

# The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

VOL. XVII.—NO 48.

Our Queen and Constitution.

WOODSTOCK N.B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1865.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

WHOLE NO. 881

## Poetry.

### I SAID TO MY LOVE.

I said to my love—my own true love,  
What can I give to thee?  
Examine and peruse, or silver and gold,  
Or jewels the brightest that be?  
I will not a jewel, my true love said;  
And I sigh not for the silver or gold;  
What thoughts can they give, or what joys can  
they bring.

To the loom when weary and old?  
Give me that that will cling to the heart  
When sunshine, and summer and brightness de-  
part.

I said to my love—my own true love,  
What can I give to thee?  
A bird that will sing thee at eve to rest,  
Or a flower from the fairest tree?  
I will not a flower, my true love said,  
That will wither, and fade, and die;  
I will not a little captive thing,  
Whose only thought is to fly.

I said to my love—my own true love,  
What can I give to thee?  
A song my heart uttered long years ago,  
When our feet kissed the daisied lea?  
Ay, give me a song, my true love said,  
With a sweet and a musical rhyme,  
That will ebb and flow, like the sounding sea,  
Till the morn'g sun be found in the heart.

A song that will live and be found in the heart  
When sunshine, and summer and brightness de-  
part.

## Select Tale.

### THE ROSELAWN SCHOOL.

Wanted—By the committee of the Rose-  
lawn District, a young lady to take charge of  
the summer term of the Roselawn school. Good  
wages will be paid to one who can bring the  
 requisite attainments to the work. Roselawn  
is situated in a most delightful romantic part  
of the state; near a lake of some extent, and  
affords every facility for enjoyment usually  
found in a country place. The society is excel-  
lent. The church is scarcely a month's walk  
from the school-house.

Address, for the next two weeks,  
COMMITTEE, Roselawn, Vt.

Miss Maude Arabella Whiting read the notice  
through with a beaming countenance. Then  
she read it aloud to her mother, in her best  
style of education. Mrs. Whiting scarcely ap-  
preciated it, though, buried as she was in an  
easy-chair and a novel.

Isn't it charming? asked Arabella.  
Don't bother me, child. I am dying to find  
out about Paul and Lady Duval. You've  
put me out so that I've read this same page  
over twice.

Arabella subsided into silence, but she kept  
up a wonderful thinking. Inheriting a roman-  
tic disposition from her mother, she had sighed  
all her life long for adventure.

Her life had been a strangely uneventful one,  
and at nineteen she was weary of existence, if  
one could judge by the day-dreams she com-  
posed in the privacy of her chamber, and ex-  
hibited only to her dear friend Matilda Grubb.  
The advertisement of the Roselawn school in-  
terested her deeply. Her mind was set on oc-  
cupying herself as a teacher.

She was wealthy—but that would make it all  
the more romantic. There would be something  
so much like a novel, in a rich heiress burying  
herself and her beauty, in a little country vil-  
lage, for the good of the children—the blue-  
eyed, rosy-cheeked darlings who would come,  
bringing her flowers every morning.

Mrs. Whiting was loth to consent to her  
daughter's project—but Arabella was pertinacious,  
and after a few days she yielded. Arabella  
wrote to the Committee, and received a note  
forthwith, telling her to be at Roselawn de-  
pot the ensuing Saturday afternoon, and Mr.  
Sawyer, the Committee, would meet her with  
his carriage.

Saturday morning she bade her mother an  
affection farewell; and with Pet, her lap dog,  
and three immense trunks, was soon on her way  
to Roselawn. She reached there just before  
sundown. Amid the usual hurry, noise, and  
bustle, she was put off, and there she stood  
amongst her trunks and boxes, her lap dog in  
her arms, her parasol under her arm, her retic-  
ule in her hands, and her high-topped bonnet  
half-way off, and down her back.

The depot was a blackish building, about ten  
feet square, filled with boxes, rags, and rough-  
looking men, smoking, spitting, and talking po-  
litely.

Arabella wanted to scream at the sight of  
them, but her dog screamed for her—so loudly  
as to draw all the attention of the company to  
her propriety.

Is Mr. Sawyer here? she ventured to ask,  
in a trembling voice.

I'm the chap! said a tall, shock-headed  
man, in a blue roundabout, rising; and now,  
who be you?

I am Miss Maude Arabella Whiting—

The new school marm? Why, land say,  
what have you brought your dog for? You don't  
calculate to keep school with him in yer lap,  
do ye?

Pet is my confidential companion, sir; it  
would have broken his heart to have been sepa-  
rated from me!

Wall, 'twouldn't a been no great o'f a loss!  
Did you know that dogs is taxed a dollar a  
head? That's to help on the war, and, as I'm  
a peace man, I knocked my dog over!

Oh, Mr. Sawyer? how could you? Didn't  
it hurt him?

I 'speck it did, but that warn't my look out!  
He was dead when I picked him up. You'd  
better serve yer'n just so! I'll finish him,  
and welcome for ye.

Arabella clasped Pet still closer, and regard-  
ed Mr. Sawyer with a look of horror.

Oh! wall, just as you say. Of course I

don't keer! 'Spose you've kept school afore?  
'No, sir; this is my first attempt.'

'Hum! You don't look as if you'd do to  
wallop Jenkins' boys; but then you've got red  
dish hair, which is a pretty good sign of grit.  
Come jump into the waggin. Where's your  
baggage?'

Arabella pointed it out.  
'The land say!' ejaculated Mr. Sawyer,  
'what do you calculate to have in all them  
ere trunks? Must a bring yer bedding!—  
Needn't a done that; we've got plenty of com-  
fortables in the fore room closet. What have  
you got into that box?' indicating a guitar-case;  
'it looks like a junk bottle with a long handle  
to it.'

'That is my guitar.'

'Gittar! land say! That's what my wife  
hed in her head, last year. Stopped her nose  
up so that 'twas wuss than no nose at all! She  
took stuff for it. Yes, 'twas the guitar for  
sartin. Same kind I'll bet. She won't be  
willing for ye to bring it into the house, but as  
you've got it boxed up, 'twon't be likely to do  
much hurt.'

'Where is your carriage?' inquired Ara-  
bella, anxious to escape from the curious glances  
of the crowd about the depot, each one of  
whom had taken a complete inventory of every-  
thing about her person.

'Right here,' pointing to a tall, antiquated  
horse cart, with a board across the sides for a  
seat—the whole concern pointed a flaming red,  
with the wheels. 'Climb right in over the  
wheel. The horse is just as stiddy as a sheep!  
Don't be afraid!'

'Goodness gracious!' cried Arabella in dis-  
may, 'you don't expect me to get up there!  
Why I couldn't do it to save my life!'  
'Ho! you hain't used to climbing, I guess.  
Why, my darter, Betsy, would go rite into that  
waggin without teching a hand! Sam,' to one  
of the crowd, 'go in and bring out a shoe box.'

Sam did as directed, and Arabella mounted  
the box, and from there reached the wheel of  
the cart. She tumbled in with so much force as  
to dislodge poor Pet, (who brought up in a  
neighboring mud-puddle), and crushed in the  
brim of her bonnet till it bore a strong resem-  
blance to an old-fashioned chaise top.

Sam rescued the dog, wiped him on a piece  
of newspaper, and restored him to his agonized  
mistress.

The trunks were already in; Mr. Sawyer  
seated himself up in front—cracked his whip—  
jerked out. 'G'lang!' and off they went.

'The ride was good exercise to both mind and  
body. Arabella was obliged to exert herself  
to the uttermost to keep from pitching out of  
the cart, and poor Pet tumbled like a poplar  
leaf, and grieved bitterly.

They drew up, at last, at Mr. Sawyer's  
front door. Mrs. Sawyer, a black-eyed, angu-  
lar woman, came out to meet them.

'Deary me! is this the school marm? Why  
she looks egg-sactly like Marion Scriggins,  
don't she Ellen? Polly Marion's a terrible  
canty to her poor ma!—so proud and full of  
vanity! What's happened to yer bunnet? I  
do hate the sight of them are kind of bunnets!  
they look like a bed with a flower garden into  
one end of it! Whose dog is that are? Deary  
me! how ugly he is! Come in, do! Ben'll  
hise ye down here. Here, Ben come and hise  
the marm down!'

Ben, a broad-shouldered, handsome young  
fellow, in his shirt sleeves, advanced and per-  
formed the delicate operation, as politely as  
could have been expected under the circum-  
stances.

'Where am I to board?' asked Arabella,  
settling herself in the best rocking-chair in the  
corner of the room.

'Round! That's the fashion here. You'll  
stay with me a week, and then you'll go to  
Peavey's. I pity your condition when you get  
there. Peavey's folks is the awfulest nastiest  
folks on the footstool. Mrs. Peavey don't wash  
her hands nor face but once a week, and then  
she only sears 'em with water! She throws all  
her dish water and 'tater peelings out of the  
front door, and the hens is just as much to hum  
in her sitting room as they be in the barn!—  
Lawful wall! there's that apple sass bling all  
over the stove!'

And Mrs. Sawyer abruptly left the room.

We must pass over the interesting 'Exami-  
nation,' through which our heroine passed, re-  
ceiving her certificate of capability to teach. It  
is well worth chronicling, but space forbids.

There was a crowd of children, of all ages  
and sizes, around the door of the school-house,  
when Arabella came in sight of the edifice. It  
was a brownish, square building, destitute of  
glass in most of the windows; a stove-pipe stuck  
thro' the roof, from which the wind and the  
fingers of time had torn a greater portion of the  
shingles. It was delightfully situated on the  
shores of a frog-pond, even now vocal with the  
long-drawn strains of the green-coated inhabi-  
tants.

'Here comes the school-marm!' yelled the  
boys in chorus, as Arabella appeared—'that's  
she! Golly! see the ruffles on her gown!—  
She's got a red-head! Bully for her!'

'Brother Sam he seed her over to the depot,'  
said Tommy Taylor, 'and he seed she had the  
funniest thing on her head, and a lap dog, and a  
Garrabaldwin jacket over her shoulders.'

'What's that she's got in her hand?' ex-  
claimed Bill Jenkins, narrowly scrutinizing  
Arabella's portfolio. 'Its got a lock onto it  
just like marm's chest of drawers. Whoever  
heard of bringing a bureau to school?'

These, and a score of other like exclamations  
saluted Arabella as she came up the lane. She  
was duly horrified of course, but she would not  
let the children perceive it. She intended to  
be as dignified and self-possessed as the most  
experienced veteran.

She entered the school-house, and they fol-  
lowed her, making more noise than a flock of  
sheep. Alas! for the blue eyes and rosy cheeks!  
Dirty faces abounded; evidently the price of  
molasses had not come up in Roselawn. Some  
of the little darlings sucked their thumbs, some  
chewed spruce gum, and a few were too much  
absorbed in looking at the 'school marm,' to  
keep their mouths employed in any other way  
than standing wide open.

'Come to order!' said Arabella, with dig-  
nity, rapping on the high desk.  
'Come to what?' asked Bill Jenkins.  
'Hold your tongue, sir!' returned the tea-  
cher.

Bill thrust out his lingual member, and took  
it between his thumb and finger, to the great  
amusement of the rest of the school.

Classifying, and ascertaining names and ages  
occupied most of the forenoon.  
'May I go out?' asked Bill Jenkins, getting  
up in his seat.

'No, you may sit down,' said Arabella, her  
patience fast giving out.  
Bill seized his hat, and jumped out of the  
window without ceremony.

'School marm, Susan Gray spit on my din-  
ner pail!' cried a small voice in the corner.  
'And Allie Diggins eat up my turnover!' cried  
the aforesaid Susan Gray.

'May I leave my seat? I want some water!'  
yelled Simon Sykes.  
'My nose bleeds! I want to go out!' remark-  
ed little Tommy Taylor.

'Sarah Jane Stiles has got my ingsy rubber,  
and is rubbing her cheeks with it to make 'em  
red!' screamed Miss Patty Primwood.

Arabella was trying to get silence, when the  
door opened, and in walked a full-grown animal  
of the porcine species, grunting and snuf-  
fing.

Arabella screamed and jumped for the desk,  
tucking up her skirts, and striking at the bris-  
tly quadruped with her parasol.

The children scampered from the house, but  
Arabella was afraid to get down and follow them,  
lest she should be attacked by his swine-  
ship which she mistook for a white bear.

At length, Bill Jenkins appeared and drove  
him out, and Arabella got down and went  
home to dinner. That afternoon Bill persisted  
in talking aloud, and whistling, when he felt  
like it. Arabella believed in governing by  
love and kind words—so she tried her doctrine  
on Bill.

'William,' she said, kindly, 'you are a fine  
boy, and will make a good man. Won't you  
please to stop that very annoying noise?'

'No, I won't please!' remarked Bill, imi-  
tating her voice. 'You've told two stories in  
one breath! You said I was a fine boy, and  
should make a good man! 'Tain't so! by  
jinks, it hain't!' and with that he let fly an  
apple core at Arabella's head, which hit the  
mark, and broke her hair comb into twenty  
pieces.

Still, our heroine managed to keep her tem-  
per. She reasoned, and remonstrated, and  
Bill laughed and whistled.

'I ain't gwine to mind such a red-haired  
young chick as you be!' exclaimed he, 'not by  
two chalks. I allers hated red hair, specially  
when it went with a freckled face and a turned  
up nose!'

This was a little too much. Arabella reddened—  
seized the poker from the stove, and gave  
Bill a blow that he had cause to remember for  
many a day. He fled screaming from the  
house, and the other children snatched their  
dinner pails and did likewise.

Arabella sat down and cried, and then start-  
ed for her boarding place. About half-way down  
the lane she encountered a cow. She flourished  
her parasol at her—apostrophized her with,  
'Scat—shoo!—and get out!' but the animal  
was on her own business, and refused to be  
persuaded.

Arabella climbed the wall, perched  
on the top, she alternately wept and threw  
stones at the blockader. The missiles never  
came within a rod of the mark, and the cow fed  
on in peace.

The afternoon drew to a close—the sun was  
nearly down—Arabella was in despair. She  
should have to remain where she was all night.

Suddenly, she heard a footstep, and, glanc-  
ing up, she saw Ben, Mr. Sawyer's hired man  
coming down the road.

'Oh! Ben, Ben!' she cried, rising, and  
holding out her hands. 'Save me from that  
frightful animal!'

'What?—where?' ejaculated Ben, looking  
around him in amazement.

'That creature, there, with the antlers! Oh,  
me! I shall die!' and she threw herself into  
his arms.

He blushed, and stammered, but he was  
committed, and could do no better than to carry  
Miss Whiting home. When he put her down  
in the rocking-chair in the sitting-room, she  
kissed him, calling him her deliverer, and very  
many other names of the same meaning.

Arabella went back to the city the next day.  
She was taken suddenly ill, she said; teaching  
did not agree with her.

But she did not forget Ben Thornton, and  
Ben remembered the kiss she had given him.  
It turned out just like all other stories—the  
lady married her hero, and the hero, in this case,  
was Ben Thornton.

'Sum, why am members of Parliament  
like de fishes?' 'I don't meddle wid de sub-  
jee', Pomp.' 'Well, don't ye see, niggers, its be-  
cause dey am so fond ob debate.'

The principal of an academy gave a pupil  
who was an aspirant for the situation of school  
teacher a certificate which said: 'This young  
man is capable of filling any position for which  
he is qualified.'

Returning a Favor.

A tinker was travelling in a country town;  
and, having traversed many miles without find-  
ing anything to do, stopped weary and hungry  
at a tavern. Here he got into conversation with  
a glazier, to whom he related his troubles. The  
latter sympathized with him deeply, and telling  
him he should have a job before long, advised  
him to go into his dinner and eat heartily. The  
tinker took his advice, ate his fill, and, when  
he returned to the bar room, he was overjoyed  
to hear that the landlord required his services to  
mend a lot of pans and kettles which had sud-  
denly 'sprung a leak.' The tinker was at once  
set to work, accomplished the task, received a  
liberal sum in payment, and started on his way  
rejoicing.

Upon reaching the outside of the house, he  
found the glazier, who said, 'Well, you see I  
told you the truth. I procured you a job of  
work; and how do you think I accomplished it?'

'I am sure I cannot tell,' replied the tinker.  
'I will tell you,' rejoined the glazier. 'You  
told me you were weary, hungry, and dinner-  
less. I knew the landlord was well off, and  
doing a good business; and so I watched the  
opportunity, and started a leak in every utensil  
I could get hold of.'

The tinker, with many thanks, and a heart  
full of gratitude, resumed his journey; but he  
had not proceeded many yards before he reached  
the village church, when a brilliant idea struck  
him. The glazier had befriended him; he  
would befriend the glazier. The church, he  
thought, could afford to bear a slight loss in a  
good business, and taking a position where he  
could not be seen, he riddled every window in  
the edifice with stones, and then, highly elated  
with his exploit, retraced his steps to notify the  
glazier he would speedily have a very important  
job.

'Sir,' said he, 'I am happy to inform you  
that fortune has enabled me to return the kind-  
ness I received from you an hour since.'

'How so?' asked the glazier, pleasantly.  
'I have broken every pane of glass in the  
church,' answered the tinker; 'and you, of  
course will be employed to put them in again.'

The glazier's jaw fell, and his face assumed a  
blank expression, as he said, in a tremulous  
tone, 'You don't mean that, do you?'

'Certainly,' replied the tinker; 'there is not  
a whole pane of glass in the building. One  
good turn deserves another, you know.'

'Yes,' answered the glazier in a tone of utter  
despair; 'but, you see, you have ruined me;  
for I keep the church windows in repair  
by the year.'

Anecdote of the Duke of Wellington.

We once heard a striking instance related as  
to the liberality and determination of the old  
'Iron Duke.' A needy farmer being com-  
pelled by necessity to advertise his little tract  
of land for sale, his Grace's steward made an  
offer for it, which was accepted; and when the  
Duke, a few days afterwards, arrived from town  
the steward acquainted him with the judicious  
purchase, flattering himself that he should be  
praised at having bought the farm so cheaply.

'Cheap, sir,' exclaimed the noble duke, 'cheap,  
sir! I want no man's farm cheap. Let two  
proper persons be immediately appointed to  
survey and value the farm.' Crestfallen and  
sorely disappointed, the steward returned to  
fulfill the directions, and at the next interview  
handed his Grace the report of the surveyors,  
by which the land was valued at several hun-  
dred pounds beyond the price previously agreed  
upon. This the duke ordered to be immedi-  
ately paid, adding: 'I can better afford to pay  
fair price than the owner can to take an unfair  
one, and bear in mind I want no man's land  
cheap.'

Poisons in Daily Use.

Poisons are introduced into the system by  
various means. They are often concealed in  
food by the ignorant cook or housekeeper, and  
as ignorantly partaken of by herself and others.  
Pickles are often poisoned by being scalded in  
brass or copper kettles. It makes them look  
green, but that very greenness renders them poi-  
sonous. Brass or copper kettles ought not to be  
used for any purpose unless they are previous-  
ly scoured very bright. It is better for health  
to avoid their use for cooking purposes. Brass  
washes dishes ought never be used; they cause  
sore eyes, eruptions, &c. Water is poisoned by  
being conveyed in lead pipes, or standing in  
pails painted on the inside. Milk is poisoned  
by having such pails for milking. Cheese is  
often poisoned in the same way, and by using  
its in its manufacture brass, copper or wooden  
tubs, painted inside. Ignorance often conceals  
a deadly weapon in our best articles of food,  
but selfishness does the same thing more fre-  
quently. Candies, toys and cakes are often or-  
namented or colored with various poisons. The  
blending of colors in these articles makes them  
attractive to the eye, but destructive to the  
health of those that use them. Highly colored  
candies and cakes, so attractive to children  
cause decayed teeth, cancer, intestinal inflama-  
tion, nauseating headache, colic spasms and of-  
ten convulsions. Confectionary may be pre-  
pared without coloring material so as to be  
wholesome. Gay colors are made of poisonous  
materials, that ought never to be introduced into  
food or drinks. Wall paper ornamented  
with beautiful green, pretty yellow, and lively  
red, sometimes diffuses, through sleeping and  
sitting rooms, an atmosphere impregnated with  
a poisonous vapor, that causes headache, nau-  
sea, dryness of the mouth and throat, cough,  
boils, watery swellings of the face, cutaneous  
affections and inflammation of the eyes. These  
occur in more serious forms in apartments that  
are not constantly and thoroughly ventilated.

Ancient Funerals.

In 814, Charlemagne was buried at Aix-la-  
Chapelle. He was seated upon a golden throne,  
clad in his imperial habits. He had a crown  
upon his head, and was girt with a sword; he  
held a chalice in his hand, the book of the  
Evangelists upon his knees, his sceptre and  
gold buckler at his feet. The sepulchre was  
filled with pieces of gold, perfumed and sealed,  
and above a superb triumphal arch was raised,  
on which was traced his epitaph.

Cromwell was carried to his grave on a vel-  
vet bed of state, drawn by six horses harnessed  
with the same. The pall was held up by his  
lords. The corpse was arrayed in royal robes,  
and decorated with a crown, sceptre and globe.  
It was followed by the officers of the army with  
their imperial banners, by heralds with their  
coats, and innumerable mourners.

The funeral pageant of Peter the Great is  
said to have exceeded in splendor that of any  
other monarch. The body was exposed, on a  
bed of state, from January 28 to March 21, the  
day of its interment.

A Cattle Plague Psalm.

The following is part of a psalm, sung in  
Osmothery Church, Yorkshire, above a cen-  
tury ago. It was composed by the parish clerk  
on the occasion of the murrain, a severe dis-  
temper that raged among the horned cattle in  
the year 1747. It was sung and chorused by  
the whole congregation in the church. The first  
four stanzas contained an account of the cattle  
that died and the names of the farmers to whom  
they belonged; the remaining verses were as  
follows:

'No Christian's bull nor cow, they say,  
But takes it out of hand;  
And we shall have no cows at all,  
I doubt, within this land.'

The Doctor, though they all have spoke  
Like learned gentlemen,  
And told us how the entrails look,  
Of cattle dead and green;  
Yet they do nothing do at all,  
With all their learning's store;  
So heaven drive out this plague away,  
And vex us not no more.

This piece was so well received that after the  
service it was desired again by all the congre-  
gation, except five farmers, who wept, declaring  
that the lines were too moving.—History of  
Allshire.

Round Shoulders

First, round shoulders and stooping forms de-  
tract from a fine personal appearance, either  
from standing, or sitting or walking. Women  
like a beautiful face, feet, and hands, fine dress,  
ornaments, splendid houses, horses, etc., etc.,  
and take great pain, often run great risks of life,  
to obtain them. Why not work as hard for  
fine forms?

But laying aside all thoughts of good looks,  
and turning for a moment to our ability to do  
and dare, we find that a truly graceful posture  
is the only easy one; that where the bearing  
of the body is not correct, as in stooping, we  
wear ourselves out by spending strength to sup-  
port ourselves in an unnatural position: that  
those who go about their business gracefully,  
do more, and do it easier than the awkward.

Stooping is unhealthy. The lungs are  
cramped and do not fully inflate. This brings  
on consumption; and, besides, the blood being  
only half oxygenized, we only half live. No-  
thing is so important in securing good feeling  
as thorough breathing.

Plato said no republic was complete without  
its gymnasia. This true of all schools; and  
more, in all cities and towns, the gymnastic  
hall, well ventilated, lighted and warmed, where  
the sedentary, the studious, those confined much  
indoors, both male and female, can in appropri-  
ate costume, throw off the restraints of a con-  
fined life, and take vigorous bodily training un-  
der a master, with music, is fully as important  
as was the gymnasium in the days of Plato.—  
Peoples' Journal of Health.

Rum and Tobacco.

There is much said about rum-drinking and  
its effects, and God knows that I detest it as  
much as any other person; but what is the ma-  
terial difference between the effects of rum and  
that of tobacco? Is the use of rum as a bever-  
age disagreeable? So is tobacco. Is rum a sub-  
tle poison? So is tobacco. Does rum relax  
the physical powers? So does tobacco. Does  
rum produce nausea and vomiting? So does  
tobacco. Does rum throw around its subjects  
the cords of unrelaxing despotism? So does  
tobacco. Does rum degrade men and want  
to be tobacco? Does rum degrade men be-  
low the brute? So does tobacco: for the brute  
will use neither. Does rum drag its subjects  
down to a premature grave? So does tobacco.

A LONG LOOK AHEAD.—A contemporary  
has been sent to a servant, who presents him-  
self at a window in a balloon.

Master—John go to South America and tell  
Mr. Johnson that I shall be happy to have him  
sup with me this evening. Never mind your  
coat, go right away.

In five minutes John returns.  
John—Mr. Johnson says he will come; he  
is obliged to go to the North Pole for a moment  
and will call here when he comes back.

Master—Very well, John: now you may  
wind up the machine for setting the table and  
telegraph to my wife that Mr. Johnson will  
be here presently. After that, John, you may  
dust out the balloon—I will have an appoint-  
ment in London at 10 o'clock.

John disappeared to execute these orders,  
while his master steps down to the West Indies  
to get a fresh orange.

Items Foreign & Local.

115,000 people left Paris to escape the cholera.  
Sir Morton Peto's dinner at Delmonico's cost  
\$15,000.

An artisan well in Chicago has been sunk to  
the depth of 695 feet.

Hon. Mr. Tilley is advertised to lecture in Port-  
land, Me., some time this winter.

Idaho has 20 men for each woman in the terri-  
tory.

John Mitchell has gone to Paris to reside as a  
newspaper correspondent.

There have been ninety-six cases of cholera on  
board the Atlanta at New York, and twenty  
deaths.

A man in Fall River has taken out a patent  
for a machine which manufactures 12,000 shing-  
les per day.

The returns of the dog tax show that there is  
one dog for every sixty-six persons in Great Bri-  
tain.

An English paper states that a new steam-  
er is now running between Galatz and Dover, at  
the rate of 23 miles an hour.

The Great Western express train to Exeter,  
England, travels at the average speed of forty-  
three miles per hour, including stoppages.

It is stated that Archbishop Cullen authorizes  
the excommunication of any person or persons  
connected with the Fenian movement.

A bouquet thrown to Laura Keane at the Louis-  
ville theatre contained six gold diamonds, pend-  
ant from a pair of small gold horse shoes, fash-  
ioned to fit a lady's ear.

A woman in Kentucky, was divorced from her  
husband, married another man, was divorced from  
him, remarried her first husband and is now