiment at Laurel, about 20 miles out from Baltimore. The theory is a sort of compromise between the pneumatic tube and the ordinary railway. A miniature railway train for the carriage of mails and light parcels with great speed over short distances, without the attendance of any drivers, firemen, conductors or brakesmen, is the idea. The experimental road now being equipped has rails, one above the car for carrying the current, and two below which carry the cars. The cars are built of sheet iron, and are two feet square and 21 feet long. Speed will be regulated and power or brakes applied by electricity solely. Two cars will constitute a train, and a speed of five miles a minute is expected to be attained. If the experiment at Laurel meets the expectation of the projectors, similar roads for the conveyance of mails and light parcels will be at once laid down, one between Baltimore and Washington, and another between St. Paul and Chicago.

The Worm in the Still.

Some three months ago, some gentlemen met in an office in this city, and after transacting business, partook of a lunch, of which a bottle of pale brandy formed one of the component parts; about a wine-glass was left at the end of the lunch, and the bottle uncorked was laid aside, (a loose cork, however, being inside.) To-day wanting an empty bottle, the official in office picked up the lunch bottle, and in looking at it (a white or transparent glass) he was surprised to see an inch deep of dead flies lying on the bottom inside, and creeping all over from neck to base inside, were scores of little white worms, about quarter of an inch long, and the thickness of a knitting needle, and just the shape of a champagne bottle. We thought of Sampson's riddle, and it occurred to us some scientific mind in Charlottetown might explain how the dead in the bottle also produced life in the bottle. These worms of the still are not to be confounded with ordinary maggots, for they are entirely different. Verily drinkers run many risks, and see strange sights.—*Charlottetown Patroit.*

A Polite Man to His Guests.

"Good gracious, Miss Harriet," exclaimed a young man, slipping hurriedly from the hall into the parlor of the residence, "what sort of a man is your father?"

"About like the average, I guess," she replied, coolly; "why do you ask?"

"Well, he just yelled down stairs to me to bring him up that poultice for his sore neck or he would knock a piece off my jaw. What do I know about it?"

"Did he see you?" she asked in surprise.

"Not that I know of."

"That accounts for it, then," she said, in a tone of relief. "He heard you moving around and thought it was mother. I thought pa wouldn't be impolite to guests in the house."