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Life is Too Short.

Life is too short to waste
In unavailing tears,
Too short to spend in bootless grief,
In onward doubts and fears.
Too short to give it up
To pleasure; or to sow
One hour in guilt, to yield at last
Eternity of woe.
Time lags not on its way,
But spans our days in haste;
If life should last a thousand years
'Twere still too short to waste.
For, short-lived as we are,
Our pleasures yet, we see,
Evanish soon; they live, indeed,
Even shorter than we.
But ever with us here
Bides sorrow, pain and care;
The shortest life is long enough
To 'tossed grief to bear.
To the old end is nigh;
Yet the young far off it seems;
Yet neither should dare to toy with life
Or waste it in idle dreams.
For by each Time's servant waits,
Though not for servant's wage;
And the same woe nibbles the bud of youth
That gnaweth the root of age.
—Live, therefore, as he lives
Who earns his share of bliss;
Strive for the prize that Virtue wins,
Life's not too short for this.
—London Reader.

The Story of Jones & Co.

I guess pa, and ma, was pretty rich one time, for when they came to California it was on their wedding tour, and cost lots—they came by the way of New York and Washington and Panama city, in a steamboat; and ma brought a maid to wait on her, and pa had a servant named Jim; and when we got to California—I say we, I'm only fourteen now, but I was not born then, though that don't matter, I guess—pa had lots of money. I was born at the Lick House, and you ought to see my baby clothes, Jones & Co. haven't the kind of goods that was, because Maud has dragged them all to pieces. Maud is the baby. Six years old Maud is, and it won't be long before she will be a clerk in Jones & Co. First babies always have the finest things. Ma says first babies are like second wives.

But I keep getting away from Jones & Co. Well, I am of the opinion that after pa went into his house on Van Ness avenue, he went into stock, whatever that means. Going into stock must be a curious business, and sometimes pa came home looking splendid, and wanted to buy everything, and laughed at ma for being so mean, and not getting better clothes, and then he wanted to drive in the park and to the theater. One day he came home with a brand-new carriage and a span of long-tailed horses, and a coachman and footman. Then sometimes pa came home and looked very blue, and talked about stocks, and I began to watch pa, and noticed that sometimes when he laughed loudest he looked as if he wanted to cry, and then he sold the horses, and then the house, and the furniture was sent to auction, and ma she felt very bad, and pa wasn't like himself any more, and never told me stories nor kissed me, and once when Maud was asleep in his arms he kissed her and cried, and when I told ma she said she guessed pa did not feel very well, and then she cried.

After this we went to a boarding-house—a nasty, musty boarding-house. Everything was well enough, only a boarding-house ain't like home. Then the baby came, and it died, and ma almost died; and I heard pa say to the man that kept the boarding-house that he was pretty tight up, but it was all coming out right; and the next day pa didn't have any watch nor any sleeve-buttons. I didn't seem to notice it because I seen that maybe he had sold them to pay his board; and I heard pa and ma talk away in the night, and sometimes ma cried, and pa would look in the morning just as if he hadn't slept a wink, and I don't believe he had. Once it was dreadful. Pa came home tipsy, and I never seen ma feel so bad, then; and then they talked it over, and finally ma went home to grandpa's, in New York, with Maud, and I stayed with pa to go to school.

Then pa kept getting worse and worse, and we went to live in rooms and eat at restaurants; and pa stayed out late nights, and I guess he drank more than was good for him, and I thought something had to be done. So I said to pa one day, "Pa, let's go into business and open a store."

And he laughed and said, "What kind of a store?"

I said, "Oh, a candy store, or a stationery store, or a thread and needle store, just such as women keep and little girls help in."

And pa laughed and said he would think of it, and when he came home that night I asked him if he had thought about it, and he said he hadn't, and I said he had better, and he said he would.

and that morning he didn't go out, but stayed at home and wrote ma a long letter.

So next day I went into a store on Polk street kept by a nice lady who had a bad husband, where they sold everything, and she said in French they called it *lingerie*.

I did not know what she meant, because it was French, and I asked if she didn't want to sell her store, and she said:

"Do you want to buy a store, little girl?"

I said, "My pa does." And she smiled and said she guessed the sheriff would have a store to sell in a few days. I said I would tell pa, because he knew Mr. Nunan, the sheriff. It was one of Mr. Nunan's men that sold pa's house and furniture for him.

And the next day I told pa about the store and what a nice one it was, and he said he had been a dry-goods man once, had had a large store, and sold silk dress goods, and velvets and furs, and laces, worth ever so much a yard, and India shawls worth more than a thousand dollars apiece.

I don't know exactly what pa did; but I think something "turned up" a few days afterwards, for I heard him say he had made a "raise," and he showed me more than a thousand dollars in gold notes, and for a day or two he carried them in a side pocket and mostly kept his hand over them, for fear they would jump out of his away; and pa bought me some shoes and a hat, and stuff for aprons, and I made them myself, and I never saw pa look so happy since ma went away, and one day he said to me:

"Vevie, I have bought the store on Polk street, and you are to be my sales-woman and partner."

And sure enough, in a few days we went into the store, and over the door was a great big sign of "Jones & Co.," and pa said I was the "Co." And when I said, "And so, pa, you're 'Jones,' the blushed, and I guess he didn't like his old friends to know that he was selling needles, and thread, and tape and things.

We had two snug little rooms in the back of the store to sleep in, and I made pa's bed and swept out the rooms and tidied things. At first pa shut up the store when he had to go down town on business, but after a little while I tended it, and when there was two customers in the store I waited on one, and it wasn't long before I could make change and sell things and add up almost as good as pa could; and by-and-bye when we went down town I tended store, and we had splendid times. We went out to a nice place across the street for our meals. I tended store when pa went, and pa tended store when I went.

One-day pa came in and looked dreadfully troubled, and then I said: "Pa, ain't I a partner, and don't partners have a right to know everything, and ain't you hiding something about Jones & Co.?" And then I found out that pa had bought too many things for the store, and that a note for a thousand dollars had to be paid, and there wasn't any money to pay it with; and that's what made pa feel bad. And then I thought and thought and wondered how I could get a thousand dollars; and I kept on thinking over everybody that I guessed had a thousand dollars, and every one I guessed had it I guessed wouldn't lend it to pa. And then I thought about Mr. Flood, and said: "I'll go down to his bank and get it, for he's got more than a thousand millions; and down in the Bank of Nevada the cellar is full of gold, and of course he don't use it all the time, and I'll borrow a thousand dollars for pa, and before Mr. Flood wants it I'll take it back and pay the interest." And then I jumped up and hurrahed for "Jones & Co.," took my best bonnet and put on my gloves, and took off my store apron, and combed my hair, and got into a car, went to the Nevada Bank and told the clerk I wanted to borrow a thousand dollars; and he laughed and said he guessed I had better see Mr. McLane. And I asked who Mr. McLane was, the clerk said Mr. McLane was the president, and was in the back room; and I went into the back room, and Mr. McLane said:

"Well, little girl, what can I do for you?"

And I said: "I want to borrow a thousand dollars."

Mr. McLane opened his eyes and screwed his chair around and looked at me, and said, "A thousand dollars!" with as much surprise as though a thousand dollars was all the money he had in the bank. Then I began to get scared and cried; and then I told Mr. McLane all about pa and "Jones & Co.," and what we wanted to do with the money, and that I would pay it back to him; and he looked kinder puzzled and asked me what my pa's name was; and I told him, and where the store was, and all about ma and Maud, and how the baby died. I guess that was not very much like business, and I don't know what Mr. McLane wanted to know all that for. Then he looked at me again, and I guess he wasn't going to let me have the money, when a gentleman at the other desk came up to where I was sitting on a chair, and Mr. McLane said: "Well, Flood, what do you think of this young merchant?" And then I knew it was the rich Mr.

Flood; and I looked into his eyes, and they kind of laughed, and he said: "Let her have the money; I will endorse her note." Then I jumped up and kissed him, and he kissed me back; and Mr. McLane made a note for ninety days, and I signed "Jones & Co.," and Mr. Flood wrote his name on the back of it. I took the money away in a canvas bag that Mr. McLane said I must bring back, and I took the money to pa and didn't he look surprised when I poured out the great big gold twenty-dollar pieces on the counter?

Then I told him what had happened at the bank; and when I asked him if he didn't think I was a pretty good business woman after all, I guess he felt real ashamed.

After this, I never see anything like it—such lots of carriages and such nice ladies kept coming every day, and most of all we traded with me, and pa was just as pleased and happy as he could be. Jones & Co. was making lots of money. When I took Mr. Flood's money back, I just marched right through the bank, past the big counters, into Mr. McLane's room, and I took very good care to let the clerk that laughed at me before see the bag. Mr. Flood was in there, and Mr. McLane, and I opened the bag and turned out the money on Mr. McLane's desk, and Mr. Flood came up and laughed, and Mr. McLane laughed, and I heard Mr. Flood tell Mr. McLane they would have the lunch to-day. And then Mr. Flood told me if I wanted to borrow money again not to go to any other banks, but come to his, and I thanked him, and Mr. McLane brought my note canceled by a great blue "Paid" stamped across the face, right over where I wrote "Jones & Co." Then I told Mr. Flood that perhaps when we felt able to send for ma I should come and borrow some more money, because I wanted to buy a house for ma and Maud, so that they wouldn't have to go into any more nasty boarding-houses, and Mr. Flood said I should have all the money I wanted.

When we sent for ma and Maud, grandpa gave me the money to come, and so we didn't have to borrow any more; and we took a nice cottage, not very near the store, for pa didn't want ma to know about Jones & Co., though I was just crazy to tell her.

For several days we fooled her. She thought pa had a store down town, and I was going to school. I told lots of fibs about being detained at school, going down town, and all sorts of stories to account for being home late. One day who should I see coming into the store but ma!

"Have you any pearl shirt-buttons, little girl?" said ma.

"Yes, ma'am," said I, looking her right square in the face.

"Goodness gracious!" said ma. "Is that you, Vevie?"

I said: "Beg pardon, ma'am, what did you want?" And then ma looked at me again.

I had a store-apron on, and a small cap like a French girl; and because I wasn't very high, pa bought me a pair of wooden brogans, with felt on the bottoms, into which I slipped my feet, and they made me four or five inches taller; and ma stared at me, and then laughed and said:

"Oh, I beg your pardon, little girl; you look so much like my daughter Genevieve that I thought you was her."

Then I heard pa snicker down behind the counter. He had seen ma come in and hid. Just as soon as ma went out pa jumped up and laughed, and said: "Snatch off your apron and cap, Vevie, and run round the block and get home before your mother."

I did, and when ma got home she was the most surprised woman you ever seen. We knew this thing couldn't last, and so that night we told ma all about the house of "Jones & Co.," and ma kissed pa and said he was a "splendid, noble fellow, and just as good as gold," and that she "never was so proud of him in her life," and fell to kissing him and to crying and taking on. I never saw ma act so foolish in all her life, and pa said she "was making love to him over again."

Well, now, the story is about over. Ma came down to the store to help. At first she looked kinder sheepish, especially when some lady came in that she had known at the Lick House; but soon she got over all that and began to make bonnets, and we had a milliner store; and then she insisted upon saving the expense of a separate house, and we moved into a larger store next door, with nice rooms fixed up to live in, and a nice show-window for bonnets; and little Maudie is beginning to be handy about, and all of us work, and we are just as happy as the day's long, and have lots of money.

I have never seen Mr. Flood but once since, when I went down to the bank unknown to pa, and told Mr. Flood and Mr. McLane that any time they wanted to borrow a thousand dollars "Jones & Co." would lend it to them; and they laughed and said "they couldn't tell—st-cks might go down." And then Mr. Flood said "If all the people he had given and loaned money

would pay it back as I had, he didn't think he would get lusted in a long time."

And then I saw the clerk that laughed at me, and I smiled at him and bowed; and since then he has been buying all his gloves at the store. I told him I thought he used a great many pairs of gloves, and he said they wore out very fast counting money. He is dreadful particular about his gloves, and if there is nobody in the store but me he is sometimes half an hour picking out just the kind he wants.

Pa has bought a splendid gold watch—a real stem-winder; and we—"Jones & Co."—have bought a nice large lot out on Gov. Stanford's new cable railroad, and paid for it; and if the times are good this summer, as pa thinks they will be, we shall have a house of our own again, where we shall all live in peace, die in Greece, and be buried in a cake of tallow.

MARY JANE JONES.
—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Drunkard's Body After Death.

A post-mortem examination of nearly seventy persons who had died from the excessive use of ardent spirits showed the following facts:

1. Congestion of the scalp and of the membranes of the brain, with much serous (watery) effusion; the substance of the brain white and firm, as if it had lain in alcohol for one or two hours.
2. The lungs not always, but frequently, congested or inflamed.
3. The heart flabby, enlarged, dilated and loaded with fat on the outside, the blood in it of a cherry-red color, and with tendency to coagulate.
4. The stomach perfectly white, and thickened in some cases; in others, having patches of chronic inflammation. In the worst cases the larger portion of the stomach covered with that species of inflammation which causes the blood to be poured from the minute veins.
5. The liver enlarged—in old drunkards weighing from six to twelve pounds.
6. The omentum—a sort of apron which immediately covers the abdomen in front—loaded with a gray, slushy fat.
7. The kidneys enlarged, flabby and infiltrated in numerous spots with a whitish matter.
8. The small intestines filled with bile and coated with tenacious mucus.
9. The blood in a very fluid condition, having but little albumen and fat.
10. The whole body except the brain decomposing very rapidly.

It is a wonder that "a drunkard hath woes."

Unselfishness of Farmers.

The Springfield Republican calls attention to a trait of farmers, in which it thinks they differ, as regards each other, from the members of any other guild. "Each man is eager to show his neighbor any new discovery or acquisition which he has possessed himself of that is likely to help on the business of farming. If he thinks he has a 'good thing,' he wants others to know about it, whether it be the result of some successful experiment in raising a crop, an improved breed of cattle or variety of vegetable, or a package of superior seed which has come from a distance. Apparently he does not for a moment entertain the idea that it would be to his profit to keep such knowledge or specimens to himself. And if another farmer comes to see him, he is pleased to show all his possessions; and there are no corners of the place by which the visitor is hurried because some experimenting is going on there which the owner does not care to have seen, as is often the case when a visitor makes the grand rounds of a factory. Contrast this habit of the farmers with the way that neighboring merchants and manufacturers do their business. Why, when it was first proposed to connect the paper mills in Holyoke with their offices in this city by telephone, objection was at once raised that the papermakers might possibly learn each other's secrets as a consequence."

A Cure for Dyspepsia.

We have never experienced the miseries of dyspepsia, but those who have "gone through the mill" tell us the different stages of the ailment are far from being enjoyable. Of course, for that, as for every other disease, there are old remedies and new remedies, more or less effective. We copy from an exchange the following cure, which is said to be infallible, and as it is very simple, those who are afflicted may be glad to try it. On the first day take from the time of rising, once an hour, one tablespoonful of skim-milk, omitting it one hour before and one hour after dinner. For dinner, rare roast beef—all the patient desires—and half a cup of clear coffee; nothing else. After dinner resume taking the tablespoonful of milk once every hour for the rest of the day. On the second day let the dose of milk be two teaspoonfuls. On the third day take three spoonfuls of milk each hour, and after that a little bread may be crumbled in if desired. This diet should be continued fifteen days, at the end of which time the worst case of dyspepsia will be cured—so it is said. Don't take our word for it, however.—Boston Courier.

TIMELY TOPICS.

There is a tremendous dispute raging in Madras, India, over a hair from the Prophet Mohammed's beard. This holy relic is inclosed in a case, guarded by an official, who has a government pension of 100 rupees per annum, and six fanatical Mussulmans are disputing for its possession. The dispute has been taken before the Madras High Court.

It is unfortunate for men who have been condemned unjustly that they do not reside in Denmark, for there, in accordance with an old law, a man unjustly condemned is, on his innocence being proved, driven through the streets in one of the king's state carriages, preceded by a herald, who proclaims that the sentence is annulled, and then a pension is settled on him.

Cincinnati is making great preparations for an exhibition of the industrial and fine arts next fall. Two large wings are to be added to the Springer Music Hall for the purpose of the exhibition, making the building four hundred feet square. The grounds for the extra buildings have been donated by the city, and already about \$1,000,000 have been contributed to insure the success of the enterprise. The loans already secured for the fine art department promise to make the exhibition equal, if not superior, to anything of the sort thus far held in this country.

The American rifle shot, Dr. F. W. Carver, accomplished a wonderful shooting feat in England. He waged \$500 that he would hit an apple held upon the end of a knife by his colored attendant, riding on horseback at full gallop, at a distance of thirty yards. A large apple was procured and stuck on the end of a pruning knife. The jockey mounted a horse, and held the target with his left hand as far as possible behind his body. The start was made about one hundred yards away, and when the rider came within range, riding at a furious gallop, the doctor fired. The first attempt was a failure, and odds of \$50 to \$100 were bet against Carver. The second time he struck the apple, knocking it into half a dozen pieces.

The commissioners of emigration expect a large increase in the emigration to America this year. The American emigrant societies and similar organizations, which have branches in Norway and Sweden, report that unusually large preparations are making for a Scandinavian movement in this direction. The same is true of England, where thousands of mill operatives declare that they cannot make a living and must emigrate. Inquiries are also pouring in from Germany, particularly from the southern part, where much distress prevails, and large emigration companies are forming. A large influx of Russian Mennonites is also expected this year, owing to the fact that a Russian law, recently passed, will compel them to do military duty after 1880. In short, the commissioners expect that about 150,000 emigrants will come to America through the port of New York during the coming year.

Side by side with the recovery of her prosperity, France has kept in view the recovery of her military position. Out of a population of 37,000,000, about 704,000 men are in the active army, 510,000 in the reserve, 582,000 in the territorial army, and 625,000 in the territorial reserve—making a total of about 2,400,000 men, all of whom have received some amount of military training. Besides these, there are about 1,330,000 men who though nominally belonging to the army and liable to serve in certain contingencies, have received no training. Against these figures the Germans have to show in the active army 401,000, in the reserve 500,000, in the landwehr 580,000, and in the landstrum 1,030,000—making in all 2,511,000 men who have received some amount of military training, besides 3,345,000 men who have received no training. In cavalry the Germans have the advantage, the figures for the two countries being 91,000 and 70,000 men. In artillery the numerical advantage is with the French, the figures being, for France 2,442 guns, and for Germany 2,134 guns. The immense drain of labor which the maintenance of this army must impose upon France is in addition to, not in lieu of, a drain of money. The army estimates now reach \$142,500,000 yearly.

Equal to the Emergency.

A young lady was sitting with a gallant captain in a charmingly-decorated room. On her knee was a diminutive niece. In the adjoining room, with the door open, were the rest of the company. Says the little niece, in a jealous and very audible voice, "Auntie, kiss me, too." I leave you to imagine what had happened. "You should say twice, Ethel dear; two is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder. Clever girl, that.—London World.

A gentleman late one evening met his servant. "Hallo! where are you going to this time of night? for no good I'll warrant." "I was coming for you, sir."

The Sexton.

Nigh to a grave that was newly made, Lensed a sexton old, on his earth-worn spad. His work was done, and he paused to wait The funeral train through the open gate; A relic of by-gone days was he, And his locks were as white as the foamy sea. And these words came from his lips so thin, "I gather them in! I gather them in!" "I gather them in! for man and boy, Year after year of grief and joy, I've buried the houses that lie around. In every nook of this burial ground. Mother and daughter, father and son, Come to my solitude, one by one. But some they strangers, or come they kins; I gather them in! I gather them in!" "Many are with me, but still I'm alone! I am king of the dead and I make my throne On a monument made of marble cold, And my scepter of rule is the spade I hold. Come they from cottage, or come they from hall, Mankind are my subjects—all, all, all! Let them loiter in pleasure, or toilsomely I gather them in! I gather them in!" "I gather them in, and their final rest Is here, down here, in the Earth's dark breast. And the sexton ceased—for the funeral train Would nately over that solemn plain; And I said to my heart—when time is told, A mightier voice than the sexton's old Will sound o'er the last tramp's dreadful din. I gather them in! I gather them in!"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Contempt of court—A breach of promise. House cleaning refrain: "Get up a dust!"

The snake is not much of a beauty, but he always travels on his shape.

New taxes, to the amount of \$150,000, a year, have been imposed on France since the war.

Working hours are being rapidly extended from fifty-one to fifty-four hours a week in Scotland.

The cynic of the New Haven Register has a notion that the "N. B.'s" at the end of a lady's letter mean new bonnets.

A one-armed street singer was lately assassinated in Paris and his body followed to the grave by three hundred beggars.

An Ohio farmer was lately annoyed the inroads of sheep upon his grain field and raised the height of his fence. A rat was the only one of the flock that could leap it, but he enabled his companions to do so by placing himself alongside, offering his back for them to jump on before clearing it.

Stout calico is made water-proof by Chinese with a preparation which proves efficient in any climate, and is supposed to be composed of the following ingredients: Boiled oil, one quart; soft-soap, one ounce and beewax, one ounce; the whole to be boiled until reduced to three-quarters of quantity when mixed. The calico treated with this mixture answers well for saving apparatus.

Down Millcreek's fair and fertile vale A swift canal-boat sped, While on the bank a granger tilted His fragment onion bed.

"Man! man! man!" the captain cried, "Well, ain't I hoeing?" the man replied.

Up spoke the sturdy captain then: "Bring forth the lowermost strong!" "It ain't no lower, sir, but 'a'mble, That pulls your boat along."

The granger said: "He was radder green You see, in the terms of the marines." —Cin. Sta.

Curious Phenomena at Pike's Peak.

Some curious natural phenomena witnessed from the summit of Pike's Peak. Electric storms are so remarkable there that those who have witnessed them are eloquent as to their splend. Little thunder accompanies them; the whole mountain seems to be on fire, and the top one sheet of flame. Electricity comes out of every rock, and d here and there with indescribable rance. An observer says that it plays around him continuously; shot d his back—glanced out of his feet, and completely filled him that he be charged like a Leyden jar. He could retain his foothold; he bounded and bounded from the rocks after the man of an india-rubber ball; he felt though a powerful battery were th thing and thrilling through his fra and, fearing consequences, he hur into the signal station. The signal ers stationed at the peak see some wonderful sights, and if they had as m imagination and rhetoric as they I patience and power of observation, could furnish some very vivid descriptions of what they witness. Several of science, who have watched electric storms from the top of the mountain, think the phenomena the grandest most imposing, and that they can be surpassed anywhere. The peak commands a view of one hundred miles, a wild mountainous region, containing many lakes, and the sources of great rivers—the Platte, Arkansas, Grand and Colorado of California. Imagine that broad, picturesque, kindled and glowing with electricity you have an ideal picture of sublimity which no poet has begun to paint.

The St. Andrews Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS APRIL 30, 1879.

Our readers will excuse the lack of usual notices and news in the present issue which is owing to a rush of job work for the past ten days; but to make amends we have issued a supplement containing a large amount of instructive articles.

EXAMINATION OF SCHOOLS.

For the past week, the Schools throughout the Province have been undergoing the examinations held during the term which terminates this month, and from the general report published in the news-papers, there appears to be a good attendance of pupils and advancement in their studies. Among the elements contributing to this satisfactory record, are the ability of the teachers to impart instruction, order in the departments, regular attendance, and properly adapted school-rooms; in all these requirements there has been marked improvement, and it is satisfactory to notice, that the school system is being fairly criticized, for the purpose of correcting defects in its workings.

At the risk perhaps of being considered unnecessarily critical, there is a tendency in the system of school teaching to instruct rather than to educate; let us not be misunderstood; we do not undervalue instruction, as it is the means of imparting knowledge, the method of filling the mind with facts; while Education is in point of fact to bring forth or develop the physical, moral, and intellectual faculties.

There is a leaning to cram, and reliance on text books, from which the answers have been committed to memory. This is a matter of information without exciting thought and cultivating the faculties generally. Besides there are too many studies undertaken, and the higher branches merely touched, and other studies, which are of but little use to the masses, while the groundwork is left unfinished. The higher branches of education are not undervalued by us, but superficial acquirements are purchased at the loss of common branches, which enter into daily requirements. In this utilitarian age, the great need is, to fit the pupils for the hard and onerous duties of every day life, and should their parents or guardians desire they should pursue higher branches, the ground-work having been laid, the ascent will be the more readily made.

Having offered these observations, we proceed briefly to notice the examinations of our local schools:

On Monday morning the primary school taught by Miss Wade was examined in reading, writing, arithmetic spelling and printing on the slate. At the close the children sang some little hymns. The Trustees expressed themselves satisfied with the progress of the pupils. Of all the departments, this one requires a staid and well qualified matron, of experience in the management of young children.

The next School examined was Miss Rogers', in the usual branches of an elementary education, and we learn the pupils passed a fair examination.

The school taught by Miss Algar was examined in the afternoon, several visitors were present. 51 pupils were present out of 67 on the roll. The exercises were reading, spelling, grammar, geography, arithmetic, etc. The examination closed with the children singing "keep to the right," and "Sabbath bells." The pupils were addressed by Rev. W. McCullagh and Mr. Odell one of the Trustees.

On Tuesday morning, the School taught by Miss Adie Hanson, No. 1 advanced, was examined. A large number of visitors, and Trustees present. The scholars passed a very satisfactory examination, and evinced great proficiency in all the studies during the past term. The pupils were addressed by Rev. W. McCullagh, who in concluding his remarks left them three words for thought—"patience, patience, and perseverance." To take pains in their studies, and possessing patience and experience, they would succeed. Rev. Mr. Harrison, and Messrs. Odell and Bradford, trustees also made suitable remarks. Mr. Odell spoke at some length, alluding to the progress made during the past quarter pointing out the advantages the scholars enjoyed, and the places they would fill in a few years in the country, with words of encouragement to persevere. Each gentleman who addressed the school, made complimentary allusion to the excellent discipline and order in the department, which were well merited.

In the afternoon, No. 1 advanced School taught by Mr. Vroom underwent examination in the following subjects—reading, spelling, grammar, geography, history, arithmetic, and the pupils acquitted themselves in a most satisfactory manner. There were in addition to the trustees, nearly fifty visitors present. Three of the scholars, viz—Laura Davis, James Berry, and Maud Storr, had been present every day during the term. Rev. Messrs. McCullagh and Crawford and Mr. Andrew Lamb addressed the scholars, and expressed their satisfaction on the progress which they had made in their studies and offered words of encouragement to them to persevere in their efforts. A most pleasing feature was an address written by one of the female pupils and signed by them all, to Mr. Vroom, whose connection with the school ceases with the present term. The address was read by Miss Mary McVay the writer, and during its delivery the whole school was moved to tears, so deeply did they feel the loss of their teacher, whom they all respected and loved. At the conclusion of the address another pupil presented the teacher with a handsome writing desk, as a testimonial of the high respect in which he was held by the scholars.

The following is a copy of the address:

DEAR TEACHER: We have received the sad tidings of your intended departure, and it is with sincere regret that we bid you good-bye. Although the greater number of us have been your pupils but a few months yet during that brief time, we could not fail to perceive the many noble qualities of your character, and admire the keen interest which you have always taken in everything pertaining to our welfare. Your highest aim has been to inspire in us a love of study, by making the hours spent in school pleasant as well as profitable. When we consider the great benefit we have received from your instructions, and remember your many acts of kindness which went so far towards beautifying our school life, we cannot find words to express our thankfulness.

We have found in you not only a willing helper, but a true and tender friend. Often, and often, when we have been reduced to the lowest depths of despair by reason of the difficulties which continually rose up around us, your cheerful words and assistance so readily given, raised us to the highest pinnacle of hope, and encouraged us to begin anew. In the distant future, when our paths have diverged far apart, and our feet have grown weary struggling against the thorns and adversities which are so thickly strewn along the road of life—when our fairest hopes are shattered, and our brightest hopes and aspirations dashed to the ground by the relentless hand of fate—when not even a star remains to brighten the darkness of our horizon, then your weary thoughts will wander back to the dim shadowy record of the past, and turning over the leaves carefully, we come to one bright spot, and there memory lingers. Again, there rises before us in all its vividness, a picture of the "long ago," and again we see reproduced the scenes of our school days. Once more we receive and return the greetings and handclaps of our young companions, and above all the kind words and good counsel of our teacher falls like sweet music on our listening ears, we close the record and turn away with hearts strengthened, ready to take up once more our burden, and endeavour to welcome the thorns as well as the roses of life; and our heartfelt prayer and earnest hope at that distant time, will be the same as it is to-day.

May fortune scatter her choicest favours around you, and sunshine illumine your pathway forever be the sincere desire of your affectionate pupils.

St. Andrews, April 29, 1879.

Mr. Vroom while being taken by surprise on hearing the address and the presentation of the handsome gift, made a feeling reply to his pupils, thanking them for their good wishes and generous gift, and urging them to continued diligence in their studies under the teacher who will fill his place.

READINGS.—The Rev. Mr. McCullagh, has consented to give Readings in the Reform Club Hall on Friday evening next, Admission 5 cents—the proceeds in aid of the W. C. T. Union.

Capt. Howard Campbell of the Canadian Steamship line, was here for a couple of days visiting his parents, our respected Postmaster and Mrs. Campbell. The Capt. looks well, and is every inch a sailor.

The fine weather for the past week, was relieved during the morning by copious showers.

THE RECIPROCITY AGITATION IN BRITAIN.

We commend the following remarks from the *Scottish American Journal* to the thoughtful consideration of those who have been unfortunately deceived by "new policy" clap-trap during the late canvass. How true it is that much of the reasoning on this subject is, "empty declamation, and still more empty logic." The "readjustment" theory, has turned out to be what its opponents declared it was—a full bloom protection. The hand-writing is on the wall, and a change for the better is only a question of time.

The paper quoted says:—

It is not surprising that a large party in Great Britain should be disposed to clamour for a return to protection. There have always been a few, even under the happiest auspices of free trade, who have contended that that policy was unsound, and that the country would eventually suffer disastrous consequences from its operation. The present general depression in trade has tended to countenance this idea, and has furnished a very convenient pretext for a renewed agitation on the subject. That agitation is now carried on under the convenient and imposing designation of reciprocity. In an abstract point of view it is undoubtedly true that reciprocal trade relations with different countries, if established on a sound basis, would prove mutually advantageous, and that if foreign nations refuse this, and adopt in place thereof a restrictive and prohibitory policy, the Government of Great Britain will have some show of reason for putting its manufacturing interests in a defensive position. This seems to be the gist of a great deal that is now said and written upon the matter; and under the high sounding name of reciprocity there is proposed nothing short of a retaliatory and prohibitory tariff.

But this does not take in the whole state of the question, even as looked at from the standpoint of the present advocates of reciprocity; for even as a matter of political economy, leaving morality out of the question, it cannot be wise or right for the British Government to do wrong simply because another nation is foolish enough to attempt political suicide. No positive proof is adduced to show that the prevailing distress results directly or indirectly from the free-trade policy of the last thirty years; and that with the abolition of that policy a firm basis would be laid for a return to commercial prosperity. Much of the reasoning on this subject is empty declamation, and still more empty logic; and as Mr. John Bright has said in a letter on the subject, the reciprocity agitation is exactly adapted to catch the consideration of simpletons who have no memory and no logic. Were it not for the lack of memory and logical power it would soon be seen that the distress of the country, as Mr. Bright expresses it, was ten times greater in the period from '39 to '42 than it has been from '77 to the present time, and that it is at this moment, although in former periods the country had protection as much as Parliament and the laws could give. Nor is it perhaps an exaggeration to say that if Britain could be reduced during this year to the condition it was in after the bad harvests of 1829 to 1842, there would be insurrection and anarchy all over the country, and the simpletons who are writing pamphlets and delivering lectures in favour of protection would be flying for their lives.

THE MASCARENE MINE.

We learn from reliable sources that the mine at Mascarene, about twelve miles from St. Andrews, is turning out a more valuable investment than was anticipated. It was known to be rich in silver ore, but it was not supposed to contain an auriferous deposit; a recent assay, however, by an expert at Portland, Me., led to its discovery. It appears that a ton of the ore yielded 20 pennyweights of gold, 101 oz. of silver, and 337 lbs. of lead. The values of these metals are—gold \$1 03 a pennyweight, silver \$1 10 per oz., which with the lead makes the total value of the ore \$41 a ton. Mining has not reached beyond 20 feet as yet, and it is probable that further down the ore will be richer. The stockholders are to be congratulated on their success.

SALES.—On Saturday next, 3rd May, Mr. Hatheway will sell at auction, at his Sales room, NEW CARPET ORGANS. These instruments are of a superior quality of tone and finish, as an examination will prove.

The Legislature of P. E. Island met on Thursday. Governor Hodgson in the opening speech spoke of the very unsatisfactory condition of the finances of the Province, and counselled the adoption of the most stringent economy. A Bill for the abolition of the Legislative Council will be introduced in the course of the session.

PERMISSIVE BILL IN CARLETON CO.—On Thursday, the vote was taken on in Carleton County on the Permissive Bill. The returns as far as given show 1178 for and 40 against the Bill.

The vote was taken on the Permissive Bill in Prince Edward Island on Thursday and it was carried by a vote of 557 to 233.

CARPETS.—Messrs. Woods & Co., Calais, advertise in today's issue, a new stock of Carpets and Room Papers, at very low prices.

The Hamilton wholesale grocers are beginning to feel the pinch of the Redpath vice, and are wincing accordingly. The "Times" is informed that a petition on the sugar duty question is being privately and confidently hawked about among them for signature. The *sub rosa* air about it is due to the fact that the petition emanates from a leading Tory firm, from whom a public admission of the undeniable fact that they are discontented could not be dragged by a team of wild horses. The petition is said to begin, appropriately enough, by mentioning the respect and esteem which they (the petitioners) have for Mr. Tilley, and their confidence in his wisdom, and having buttered the Finance Minister as thickly as the butter could be laid on, proceeds to point out the desirability of a thorough re-consideration of that masterpiece of his wisdom, the tariff on sugar. Western wholesale men can now see that the N. P. means the transfer of a great part of their business to Montreal. It is somewhat late in the day for them to be getting into their heads a fact which has long been obvious to any one who cared to understand it.

The "Mail" says:—

"A cable despatch this morning says a large emigration of North Country coal miners will take place to the United States and Canada this year. The National Policy will give them work in Nova Scotia. One-sided free trade would have consigned them all to Pennsylvania."

If the Nova Scotian mines are to be worked by new-comers, how are the Nova Scotian miners to benefit by the National Policy? The owners will no doubt be glad to welcome the cheap labour, which will reduce the wages of their men, but we fail to see any reason why the men should reject competition merely because the monopoly of the masters may be made more profitable. Will it afford matter for much congratulation to Toronto housekeepers that the extra price they are forced to pay for coal will maintain the excellent North Countrymen who are coming out?

The Canadian Ministry have promised when the United States Government reduce their tariff, the Canadian Government will follow the example. How easy it is to make an offer when there is little hope of its being accepted, nevertheless it is open to acceptance, but after all there is small prospect of its leading reciprocity. The legislation of nearly four millions of people cannot bear very hard on upwards of forty millions; while admitting this, it is good policy to encourage domestic manufactures.

Heavy consignments of covered buggies have been sent from Cincinnati to Chatham since the introduction of the National Policy. A large number of these have been purchased by people in the neighborhood, and the local carriage builders are now to their sorrow realizing the fact that the new tariff gives a much greater advantage to foreign manufacturers than the previously possessed.

The hon. Mr. Joly left Halifax for England, on Saturday last. The Quebec *Chronicle* understands that the Dominion Government has suggested that the Lieutenant Governor of Quebec should be represented in London by an agent, and specially requested that no time be lost, as it was desirable that the hon. Mr. Joly should return as soon as possible. It was therefore considered desirable that the Premier of the Province should proceed per first steamer from Halifax.

ENORMOUS EGGS.—A hen—a cross between a Plymouth Rock and a Brahma—owned by Mr. Isaac Stewart of this city, laid last week an egg, measuring 6 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches, and weighed 5 ounces. Match it who can.—*Fredericton Age*.

ONTARIO ELECTIONS.—Writs will be issued in time to hold the nominations on Thursday, 29th May, and the polling day on Thursday, the 5th of June.

An old man in Menno County, 70 years of age, has had a six-weeks illness and his hair, which was quite white, has become a dark brown.

In the whole history of Medicine, no preparation has ever performed such marvellous cures or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by timely use, in the throat and lungs disorders of children, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those that have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, Physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and Clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.

A Leading Medical Authority says

"Consumption is essentially a disease of degeneration and decay. So it may be inferred that the treatment for the most part should be of sustaining and invigorating character—nutritious food, pure, dry air, with such varied and moderate exercise as to strengthen the will, the enlivening influence of bright sunshine and agreeable scenery, and cheerful society and occupation, aided by a judicious use of medicinal tonics and stimulants, are among the means best suited to restore the defective functions and structures of frames prone to decay."

ROBINSON'S PHOSPHORISED EMULSION OF PURE LIVER OIL WITH LACTO-PHOSPHATE OF LIME by its gently stimulating and nutritive tonic properties is adapted in an eminent degree to this office of restoring the "defective functions and structures," as the number of cases in which it has been so successfully used, together with its short record of a few months that has placed it in the foremost ranks of proprietary remedies will fully testify.

Prepared solely by J. H. Robinson, Pharmaceutical Chemist, St. John, N. B., and for sale by Druggists and General Dealers. Price \$1.00 per bottle; six bottles for \$5.00. ap2

Hall's Vegetable Sclerian Hair Renewer

is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores grey hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft, and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair-dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. vol46-n017

At Bay Side, St. Croix, on the 25th inst. Mr. Isaac Carlow, aged 64, leaving a wife, relatives, and friends to lament their loss.

At St. Stephen, on the 19th inst. Mr. John D. Wilson, of the Customs, aged 65.

CARPETS!

CARPETS!

ROOM PAPERS.

OUR STOCK IS NOW VERY COMPLETE. CALL AND EXAMINE.

WE OFFER THE LARGEST VARIETY OF

DRY GOODS

IN THE STATE.

Prices Very Low.

W. Woods & Co.

ap130-ri. CALAIS, MAINE.

Special Notices.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c. I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. J. T. LEMAN, Station D, New York City. feb12 ly.

AGENTS, READ THIS.

We will pay Agents a Salary of \$100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Write what we say. Sample free. Address, SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

Circuit Court.

The Circuit Court of the County of Charlotte, will sit at St. Andrews, on Tuesday the 20th May next at twelve o'clock, noon. At which time and place all officers of the law and other persons required to be at this Court, are publicly notified to give their attendance. ALEX. T. PAUL, Sheriff of Charlotte. St. Andrews, April 29, 1879. nm

Notice.

THE Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the New Brunswick and Canada Railroad Company will be held at their office in St. Stephen on TUESDAY 13th MAY, 1879, at 10 o'clock a.m. By order, C. F. TODD, Secretary. St. Stephen, 17th March, 1879. mar-26

Supplement.

Masquerade.

The lightest and gayest music heard
Has a mournful undertone,
That falls on the heart with a dreary sound,
And wakes an answering moan.
The bluest and sweetest violets
Bloom in the grass o'er a grave,
And countless wrecks and dead hopes lie
Near the beautiful, smiling wave.
The fairest flowers of laughter and song
Bloom by the river of Tears,
That flows with a mournfully rippling moan
Through the sorrowful realm of the years.
And we never dream, as their petals fall,
Greet our admiring eyes,
That they're gently waiting to and fro
To the sorrowful breath of sighs.
The clown parades the comic stage,
But a just life doth seem;
A wonderful joke existence is,
The fairest and funniest dream.
When the footlights are out and the curtain down,
And the light has died on the air,
Just watch his face as he walks away,
And read the tragedy there.
And thus we play our mimic part
Till Death lets the curtain down,
And we leave the fickle, giddy stage
To some other merry clown.
I wonder what would the old world think,
If our masks should fall away
And reveal the tragic undertone
Beneath the comic play.

MADAME PATTERSON-BONAPARTE.

The Death of the Last Participant of a Romance which Stirred Two Continents.

The death of Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson, otherwise known as Madame Bonaparte, at the venerable age of ninety-four years, is the closing scene of a very remarkable life, that was as stormy and disappointing in its early experiences as it was retired and prolonged thereafter. It was this old lady's strange destiny to see three generations of the family that had refused to legitimize her marriage and rejected her from France, themselves rejected and expelled, alienated and exiled, and she, the only recognized member of the proper household of Napoleon the Great, survived them all, and died, as she had lived, in the home of her childhood. The recognition which the French courts and the Bonaparte family denied to her she received in full measure from the church and from society. Pius VII. preferred to go to prison rather than pronounce her marriage invalid, and while Napoleon turned his back upon her, Napoleon's conqueror kissed her hand, and paid compliments in his prim, patriotic way to her beauty. After her long struggle against that injustice by which a second family of her former husband succeeded to the station and honors to which she considered herself and offspring entitled, she accepted the legal title and name of Mistress Elizabeth Patterson, but notwithstanding which, as we have indicated, society over-recognized her as Madame Bonaparte. This venerable lady, who had come down to us like a relic of a past age, was yet no fossil, but a veritable possession of the present generation. She aged little except in years and strength, even when she had turned the point of ninety. She enjoyed the present as if she was one of its contemporaries, and had genuine delight in her sound health, her strong will and her sharp wit. Besides, she had vivid memory, unconquerable hope, and enthusiastic worship for that one *deceitful Napoleon* who possessed her soul. Whatever else she might doubt or mis-trust, she was Bonapartist to the core, and ever upheld the glory, the prestige and the restitution of the family of which, in spite of its rejection and its contumely to her, she felt herself to be a member. Her shrewd father did not perhaps particularly fancy an alliance with the youthful brother of the Corsican who was self-made first consul of France, but Elizabeth Patterson was from the first in love with the Napoleonic idea, and realized the imperial majesty that folded itself in the impassive arms of the conqueror of Egypt and the hero of Marengo. This was a faith which Madame Bonaparte long cherished. She saw with the eye of faith the Bonapartes and the empire restored again, the violet once more the flower of France, with prospects of her own child and grandchildren as heirs to that great Napoleon who overturned the old order in Europe and set up the new. The contingency for which she braced herself never came about, but all the same, she long lived by it, and upon it, and it served her instead of all other enthusiasms. This unreality in her thoughts kept the lonely and friendless

life she led from growing to be sterile and sapless, and it made her a most picturesque and interesting person in the community as long as her activity lasted. Every one knew her history, and its disappointments and illusions. Every one sympathized with her misfortunes and at one time half believed her ambitions to be attainable; and it is really surprising to recall what an immediate and personal interest all in the community, from the oldest to the youngest, felt and expressed in her affairs and fortunes. The lesson of her life, however, is but one more illustration of the sad ending of all mere human aspirations, which may only be recompensed by the fruition of surer hopes in the life immortal, to the measure of which, however, no one upon earth can determine and no one need essay to judge.

Madame Bonaparte's Wit.

Madame Patterson-Bonaparte, the lately-deceased lady who was cast aside by Jerome Bonaparte at the command of his brother, Napoleon, was renowned throughout Europe for her caustic tongue and ready wit, and her brilliant sayings were quoted from one end of the continent to the other. It was while residing in Vienna that she made the remark to the English ambassador at the Austrian court, which was repeated all over Europe. The story is that at a state dinner given by Prince Metternich it fell to the English ambassador to escort Madame Bonaparte. In the drawing room, previous to the dinner, they had conversed upon the character of Napoleon, whom the Englishman hated and Madame Bonaparte admired, and the ambassador had suffered from her sarcasm. At dinner he thought he would get even with his opponent. So when the soup was over he asked her if she had read Mrs. Trollope's book on America. Madame Bonaparte said she had.

"Well, madame," he asked, "did you notice that Mrs. Trollope pronounces all Americans vulgarians?"
"Yes," replied Madame Bonaparte, "and I am not surprised at that. Were the Americans the descendants of the Indians or the Esquimaux I should be astonished; but being the direct descendants of the English, it is very natural that they should be vulgarians."

The ambassador said nothing more on this subject.

Trout Fishing.

The men who go out for brook trout must be very skillful or they will not catch any fish, for it is a question whether we have any field sport requiring more skill than does the landing of these wary, sagacious members of the finny tribe with line and artificial fly. First the fisher must be able to handle at least thirty feet of line, must lay it out straight upon the water, must raise it, carry it back of him, and then put it upon the water again. At the end of the line are the bits of feather and silk fashioned to represent flies. They must fall upon the water in imitation of the natural fly, and once there they must be so manipulated as to represent the struggles of the supposed insect in its efforts to raise from the water or reach shore. After this deception has been practiced successfully upon the fish, skill is required to hook him. When his troutship has seized the counterfeit—which he usually does with a rush and a splash that quite stuns the wits of any but an absolutely cool man—he shuts his jaws upon it just long enough to detect the deception, and then rejects it. It is therefore in the very short space of time that the jaws are closed upon the hook that must come that skillful straightening of the line—not a jerk or a twitch—that sends the sharp point deep into the bony structure of the mouth and fastens the game. Then the fisherman throws off all attempts at deception and begins a fair fight. His tackle is necessarily delicate, for he cannot cast for trout with an ash pole out in the woods and a chalk line. If the fish be large and cunning he has a hundred little tricks with which he attempts to free himself from the hook. He winds the line around an old root, tangles it in a bunch of weeds, strikes the leader with his tail. The fisherman must prevent his doing this, or the game is gone. With an eight-ounce rod and a nine-foot leader, it is

no child's play to keep a trout weighing a pound and a half away from an old stump or a sunken log. Let the line be once entangled, and the fish escapes. The steady strain must be kept up; not an inch of slack line be given; eyes must be wide open and wits keen for fifteen minutes—perhaps longer—and by that time, if all has gone well, the trout is tired out and is ready for the landing net. There is this about fly fishing for trout, that the fish has nearly an equal chance with the fisherman, so much skill is required from first to last to secure the game. Perhaps this should cause it to be classed as sport of a higher order than ordinary angling or shooting.

Curative Properties of Coal Oil.
Dr. M. M. Milton, of Bradford, Pa., forwards to the press an interesting letter on crude petroleum as a remedy for bronchial troubles, and cites numerous cases where men afflicted with consumption have gone to work about oil wells and in a short time their lung troubles have disappeared entirely. A refiner of petroleum in France is quoted as showing in his works, where a large number of workmen are employed, certain diseases, particularly phthisis (consumption) and bronchial catarrh never made their appearance. New workmen, who entered the works in a delicate and feeble condition, soon became strong and vigorous. Others stated that on leaving the works for a few hours the rheumatic pains were felt by them, which disappeared again on entering the works.

The doctor says: I have been a resident of the oil regions five or six years, and as far as my observation goes, I think the oil country singularly exempt from consumption. I have never known a drifter or pumpman to have the disease developed. If the records of death are examined I am sure fewer deaths will be found recorded from consumption than any other one cause. The cause of this exemption, I think, is due to the breathing of the air saturated with gas from the oil, or a certain amount being absorbed.

As an internal remedy for bronchial and laryngeal troubles I think it has no superior. It also enjoys a deserved domestic reputation in this country. My attention was first called to it from the fact that an "old doctress" had a wonderful reputation in curing consumption and kindred diseases. I am aware of several cases cured by her that were undoubtedly tubercular, or were so diagnosed by the faculty. She revealed to me the constituents of her pills, which were simply the *crude petroleum* which had hardened or inspissated in the vicinity of the tanks or wells. I have now been using this simple remedy for the past four or five years, with very satisfactory results in almost every case of bronchial or laryngeal troubles. In consumption, though my experience has not been as large as I desire to a satisfactory test, yet it has been gratifying as far as it went.

Out of thirteen well marked cases nine were entirely cured, three were benefited from its use than from any other and are still living, and one died that no medicine would have relieved. I have notes of the above cases, but they would not be interesting to the ordinary reader. My mode of using the crude petroleum is the pill form, as in any other shape it nauseates the stomach. Each pill contains from three to four grains. Dose, one four or five times per day, or when the cough is troublesome I use the inspissated or dried that accumulates in the tanks. It is of a dark brown color, and consistency of soft putty. I have usually freed it from dirt and crudities.

The iron trade shows marked signs of improvement in Ohio and neighboring States. Furnace companies are said to be putting their idle furnaces into blast, rolling-mills and forges that have been shut are starting up, and others are beginning to be run on double time. There is an increased demand for pig iron, and iron generally is selling on shorter time and nearer cash than formerly. Altogether, the outlook is represented to be decidedly encouraging.

A newspaper man in Texas has married \$2,000,000, and a sorrowing brother adds "please exchange."

The Ten-Dollar Certificates.

The demand for the new United States ten-dollar certificates now is strong and they will evidently become a favorite medium of exchange. These certificates have an appearance similar to bank or legal tender notes, but are a little shorter and a little wider. A vignette of Benjamin Franklin occupies one corner of the face side, while the figures and the word Ten stand in the other. They bear the date of issue, and certify that \$10 has been deposited with the treasurer of the United States under act of February 26, 1879, this bearing the signatures of the treasurer and register and the treasury seal. The nature of the certificate is explained by this inscription: "Convertible with accrued interest at 4 per cent. per annum in to 4 per cent. bonds of the United States issued under acts of July 14, 1870, and January 20, 1871, upon presentation at the office of the Treasurer, Washington, D. C., in sums of \$50 or multiples thereof." On the back of the certificate are the words "ten dollars" in large letters, and the following: "Interest on this note will accrue as follows: For each nine days, or 1-10th of a quarter, 1 cent; for each quarter year, 10 cents; for each entire year, 40 cents."

A Great Picture Sale.

The sale of Mr. Albert Spencer's collection of paintings, which took place in New York, was largely attended by buyers, connoisseurs and dealers, and the bidding was spirited. Seventy-one pictures were sold for \$82,430, an average of \$1,160. The leading figures realized were: "Keeper of the Hounds," by Jerome, \$8,000; "Entrance to Spanish Church," Madrazo, \$5,350; "Blind Man's Buff," Diaz, \$4,900; "Winter Travel, Russia," Schreyer, \$4,500; "Shepherdess of Barbizon," Millet, "Arabs Resting," Schreyer, and "Monk of St. Sophia," Rosini, each \$2,500; "Forest of Fontainebleau," Diaz, \$2,300; "Once Upon a Time," Merle, \$2,200; "Les Parisiennes," Baldini, \$2,100; "Cavalier, Time Louis XIII.," Meissonier, \$2,000; "A Bulgarian Train," Schreyer, \$1,800; "Plains of Barbizon," Diaz, \$1,725; "Matador and Sweetheart," Baldini, \$1,700.

The Live Stock Outlook.

The Chicago Times discoursing on the prospect of farmers raising live stock, says: The hog supply promises to be larger than ever, and so long as there is more money to be realized in feeding corn to swine than in sending that cereal to market, just so long will the west continue to produce enormous hog "crops." As regards the cattle supply, so far as can be learned, the receipts from Texas, Colorado, and other remote sections, including Wyoming and Montana, are likely to be larger than those of last year, but the supply of choice and fancy grades, such as are produced in Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, will, it is generally thought, run somewhat below an average. Of late the call at the stock yards for this class of cattle has been in excess of the supply, and the demand, especially from exporters, promises to undergo a large expansion.

How Natural.

"Save me doctor, and I'll give you a thousand dollars."
The doctor gave him a remedy that eased him, and he called out—
"Keep at it, doctor, and I'll give you a check for five hundred dollars!"
In half an hour more he was able to sit up, and he calmly remarked—
"Doctor, I feel like giving you a fifty-dollar bill."
When the doctor was ready to go the sick man was up and dressed; he followed the doctor to the door, and said—
"Say, doctor, send in your bill the first of the month."
When six months had been gathered to Time's bosom, the doctor sent in a bill amounting to five dollars. He was pressed to cut down to three, and after so doing he sued to get it, got judgment and the patient put in a stay of execution.

A little girl in Indianapolis jumped rope 500 times, became completely exhausted, experienced a congestive chill, and died a day or two subsequently.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

New York's famous Central Park has cost something like \$15,000,000.

The Iowa Supreme Court says railroads are not responsible for locomotive sparks.

The first of April found strawberries were selling in Philadelphia for \$1.50 per quart.

An Albany florist is endeavoring to arrange a match between a Virginia creeper and a scarlet runner.

Mrs. John Horine, of Anderson county, Kentucky, a few days ago gave birth to five children at one time. They are all living and doing well.

In the olden time a lady's hair rarely changed until she was over fifty; in these days a lady's hair will often show several shades of color before she is thirty.

While the Connecticut Valley farmers are reducing the acreage of the tobacco crop, the York county (Pa.) agriculturists are putting more land to its cultivation.

There was a slim-built young damsel in Tannton, and flesh she most sadly was wanting; she had plenty of chin, but her form, ah, so thin, e'en a skeleton skirt it looked gaunt in.

Let a man pull a straw out of a hay mow at Leadville, Col., to pick his teeth and the first thing he hears is: "Say, you thief, did you know hay was worth \$200 a ton around here?"

We suppose, when a woman has all the pin money she wants, she has attained the pin nickel of her happiness. We are ashamed of this, now we have said it; but never mind; it will help to fill up.—*Hawkeye.*

A new fancy in engagement jewelry is that by which a gold bangle takes the place of the customary engagement ring. The bangle has a padlock in place of a clasp, the key of which is worn by the gentleman on his watch chain.

Col. Mapleson, the English operative manager, met with such success the past season in this country, that he is to return with a fine troupe, and a party of New York capitalists propose erecting a new opera house for him.

An exchange says: "You can't advertise enough in a week to last a whole year, any more than you can eat enough in seven days to last 365, and yet some so-called business men and boarding-house keepers seem to think so."

Some Flint, Mich., people amused themselves a few days ago by tying tinware to the tail of a fine collie dog, and scared him into jumping from a third-story window—breaking two legs. The poor animal then tried to run with his broken bones; and they called it sport.

"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you; it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," she said, "I choose to keep it, for it is like my love for you; it has no beginning."

Dartmouth, a town on the eastern side of Halifax harbor, Nova Scotia, is enjoying a first-class sensation. Dr. McDonald mysteriously disappeared from Dartmouth about thirty years ago and it was supposed at the time that he had been murdered for his money. Recently his skeleton was found under the flooring of a house where he had boarded with a man named Thorpe, who was arrested on suspicion at the time of Dr. McDonald's disappearance, but as no evidence was procured, he was discharged. Thorpe is still alive in Pictou county, and will be arrested.

The danger of playing practical jokes is exemplified in the case of Andy Smith, the seventeen-year-old son of a poor washerwoman in Delaware county, New York. The boy, who was never very bright, has been the butt of all the village youths, several of whom one night recently concluded to have some "sport" at his expense. After exciting the unfortunate's mind by ghost stories, a number of the lads hid themselves in a dark corner he was obliged to pass on the way home, and when he appeared jumped out, screaming and throwing missiles. Young Smith was so scared as to throw himself into a creek, from which he was rescued, only to become a gibbering maniac.

A STARTLING DEVELOPMENT.

Can Unscrupulous Lawyers Procure Legal Divorces for their Clients without the Parties Thereto Going Through any Formalities?

An attache of the New York World, reports to the editor of that journal, that having been instructed in writing to test the practice of advertising divorce lawyers in that city, with a view to their exposure, he, being an unmarried man, made application to a lawyer advertising in one of the papers of that city to provide "legal divorces within thirty days"—"scandals avoided"—"fee contingent." Pretending to be a poor man tired of his wife, he found the lawyer ready to undertake his case for a retaining fee of ten dollars, and to complete it and hand him the decree of divorce from his imaginary wife for a further final payment of thirty dollars. The reporter persuaded the attorney to believe that he was married, and that his wife lived in St. John's New Brunswick; that he had been married two years, was tired of his wife and wished to be free, having separated from her. The ground upon which divorce was claimed was "incompatibility of temper," and the attorney agreed, his client pretending squeamishness, to arrange about the sworn complaint to be filed. The same obliging legal adviser procured from the spurious wife in New Brunswick (personated by one of the reporter's friends) an admission of service of papers upon a fraudulent statement, and later in the same deceptive manner, a waiver of all other service of papers. The first interview with the lawyer took place on January 10, and on March 12, two months later, the client received a decree of divorce from the bonds of matrimony, purported to have been granted by John T. Walworth, judge of the first judicial circuit of Wisconsin. Thus, so far at least as attorney and client were concerned, an unmarried man was enabled to go through all the motives of a divorce suit and get a decree. If he had been married and had been thus unmarried the reporter might and could have remarked upon the strength and record of the proceedings. No one appeared in person on either side; the affidavits were forgeries; the summonses were not served, and the returns to them were fraudulent, and yet—the proceedings were complete from the very beginning of the case to the duly authenticated record of the decree. These facts are very startling, the more so that if they can be done in one city they may be done in another, wherever attorneys as unscrupulous as this one is represented to be may exist. As the World remarks in its editorial comments upon the reporter's story, "the case makes it frightfully clear that the methods which this lawyer in this case successfully pursued can be successfully pursued in any other case, and there can be but little doubt that many parties are now really in the position in which our reporter was assumed by his unscrupulous attorney to be. It is even probable that we shall be able to produce, at no distant date, the stories of persons who have been practically deluded or defrauded by the methods now exposed." It may be that when the sequel of the story is told, it will be found that the decree was a forgery, and that some real wives and husbands have been made the victims of a similar sort of fraudulent divorces. The domestic misery caused by such practices as that of these unscrupulous attorneys and pretenders must be very great.

Ignorance of Law.

Francis Lawton, in a law journal, discusses as follows in regard to crimes committed in ignorance of the fact that they are unlawful:

That ignorance of law is not a defense is generally conceded. A conspicuous illustration of this is to be found in the case of Miss Anthony, who was convicted a short time since in New York of illegal voting. She set up as a defense that she believed that she was in law entitled to vote, and that she had been so advised by competent authorities. This was held not to avail her, and under Judge Hunt's express directions she was convicted. It has also been held not to be a defense to an indictment for adultery that the defendant erroneously but honestly believed that she had been legally divorced. Were this not the law government would come to an end.

Ignorance of law would also be at a premium if men could have plurality of wives on the ground that such plurality is legal; or could stuff ballot-boxes on the ground that they knew no law forbidding such excesses; or could violate police regulations on the ground that they did not know that such police regulations existed. The most obtuse and stolid of criminals would be those whom the law would most favor; and if we conceive of a person totally ignorant of law, such a person, on this theory, would be totally free from criminal responsibility.

Fanatics, also, would be relieved from civil restraint in proportion to the intensity of their fanaticism; and the very element of fierce infatuation which would add to their dangerousness would add to their immunity. The late decision of the supreme court of the United States in the polygamy case, however, has finally disposed of this kind of defense. Belief in the unconstitutionality of a law; belief in its violation of a higher law; belief in its conflict with conscientious duty, will be no defense to an indictment for disobedience to such law. And even a conscientious belief that an act is right—as labor by a Jew on Sunday in contravention of the Sunday laws—will not prevent such act from being indictable when made so by the State.

Ignorance of fact, however, presents questions far more intricate; and as to this defense we may lay down the following propositions:

When to an offense knowledge of certain facts is essential, then ignorance of these facts is a defense. When a statute makes an act indictable, irrespective of guilty knowledge, then ignorance of fact is no defense. To an indictment for bigamy it is no defense that the defendant, a woman, honestly believed (within the limit of seven years from the time he was last heard from) that her husband was dead. And an indictment has been sustained against a man for marrying a woman who believed herself to be a widow, although eleven years had elapsed since she had last seen or heard from her husband whom she had left; it being held by the court that the statutory exceptions do not apply to the deserting party. It has been further held that when a guilty party in a divorce suit marries again without leave of court (this being legally essential) during the life of the other party, and afterward obtains such leave, an honest belief that the second marriage is or has become legal has no effect in making it so and protecting the parties.

A Semi-Tropical Scene.

A gentleman traveling in the Everglade State, writes as follows of his experience on the river: When the sun has gone down and the darkness comes on in good earnest, for there is no twilight in Florida, and it is dark a very short time after sunset, you see no signs of the terrapin coming to anchor, you begin to wonder how under the heavens will the pilot, however skillful, manage to steer the boat through what bids fair to be total darkness, when suddenly a strong glare is thrown on the banks and on the river itself for a hundred yards ahead, making the trunks of the trees and gray moss look spectral in the extreme. No imagination can conceive the weird and grotesque forms which are now presented on every side. Sometimes the lurid light partly illuminates the trunk and limbs of some huge cypress tree wrapped in a shroud of moss and clinging vines, making it look like a Laocoon that was struggling with ten thousand snakes instead of two. As the novelty of the scene wears off you begin to grow curious to know from whence comes all this light. If you are a person that has lived in the city all your life, and had been thinking it to be calcium, you will be very much surprised to see that it is only a fire on top of the boat, on a hearth made for the purpose. A negro is kept busy all the time supplying the blaze with unctuous lightwood knots, and looking like an incarnation of the evil one as he stands out in bold relief against the flames.

A Mathematical Mind.

The late George Bidder, who made his mark in youth as a "calculating boy," had excellent business ability as well as prodigious arithmetical power, and died recently a man of fortune. His mathematical faculty never deserted him, even in his last years. One might read to Bidder two series of fifteen figures each, and without seeing or writing down a single figure, he could multiply the one by the other without error. Once, while he was giving evidence before a parliamentary committee, counsel on the opposite side interrupted him with, "You might as well profess to tell us how many gallons of water flow through Westminster bridge in an hour." "I can tell that too," was the reply, and he gave the number instantaneously. Other members of Bidder's family have the same or similar powers. His son, a successful barrister, can play two games of chess, simultaneously, without seeing the board. George Bidder's elder brother, a clergyman, was not remarkable in mathematics, but he could quote almost any text in the Bible and give chapter and verse, so extraordinary was his memory.

At the funeral of ex-Sheriff Wm. S. Hogincamp, of Paterson, N. J., 100 children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren were present. He had 18 children and all of them married.

Marabo is most used in

The wide-brimmed bonnets are bent so as to suit the face.

Gay tinsel galleons are among the new bonnet ornaments.

Buff and cowslip yellow tints are fashionable in millinery.

Among the trimmings in mourning millinery are black crape roses.

Canton crape will be one of the materials used for elaborate bonnets.

Heavy English crape does not get rusty when exposed to the damp.

Handsome articles in crystals, designed for ornamenting hats, are shown.

The large Leghorn bonnet, with its floating plume, is always fascinating.

A favorite house brings out a gorgeous bonnet called the "Little Buttercup."

Some of the new silk grenadines are of satin gauze traversed by worsted threads of the same color.

The sleeve to be worn with white jackets this summer will, it is said, be gathered in three places, and ornamented with three frills of lace.

For children's clothing are figured lines in checks and stripes, and white figured satin, which is handsomer than pique, and will be the first choice.

Elaborately embroidered flannel undergarments are quite the rage. Both white and colored dresses are employed in working them, and the material used is the very finest. They are generally trousseau accompaniments.

Dressy wraps for spring will be mantles of Chundah or of plain camels' hair trimmed with fringes. Black promises to be the most popular, though light drab or beige colors are considered more dressy. The shades are very similar to those of last season.

Among spring goods are satins soft and fine as silk, and upon white grounds are scattered forget-me-nots, tea roses and other pretty figures, which will make lovely summer dresses. Also the mummy cloth, that look like raw silk, are in chintz patterns, and both will wash.

Here is a description of a very handsome dress worn at an elegant entertainment in Philadelphia: A pale blue satin, with tablier, ornamented with six rows of Brussels lace, sewn on plain; the train of amber satin, painted by hand, with small baskets filled with flowers, a la Louis XV. These had the effect of being strewn carelessly over the satin; the revers to the train were of light caroubier satin; the bodice was blue in front, amber at the back, and was ornamented with a pointed piece of caroubier velvet trimmed with Brussels lace.

American silks, in the standard and fashionable colors, cost \$1.25 and \$1.50 a yard, and so closely resemble the French silks that it is impossible for ordinary buyers to detect any difference between the two. The Louisiana silks of this season come in black, garnet, blue, sapphire, gendarme blue, myrtle green and seal brown, so mingled with white that the effect produced is that of a color seen through a mist.

These materials make up well either separately or combined with plain silk, and it is almost impossible to crush them. Nearly all the armor silks contain threads of old gold in combination; blue, seal-brown, all the other dark colors, and some of the lighter tints. Some have a striped and others a checked effect, and all of them may be found in two grades, at \$1.50 and \$1.75 respectively.

He Turned Out Badly.

Some thirty years ago a German lady, of rank almost princely, was staying at Albano, Italy, and took a fancy to two beggar children—a boy and a girl—of extraordinary beauty. Her excellency, who had plenty of money, adopted the two brats, and gave them the best possible education. The boy turned out an arrant scamp, and took to evil courses, and soon died of dissipation. The girl grew up a model of womanly grace and beauty, and found many admirers, and among others, a young Roman noble, who won her heart, but abused her confidence. The pope heard of the misconduct of the young nobleman and compelled him to marry the girl on pain of his displeasure. The marriage was accomplished, and the German princess settled her enormous fortune on the married couple. For a few years all went happily, but alas! the young husband died of fever, leaving his widow with a son of four years old to inherit a large property and a distinguished title. The child of the Albano beggar girl will be one of the richest counts in Rome when he attains his majority.

The last descendant of John Bunyan died lately in England. She was an ancient dame of 84, and her name was Ann Webster.

A Call on Victor Hugo.

An American correspondent in Paris, who has had the pleasure of calling on the great novelist thus describes the surroundings of the author of "Les Miserables."

You find yourself in a square parlor of ample dimensions. The walls and ceilings are concealed beneath full draperies of a Persian patterned silk in gay, yet harmonious colors, relieved against a ground-work of crimson. The mantelpiece is hidden beneath a splendid covering of crimson velvet, wrought with antique embroidery, and a bright wood fire blazes on the hearth. Here and there a gilt bracket against the wall supports an antique Chinese vase. The carpet is a rich moquette, with a white ground covered with an arabesque pattern and with a bordering of vivid blue.

The furniture is of the Aubusson tapestry with gilt woodwork. In the corner stands a statuette on a pedestal, representing Victor Hugo in a musing attitude. The master of the house goes from group to group, smiling, chatting, and saying some pleasant, kindly word to each visitor. Now he drops into a chair beside M. Perrin, the director of the Comedie Francaise, to say something about the forthcoming revival of *Buy Blas*; next he pauses to say something about American literature to a great publisher; then he gives a kindly word or two to a very young poet with very wild hair, who has come to ask his advice on some literary question.

Meanwhile Mme. Dronet and his daughter-in-law, Mme. Lockroy, converse with other guests, among whom I note Henri Houssaye and his beautiful American wife. Victor Hugo is looking exceedingly well, and has not apparently aged by a single hour since I first saw him, five years ago. The massive form is as upright as ever, the keen black eyes sparkle with all their old luster, beneath the shadow of that splendid dome-like brow, and the full white locks and beard show no thinning of their luxuriance.

An additional shade of tan, won in his sojourn at Jersey, is all the change that can be discerned by the minutest scrutiny. As the hour of retiring approaches, we bend low over the honored hand and depart, bearing with us the kindest and most pressing of invitations to repeat our visit. Ah, me! how easy it is for the great to give pleasure.

A smile, a pleasant word, a genial acceptance of some genuine outpouring of enthusiasm or admiration—what a charm these kindly acts convey—what a treasury of golden memories they confer upon the gratified guest! Yet how many celebrities, with not half the fame of Victor Hugo, disdain to imitate his courtesy, and consider it incumbent on their dignity to withdraw from what they are pleased to look upon as the vulgar homage of the crowd. And still this very homage, if they but know it, is the truest evidence of their own renown.

Mesalliances.

An industrious contemporary, in relating the strange infatuation of Miss Sarah Hall, an aristocratic young lady of Providence, for Bernard McDonald, a poor car driver on a Seventh-avenue street car in New York, whom she saw while visiting a wealthy sister in that city, as he was attending to his daily vocation; and to whom she declared her admiration and accepted as her husband despite her relatives' remonstrances, recalls as similar cases the elopement of ex-Gov. Hubbard's daughter from Hartford, Conn., with the family coachman; the marriage of one of New Haven's fair daughters to her father's groom; and also cites a case that caused a sensation in England some years since. A young lady, belonging to one of the old Cheeshire families, was in the habit of riding to Chester to shop, and became interested in the driver of the omnibus. One morning she was missed, and on her return astonished her family by declaring that she had married the man of her choice. She had not remained with her husband five minutes after the marriage, and she had suppressed a portion of her name to prevent the clergyman from recognizing her. The family endeavored to have the marriage set aside on the ground of fraud, but the courts decided that the marriage was legal.

In another noted English case more recently the daughter of the then chief registrar of the court of chancery, eloped with the butler. The father of the young lady was previously warned of the danger, and, on speaking to her about it, she confessed her attachment. The butler was dismissed, but this rather hastened affairs to a crisis, as in a few days she abandoned her home and was married. The union was a happy one, but brought to a brief ending by her death within a year.

Early in the century the Countess of Rothes, a peeress in her own right, married a gardener, and the present countess is his granddaughter. It will thus be seen that mesalliances have oftentimes

occurred in the case of persons of very high social positions. Nor have they by any means invariably proved unhappy.

The Human Body.

The skin contains more than two million openings, which are the outlets of an equal number of sweat glands.

The human skeleton consists of more than two hundred distinct bones.

An amount of blood equal to the whole quantity in the body passes through the heart once every minute.

The full capacity of the lungs is about three hundred and twenty cubic inches.

About two-thirds of a pint of air is inhaled and exhaled at each breath in ordinary respiration.

The stomach daily produces nine pounds of gastric juice for digestion of food; its capacity is about five pints.

There are more than five hundred separate muscles in the body, with an equal number of nerves and blood vessels.

The weight of the heart is from eight to twelve ounces. It beats one hundred thousand times in twenty-four hours.

Each perspiratory duct is one fourth of an inch in length, which will make the aggregate length of the whole nine miles.

The average man takes five and one-half pounds of food and drink each day, which amounts to one ton of solid and liquid nourishment annually.

A man breathes eighteen times a minute, and three thousand cubic feet, or about three hundred and seventy-five hogheads of air per hour.

The Dignity of Labor.

The Rev. Robert Christie, of Lexington, Ky., has delivered in that city an excellent discourse to young men on the dignity of labor. Having spoken of labor as a primary duty, and as a path to independence, he next pointed out how it led to promotion, and thus illustrated his idea: "I care not how humble the branch of business may be, there is not a trade or a branch of labor that some man has not made the stepping-stone to wealth, to influence, to greatness. Andrew Johnson went from the tailor's board to the presidential chair; Byrnie rose from the same level; Henry Wilson went to the presidential chair from the shoemaker's bench; Mackenzie, late premier of Canada, was once a stone-mason. Therefore, if you would advance, get a trade, no matter what, for you will leap further from the lowest branch than from a dead level. Don't wait for a change in outward circumstances. Don't waste your time in lamenting your humble lot or blaming sad fate. That old Roman spoke the truth when he said, 'The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings.' Archimedes said, 'Give me a standing-place, and I will move the world.' And a great many young men are content to echo the wish of the philosopher. They say, 'Give me a place suitable to fly ability, and I will exert an influence. Goethe says to all such, 'Make good thy standing-place and move the world.' You must be rooted firmly in your own strength before you can move or influence anybody. Only a weakling has to be lifted into any position. The youth who is industrious, intelligent, temperate and persevering, holds the key to all positions."

Spurious Gold Coin.

The officials connected with the sub-treasury in Chicago report that with the resumption of specie payments spurious gold coins of every denomination have made their appearance in large quantities. Among the devices resorted to by the crooked skill of humanity to get the best of Uncle Sam, may be mentioned the issuing of coins from base metals, struck in dies or cast in molds; coins saved under the interior removed and the cavity filled with less costly material; coins bored from the edges and plugged with cheap composition; coins "sweated," abraded, clipped and made light, by every imaginable contrivance and other equally ingenious plans. Already, it is stated, every silver coin of the United States has been counterfeited, and the spurious coins are in many cases so exact imitations as to deceive even experts.

The Editor.

Josh Billings says: "If anybody has hard work to please most people, it is an editor. If he omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is declared unfit for his position. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mullet. If he does, he is a rattle-head, lacking stability. If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard. If he does not his paper is dull and insipid."

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This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on the

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Its soothing and healing Properties are known throughout the World.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

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it is an infallible remedy. It is effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it Cures SORES, THROAT, Impetigo, Itch, Scalds, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

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And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has a never failing power to cure.

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at

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And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these Medicines are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any one throughout the British Possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

Purchasers should look to the label on the Pills and Boxes. If the address is 433, Oxford Street London, they are genuine.

Assessors Notice

THE undersigned having been appointed Assessors of Rates and Taxes for the Parish of St. Andrews, hereby give notice thereof and request all persons liable to be rated to bring in to the Assessors within thirty days after publication of this notice, true statements of their property and income liable to be assessed.

And further the Valuation List will be posted at the small building between the stores of Capt. Green and Balm, King Street; in pursuance of the provisions of the Assessment Act of 1875.

Dated this 18th February, 1879.

J. R. BRADFORD, Assessors.

C. NEIL, of Rates.

J. D. ORMER, of Rates.

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The Proprietors offer for sale First Class Pianos 13 octave, black walnut and rose wood, furnished with all modern improvements at moderate prices for cash or other approved payment. Pianos shipped at manufacturers cost, and warranted.

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NATHAN SMART,

St. David, March 19, 1879—41p

NOTICE

ALL persons having any claims against the estate of the late Mary E. Clarke, are requested to present the same, duly attested to the subscriber within three months from date, and persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

P. WHITE, Executor.

St. Andrews, March 18, 1879.

DR. E. LAWRENCE,

SURGEON DENTIST

Graduate of Dental Hospital, and late Assistant Dental Surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London.

OFFICE—

OVER C. E. O. HATHEWAY'S, ESQ.

St. Andrews, Aug. 13, 1878.

if

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FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Growing Radishes Quickly.

The common garden radish furnishes an excellent example of the advantages of raising an esculent root as quickly as possible. If the seed is sown on poor soil quite early in the spring, the growth of the plants will be very slow, and as a consequence the roots will be tough, stringy and of rank flavor. If, on the contrary, a rich, warm soil is prepared or, then, the seed sown after the cold spring rains are over and the young plants cultivated as soon as they are of sufficient size, the roots will be juicy, crisp and of a mild and very agreeable flavor. Unless radishes have attained a sufficient size for the table within five weeks from the time the seed is sown they will scarcely be fit for eating. In France and Holland, where great attention is devoted to raising radishes, special pains are given to maturing them as quickly as possible. Sand, pulverized earth and fine, well rotted manure are mixed together to form an artificial soil, while the best temperature for hastening growth is obtained by the employment of glass in a hot-bed.

As the radish is almost the only esculent root that is eaten raw, there are special reasons for raising it in such a manner as to insure its being juicy and tender. But roots that require to be cooked before they are eaten, as turnips, beets, parsnips and carrots, are superior almost in proportion to the shortness of time in which they are raised. If turnips and beets keep up a slow growth several months they will be tough and stringy, and the former will have a rank taste. If a drought occurs during their period of growth, these roots will be composed in part of fiber so hard that it will not be rendered sufficiently soft to be digested even if boiled for several hours. Long cooking tends to destroy the flavor and nutrient qualities of all vegetables. The quicker any vegetable can be cooked by boiling the better and more nutritious it will be. Vegetables that have been grown quickly may be of fine flavor and of great value for human or animal food.

What is true of edible roots is also true of those kinds of vegetables whose edible portions consist of stalks, leaves, head, bud and seeds. The quicker asparagus, lettuce, cabbage, string beans, shell beans and peas are produced the more excellent they will be. Cabbage which is quickly grown is crisp and of agreeable flavor, and is delicious when eaten raw in the form of cold-slaw. If it is slowly grown, however, it will be tough, of somewhat rank flavor, and a considerable amount of cooking will be required to render it digestible. The excellence of green peas and beans largely depends on the shortness of time in which they are grown. The sweet corn grown and canned in a high northern latitude is preferred to that produced further south, probably for the reason that it is matured more quickly. If green corn, peas and beans are quickly produced they may be readily cooked by steaming, which is preferable to boiling as a means of preparing them for the table, as it extracts none of the soluble matter they contain.—Chicago Times.

Insects on House Plants.

Slugs on Begonias—Slugs are occasionally seen eating large holes or notches in the leaves of all succulents and begonias. They usually feed during the night. Cut potatoes, turnips, or some other fleshy vegetables in halves and place conveniently near the plants. The slugs will gather upon the vegetable and are easily destroyed.

White Worms—The white worms which infest, occasionally, all soils where plants are kept in pots, may be removed as follows: Sprinkle lime-water over the soil, or sprinkle a little slaked lime on the earth and in the saucer of the pot. Lime-water may be easily made by slaking a large piece of lime in a spail of cold water, letting it settle, and the bottling the clear water for use. Give each pot a tablespoonful twice a week.

Plant Lice—Take three and a half ounces of quassia chips, add five drachms Stavesacre seeds, in powder; place in seven pints of water, and boil down to five pints. When cold the strained liquid is ready for use, either by means of a watering-pot or syringe.

House Insects, etc.—No insect which usually infests the house, and crawls about over the floors or woodwork, can live long under the application of hot alum water. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders and chinch bugs. Take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the fire until the alum is all melted, then apply it with a brush (while nearly boiling hot) to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves, etc. If, in whitewashing a ceiling, plenty of alum is added to the whitewash, it will keep off insects.—Detroit American Garden.

Household Hints.

Turpentine will remove ink from white work.

To soften the hard, dry putty in the windows, wet it with muriatic acid.

Water can be purified in a cistern by hedropping in a large piece of charcoal.

Oxalic acid will remove stains, ink and iron-rust, but must not be allowed to stand long on the goods or paint.

A good way to clean zinc is to rub it with a piece of cotton cloth dipped in a kerosene; afterward rub with a dry cotton cloth, and it will be as bright as when new.

Rusty stovepipe may be made to look nearly as good as new by simply rubbing it over with a bit of cloth moistened with sweet oil. By coating the entire pipe, joints which are unlike in appearance will be made uniform and display a nice luster.

To take the woolly taste out of a wooden pail, fill the pail with boiling hot water; let it remain till cold, then empty it and dissolve some soda in lukewarm water, adding a little lime to it, and wash the inside well with the solution. After that, scald with hot water and rinse well.

Strong alum-water is said to be a sure death to bugs of any description. Take two pounds of pulverized alum and dissolve in three quarts of boiling water, allowing it to remain over the fire until thoroughly dissolved. Apply while hot with a brush, or, what is better, use a syringe to force the liquid into the cracks of the walls and bedstead.

"Only a Street-Car Driver."

There was buried recently from St. Rose church, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, a young man named Peter Rapp, a street-car driver, unknown except to a small circle of friends and neighbors, who died under circumstances the most painful. He was the only support of an aged father and mother, and the privations and suffering which he endured that they might have a home, with such necessities of life as his scanty salary would provide, are supposed to have been the cause of his death. The father is crippled, having been wounded in the army. The mother was able only to perform such light labor as was necessary in the care of their household. All their money was provided by the son. During the past winter, and up to a short time ago, when he was prostrated by quick consumption, he was in the employ of a street railroad line in the capacity of a driver. His wages were not sufficient to provide all with the necessities of life, and he chose that he himself should be the one to suffer most. During some of the severest weather of the past winter he wore neither overcoat nor underclothing, and thus contracted the cold that soon resulted in his death. It is a rule of the company that a driver must be ready to go out with his car at twenty minutes before six o'clock each morning, or receive no car that day. Although young Rapp had to walk four miles and a half for thirty consecutive mornings during the cold weather of last winter, he never missed a car. It is another rule of the company that, when not on duty, a driver shall not ride on a car without paying regular fare. This rule, and his poverty, necessitated young Rapp walking home every night. This made him a daily walk of nine miles in addition to the fifteen hours that car drivers are required to work each day. Standing on a car platform for fifteen hours a day, scantily clothed, perhaps hungry, walking to and from his work through the bitter weather, the suffering of this young man must have been intense. Through it all the comfort of his father and mother was uppermost in his mind, and for two months he never spent a single cent of his wages for himself.

Being a Boy.

It is rather a fine thing to be a boy, and have free indulgence in the healthful sports of youth, rather than the more harmful pastimes of after years. The pure spirit of the boy turns instinctively to those recreations which appeal to the heart, and cause many older people to look yearningly back to the days of their youth. See with what leaning tenderness the small boy seeks to win the confidence of the poor, friendless, cowering dog that he finds roaming sadly through the street. The boy's face glows with compassion, and his voice is low and sweet as he murmurs pet names to the forlorn animal, slowly approaching it with outstretched hand, ready to tenderly pat its shaggy coat. Gradually the suspicions of the dog are overcome, and the hand of the boy lovingly caresses the harmless brute with a kindness that only a boy can show. With his arm soothingly around the dog's neck, the boy cries in a hoarse whisper to his friends, hitherto hid behind the fence: "I've got him, boys," and they appear cautiously on the scene, while the first boy occupies the dog's attention with endearing epithets. To a practical youngster it is only the work of a moment to affix the ancient tin pail to the reluctant tail of the dog, and with a wild shout of joy the boys jump back while the terrified dog, with this rattling unknown horror in close pursuit, tears madly down the street, rending the air with howls. This is one of the most hallowed and unalloyed pleasures that brightens a boy's life, and yet there are heartless men who would rob our youth of such harmless pastimes as the foregoing. What use are stray dogs and old tin pans if not to be used by our boys in the closest of ties? A hard-hearted man in Flint, Michigan, a fifty-hearted man we might say, had some innocent boys dragged before a minion of the law (magistrate) and fined \$10 for indulging in the time-honored practice of tying a dog to a tin pan and then letting the tin pan loose.—Detroit Free Press.

All know that a lump of ice in a glass of water melts very slowly; but if divided into pea-sized pieces and stirred round, it is melted with many times greater rapidity, each piece being dissolved from without inwards, and the surface exposed to the water being multifold greater. So it is with the food in the stomach, the juices of which develop it for the purpose of reducing it to a liquid form to prepare it for yielding its nourishment to the system; the more numerous the pieces, and the smaller, the greater will be the amount of surface exposure, and the more rapidly will it be dissolved; hence the reason for chewing the food well.—Health and Home.

The Marseillaise.

The new French government has lost no time in proving its truly republican character by adopting, as the national air, the far-famed but hitherto much-bidden "Marseillaise."

This brilliant, fervent, soul-stirring war-song was composed, as most readers doubtless know, by a young artillery officer named Rouget de Lisle, about ninety years ago. Rouget was from Marseilles, which circumstance gave his song its name, and he composed it one night in 1793 at Strasbourg, where he was posted. Having been at supper with some brother officers, he strolled into the garden for fresh air, and it was while walking up and down there that the spirited words and thrilling melody occurred to him.

The time was just ripe for such a song. The bloody French Revolution had occurred. France was a republic, Louis XVI. had been beheaded, and nearly all Europe, full-armed, was leagued against France and her democratic government. The republican army was at the frontier of the Rhine, struggling gloriously against the combined forces of the emperors and kings.

The "Marseillaise" was, therefore, both a war-song and a song of liberty; while it called on the French soldier in clear tones to fight to the death for his country, it also sang hatred to tyrants, death to despots, and the praises of liberty, equality and fraternity.

No song was ever written that so inspired armed hosts, or so wrought vast, warm-blooded multitudes to frenzy. It may be almost said that the "Marseillaise" won many victories, and a worth thousands of men to the French, in their encounter with the allies.

But when Napoleon became consul, and then emperor, he feared this poem of freedom. This was a despotism. It would not do to have his people singing about liberty and shouting death to tyrants, of whom he, indeed, was the greatest and most absolute. So he forbade its being not only played by bands, but sung in the streets and houses, under the heaviest penalties; and the "Marseillaise" was not heard in France, except in remote and secret places, as long as he ruled.

The sovereigns that succeeded him were quite as unwilling that the people should be stirred up by this frantic song of liberty, and both Charles X. and Louis Philippe continued to suppress it, and to punish those who dared to utter it.

Of course Napoleon III. would not allow it to be heard, for his empire was only less despotic than that of his uncle, and his revolutionary and democratic strains would have been actually dangerous to the safety of his throne.

Three times only during the seventy years that elapsed between the rise of the power of the first Napoleon and the downfall of the third Napoleon did this grand martial air burst forth and intoxicate the French people with its fiery inspiration. Once, for a little while, it was sung when the revolution of 1830 overthrew the last of the Bourbons, Charles X.; and once again when, in 1848, his grandson, Louis Philippe, was driven from Paris and his throne.

The third time was a memorable occasion. It was in 1870, just after war had been declared against Prussia. A great military fete was taking place at the palace of St. Cloud. Thousands of nobles, officers, soldiers and courtiers were gathered in its beautiful park and stately halls.

Napoleon III., who had always before strongly forbidden the song, but who knew its thrilling effect in stirring the ardor of the people and the valor of the troops, of a sudden gave a signal to the bands, and with one accord they struck up the long-unheard "Marseillaise." No pen can describe the scene that followed. It struck a deed chord in every French heart, and the regiments marched away for the seat of war as if defiant strains filled the air.—Youth's Companion.

A Curious History.

Stephen Holt was the founder of the present cheap eating-house system, says a New York correspondent. He was a waiter during the war of 1812, and afterwards came to this city and opened a six-penny restaurant. The place became popular and soon afterwards was adopted by others. Holt, at the age of fifty-five, was worth \$100,000. This degree of success was enough to awaken an intense ambition, and he determined to build the grandest hotel in America. To accomplish this he plunged deeply into debt, but he carried out the plan to its fullest extent. Holt's hotel was paragoned throughout the country as one of the wonders of the age, but before it had been in operation a year its proprietor failed and was sold out. The unfortunate man lost everything. His name was soon removed from the grand hotel, and he sank into obscurity. A few years afterwards he opened a small refreshery on his former plan, but his day was passed and the effort failed. I occasionally saw him—a broken down old man—and death soon removed him from the scene of disappointment. Such is one of the features in the history of the vast side of town.

Cotton was first planted in the United States in 1793.

"As Siam."—General Grant quietly asked the King of Siam if he would resign and accept a position in his next cabinet. The king replied in an incredulous manner, and changing his "Jackson's Best" to the other side of the mouth, said, "I guess I am well enough as Siam."—Legation Gazette.

It is astonishing with what rapidity ulcers and eruptive maladies are cured by the use of Retz's skin ointment, to unhealthy conditions of the skin, which is preferred by physicians to every other preparation containing the carbolic element. It is undoubtedly the finest antiseptic and purifier extant. It acts like a charm on purulent eruptions, and has also been successfully used for rheumatism and sore throat. All druggists sell it.

Wretched and Hacked.

By the paucity of the diet, and its eventual becoming grossly indigestible, and sometimes assume an almost grotesque deformity. To prevent such a result, the diet should be made more palatable by the use of a medicine which is certainly the part of wisdom. A tendency to rheumatic ailments may be successfully combated with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine with the prestige of a long and successful career, of unbounded popularity, and of complete professional endorsement. It cures the food from the stomach, and its purgative action, and not only purifies the life current, but enriches it, promoting vigor, strength and health. It is a thoroughly reliable remedy for, and means of preventing, periodic fevers.

A Word to the Corpulent.

Instead of regarding obesity as an abnormal condition, many people have erroneously considered it as an evidence of health, and any agent that reduces fat is therefore once suspected of being injurious. Starting to reason from the false position that fat is an evidence of health, it is not surprising that they should, very naturally, fall into the error of supposing that an agent possessing properties capable of reducing corpulence would prove injurious to the health. Reasoning, however, from the rational basis, that an undue deposition of fat, constituting obesity, is not a healthy but a morbid condition, it is quite natural for us to arrive at the opposite conclusion, which is sustained by experience and observation, i. e., that the reduction of fat in cases of corpulence is invariably followed by an improvement of strength, spirits and physical condition. All agents, however, are not alike. Some are cheap, others are expensive. Some are healthy, others are unhealthy. Some are safe, others are dangerous. Some are reliable, others are unreliable. Some are good, others are bad. Some are true, others are false. Some are honest, others are dishonest. Some are kind, others are cruel. Some are gentle, others are harsh. Some are soft, others are hard. Some are sweet, others are bitter. Some are pure, others are impure. Some are clean, others are dirty. Some are bright, others are dull. Some are clear, others are cloudy. Some are calm, others are stormy. Some are cool, others are hot. Some are dry, others are wet. Some are light, others are heavy. Some are small, others are large. Some are young, others are old. Some are new, others are old. Some are good, others are bad. Some are true, others are false. Some are honest, others are dishonest. Some are kind, others are cruel. Some are gentle, others are harsh. Some are soft, others are hard. Some are sweet, others are bitter. Some are pure, others are impure. Some are clean, others are dirty. 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