

The Union Democrat.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. & J. ANSLAW,

VOL. XVI.—No. 21.

Our Country, with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, March 14, 1883.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

WHOLE No. 801.

HOLIDAY GOODS

NOW ARRIVING AT
C. E. McKEEN'S.

Immense Stock of
GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,
CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, &C.,

DETAILS OF WHICH WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK.

BOOTS AND SHOES IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE
IN GREAT VARIETY.
MEN'S LONG BOOTS IN STOCK AT \$1.35 PER PAIR.

WAVERLEY HOTEL,

NEWCASTLE, MICHIGI, N. B.

This House has lately been re-furnished, and every possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travellers.

LIVERY STABLES. WITH GOOD OUTFIT, ON THE PREMISES.

ALEX. STEWART,

Proprietor

Later of Waverley House, St. John's.

Newcastle, Dec. 3, 1878.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,

NEWCASTLE, MICHIGI

NEW BRUNSWICK.

THIS HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, has recently been fitted up in FIRST CLASS STYLE, is in close proximity to the I. C. Railway Station, and the wants of travellers will be attended to promptly.

Meals prepared at any hour. Oysters served up in every style at short notice.

JOHN FAY, PROPRIETOR.

Newcastle, Oct. 8, 1877.

CANADA HOUSE,

CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK

WM. JOHNSTON, - Proprietor.

CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this house to make it a first class Hotel, and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort.

It is situated within two minutes walk of wharves and landing. The proprietor returns thanks to the public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

Good Stabling on the Premises.

May 18th, 1878.

CENTRAL HOUSE,

CARACQUET, NEW BRUNSWICK.

George Young, Proprietor.

Having at considerable expense furnished the House of the late James Young, I am now prepared to accommodate both travellers and permanent boarders.

The house is situated within three minutes walk of the Public Wharf, and affords a fine view of the Bay Chaleur. A large Sample Room has been placed at the disposal of Commercial travellers.

Good Stabling on the Premises.

February 1, 1882.

ROYAL HOTEL,

45 King Street

ST. JOHN, N. B.

THIS SPLENDID HOTEL, the finest in the Maritime Provinces, is now open for the reception of Guests, who will find it a most desirable place of residence.

The Building has been thoroughly refitted, re-painted and decorated, and furnished throughout with new and elegant furniture.

The Proprietor, who has been so long connected with the hotel business in St. John, has omitted nothing which his experience suggests for the comfort of his Guests.

The Hotel contains SATIS and all other conveniences.

THOS. F. HAYMOND,

St. John, May 11, 1881.

SEELY & McOMILLAN,

BARRISTERS, &C.,

77 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

St. John, N. B.

Geo. B. SEELY, T. H. McOMILLAN,

mls-1y

SPECIALTIES.

We have great pleasure in calling attention

New Styles of Winter Overboots,

Ladies' Button Walking Boots, to be worn without an inside shoe. Ladies' Alpine Overboots, to be worn with slippers.

Ladies' Snow-shoe Overboots, fleece lined, Ladies' Monitor Overboots, Gents' Monitor Overboots. All the above are high cut and waterproof.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

ESTEE, ALLWOOD & CO.,

Dealers in Mill Supplies and Rubber Goods

St. John, N. B.

SAMUEL THOMSON,

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,

Solicitor in Bankruptcy,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &C.

NEWCASTLE, MICHIGI, N. B.

July 17, 1878.

LOANS NEGOTIATED. Claims promptly collected, and Professional Business in all its branches, executed with accuracy and despatch.

OFFICE—PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND JASTLE STREET.

NEWCASTLE, MICHIGI, N. B.

July 17, 1878.

Law and Collection Offices

ADAMS & LAWOR,

Barristers and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Bankruptcy

Conveyancers, Notaries Public, &c.

Real Estate, & Fire Insurance Agents.

CLAIMS Collected in all parts of the Dominion.

OFFICES:

NEWCASTLE AND BATHURST.

M. ADAMS. R. A. LAWOR.

July 18th, 1878.

L. J. TWEEDIE,

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER

AT LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

CHATHAM, N. B.

July 10, 1877.

R. B. ADAMS,

A Attorney at Law

Notary Public &c.

OFFICE—Near Railway Crossing,

Water Street, Chatham.

July 21-187.

DESBIRAY & DESBIRAY,

Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries,

Conveyancers, etc.

OFFICE—25-

ST. PATRICK STREET, BATHURST, N. B.

Thompson Desbriay, Q. C. T. Swaine Desbriay

JOHN McALISTER,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Conveyancer, &c.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

May 5, 1879.

WILLIAM MURRAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

OFFICE—MURRAY'S BUILDING,

WATER STREET.

May 1, 1882.

HUMPHREY GILBERT,

BARRISTER,

ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICE—Near Railway Crossing,

MAIN STREET,

MONCTON, N. B.

May 3, 1882.

J. J. FORREST,

BARRISTER,

Attorney-at-Law,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

Collecting promptly attended to.

OFFICE—Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.

April 27, 1881.

RICHARDSON & McINERNEY,

BARRISTERS,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES AT RICHMOND AND NEW CASTLE.

C. RICHARDSON. GEO. V. McINERNEY, LL.B.

Sept. 13, 1883.

DR. McDONALD,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE

In DESMOND'S BUILDING,

LOWER WATER STREET,

CHATHAM, N. B.

Chatham, June 22, 1881.

R. McLEARN, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Graduate of University Medical College, New York.

OFFICE—In Dr. Freeman's Building,

Newcastle, July 12, 1880.

DR. H. A. FISH,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office—Residence of James Fish, Esq.

Hours 10 to 12, 1 to 4, 6 to 9.

Newcastle, March 1, 1881.

ENGINEERS & STEAM FITTERS

GOODS.

Wrought Iron Pipe and Fittings;

Globe Valves, Steam Cocks,

Steam Gauges, Steam Whistles,

Steam Pumps, Check Valves,

Emery and Emery Cloth.

For sale by

WISDOM & FISH,

41 Dock Street, St. John, N. B.

Price lists on Application. Jan. 9.

WILLIAM WYSE,

GENERAL DEALER,

Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,

CHATHAM MICHIGI, N. B.

Merchandise and Produce received on Commission.

Liberal Advances made on Consignments.

AT SALES FOR THE

ACTION SALES, and all business in connection with the same, attended to promptly.

WIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS,

WATER ST., CHATHAM.

WILLIAM LAWLER,

Importer of MARBLE & Manufacturer of MONUMENTS,

TABLES,

HEADSTONES,

MANTELS,

TABLE TOPS, &c.

A GOOD STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.

GRANITE MONUMENTS made to order; CAPS and SILLS for windows supplied at short notice. FURNITURE Work in all its branches attended to, and satisfaction given.

January 24, 1876.

EDWARD B. ROWE,

BOSTON, MASS.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE FORWARDED.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO

FORWARDING FRESH FISH,

RE-ICEING, &c.,

at low rates. Address

May 16, 1882.

HAND WRITTEN CARDS.

VISITING CARDS in all styles, neatly and artistically WRITTEN and furnished by W. C. Burnham, late Professor of Penmanship at Rockland College, N. Y., at the following rates per dozen—Plain Bristol, 15 cents; Gilt Edged, 25 cents; Plain Flourished, 35 cents.

Orders received by mail. Address

W. C. BURNHAM,

Bethune Village, N. B.

Jan 10-187.

THIRTY YEARS.

Important trial of THIRTY YEARS

has given their verdict that

MINARD'S LINIMENT

is the best inflammation allayer and Pain

destroyer in the world. 500 Medical men

endorse and use it in their practice, and believe it is well worthy the name.

KING OF PAIN!

\$100 will be paid for a case it will not cure or help of the following Diseases: Diphtheria and Rheumatism, Scalds, Chills, Galls, Bolls, Sprains, Lumbago, Bronchitis, Burns, Toothache, Broken Breasts, Sore Nipples, Felons, Stings, Frost Bites, Bruises, Old Sores, Wounds, Erysipelas, Pain in the Side or Back, Contractions of the Muscles.

There is nothing like it when taken internally for Croup, Croup, Croup, Croup, Coughs, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat. It is perfectly harmless, and can be given according to directions without any injury whatever.

A Positive Cure for Croup and Whooping Cough.

And will produce a fine growth of Hair on bald heads in cases where the hair has fallen from disease, as thousands of testimonials will prove. A trial will convince the most sceptical that the above is true. Send to us for testimonials of unguished men who have used it.

MINARD'S LINIMENT.

And low have a beautiful box of Hair and hundreds who have used it are willing to swear that by the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT they have obtained a new growth of Hair.

W. J. NELSON & CO.,

Wholesale Agent, Newcastle, E. Lee Street.

MILLINERY FALL & WINTER.

Expected to-day—a large variety of

SATIN AND PLUSH HATS,

Hats and Bonnets in Straw, (all styles), a fine assortment of Fashionable Dress Buttons, a number of Ladies' Work Aprons and other goods.

Just received, an extensive assortment of Trimmings, in

CHERRY BLOSSOMS, PINKS, VIOLETS, TRAVELS, THE ENGLISH, and other styles.

JEY CROWNS, JASMINE BONNETS and Fancy caps, PHILLIPS, etc. etc. etc.

For sale by

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Price lists on Application. Jan. 9.

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GRANITE MONUMENTS made to order; CAPS and SILLS for windows supplied at short notice. FURNITURE Work in all its branches attended to, and satisfaction given.

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PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO

FORWARDING FRESH FISH,

RE-ICEING, &c.,

at low rates. Address

May 16, 1882.

HAND WRITTEN CARDS.

VISIT

G. A. BLAIR,
Merchant Tailor.
Chatham, N. B.

On hand, a first class stock of
English, Scotch & Canadian
TWEEDS,
BROADCLOTHS, DOESKINS, &c.
AND A GOOD VARIETY OF
Overcoatings,
Which will be made up to order promptly,
and in the best and most fashionable styles.
Particular attention given to orders
from a distance.

The Latest New York Fashions
Regularly Received.

STAND—Stone Building, adjoining Dr.
Patten's, Water Street,
Chatham, Nov. 16, 1880.

CUSTOM
TAILORING.
WM. DOHERTY & CO.,
CUSTOM TAILORS,
Market Square, next Western Union Telegraph Office.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
HAVE RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF
ENGLISH, FRENCH AND
SCOTCH
TWEEDS AND
SUITINGS,
which they are prepared to make up in the
most fashionable styles.
Orders from all sections of the Province
will receive the very best attention.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
St. John, April 10, 1882. my3-lyr

FREDERICTON
Custom Tailoring & Clothing
ESTABLISHMENT.
James R. Howie
MARBLE HALL, QUEEN ST.
DESIRES to return his thanks to his
many patrons in the North and elsewhere,
for the generous patronage extended to
him, and would assure them that no pains
will be spared to retain their custom, as it is
his aim to have all work performed in a
satisfactory and workmanlike manner.
Particular attention is given to all orders
from the country.
Now in hand

FINE STOCK OF CLOTHS,
SUITABLE FOR
Spring & Summer Wear,
which will be made up in the latest styles.
Orders respectfully solicited.
A good fit guaranteed in every case.
Keep on hand a full stock of READY
MADE CLOTHING and GENTS' FURNISHING
GOODS, which will be sold at
"Hard Times" prices.
JAMES R. HOWIE.
Fredericton, May 12, 1879. 14

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
CHATHAM.
As the summer is rapidly advancing,
and having in stock full lines of every description of
SUMMER GOODS,
I am offering the same at
GRAT
REDUCTION.
to make room for Fall and Winter Goods.
Parties requiring articles for summer wear,
and in their advantage to give me a call.

AGENCY FOR
Butterick's New York Fashions and Patterns.
W. B. HOWARD.
Chatham, Aug. 7, 1881

A. O. SKINNER'S
CARPET WAREHOUSE
BRUSSELS AND TAPESTRY CARPETS;
WOOL AND DUTCH CARPETS;
UNION AND HEMP CARPETS;
OILCLOTHS AND LINOLEUMS;
MATS AND HEARTH RUGS;
MATTINGS OF ALL KINDS;
LACE CURTAINS AND COVERINGS;
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
Orders from the Country promptly
attended to.
68 King Street, St. John.
my23

REST
not life is sweeping by, go
and see the new, capital not
required. We will furnish you with
everything you need. Ladies make
and give make. Send say. Reader, if you
want to know at which you can make great
time, write to the publisher of this paper.
68 King Street, St. John.
my23

NEW FALL
DRESS GOODS.
TRIMMINGS AND BUTTONS TO MATCH,
JUST OPENED.
ALSO—ONE CASE
WINTER UNDERCLOTHING,
CARE
WHITE & GRAY BLANKETS,
BED SPREADS, QUILTS, etc.
EXPECTED DAILY—A LOT OF
Heavy Ulster and Mantle Cloths
and Overcoatings.

J. W. DAVIDSON.
Newcastle, Sept. 26, 1882.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE.
THE following Properties belonging to
the Estate of the late William Masson,
Newcastle, are offered for Sale—
THE LOT AND HOUSE
thereon on the corner of Castle and Henry
Street, near the Ferry,
THE WATER LOT.
with buildings thereon, on Castle Street, ad-
joining the Ferry Slip.
THE LOT.
with House, Barn and Out-buildings thereon,
situated on Henry Street, now occupied by
Mr. John G. Ketchum.
Ten desirable and pleasantly situated
BUILDING LOTS
situate between the residence of A. A.
Davidson, Esq., and T. W. Crocker, Esq.,
on the corner of Castle and Henry Streets.
A LOT OF LAND
in rear of the Railway Buildings, consisting
of between six and seven acres, in a good
state of cultivation.
The above properties are offered for sale
on liberal terms.
WILLIAM MASSON,
Executor of the Estate.
Newcastle, August 10, 1880.

AYER'S
Sarsaparilla
cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheuma-
tic Gout, General Debility, Catarrh, and
all disorders caused by a thin and impure
blood, or corrupted condition of the blood;
expelling the blood-poisons from the system,
and restoring the blood to its normal state,
restoring its vitalizing power.
During a long period of unparalleled use-
fulness, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has proven
the perfect adaptation to the cure of all dis-
eases originating in poor blood and weakened
vitality. It is a highly concentrated ex-
tract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-
purifying roots, combined with Iodide
of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest,
most reliable, and most economical blood-
purifier and blood-former that can be used.
Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.
"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of
the inflammatory Rheumatism, with which
I have suffered for many years."
Durham, N. B., March 12, 1882.
"Eight years ago I had an attack of
Rheumatism so severe that I could not
move from the bed, or dress without help.
I tried several remedies without much
benefit, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA,
by the use of two bottles of which I
was cured. I have since been troubled with
the Rheumatism, and it still retains its
wonderful power. I have since been
cured by the use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA,
and it is the best blood medicine
ever offered to the public."
River St., Chatham, Mass., July 15, 1882.
"Last March I was so weak from general
debility that I could not walk a short
distance. Following the advice of a friend,
I commenced taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA,
and in a few days I was able to get up.
I have since been troubled with the
Rheumatism, and it still retains its
wonderful power. I have since been
cured by the use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA,
and it is the best blood medicine
ever offered to the public."
River St., Chatham, Mass., July 15, 1882.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price \$1.50 per bottle, \$4.
per dozen.

WILL YOU
EXCHANGE
a case of
Dyspepsia or
Biliousness
for 75 cents?
It is actually
possible to
cure these
affections
under many
all in one
remedy.
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Stomach and
Liver, when
this offer is
made to you
in your own
home, in all
sincerity,
with an absolute
cure of
Dyspepsia (from Brazil) cures
Dyspepsia and Biliousness. A
single dose relieves; a sample
bottle contains 75 cents.
It acts directly upon the
Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys,
Cleansing, Correcting, Regu-
lating, Zepes gives energy
and vim to the Brain, Nerve,
and Muscles, simply by work-
ing wonders upon the Digestion,
and giving activity to the
Liver.
Cut this off, take it to any
dealer in medicines, and get
at least one 75 cent bottle of
Zepes, and tell your neighbor
how it acts. It is warranted
to cure Dyspepsia and Biliousness.

NEY-WORT
PERMANENT CURE OF
STAMINATION.
A cure, whatever the cause,
of the disease, this remedy
cures it.

HECLA FOUNDRY AND
Machine Shop.
The subscriber has fitted up his shop
with the latest and most approved ap-
paratus, and having had a lengthy experience
in mill and other general foundry work,
is prepared to do all orders satisfactorily.
Heavy stoves, Ploughs and other Castings
always on hand.
JAMES MURRAY.
Newcastle, Dec. 10, 1882.

JOHN M'LAGGAN,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in
FLOUR, CORNMEAL,
POVISIONS, and
GENERAL GROCERIES.
WARHOUSE—PUBLIC WHARF.
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.
Sept. 11, 1882.

METEOROLOGICAL.

Reported for the Dominion Gov't by
G. A. Blair, Esq.

FEBRUARY.			
DATE.	Time.	Height of Bar.	Thermometer.
Sun.	25	7.40 a.m. 30.33	7.0
		3.40 p.m. 29.90	25.8
		11.15 p.m. 30.46	30.0
Mon.	26	7.40 a.m. 30.48	28.7
		3.40 p.m. 30.42	28.2
		11.15 p.m. 30.22	11.8
Tue.	27	7.40 a.m. 30.77	3.5
		3.40 p.m. 30.87	10.8
		11.15 p.m. 30.09	13.6
Wed.	28	7.40 a.m. 30.33	5.0
		3.40 p.m. 30.07	14.4
		11.15 p.m. 30.28	9.7
Thurs.	1	7.40 a.m. 30.30	6.1
		3.40 p.m. 30.30	17.0
		11.15 p.m. 30.28	19.6
Fri.	2	7.40 a.m. 30.64	15.0
		3.40 p.m. 30.64	30.0
		11.15 p.m. 30.04	31.1
Sat.	3	7.40 p.m. 30.02	9.8
		3.40 a.m. 30.04	18.0
		1.40 p.m. 30.04	22.0

The minus sign— at the left hand, de-
notes below zero, its absence denotes
above zero.
The column for Maximum Thermometer
shows the highest temperature for every
day.
The column for Minimum Thermometer
shows the lowest temperature for every
day.

Farm and Household.

Be Ready Early.

A season of activity is near at
hand. Spring is coming with its
pressing work. The farmer is ready
for sowing and planting? Every im-
plement should be provided before-
hand, that no time may be wasted in
making purchases or repairs after the
work should begin. We have known
a half-day of plowing to be lost be-
cause the whiffletree was not at
hand. Some farmers start out with
their spring plowing without a single
plow in stock, and when one is
needed, the team is taken from the
field and driven to the store. Such
a loss of time is a serious matter,
and should be thoughtfully guarded
against by ample provision of all
such articles of the farm. It is a
poor time to mend a harrow when it
should be at work in the field. We
do not favor that economy that relies
upon the neighbors for many of the
farm tools. There are certain farm
implements, such as rollers or reapers, but
the constant borrowing of rakes,
forks, etc., is not a wise economical
policy. Be provided with all these
essential farm tools, and have them
in good order, and at hand when
the time comes for using them. Now
is the time to look to the future, and
make all needful preparations for the
busy days that will soon be here.
In the peace of winter prepare for
the war of spring.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

Profitable Feeding in Stables.

To feed in stables profitably, one
should prepare beforehand. Suppos-
ing suitable stables, which will allow
the animals to stand enough to be com-
fortable, and in which can be kept
the feed, as well as the animals, the
feeder should begin a year in advance
to provide food and to prepare
ground for raising green food for the
following season. If the cows are
to come into milk in the spring, food
must be in readiness to carry them
through till green food grows. For
this purpose, grass or other forage,
cut at or before blossoming, along
with roots and some grain or mill
feed, make the best milk producing
food for a season. The earliest
green food is winter rye, which may
be fed till it reaches flowering,
but the best is the clover, which
may be fed from the time it is ready
for use when green food is not plenty.
Then orchard grass and red clover,
peas and oats sown together, millet
or Hungarian grass, and fodder corn
may follow, till frost puts an end to
feeding from the field. After this,
food which has been sown in the
stable, and which can be watered with
this purpose, grass or other forage,
cut at or before blossoming, along
with roots and some grain or mill
feed, make the best milk producing
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Miscellaneous.

British Flag.

The Imperial standard of England
was first hoisted on the Tower of
London and on Bedford Tower,
Dublin, and also displayed by the
guards on the honor of the British
flag, on January 1, 1801. This event is
said, gave rise to the appellation of
"union jack," which has since char-
acterized the English standard; but the
origin of the term "jack" has had
many disputed authorities. During
the time of the crusades it was ap-
plied to St. George's cross on a white field,
which the soldiers wore over their
armor, both on the breast and back.
In the English treaty with the Dutch,
entered into February, 1678, it was
agreed "that all Dutch ships, whether
ships of war or others, whether a
squadron or single ship which shall
be upon the honor of the British flag,
whenever belonging to the King of
Great Britain, whether one or more,
carrying the king's flag, called the
jack, in any case in Cape Finisterre
to the middle point of the land Van
Staten, in Norway, shall strike their
topsail, and lower their flag in the
same manner as with like honours
of respect as has been usually paid
at any time or place heretofore by
Dutch ships to the king of England
in the upper inside corner.
We read of a white banner that was
carried in the army of the kings of
England in their wars against Scot-
land. The banner of St. George was
held in capite under it.
The "cross of St. George" has been
the badge both of kings of Britain
and the nation from the time of
Edward III. Its use was for a while
nearly superseded by the "roses,"
but revived upon the termination of
the wars between the rival houses.
The banner of St. George was white,
charged with the red cross; while the
British ensign, led with blue cross
in the upper inside corner.
The "Blue Blanket" of Scotland
has a local history of no little inter-
est as a famous standard. In 1483 King
James III. presented the standard to
the traders of Edinburgh "as a per-

petual remembrance of their loyalty
and bravery, with power to display
the same in defence of their king
and country, and their own rights."
This standard was kept by the con-
vener of the trades, and on its ap-
pearance the tradesmen were to
repair to it, but all the artificers or
craftsmen within Scotland are bound
to follow it in and fight under the
convener of Edinburgh. It was borne
by the craftsmen at the battle of Flod-
den in 1513 and displayed for the
purpose of assembling the incorporat-
ed trades to protect Queen Mary after
her surrender to the confederated
nobles at Carberry Hill.
Among the most efficacious of remedial
agents are the medical preparations from
the laboratory of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham,
Lynn, Mass.

A loving couple in Iowa, says the
local chronicler, separated by "a cold cloud
of frozen realism." It is evident it was not
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However cold or frozen hard may be, it has
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if they would give the little ones moderate
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BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JAN. 31, 1879.

GRATEFUL.—Having been afflicted for a
number of years with rheumatism and sciatica,
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THOS. G. KNOX.

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS ARE ERECTING A MAGNIFICENT CATHEDRAL IN CANTON.

It stands upon the site of an old church, and
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SAID DYER:

"She knows her man, and when you
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Can you do the work, and who can do it well?
But must be to be a man who can do the
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Have been found guilty of blasphemous libel.
Foote was sentenced to 12 months imprisonment;
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Foote's sentence provoked stormy replies in court.

IN THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE NO PREPARATION HAS RECEIVED SUCH UNIVERSAL COMMENDATION FOR THE ALLEVIATION IT AFFORDS, AND THE PERMANENT CURE IT EFFECTS IN KIDNEY DISEASES, AS DR. VAN BUREN'S KIDNEY CURE.

Its use in these distressing complaints is simply
wonderful. Sold by Lee Street, Feb. 28, 1882.

Beware of Imitations.

Since the late discovery of the "Electric Oil" has become
celebrated, a number of unprincipled persons have
been endeavoring to palm off upon the public
Electron and Electric Oil for the genuine
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Beware of these
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properties of their own medicines they would
not have sold them so cheaply. Beware of
these imitations, and not try to sell them on
the reputation of another, but as they know
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March 7, 1882.

A colony of Franciscan monks and nuns

is now settling at Cleveland, in England.
The largest hotel in the place has been
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CATARH OF THE BLADDER

CRUISING irritation, inflammation, all
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drag him up to the window.

THAT HUSBAND OF MINE

is three times the man he was before he
began using Wells' Health Renewer. \$1.
Druggists.

Where there's a will there's a way. But

where there's no will the heel-fair lady has
all his own way.

DON'T DIEN THE HOUSE.

"Rough on rats." Clears out rats, mice,
roaches, bed-bugs, flies, ants, moles, chip-
munks, gophers. 15c.

Necessity is the mother of Invention;

Laetitia is the father of Necessity; so
Laetitia is the grand-parent of invention.
A man never loses much time in inter-
viewing his Necessity. He generally comes
right down to the point.

It's EVERY ONE'S DUTY.—To improve the
opportunities presented for health, cheer-
fulness, and comfort. See to it, that
Zepes is used in your family for Dyspepsia
and Biliousness. It is guaranteed to re-
move them. Sold by E. Lee Street New-
castle.

The theatres of Europe are now 1467 in
number, and Italy has the list of nations
in point of the largest number of theatres.
She has 345 as against 337 in France, 194 in Germany,
160 in Spain, 150 in Great Britain, 132 in
Austria and Hungary, 44 in Russia, 22 in
Belgium, 22 in Holland, 20 in Switzerland,
18 in Sweden and Norway, 10 in Portugal,
10 in Denmark, 4 in Turkey, and 4 in
Greece.

Among the most efficacious of remedial
agents are the medical preparations from
the laboratory of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham,
Lynn, Mass.

A loving couple in Iowa, says the
local chronicler, separated by "a cold cloud
of frozen realism." It is evident it was not
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sire."

THEY WERE SOON TO BE MARRIED.

He had vague ideas of house furnishing, and he asked
her what kind of carpets he should get
for the parlor. She said, "Axminster,"
and he warmly protested it was none of the
minister's business.

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CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

My wish is easy of gratification. Bobby holds the ladder, and I climb cautiously, rung by rung. Having reached the summit I sit at ease, with my legs loosely dangling. There is no broken glass, there are no painful bottoms of bottles to disturb my ruminant quiet. The air bites a little, but I am warmly clad, and young Bobby sits beside me, whistling and kicking the bricks with his heels. There is the indistinctness of fine weather over the chain of low round hills that bound our horizon, giving them a dignity that, on clearer days, they lack. As I sit, many small and pleasant noises visit my ears, sometimes distinct, sometimes mixed together: the brook's noise, as it runs, quick and brown, between the flat, dry March fields; the gray geese's noise, as they screech all together from the farmyard, the church-bells' noise, as they ring out from the distant town, whose roofs and vases are shining and glinting in the morningsun.

"Do you hear the bells?" says I. "Some one has been married this morning."

"Do not you wish it was you?" asks Bobby with a brotherly grin.

"I should not mind," reply I, picking out a morsel of mortar with my finger and thumb. "It is about time for one of us to move off, is it not? And Barbara has made such a signal failure to hide, that I think it is but fair that I should try my little possible."

"All I ask of you is," says Bobby gravely, "not to take a fellow who has not got any shooting."

"I will make it a *sine qua non*," I answer, seriously.

A louder screech than ever from the geese accompanied with wing-flappings. How unanimous they are! There is not a voice wanting.

"I wonder how long Sir Roger will stay?" I say, presently.

"What connection of ideas made you think of him?" asks Bobby, curiously.

"Do you suppose that he has any shooting?"

"I break into a laugh. "I do not know, I am sure. I do not think it matters much whether he has or not."

"I dare say that there are a good many women—old ones, you know—who would take him, old as he is," says Bobby, with liberality.

"I dare say," I answer. I do not know I am not old, but I am not sure that I would not rather marry him than be an old maid."

A pause. Again I laugh—this time a laugh of recollection.

"What a fool you did look last night!" I say, with sisterly candor, "when you put your head round the school-room door, and found that you had been witty about him to his face!"

Bobby reddens and aims a bit of mortar at a round-eyed robin that has perched near us.

"At all events, I did not call him a beast."

"Well, never mind; do not get angry. What did it matter? I say, comfortably."

"You did not mention his name. How could he tell that he was our benefactor? He did not even know that he was to be?"

"I cannot say that I see much signs of his putting his hands into his breeches-pocket," says Bobby, vulgarly.

There is a click of a lifted latch. We both look in the direction whence come the sound. He of whom we speak is entering the garden by a distant door.

"Get down, Bobby," cry I, hurriedly, "and help me down. Make haste—quick! I would not have him find me perched up here for weeks."

Bobby gets down as nimbly as a monkey. I prepare to do likewise.

"Hold it steady!" I cry, nervously, and, so saying, begin to turn round and to stretch out one leg, with the intention of making a graceful descent backward.

"Stop!" cries Bobby from the bottom, with a diabolical chuckle. "I think you observed just now that I looked a fool last night; perhaps you will not mind trying how it feels!"

So saying, he seizes the ladder—a light and short one—and makes off with it. I cry, "Bobby! Bobby!" suppressedly, several times, but I need hardly say that my appeal is addressed to deaf ears. I remain sitting on the wall-top, trying to look as if I did not mind, while grave misgivings possess my soul as to the extent of strong boot and ankle that my unusual situation leaves visible. Once the desperate idea of jumping presents itself to my mind, but the ground looks so distant, and the height so great, that my heart fails me.

From my watch-tower I trace the progress of Sir Roger between the fruit-trees. As yet, he has not seen me. Perhaps he will turn into another walk, and leave the garden by an opposite door, I remaining undiscovered. No! he is coming toward me. He is walking slowly along, a cigar in his mouth, and his eyes on the ground, evidently in deep meditation. Perhaps he will pass me without looking up. Nearer and nearer he comes; I hold my breath and sit as still as a stone, when, as ill-luck will have it, just as he is approaching quite close to me, utterly innocent of my proximity, a nasty, teasing tickle visits my nose, and I sneeze loudly and irrepressibly. Atcha! atcha! He starts, and, not perceiving at first whence comes the unexpected sound, looks about him in a bewildered way. Then his eyes turn toward the wall. He looks and fears are alike at an end. I am discovered. Like Angelina, I—

—stand confessed.
A maid in all my charms.

"How—on—earth—did you get up there?" he asks, in an accent of slow and marked astonishment, not unmixed with admiration.

As he speaks, he throws away his cigar, and takes his hat off.

"How on earth am I to get down again? Is more to the purpose," I answer, bluntly.

"I could not have believed that anything but a cat could have been so agile," he says, beginning to laugh. "Would you mind telling me how did you get up?"

"By the ladder," reply I, laconically, red-dening, and, under the influence of that same unsupportable doubt concerning my ankles, trying to tuck away my legs under me, a manoeuvre which all but succeeds in toppling me over.

"The ladder!" (looking round). "Are you quite sure? Then where has it disappeared to?"

"I said something that vexed Bobby," reply I, driven to the humiliating explanation, "and he went off with it. Never mind! once I am down, I will be even with him!"

He looks entertained.

"What will you do? What will you say? Will you make use of the same excellently terse expression that you applied to me last night?"

"I should not wonder," reply I, bursting out into uncomfortable laughter; "but it is no use talking of what I shall do when I am down: I am not down yet; I wish I were."

"It is no great distance from the ground," he says, coming nearer the wall, standing close to where the apricot is showering down her white and pink petals. "Are you afraid to jump? Surely not! Try! If you will, I will promise that you shall come to no hurt."

"But supposing that I knock you down?" says I, doubtfully. "I really am a good weight—heavier than you would think to look at me—and, coming from such height, I shall come with great force."

He smiles.

"I am willing to risk it; if you do not knock me down, I can but get up again."

I require no warmer invitation. With arms extended, like the sails of a windmill, I hurl myself into the embrace of Sir Roger. The next moment I am standing beside him on the gravel walk, red and breathless, but safe.

"I hope I did not hurt you much," I say, with concern, turning toward him to make my acknowledgements, "but I really am very much obliged to you; I believe that, if you had not come by, I should have been left there till bed-time."

"It must have been a very unpleasant speech that you made to deserve so severe a punishment," he says, looking back at me with a kindly and amused curiosity.

I do not gratify his inquisitiveness.

"It was something not quite polite," I answer, shortly.

We walk on in silence, side by side. My temper is ruffled. I am planning five distinct and lengthy vengeance against Bobby.

"I dare say," says my companion, presently, "that you are wondering what brought me in here now—what attraction a kitchen-garden could have for me, at a time of year when not the most sanguine mind could expect to find anything good to eat in it."

"At least, it is sheltered," I answer, shivering, thrusting my hands a little farther into the warm depths of my muff.

"I was thinking of old days," he says, with a hazy, wistful smile. "Ah! you have not come to the time of life for doing that yet. Do you know, I have not been here since your father and I were lads of eleven and twelve together?"

"You were eleven and he was twelve, I am sure," says I, emphatically.

"Why?"

"You look so much younger than he," I answer, looking frankly and unembarrassedly up into his face.

"Do I?" (with a pleased smile). "It is clear, then, that one cannot judge of one's self; on the rare occasions when I look in the glass it seems to me that, in the course of the last five years, I have grown into a very old fogey."

"He looks as if he had been so much oftener vexed, and so much seldomer pleased than you do," continue I, mentally comparing the smooth though weather-beaten benignity of the straight-cut features beside me, with the austere and frown-puckered gravity of my father's.

"Does he?" he answers, with an air of half surprised interest, as if the subject had never struck him at that light before. "Poor fellow! I am sorry if it is so. Ah, you see—with a smile—"he has six more reasons for wrinkles than I have."

"You mean us, I suppose," I answer, matter-of-factly. "As to that, I think he draws quite as many wrinkles on our faces as we do on his." Then, rather ashamed of my over-candor, I add, with hurried bluntness, "You have never been married, I suppose?"

He half turns away his head.

"No—not yet! I have not yet had that good fortune."

I am inwardly amused at the power of his denial. Surely, surely he might say in the words of Lancelot:

I had been wedded earlier, sweet Elaine.

"And you?" he asks, turning with an accent of playfulness toward me.

"Not yet," I answer, laughing, "and most likely I shall have to answer 'not yet' to the question, as often as it is put to me, till the end of the chapter."

"Why so?"

I shrug my shoulders.

"In moments of depression it strikes Barbara and me, that we and Tou-Tou shall end by being three old cats together."

"Are you so anxious to be married?" he asks, with an air of wonder, "in such a hurry to leave so happy a home?"

"Every one knows best where his own shoe pinches," I answer, veraciously. "I am afraid it does not sound very lady-like, but, since you ask me the question, I am rather anxious. Barbara is not; I am."

A shade of I cannot exactly say what emotion—it looks like disappointment, but surely it cannot be that—passes across the sunshine of his face.

"All my plans hinge on my marrying," I continue, feeling drawn, I do not know how or why, into confidential communication to this almost total stranger, "and, what is more on my marrying a rich man."

"And what are your plans?" he asks, with an air of benevolent interest, but that unexplained shade is still there.

"Their name is Legion," I answer; "you will be very tired before I get to the end of them."

"Try me."

"Firstly then," says I, narratively, "my husband must have a great deal of interest in several professions—the army, the navy, the bar—as to give the boys a helping hand; then he must have some shooting—good

shooting for them; for them all, that is, except Bobby! never shall he fire a gun in my preserves."

My mind again wanders away to my vengeance, and I break off.

"Well!"

"He must also keep two or three horses for them to hunt: 'Algy' loves hunting, but he hardly ever gets a day. He is so big, poor dear old boy, that nobody ever gives him a mount—"

"Yes?"

"Well, then, I should like to be able to have some nice parties—dancing and theatricals, and that sort of thing, for Barbara—father will never hardly let us have a soul here—and to buy some pretty dresses to set off her beauty—"

"Yes?"

"And then I should like to have a nice, large, cheerful house, where mother could come and stay with me, for two or three months at a time, and get clear away from the worries of housekeeping and—"

"The tyranny of father, I am about to add, but pull myself up and substitute lamely and stammeringly, 'and—other things.'"

"Anything else?"

"I should not at all mind a donkey carriage for Tou-Tou, but I shall not insist upon that."

He is smiling broadly now. The shade has fled away, and only sunshine remains.

"And what for yourself? You seem to have forgotten yourself!"

"For myself!" I echo, in surprise; "I have been telling you—you cannot have been listening—all these things are for myself."

Again he has turned his face half away.

"I hope you will get your wish," he says, shortly and yet heartily.

I laugh. "That is so probable, is not it? I am so likely to fall in with a rich young man of weak intellect who is willing to marry the whole six of us, for that is what he would have to do, and so I should explain to him."

Sir Roger is looking at me again with an odd smile—not disagreeable in any way—not at all hold-cheap, or as if he were sneering at me for a simpleton, but merely odd.

"And you think," he says, "that when he hears what is expected of him he will withdraw?"

Again I laugh heartily, and rather loudly, for the idea tickles me, and, in a large family, one gets into the habit of raising one's voice, else one is not heard.

"I am so sadly sure that he will never come forward, that I have never taken the trouble to speculate as to whether, if he did, my greediness would make him retire again."

No answer.

"Now that I come to think of it, though," continue I, after a pause, "I have no manner of doubt that he would."

Apparently Sir Roger is tired of the subject of my future prospects, for he drops it. We have left the kitchen-garden—have passed through the flower-garden—have reached the hall-door. I am irresolutely walking up the stone steps that mount to it, not being able to make up my mind as to whether or no I should make some sort of farewell observation to my companion, when his voice follows me. It seems to me to have a dissuasive inflection.

"Are you going in?"

"Well, yes," I answer, uncertainly, "I suppose so."

He looks at his watch.

"It is quite early yet—not near luncheon time—would it bore you very much to take a turn in the park? I think (with a smile) 'that you are quite honest enough to say so if it would, or, if you did not, I should read it on your face.'"

"Would you?" says I, a little piqued. "I do not think you would: I assure you that my face can tell stories, at a pinch, as well as its neighbor."

"Well, would it bore you?"

"Not at all! not at all!" reply I, briskly beginning to descend again; "but one thing is very certain, and that is that it will bore you."

"Why should it?"

"If I say what I was going to say, you will think that it is on purpose to be contradicted," I answer, unlatching the gate in the fence, and entering the park.

"And if I do, much you will mind," he answers, smiling.

"Well, then," says I, candidly, looking down at my feet as they trip quickly along through the limp winter grass, "there is no use blinking the fact that I have no conversation—none of us have. We can gabble away among ourselves like a lot of young rooks about all sorts of silly home jokes, that nobody but us would see any fun in; but when it comes to real talk—"

I pause expressively.

"I do not care for real talk," he says, looking amused; "I like gabble far, far better. I wish you would gabble a little now."

But the request naturally ties my tongue tight up.

"This is the tree that they planted when father was born," I say presently, in a stiff, cicerone manner, pointing to a straight and vigorous young oak, which is lifting its branchy head, and the fine net-work of its brown twigs, to the cold, pale sky.

Sir Roger leans his arm on the top of the palms that surround the tree.

"Ah! eight-and-forty years ago! eight-and-forty years ago!" he repeats to himself, with musing slowness. "Hard upon half a century."

I turn over in my mind whether I should do well to make some observation of a trite and copy-book nature on the much greater duration of trees than men, but, reflecting that the application of the remark may be painful to a person so elderly as the gentleman beside me, I abstain. However, he does something of the kind himself.

"To think that it should be such a stripling," he says, looking with a half-pensive smile at the straight young trunk, "hardly out of the petticoat age, and yet—he and I—such a couple of old wrecks."

It never occurs to me that it would be polite, and even natural, to contradict him. Why should not he call himself an old wreck, if it amuses him? I suppose he only means to express a gentleman decidedly in the decline of life, which, in my eyes, he is; so I say kindly and acquiescingly:

"Yes, it is rather hard, is it not?"

"Try one—forty-two—yes, forty-two years since I first saw him," he continues,

reflectively, "running about in short, stiff, white petticoats and bare legs, and going bawling to his mother, because he tumbled up those steps to the hall-door, and cut his nose open."

I lift my face out of my muff, in which, for the sake of warmth, I have been hiding it, and opening my mouth, give vent to a hearty and undisturbed roar of laughter.

"Cut his nose open!" repeat I, indistinctly. "How pleased he must have been, and what sort of a nose was it? already hooked? It never could have been the conventional button, that I am sure of; yours was, I dare say, but his—never. Good Heavens!" (with a sudden change of tone, and disappearance of mirth). "here he is! Come to look for you, no doubt! I—I—think I may go now, may not I?"

"Go!" repeats he, looking at me with unfeigned wonder. "Why? It is more likely you that he has missed, you, who are doubtless his daily companion."

"Not quite daily," I answer, with a fine shade of irony, which, by reason of his small acquaintance with me, is lost on my friend.

"Two, you know, is company, and three none. Yes, if you do not mind, I think it must be getting near luncheon-time. I will go."

So I disappear through the dry, knotted tussocks of the park grass.

CHAPTER IV.

"Friends, Romans, and countrymen!" say I, on that same afternoon, strutting into the school-room, with my left hand thrust oratorically into the breast of my frock, and my right loftily waving, "I wish to collect your suffrages on a certain subject. Tell me," sitting down on a hard chair, and suddenly declining into a familiar and colloquial tone, "have you seen any signs of derangement in father lately?"

"None more than usual," answers Algy, sarcastically, lifting his pretty, disdainful nose out of his novel. "If, as the Eton Latin Grammar says, *Ira* is a *brevis furor*, you will agree with me that he is pretty often out of his mind, in fact, a good deal oftener than he is in it."

"No, but really?"

"Of course not. What do you mean?"

"Put down all your books!" say I, impressively. "Listen attentively. Bobby, stop seat-sawing that chair, it makes me feel deadly sick. Ah! my young friend, you will rue the day when you kept me sitting on the top of that wall—"

I break off.

"Go on! go on!" in five different voices of impatience.

Well, then, father has sent a message by mother to the effect that I am to dine with them to-night—I, if you please—I—I—you must own (lengthening my neck as I speak and throwing up my untidy flax head) that sweet Nancies are looking up in the world."

A silence of stupefaction falls on the assembly. After a pause:

"YOU?"

"Yes, I!"

"And how do you account for it?"

"I believe," reply I, smirking, "that our future benefactor—no! I really must give up calling him that, or I shall come out with it to his face, as Bobby did last night. Well, then, Sir Roger asked me why I did not appear yesterday. I suppose that he thought I looked so very green up, that they must be keeping me in pinafores for force."

Algy has risen. He is coming towards me. He has pulled me off my chair. He has taken me by the shoulders, and is turning me round to face the others.

"Allow me," he says, bowing, and making me bow too, "to introduce you to the future legatee—Barbara, my child, you and I are nowhere. This depraved old man has clear, a long career of beggary has utterly vitiated his taste. To-morrow he will probably be clamoring for Tou-Tou's company."

"Brat!" says Barbara, laughing, "where has the analogy between me and the man who pulled up the window in the train for the old woman gone to?"

"Mother said I was to look as nice as I could," say I, casting a rueful glance at the tea-board, at the large plum-leaf, at the preparations for temperate conviviality. I have sat down on the threadbare blue-and-red hearth-rug, and am shading my face with a pair of cold pink hands, from the clear, gloomy blaze. "What am I to wear?" I say, gloomily. "None of my frocks are ironed, and there is no time now. I shall look as if I came out of a dirty clothes-basket! Barbara, dear, will you lend me your blue sash? Last time I wore mine the Brat upset the gum-bottle over my ends."

"Let us each have the melancholy pleasure of contributing something toward the decking of our victim," says Algy, with a grin; "hark! my mess-jacket!"

"Have as many beads as you can about you," puts in Bobby. "Begums always have plenty of beads."

A little pause, while the shifting flame-light makes pictures of it on the deep-bodied tea pot's sides, and throws shadowy profiles of us on the wall.

"Mother said, too, that I was to try and not say any of my unlucky things," I remark presently.

"Do not tell him," says Bobby, ill-naturedly, "as you told poor Captain Saunders the other day that 'they always put the fool of the family into the army.'"

"I did not say so of myself," cry I, angrily. "I only told him as a quotation."

"Abstain from quotations, then," retorts Bobby, dryly; "for you know in conversation one does not see the inverted commas."

"What shall I talk about?" say I, dropping my shielding hand into my lap, and letting the full fire-warmth blaze on eyes, nose, and cheeks. "Barbara, what did you talk about?"

"Whatever I talked about," replies Barbara, gayly, "they clearly were not successful topics, so I will not reveal what they were."

Barbara is standing by the tea-table, thin and willowily, a tea-caddy in one hand, and a spoon in the other, ladling tea into the deep-bodied pot—a spoonful for each person and one for the pot.

"I will draw you up a list of subjects to be avoided," says Algy, drawing his chair to the table, and pulling a pencil out of his waist-coat pocket. "Here, Tou-Tou, tear a leaf out of your copy-book—imprimis, old age."

"You are wrong there," cry I, triumphant, "quite wrong; he is rather fond of talk-

ing of his age, harps upon it a good deal. He said to-day that he was an old wreck!"

"Of course he meant you to contradict him!" says Bobby, cackling; "and, from the little I know of you, I am morally certain that you did not—did you, new?"

"Well, no," reply I, rather crestfallen; "I certainly did not. I would, though, in a minute, if I had thought that he wanted it."

"I wish," says Barbara, shutting the caddy with a snap, "that Providence had willed to send the dear old fellow into the world twenty years later than he did. In that case I should not at all have minded trying to be a comfort to him."

"He must have been very good-looking, must not he?" say I, pensively, staring at the red fire-caverns. "Very—before his hair turned gray. I wonder what color it was?"

Visions of gold-yellow, of sun-shiny brown, of warm chestnut locks, travel in succession before my mind's eye, and try in turn to adjust themselves to the good and goodly weather-worn face and wide blue eyes of my new old friend.

"It is so nice and curly even now," I go on, "twice as curly as Algy's."

"Tongs," replies Algy, with short contempt, looking up from his list of prohibitions.

"Very good looking!" repeat I, dogmatically, entirely ignoring the last suggestion.

"Perhaps when this planet was young," retorts he, with the superb impertinence of twenty.

"You talk as if he were eighty years old," cry I, with an unaccountably personal feeling of annoyance. "He is only forty-seven!"

"Only forty-seven!"

And they all laugh.

"Well, I must be going, I suppose," cry I, leisurely rising, stretching, sighing, and beginning to collect the various articles of my wardrobe scattered over the furniture. "Good-bye, dear tea-pot! good bye, dear plum-leaf, how I wish I was going to stay with you! It really is ten minutes past dressing-time, and father is always so pleased when one keeps him waiting for his soup."

"He would not say anything to you to-day if you were late," says Bobby, astutely. "You might tumble over his gouty foot, and he would smile! Are we not the most united family in Christendom—when we have company?"

After all, I need not have disquieted myself; I am

The Brain Weights of Some Great Men.

The report that the brain of Gambetta when examined by the experts, was found to weigh 1,100 grammes, or less than 39 ounces, has led to the publication of an immense number of brain weights. The brain of the adult human male is said to average about 50 ounces, and that of the adult female about 45. The maximum weight of the healthy brain is about 64 ounces and the minimum about 31. In cases of idiocy it has been found weighing only 20 ounces. Broca places the lowest limit of brain weight compatible with human intelligence at 30 in males and 32 in females, the average weight of the European male brain being 48 ounces. Dr. Bischoff, of Bonn, published two or three years ago perhaps the most exhaustive study of the subject ever undertaken. He had examined and weighed the brains of 559 men and 347 women. His figures were as follows:

	Highest.	Lowest.	Average.
Male.....	67.9 oz.	35.9 oz.	48 oz.
Female.....	55.2 oz.	28.9 oz.	43 oz.

Bischoff weighed the brains of ten cultivated and celebrated men, some of which he found below the average, while none reached the maximum. The brains of 119 ordinary offenders weighed 11 grammes more than the average, some having a weight of 1,500 and even 1,000 grammes. Broca, on comparing 115 skulls taken from a vault closed up not later than the twelfth century with another series of 123 skulls taken from a cemetery belonging to the earlier years of the present century, found the average capacity to be 1,426 and 1,462, showing a considerable gain during seven centuries of progressive civilization. As to the actual weight of the brains of eminent men full statistics are not obtainable. Taking individual cases, some twenty-three in number, Cuvier, the naturalist, heads the list, according to one authority with 64½ ounces, and according to another with 64.33. The brains of Abercromby, the physician, and of Schiller, the poet, weighed 63 ounces; Sir James Simpson's weighed 54, and Chalmers' 59; the brains of Napoleon and Daniel Webster, 57 ounces. The brain of a mulatto who died not long ago at Cincinnati was found to weigh 64 ounces. He was not considered bright intellectually.

The heaviest brain on record, which weighed 67 ounces, according to Dr. Morris, was that of a bricklayer, who "had a good memory and was fond of politics," but could neither read nor write, so that whatever his potentialities, his actual acquirements were not great. It is a surprise to our readers to learn that the statistics of Chinese brain weights available show them to exceed all others in the world. The average brain weight of the Chinese reached 50½ ounces, and that of the males reached 50½ ounces. This is an average not attained so far as we know, by any other nation, it being fully 1½ ounces above that of the average negro, an ½ ounces above the European. The brain of a Chinese reached 49½ ounces, exceeding by more than 1½ ounces the reported weight of the brain of the great French Republican, Paul Marat.

A Chinese Bride.

On alighting from our carriage, says a contributor to *All the Year Round*, writing of a visit to Cairo, we were hastily conducted across a large covered court, in which tables were spread and hired musicians were performing, and were shown up to a number of apartments, passing through a number of narrow, winding passages—it was, I was told, a real old-fashioned Turkish interior—and traversing a number of rooms furnished with a curious mixture of the splendid and the tawdry, until we came to the room where the bride sat to receive the final compliments of her friends. She was a small, framed, delicate-looking person, with fairly ular features and beautiful eyes and teeth, but the former, notwithstanding that her face was thickly painted white, showed traces of tears, and she looked and evidently was tired to death. "She has been crying all day," whispered the French governess to us confidentially, "she has never seen him, of course, and has got an idea that she shan't like him; the fact is, she did not want to be married at all, but of course her family would not refuse—Pasha's alliance." The new bride's apartments had been returned in her honor, and were bestrewn with gaudy yellow satin chairs and fauteuils, which most of the women carefully avoided, preferring to sit comfortably on the carpet or on the lowest foot-stool they could find. The bride sat like a little image on a chair raised on two steps in the corner of the room; her hands, incased in tight white kid gloves, were crossed on her lap and she never moved at all, except that she acknowledged our courtesies, as strangers, with a slight, grave inclination of the head. The other women kept up a pretense that it was all very delightful, and occasionally looked her dress smilingly in passing, or rearranged the heavy gold fringes of the veil. She had put off a magnificent bridal dress of white satin on entering the home of this husband whom she "had never seen," and was now arrayed in pink satin heavily embroidered with gold, having on her head a veil of tulle and gold ornamented with flowers and diamonds, while large diamond brooches and bracelets glittered on her dress and wrists. The long train of her dress, made in European fashion, was spread ostentatiously half across the floor. Those of her relations who had come with her were also very smart and very modern. Her sister, in addition to a pair of high-heeled shoes, had advanced to the civilized length of wearing tight stays.

The perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men, a pledge of sanity and a projection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities in which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves. A rogue, alive to the ridiculous, is still convertible. If that sense is lost his fellow-men can do little for him.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it. Many will read the book before one thinks of quoting a passage. As soon as he has done this, that line will be quoted east and west. Then there are great waves of borrowing. Genius borrows nobly. When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Lander replies: "Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life."

SUNBEAMS.

Factory operatives in New England are unitedly asking for weekly payments of their wages, while their employers are as unanimously in favor of the monthly system.

There is a movement among the landlords of leading hotels against polyglot bills of fare, and it is proposed to begin simultaneously in a number of houses to use plain English only.

Americanisms begin to appear in the editorial articles of the London newspapers. "The Conservative party," says the *News*, for instance, "has shown no signs of going back on the question of household suffrage."

A hospital for the children of gentlemen of limited means—a class believed to be increasing both in number and necessity—has been established in England. It is a recognition of the fact, now becoming better known, that sometimes those who are the last to apply for help need it most, and that those who by hard struggle contrive to maintain independence do so sometimes at the price of absolute want.

The most aged English baronet is the venerable Sir Moses Montefiore, who on the 25th of October next will enter upon his hundredth year. According to the list compiled by the editor of "Webster's Red Book," Sir Henry Preston, a Scotch baronet born in the year 1783, still survives. There are at least twenty baronets living who were born before the commencement of the present century. The oldest of these after the names already mentioned appears to be Sir T. Tyrington Bernard, born in 1791.

Gen Sheridan owns some magnificent tapestry, chiefly high warp Gobelins, made between 1663 and 1680 at the time when the art was in revival. Originally there were eleven pieces in the set, of which Sheridan owns four, the set being in the famous collection of the *Marde Meuble*, in Paris. The subjects are taken from different periods in the life of Alexander the Great. The hangings are each about 18 feet high by 20 feet long, and remarkably well preserved. The General has loaned his treasures for a charity fair in Chicago.

A boy in his 14th year, with a girlish face and lisp, was found straying about the streets of Providence at 1 o'clock in the morning, and taken to a police station, where a search revealed on his person a big pistol, a gimlet, a pair of scissors, a tallow candle, a *Police Gazette*, and some novels with such titles as "The Wharf Rat's Revenge" and "Cannoeer Ben; or, the Pirate's Last Shot." His intentions were to commit a few ordinary robberies at home, and then start out for greater achievements in the West.

The *London Tablet* comments on the Feltzer murder case: "Seldom has a case depending only upon circumstantial evidence been brought home with such convincing clearness. A few hairs out of a wig beside the murdered man and a letter written in an unknown hand signed 'Henry Vaughn,' were the tiny links out of which the Belgian police a last forged the chain which has brought sentence of death upon two men, of whom one had no conceivable motive for the crime, while the other could point to a stainless life that almost disarmed suspicion."

FASHION CHAT.

Silver or gold mediæval clasps are worn with belts of moiré ribbon. Black silk beaded Jerseys are favorite waists for young ladies' black dresses.

Small satin aprons, lace-trimmed and hand-painted, are worn at afternoon teas.

Jersey, basques are worn with skirts boxplaited from the knee to the edge of the skirt.

A very small veil of white tulle is worn over the fly-front hair with small velvet bonnets.

The crab is a favorite bonnet ornament. And the bonnets, like the crab, are moving backward.

Dresses of the "vivid blue," the "burning red" and the "glowing coal" are all the rage in Europe.

Gray satin slippers, with very high heels and finely-out steel buckles, are liked for bonjour wear.

Bunched draperies have come in. They are the principal features of the most fashionable dresses.

Pompons of silk are more popular than they have ever been, and are used on hats, mantles and dresses.

Turbans with a fur band and gathered cloth crowns are worn with redingotes of cloth trimmed with fur.

Narrow braid embroidery is not to everybody's liking; many prefer a quiet, more solid-looking trimming.

Dashes of red appear everywhere in the toilet, from the plumes on the bonnet to the "clocks" of black silk hose.

Black silk stockings are considered the most desirable for home wear, with low slip' pers of black satin or fine kid.

The newest turbans of folded cloth, or velvet, are without brims, the folds reaching down to the hair, and are without trimming.

India-rubber Ocean Carriers.

A substitute for the time-honored bottle for carrying records of disaster at sea is found in a light rubber ball two or three feet in diameter and brightly painted. It is so light that it is rapidly carried before the wind, and is so conspicuous that it can be seen at a long distance. One of these carriers, having been thrown from a Swedish steamer on her way from London to Gothenburg, was picked up four days afterward on the coast of Schleswig, and another travelled two hundred nautical miles in five days. A number of these carriers, even if thrown overboard in mid-ocean, might bring relief to a disabled steamer by carrying word to passing vessels of the probable position of the disabled ship.

A priest in Donegal telegraphs that he accompanied Trevelyan, Chief Secretary, on his tour of inspection in the parish of Saint Columbkille. They visited twenty families and found there was not a morsel of food in any 1,000.

Sunlight in Stables.

All barns, stables, sheds and other buildings intended for the shelter of domestic animals should be so arranged as to command all the sunlight possible. For this purpose invariably place the stalls on the eastern and southern sides of the building. The windows should be large and sufficient numerous. There is no fear of too much sun light, either in the house or in the barn. We have no right to deprive our animals, any more than our children, of that which has been diffused so liberally.

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The hair of a girl employed in the Elgin watch factory was caught in the machinery and violently pulled. From that time all of the new growth was white, and now the receding color has reached a point half way to the ends.

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Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life; by indifference, which is the most comatous, and by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious, and by religion, which is the most effectual.

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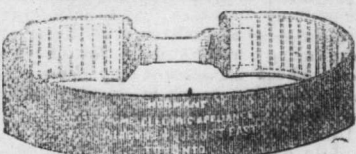
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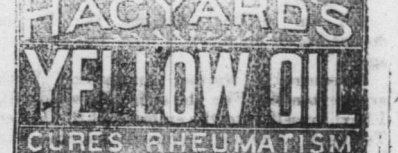
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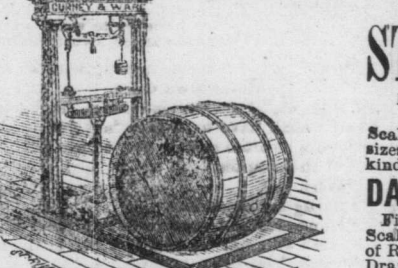
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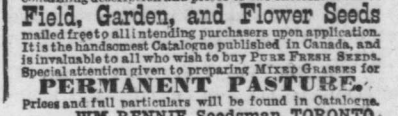
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AGENTS

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