

THE STANDARD
 IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
Advertising Terms
 1 week. 2w. 3w. 1m. 2m. 3m.
 1 inch, \$1.00 \$1.50 \$2.00 \$2.50 \$3.50 \$4.50
 2 inches, 1.50 2.50 3.50 4.50 6.00 7.25
 3 inches, 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 7.00 9.00
 4 inches, 2.50 3.50 4.50 5.50 8.00 11.00
 Local notices 10 cents a line, no charge less than 75 cents.
 If advertising by the year as may be agreed upon. Bills payable Quarterly.

New Rotary Power Job Press.
 We have added to the Standard Office an Alden New rotary power Job Press, and having tested its merits, pronounce it a No. 1 machine, capable of throwing off upwards of a thousand sheets an hour. With an addition of fancy type, we are prepared to execute with neatness and despatch, orders for blanks, bill heads, envelopes, cards and other printing, and solicit a share of public patronage.

Visitors to St. Andrews and travellers generally, will be pleased to know that Mr. Angus Kennedy has opened the building formerly called the "International," on Water Street, opposite the Manchester House. The hotel has been newly painted and papered, and a large hall erected, which affords increased accommodation. As usual, this house is supplied with the best from Provincial and United States markets. The popular character of Kennedy's Hotel will be maintained; and the genial disposition of its proprietor, will render his house as deserving of patronage as heretofore, as he spares neither pains nor expense to accommodate his guests. my21-ly.

ST. ANDREWS LIBERAL CONSERVATIVE Association.
 W. D. FORSTER, President.
 Geo. S. GRIMMER, Vice do.
 J. R. BRADFORD, Secretary.
 J. M. HANSON, Treasurer.
 Committee.—R. Stevenson, J. Moratt, R. B. Hanson, M. J. C. Andrews, W. D. Hartt, Wm. Morrison, Hugh Maloney.

St. Marks Lodge, No. 5.
 J. F. COVAY, W. M.
 Geo. F. SWICKNEY, Secretary.
 Meets first Thursday in each month.

COMMUNICATION.
INCREASED TAXATION.
 Editor Standard.

Sir.—Having some leisure, I read the newspapers, as it from that source information is to be obtained on local and general events, and I was somewhat startled upon reading in the *Courier* of the 29th January, a continued report of the doings of our local parliament—the County Council—a body of men, you Sir, have said "the County should be proud of," possibly you are correct. How is it then, that during the long depressed times, they have not learned to be economical? Is this a time to increase salaries of County officials (appointed by the Council), whom the people believe are already sufficiently well paid for the duties they perform? In every institution in the Province, reductions are being made, and economy practised. Only a few days ago, when the people had a voice, they reduced the salary of a worthy and competent official, 50 per cent, from the amount originally voted. Why then should the local collective wisdom, saddle the County with unnecessary extra expense? Was the cutting down of some apparently correct accounts, done for the purpose of increasing the salaries of favorites? It occurs to myself and many others, who pay our taxes; that it would be more prudent, to lessen, rather than increase the burden of taxation, which is already oppressive. This poor County is more heavily taxed, than others in the Province, if the published reports of the County Councils, in the *Telegraph* are correct. How easy it is for men to vote away the people's money. I suppose that in the Council there are some men who desire to lessen the expense, but are powerless, because they are in the minority.

Economy.
 A new source of demand for Canadian timber abroad is receiving attention. A great deal of timber has hitherto been supplied by the Baltic countries for use as props, and for other purposes in English mines. The supply from this quarter is falling off, and a much better article can be obtained for these uses in Canada. Our tamarac and cedars are well adapted for English mining requirements, and it is stated that a contract has already been taken to forward a consignment from Canada.—*Toronto Mail.*

The latest discoveries respecting the brain explain many of the anomalies of life. It is found that the mathematical faculties, speech to a considerable extent, and the power to accumulate money, may exist in individuals with small intellects.—*Boston Transcript.*

The main shaft in the Cherryfield mine is down to the depth of about 85 feet. The

vein of silver is found wider and richer than at any time before.

The St. Andrews Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, FEBRUARY 4, 1880.

Through an oversight the date on the outside page, was improperly left on Jan. 21, instead of Feb. 4.

NEW FISH WEIRS. SARDINE FACTORY. Protection.

Licenses have been granted to the following persons to erect weirs in this vicinity:
 JOE'S POINT.—W. D. Hartt.
 KATY'S COVE, Long bar, and Sand Reef.—Messrs. S. Balcom, J. Wren and R. Glenn.

Several others, we learn, have made application to erect weirs in the vicinity of Chamcook and around the Bay. We understand that the object of these persons is to establish a SARDINE FACTORY in St. Andrews, which we sincerely trust may be done at an early day.

From information derived from a reliable source, it appears, that the Sardine Factories at Eastport, expend from \$1,500 to \$2,000 each week from 1st September to the latter end of December, in payment of wages for preparing the fish (sardines) for market; in addition to which amount they pay the fisherman for the catch.

The erection of a Sardine Factory here, would give employment to a large number of our young people of both sexes, and would be a new industry, and a valuable one to the Dominion, which is at present supplied with Sardines from a foreign market, at an expenditure of about \$800,000 per annum.

In these days of Protection, cannot a measure be introduced by the Canadian Government, at the next session of Parliament to protect such an enterprise? The raw material, herring, are caught in Canadian waters; then why not encourage our own people in manufacturing sardines, by placing such a duty on foreign production, as will be an inducement to them to have a "hum" in the production of sardines? The wealth of the sea is at our very doors, and should be utilized in enlarging the industries of this Canada of ours.

Perhaps some persons may assert that the writer has changed his views on the policy of Protection. He has not the least objection to their doing so; as no country on the face of the globe can do a manufacturing and commercial business, without a necessary degree of protection, and in making this statement he is borne out by facts. In point of truth, there is no such thing as free-trade *per se*. From 1875 to 1878 as every one knows, there was a 17½ per cent tariff; and as wealth and business increases, it is probable the tariff will increase in a similar ratio. We may here mention that no herring fit for sardines are caught from West Quoddy Head to the Westward. As a matter of necessity, the Sardine Factories at Eastport would still purchase the raw material from our fishermen.

THE OLDEST AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY in the Dominion, if not in America, is the Charlotte County Agricultural Society, organized in 1819, and which held its first annual meeting on the 19th January, 1820; and celebrated its 60th Anniversary on the 20th of last month. It is therefore six years senior to the Fredericton Agricultural Society, formed in 1825. We recollect the first meeting held to form that Society, from the fact of our late respected father having been asked by his friend Richard Simonds, Speaker of the Assembly, to draw up rules for its government, which he did, and they were submitted to Sir Howard Douglas, then Lieut. Governor, for his approval, which, together with the first annual report also written by him, may possibly be found in the archives of the Society. We also remember the entire horse "Cannon Ball," and the cannoning he displayed while kept in the hon. Thos. Baillie's stable, where he opened the spout of the grain bin and helped himself to all the oats he could eat. Our respected contemporary the *Maritime Farmer* was therefore misinformed as to the Fredericton Agricultural Society being the oldest in the Province; another fact we may mention is, that the Society took the same title as that of the parent Society, viz "Agricultural and Emigrant Society." The *Farmer* was only astray six years, as it will admit by the dates of formation of both Societies.

The offices of the Canadian Academy of Arts, has been published; all of whom are

residents of Toronto and Montreal. The artists of the Maritime Provinces have the privilege of paying fees as members.

Topics of the Week.

SUNDAY FISHING.—It is said that Sunday fishing in the Bay, is being carried on indiscriminately; this we learn cannot be prevented at present, for several reasons, but we believe the Fishery Department is informed weekly of what is being done, by the officer in charge, and probably he has received instructions from the proper authorities how to proceed under the circumstances. That the fishing ground is a valuable one to the Dominion, is admitted, and needs protection; it is therefore reasonable to suppose that being in possession of the fact of the catch, and also of any violation of the law, the department will deal with the matter as it deems proper, for the protection and encouragement of this source of marine wealth. The Fishery Department is one of the best managed in the Dominion.

ACCIDENT.—Last Wednesday evening, Mr. John Smith, a resident of Dear Island, accidentally sustained a fracture of the leg above the ankle joint. Dr. Harry Gove reduced the fracture, and the following morning Mr. Smith was taken home. This is the second accident of a similar nature, occurring within a few days to parties engaged in the herring fishery in our bay.

FEBRUARY is being ushered in by a very cold snap; on Sunday evening an old fashioned Nor-West squall came on, and during the night the thermometer fell to ten degrees below zero. Friday the barometer stood remarkably high, registering 30.758, 30.800, being the highest observed in this latitude, as we remarked in our last issue, a rapid rise and fall of barometer has been indicative of this sudden change. Last February was remarkable for the fact that during the month the thermometer did not fall below zero. A similar phenomena was observable in the Feb. of 1878. It may be possible that the coming month means to score a few zeros to keep up its reputation. February is not to be depended on, by any means, it usually keeps the barometer up to its work, running it down on Sunday the 2nd February last year, to the remarkable figure of 29.056 without corresponding wind or precipitation.

THE MORRIS STANDARD is the title of a new monthly paper published in Morris, Manitoba, devoted to the settlement and development of Manitoba, by Alexander Berg, at Winnipeg, at \$1 per annum. The first number is very creditable.

They are going it strong at Halifax in distilling. The Inland Revenue officers last week discovered and seized three or four illicit stills in cellars, some of them in full blast; the barley "rose up in steam, and descended in dew," according to the old ditty—"mountain dew," or "potteen" as it is usually termed. Some used molasses for a stronger liquor, "red rum."

The Canadian Weather Prophet, Venor, hits it at times, and again fails, he does not equal Saxby, as to exactness of date; he is this as it may; the weather is very uncertain. One day fine and mild, the next freezing, great gusts, the next raining, and the next a snow storm. On Sunday afternoon while the air was balmy and the sun shining brightly, a snow squall occurred, and in the evening, the thermometer fell rapidly, with a strong North West gale, and bitter cold. On Monday it was 14° below 0, and on Tuesday another storm of snow, with a piercing north east wind.

FIRE AT UPPER FALLS.—We regret to learn that a fire occurred at Upper Falls, St. George, on Wednesday last, which destroyed two saw mills and a grist mill, 200 bushels of grain and some shingles, owned by Gillmor Bros., a saw mill owned by S. & C. Johnson. Gillmor Bros. loss \$4,000, and Messrs. Johnson \$1,000.

We understand that the project of erecting cotton mills at Salmon Falls, St. Stephen, is yet regarded favorably and will undoubtedly be carried out in the near future. Mr. Albert Neil, the gentleman who was deputed to consult with capitalists west, has returned from his mission. His report will shortly be made public.

THE LEGISLATURE of this Province is summoned to meet on the 26th February. Why the time set for meeting is so late, is best known to the Government; many of the members would prefer being at their business before the House rises.

Patrick Miller, aged thirty five, of Lunenburg, and Matthew Poor aged twenty five, of Campbellton, were drowned in St. Andrews bay last week.

Arrival of the Princess Louise at Halifax, Monday.

A STORMY PASSAGE.

Her Royal Highness and Lord Lorne to Leave for Ottawa Yesterday.

The steamship "Sarmatian" arrived at Halifax, on Monday last at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, after a stormy and disagreeable passage. Her Royal Highness experienced constant sea-sickness, and kept her state room all the voyage. She recovered after landing at Halifax. The press telegrams state "that as the "Sarmatian" steamed slowly up Halifax Harbor the Union Jack was lowered from the Citadel flagstaff and the Royal Standard floated in its place, while the signal staffs were handsomely dressed with bunting. At 12 o'clock the "Sarmatian" dropped anchor of the ordnance yard, accompanied by the commissariat transport "Lilly General," in which His Excellency the Governor General had steamed down to the mouth of the harbor to meet his Royal wife. The guard of honor from the 63rd Halifax Volunteer Rifle Battalion, under command of Capt. M. J. Power, had taken up their position in the yard, but the guard of honor from the 97th Regt. was late in arriving. Her Royal Highness having landed and was comfortably seated in the sleigh when they came along.

The landing stage was neatly decorated with flags and bunting, and as Her Royal Highness stepped from the "Lilly" on to the landing stage a ringing cheer rose from the people on the wharf, while a royal salute thundered forth from the Citadel. The Princess was received by His Honor the Lieut. Governor, Lady Macdonald, Col. Drayson and His Worship the Mayor. She wore a fur cap and a silk jacket lined with fur. Her face was covered by a white veil. She looked in good health, but a little pale, doubtless the result of sea sickness, caused by the rough weather experienced off the coast. After the Princess and His Excellency were seated, Her Royal Highness invited Governor Archibald to take a seat in their sleigh. They then started for Government House, driving along Granville, down George, along Hollis and up Bishop streets.

At Government House they were received by a guard of honor from the Princess Louise Fusiliers, commanded by Major E. H. Reeves and Lieut. Mitchell, Bremner and McKinlay. Of the members of Her Royal Highness's suite, Hon. Lady Polly and children drove to Maple Wood, where they are the guests of Lady Macdonald, while Hon. Mrs. Langham and Hon. Mr. Collins went to Government House. All the leading military and naval officers, representatives of the Dominion Provincial and Civic Governments, Col. Laurie and staff, the commanding officers of military corps, and a number of clergy men and citizens assembled on the wharf to welcome Her Royal Highness.

LECTURE.—Rev. Wm. McCullagh delivered his lecture on the South Sea Islands, in Stevenson's Hall, on Thursday evening last, for the benefit of the Reform Club. The lecture was interesting and instructive.

The Yarmouth Herald building, we learn from that excellent exchange, took fire, and was injured with the stock to about \$665. It was insured. The *Herald*, notwithstanding the office was considerably upset, was issued as usual on Thursday.

The Irish Appeal to the United States for relief, is being handsomely responded to by Irishmen. In the Dominion also measures have been adopted to aid the sufferers in Ireland.

The *Gladstone News*, is the title of a smart little paper, rather a smartly edited journal, published at Gladstone, Manitoba, of which our young friend, A. R. Main, is Editor and Publisher. We wish the success of our friend of the *Courier*, abundant success.

TEMPERANCE.—Our contemporary the *St. Croix Courier*, states that Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir C. Tupper, Hon. Messrs. Aikens, Bowell, Jas. McDonald, Wilnot, and O'Connor, have joined the "Dominion Temperance Alliance." Sir S. L. Tilley has always been a member. A pretty strong Temperance Cabinet.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Messrs Landry & Co., Music dealers and publishers, St. John, a beautiful piece of music entitled "None Valse," by the celebrated composer Aubert. It is for the Piano, and should grace the selections of those fond of sweet music.

County Council.

The following is a copy of the Finance Committee's Report on the County Accounts submitted to the Council:

COUNTY ACCOUNTS.

H. McLaughlin, bill \$4, for certificate in lunacy rejected.	\$2 20	passed
John A. Haney, J. P.	2 00	do
H. A. Brooks,	5 00	reject'd
D. B. Myhrhall, M. D. inquest	7 00	passed
G. W. Lever, constable,	4 25	do
T. A. Hendricks do	1 88	do
J. G. Lorimer, printing,	4 00	reject'd
H. McLaughlin, M. D.,	1 45	passed
T. A. Frankland,	2 50	do
W. Burton, digging grave	1 90	do
W. A. Rollins, constable	17 20	do
H. E. Gillmor, M. D. coroner	14 80	do
T. Dick, M. P., do	2 95	do
Archie Stinson	2 95	do
E. Daggett, J. P., \$4 25	2 95	do
J. Johnson, constable, \$3 35	7 20	do
W. T. Rose, J. P.,	18 60	reject'd
Afram Young,	200	passed
A. T. Paul, sheriff, 1 yr salary	210	do
Mark Hall, jailer, do	8 86	do
M. Haggerty, \$9 50,	26 10	do
H. O. Reynolds, two inquests	2 50	do
C. E. O. Hatheway, J. P.	40	do
Ron. Campbell, constable, \$2 20	48 50	do
S. Andrews, do, \$25 45	4 40	do
Wm Smith,	14 05	do
J. W. Mann, J. P., \$15 25,	15 25	do
C. H. Smith, books	15 20	reject'd
H. McLaughlin, M. D., coroner	2 10	passed
James Mann, constable,	2 00	reject'd
Peter Davis do inquest	2 00	passed
John Thorpe, do do,	15 07	do
Odell & Turner	72 43	do
T. T. Odell, cash adv. jail com'ttee	75	do
E. S. Polleys,	10 40	do
C. E. O. Hatheway, J. P.	2 00	do
S. T. Gove, M. D., med. attd. jail	288 28	do
G. S. Grimmer, clerk	17 50	do
A. H. Clewley, constable,	13 00	do
A. W. Smith, printing,	4 25	do
Bay Pilot, do	5 00	reject'd
J. B. Carlyle,	7 00	passed
J. B. Carlyle,	2 65	reject'd
James Brown, J. P.,	15 00	passed
W. G. H. Grimmer, auditor,		

The committee recommended an additional sum of \$20 for services performed for the past year, and for preparing the accounts for publication, a further sum of \$10.

The committee beg to report the County Treasurer's accounts correct, and very satisfactory.

James Russell,	\$1450 00
Geo. N. Lindsay,	600 00
Geo. F. Hibbard,	50 00
A. T. Lloyd,	100 00
J. A. Taylor,	500 00
Total	\$2500 00
County School Fund	8000 00
Total	\$10,500 00

The St. Croix river, which forms the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick, has been stocked artificially with salmon by the Commissioners of Maine, and there has been a marked increase of these fish observed, the weirs on the river having taken more this year than previously.

It is stated that Gen. Brayton, the defaulting Postmaster of Providence, R. I., confesses to the deficiency of \$30,000 in his accounts.

MARRIED.
 At Rollandam, on the 20th Jan. by Rev. W. Milten, James Crawford of Richmond, Carleton County, to Lizzie, second daughter of John Peacock.

NEW BRUNSWICK, S. S.

To the Sheriff of the County of Charlotte, or any Constable in the said County, Greeting:
 WHEREAS Patrick Britt, Executor of Mary E. Clark, late of St. Andrews, in the County of Charlotte, Widow, deceased, hath by his Petition bearing date the twenty-fourth day of January, instant, represented that the personal Estate of the said deceased, which has come to his hands, is deficient for the payment of debts a said Estate, and hath prayed that License be granted to him to sell a part of the Real Estate for that purpose;

You are therefore requested to cite the heirs at law of the said Mary E. Clark, and all others interested, to appear before me at a Court of Probate, to be held in my office in St. Andrews, on SATURDAY the 21st day of FEBRUARY next at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for the consideration of the said Petition, and the granting (if deemed advisable) of such License.
 Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court, the 26th day of January A. D. 1880.

GEO. D. STREET,
 Judge of Probates for Charlotte County.
 S. H. WHITLOCK,
 Registrar of Probates for said County.

ITS CURED PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY. I send a bottle of my celebrated remedy, with a valuable certificate in this disease, true to all sufferers who send me their P. O. and Express address. Dr. H. G. ROOT, No 163 Pearl St., New York.

We want NEW AND THE ON Self

being ready to be accidentally turned. The machine is adjusted, the work required in the Lobbins, giving making the Lobbins machine the most roomy most easily No. 300 to No. best material Agents.

The feed can material; also the machine is adjusted, the work required in the Lobbins, giving making the Lobbins machine the most roomy most easily No. 300 to No. best material Agents.

IT IS Attractive and perfect

Examine them They possess in fact they

BI These machines

STAND.

POSTERS a specialty
 CIRCULARS
 HANDBILLS
 LABELS
 CARDS
 TAGS

Inserted in SEND YOU Parties wanting POST

E SUCCES

Would respectfully Old

Having made large ad

Fresh supplies of \$10 ed. Granulated, & A very choice article Oolong, and English Pure and Fresh Gr Macaroni, Tapioca,

Spi CORDAGE Lines Kerosine OIL All of which w

\$300 A MONTH home no require, be work for one can get it. Tice will send us their prices. "Costly" as a These are ready at work Address TRUE and C

BENJ. R. BARRISTER & solicitor, Convey: Real Estate and Offices, - -

V C & STAND

Council.
of the Finance Com-
County Accounts sub-
COUNTS.
or certificate in luncy

\$2 20	passed
2 00	do
5 00	reject'd
7 00	passed
4 25	do
1 88	do
4 00	reject'd
1 45	passed
2 50	do
1 90	do
17 20	do
14 80	do
1 45	do
2 95	do
2 95	do
7 20	do
18 60	reject'd
2 00	passed
210	do
8 86	do
26 10	do
2 50	do
4 40	do
\$25 45	38 50 do
4 40	do
15 25	do
15 20	reject'd
2 10	passed
2 00	reject'd
2 00	passed
15 07	do
72 43	do
75	do
10 40	do
2 00	do
288 28	do
17 50	do
13 00	do
4 25	do
5 00	reject'd
7 00	passed
2 65	reject'd
15 00	passed

...for the present year,
...\$1450 00
...50 00
...100 00
...300 00
...2500 00
...8000 00
...\$10,300 00

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Maine and New Bruns-
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a marked increase of
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this year than pre-

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ARRIED.
n the 29th Jan. by Rev. W.
ford of Richmond, Carleton
second daughter of John

NICK. S. S.
County of Charlotte, or any
said County, *Greeting* :

rick Britt, Executor of Mary
of St. Andrews, in the County
se, deceased, hath by his Pe-
the twenty-fourth day of Ja-
resented that the personal Es-
eased, which has come to his
or the payment of debts of the
hath prayed that License be
sell a part of the Real Estate

ce requested to cite the heirs
Mary E. Clark, and all others
ar before me at a Court of
d in my office in St. Andrews,
the 21st day of FEBRUARY
yolk in the forenoon, for the
aid Petition, and the grant-
able) of such License.

hand and the Seal of the said
ay of January A. D. 1880.

GEORGE D. STREET,
udge of Probates for Charlotte
County.

of Probates for said County.

EL PROMPTLY AND PER-
FECTLY. I send a bottle of
celebrated remedy, with a val-
uation on this disease, free to
send me their P. O. and Ex-
Dr H. G. ROOT, No 103
York.

HOLD ON!

**We will surprise you with the
NEW AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE,
THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE WHICH HAS A
Self threading Shuttle,**

EFFICIENCY.

The feed can be quickly raised or lowered to adapt it to thick or thin material; also the length of stitch can be regulated from above, while the machine is in motion. The tensions are easily, evenly, and perfectly adjusted, the under tension being self-regulating, and no threading up required in the shuttle. The underthread is drawn from a short, deep bobbin, giving a perfectly even tension, never breaking the thread, making the Lock Stitch, the strongest and best. It runs lightest of any shuttle machine. Makes the least noise. Has self setting needle. Has the most room under the arm. Never skips stitches or breaks threads. Is most easily learned. Can be instantaneously adjusted to work from No. 30 to No. 10 cotton. Is thoroughly made in all its parts of the best material and every machine is warranted by the Company and its Agents.

IT IS SOMETHING WONDERFUL,

Attractive and useful. Beautiful in design, simple in construction, and perfect

IN OPERATION.

Examine these celebrated machines before purchasing elsewhere. They possess more good points than any other machine in the market; in fact, they are just what we claim for them, the

BEST IN THE WORLD.

These machines may be seen in J. M. HANSON'S Shoe Factory.

L. A. GUILD, Manager.

STANDARD PRINTING OFFICE.

Bradley's Building, Water Street.

**All Orders Promptly
Attended to,**
and satisfaction in every case guaranteed.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted in these Columns at Low Rates—Good Space given.

SEND YOUR ADVERTISING HERE AND GET A GOOD DISPLAY.

Parties wanting POSTERS such as Auction Sales 'Farms for Sale' 'Show Bills', call at this office

E. S. POLLEYS.

SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE WILLIAM WHITLOCK, ESQ.

Would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Saint Andrews and vicinity, that he purposes continuing the business at the

Old Stand, Church Block, Water Street,
Near the Post Office.

Having made large additions to the varied stock heretofore kept, he trusts by attention to the wants of the community, to merit a share of patronage.

IN STOCK.

Fresh supplies of SUGARS, English, Crushed, Granulated, Scotch Refined, &c.
A very choice article of MOLASSES,
TEAS,
Oolong, and English Breakfast.
COFFEES,
Pure and Fresh Ground Java,
Macaroni, Tapioca, Sago, Spices, Starch.

SOAPS, Potash, Sodas, Saleratus, Dried Fruits, Fine Navy Bread, Crackers, Biscuits, TOBACCO'S, Navy, Black Jack, and Smoking,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
DISCS, GLASS & PUTTY,
Painters' Supplies, WOOD WARE, Tubs, Pails, Brooms, Brushes, Builders' Shears and Carriage HARDWARE, Iron, Steel

Spikes, Nails, Zinc, Lead, Tinware,
CORDAGE Lines and Twines, Pitch, TAR, RESIN Oakum, Best brands AMERICAN Kerosine OILS. —Just received—an assortment of Chairs, BEDSTEDS, Mats.
All of which will be sold at the LOWEST Market rates.

\$300 A MONTH guaranteed. If 12 Dollars is not made by the industry. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and anybody can do it right. Those who are wise will see this notice will send us their addresses at once and receive these services. Costly outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are trying to get thousands of money. Address: TRUB and CO., Augusta, Maine.

BENJ. R. STEVENSON,
BARRISTER & ATTORNEY AT LAW
Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public &c.
Real Estate and Insurance Agency
Offices, - - - St. Andrews, N. B.
(St. George, on Saturdays)

STANDARD OFFICE
PRINTED AT THE
STANDARD OFFICE

O. E. O. HATHWAY,
AUCTIONEER
Office, - - - Water St., St. Andrews
July, 1879.

PURSE LOST,
ON Friday last, 10th inst., between the Presbyterian Church and Rev. Mr. Harrison's. The owner's name is written on the inside. The finder will be rewarded on leaving it at the STANDARD OFFICE.
St. Andrews, Oct. 13, 1879.

NEW BRUNSWICK & CANADA RAILROAD.

1879. WINTER ARRANGEMENT 1880

ON and after Monday, December 1st, Trains will run as follows:

Trains North,
Express Trains leave St. Stephen daily at 9 30 a. m., and St. Andrews every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY at 8 30 a. m. for Woodstock and Houlton.

Trains South,
Leave Woodstock daily at 8 10 a. m. and Houlton daily at 8 20 a. m., daily, for St. Stephen and for St. Andrews every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY.

Connections,
The St. Stephen and Houlton Trains connect at St. Stephen with Trains East for Fredericton and St. John; and at Vanocles with Trains West for Bangor, Portland and Boston; and at Woodstock with the New Brunswick Railway for Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Grand Falls and Edmundston; and at St. Stephen and St. Andrews with International Steamship Co's Boats, which leave Tuesday, and Friday for St. John, and Monday and Thursday for Portland and Boston.

HENRY OSBORN,
Manager.
St. Stephen, N. B., Dec. 1, 1879.

First Class Pianos.

The Proprietors offer for sale First Class Pianos 7 1/2 octave, black walnut and rosewood, furnished with all modern improvements at moderate prices for cash or other approved payment. Pianos shipped at manufacturers cost, and warranted.

E. WILLARD & CO.,
Factory, 290 Tremont St. Boston
Orders left at the Standard office, St. An-
drews, will be promptly attended to.



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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that an application will be made to the Legislature of New Brunswick at its next session, to amend an Act passed the eleventh day of April, 1872, entitled "An Act to incorporate the GRAND SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY," and the Act in amendment thereof; and to extend the time therein named, for the completion of said Railway for two years.

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USEFUL HINTS.

Relief for Many Household Grievances.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in the Bazar, gives the following methods of relief from defacements of the possessions of young housekeepers by accidental stains or injuries: Before any spot or stain can be erased, it is important that one should learn the nature of whatever produced the blemish, and also that of the material injured. Anything which, if applied, might erase a stain from wood or metal, might be injurious if applied to cloth. That which would remove the defect from linen might increase the trouble if used on woollens, or have no effect at all.

A weak solution of oxalic acid applied with a brush with great care will remove the ink from books or papers, and in no wise injure them, or if ink is spilled on linen, cotton, or any white goods, oxalic acid will remove it, unless dried in, and of long standing. In that case, equal quantities of muriatic acid and tin-salt will remove it, but both these preparations are poisonous, and should be carefully labeled and kept out of the reach of children or careless servants. Delicate colors would be destroyed by these preparations. Ask the druggist for a weak solution of phosphoric acid of soda, dip a brush in it, and carefully wet the ink spot, and after several trials it will remove ink from delicate colors without injuring the goods. Wash or sponge with clear water.

But none of these things can be used safely on carpets or woollen goods. If ink is spilled on a carpet or woollen article, it should be attended to at once, while still wet if possible, and then is very easily removed. Take clean blotting-paper or cotton batting, and gently sop up all the ink that has not soaked in. Then pour a little sweet milk on the spot, and soak it up from the carpet with fresh cotton batting. It will need to be renewed two or three times, fresh milk and cotton being used each time, and the spot will disappear. Then wash the spot with clean soap-suds, and rub dry with a clean cloth. If the ink has been allowed to dry in, the milk must remain longer, and be repeated many times.

Bronzes require no cleaning, if kept unimpaired, except careful dusting, so that no dirt shall settle on the beauty of the design. But if they unfortunately are greased or spotted, wash with warm soap-suds made quite strong with soap, then gently rub, and thoroughly dry. If by accident or carelessness the bronze is rusted and defaced beyond the power of soap and water to remove, the only safe way is to have it rebronzed, which, near a city is not a difficult thing.

If marble is smoked or soiled, either by bituminous coal or too free use of kindling wood, Spanish whiting, with a piece of washing soda, rubbed together, and wet with only enough water to moisten and make it into a paste, will remove the grease and smoke. Dip a piece of flannel in t preparation, and rub the spots while the paste is quite moist. Leave the paste on for hours, and, if need be, remove it and renew with fresh paste. When the spots disappear, wash the place with clean hot soap-suds, wipe dry, and polish with chamois-skin.

If oil or grease has been spilled on marble or stone, get fuller's-earth, or pipe-clay, well-dried and finely pulverized, make it into a thin paste with strong lye, put it quite thick over the spot, and place a warm—not too hot—flat-iron on the paste until quite dry, then wash it off, and if the stain has not entirely disappeared, apply the paste and warm iron once or twice more. One application, washed off with strong soap-suds quite hot, is usually quite sufficient, unless the stain is of long standing and has soaked in. In that case it may require to be applied two or three times.

Oil marks on wall-paper, or the marks where inconsiderate people rest their heads, are a sore grief to good housekeepers, but they can be removed without much trouble. Take pipe-clay or fuller's-earth, and make into a paste, about as thick as ricem cream, with cold water; lay it on the stain gently, without rubbing it in; leave it on all night. It will be dry by morning, when it can be brushed off, and unless an old stain the grease spot will have disappeared. If old, renew the application.

Grease on a carpet, if not of long standing, can be readily disposed of by washing the spot with hot soap-suds and borax—half an ounce of borax to a gallon of water. Use a clean cloth to wash it with, rinse in warm water, and wipe dry.

If sperm-candle is dropped on any garment or furniture, first carefully scrape off all that can be removed without injury to the material; then lay brown paper over the spot, or a piece of blotting-paper, and put a warm iron on the paper until the oil shows through. Continue to remove the paper and apply the warm iron until the paper shows no more oil.

Spots of furniture, from anything hot or from alcohol, can be removed by rubbing hard with sweet-oil and turpentine. When the spots disappear, wash in milk-warm soap-suds, dry quickly, and polish by rubbing briskly with chamois-skin.

When velvet has been wet and becomes spotted, hold the wrong side over steam, and while damp draw the wrong side quickly over a warm iron. It takes two to do this well— one to hold the bottom of the iron upward, and the second to draw the velvet across it.

Paint, pitch, or tar can be removed from cloth or wood by rubbing it with

turpentine. If the paint has become dry, put a few drops of the turpentine on the spot, and if all the paint is not removed, repeat the work. When entirely gone, rub off with alcohol.

Ivory that has been spotted, or has grown yellow, can be made as clear and fresh as new by rubbing with fine sand-paper, and then polishing with finely powdered pumice-stone.

Marble can be nicely cleaned in the following manner: Pulverize a little blue-stone, and mix with four ounces of soft soap and one ounce of soda dissolved in a very little water. Boil this preparation over a slow fire fifteen minutes, stirring all the time. Lay it on the marble white hot, with a clean brush. Let it remain half an hour; then wash off in clean suds, wipe dry, and polish by quick rubbing.

Grease can be removed from stone steps or passages by pouring on it strong soda water boiling hot; then make fuller's earth into a thin paste with boiling water; spread it over the stain or spot, and let it remain all night. If the grease has soaked or dried in, it may be necessary to repeat this for two or three nights, scrubbing it off each morning with strong soap-suds and lye. When houses are under repair and being painted, it is important that one should keep watch for such oil spots as painters are not over-careful in handling their oils, and such spots are very annoying.

If ink has been spilled over rosewood or mahogany furniture, half a teaspoonful of vitriol in a tablespoonful of water applied with a feather, will quickly remove it.

The Poetry of Iron.

There is a wonderful fascination about iron work and ironworkers. Novelists have made them the scenes and heroes of their stories; poets have made them the themes of Tubal Cain, and Hector swore "by the forge that stilled Mars' helm," but the other trades are passed over. When did poet, in lofty numbers, sing of the carpenter latting a black room on the second floor? Who chants the brawny arms and the thrilling deeds of a man climbing a four-story ladder with a load of mortar? Does anybody stand, with rapt attention, and watch a painter putty up a nail hole? I would not exchange one hour at midnight in the iron works at Ashland for a whole week watching a man mix mortar with a hoe. Why, these iron works surround the Ashlanders with enough romance to last a Western community at least six weeks. And yet, I suppose there are people here who never saw a nail made in their lives. I have known times in my eminently useful and highly ornamental career—times when I was trying to nail a front gate to a leather hinge, when I wished there never had been a nail made anywhere by anybody. And I watched them as they fell from the ponderous machines, fast as rain drops, and it seemed to me, as I watched them fall, that I could hear the dull, treacherous thud of the hammer on the human thumb, the low wail of a woman's anguish, "t a big D" of a young man in his agony. These strange, weird feelings and fancies rushed into my mind like a torrent. I stooped and picked up a bran new nail as a memento of my visit. Then I laid it down again. Sadly, but not slowly, I have an impression, I know not where I got it, that a new nail, like a new log, is warm, and that it is far more perceptible in the case of the nail. It may not be so in every instance. I presume there are some nails laid cold, but the one I picked up was not so exceedingly ice-whizzing cold, and I did not investigate any further.—Harvey Hanorist.

Reporting in Congress.

To a stranger it seems simply incredible that a verbatim report can be taken of the verbal whirlwinds which visit the House of Representatives so frequently. One member nominally has the floor, but a dozen or twenty other members are on their feet, making all sorts of noises, interrupting, contradicting, appealing to the speaker, interpolating all kinds of parliamentary abuse, nonsense and retort, while the speaker is adding to the din by rapping on the desk with his mallet and demanding order. Inarticulate shouts of approval and disapproval contend for the mastery. Meanwhile the member entitled to the floor is sawing the air and beating his desk in dumb show. But the reporter, practiced in such scenes and knowing what they mean, who are making the noise and what they are making it about, catches a word here and there, supplies broken sentences, makes grammar out of disjointed phrases, has the intelligence and discretion to know what is simply the chaotic accompaniment to be ignored, and which the stream of essential melody running through it all to be noted and preserved, and thus, with the help of an occasional assistance from his fellow reporters and the recollection of the combats themselves with regard to the controversy just ended, he can present to the readers of the Record next morning a report which will be almost absolutely correct of the stormy scenes of the session. And if his record is not faithful, he will be very apt to know it next day, for although the proceedings of Congress are not the most exciting feature of the day's news to the general reader, we may be certain that there is one man who reads the official report of yesterday's proceedings with a critical attention, and that is the person whose utterances form part of those proceedings. Hence it follows that the reporter's work passes in review every day before exacting critics, and that a reputation for good or bad work is speedily acquired.—Good Company.

Longevity Notes.

Mrs. Cecelia Logan died recently in Philadelphia, aged 100 years.

Joseph Gaulett, who died a short time ago at Peck, Mich., was 104 years old.

Maria Turner, recently deceased at St. Louis, claimed to be 110 years old.

Capt. Mankins, of Fayetteville, Kansas, is yet in the full vigor of health, and is 109 years old.

For eighty years a man of Orrington, Mass., has worked at shoemaking. He is now ninety-one years old.

Joseph McNair, who died recently at Montreal, was 108 years of age. His wife, who is still living, is ninety-two.

Losing his only remaining leg when ninety years of age is the experience of A. N. Annas, of Croton, N. Y.

Cross Woods, a mulatto of Lincoln county, N. C., is 127 years old, and dug a well after he had passed a century.

The Rev. Moses How, of Portsmouth, N. H., has been a Methodist preacher sixty-five years, and is now over ninety years of age.

Mrs. Thomas Henson, of Johnson county, Iowa, when buried recently had for pall bearers her six sons, all grown to manhood.

Mrs. Hicks Floyd, of Greenup, Ky., is seventy-five years old, but when her dwelling took fire recently she climbed upon the roof and put out the flame.

Miss Mary Travis, of Cottingham, England, has lived a century, and celebrated the event by being baptized a member of the Episcopal church.

Grace Forbush, of Adair county, Ky., relates many instances from her own experience during the Revolution, and is said to be 115 years old.

Thomas Poole, of Buttrickville, Ind., is said to have one hundred grandchildren and eighty-eight great-grandchildren living. He has just died in his ninety-fifth year.

George L. Perkins, aged ninety-two, is the oldest railroad official in the United States, and has been treasurer of the Norwich and Worcester railroad since its organization.

An old slave of Baton Rouge, La., who died recently in New Orleans was 125 years old. She was set free by her master on her 100th birthday. Her name was Maria Solomon.

One of the oldest ladies in Rhode Island is Mrs. Nathaniel Greene, of Newport. Although over ninety-six years of age, she is excellent company and carries on a large correspondence.

Rosanna Hamp died recently at Fulton, Ohio, in her 107th year. She leaves four children, forty-nine grandchildren, forty-one great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren.

A Word to Workers.

If your avocations are menially or physically laborious, if they subject you to exposure to the sun, to cold, to wet, to dust, to the heat and glare of a furnace, to the wear and tear of brain and nervous strain, you may occasionally require some restorative tonic. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best for this purpose. It stimulates the failing energies, invigorates the body and cheers the mind. It equalizes the system to throw off the debilitating effects of undue fatigue, gives renewed vigor to the organs of digestion, increases the liver when inactive, which it very often is, with people whose pursuits are sedentary, renews the jaded appetite, and gives enjoyment to the life. Its ingredients are safe, and its credentials, which consist in the hearty endorsement of persons of every class of society, are most convincing. Admiration is adapted to the medical wants of workers.

A Funny Story.

The other day an old country woman drove up in her wagon to a well-known shoe store, and entering the same, thus accosted the proprietor: "I want to see them 'Squire-Dee' Rubber Boots advertised in all the papers. I'm thinking they must be cheap at ninety-five cents, and I'll just take home two pair to the old man."

"It was difficult at first to convince the old lady that the figures '95' referred to quality, not price, and that the boots were 95 per cent. sterling pure. When she was shown a sample cut open to display the interior, and saw that the soles were half an inch thick of solid rubber, and that the upper and legs were double thick, she was contented to pay, not ninety-five cents, but several dollars, for a single pair of the 'Squire-Dee' 95 Per Cent. boots. She believed they were the best she had ever seen, and she was right. The storekeeper punched the date of sale in the legs so as to fix the expiration of the boots at the date of the purchase, in case they did not stand the warrant, he would give a new pair free of charge.

Whereas no nothing to cleanse an impure circulation, and to give life to the system, the blood and Liver Syrup. It does the business thoroughly in every case, promoting active bilious secretion, restoring to the life current the purity of perfect health, and removing from the entire disfiguring eruptions and sores. Chronic rheumatism and gout also succumb to its curative influence. For the diseases peculiar to the gentler sex it is a capital remedy. All druggists sell it.

For one cent purchase a postal card and send your address to Dr. Sanford, 162 Broadway, New York, and receive pamphlets by return mail, from which you can learn whether your liver is out of order, and if out of order, or in any way diseased, what is the best thing in the world to take for it.

Wanted. Sherman & Co., Marshall, Mich., want an agent in this county at once, at a salary of \$100 per month and expenses paid. For full particulars address as above.

Dr. C. E. Shoemaker, of Reading, Pa., is the only surgeon in the United States who devotes all his time to the treatment of deafness and discharges of the ear and catarrh; especially running ear. Nearly twenty years experience. Thousands testify to his skill. Consult him by mail or otherwise. Pamphlet Free.

Cure For Croup or Cough.—As soon as there is the slightest uneasiness of the chest, with difficulty of breathing, or indication of cough, take during the day a few "Brown's Bronchial Troches." 25 cents a box.

A cable dispatch to the Associated Press says that Mason & Hamlin have been awarded the highest gold medal at the Paris Exposition for their cabinet organs. Thirty best makers of the world were competitors.

Get Lyon's Patent Heat Stiffener applied to your new boots and they will never run over, and will last twice as long.

If other remedies have failed, try Pilo's Cure for Consumption for your cough.

All grocers keep C. Gilbert's Starches.

Young men go west. Learn telegraphy. Address R. Valentino, Manager, Janesville, Wis.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Natty Tobacco.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers. Dr. MARSHALL'S TRIPLE CATHARTIC will purify the blood, cleanse the system, and give the system a new lease of life. It is a safe and reliable medicine, and is sold by all druggists.

No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a lawsuit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See other column.—Albany Times.

Kidney-Wort effectively acts at the same time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

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I hid on thine
Accept this
I have no jewel
Nor any world
But here I bring
This will of
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Supplement.

My Sacrifice.

I laid on thine altar, O my Lord divine,
Accept this gift to-day for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn thy shrine,
No way worth famed sacrifice to make;
But here I bring, within my trembling hand,
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small;
And thou alone, oh Lord, canst understand
How when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all,
Hidden therein Thy searching gaze canst see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight.
All that I have, or am, or fain would be—
Deep loves, fond hopes and longings infinite;
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,
Cleaved in my grasp till beauty hath it
Now, from Thy footstool, where it vanquished lies,
The prayer ascendeth—may Thy will be done!
Take it, oh Father, ere my courage fail!
And merge it so in Thine own will that 'e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And Thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not know or feel it as my own,
But, gaining back my will, may find it Thine!

Homepun Eloquence.

A doctor named Royston had sued Peter Bennett for a bill long overdue, for attending the wife of the latter. Alexander H. Stephens was on the Bennett side and Robert Toombs—then Senator of the United States—was for Dr. Royston. The doctor proved the number of visits, the value according to local custom, and his own authority to do medical practice. Mr. Stephens told his client that the physician had made out his case, and as there was nothing wherewith to rebut or offset the claim, the only thing left to do was to pay it.

"No," said Peter, "I hired you to speak in my case, and now speak."
Mr. Stephens told him there was nothing to say; he had looked out to see that it was made out, and it was. Peter was obstinate, and at last Mr. Stephens told him to make a speech himself if he thought one could be made.

"I will," said Peter Bennett, "if Bobby Toombs will not be too hard on me."
Senator Toombs promised and Peter began.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you and I are plain farmers, and if we don't stick together these 'ere lawyers and doctors will get the advantage of us. I ain't no objections to them in their proper place; but they ain't 'er 'ers, gentlemen of the jury. Now, this man Royston was a new doctor, and I went for him to doctor my wife's sore leg. And he came and put some salve truck onto it, and some sage, but never done one bit of good, gentlemen of the jury. I don't believe he is no doctor, no way. There is doctors that is doctors, sure enough, but this man don't earn his money; and if you send for him, as Mrs. Susan Atkinson did for a negro boy that was worth \$1,000, he will kill him and want pay for it."

"I don't," thundered the doctor.
"Did you cure him?" asked Peter with the slow siccant of a judge with a black cap on.
The doctor was silent, and Peter proceeded.

Mr. Peak's woman Sarah was attended by him, and her funeral was appointed, and he had the corpse ready. Where is that likely Bill as belonged to Mr. Mitchell? Now in glory expressin' his opinion on Royston's doctorin'. Where is the baby gal of Harry Stephens? She is where doctors cease from troublin' and infants are at rest.

"Gentlemen of the jury, he has eat chickens enough at my house to pay for his salve, and I furnished the rag; and I don't suppose he charges for makin' of her worse, and even he don't pretend to charge for curin' of her; and I am humbly thankful that he never gave her nothin' for her innards, as he did his other patients, for something made um all die mighty sudden."

Here the applause made the speaker sit down in great confusion, and in spite of a logical restatement of the case by Senator Toombs, the doctor lost and Peter Bennett won.

Preserving as well as Insuring Lives. A metropolitan journal puts forth an extraordinary and yet on the whole, sensible suggestion, as follows: To those holding the policies of life insurance companies, it is often a matter of wonder that the life insuring corporations take such little interest in their risks after they have once got them fairly on their books. Before the policy is issued, the applicant is put through a more or less rigorous examination, but after that, provided the payments of premium are promptly made, the company takes little, if any, interest in its risk. It is true, there are certain conditions in most policies which provide that the assured shall not travel in the tropics without first obtaining the approval of the insuring company, and shall not engage in certain specified dangerous occupations; but these are to meet exceptional cases and do not apply to the average man. To borrow a suggestion from a kindred business, why do not life companies seek to protect their risks when in peril in the same manner that fire insurance companies do? These latter, in each large city in this country, maintain at their own expense what are variously known as salvage, protective, and patrol corps. These organizations are in every way supplied with the appliances for saving property from complete or partial destruction by water, smoke, and fire. It is not the duty of their members to put out fires; that is left to the fire departments. They simply save, by covering over or carrying away, the property that would otherwise be damaged, if not destroyed, and the experience of a few years, since these organizations have been in operation, shows that they often save in a year many times their cost of maintenance. Now, why should not the life companies make a copy of this idea, furnishing, of course, free medical advice instead of rubber blankets? Such a plan could only be carried out in certain large cities where a large number of policy-holders reside, and it would, moreover, be always a difficult matter to say just the amount and value of the service which the company's physician rendered. The objection may be raised that the policyholder, when dangerously ill, would prefer his family physician to one furnished by the company; but this would hardly apply if the company's plan consisted of one of a dozen doctors who could be named, to attend when necessary upon their risks. Their reputation for skill in their profession would be a sufficient guarantee, and besides this, the patient should know that they represented a corporation that had a keen interest in restoring him to health. Under existing conditions, the companies leave this work wholly to the assured, trusting that the law of self-preservation will be strong enough to induce him to procure suitable medical treatment; but this does not allow for the too common ignorance of the healing art which permits men to intrust their lives in the keeping of quacks and charlatans, often for the purpose of saving a dollar or two in the fee. The question of cost is not here entered upon, but this ought not to be considerable. Another matter that might also cause changes to be made in the acturaries' tables of mortality would be an occasional sanitary inspection of the houses in which the policy-holders of a city reside.

Dr. W. A. V. Spotswood, of Mobile, Ala., now seventy-three years old, owns a sword which, it is said, once belonged to Gen. Washington. It was given to the present possessor's grandfather, Gen. Alex. Spotswood, of Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, by General Washington himself, on the occasion of the visit made by General Spotswood to the Father of his Country at Mount Vernon in 1789—one year before the death of General Washington. At the time it was presented, the owner of the sword was using it as a pruning knife, and so at the time trimming his trees. Dr. Spotswood retains only the sword hilt—the belt and scabbard having been stolen from the house of his father, at Springfield, Illinois. The sword was converted into a pruning knife by Gen. Washington himself, who filed one edge of it into a saw.

The Railing Passion Strong in Death.

A millionaire, who lived and died in the vicinity of Cincinnati, as he felt his last days drawing nigh, summoned a distinguished neighbor and lawyer, who since has occupied one of the highest positions in the gift of representatives of the people, to prepare a last will and testament. When the will was drawn the man said: "I propose to make you my executor, and I shall require no bond from you. Write that, also." The executor complied, after thanking his client, and promised to execute the will to the best of his ability. "What is your bill for drawing up my will?" asked the millionaire. "Oh, under the circumstances, of course, I shall charge you nothing," was the answer. "But," said the other, "that is not my way of doing business. Make out and receipt a bill for your services and I will pay you now." "Well, since you insist, I will make out a bill for a nominal sum—say \$25." And this member, who seldom draws breath without charging someone for the respiration, made out and receipted for \$25 a bill which, under other circumstances, would have been \$500. The good man died and was buried. When the will was read it was found that the name of his son had been inserted in place of that of the distinguished lawyer. The ruling passion was strong in death. The man who knew how to accumulate wealth understood the value of a rightly-drawn will and the difference between \$25 and \$500. He had merely copied the words in the order they were written by his legal friend, but after many tremendous efforts I could not remove the collar. In despair I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but after several unsuccessful attempts he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impractical. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessor; for, after twisting the poor horse's neck to strangulation and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy?) since the collar was put on; for, he said, it was a downward impossibility for such a high head to pass through so narrow a collar. Just at this instant a servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, "La, master," said she, "you don't go about the work in the right way; you should go like this," when turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained.

A Fresh Anecdote of Coleridge.

Cottle, in his 'Life of Coleridge,' the eminent author, relates the following amusing incident: I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose, I removed the harness without difficulty, but after many tremendous efforts I could not remove the collar. In despair I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but after several unsuccessful attempts he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impractical. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessor; for, after twisting the poor horse's neck to strangulation and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy?) since the collar was put on; for, he said, it was a downward impossibility for such a high head to pass through so narrow a collar. Just at this instant a servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, "La, master," said she, "you don't go about the work in the right way; you should go like this," when turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained.

Robbing His Uncle of His Bride.

A naughty nephew has swindled his uncle, a foolish Kentucky farmer, out of a bride. The old man was well-to-do, and his nephew lived with him on the river. A dose of the nephew in the neighborhood was very poor, and yet disinclined to marry when it was in his power. The old man's entreaties did not cease, and finally, in despair, he enlisted the services of his nephew, who was prevailed upon to argue the case with the charmer. The confiding old farmer never suspected anything, when his nephew suggested the propriety of capturing the young lady with presents, and giving her an earnest of what she could expect after marriage. This suggestion was received favorably, and the old man thinking the younger the better judge in such points, gave him \$150 for the purchase of the gifts. The nephew went down to Evansville a few weeks ago and bought some handsome dresses, jewelry and other bribes, and took them back to his Green river home. The old man presented them to the lady freely as a token of regard, hinting that if she would only become his wife she could have as many duplicates of the lot as she pleased. The young lady went to work and made up the dresses, and then ran away with the nephew.

A Singular Occurrence.

A very singular accident recently happened in Georgia to the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta passenger train. As the engine passed over the frog of the switch it jumped the track, and striking a side track, ran along the cross-ties of this a distance equal to twice its length, and then mounted the rail. So when the train was stopped by application of the air brakes, the engine—all the wheels on it—was on the side track, the cars on the main track, and the tender of the engine between the two tracks. In all the confusion and changing around of things nothing was broken and no one was hurt.

A Peep into the Mail Bags.

The report of the postoffice officials, just published, states the total receipts of the department for the twelve months ended June 30, 1879, were \$764,466 more than those of the preceding year, and about \$1,000,000 more than estimated—a result that is attributed to the revival of business. The actual sales of stamps and envelopes amounted to \$769,482 more than the total for the preceding year, and \$2,387,539 more than the sales for the fiscal year of 1877. It is estimated that a greatly increased number of stamps, &c., will be required for the next year. Upon a total number of 452,693 requisitions received by the department from the postmasters throughout the country, there were issued during the last fiscal year for sale to the public some 774,000,000 stamps of the face value of \$20,117,259; 221,797 postal cards, and 148,000,000 stamped envelopes, some of which they could be used for all kinds, including also the newspaper wrappers, official stamps, &c., reached an aggregate of over 1,222,000,000 in number, and \$29,500,000 in value. The increase in the demand has been principally for postal cards and stamped envelopes. The amount of postage collected on newspapers and periodicals mailed from office of publication and news agencies was \$1,104,185, an increase of \$79,000 over the preceding year. The weight of the newspapers and periodicals mailed by publishers and newsdealers in New York city during the year was nearly 8,000 tons. The whole number of letters and packages received and disposed of by the dead-letter office during the last year was 2,996,513, a decrease of about 190,000. Of 354,696 letters mailed in a single day at New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore 193,879 bore upon the envelope some date by which they could be restored to the writer, if undelivered, without the intervention of the dead-letter office. Of the dead letters opened during the year 13,755 contained drafts, checks, &c., of the value of over \$1,100,000; about 14,000 contained stamps of an aggregate value of about \$34,000, and there were in 38,306 letters and parcels, jewelry and books, clothing, merchandise and miscellaneous articles in endless variety, from a small bottle of choice perfume to a large box of Limburger cheese. The total number of letters registered for the public during the year was 4,390,763, and some 207,000 parcels. The actual losses of registered mail matter were small, being only 989 letters and parcels, or about one out of each 7,000 forwarded. The success of the new step taken last year admitting third and fourth class matter to the privilege of registration has been amply demonstrated.

Regarding the Canary.

"They call them canary birds," said an importer to a reporter, "but they are German birds. The native canary does not exist, it was introduced from the island of the Azores, and crossed with the linnets and the lark and the other song birds of Europe that the little musician, which we know as the canary, came to exist. These birds are bred in Germany. The inhabitants of the civilized world. There is not a cottage in all the region about Androsberg and the Brocken that is not full of them. Some of the peasants raise as many as three hundred in a year; but the average is perhaps twenty to a house. As much as \$300,000 goes to the inhabitants of the Harz mountains for their canary birds every year. They have bred them for generations, and fairs are held and prizes are offered to stimulate the breeders.

"These wicker cages," the fancier continued, holding up one slender and simply constructed of soft white wood, "are made by the peasants who breed the birds. The canary that comes to America is confined to his cage for a space of about three weeks. I send an order for several thousand birds to my brother in Germany. He directs a number of agents to collect in the Harz enough birds to fill the order. The peasant has no general place of sale. The agents go from cottage to cottage, buying in one 500 birds, and in another 700, and so on. Instructions are given to send these birds to the port of shipment, to be there on Friday. On Saturday the ship sails. Men go with the birds to feed them and care for them. One man can take care of 1,250 birds, and I generally have two men going each way in the North German ships every week."

Not long since a doctor (?) came to San Antonio, Tex., from a frontier county, and, during a conversation with one of the local medical gentlemen, asked what was the first thing he did when a patient had the smallpox. "The first thing is to isolate the patient," "Isolate him?" bawled the disciple of Dr. Sangrado; "merciful Moses! I tried that and it killed him deadlier than a door nail. Hot applications is what the patient needs—red pepper tea and such."—Galveston News.

Even the discovery of new planets has picked up wonderfully.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The native population of New York exceed the foreign by about 125,000. A philosopher remarks that it is always safer to quarrel with temptation than to debate with prudence. Under the new law of Texas all strips of vacant land in organized counties can be bought from the State at 50 cents an acre. A Cincinnati editor has discovered that poker, the great North American game, is like a church fair. It don't cost much to get into it, but it is sometimes expensive to get out of it. Chicago certainly takes the premium for large feet. It is asserted that a lady lost her baby for three hours the other day, and found it only when she came to put on her slippers. England is now sending to America to have business cards printed. The cards turned out by American printers are much superior in point of neatness to those produced in England. Society is a feast where every man must contribute his quota, and when our seat at the table is noted as the home of silence and gloom, we are soon left to enjoy our meditations alone. Out in Texas when a prisoner gets out of jail, apparently through the instrumentality of some one outside, he is often found tangled to a tree somewhere near; but they call it a jail delivery all the same. The Pawnees have taken the war path. Merciful goodness, good people, don't be alarmed! It isn't the Indian tribe of that name we have reference to, it's the men who spouted their overcoats early in the spring and can't now get them out. A clever English teacher has originated the idea of shopping classes, in which girls might be taught how to buy dress and housekeeping goods. If sewing be a woman's business, so is shopping; and why should not one be taught as well as the other? Colonel Williamson, a noted Texan lawyer, stood up in church, and called on a young lady to come forward and marry him. Since that event the Texas church has been so crowded with marriageable females that a man can't get standing room inside unless he make sure of being on time by camping at the door over night. Many persons have greatly exaggerated ideas of the space required for large numbers of persons to stand. Allowing two square feet for each person, the entire population of the world (now estimated at 1,400,000,000) could stand on a plot of ground eleven miles square and leave room for about one hundred millions more. The little state of Rhode Island would in this way accommodate more than ten times the entire population of the globe. In sculpture reliefs is a species of carving or chiseling in which the figures are engraved on, or rise from, a ground. There are three sorts—bas-relief, or bass relief, in which the figures have a small projection from the ground on which they are sculptured; mezzo-relief, in which the figures stand out about half their natural proportions; alto-relief, in which the figures stand completely out from the ground, attached to it only in a few places. Experiments have been made at Grenoble and elsewhere in France with the Lamarre fire-balls, an invention whereby a besieged garrison can discover intruders and batteries being raised at night by the enemy. The ball in question takes fire soon after issuing from the cannon and burns for a certain time with great intensity, so that cannon can be directed at a spot where the enemy is revealed. A shell is attached, which, exploding at uncertain intervals, will deter soldiers from attempting to extinguish the flames. Banting's work, telling how he worked off his corpulence, has been done into French, and all the fat women in Paris are trying on his regimen to try out their superfluous flesh. The Paris correspondent of the Boston Post tells us of this dialogue, which he says he overheard at a ball: "Have you seen Madame G.—?" "Since she has embraced Banting's religion she has diminished at least one-half." "Then she must be charming," said Mile.—, with naivete. "Not at all; she looks like a cathedral that has lost all its saints, and preserved all the niches from which they were taken."

The design of the new two-cent international postal card adopted by the postal union, is necessarily somewhat more elaborate than the present card. At the top are the words, "Universal Postal Union," a little curved and repeated in French in smaller type beneath. Then come the words in bold type, "United States of America," also repeated in French, and then the line in English only, "Write only the address on this side." The stamp is a well-designed head of Liberty, surrounded by an elliptical border with a fleur-de-lis on each side, and the words "U. S. Postal Card" around it.

Quiet Hours.
The morning will soon be here,
For over the purple hills
The daylight is chasing the night away,
With a foot that is noiseless and still.
Oh, the night was so long, so long!
As I sat by the window alone,
Watching the moon as it slowly rose,
Till above the trees it shone.
Like a goblet filled to the brim
With wine of an amber, golden hue;
But now it is white and dim,
As if it had all been quenched,
And only the glass remained,
With the faintest, palest, shimmering tinge
To show what it then contained.
And once, when it fullest seemed,
With the sparkling, glittering wine,
A single star, like a fleck of foam
Of the precious juice of the vine,
Went drifting, drifting off.
As we sometimes lose a day
That, when the goblet full is full,
Slightly floats away.
But now the daylight is here,
And the sad, vague thoughts of night
Have died away, as the sunbeams fall
Like arrows of golden light.
Ah, 'tis quiet hours like these,
When we wistfully look above,
And see the works of the great, good God,
And think of His tender love,
That help us to brave life,
And strengthen us in our way,
Till the beautiful night of day at last
Is merged in eternity's day.

Lucien Bonaparte.
Napoleon's interests at home were jealously and intelligently guarded by his brothers, Joseph and Lucien, who had become men of importance in the government before his return from Italy; and when he was absent in Egypt it was his brother Joseph who dispatched the wily Greek, Bourbakis, in hot haste to warn him that the fitness of time was come for him to make an end of the directory. The success of the 18th Brumaire was due in great part to the fact that the three allies upon whom he most implicitly counted inside the government were his own brothers, bound to him by every tie of affection and interest. Joseph had declined the mission to Berlin, to remain in Paris as a member of the council of five hundred; Lucien was president of it, and young Louis was also a member. His brothers were his principal go-betweens in that drama of unparalleled treachery by which the directors were divided and disarmed. On the final day at St. Cloud, when Napoleon had failed in his attempt to intimidate the assembly, and had been borne, fainting, from the hall, it was Lucien who, mounting on horseback, presented himself to the troops as the representative of the law, and commanded them to respect the bayonet in the assembly he had betrayed. He showed on this occasion far greater courage and presence of mind than Napoleon, and roused the soldiers to enthusiasm by a piece of comedy which now seems absurd enough. He seized a sword at the end of his harangue, and cried: 'I swear to thrust this through the heart of my brother if he should ever strike a blow at the liberties of France.' The soldiers applauded; Murat hurried them forward at a quick step. The drums beat a charge to drown the voices of the outraged legislators, and the liberties of France were at an end for many long years.

Lucien, with all his ardent devotion, was the only brother of Napoleon who did not become a king. He was, it is true, minister of the interior during the early years of the consulate; but his independence soon embroiled him with the first consul, and after a short but brilliant service as ambassador and tribune, he married the divorced wife of the great broker, Joubert, against his brother's positive prohibition, and encountered his bitter and malignant hostility for the rest of his days. He never surrendered his dignity and manhood; and after the consulate had blossomed into the empire, and Napoleon was disposing of crowns and thrones among his family with lavish hand, Lucien alone had the courage to refuse these glittering bribes which were offered as the price of his honor. The emperor knew his value, and wished to employ him; he offered him a crown—the crown was not accepted, but he was ways had a supply on hand, or made them when he wished—a princely husband for his daughter, and a duchy for his wife if he would divorce her. But Lucien declined; and the emperor, in a whirling rage, struck his name out of the imperial almanac—strangering him with his curse. Misfortune united them only for a moment, after Waterloo, and Lucien, whom the pope had made prince of Cambray, passed the evening of his life tranquilly in archeological studies in Italy, where he died in 1840, leaving a numerous and amiable family, many members of which became famous in the world of literature and science, and married with members of the highest aristocracy of Italy. The celebrated Madame Batz was his granddaughter; and the shooting by his son Prince Pierre Napoleon of a small and sufficiently worthless journalist, named Victor Noir, contributed powerfully to shake the popularity of the Bonaparte dynasty in 1870. Pierre afterward went to England in strained circumstances, and his wife, the daughter of a blanchisseuse of the St. Antoine quarter, opened a millinery shop in the British capital, not of the first class, where English tradesmen's wives could enjoy the luxury of soiling a princess if their gowns did not fit, which was more than probable.—Harper's Magazine.

There are now 40,855 postoffices in the United States, an increase of 1,597 within the past year. There are over 100,000 persons connected with the postal service.

Retrospective.
'Sit down, old boy,' said he, motioning us to a favorite wicker chair, 'sit down, for I want to tell you something.'
All of us have been there. All of us have heard the schoolmaster tell us to walk into the room after some breach of discipline, and we knew that the kind invitation to walk in did not fully express what was in store. So we felt, Biggins, that genial old fellow, under whose mahogany our boots had so often rested, was, we felt sure, going to give us some sort of a moral castigation, and meekly we went in and sat down. We knew it. He commenced by telling us that after all a good library, an excellent wine cellar and a hunting-bout every week were not all that a man of reflection and education needed in this world. He had traveled, had dreamed of all the golden glories of a romantic past with the waters of the Nile playing about his boat, had taken part in the *cachucha* with dark-eyed Andalusian maids, but he felt that there was always a something missing, and now he had discovered what that something was. Yes, it was that demure little widow toward whose pew in Christ church we frequently noticed the old boy's eyes turning during service. He was about to be married. Of course, and it is perfectly right doubtless, sentimental young ladies will laugh when they read that an old bachelor like myself felt a lump coming up in my throat when the news that my old companion was about to sever those ties that so gently had bound together two friends for years past, but such was the truth; and although it is not pleasant to tell the world the Madonna over the mantelpiece appeared for the time blurred through a mist that seemed to creep over our eyes. Gone were those delightful nights, when he and I over delicately brewed Scotch punches would talk with Charley Lamb, joke with the eccentric Hogg, that Ettrick Shepherd, and laugh with Fielding through their pages of printers' ink. Biggins ordered the Madeira, and when we touched glasses tremulous hands made the delicate crystal vessels tinkle and tinkle. 'Did you hear that sound?' said Biggins. 'How that carried me back. Palaw! We don't know much even about ourselves. The tinkle of those glasses on this, the day before a wedding, sends me back thirty years.' He poured out another glass of the generous wine. 'That sound,' said he, 'is like the vesper call at the old Madelaine in Paris, and by Jove, when I hear it, I was carried back to those old days, and for the time being could not feel the pressure of Alice Smithers on my arm. It was the night we plighted our troth to one another, and the old scene came up to me as plainly as if it was yesterday.' For Alice, she is the mother of five children, and a salter makes her the best of husbands.

So it goes, thought we. Here is Biggins on the eve of his marriage upset by the tinkling of a wineglass, and off he goes to an old-fashioned house in the city. How many of us have old dreams that need but the fragrance of a flower, the notes of an old song to bring up those mystical pictures of the days that are gone. And as we went on rumination, he said to the rest of us, 'I could not perfume of violets from the little garden, and presto! we were back years and years with that little elf, Annie, and our heart was pouring out its plaint to her not unwilling ears. Touch but a spring these coils like and not they fly open, exposing the locks of hair, the dusty missives of 'days that are no more.' The approaching loss of our old bachelor friend, and with the real one, his marriage in capitals in the paper let him or her remember that we had put something on paper about it, for another good man is about to be gone. Will Mrs. Biggins let us set up of night in the dining room?—N. O. Pigeon.

A Dream Fulfilled.
Horace Wedge, of Long Hill, Bridgeport, Conn., went out shooting recently and returned at night after a tramp covering several miles of ground. After his return home he put his hand in his pocket for his watch and found it was missing. He then remembered, that at Stepey depot, earlier in the day, both he and his companion had pulled out their watches and compared them with the depot clock; but this was worth nothing as an indication for finding the lost property, as they had tramped a weary round since then. That or the following night he dreamed that he saw his watch lying near a beech tree in a run east of Long Hill, where they had killed a couple of birds, and so vivid was the dream that the following day he resolved to go and take a look for the watch. He found the tree he saw in his dream without difficulty, and lying near it, just as he pictured in his dream, he found the missing watch, safe and sound.

Misery Following an Elopement.
Miss Hattie Ludwick, a young and pretty white girl, who in July last eloped from McKeesport, Pa., with Tom Bronson, a coarse-featured negro, and a married man, was recently recognized while tramping on the track of the Central railroad of New Jersey. She was in male attire, but a passing train blew away her cap, and her hair coming down enabled a pedler who knew her, to recognize the haggard and care-worn tramp the former spoiled child of a rich farmer's family. The girl complained of hunger, as neither of them had eaten anything for thirty hours. They had but five cents with which to pay for ferriage from Jersey City to New York. The pedler gave them enough to get a meal. The poor creature, who was in a very exhausted and nervous state, and whose face bore unmistakable signs of recent tears, appeared to have a wholesome dread of her colored lord and master, and to be completely under his control.

The Postage of the World.
The postage of the world, according to a valuable computation of Dr. Fischer, of the imperial German postoffice, shows that in 1878 the letter post of the whole world amounted in round numbers to 3,300,000,000 letters or about 9,250,000 daily, and the numbers have been increasing daily at an astonishing rate. Thus in Japan the number of postoffices in 1872 was 1,159, and in 1876 it had risen to 3,649. The number of separate articles which passed the Japanese post in 1878 was 47,000,000 of which 25,000,000 were letters, 10,000,000 post-cards, and 9,500,000 newspapers. Post-cards were first brought into use only in 1865, and now they are employed in almost every country in the world. The parcel post has, however, not yet got beyond the first stage of its development. The number of telegraphic dispatches sent in 1877 amounted for the whole globe to nearly 130,000,000, or an average of 453,000 daily. More than one-third of the total number of telegraphic dispatches, are private, dealing with purely personal concerns. The newspaper press absorbs a large proportion of the telegrams of the world, while the world of finance and commerce also appropriates a giant's share.

A Parisian Swindle.
A man faultlessly dressed goes into a baker's shop and orders ten dozen cakes to be made within three hours. The baker promises to have them ready, but wants ten francs deposit, which the stranger hands him. In three hours the stranger goes to a neighboring tailor, tries on an overcoat and asks the price. It is 25 francs.
'Very well, I have some money to collect at the baker's over the way. Will you let your young man come with me and get it?'
Consent is given and the two enter the baker's shop.
'Ah, Grandon, I've called for that 150. You promised to have them, you know.'
'In a few minutes, sir.'
The man in the new overcoat goes out saying:
'Let this young man have 125. I will come back in a few moments and get the remainder.'
In five minutes the baker hands over 125 francs to the same tailor's boy, and half a minute more baker and boy are both searching for a free-looking man in a new overcoat, who has disappeared in the wilderness of the vast city.

Not so Important as He Thought.
Occasionally you will meet a young man who gets on the train somewhere in Ohio, and when some fellow passenger asks him how far he is going, he will say, 'Omaha!' in the tone of a brakeman calling a station, and then look up and down the car to observe the amazement and awe of the other passengers, and you will notice that he looks a little bit disappointed because they do not take off their hats and ask to shake hands with him and want to know where he comes from and all about him. But by-and-by when he learns from casual remarks dropped carelessly now and then, that the man behind him is going to San Francisco, and the one in front of him is going to Japan, and the old fellow on the other side of the aisle is just returning from St. Petersburg, the young man drops his voice to a husky whisper, shrinks down into his duster so that no one can see him, and tells the next man who asks him about it that he is only going out here a little way.

Hats.
How few of us ever trace the history of the hat. The felt hat is as old as Homer. The Greeks made them in seal-cape, conical, truncated, narrow, or broad brims. The Egyptian women have an elevated cap without a brim, the apex turned over in front. It is known as the cap of Liberty. An ancient figure of Liberty in the times of Antoninus Livy, D. 115, holds the same in the right hand. The Persians wore soft caps; plumed hats were the head-dresses of the Syrian corps of Xerxes; the broad brim was worn by the Macedonian kings. Castor means a beaver. The Armenian captives wore a plumed hat. The merchants of the fourteenth century wore a Flanders beaver. Charles VII. in 1469, wore a felt hat lined with red and plumed. The Englishmen and women in 1510 wore close, woolen or knitted caps; two centuries ago hats were worn in the house. Pepys, in his diary in 1664, wrote 'September, 1664, got a severe cold because he took off his hat at dinner,' and again in January, 1665, he got another cold by sitting too long with his head bare, to allow his wife's maid to comb his hair and wash his ears; and Lord Clarendon, in his essay, speaking of the decay of respect due the aged, says 'that in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself, except at dinner!' In the thirteenth century, Pope Innocent IV. allowed the cardinals the use of the scarlet cloth hat. The hat now in use are the cloth hat, leather hat, paper hat, silk hat, open hat, spring-brim hat, and straw hat.

The Telephone Betraying Secrets.
The editor of the Fort Plain Register had his office and residence connected by telephone. Yesterday Mr. Skidd, of Little Falls, an old friend, called on the editor and expected to remain for dinner. The editor hurried to the telephone and shouted to his wife: 'Mr. Skidd will be up with me to dinner, lay an extra plate.' 'No, no,' said the editor, 'Mr. Skidd, you may converse with her.' As the gentleman was about to approach the instrument these words were plainly heard: 'You tell Mr. Skidd we don't keep a hotel on Washday.' Mr. Skidd excused himself for a few moments, and was next seen eating fried clams in the Rainbow saloon on the corner.

Napoleon's Parents.
The family of Bonapartes were of pure Italian race; there was not a drop of French blood in any of them. Their ancestors had come from the mainland in the early history of Corsica, and their names are found in the remote annals of Ajaccio. Carlo Bonaparte was a poor gentleman of excellent breeding and character, who married in his youth a young and romantic girl named Letizia Ramolino, who followed him in his campaigns up to the moment of the birth of Napoleon. It is impossible to say how much the history of Europe owes to the high heart and indomitable spirit of this soldierly woman. She never relinquished her authority in her family.—When all her children were princes and potentates, she was still the severe, stern Madame Mere. The beauty and grace of Josephine Beauharnais never conquered her; the sweet Tyrolese prettiness of Maria Louisa won from her only a sort of contemptuous indulgence. When her mighty son ruled the continent, she was the only human being whose chidings he regarded or endured. She was faithful in her rebukes while the sun shone, and when calamity came, her undaunted spirit was still true and devoted to the fallen. Her provincial habit of economy stood her in good stead in her vigorous old age; she was rich when the empire had passed away, and her grandchildren needed her aid. It must have been from her that Napoleon took his extraordinary character, for Carlo Bonaparte, though a brave soldier and an ardent patriot in his youth, was of an easy and gentle temper, inclined to take the world as he found it, and not to insist too much on having it go in his especial way. After the cause of Corsican liberty was lost by the success of the French arms, he accepted the situation without regret, and becoming intimate with the conquerors, he placed as many of his family as possible on the French pension list. His sons Napoleon and Louis were given scholarships at Brienne and at Autun, and his eldest daughter, Elise, entered the royal institution at St. Cyr. While yet in the prime of life, he died of the same deadly disease which was to finish Napoleon's days at St. Helena; and the heroic mother, her responsibilities becoming still heavier by this blow, lived for eight years longer, or amid the confusion and civil turmoil which had become chronic in Corsica; and then, after the capture of the island by the English in 1793, she made her escape with her children to Marseilles, where she lived several years in great penury.—Harper's Magazine.

A Distinguished Englishman's Views.
In answer to a question as to his impressions of this country, Mr. Holyoke, the great English exponent of co-operative labor, replied: 'I was not astonished that America was big; I had heard as much at home, and I knew that in my three months' visit I should be able to overrun only half of it. I am as one who has gone only to the margin of wonderland. What I am astonished at is the people. Nature made the country; it is freedom which has made the people. I came here without prejudice. I have always belonged to and worked for a class of people who can not afford to have prejudices. I came not to see something I expected, but to see what there was to see—what manner of people bestowed these mighty territories, and how they did it and what they did it for, in what spirit, in what hope, and with what prospects. I never found the human mind at large before, and acting on its own account, and I have seen it with a glad surprise. Every error and every virtue strive here for mastery, but humanity has the best of the conflict, and progress is uppermost.'

Bismarck's Little Dodges.
An amusing anecdote, of which Prince Bismarck and Lord Odo Russell are the heroes is published. One day when the English ambassador was calling on the chancellor with a smile, 'For instance, I have arranged with my wife to enter the room and request my presence elsewhere on some pretext or another, whereupon, of course, my visitor has to leave.' Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when Princess Bismarck opened the door and told her husband not to forget that the hour for taking his medicine had arrived. The effect of this announcement on the prince and his visitor may be imagined, but Lord Odo Russell took the incident in good part and after exchanging a laugh and a cordial shake hands with the chancellor, took the hint and his departure.

Misplaced Confidence.
At the recent masked ball at the Pavilion in San Francisco there was a well executed fac-simile of Lotia's fountain, which by the motive power of a young man in its interior siphoned its majestic progress around the dancing floor. The affair was the work of two young men, room-mates, who were to take turns in showing the affair and applying the reservoirs that kept the fountain playing. One of them proved a traitor, and fastening the doorway kept the other confined, while he enjoyed himself and laughed at the discomfiture of his friend, who, unable to get out, was condemned to keep moving in the vain hope of overtaking the author of this meanest of all mean tricks. To add to his aggravation, he could see the traitor flirting with his own sweetheart, to whom he had introduced his former friend the instrument these words were plainly heard: 'You tell Mr. Skidd we don't keep a hotel on Washday.' Mr. Skidd excused himself for a few moments, and was next seen eating fried clams in the Rainbow saloon on the corner.

FACTS AND FANCIES.
Hard to beat—bottled eggs.
A double shell-race—clams.
Whoever conquers indolence can conquer most things.
Uneasy lies the man who has been caught at it once or twice.
To complain that the restoration for his tribe is only a mental restoration.
In making a man to settle his bill the thing is 'no sooner said than done.'
Leave your business annoyances with the dust of your offices, and carry sunshine into the home circle.
What shall it profit a man if he catches one fly and sweeps a bottle of ink and a glass of milk over on a Brussels carpet?
The miser is a man who lives like a beggar because he is afraid of dying like one.
Don't laugh at the cat—run round after her tail. She is only pursuing her end.
Advice to housekeepers—If you can't call all you want to, can all you can and dry all you can't.
Noah was the first man who strictly observed Lent. He lived on water for forty days and forty nights.
Smythekins' idea of window gardening is to sit in a window and watch other people do the gardening outside.
Grandma—Yes, children, when I was young as you are I used to walk in my sleep. 'Tommy, (eagerly)—'Say, grandma, what time did you make?'
The lightning-rod man must be allowed a good profit, for when he sells out his business he never can get much for the good will.
The American public is so fond of foreign things that it will swallow New Orleans cotton seed oil when it comes back from Italy in olive oil bottles.
A deaf man can get out of a crowd as soon as any one when a collection is to be taken up, and yet the fact has always puzzled philosophers.
The man who wears tight shoes and an ingrowing nail seems to be the one who is always selected by fate to be compelled to run for a train.
A critic, in noticing a discourse on 'The Sayings and Doings of Great Men,' remarks, 'It is sad to observe how much they said, and how little they did.'

'Jennie, what makes you such a bad girl?' 'Well, mamma, God sent you just the best children He could find, and if they don't suit you, I can't help it.'
While the people of Rhode Island are preparing to furnish a monument for the remains of the Narragansett Indians, the people of Colorado are preparing to furnish the remains of the Indians for a monument.
Lady—'Why did you leave your last place?' Servant—'Well, yer see, mum, I had to pay for all my breakages, and as they come to more than my wages, yer see, mum, it was a kind of impoposision that I couldn't stand.'

The Utica Observer informs us that a Hibernian in that city recently declared a flogging to be brass, and when a man near by ventured to say 'It's allor,' the Irishman couldn't stand it, and promptly knocked the disputant down.
Nothing disturbs a dinner party more than to have the fat man at the end of the table attempt to push himself back, and in the effort upset the little fellow at the other end of the board, while the folks along the sides find themselves eating from their neighbors' plates.
Benjamin Devree, one of the richest men of Columbus, O., read in St. Louis of a mysterious disappearance, recognized his own name, and suddenly remembered that he had been wandering about the country for a week in a semi-conscious state. Then he went home.
Angelina—'Edwin, my love, look at this most interesting creature, the ant-eater.' Edwin—'Ant-eater, my love! it would be more interesting to me if it were a mother-in-law eating.' The bump on Edwin's head is getting slowly, but Angelina's parol is hopelessly deranged.
Hereafter no more people hanging in Central Park.

When a man is found hanging from a tree the coroner will ascertain that before a nap under the tree the unfortunate tied himself to the branch to prevent his walking off in his sleep, and that a rain came up and shrunk the rope.
As a passenger and coal train were passing each other on the Central railroad of New Jersey, near Crawford, the fireman on the latter's locomotive was breaking coal, when a lump flew from the tender, struck the locomotive of the passenger train, bounced through his window and struck George W. Winner, the fireman, in the forehead, crushing through the skull. He died in two hours. He was twenty-four years of age, and had been married four months.

Discipline is discipline. A private in the Seventy-Ninth Highlanders recently saved a child from drowning in the river at Kirkee, India, at imminent peril of his own life, and then kept the crowd back while the surgeons resuscitated the little one. This occupied some time, so that he was late in returning to the barracks, and when the officers heard his explanation they ordered him to be confined for fourteen days.
A Scotch terrier, belonging to a gentleman in Eldon, Iowa, accompanied his master fishing the other day. While the latter was eating a lunch, the dog noticed the cork, fifty feet away, bobbing up and down, and plunging into the river, seized the buoy in his teeth and hauled aboard a pike weighing two pounds. It is not a wonderful feat for a dog, but if the animal was endowed with the gift of speech, he would imitate old fishermen by losing around grocery stores this winter and swearing that the pike he caught weighed eleven and a half pounds.