POOR COPY

Dr. A. M. TUPPER,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Office,—Brown's Building—Up Stairs.
6] RESIDENCE,—COLONEL TUPPER'S.

E. ELLINWOOD,
Surgeon Dentist,

TEETH FILLED by the latest improved process. Best ARTIFICIAL TEETH INSERTED in a thorough and skilful manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.
Office over W. T. Baird's Drug Store.
Corner of Main and King Streets.
Woodstock, Sep. 22, 1871—6m-pd-23

DOCTOR SMITH
Has Removed his Drug Shop to
QUINN'S NEW BUILDING,
MAIN STREET,
Two doors South of B. Lynch's New Store,
WHERE his stock of DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, HORSE MEDICINES, STATIONERY, BOOKS, and FANCY GOODS, will be found equal in quality and as low in price as any in the market.
Woodstock, Feb 5, 1869

Dr. C. P Connell,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Office and Residence, next to Honorable Charles Connell's.

STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur
Has removed his residence, to his new Building, two doors north of the Episcopal Church, Main Street.
OFFICE—In Quinn's New Building, Main Street.
Woodstock, April 29 1868.

N. R. COLTER, M. D.,
(L. R. C. P. L., ENGLAND,)
Office and Residence, GIBSON HOUSE.
DR. COLTER has held public appointments in Medicine and Surgery at St. Thomas' Hospital, London. Consultation as above.
Woodstock, Feb. 7, 1868—3m-pd-7

Dr. REYNOLDS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CENTRAL OFFICE:
UPPER CORNER, WOODSTOCK.
RESIDENCE—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jacksontown Road. [22-tf.]

James Edgar,
BARRISTER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
OFFICE,—Brown's Brick Building, opposite Cable House, Woodstock, N. B.
January 27, 1870—5

WILLIAM M. CONNELL
Attorney at Law, Solicitor Conveyancer,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
INSURANCE AGENT, &c.
6m WOODSTOCK, N B

STEPHEN B. APPLEBY
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE—In Allen's Brick Building, (up stairs).
WOODSTOCK, N. B
[34]

SAMUEL J. BAKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.
ANDOVER, Victoria County, N. B.
(Mouth of Tobique River.)
RESIDENCE—At Newcomb's Hotel.
[9]

Donaldson House,
Late Caldwell or International Hotel.
THIS HOUSE is New, pleasantly situated, near the Steamboat Wharf, furnished in Good Style and will be kept as a
First-Class Hotel.
ROBERT DONALDSON, - Proprietor.
Woodstock, N. B., April 1870—15

WOODSTOCK HOTEL,
RE-OPENED.
BEING thoroughly repaired, refitted, and furnished, is now opened for the accommodation of permanent and transient Boarders. This House being condected on strictly *TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES*, the subscriber hopes to receive a liberal share of patronage. There is attached to this House a Good Stable and attentive hostler. Charges moderate.
J. MARSHALL, - Proprietor.
Woodstock, May 13, 1870.—20

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,
STAGE HOUSE — TOBIQUE.
☞ Comfortable Extras Furnished at the shortest notice for any point. [3

Russell House,
ON
PARK STREET,
NEAR THE
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
OTTAWA.
J. A. GOUIN, *Proprietor.*
March 18, 1868—13.

AMERICAN HOUSE
C. F. ESTEY, PROPRIETOR.
9 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N.B.
☞ Good Stabling on the premises. [20]

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
PORTLAND, Me.,
E. CRAM & CO., Proprietors.

TRUNK FACTORY!
49 GERMAIN STREET.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
THE subscriber has now on hand a superior lot of
Domestic Trunks & Valises!
In all the varied styles and finish, viz:—Leather, Cloth, Composition, Zinc, Canvass, &c., made of best material, by experienced workmen. For sale at lowest market rates.
☞ Orders from the country attended to with promptness.
st john june 15 W. H. KNOWLES.

BARKER HOUSE,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
THE attention of travellers is called to this old and favorite first-class Hotel.
No pains spared to make visitors at home and comfortable.
ROBINSON & COLBY, Proprietors.
Fredericton, Dec. 9, 1870.—1y-50

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,
TORONTO, ONT.,
OFFERS every inducement to persons visiting Toronto to make it their stopping place. It is situated upon the very margin of the Bay, and convenient to the business centres of the city. Omnibusses carry its patrons free to and from the several Steamboats and Railways trains.
$2.50 (Gold) per day.
THOS, McGAW, Manager. THOS. DICK, Proprietor.
—6m-pd-33

New Styles of ROOM PAPER
VERY CHEAP, AT
HUGH HAY'S.

READY MADE CLOTHING!
CHEAP AT
HUGH HAY'S.
Woodstock, April 15, 1870.

The Carleton Sentinel.

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS,] Our Queen and Constitution. [Editors & Proprietors.

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 46. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1871. WHOLE NO.—1192.

Carleton Temple of Honor and Temperance,
Meets at its Lodge Room, Connell's Hall,
Every Friday Een'g at 7.30 o'clock.

Surveying.
THE subscriber would return thanks to his friends and the public for the patronage hitherto bestowed. He would likewise ask a continuance of such favors, as he is now prepared, with enlarged experience and greatly increased facilities to attend to the various branches of his business, as a Surveyor of Lumber.
Parties entrusting Lumber, &c., to his care may rely upon his best attention being given to further their interests. He will also receive and make advances on *LUMBER* at SPRING HILL, when desired.
☞ Office in Hamm's Building.
STEPHEN E. STEVENS,
18—1ypd Indian Town, St. John.

Co-Partnersnip Notice.
STARRETT & BURTT.
WE have this day entered into Partnership for the purpose of carrying on HARNESS MAKING, in Shop directly over McLeod's Tailor Store, and we hope by strict attention to business to merit as large a share of trade as was bestowed on the late firm of Emery & Starrett.
ROBERT S. STARRETT.
SAMUEL O. BURTT.
Woodstock, Aug. 25, 1871.—3t

Patents for Inventions
Expeditiously and properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe. Patent guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada.
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman. —24

New Albion House,
McGILL STREET,
Montreal, Canada.
THE "NEW ALBION HOTEL," the largest Hotel in Montreal, has just been opened under the most favorable auspices.
Whilst the "*Old Albion*" has been long noted for the strict attention paid to its numerous guests, the "New Albion" takes its position as a first class Hotel, and is really, first class in every respect, except the charges, which better suit the ideas and requirements of the majority of travellers, than many of the so called, "first class Houses;" which deserve the title more through the amount of their charges than aught else.
Already the crowded state of the "New Albion" promises well for its future career; everything associated with its construction has been carried out with artistic taste and systematic correctness.
The large Hall, commodious office, spacious Reading room, convenient Dining, Coffee, Wash Room, etc., etc., on the ground floor; and the Reception Room and Suits of Splendidly Furnished and Thoroughly Ventilated Ladies' Parlors, on the second floor, will form no small luxury during the hot summer season. And, what is an exception to the general Rule in Hotels, the Bedrooms are all well ventilated and lighted, there is not being a dark room in the House.
Being situated on the widest and healthiest Street in Montreal, commanding a Magnificent view of the River St. Lawrence and the Victoria Bridge on the left, and a full view of the Victoria Square with its numerous "*Jets d' Eau*" and Mount Royal on the right, it cannot fail to commend itself to the travelling public.
From its situation on McGill Street, the great thoroughfare and commercial centre of the City, it cannot fail to be, as the "Old Albion" has always been a strong favorite with the Merchants of Canada.
Notwithstanding the very large outlay in building and furnishing the house, the old price of $1.50 per day will not be departed from.
We, therefore, bespeak for ourselves a continuance of the patronage so liberally accorded to us during the past twelve years.
DECKER & CO.
Montreal May 1st, 1869.—16

G. W. VANWART & Co.,
BANKERS AND
EXCHANGE BROKERS,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.,
DEALERS IN
Drafts on the United States, Sterling Exchange, Specie and Uncurrent Funds.
Collections made in the Provinces and the United States.
Particular attention given to buying and selling United States Currency.
Also—Life Assurance Policies issued from the best office in the Dominion. G. W. V. & CO.
Woodstock, March 23, 1o71.—tf-12

A FIRST CLASS
HAIR DRESSING,
SHAVING AND
SHAMPOOING SALOON,
NOW OPEN.
THE subscriber would return thanks to his friends and the public for the patronage hitherto bestowed, since commencing business in Woodstock; he would likewise ask a continuance of such favors, as he is now prepared with enlarged experience and greatly increased facilities, to attend to the various branches of his business, as Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair Dying. Ladies' Hair cut in the latest style. Particular care given to Cutting Children's Hair.
☞ Razors carefully set.
Shop on Corner Main and King Streets.
GEORGE STAPLES
—19 is a White Barber.

WOODSTOCK MARBLE WORKS
THE business heretofore carried on by the firm of HARVEY & ALMOND, will in future be conducted in this place by the subscriber, as an
IMPORTER OF MARBLE,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
MONUMENTS, TOMB TABLES,
GRAVE STONES, &C.,
Centre, Pier Tables and Mantles,
FREE STONE AND GRANITE CUTTING EXECUTED IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Place of business,—
Main street,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
☞ Orders filled at the shortest notice and cheapest possible rates. Patronage respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
B. W. HARVEY.
Woodstock, Aug. 20, 1868. 34.

W. H. OLIVE,
Insurance, Custom House, Forwarding, Commission
AND TICKET AGENT.
TICKETS SOLD
For California and all Points West, via Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad.
For all Points in Canada, via Vermont Central Railroad.
For New York and all Points South, via Fall River, Stonington and Norwich Line.
Office--Head of International S. S. Coy's. Landing, Reed's Point.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
REFERENCES BY PERMISSION.
Hon. S. L. Tilley, C. B., Hon. P. Mitchell.
Hon. A. M'L. Seely. Messrs. Jardine & Co.,
Hon. Thos. R. Jones. Messrs. Daniel & Boyd
Messrs. I. & F. Burpee & Co. W. O. Smith, Esq
St. John, June 8.—3mos-24.

FOR SALE!
A LARGE quantity of SALT, Coarse & Fine;
Codfish, Herring, bbls. & hlf. bbls;
Also Flour & Meal, Sugars;
Molasses & Teas;
Cotton Warps, White & Blue;
Nails, Wrought and Cut, Horse Nails;
Files of all descriptions, Grind Stones;
White Lead, Paint Oils, Boiled & Raw;
Glass & Putty, Carpenter's Tools;
Locks & Hinges, Cross Cut Saws.
And a great variety of Goods constantly required, which are selling very low.
J. JORDAN.
Woodstock, July 29, 1870—tf-31

COTTON WARP.
THE COTTON YARN,
Manufactured at the
New Brunswick Cotton Mills
HAS the name of the mills and our name on a printed label on the end of the bundle.
White, Red and Orange Yarn is put up in Blue Paper.
Blue Yarn is put up in Buff Paper.
☞ All Yarn made by us is warranted of best quality, full weight, and correctly numbered.
WM. PARKS & SON.
N. B. Cotton Mills, St. John, N. B.,
September 1, 1871.—1y-35

CARDS
Victoria House, November 1, 1871.
IN returning thanks to the inhabitants of Woodstock and surrounding country, for their patronage while doing business in Woodstock, the undersigned would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed to Waddell's Building, Water Street, St. Stephen, known as VICTORIA HOUSE, where will be found a full assortment of Staple Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, &c., &c.
☞ Please observe the Address.
—43 F. G. RAY.

NOTICE.
L. W. SHERMAN will continue the business of the late firm of SHERMAN & ROBINSON, at the old stand, in his own name and on his own account.
L. W. SHERMAN.
Fredericton, Oct. 1, 1870

GENUINE
WARREN'S BILIOUS BITTERS,
Atwood's Jaundice Bitters.
At SMITH'S DRUG SHOP,
Medical Hall, Main Street.
Woodstock, April 24, 1871.

Livery Stable!
THE Subscribers, in addition to their New and Large STABLES near the "Woodstock Hotel," have leased the
New Stable, on Connell Street.
And are now prepared, with large additions of Horses and carriages of the best descriptions, to meet the request of their customers.
Horses Boarded on Reasonable Terms.
They have the Woodstock depot for the Fredericton, Grand Falls and Houlton Stages.
Extras furnished when Required.
A Coach from these stables will attend the Steamers and Cars, for the convenience of passengers Persons wishing a cab for the Steamer or Cars leaving in the morning, should leave their orders at the office, at either place, the evening previous.
GLIDDEN & GILLMAN.
Woodstock, June 3, 1868—28

NEW BRUNSWICK
Paper Manufacturing Company
PRINTING PAPER.
WE are now manufacturing **PRINTING PAPER**, and the greatest care has been taken to procure the most approved machinery and experienced mechanics from the old country. We can recommend the same as being a good article. We are prepared to execute orders for the above in all weights and sizes.
In Store—A good assortment of Wrapping and Straw Papers.
Orders for the above are most respectfully solicited.
Warehouse and Office, — Paradice Row, St. John, N. B.
Post Office Box 267.
M. W. FRANCIS, Treasurer.
N. B.—The highest price paid for Every Description of Paper Stock, viz:—Cotton and Hemp Canvass, Hemp and Manilla Ropes, Shakings, Nets, Rags, Waste Paper, etc.
st john aug 25

Dominion Steam Washer!
SAVE LABOUR and Save your Clothes by buying the DOMINION STEAM WASHER which will wash without labor.
The undersigned having the right to manufacture and sell in Carleton and Victoria Counties.
F. W. BULL.
CERTIFICATE.
We have used the Dominion Steam Washer for some time, and the more we use it the better we like it, my wife could not do without it, she thinks the clothes are whiter than with ordinary washing, we believe it will pay for itself in a year, by not causing any wear on the clothes, besides the immense saving in the labor.
PETER RYAN.
P. S.—For sale at Hamilton's Tin Shop at $6,50.
F. W. B.
Woodstock, May 12, 1871.—19

HIRAM SMITH,
MANUFACTURER OF
Buggies, Waggons and Sleighs,
ALL MANNER OF
REPAIRING;
Painting, Trimming and Blacksmith Work Promptly attended to.
Jacksonville, April 15, 1870.—16.

New Arrangements!
AROOSTOOK EXPRESS COMPANY
WILL, until further notice, leave Houlton and Woodstock every Tuesday and Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock.
Leave Boston every Monday and Wednesday morning at 7½ o'clock.
Leaves Railroad wharf, Portland, every Monday and Wednesday, at 6 o'clock, p. m.
Money and Frieght of every description forwarded with despatch, and promptly delivered.
All freights will be collected on delivery of goods.
PRINCIPAL OFFICES,—8 and 10 Court St., Boston; Frishie's Block, Houlton; Vanwart & Co's Woodstock.
Houlton, July 1, 1871.

Fire Insurance Companies.
Capital and Cash Assets, - $17,000,000
Deposited at Ottawa, - - - - - 400,000
ROBERT MARSHALL,
General Agent for New Brunswick.
"IMPERIAL," of London, Established 1803.
"ÆTNA," of Hartford, Established 1819.
"HARTFORD," of Hartford, Established 1810.
Rates moderate, and losses promptly paid.—Dwelling Houses Insured on specially favorable terms.
JOHN T. ALLAN, Agent.
Woodstock, July, 1869,

Fire & Life Insuance Agency.
THE Subscriber is agent for Woodstock and the upper St. John of the
NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE Co
of Edinburgh and London.
ESTABLISHED 1809.
CAPITAL, - - £2,000,000 stg.
Invested Funds, 1884, £2,304,512, 7s., 10.
AND OF THE
Standard Life Assurance Co.
OF EDINBURGH.
ESTABLISHED, 1825.
Accumulated and Invested Funds over £3,500,000
These Companies are of the most reliable class in Great Britain, and do business on the most reasonable terms, consistent with safety to the insured. As such, I can confidently recommend them to my friends and the public generally, and shall be glad to receive application from those desirous of insuring their property or lives.
JAMES GROVER.
Woodstock, August, 16.

Poetry.

The Fallen Leaf.

'Twas green a little while ago,
And moist with all the summer's breath;
But now it flitters to and fro,
And, touch'd with autumn, bleeds to death.

First when it hung upon the bough,
The earliest leaflet of the tree
The branch that claim'd it made a vow
To cherish it with constancy.

But as its sister leaves appeared
And each her newest charms display'd.
It ceased, alas! to be endear'd,
And dropped neglected in the shade.

Ah me! how many a human thing,
From loving first and best of all,
Has blossom'd earliest in the spring,
To whither soonest in the fall!

Select Tale.

Money Won't Buy Everything.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"How I do wish we were rich, said," Ellen Pratt, as she emptied into a wash-tub the fourth pail of water from the spring.

"It's awful hard work to lug water such hot days as these," and, tossing off her sunbonnet, she revealed a face that was not only flushed by her exertions, but dripping with perspiration.

"Yes, it's hard work," said her mother thinking of the steep kank down which she had to go to reach the spring, and of the carefulness it required to make the ascent with a pail brimful of the sparkling water. "I often wish the spring was nearer, or that we had a cistern; still it might be worse for us than it is. The spring never fails, and it is a comfort to know you're sure of plenty of soft water when you have to get your living by washing."

"There, dear, be careful," as Ellen took the blueing, bag: "just a suspicion of color in that tubful. You know that it is for the fine clothes, and I always did pride myself on having my things white and clean, but not blue. There, that'll do; now hurry up and you'll soon get those out, and the hot sun'll soon dry them in a few minutes. It's bad for us, such a hot sun; but it's nice for the clothes. We've been very much favored this summer, so far, in always having good Mondays.

"I wish I was like you, mother," said Ellen, as she rinsed the delicate fabrics and dropped them into the clothes basket, where they lay like a mass of snowflakes woven by fairy hands. "You always see the bright side of everything. Now all I saw when I came in so hot and tired, every thread on me wet through, was the hard work of getting to and from the spring. I didn't think what a blessing it was all the year round. And all I thought of was how dreadful hot the sun was; it scorches like a flatiron right off the coals. I did not consider if it were not such a hot day the clothes wouldn't dry half so fast, nor look near so well. I wonder if there is a bright side to everything?"

"I've always found one, Helen, when I've looked long enough. We're poor, and so have a great deal, of care, but if we were rich we might have a great deal, too, though not of the same kind."

"But it doesn't seem to me I'd mind care if I were only rich. Oh it must be so nice to sit all day in beautiful rooms—nice shady rooms this time of year—in such a parlor as I suppose that little girl has who rides by here every morning and afternoon, and have nothing to do but read, or sew a little, or play the piano, or hold one's hands and think. There can't be any dark side to her life, mother—it's all bright. Don't I wish I could be in her place—and you in her mother's." she added quickly, for she was not a bit selfish. She did not wish ease and luxury to come to her unless it came to her mother too.

"I'd rather be as I am, Ellen, and have you as you are, than be Mrs. Leigh and have little Amy for my child. Rich mothers have their cares as well as poor ones. And I doubt not Amy Leigh would cheerfully be as poor as you are if— But you shall go with me there to-morrow, when I carry home the clothes. Mrs. Leigh asked me, when I went for the bundle the last time if I knew whether any pond lilies grew about here, and I told her I did. She said Amy wanted some very much. She makes wax flowers, and draws and paints, and she wanted some for models. I told her my little girl gathered a great many every summer, and she would be glad to bring some to the little artist. So to-morrow morning you may go out and gather some, and in the afternoon we'll carry them over to the hotel with the clothes."

"Then she can draw and paint," said Ellen. "How delightful! How much pleasanter to sit in a beautiful parlor and make pretty pictures than to have to stand in this old shed and rub and rinse, and starch and iron, and lug water and blow the fire, till your face is as red as a beet and your heart goes like a triphammer, and you feel as if you had just come out of an oven. I think I'd be willing to take all the care rich people have if I could have their money. Money will buy everything in this world, and we have to work so hard to get a little."

"But we enjoy what we do get, Ellen, don't we? We relish the victuals we buy, the fruit and vegetables we raise, the berries and nuts we gather, quite as much as if we were rich, perhaps more; for labor gives us an appetite. And when I've turned an old dress and washed and ironed it, and made it over to look almost as well as new, I know I enjoy it as much, if not more, than if I had only driven to store, chosen some material, and carried it to a fashionable dress-maker, and not seen it again till it was home all made up in the latest style. O my child, when you have lived as long as I have you will find that the good things of this life are pretty equally divided between the rich and the poor. You'll find that there are some things that money won't buy.—There, now, hurry and get these things on the line—handle carefully—the sun'll dry the first by the time you get to the bottom of the basket—such a nice day for clothes—yes, and for corn, too—we shall have enough from our field to fatten the pig and keep the fowls all winter."

Cheerful Mrs. Pratt looked over the pile of lawn dresses now, and selecting the least soiled, plunged them into the tub, and as she rubbed so gently, hummed one of the sweet melodies she had sung in other and younger days—no better—for, though grief had come to her, and one after another of her beloved ones had been carried to the graveyard, she would never say—she never felt that the other days had been *better* days than these. She had angels in heaven now where once she had only mortals on earth—angels to whom sickness and sorrow would never come—angels to whom she would go in a few short years. Nay, the days that were gone were good days, but these were better, and by and by would come the best. Happy hearted Mrs. Pratt, though only a hard working woman—a washerwoman whose money was earned by daily toil—she had drunk of the elixir of life, and would always find out the bright side, however thickly the webs were folded.

Merrily pattered Ellen's feet over the soft green grass, kept short always as a lawn, that not a spear should brush against the costly and delicate garments that fluttered each week from the lines. She was going to see the inside of those beautiful parlors—going to see a little girl who had nothing to do but enjoy herself! "I'll get up early to-morrow and do all the chores before mother is awake," she said, "then she can go right to ironing after breakfast, and she'll get through early. I want to see by daylight that beautiful room. I wonder how it would seem to tread upon a velvet carpet," and she patted the soft turf with first one foot and then the other, as if they were standing on Axminster or Wilton.

No need for Mrs. Pratt to say "hurry" all that day. Ellen had fairy fingers and fairy feet it seemed—so much she did, and so well and quickly too. And the fingers lost none of their skill, nor the feet their nimbleness next morning. When Mrs. Pratt arose at five, "feeling old," as she always did after Monday's wash, she found nothing to do but draw up her chair to the breakfast table. Ellen had risen at four, and made the fire, and milked the cow, and fed the pig and chickens, and cooked the frugal meal, which, frugal though it be, was yet gotten up so neatly that many a rich man, doomed to Bridget's services all his days, would have gladly exchanged his table for that poor widow's. Such clear amber-hued coffee, such delicately tinted cream, such golden butter, such light corn muffins, such crisp radishes edged with curling cress, such fresh laid eggs, of which the yolk was not a bullet, nor the white a mass of slippery gelatine, are rarely seen on rich men's tables, though a crisp bank note goes from his pocket-book each morning to buy the food. Love and labor will bring dainty dishes in this blessed land, if they go hand in hand, and at the Widow Pratt's they always did.

Then the mother went to her ironing, and the little girl, after clearing away the dishes and making the beds, went to her ramble in the woods, across the Cranberry Pond, in search of lillies.

She had a standing invitation from the good farmer who owned the skiff that lay moored there, to use it whenever she chose, so she was soon floating over the smooth surface, and reaching over the boat's edge for the beautiful water flowers. They were plenty, and she gathered piles of them. Some she carried to the farmer's wife; some she placed on the mantel and stand in their one little room that served as parlor and kitchen; and the remainder she left in the brook that rippled from the spring, to keep cool and fresh until she should go with her mother to the hotel.

Very pretty she looked when she started out, dressed so neatly in her new pink gingham, with a white apron as neatly fluted as were those in the basket her mother carried. Her round hat, crocheted by her own fairy fingers, and starched and ironed into fashionable shape by her mother's, had only a lute ribbon around it, but the bright sparkling eyes that beamed from under the broad brim made you forget that it was not Leghorn or gros grain. In either hand she carried a basket of Indian make, lined with soft fresh mosses,—you could always find lovely mosses beside their spring,—and bedded in these were the long stems of the pond lilies, their creamy petals in a cone of wax-like beauty beneath the handles, with here and there one drooping carelessly as it went over the rims.

Through the tessellated lower hall, up softly carpeted staircases, through arched corridors, went Mrs. Pratt, followed by Ellen, treading lightly as a fawn.

The mother's knock at the parlor door was quickly responded to by a silvery-toned voice, and they entered the room which to the little girl seemed like fairy land. But carpets, curtains, pictures, and satin cushioned furniture, all were forgotten in the sight of Amy Leigh, who sat in a wheeling chair beside the window, and who, as she got a glimpse of the lovely baskets, came quickly toward them—not on dancing feet, ah no,—but in the chair, moving it noiselessly with her slender fingers.

"Oh you dear, good girl," she exclaimed, "to bring me so many! What can I ever do for you? I'll give you a cluster when I've made them in wax,—though they'll be nothing after all to you who can go out and gather real ones. Oh, if I had only the use of my feet as you have, Ellen,—Ellen, I think your mother called you,—I'd give all the money I shall ever have! Oh," and she put out her hand and laid it on Ellen's—the one so white and the other so brown—"you don't know much you have to be thankful for. The use of your feet—did you ever think what a blessing it is? No, of course you didn't—you've always had yours—I never had."

"Have you never walked?" said Ellen, tears filling her eyes.

"Never. My father would give all he's worth if I could walk. Oh, you don't know how often I've envied you as I rode by your cottage, and saw you out doors, sprinkling clothes, or hanging them on the lines, or weeding in the garden. Oh, Ellen if ever you get discouraged having to work, don't envy the rich, for there are some things money cannot buy.—*N. Y. Leader.*

SOMETHING OF EVERYTHING.—We remember many years ago a pamphlet on University Reform which began with quoting a saying that a man ought to know something of everything and everything of something. The saying, whoever made it, was so neatly put that we were at once struck by it and led to suspect it. A man certainly should—within the limits both of general human possibility and of his own personal opportunities—know everything of something. That is to say, there should be some subject to which he has really giving his powers, and on which he has got as near to the knowledge of every thing about it as his powers and opportunities will lead him. The concentration of powers on one special subject is undoubtedly necessary to the highest success, or even to a measure of success a good way below the highest, in any branch of knowledge whatever. No one will succeed in anything by scattering his attention equally over the whole range of knowledge, learning a little about this and a little about that, without learning any one thing thoroughly. In this sense a man ought certainly to know everything of something. But how far ought he to know something of everything? We confess that we always admire the man who boldly confesses that there are things of which he knows nothing, and we are the more inclined to trust such a man's Knowledge in those things which he does profess to know. This feeling may perhaps be a little balanced in some cases by a suspicion that the standard of nothingness may be relative. A man who is thoroughly master of some one subject, and who has several others of which he is not wholly ignorant, may be tempted to look on his knowledge of his secondary subjects as a mere nothing, while in the eyes of many people it would seem a great deal. Yet, on the whole, it is a good sign when a man does not shrink from confession ignorance, even total ignorance, in the strict sense, of subjects which he has not taken in hand. The vice of ignorance is at least better than the vice of omniscience.—*Saturday Review.*

A FULL DAY'S WORK.—Mr. M——, of Oxford, don't object to having a hired man do a full day's work, or at least, so we should judge from the following story:

A short time ago a man went to his place for work. Mr. M—— set him plowing around a forty acre field. After he had plowed faithfully all day, until the sun was about half an hour high, he expressed his opinion that it was about time to quit work.

"Oh, no," said Mr. M——, "you can plow around six or eight times more just as well as not."

So the hired man plowed around six or eight times, then took care of his team, milked ten cows, ate his supper and found ten o'clock staring him in the face from the old time piece.

Said the hired man to Mrs. M——, "Where is Mr. M—— ?"

The good woman answered, "He has retired; do you wish so see him?"

He replied that he did. After being conducted to the bed-room, he said:

"Mr. M——, where is the axe?"

"Why," said Mr. M——, "what do you want to do with the axe?"

"Well," said the hired man, "I thought you might like me to split wood till breakfast is ready."

ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.—Pitts is a sharp business man: and when Pitts goes into a store to trade he always gets the lowest cash price, and then says,—"Well I'll look about, and if I don't find anything that suits me better I'll call and take this." Now, quite likely, Pitts said to himself, "I'm getting quite long in years, and I guess I'll get married." His business qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he travels, and, calling upon a lady friend, opens the conversation by remarking that he should like to know what she thought about his getting married. "Oh, Mr. Pitts," she replied, "that is an affair in which I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself." "But," said Pitts, "you are interested; and, my dear girl, will you marry me?" The young lady blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was well to do in the world, and morally and financially of good standing in society, she accepted him; whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded. "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

THE STUBBORN DEACON.—There is a story of a stubborn deacon, who was always on the wrong side and ludicrously stubborn. When the temperance reform was in full feather, and the question was discussed in the church of which he was an officer, he, as a matter of course, opposed it. He would not sign the pledge; he would not consent to its presentation in the Sunday School; he objected vehemently to the distribution of tracts. One day in the presence of a full house, one of the members made the case of the deacon a subject of prayer. He said: "O, Lord! if thy servant, our brother, continues his opposition to us, wilt Thou, in Thy tender mercies, remove him from the church militant below to the church triumphant above?" "I won't go," thundered the indignant and obstinate deacon.

MIGHTY FOND OF THE WIDOWS.—The following story is related of an old man of strict creed and high moral standing in a community near this city. It is said immediately following the death of his third wife he donned his coat and hat, and with a smiling face that indicated no thought of a failure, summoned a widow lady living in the neighborhood to the door and announced the news to her thus; "Good mornin', ma'ma, I'm 'round tellin' folks how my old woman's dead. Don't know for sartin that I shall get married again. You are aware, however, (with a knowing wink) that I'm mighty fond of the widders." His fourth marriage has been placed on record.—*Nashua N. H. Telegraph.*

POWER OF THE PRESS.—I love to hear the rumbling of the steam power press, better than the roar of artillery. It is silently attacking and vanquishing the Malakoffs of vice and the Redans of evil; and its parallels and approaches cannot be resisted. I like the click of the type in the composing stick of the compositor, better than the click of the musket in the hand of the soldier. It bears a leaden messenger of deadlier power, of sublimer force, and of a surer aim, which will hit its mark, though it is a thousand years ahead!—*Chapin.*

A lazy dispeptic was bewailing his own misfortunes and speaking with a a friend on the latter's hearty appearance.

"What do you do to make you strong and healthy?" inquired the dyspeptic.

"Live on fruit alone," answered the friend.

"What kind of fruit?"

"The fruit of industry; I am never troubled with indigestion."

A very happy retort was that of a badgered witness to a lawyer named Missing who was tormenting him. The lawyer was defending a prisoner charged with stealing a donkey. The prosecutor had left the animal tied up to a gate, and when he returned it was gone. Missing was very severe in his examination of the witness. "Do you mean to say, witness, the donkey was stolen from that gate?" "I mean to say, sir," giving the judge and then the jury a sly look, "the ass was Missing."

Items Foreign & Local.

A good instance of "sharp practice" is that of a man in Ohio, who was acquitted of murder on a plea of insanity. He had secured his lawyers by giving them a mortgage on his farm, but now repudiates the mortgage on the ground that he was insane when he made it, according to the showing of these same lawyers.

Sixteen hundred slaves have already been emancipated in Brazil.

A process of tanning with leaves will, it is thought, work an entire revolution in the tanning business. A Mr. Bugbee, of Bethel, Vt., has been experimenting with the most satisfactory results. One ton of leaves will tan as much leather as five cords of hemlock bark, and will do the work in one half the time. By mixing the leaves and bark in equal proportions one-fourth of the time is saved. The leather tanned by this process is said to be smoother, more flexible, and yet retains the strength of the raw hide in a greater degree than that tanned by bark.

A church is now being built in Mumford, N. Y., the material of which is obtained from a swamp near the village, and is composed of petrified leaves, roots, twigs, muck, etc., together with limestone. The blocks taken out are of various sizes, and are easily worked by masons to the requisite proportions. They are dressed so as to leave the matter of which they are composed exposed to view, as the imprint of the leaf, or rather the leaf itself. The stones are light brown, though they vary in color, sufficiently to relieve the colors.

The Japanese make paper cloth which can be washed without injury. Boxes, trays, and even saucepans may be made of this cloth; and saucepans thus manufactured sustain no injury over a strong charcoal heat. Bags may be made of it, in which wine may be put and heated by insertion in boiling water.

PROJECT FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A NEW JEWISH KINGDOM.—The Jewish Rabbis of Frankfort have set on foot a project to bring together the descendants of the house of Israel and establish in Palestine a new Jewish kingdom. Several financiers have engaged to furnish means for the undertaking, and letters of invitation have been addressed to prominent Jews in Germany and elsewhere. The organizers of the movement interpret the passage of the Bible, "Return to me, and I will return to you," as an intimation that when the Hebrew race are reassembled in Judea, their ancient glory and prosperity will be restored to them. Whether the Sublime Porte has been consulted is not known.

RESTORED THROUGH THE CONFESSIONAL.—A Portland paper says:—

A lady in this city in the year 1844 had a hired girl who left her employ, taking a wallet containing between three and four hundred dollars with her. After she left the city no one in these parts ever heard from her until last week, when she came back, hunted up the loser and returned the amount. She was a Catholic, and for several years after committing the theft refrained from attending the confessional. When she did, and made known the crime, the bishop advised her that she restore the money. When she had accumulated the requisite amount she consulted her adviser, who corresponded with Bishop Bacon, and found that the lady was a widow, and lost nearly everything by the great fire. She returned and made herself known and was freely forgiven. After having thus closed the account, as the loser supposed, she drew her pocket book and repaid the sum.

ALIVE IN HIS COFFIN AT HIS GRAVE.—James Hickey of Birmingham, Pa., very narrowly escaped being buried alive the other day. He had small-pox of a bad type, and becoming worse and worse, he finally, as his friends supposed, expired. The remains were not kept long, his friends being afraid of the disease. Arrangements were made for the funeral, and the coffin was placed in the hearse. On reaching the cemetery the attention of the driver of the hearse was attracted by a noise in the coffin, and he made it known to the pall-bearers. The coffin was taken out, and the lid was taken off, and Hickey immediately raised up, terrified as were all those around. He was taken home and at last accounts he was recovering.

TERRIBLE DEATH SCENE.

The citizens of this community were greatly shocked yesterday evening by the intelligence of the death of Charles H. Durban and wife, the one dying from the effect of a pistol ball in the head fired by his own hand, and the wife dying in the same room of consumption, ten minutes after her husband.—The circumstances of this painful occurrence as near as we can gather them, are as follows:—Mr. Charles H. Durban, son of our well-known citizen, Thomas Durban, Esq., aged 23 years of age, a practising attorney, was married last spring to Miss Lucy Seaman. After marriage, owing to the failing health of Mrs. Durban, they resided at Judge Evans'. The disease with which she was afflicted was that of consumption of the lungs. Mr. Durban, from the testimony of all, was the most devoted of husbands, kind, generous and most noble-hearted of sons.—She continued to grow worse, and as the prospect of her recovery faded away Mr. Durban grew sad and gloomy.

Dr. Ball visited Mrs. Durban yesterday morning and found that she could not long survive, a few days at the most. In the evening he was sent for again, and arrived at the bedside of the sufferer ten minutes before six o'clock. Mrs. Durban wished to take some medicine, morphine and chloroform, prescribed by the doctor when she was restless and could not sleep. Her husband asked the doctor about giving it, expressing himself as if fearing the desire for the sedative might increase. The doctor requested him to give her the medicine, which he did, at the same time seeming very nervous and excited. He walked partially around the room with his hands in his pockets, and finally stopped at the foot of the bed. The remedy did not seem to produce relief. She was then breathing very hard. The doctor then gave her some valeriate of ammonia, Mr. Durban still standing at the foot of the bed, and seeming to be suffering intensely. He said to the physician: "Doctor, for God's sake, can't you give Lucy (his wife's name) something to relieve her?"

The doctor told him to wait, that the remedy had not time to act. As the difficulty of breathing seemed to increase, the doctor told Mr. Durban to bring some unslacked lime, that she might inhale it while it slacked. He did so, and attempted to hold it to her face, but seemed to be unable from nervousness. She then took a severe fit of coughing, when the