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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOV. 16, 1872.

Club Terms: PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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OUR PRIZE STORIES.

We must ask the competitors for the prizes offered by us for stories to have a little patience. We had a very large response to our offers, receiving upwards of sixty stories of various lengths, making the task of reading a much longer and heavier one than we had anticipated.

ABOUT FASHION.

It is "the fashion" to abuse the fashions; no matter what extremes they run into, or what happy medium they hit, there will always be found some to abuse the present fashions and call them "absurd," "ridiculous," &c., and sigh for the "good old days" when girls did not wear a bushel of false hair on their heads, or half a hundred weight of cotton stuck about various parts of their persons.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The election for President and Vice-President of the United States passed off very quietly on 5th Inst., and resulted in the re-election of General Grant by an overwhelming majority. The returns are as yet rather incomplete, but it is certain that Grant will receive about two-thirds of the votes of the Electoral College, and the popular vote will probably be still more in his favor.

BURNT BOSTON.

Just thirteen months ago the world was startled at the sudden and terrible destruction by the Fire King of Chicago, and now we are informed that the whole business portion of Boston has been blotted out.

LITERARY ITEMS.

The November number of Old and New contains much live writing referring to subjects of present interest. Mr. Hale in the Introduction boldly defends as a magazine his right and duty to discuss politics, very much as the ministers used to do in the Kansas times.

THE FARM AND FRESIDE JOURNAL.

This journal is a marked exception to all low-priced periodicals, from the fact that it is a model of typographical elegance, and is printed on beautiful, toned paper.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

CHARLES MATTHEWS, the comedian, being greatly pestered with applications for assistance from virtue in distress, is out in the English papers with a characteristic card.

I HAVE NO CHANCE.

A pewter plate founded the Peol family. Robert, in the poor country about Blackburn, seeing a large family growing up about him, felt that some source of income must be added to the meagre products of the little farm.

Laonshire, and Robert Peol to this day is called in the neighborhood of Blackburn, "Parvsey Peol."

Richard Arkwright, the thirteenth child in a brood, with no knowledge of letters—an underground barber, with a vixen for a wife, who smashed up his models and threw them out—gave his successful spinning models to the world, and put a sceptre in England's right hand such as no sovereign ever wielded.

The jumping ten-kettle lid is said to have put the steam into the boy's head who gave us the great glut of modern industry. A kite and a key in Franklin's hands, were the grandparents of our telegraphs, and all the blessings of modern inventions applying to electricity.

Don't say you have no chance! You have the same chance, and better than the world's greatest and best men have enjoyed. Men unfortunately overrate riches, and undervalue their own strength; the former will do far less than we suppose, and the latter far more.

The following is an article from the pen of Fanny Fern, written when she was so ill that she could not use her right hand, and consequently had to write it with her left hand:

THE SINS OF CHRISTIANS.

Most people suppose that as soon as a person joins the church, perfection in thought, word and deed is to be demanded of him. They forget that, like other soldiers who have enlisted, the most loyal and true-hearted have moments when the weary body succumbs to torpor; or the stunted vision, through the dust and smoke of battle, loses sight of the heights to be attained; or the benumbed ear listens feebly for the rallying cry. Who shall call such a one a "traitor"?

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In the year 1788 composed a Te Deum to be performed in St. Petersburg in celebration of the capture of Fort Czestakow by Potomkin; besides enormous vocal and instrumental masses, Sartil had a number of cannon placed in the courtyard to deepen the bass at given times. His experiment was successful and Catherine II. ennobled him for it.

ELECTRICITY AND LOVE.—A lover in Arkansas, falling to make a favorable impression on the heart of the girl whom he loved, went to a fortune-teller for advice. The fortune-teller advised him to try electricity on the obturate fair one. Thereupon the lover procured an electrical battery, and after a deal of manœuvring succeeded in connecting it with a seat which the young lady was occupying.

Mr. FRANK BUCKLAND, Editor of Land and Water, and a very agreeable writer upon natural history, makes a very sensible suggestion which may have some bearing on the question of the high price of meat in England, if carried out. He suggests that there should be a more general breeding, catching, and eating of fish, and especially of eels.

THE LARGEST ROSE-TREE in the world is said to flourish in Ceylon. It is stated to be 80 feet in circumference, 150 feet high, and is at the present time bearing upwards of 2,000 roses.

PARIS has had another small sensation. For some time past some of the best fashion articles have been those of the "Viscontesse de Bury," and now it is generally known that the "Viscontesse de Bury" is M. M. Recortte, chief clerk in the office of the Superintendent of Police.

THE LAST LIVINGSTONE story is as follows:—Doctor Livingstone tells of grass in Africa which is over half an inch in diameter in the stalk, and from ten to twelve feet high. He says that only elephants can walk through it.

STANLEY is coming. Look out for a new discovery. Unless he discovers the City of Baltimore, or the Sea Serpent, or that Horace Greeley has been elected President, or something else during his trip across the Atlantic, he is expected to lecture in New York, next month, about the way he discovered Livingstone.

IN ARKANSAS a man was sentenced to be hanged, but all the carpenters in the neighborhood refused to build the scaffold. As the condemned man was himself a carpenter by trade, the sheriff tried to get him to put up the gallows, but he himself declared he'd be hanged if he did.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC clergy of Dublin have paid Mlle. Tietjens a very just tribute to her services by singing in St. Patrick's Cathedral, by presenting her with an address written on vellum and illuminated in the highest style of art.

READY colored mercurial pipes should be purchased with caution. It appears that noxious pigments are frequently employed to give the clay the desired hue. From these arise various stomachic and other complaints.

THE CROWD who went out from San Francisco with baskets and shovels to scoop up diamonds and rubies in Arizona are rapidly returning, and their profane adjectives can be distinctly heard a considerable distance.

POOR MISS AB-SIN—If there ever was or should be such a lady in China—could never become Mrs. Ab-Sin, for persons bearing the same surname are not permitted to marry each other in that country.

A CALIFORNIA paper says that during a recent earthquake in that State, a man made an involuntary exchange of his farm for a fishpond.

SAPPHIRE is the stone most used for betrothal rings in Eastern countries. Its color being emblematic of faithfulness.

A WOMAN in Jersey County, Ill., challenges any man in the country to a ploughing match with her for \$100 a side.

ROSA BONHEER thinks of visiting the United States within a year.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

UNITED STATES.—The Presidential election on 5th inst. resulted in an overwhelming majority for Grant, who is, therefore, elected for another term of four years. Mr. McClellan says that Mayor Hall has charges prepared to commence suit against the proprietor and editor of the Times and Harper Bros. Senator Willard has traveled 50,000 miles and delivered 128 speeches.

noted trotting horse, died from the horse disease in Boston.—On Friday night two freight trains collided on the Huntington and Broad Top Railroad. Conductor Bonner and three others were instantly killed, and another mortally injured.

CANADA.—A powerful steam whaler has just been put in operation in St. Paul's Bay, Gulf of St. Lawrence.—The section of the Quebec Colony Railway between River du Loup and the bridge of Trois Pistoles will be opened for traffic on the 15th inst.—On 4th inst. the Hon. Wm. Molabouze will shortly resign the administration.—Mr. Stanislas Drapeau, of the Bureau of Agriculture, has issued the prospectus of a work which will prove a most important contribution to the history of the country.

ENGLAND.—John Francis Maguire, the well-known Irish member of Parliament for Cork city, and promoter of the Cork Branch of the Fenian Club, died on 2nd inst. He was in the 57th year of his age. The Court were being held on 2nd inst. in Dims, a parish in the County Cork, near Bantry, Ireland, and the coroner gave way and precipitated two hundred persons a distance of about 100 feet. Some of them were instantly killed, and 40 were injured; some of whom may die.

FRANCE.—The preliminary examination of the case of Marshal Bazaine, who is to be tried by the Court Martial for surrendering the fortifications and city of Metz during the late war, has been resumed. The German Government will re-establish next year the Republic of Alsace-Lorraine, in the form in which they existed under the Empire. Henri Rochefort has been permitted to come to Versailles to marry the dying mother of his children, in order to legitimize them. When the ceremony is concluded, he will return to Paris.

SPAIN.—The evacuation of the Department of the Upper Marne by the German troops, has been completed. The Department of Marne is slowly proceeding. The Prussian Government has declared that Prince Napoleon cannot legally bring a suit in the Courts against the Minister of the Interior. The Prince's expulsion from France was ordered by the Government over which he has no jurisdiction. Prince Napoleon writes that he intends to persist in the prosecution of the case, notwithstanding the opinion of the Procureur General.

GERMANY.—A pamphlet entitled "Away with the House of Peers" has appeared. Karl Blind is the author. Its publication and sale have in no way been interfered with by the authorities. A Prussian Correspondent intimates that Government will maintain the basis of the Country Reform Bill, will ask the Lower House to agree to partial modifications. In the near future a measure will be taken to insure the adoption of the bill.

GERMANY.—The inundations along the banks of the Po continue. Mantua, which was threatened, has now been cut off from the world. The town of Palazzano, situated near the city of Brescia, in the Province of the latter name, was visited by a terrible deluge on 14th inst. One-half of the buildings in the town were demolished, and 22 persons killed by falling walls and timbers. One hundred families were made homeless.

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THE LITTLE GLASS SHOE.

A NORTHLAND FAIRY TALE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"Ho! ho! ho! ha! ha!—what is it I view?" John Wilde, the ploughman, cried, as he hit his foot on a little glass shoe...

MORAL.

Though good is gold, to have and hold, My story makes it clear, Who sells himself for sordid pelf, Has bought it much too dear!

THE DISCARDED WIFE.

A Romance of the Affections.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHIMES."

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Throughout the day Edward Jerrold remained at home, the inclemency of the weather forbidding any excursion to the village inn. He had made a promise of calling upon her Colonel during the course of the evening, but when the appointed hour drew near he felt not a little vexed to think that it should have cleared up sufficiently to allow of his going.

way, and scrambled through the hedges until he came to one that was very high and thick. Upon the other side of this lay the common footpath, and here he heard two voices, one his wife's.



DESPAIRING THOUGHTS.

The servant met him at the door, to say that a messenger was waiting for him—a special messenger from the owners of his ship. Conceiving his agitation, he prepared himself for the interview. The man had come to say that the Captain's presence was required immediately in London.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NIGHT IN THE STREETS.

The misery and wretchedness of spirit which weighed down the heart of Eleanor Jerrold was not lessened on her arrival in London.

It was late at night when she entered the streets of the great metropolis; the cold wind whistled round the street corners, catching the umbrellas of the unwary, and playing such antics with them as somewhat astonished their owners.

she shrank with all the repugnance of her sensitive nature. How could she, the delicately nurtured Eleanor Jerrold, brave, alone and unprotected, the questioning and sneering remarks to which she would be subjected?

question," so saying he rubbed his chin reflectively. "There's Mother Drake's, just across the Strand, but you ain't one of her sort, nor she yours. You see, there ain't many places open at this time in the morning. There's the 'Bell and Cabbage,' where the market gardeners go; but I don't suppose you'd like that?"

of her he addressed would be pale, haggard, and worn; bearing marks of care and dissipation, and, unconsciously, when the beautiful eyes of Eleanor Jerrold rested upon him, and he noticed the perfect regular features of the houseless wanderer, he saw he had been mistaken.

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"It couldn't have happened better," said she, "cause to-day is washing day, and so there's a new night and blazing already. Now, Tom, you be off, and I'll make the poor lady comfortable."

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her joy and hopes for the future would have been dimmed.

Every now and then the disreputable longer roused his eyes inquiringly to Madame Mantilla's shop; but it was not till Eleanor left the parlor that he shifted his position.

As long as she continued in the great thoroughfare he kept well behind her; but no sooner did she turn into a narrow, unfrequented street than he quickened his pace, overtook her, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

She turned quickly round, and in her surprise let fall the bundle which she carried.

"By chance, my pretty one. You may fancy how cut up I was on finding the goose that laid me such beautiful golden eggs had flown away; and if you can fancy that, you may imagine the pleasure it was to me to discover my bird in Babylon Street this afternoon."

"What is it you want?" asked Eleanor with a shrug.

"Money."

"I have none."

"Nonsense!"

"Well, money or money's worth—I don't care which. What have you got in that parcel?"

"Then it's a crying shame; she must have been working at it all through the night—Mrs. Vane!"

"Eleanor was, as yet, so little accustomed to her new name, that she failed to reply to this summons; indeed, not till it had been twice repeated, did she start from her reverie."

"Mrs. Vane," said the old lady, "I should like to have a few minutes' conversation with you."

India, from which place he returned with half a liver, a black servant, and one of the worst tempers imaginable.

His wife put up with it all, went about with him most dutifully to Bath and Cheltenham, and finally, when he died—leaving goodness only knows how many hies of rupees—gave him as handsome a funeral as money could procure, and wore the deepest mourning for a whole twelvemonth.

At the end of that time, however, she came out again into the world, and without mixing in its more uproarious gambles, managed to lead a very comfortable and pleasant life.

Of course, she had many opportunities of again changing her name (what lady with untold wealth would not?) but she declined to avail herself of any of the offers she received.

Such was Lady Joyce's history.

Eleanor entered the magnificent house in Park Lane by her side, and was at once shown to a comfortable room, handsomely furnished, which, she was told, was henceforth to be hers; and there, while waiting for the dinner bell to ring, she seated herself in a luxurious easy chair, and allowed her thoughts free course.

Though her husband had treated her badly, she was forced to confess that her conduct was suspicious.

How could she ever hope to clear herself in his eyes?

At dinner Eleanor was perfectly astounded by the quantity of plate displayed on the side-board.

"Do you keep all that valuable property in the house, Lady Joyce?" she asked.

"Yes, child. Why not?"

"I should be so afraid of its being stolen."

"Oh, no. The butler looks it up every night."

Then the conversation dropped, and the subject was forgotten, but the words were to be subsequently recalled as proofs of crime against the unfortunate Eleanor Jerrold.

(To be continued.)

AT EVENING TIME.

The old nest swings on the leafless tree.

All the young ones are afar and away.

"Oh, comely face, that I knew so fair!

Griefs that are over left as a gift.

Close to my side, dear wife that I love,

Did Lord Cranston cease to think of Ernest De Vere's love? no, not for an hour.

There was the very door step she stood on, he had marked it well, a silk mercer's shop on one side, on the other a bookseller's.

He bestowed him of a book he wanted—

"No, my Lord, when the artist is known I can get any price I please to ask for these."

"I wish to have all you have got, I will give any price you please to ask."

ed by the one I believe them to be, she lives with a sister whose husband was for many years supposed to be dead; he returned home last spring, found his family had removed from their old home, and he has been unable to trace them since."

"Thank you, good morning."

"Yes, a widow lady with a son and daughter?"

"No, those I seek are two sisters."

"I will go and see the young lady at all events," soliloquized he, "it will do no harm to tell her I admire her drawings, perhaps it may do good, I shall tell her what I paid for those I bought yesterday."

He walked to the door, "Will you direct me to Mrs. Farquharson's house?"

"Yes, sir, straight down the street, a large white cottage with a garden in front and a holly hedge; it is the only one in the street with a holly hedge."

The cottage was soon found with its white painted walls, its green holly hedge gay with scarlet berries, the calm morning sunshine lying over all.

The cottage door was open, Margaret had left it so when she came in after seeing her sister and Willie go down the street half an hour ago, the air was so sweet she thought it a pity to shut it out.

Lord Cranston tapped, no answer; he tapped again a second time no answer; he stepped into the little hall and tapped at the room door, this time gently, no answer again—

He pushed the door very slightly, it opened—within ten feet of where he stood sat his lost love bending over a table easel, her back towards him, her face reflected in a mirror placed between the windows; a hand was placed on her shoulder.

"Margaret, dear Margaret!"

The touch on her shoulder, the voice that called her by her name, recalled Margaret from a day dream of youth and home, and Ernest De Vere—she could scarce believe her sense of feeling or hearing—could it be—yes, he was there, beside her—touching her cheek, her hands clasped in both of his—

"I have seen this before," said he, "I read it ten years ago; then I considered it the device of some one who wished to mortify Sir Richard Cuninghame, I knew he was most unpopular, in short that he was a bad and consequently a hated man, but the story was so evidently and atrociously false, that it was not likely to have even that effect; I do not know that I ever thought of it again, until several years after I was in India, when one of my senior officers, a man considerably older than myself, who had been an old school and college chum of your father's told me of the death in life which Sir Richard Cuninghame made your father suffer; your father whom he would have fair made the world believe to be his own son."

While he was speaking, he had walked to the fire-place and deliberately put the piece of newspaper in the centre of a clear fire burning in the grate; he now returned to his seat and placed himself so as to look in Margaret's pale face as he continued.

"I then remembered the story of Sir Richard's captivity, and came to the conclusion that as far as keeping him from leading the besotted wicked life he formerly did, the story was true; nothing would have been more natural than that a boy of eighteen (the age your father counted when Sir Richard disappeared from his servants, no one else thought of him) yielding to an accident which placed a brutal father in his power, should shut a door on him; which once shut no matter what desire he had to again set the old villain free, he had voluntarily deprived himself of the power to open. Sir Richard Cuninghame is dead, the day previous his death he confessed to having stolen your father in his infancy. Your father was Sir William Hamilton's son; you are Lady Hamilton's grandchild."

"Now for the third time, Margaret Hamilton, will you be my bride? I leave my fate in the hands of your grandmother without whose consent her last daughter cannot wed. If she gives her consent you will wear this in life and death, if not, you will throw it in yonder fire; it was made for you and another shall never wear it."

As he spoke he placed on Margaret's finger a circlet of diamonds bought in India for two years before, worth thousands of pounds, the largest center gem being of the size and shape of a French bean, the others becoming gradually less until they met and formed a complete circle, the whole blazing in the cottage room, reflecting shining green leaf and scarlet berry as they hung on the wall.

The revelation from a tainted name to one of the highest and proudest in Scotland, in whose veins flowed the blood of Kings; from a lonely uncaared-for toiling life, to one hedged in by a mother's care; possessing and having a right to receive the deep fond love of the one whose image had filled her heart in all those long years of absence, one whose name was part of the great history of the land; all this was too much for Margaret, her heart beat in great wild throbs beneath each shock of which her frame trembled, her eyelids closed on her marble cheek and blessed tears came through the dark eyelashes and fell down like rain.

How long Lord Cranston and Margaret Hamilton sat there or what they said the chronicle telleth not, but full two hours after a light tap came to the room door, immediately the door opened as of itself and Adam entered holding in his hand a bunch of juniper with its purple and green berries surrounded by red and pink heather which the unusual mildness of the season had spared in blossom as fresh as if the month had been October instead of January.

"My service to you, Miss Margaret, my service to you Master De Vere," said Adam as he approached to where they sat, and presented his offering gathered on the Haddon braes before he started on his hurried message, which he was now aware was a useless one.

"I gathered these flowers on the braes about the Castle an' kept them fresh wae' rolled up in wet moss; I ken ye would like these, Miss Margaret, they're frae the place ye used to swing on in between the rowan trees."

"Yes, I do like them because they were pulled there, and a thousand times better because you pulled them, Adam; why did you come home so soon? you look so well! I see you have enjoyed yourself; are your sister and her children all well?" said Margaret, as she placed her white hand in Adam's brown hand fingers.

"Yes, Miss Margaret, thanks be to His name they're all well and doing well, and I'm g'ing back again to bide a month when I can; but what do y' think, the Colonel was never drowned, he's come home and he came here in the coach, him and Lady Hamilton, and they're waiting at the Star and Garter for me to come and tell you for fear it will startle the Mistress too much; there's a heap o' nice news 'at ye'll get when they come and they're no to come till I go for them, and Miss Margaret, Sir Robert was Sir Robert after all, but Lady Hamilton's son 'at she lost, and his name is Sir William Hamilton, and her Ladyship put him into a gran new coffin an' his name on a silver plate, I think ken what made me 'at I did na find it all out long ago; he was na one bit like the crafty Cuninghames no more than the Mistress and you are, an' yer no Cuninghames more than him; do ye mind when I used to say that the Mistress was liker Lady Hamilton than anyone else I ever saw? and she was like her father and her grandfather too when she was frightened, and that was often enough after Sir Richard came home."

While the old man spoke Lady Hamilton entered, and in a moment was clasped in Margaret's arms.

Close behind her Ladyship came Agnes leaning on her husband's arm, while Willie bounded in exclaiming: "Atty dear, Mamma and I have found Papa!"

CHAPTER XVIII. THE GOOD FORTUNE WHICH BEFELL ELEANOR JERROLD.

Eleanor, after getting rid of her persecutor, made her way to her own room, only stopping for a moment on her way to tell the policeman's wife of her good fortune in having obtained some work.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Eleanor bowed her head, and left the room, completely bewildered.

IN AFTER-YEARS; OR, FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Did Lord Cranston cease to think of Ernest De Vere's love? no, not for an hour. The part of Regent Street where he had last seen her had to him become sacred ground, where somehow he fancied he would one day see her again.

GLARE.

One of the chief objects which the supporters of International Exhibitions, local pleasure galleries, and kindred institutions have endeavored to promote, has been the creation of an artistic taste among the masses of the people, the repression of that love of coarse and obtrusive decoration which disfigures our buildings and our houses just as much as the "loud" dressing of a certain section of society marks the absence of refinement on the part of those who adopt it.

without at any rate making the attempt to return the same in some similar form. If such sentiments did not enter his breast, they would undoubtedly agitate the more impressionable bosom of his wife; and thus the style of living which the income of the successful speculator or man of business can well and naturally support, is aimed at by men who in attempting to keep it up either ruin themselves, or spending their money as fast as they gain it, fall to make a suitable provision for their families.

THE COST OF CIVILIZATION.

What is the bulk of the population of these islands in their whole life but a constant struggle for existence? And when we say a struggle for existence, we do not merely mean a struggle to obtain a livelihood, but by the means of living to be sure, is common enough and hard enough—but a struggle to maintain a position in the society where the accident of birth, the choice of a profession, or the mode in which they have been educated has placed them.

Westminster Abbey shelters the remains of Eleanor of Castile, the queen of many crosses; Philippa of Hainault, of Novill's Cross renown; Anne of Bohemia, Elizabeth of York, and Anne of Cleves. Henry VIII's first wife, the noble Katherine of Aragon, lies in Peterborough Cathedral; and his last, Katherine Parr, in St. Dunstons Church, in the city.

So many ecclesiastical, churches, and private mansions of historical interest have been destroyed or seriously injured by the same accident as that which imperilled Canterbury Cathedral the other day, that it would be easy for an antiquary to estimate the probable duration of the buildings which remain.

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THE most remarkable evidence of the mechanical genius and skill of the Chinese so far back as six hundred years ago is the invention of the revolving bridge, the invention of which is ascribed to the Han dynasty.

THE destruction of a lightning conductor at Worcester, in West. Flanders, is described in the sixth number of the Bulletin of the Royal Academy of Belgium.

A curious statement concerning ancient astronomy was made by Prof. A. C. C. at a recent meeting of the British Archaeological Society.

EVIDENCE of the natural rise of the coast of Sweden is found on the shore near Morup, where there is a large stone which served as a beacon in the gloomy night.

THE dolmens of Algeria are table-like stones supposed to have been erected by the Druids for use as altars. General Faidherbe, of the French army, has just by a process known to the world as photography, and that they are in reality nothing but tombs.

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FARM ITEMS.

DRAINING POTAGES.—Use every day in finish this work. There is nothing to be gained by delay and much loss.

GRAZING.—During storms cows are far better in a dry stable or shed than in the field. A little extra feed in the shape of corn, hay, bran, or vernal meal will prove profitable.

It is a good plan to write down a list of everything that has done harm before winter sets in on the farm, or the garden, or the orchard, or the wood, or the woods, burns, sheds, horse and cow stables, carpenter shops, lean-to, cellars, etc., etc.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

DRYING HERBS.—Take two teaspoonsful of molasses, one teaspoonful of butter, and one teaspoonful of sugar. Boil the butter and sugar together, and add a tablespoonful of black pepper, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, a teaspoonful of saleratus, and pour in roll oil.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.

It is an excellent rule to be observed in all disputes, that men should give soft words and hard arguments; that they should not so much strive to vex as to convince an opponent.

MORALITY without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning, an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea, by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

It is not pleasure which corrupts men, it is men who corrupt pleasure. Pleasure is good in itself; it is the seasoning which God, the all-wise and the all-good, gives to useful things and needful acts, in order that we may seek them.

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lovely if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one shock you give to her instincts of affection or effort, which will not be as fully written on her features with a hardness which is all the more painful, because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The balance of trade may be a spring one, but it is certainly no use in the autumn.

They utilize age-stricken people out West by sending them up apple-trees to shake down the mid-low fruit.

As instance of throwing one's self about was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party in the case of a young lady, who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head and then pitched her voice.

It is gratifying to witness the signs of enterprise in our youth, and still to hear with pride to state that at Carlton, Va., a lady only two years old climbed a greasy pole and won a \$3 watch.

A young man wrote to the editor of a New York paper to ask the meaning of the phrase "see-sawing." The editor, who thought it was a French term, intended to explain some of the "see-sawing" being of service to the community.

A housemaid I wanted to hire. A modest young woman, and ready to do anything I could give her to do. That she should be pious and steady.

"One and two" and "My lady" says she. "I hope you will make me a gentleman. To let me go out and take tea."

"Your father I met on the stairs. Your footman I saw as I came."

"After all, perhaps, I shouldn't come again. Or think of your planning any more. For I find that you put me up."

A report in England's "the curial. A bird appears that haunts the vale."

A friend and a well-known name. Pray, guess and you'll a little name.

26. A QUARTETTE OF DECAPITATIONS. 1. Complete a sonnet; beholded, I am a well-known word.

27. ROYAL RESIDENCES. 1. R. W. King, ed. cat. 2. P. B. in a low hat.

28. HALF A DOZEN TRANSPOSITIONS. 1. Next if poor.

29. CHARADE. Offtimes in you bright sky I've seen Myself superlatively grand:

30. A QUARTETTE OF ANAGRAMS. 1. O, I'm all charges lent for the queen; with low guard excel.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE, ETC., IN No. 11. 26.—RIDDLE: Where? Here, Hee.

27.—ENIGMA: A Spook.

SOMETIMES.

I wish to lead a pleasant life. Avoiding duty and debt. To keep the clock from care and strife.

JACK CADE, JOURNEYMAN.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Jack Cade took off his jacket and hung it upon a hook, put on his coat, smoothed his hair with a pocket comb, snatched at his tin kettle.

After a while he went to bed and went to sleep, and the lights were out and the room still for a while; but after some time Phoebe, who had not closed her eyes, crept out upon the carpet.

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ROBBER FIRE EXTINGUISHER. Absolutely the best protection against fire. Used by Railroads, Steamboats, Hotels, Factories, Asylums, Fire Departments, etc.

POSTAL CARDS. Great credit is due to the Post Office authorities for the introduction of this very useful card. It is now being extensively in circulation among many of the principal Mercantile Firms of the City in the way of Letters, Business Cards, Circulars, Agents and Travellers' Notices to Customers, etc.

TELESCOPES. The \$3.00 Lord Brougham Telescope will distinguish the time by a Church clock five or a flag staff ten landscapes twenty miles distant; and will define the satellites of Jupiter, etc. etc. This extraordinary cheap and powerful glass is of the best make and possesses many advantages.

CHEMICAL FOOD AND NUTRITIVE TONIC. Without Phosphorus and no other dangerous ingredients, and they might add no action, since Phosphorus and its compounds are known to be the motive power of the nervous and muscular system.

WANTED—TEN YOUNG MEN AND FIVE YOUNG LADIES to qualify as Telegraph Operators. Situations found for those who study and receive a certificate of proficiency.

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THE BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, \$10. IS already used successfully in nearly 10,000 families. With it every garment in the household is completely made; also, hemming, tucking, gathering, embroidery, etc.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM. In Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and Asthma, it will give almost immediate relief. It is also highly recommended for restoring the tone of the Vocal Organs.

MARKET REPORT.

The weather during the past week has been quite variable, alternating between bright and pleasant, and cold and showery days; while there are in making indications of the speedy approach of winter.

Table with columns for various commodities like Flour, Wheat, Sugar, etc. and their prices per bushel or unit. Includes sub-sections for HEARTHSTONE OFFICE and MICROSCOPES.

TO CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS. Our Stock of MEDICAL, PERFUME and LIQUOR Labels are now very complete.

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