The Carleton Sentinel.

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

VOL. XXV.—NO. 41. WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1873. WHOLE NO.—1281.

DOCTOR SMITH'S

OFFICE IN HIS DRUG SHOP,
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.

N. R. COLTER, M. D.,
(L. R. C. P. L., ENGLAND,)
Office at H. R. Baird's Drug Store. Residence, near the Methodist Chapel.

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.]

DR. E. CHURCHILL,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE AT
ISRAEL CHURCHILL'S,
Main Street, Woodstock, N. B.
—1y-18

JOHN B. TRAFTON,
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
Fort Fairfield, Maine.
1y-24

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

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

JOHN C. WINSLOW,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER,
AGENT FOR FIRST-CLASS ENGLISH & AMERICAN
Insurance Companies,
FULL DEPOSITS AT OTTAWA.
ALSO,
Estate Agent.
OFFICE,—Hon. Chas. Connell's Brick Building, Queen Street.
Woodstock, Feb. 16, 1872.

WHITNEY HOUSE,
(Late "Caldwell Hotel.")

THE undersigned having leased the House formerly known as the "Caldwell Hotel," desires to announce to the Travelling Public that the House is now open for their accommodation, after having been newly furnished, and every preparation made for the convenience and comfort of its guests. No pains will be spared by the Proprietor to render his house in every sense a comfortable home for the weary traveller.
ORREN R. WHITNEY.
Woodstock, May 30, 1872—22

Donaldson House.
(POST OFFICE BUILDING.)

THE undersigned has removed to the premises formerly occupied by him, on King Street. Having secured the entire upper flats of the building, he is prepared to furnish FIRST-RATE accommodation to all who may call upon him.
☞ The TRAVELLER'S every want will be attended to.
ROBERT DONALDSON, - Proprietor.
Woodstock, May 3, 1872.

WOODSTOCK HOTEL,
RE-OPENED.

BEING thoroughly repaired, refitted, and furnished, is now opened for the accommodation of permanent and transient Boarders. This House being conducted 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

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

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

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

LONG'S HOTEL,
MOST PLEASANTLY SITUATED,
Corner of King and York Streets,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
This is a Strictly Temperance House.
GEORGE HUME, PROPRIETOR.
☞ Superior Stabling and a careful hostler.
—15

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

ALBION HOTEL,
McGill and St. Paul Sts.,
MONTREAL, CANADA,

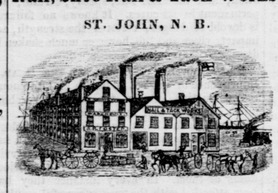
HAS, for twenty years, been the favorite resort of the general travelling Public in the United States, as well as in Canada, when visiting Montreal on business or pleasure.. It is centrally located on McGill street, the great thoroughfare and commercial centre of the city, commanding a magnificent view of the River St. Lawrence, the Victoria Bridge on the left, and a full view of Victoria Square and Mount Royal on the right.
The Hotel is furnished throughout in a superior manner, and everything arranged with a view to the comfort of guests.
As one of the largest hotels in the Dominion, having ample accomodation for 500 guests, while kept in first-class style, the moderate sum of $1.50 will be charged as heretofore.
The travelling community will consult their own interests by remembering the Albion Hotel, when visiting Montreal.
DECKER, STEARNS & MURRAY.

United States Hotel,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

THE above popular House, centrally situated in the business quarter of the beautiful Forest City, and in close proximity to the leading places of amusement and public buildings, has been thoroughly re-modelled, refurnished and enlarged, and is now open to the public.—Billiard Rooms, Bath Rooms, Barber Shop, Telegraph Office, and Gents' Furnishing Goods Store, in connection with the house.
Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.
E. CRAM, Proprietor.
August 15, 1872—tf-33

GIBSON HOUSE,
In JOHN COLE'S BRICK BUILDING,
Connell Street,
Now open for the accommodation of Travellers.
☞ *Good Stabling attached.* ☜
ALEX. GIBSON & SON, *Proprietors.*
Woodstock, June 14, 1873.—24

Cut Nails! Cut Tacks!
SHOE NAILS.
S. R. FOSTER & SON'S
STANDARD
Nail, Shoe Nail & Tack Works,
ST. JOHN, N. B.



ESTABLISHED 1849.
(Formerly W. H. ADAMS' CITY NAIL WORKS.)
Orders Solicited. Prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed.
St. John, Jan. 17, 1872.—6m 3

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 thecountry attended to with promptness.
st john june 15 W. H. KNOWLES.

Harness Shop!
2 Doors Below Baker & McCormac's Shoe Shop,
ON MAIN STREET.

HAVING REMOVED from my old stand, in front of American House, I take this opportunity to thank my customers, one and all, for their past patronage, and solicit a continuance of the same. Having an enlarged Shop and Stock I feel confident I shall be able to accomodate at short notice. Constantly on hand: Harnesses of all kinds, Harness Mountings, Whips, Bells, Horse Blankets, Curry Combs, Cards, Interfering Rolls and Straps, and everything usually found in a first-class Harness Shop.
☞ Please give me a call.
R. CLUFF,
Harness Maker.
Woodstock Nov. 10 1871.—45

Carriage Manufactory.

JOHN LOANE.
Connell Street, Woodstock, N. B.

CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, PUNGS, SIDE-SPRING BUGGIES, END-SPRING BUGGIES, SINGLE and DOUBLE SEAT CONCORD WAGONS, SULKIES, EXPRESS WAGONS; in fact Wagons of every description made, and made to order.
PAINTING & REPAIRING punctually attended to.
A first-class Trimmer and Blacksmith always on hand.
☞ Nothing but the best Western Timber used, none but first-class Mechanics employed, and consequently *All Work done at this Establishment Warranted.*
Parties in want of any of the above description of Wagons or Buggies, would do well to call and examine for themselves, when they cannot fail to be suited.
Having in his employ a first-class Horseshoer they are prepared to do work of this description in a workman-like manner.
Cash paid for second growth Ash and Basswood.
JOHN LOANE.
Woodstock, Jan. 26, 1872.—tf-3

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.

AROOSTOOK
Express Company!
THREE TRIPS PER WEEK.

WILL, until further notice, leave Woodstock every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, for St. Andrews, Calais, Eastport, Portland, Boston, and intermediate places.
Leave Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings.
Leave Portland every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 o'clock. p. m.
Money and freight of every description forwarded with despatch and promptly delivered.
All freights will be collected on delivery of goods.
PRINCIPAL OFFICES:

8 and 10 Court Square,	Boston.
Frisbie's Block,	Houlton.
American Consul's Office,	St. Andrews.
Golden Fleece,	Woodstock.

☞ Persons ordering from, or persons shipping to, places along the route, will find it greatly to their advantage in forwarding by them, as their rates are much lower than any other line.
JOHN McLAUCHLAN,
AGENT.
Woodstock, July 15, 1873.—15

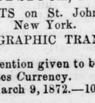
MARBLE WORKS,
WOODSTOCK.

THE undersigned having purchased the above Works from Mr. B. W. Harvey, would respectfully announce that they are prepared to carry on the work in all its branches, guaranteeing to give satisfaction to their patrons, both as regards workmanship and price.
MONUMENTS, TOMB TABLES,
GRAVE STONES, &C.,
Centre, Pier Tables and Mantles,
FREE STONE AND GRANITE CUTTING EXECUTED IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Orders promptly filled. SHOP, MAIN STREET.
GALLAGHER & SON.
Woodstock, Sept. 5, 1873.—6m-pd-36

PHOTOGRAPHIC
Removal!

JOHN HALL HAS REMOVED to the spacious Rooms over
W. T. Baird's Drug Store,
Corner King and Main Streets,
where he has fitted up a First-class Gallery, and intends his work to be the same.
Special attention paid to COPYING and ENLARGING. All are invited to call and see SPECIMENS and learn prices.
JOHN H. HALL.
Woodstock, Sept. 5, 1873.—36

W. D. CAMBER,
DENTIST.



OFFICE,—Connell's Brick Building,
1 Queen Street, Woodstock,

G. W. VANWART,
EXCHANGE BROKER,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.,
ISSUES DRAFTS on St. John, Boston, and New York.
Makes TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS in St. John.
Particular attention given to buying and selling United States Currency.
Woodstock, March 9, 1872.—10

EXPRESS NOTICE.
The Eastern Express Company
WILL FORWARD DAILY,

IN charge of their Special Messenger, via N. B. & C. and E. & N. A. Railway,
Money, Valuables, Packages and Freight,
To and from Woodstock, Fredericton, St. Johu, Calais, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and intermediate places. No Packages or Freight received at the Office after 8 o'clock, a. m.
G. W. VANWART,
Agent.
Woodstock, Feb. 2, 1672.—5

NORTH BRITISH
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY

THE subscriber has been appointed Agent, for this County and vicinity, of the above first-class Company.
JOHN C. WINSLOW,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law.
Woodstock, Nov. 15, 1872.—46

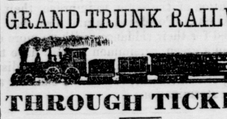
Surveying.
STEPHEN E. STEVENS,
INDIANTOWN, ST. JOHN,
Office in Hamm's Building.

THE subscriber in returning thanks to his numerous patrons for past favors, begs to remind them and the public that he is still prepared with greatly increased accomodations. to prosecute his business as SURVEYOR OF LUMBER.
Parties entrusting Lumber to his care may be assured that his best and personal attention will be given to further their interests.
Lumber will be received, and advances made thereon, at SPRING HILL, when desired.
1y-18

TWEEDALE & LIMERICK.
HARDWARE!
Just Received from Boston:

4 CASES of AMERICAN HARDWARE, containing Table and Chest Hinges, Axle Pulleys, Jack Planes, Block Planes, Plow Planes, Augur Bitts, Braces, Boxwood Rules, Marking Gauges, Chest Handles, Pocket Levels, Saw Sets, Brick and Plastering Trowels, Spring Bolts, Thumb Latches, Sand-Paper, Buck's Socket Chisels, Boys' Axes, Molasses Gates, Nail Hammers, Monkey Wrenches, Oil Stones, &c., &c.
ALSO,—3 cases of Rim and Morticed Locks, Mineral, Porcelain, and Glass Knobs.
14 Rolls DRY and TARRED SHEATHING PAPER; BUILDERS' HARDWARE, in every variety. For sale low at
TWEEDALE & LIMERICK'S,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
Fredericton, Jan. 10, 1873.—3

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY



THROUGH TICKETS.

THE undersigned having been appointed TICKET AGENT, at Woodstock, for the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, is prepared to sell Through Tickets to nearly all points in CANADA and the WEST. Fares lower than by any other route.
WM. GIBSON,
Station Agent N. B. & C. Railway.
Woodstock, Nov. 17, 1871.—tf 46

"PSYCHOMANCY, or SOUL CHARMING."

HOW either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose, instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cents, together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies, &c. A queer, exciting book. 100,000 sold. Address, T. WILLIAM & CO., South Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa.
—1y-ew-10

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

MRS. G. W. FORBUSH'S
Piano Warerooms.
FOR SALE OR TO LET CHEAP,
NEW and SECOND-HAND PIANOS.
Prices from $75 to $500.
Call in and see at 324 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 3m-34

VAUGHAN, CLERKE & CO.,
(Successors to C. B. EATON),
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
Sugars and Molasses,
Teas, Tobaccos, Salt, Coal, &c.
St. Stephen, N. B.
—3m-38

Removal!

THE undersigned has removed his ORGANS that were saved from the fire of April 23rd (with the addition of a New Lot, received since) to the Store formerly occupied by Mrs. Churchill as a Milliner Shop, where he intends keeping an assortment of the
Best and Cheapest Organs
In the market. Terms easy. Call and see.
Second hand Instruments taken in exchange. Music and Music Books ordered at any time.
Also,—A good Stock of PICTURE FRAMES, MOULDINGS, &c.
N. B.—Remember the place, next door above Small & Fisher Bros., where you will also find Mr. J. G. Emery, with a full Stock of SEWING MACHINES.
W. L. ALTERTON.
Woodstock, May 10, 1873.—19

Carriage Shop.

THE undersigned would respectfull notify his friends and the public generally, that he is now prepared at his shop,
JACKSONVILLE CORNER,
in the old Watters stand, to manufacture Carriages, Sleighs, Pungs, &c., of every description, and of a quality either for material or workmanship equal to these produced at any other establishment in the country.
Job work, painting, ironing, &c., done to order at short notice, and at cheap rates.
All work warranted.
JAMES ALTERTON,
Jacksonville, July 1, 1873 1y-27

Poetry.

SONG

Composed for the occasion and sung by Mr. Burns, at the New Kincardineshire Picnic, Saturday, 27th September, 1873.

Now nature's mantle green and gay
Is spread o'er bank and brae,
And violets blue and daisie white
Invite us, love, to stray.
But to these glens and hills so fair
Where the lovely primrose grow,
I am soon to bid my last adieu,
Dear lassie will you go,
Chorus—Dear lassie will you go,
Dear lassie will you go,
To New Kincardine's bonnie braes,
Dear lassie will you go.

The cot, where we first saw the light,
Nay mair we ca our hame;
The grove wherein our vows were pledged
Your sire now daurna claim,
For Lords of wealth have seized our lands
And laid our cottage low;
So from this land of lairds and serfs
Dear lassie let us go.
Chorus—Dear lassie, etc. etc. etc.

On yon gallant ship, where many minds
Are weary of delay;
The passing hours doth tedious seem
To leave the spacious bay;
Hear her commander's manly voice,
Her sailors yo, heave, O;
She is bound to shores where freemen live,
So lassie let us go.
Chorus—Dear lassie let us go, etc. etc.

My love, thou 'ast always faithful proved,
Thy vows have been sincére,
In trials wher kindred kept aloof,
Then thou wert always near;
And tho' ocean's waves surround me,
Or boreas o'er me blow,
Lead my love, I'll follow you,
Wherever you may go.
Chorus—Wherever you may go,
Wherever you may go,
To New Kincardine's bonnie braes,
I am ready now to go.

Then come, my spotless treasure,
Let us seek the Helping Hand
That was stretched to doubting faith of old
And the tempest did command;
The power that did the waves rebuke,
And laid their fury low,
Wid be our guide; Brown leads the way,
So lassie let us go.
Chorus—Dear lassie let us go,
Dear lassie let us go,
To New Kincardine's bonnie braes
Dear lassie let us go.

Select Tale.

THE LITERARY NIECE.

Aunt Picklebury was an old maid.

Not that old maids need, of necessity, to be in anywise different from the rest of the world. Only Aunt Picklebury was different. She had as it were a vein of originality running through her. She liked to wear her broche shawl wrong side out, and to tie her ribbons askew, and to put the flower on the right hand side of her bonnet, while all the world was wearing theirs on the left hand side. And she could afford to cultivate as large a crop of peculiarities as she pleased, for Aunt Picklebury had money. It had been a part of her peculiarity to emigrate West and buy lands, just when all her relatives were located in a snug little eastern town.

"Are you crazy, Melissa?" her married sister had plaintively demanded.

"No," Miss Picklebury had answered; "but I want breathing room."

The lands had risen in value with almost fabulous rapidity; the western settlement had grown into a young city, and Miss Melissa Picklebury was rich.

She sat knitting, with a magazine open on her lap, one bright October morning, when Harry Hayden came in, the junior member of the firm of Hoyt & Hayden, who transacted Miss Melissa's legal business.

"Crying, Miss Picklebury?" he exclaimed cheerily. "Why, what on earth is the matter?"

"Was I crying?" said Miss Picklebury, somewhat shamefacedly. "Well, you couldn't have helped it yourself, Harry, if you had been reading this story. It's by my literary niece—the prettiest little thing you ever saw."

"The story or the niece."

"The story, of course. I never saw my literary niece, but I dare say she is raw-boned, and sallow, with holes in the elbows of her frock. and grease spots on her apron. But she writes well; there's no denying that. I read all her papers, and I almost always laugh and cry over them. It's a great talent, Harry."

"So it is," assented the young man, carelessly.

"I have written east for one of my sister's girls to come and stay with me," said Aunt Picklebury; "I told them to forward her by express. She'll be here this afternoon. I want you to go to the office and meet her."

"The literary niece," said Hayden, laughing.

"Goodness forbid!" said Aunt Picklebury, with a grimace. "I want no ink-spots on my chintz bed-room furniture, and fine frenzies about sunsets and autumn leaves and things. I wrote to Polly to send me a homespun, sensible girl, that would be a companion to me; not a full-fledged fashionable young lady."

"All right," said Mr. Hayden.

Miss Pickleburry looked after the young man, as he strode away over the dead drifts of yellow leaves that lay in the road.

"A nice young fellow, that," said she to herself, "with no airs and graces about him. I like him. Perhaps—" for Miss Picklebury was by no means free from the feminine trait of castle-building—"he will fall in love with my sensible niece. "If he does he shall have my blessing."

The niece by express arrived that night, just as Miss Picklebury was sitting down to tea. She was slight and graceful and dark-eyed, with a clover-pink complexion, and a laughing, dimpled mouth. Aunt Picklebury liked the looks of her.

"What is your name, my dear?" she said.

"Clara," said the new comer.

"You are very pretty," said Miss Picklebury. "I think I shall like you."

"And I know I shall like you, Aunt Melly," said Clara, with a great hug of the old lady's plump cushiony form.

"Let me see," said Miss Picklebury; "there are three of you—the literary one, the school-teaching one, and the sensible one."

"I hope we are all sensible, aunt," said Clara, coloring a little.

"I hope so, too," said the old lady; "but I have my doubts on the subject. I am afraid of literary folks and I don't like schoolma'ams. Can you sew?"

"Oh yes, aunt, dear."

"And darn stockings, and put on neat patches, and mend linens?"

"Of course I can."

"Can you cook?"

"I'll show you to-morrow, aunt Melly."

"O," said Miss Picklebury, "I've an idea that the literary one and the school-teaching one were rather inefficient."

"Indeed, aunt, you are quite mistaken. I—"

"O, well. never mind all that," said Miss Picklebury. "Only I'm glad your mamma sent me the sensible one of the family."

Clara Courtenay plunged into the domestic details of Miss Picklebury's establishment like a bee into a honey-suckle bell. She made preserves, concocted cake and revelled in jellies; she cleaned the house after a style that made Aunt Picklebury open her eyes in admiration; she re-papered the best room, and was discovered by Harry Hayden on the top of a step-ladder, with her chestnut braids tied up in a towel, white-washing.

"Isn't she charming, Harry?" aunt Picklebury demanded, confidentially.

"Delicious!" the young lawyer answered, with emphasis.

And so he came Autumn evenings to read poetry to Miss Clara, while aunt Melissa hurtled away in the corner, and took shrewd and not unsatisfactory note of things in general.

"Tell me about your sister," said he one evening.

"Which sister?" said Clara, who was skilfully putting together a marvellous mathematical silk quilt of her aunt's.

"The authoress?"

"O," said Clara. "Well, she is a good deal like me."

"As young?"

"O, yes."

"As pretty?"

"Now, that's nonsence," said Clara, seriously. "Of course, both my sisters are a great deal better looking than I am."

"I have read her writings, some of them," said Harry, "and if I wasn't afraid she was spectacled and inky I should almost be tempted to fall in love with her. Would she love me, do you think?"

Clara colored and bent closer over her work.

"I—I don't know whether she would or not," said she.

"Well, I shall not try," said Hayden, laughing. "To tell you the truth, Clara, I have always had a holy horror of authoresses."

"Very complimentary to my sister," said Clara, pouting a little.

And of course Harry had to pacify her; and just then Bridget called Miss Picklebury into the kitchen, and when she came back the young people had great news to tell her. They were engaged!

"Ah," said Miss Picklebury, rubbing her nose with her knitting needle, "I'm glad to hear it. I knew my sensible niece would be appreciated here in the West."

Mrs. Squire Seaberry came to the office of Hoyt & Hayden, the next morning.

"O, Mr. Hayden," said she, "such a star as I hope to secure for my reception to-night! A real, live authoress. And to think that she has been living 'incognito' among us for so long."

Whom are you alluding to?" asked the puzzled lawyer.

"Miss Courtney, of course. Annie Courtney, the authoress."

"O, you are mistaken," said our hero. "This young lady is Clara Courtney."

"Annie Clara Courtney," distinctly enunciated Mrs. Seaberry, wisely, nodding her head. "Don't you see? Annie C. Courtney—that's her invariable signature."

Harry Hayden went to the Picklebury mansion as soon as he could decently get rid of Mrs. Squire Seaberry.

"Clara," said he, "What is your first name?"

Miss Courtney colored scarlet.

"Annie," she answered. "Why?"

"Because," said he, dryly, "I have just discovered that Miss Picklebury's sensible niece is her literary niece."

Clara hung down her head.

"Harry, are you very angry with me?"

"Not a bit. Didn't I tell you I was almost tempted to fall in love with Annie Courtney?"

"You see," pleaded Clara, "Susie has just commenced a course of German, and Marian couldn't leave her school, and—there seemed no one but me to come.—And I thought aunt would forgive me even if I did write stories for the papers."

"I'll answer for her pardon," said Harry Hayden, laughing.

Miss Picklebury was a little astonished at first, but with Clara's arms around her neck. she could only forgive the sly little diplomatist.

"Who would have suspected you of being literary," said she.—*In Stirling Observer.*

To Farm Laborers.

The history of our race, as well as the nature of man, teach us that the nearest approach to content and happiness in this life, is in closest association with nature. The nearer he can come to receiving his daily bread fresh from the hand of the Creator the less he feels dependent on the caprice or will of his fellow men. Hence we find in this country a laudable ambition among men and women to own a home of their own, where they can plant their trees, train their vines, and rear their flowers, and tell these are growing for me and mine. How it inspires hope, nerves the weary hand, and cheers each passing hour. It binds the family together.—Each child has his or her tree, shrub, or flower, something on which labor is bestowed, and to which they are attached. And as the years go by and the family changes, sons and daughters go from home into the world, and parents are alone, how the evidences of toil or skill of absent ones call up pleasant associations of the past; and to the children there are numerous attractions to draw them often back to the old home. It should be the aim of every one in this country to become the owner of his home as early in life as possible, and parents will do their children a great service by instruction, and assisting them to provide the nuclus of a home, even during their minority. It will give them an object for which to save their money, teach them frugality, and show them that success is within their power.—*N. J. Farmer.*

DRUNKENNESS is a voluntary madness.

Walks and Talks on the Farm.

Tillage is a good thing. Manure is a good thing. But tillage and manure together are far better than either alone. So I said to myself yesterday as I walked across my cornfield. This spring I spread a little well-rotted manure on the poorer parts of the field and plowed it in. I have cultivated the corn very thoroughly—almost excessively. The land was far from clean, and I was determined that not a weed should grow that I could reach with a cultivator. We harrowed the field four times with a Thomas harrow after the corn was planted and before it was large enough to cultivate. Since then the cultivator has been through it seven or eight times, and I shall go through it once more in August. This is pretty good tillage, and the corn on the whole looks quite well for this season; but whenever the manure was applied the effect is very decided. I do not think I ever saw so little manure do so much good. We did not put on over five tons to the acre.—True, it was good manure, made from sheep, cows, and pigs fed largely on bran, and was pretty well rotted; but still I think the good tillage has helped the manure. I am *sure* the manure helped the good tillage.

What we want is good manure *and* good tillage. And when I so strenuously and so frequently urge farmers to cultivate the soil more thoroughly I have precisely this result in my mind. I never dreamed of depending ultimately on tillage alone. I use it merely as a stepping-stone to something better. If I have given any other impression it must be because I do not write and talk plainly and definitely. But it is also just possible that some people are careless readers and uncandid critics.

I have urged again and again the great importance and many advantages of good tillage. I have not a word to take back. I am sure that good tillage would add millions of dollars annually to the profits of our agriculture. Can any sane man doubt it? But I never supposed that any farmer who had energy enough to cultivate his land thoroughly would be willing to stop there. As a rule, the men who have the cleanest farms make the most manure. He has succeeded in bringing his land to a high degree of productiveness. But it is very foul. The weeds rob him of half his profit. This farmer makes all the manure he can, but does not cultivate his land thoroughly. Now the point I want to make is this: A man may make a good deal of manure and not cultivate his land; but did you ever know a man who took special pains to kill all the weeds on his farm, and get his land mellow and in the best mechanical condition, who did not aim to make and use all the manure he could? And so when I recommend good tillage I take it for granted that the extra crops so produced will, to a great extent, at least, be used for feeding stock and making manure.

There is a sense, of course, in which tillage is an exausting process. It develops the plant-food lying dormant in the soil. If you develop this plant-food and convert it into corn or clover, and then sell the crops, you impoverish the farm more than if you did not cultivate the land so thoroughly. But, on the other hand, if the corn and clover are fed out on the farm, and the manure saved and applied, the good tillage will make the farm richer in available plant-food. This process will soon enable a farmer to double his crops and quadruple his profits.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Phalanx of Death.

If one could only view, from some lofty eminence, the year's dead marching, in solid column, towards their graves, what a mighty host they would appear! It is estimated that 30,000,000 of the earth's inhabitants die every year. Placed in line, they would form a procession extending around the whole circumference of the globe, thirteen hundred to the mile. Imagine the spectacle, as with careless tramp this array of men, women and children passed in review, with the seal of death on their foreheads. The mind shrinks from the contemplation of such a subject. And yet every day and every minute this procession is passing our very doors. From every street, in every city, and from every hamlet in the land, fresh recruits continually swell the mighty host that follows the King of Terrors. He beckons, and they come heedless of our tears, our prayers, and our bewailing. Husbands leave wives and children to poverty and distress, and join the Battallion of Death. Lovers part from their beloved, children are torn from their mother's breasts, statesmen quit their offices, and kings throw down their sceptres. The unseen power that hovers over our busy world, that invades our most sacred precincts, that is both terrible and merciless, that puts to naught the strength of the strongest and the wisdom of the wisest, comes to every one of us at the appointed time, and sweeps us from the face of the earth. We all know this and feel it, but how few shape their course accordingly. How few, out of all these millions foredoomed to die each year, provide against the inevitable catastrophe. Men act in their business affairs as if they were to live forever. Death may befall others, but they seem to think it cannot them. We work on, and barter and scheme, and lay out ahead as if safe from the chances of accident and disease.

The latest temperance song Down East is said to be the following, as sung in the saloons: "Farewell, drinks, so nigh and handy; farewell, rum and gin and brandy; farewell, empty pots and kettles; farewell, cubboards without "vitals;" farewell, rooms free to all weather; farewell, beds which have no feathers; farewell, floors that need a swab-file; farewell, yards that have no wood pile; farewell, faded vests and breches; farewell, coats more holes than stitches; farewell, hats that have no rim so; farewell, faces red as crimson; farewell, tubs that have no bacon; farewell, ways that I have forsaken; farewell, broken chairs and tables; farewell, dwelling worse than stables; farewell, oaths that I have spoken; farewell, vows that I have broken; farewell, landlords and bar tenders; farewell, all blue-devil senders."

A peddler overtook another of his tribe on the road, and thus accosted him: "Hallo, friend, what do you carry?" "Rum and whiskey." "You may go ahead, I carry the gravestones."

Intemperance drives wit out of the head, health out of the body, money out of the pocket, elbows out of the coat, and goodness out of the heart.

Items Foreign & Local.

A Nebraska lawyer had a woman on the witness stand three days to make her tell her age, and then gave it up as a bad job.

Sparta, Iowa, is a town of 2,500 people, but has only one hearse,, and that one hasn't been out since the 18th of May.

An Ohio boy, ten years old, flagged a train just in time to save it from a culvert, and he has been given a free pass for five years and a gold watch.

A New Jersey justice said that the word "testimony" had an "r" in it, and the lawyer who disputed him was fined $10 for contempt of court.

Mr. Ruskin's latest work is to be six lectures, delivered in Oxford, on the robin, the swallow, the chough, the lark, the swan, and the sea gull, illustrated, to cost a guinea.

An island of eleven acres has been discovered in Lake Minnetonka, Minn., which escaped the notice of the government surveyors. It contains a very rich guano deposit.

China possesses coal fields to the extent of over 400,000 square miles, with one province (Shaust) having no less than 31,000 square miles with veins from 12 to 30 feet in thickness.

Charles Bradlaugh has disgusted "citizens" of New York, who knew more about England than he did, by pronouncing himself decidedly in favor of law, order and security.

A smart man at Sandusky put arsenic in a bottle of wine, hoping that a burglar would drink it, and his wife placed it among 100 bottles. The smart man is now wondering which is the bottle.

Barnum comes to the rescue of transatlantic ballooning. He announces that if a balloon does not cross the Atlantic the present autumn he will expend $50,000, if necessary, in having that feat attempted next season.

Notwithstanding the panic, the import entries at the New York Custom House last week were $2,000,000 above the average, and the exports $1,000,000 in excess of the average.

The annual expenses of the fire department of London are $340,000, or about 10 cents to each inhabitant. In Boston they are $450,000, or $1.67 to each inhabitant.—In New York they are about $1.00 a head. In Bangor they are about $1.00 to each inhabitant.

The chief of police had a telegram from an interior town, saying: "Arrest a man with red hair for running away with my wife." Upon walking four blocks the chief met no less than fourteen red haired men walking with ladies, and he concluded that the eloping couple could pass through the city in safety.

Mr. Methusaleh during his long life was without doubt the recipient of many honors, and since his death not a few have been done to his memory. But the greatest has been reserved for the last. He will be in future principally known in connection with a brand of cigars, every box of which will be ornamented with a correct likeness of the old gentleman.

A few days ago a hackman at Niagara Falls walked half way across the river on Signor Belleni's rope, indulged in some gymnastic feats, and then finished his journey walking backward. He had never shown much aptitude for such exploits, and yet his performance is said to excel anything of the kind ever seen.

Louisville has unwittingly committed itself to a grand temperance reform, by voting to send drunkards home, instead of to the lock-up. The worse cases are cured in this way: The men come out in a day or two with somewhat less capillary adornment and a chastened look which tells of the refining influence of home.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—France having cleared her soil of the Germans is now looking after her army. The Paris *Patrie* announces that within a twelve-month from this time France will have 4992 seven-pounders. It is stated that President McMahon has awarded a contract, with the condition that eight batteries a week are delivered. This certainly is a warlike speck in the horizon.

The ingenuity implied by wooden nutmegs in Connecticut has been surpassed by a Maine farmer, who had just been detected in a decidedly greasy swindle. It appears that this fellow, borrowing an idea from the fillers of gold coins, has taken lumps of tallow, covered them with a coating of yellow butter, and then taking the filled balls to market sold them to the traders. Last week his little trick was played out, and he was punished as he deserved.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin has been revived in Baltimore in the person of a genius who offers to capture and banish from any premises all rats. His weapons of extermination are three black-and-tans, six ferrets, a net, and a small boy. He visits a house, sets his net in a chosen locality, sets out on a foraging expedition around and through the house, and when he gets back to the point of departure, he has the satisfaction of seeing the small boy gazing with rapture on the ensnared victims of the search. His price is from five to ten dollars, and he warrants the place free for one year.

A remarkable manifesto, partaking both of a religious and political character, has been published by Archbishop Manning in the form of a letter written by him to the Roman Catholic Primate of Ireland. In it Dr. Manning expresses the opinion that Ireland is in a happier condition in regard to religion than any other country, and was never in so good a condition materially. The progress of Ireland, he says, is on the path to Christianity, while other countries have departed, or are departing, from the faith. He sees no future, he says, for Imperial Germany, or for revolutionary Italy, or for Spain if it abandon its ancient Catholic traditions.

They tell of an ærolite which fell in the vicinity of Marysville, Cal., on the 24th of August, about twelve pounds in weight, the heat of which was so intense that it could not be handled for some time. Water was poured upon it, and after it had ceased "sizzing" it was loaded on a cart still hot. While it was thus being conveyed to the house, it set the cart on fire and did not cool entirely for several hours. This stone came crashing through some tree tops with a bright flash, and was found buried eight feet in the ground.

A merchant's clerk in London, after filching thousands of pounds from his employer, confessed to his sweetheart that he had obtained it by dint of forging his father's name, and then, exhibiting a bottle, declared he would poision himself unless she would marry him. She believed all he told her, and did not hesitate to share the spoil. He stained his face brown to represent a sunburnt warrior, squandered his cash in jewelry, wore silver spurs and elegant attire, decked out his bride in splendid finery, and adorned her with gold and precious stones worth fifteen hundred pounds. He is now in jail. That's all.

The International racket that has been making over the imprisonment of the Americans accused of attempting to kidnap Lord Gordon, has a ludicrous appearance given to it by the result of the trial that has just taken place. Indictments were found against four of the prisoners, but none against the remaining one. Three of the prisoners thus indicted pleaded guilty and were sentenced to 24 hours imprisonment, while the fourth who pleaded not guilty was remanded on $2,000 bail. Gordon, who was caught 500 miles from Fort Garry, is now in jail there on charges of larceny and forgery on two warrants from Scotland and England, and as he has lost the sympathy of the legal fraternity by his running away without paying for their services in his behalf against the kidnappers, he will probably catch it this time.

General News.

WHAT ENGLAND PAYS FOR WAR.—Twenty years before the Crimean war the military and naval expenditure of the country was £10,000,000. In 1854, the year before that war, it had risen to £16,000,000.—Since the termination of that war it has averaged more than £26,000,000 per annum. Thus we have had a permanent increase of £10,000,000 per annum (not including the interest of debts) ever since the Crimean war. These sums are so numerous that they cannot even be imagined, except by some process of comparison. To