

# The Carleton Sentinel

General News.

**DOCTOR SMITH'S**  
OFFICE IN HIS DRUG SHOP,  
QUINN'S NEW BUILDING,  
MAIN STREET,  
Two doors South of B. Lynch's New Store.

**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.

**Dr. REYNOLDS,**  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,**  
CENTRAL OFFICE:  
UPPER CORNER, WOODSTOCK.  
RESIDENCE: Mr. Archibald Plummer's,  
Jacksonville Road.

**Dr. F. A. NEVENS,**  
**Physician and Surgeon,**  
6th Hartland, Carleton Co., N. B. p. 9

**Dr. Perkins**  
**IS IN TOWN,**  
and can be consulted

BY all who wish to obtain immediate relief.  
He is celebrated for curing diseases of all  
kinds, especially of long standing.  
He uses a pure vegetable character of medicine  
in all cases treated.  
Remember there is a balm for every wound in  
the vegetable kingdom.  
He will visit families when requested.  
Office and residence at Tobias McLean's, corner  
of Church and Albert Streets, Woodstock, N. B.

**RANDOLPH K. JONES,**  
**Barrister & Attorney-at-Law**  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
Office:—Until further notice, at his residence,  
5th Main Street, fifth floor above office of  
Register of Deeds.  
Woodstock, May 20, 1875—21

**APPLEBY & COURSER,**  
**BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,**  
Conveyancers, Notaries, &c.,  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

**JOHN B. TRAFONT,**  
**COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,**  
Fort Fairfield, Maine.

**WILLIAM M. CONNELL**  
**Attorney at Law, Solicitor Conveyancer,**  
Notary Public,  
INSURANCE AGENT, & C.,  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

**SAMUEL J. BAKER,**  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**  
Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.,  
Grand Falls, Victoria County, N. B.

**JOHN G. WINSLOW,**  
**ATTORNEY & BARRISTER,**  
AGENT FOR FIRST-CLASS ENGLISH & AMERICAN  
Insurance Companies,  
FULL DEPOSITS AT OTTAWA.

**State Agent,**  
OFFICE: In Post Office, Woodstock.  
**Surveying.**

**STEPHEN E. STEVENS,**  
INDIAN TOWN, ST. JOHN,  
Office in Hamm's Building.

THE subscriber in returning thanks to his  
numerous patrons for the past year, begs to remind  
them and the public that he is still prepared with  
greatly increased accommodations to prosecute his  
business as Surveyor and Notary Public.  
Parties entrusting him 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 current rates, when desired.  
18-19

**WOODSTOCK HOTEL,**  
RE-OPENED.  
BRINGING thoroughly repaired, refitted, and  
furnished, is now opened for the accommodation  
of permanent and transient boarders. The  
House being conducted on strictly **TEMPERANCE**  
**PRINCIPLES**, the subscriber hopes to receive  
a liberal share of patronage. Rates moderate.  
J. MARSHALL, Proprietor,  
Woodstock, May 18, 1875—20

**Russell House,**  
ON  
PARK STREET  
NEAR THE  
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,  
OTTAWA.  
J. A. GOVIN, Proprietor.  
March 16, 1868—19.

**LONG'S HOTEL,**  
MOST FAVORABLY 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.  
18

**WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,**  
**STAGE HOUSE—TOBIQUE.**  
Comfortable Extra Furnished at the  
shortest notice for any point.

**ALBION HOTEL,**  
McGill and St. Paul Streets,  
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  
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 accommodation for 800 guests, with  
kitchen in first-class style, the moderate sum of \$1.50  
will be charged for board and lodging.  
The travelling community will consult their own  
interests by remembering the Albion Hotel, when  
visiting Montreal.  
DECKER, STRAIN & 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  
large places of amusement and public buildings,  
has been thoroughly re-modelled, refurnished  
and enlarged, and is now open to the public.  
Billiard Room, Bath Room, Barber Shop, Tele-  
graph Office, and General Furnishings Goods Store,  
in connection with the House.  
Permanent and Transient Boarders accommo-  
dated on reasonable terms.  
August 15, 1875—433

**"PSYCHOMANCY, OR SOUL CHARM-  
ING."**  
HOW often we see men and women, gaily  
dressed, and in the prime of life, who, for  
reasons, instantly. This art all can possess, free  
by mail, for 30 cents, together with a Marriage  
Guide, Egyptian Oracle, &c. (Hills to Ladies).  
No. 1,000,000, 2nd. A queer book, with a  
T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.  
17-18

**SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS,**

**VOL. XXVII.—NO. 25.**

**WOODSTOCK, N. B. SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1875.**

**WHOLE NO.—1368.**

**GIBSON HOUSE.**

THE subscribers wish to inform their numerous  
friends and customers that they have removed  
to the GIBSON HOUSE, lately kept by Mr. O.  
R. Whitney, where they will be pleased to wait on  
all who may favor them with a call.  
A Good Stable, and a careful hostler always in  
attendance.  
ALEX. GIBSON, Proprietor.  
Woodstock, October 1, 1874—19

**QUEEN HOTEL,**

QUEEN STREET, — FREDERICTON.  
J. P. BURNHAM, Proprietor.  
(Formerly of "Small House," Houlton, Me.)  
Livery Stable in connection with the House.  
Sept. 1, 1874—19-36

**Carriage Manufactory.**

**JOHN LOANE**  
Connell Street, Woodstock, N. B.  
CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, PUNGS, SIDE-  
SPRING BUGGIES, END-SPRING BUG-  
GIES, SINGLE AND DOUBLE SEAT CONCORD  
WAGONS, SULKIES, EXPRESS WAGONS, in  
fact Wagon of every description made, and made  
to order.  
Repairs & REPAIRING punctually attend-  
ed to.  
A first-class Trimmer and Blacksmith always on  
hand.  
Nothing but the best Western Timber used,  
none but first-class workmen employed, and conse-  
quently all work done at this Establishment war-  
ranted.  
In view of want of space the above description  
of Wagon or Buggies, would do well to call and  
examine for themselves, when they cannot call  
on the premises.  
Cash paid for second growth Ash and Basswood.  
JOHN LOANE.  
Woodstock, Jan. 26, 1872—4-3

**JOHN LOANE**

**J. R. TUPPER, Jr.,**  
(successor to J. C. Cole)  
Livery, Hack & Boarding  
STABLE,  
Connell Street, Rear American House,  
1st Stable,  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.  
January 22, 1875—19

**Harness Shop!**

3 Doors Below Baker & McManis'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 accommodate at short  
notice. Constantly on hand: Harnesses of all  
kinds; Harness Mouldings, Whips, Belts, Horse  
Blankets, Curry Combs, Cards, Interfering Rolls  
and Straps, and everything usually found in a first-  
class Harness Shop.  
Please give me a call.  
B. CLUFF,  
Harness Maker.  
Woodstock Nov. 10, 1871—45

**Fire Insurance.**  
THE subscriber continues to accept all classes  
of business, and is prepared to insure on the  
established companies, viz:  
Liverpool & London & Globe.  
The British and Mercantile Marine Insurance  
Company of London.  
Northern Assurance of London.  
Royal Canadian of Montreal.  
Full deposits at Ottawa. Prompt and liberal  
settlements of claims.  
Detached dwellings and Churches taken for a  
term of years on particularly favorable terms.  
Office: In Post Office.  
JOHN C. WINSLOW,  
Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, &c.  
Woodstock, January 1, 1875

**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.  
"GENA" of London, Established 1810.  
"HARFORD" of London, Established 1810.  
Rates moderate, and losses promptly paid.  
Dwelling Houses insured on specially favorable  
terms.  
JOHN T. ALLAN, Agent.  
Woodstock, July, 1868—19

**UNION MUTUAL**  
**LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
**OF MAINE.**  
THE subscriber is Agent for this Old Established  
Company, and is prepared to receive applica-  
tions for new Policies, and take up renewals.  
J. G. WINSLOW.  
Woodstock, January 1, 1875.

**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 EN-  
LARGING. All are invited to call and see  
SPEIMENS and learn prices.  
JOHN H. HALL.  
Woodstock, Sept. 5, 1873—36

**Honesty is the Best Policy.**  
B doing business on this plan since starting,  
and having gained custom yearly, I will still  
continue to give my customers  
**Honesty**  
made of very best material that money can  
buy, and manufactured by the BEST OF WORK-  
MEN. My stock of Harnesses for the summer  
1875, is the largest ever offered for sale in this  
County, consisting in part of  
Light Harnesses of every description,  
Collars, warranted not to gall.  
Whips, a very large and selected stock,  
Brushes, Cards, Curry Combs,  
Wagon Mattresses, &c., &c.  
My stock comprises everything usually found in  
a first-class Harness Shop, and will be sold cheap  
for cash or approved paper.  
R. S. STARRATT.  
P. S.—All parties owing me by Note or Hand  
Book account will please call and settle at once  
and SAVE COST.  
G. W. VANWART,  
Woodstock, May 6, 1875

**EXPRESS NOTICE.**  
The Eastern Express Company  
WILL FORWARD DAILY.  
N charge of their Special Messenger, via N. B.  
& C. and E. N. A. Railway.  
Money, Valuable Packages and Freight,  
To and from Woodstock, Fredericton, St. John,  
Calais, Bangor, Portland, and intermediate  
places, by express, together with a Marriage  
Guide, Egyptian Oracle, &c. (Hills to Ladies).  
No. 1,000,000, 2nd. A queer book, with a  
T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.  
17-18

**W. D. CAMBER,**

**DENTIST.**  
OFFICE—Connell's Brick Building,  
1 Queen Street, Woodstock,  
N. B.

**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, 1875—10

**Insure Your Life in**  
**The Old PHOENIX MUTUAL**  
**Life Insurance Company**  
**of Hartford, Conn.**  
ESTABLISHED 1851.  
Policies issued 1873—9,222; Income for 1873—  
\$3,521,940.57.  
The fourth Company in the U. S. as to amount  
of new business, 1873.  
Assets securely invested, \$9,074,861.34.  
Dividends paid to policy holders during the  
year, \$1,070,455.48.  
Deposited at Ottawa, \$100,000.  
E. FESSENDEN, President.  
J. F. BURNS, Secretary.  
Agents for Woodstock and vicinity, APPLEBY  
& COURSER, Attorneys-at-Law.  
General Agent for the Counties of Sanbury,  
York, Carleton, and Madawaska, J. ASH MURPHY.  
Applications respectfully solicited.  
July 10, 1874—19-28

**FURNITURE!**  
THE undersigned desire to call special attention  
to their very large, varied and handsome  
stock of FURNITURE—the largest and best ever  
exhibited in the County.  
Centra, Extension, Dining and Common Tables;  
Chairs of all description and prices;  
BEDSTEADS in endless variety;  
Sofas, Lounges, &c., in all the latest styles;  
Parlor and Bedroom Sets;  
Brackets, What Nots, &c., a very fine lot;  
Mirrors, Mirror and Picture Frames suited  
to all styles.  
Rocking Chairs, Cradles, Crib, &c., &c.  
In word the Stock is complete in every de-  
partment, and the prices will be found in keeping  
with the depressed state of the market.  
Call and examine at our Show Room, King  
Street, a few doors west of the Post Office.  
VANWART & LITTLE.  
Woodstock, October 9, 1874—41

**BELL ORGAN.**  
STOCKS.  
BOOKS.  
As Good as the Best!  
Buy a BELL ORGAN,  
and save 17 per cent, the duty on all American  
Instruments.  
Every Instrument fully warranted for five  
years.  
W. LEONARD ALBERTON.  
Woodstock, Dec. 23, 1874—52

**SHINGLE MACHINES!**  
Drake's Patent Shingle Machine,  
Considered the best in the Province, six of them  
now on hand at our Factory, prices low.  
We also keep on hand the  
Burton Patent Gang LATH MILL,  
and  
Kerr's Improved Feed Wheel,  
For Gang Saw Mills.  
General Machinery and Mill Work made to  
order.  
ORANGE BROTHERS,  
St. Stephen, N. B.  
April 17, 1875—3m-16

**Removal!**  
Opposite Side of the Street.  
2 Doors Above Small & Fisher Bros.,  
takes this opportunity to thank his past customers  
for their liberal patronage, and hopes for  
strict attention to business to merit a continu-  
ance of the same. He has had  
J. O. WINSLOW.  
Woodstock, January 1, 1875.

**Light and Heavy Harness**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Collars, Whips, Belts, &c., &c.  
Inspection respectfully solicited.  
T. L. STETBY,  
Harness Maker.  
Woodstock, Oct. 24, 1873—45

**THE SUSSEX**  
**Boot & Shoe Company,**  
Manufacturers of and wholesale dealers in  
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.  
OFFICE, FACTORY AND WAREHOUSES:  
SUSSEX, N. B.  
Selling Agency in St. John, N. B.,  
MESSRS. WARWICK & CO.,  
No. 8, North Water.  
H. B. BOYER, Esq., Victoria Corner.  
G. W. Smith, Jacksonville.  
Waterbury, May 11, 1875—19-20

**Agents Wanted.**  
AGENTS WANTED in New Brunswick, Nova  
Scotia, and P. E. Island to take orders for the  
rapidly selling work "Glory of the Immortal  
Lie." Address, for circulars and terms,  
C. H. FERGUSON,  
Waterbury, N. B.

**Poetry.**

**SYMPATHY.**  
Oh, mothers whose darlings are sleeping,  
Thank God for their pillows to-night;  
And pray for the mothers now weeping  
O'er pillows too smooth and too white;  
Where bright little heads often have lain,  
Oh, soft little cheeks have been pressed;  
Oh, mothers who know not the pain,  
Take courage and bear all the rest!

For the sombre-winged angel is going  
With pitiless flight o'er the land,  
And we wake in the morn, never knowing  
What he, ere the night may demand.  
Yes, to-night, while our darlings are sleeping,  
There's many a soft little head,  
Where pillows are moistened with weeping  
For the loss of one dear little head!

There are hearts on whose innermost altar  
There is nothing but ashes to-night;  
There are voices whose tones sadly falter,  
And dim eyes that shrink from the light.  
Oh, mothers whose children are sleeping,  
As ye bend to caress the fair heads,  
Pray, pray for the mothers now weeping  
O'er pitiful, smooth little beds.

**Select Tale.**  
**The Forged Check.**  
Cleora Duhamel was a belle, an heiress and  
motherless. Her father, a wealthy merchant  
engrossed in business, imagined that money  
would do anything, and so left his only daughter  
to tutors and governesses, masters and  
mistresses.  
When Cleora entered society, at the age of  
eighteen—thus her father would—she be-  
came at once one of the queens of the circle  
in which she moved, and ran such a course  
of coquetry, extravagance, and pleasure, as  
only a girl with her beauty, temperament,  
and bringing up was capable of.  
Her father's attention was first attracted  
by her extravagance. Miss Cleora's monthly  
allowance, though too ridiculously large to  
be told here, was nearly enough for her.  
Every month bills were sent in for her father  
to settle, and in spite of remonstrance, and  
even something stronger, and though the one  
creature that this spoiled heiress stood in awe  
of was her father, still these bills grew.

One month, Mr. Duhamel threatened to  
withdraw his extravagant daughter from  
society entirely. The next he declared in the  
most solemn manner, that the next time she  
overran her allowance, he would himself  
notify the various fashionable tradespeople  
with whom she was in the habit of making  
purchases, that they must not trust her. Cleora  
believed him this time. No more bills were  
presented her father for payment.

One day Frank Reeves, a young clerk in the  
employ of Mr. Duhamel, stood out from his  
company by asking his permission to marry his  
daughter. Of course he received a very  
abrupt and peremptory "No," for his answer.  
And the merchant, not doubting that  
Cleora herself was unwelcome for the pre-  
sumption of this young gentleman had  
been guilty, reached home in a very irate  
frame of mind, and summoning his daughter  
reproved her sharply.

Cleora laughed first, pouted afterwards, and  
ended by crying.  
Less than a week from that time, Miss  
Cleora received another lecture, couched in  
much briefer language, but eloquent beyond  
anything that young lady had ever listened to  
before, judging from the impression it made.

"You ought to be proud of your work,  
Miss," declared Mr. Duhamel, angrily.  
"Frank Reeves has got himself into real  
trouble this time, and there is no doubt in my  
mind that he would never have done so crazy a  
thing, if his head hadn't been turned about you."

"What has poor Frank done now?" asked  
Cleora, incredulously, but looking a little  
uneasy.  
"He has been forging the name of Duhamel  
& Co."

Cleora started, and turned red and  
white all in a breath.  
"Papa, how do you know?"  
"He doesn't deny it," he the effrontery to  
present it at the bank himself, even."

"Silence some moments. Miss Cleora grew  
paler and paler, and twisted her black curls  
with nervous white fingers.  
"Papa, what will you do with him?" she  
asked presently.

"I! I do nothing. The law he has out-  
raged will give him a term in prison probably.  
Serve him right too!"  
"Do you know where he is now?" she asked  
tremblingly; but the merchant, absorbed in  
his own reflection, did not notice that.

"In Newgate, of course."  
Cleora Duhamel, rose to her feet, white  
and palpitating.  
Mr. Duhamel lifted his keen eyes to her  
face scrutinizingly.  
"It would be easy to imagine that you  
had some personal interest in this young  
scoundrel," he said coldly.  
Cleora clasped her hands and looked up at  
him with trembling lips.  
"Well?" exclaimed the merchant, angrily,  
rising also.

"Papa what made you let him go to New-  
gate?"  
"Really? Why should I not pray?  
Come come miss. It is a good thing for you,  
I see, he is disposed of!"

"Papa, Frank Reeves never forgot any-  
body's name in his life!" and Cleora burst  
into tears for the second time that evening.  
"He don't deny it himself," repeated Mr.  
Duhamel, with added indignation and amaze-  
ment, at his haughty daughter's espousal  
of the young man's cause.

As Cleora made her escape from the room  
he began to pace up and down, muttering,  
"She's self-willed enough to do anything.  
I'm glad he's where he is, though I always  
liked the young fellow. It's odd that he  
would defend himself. Neither denied nor  
owned it. Some mystery there, but it's not  
my business to solve it."

Frank Reeves was tried for forgery; plead-  
ed "Not guilty," but refused to give any ac-  
count of the forged check he had certainly  
presented at the bank and received the money  
on. He was sent to prison for five years.

During the trial, a woman plainly attired  
and closely veiled, was observed to be un-  
remittingly in her attendance upon the pro-  
ceedings; and the prisoner, it was noticed,  
seemed to watch for the entrance of this per-  
son, and to be uneasy till she came, when  
his handsome face would flash slightly, his  
dark eyes brighten with pleasure, and he  
would assume his usual air of mingled pride  
and determination.

**Our Queen and Constitution.**

When Frank Reeves' bright young head  
vanished behind the ignominious prison walls,  
he carried next his heart a little scented note  
without address or signature, but written in  
exceedingly delicate hand, and having in  
one corner a most dainty silver and blue  
monogram, "C. D." It said: "You are a  
hero. I am a cowardly creature, unworthy  
of you. But the day you are a free man, if  
you do not despise me too utterly by that  
time, I will be your wife. Every hour of  
your heroic imprisonment I shall think of  
you. I love you already, and shall love you  
more and more till we meet."

Three years from that time, Mr. Duhamel  
died suddenly; and his daughter, still single  
and still beautiful, came into the possession  
of a large fortune. In the course of the  
fourth year she obtained, by private and per-  
sonal appeal to the Home Secretary, Frank  
Reeves' pardon.

The two met at last in Miss Duhamel's  
magnificent drawing-room. The beauty and  
beauty had attracted herself with an artistic  
elaborateness she had never bestowed on any  
party or reception toilet. Her loveliness was  
beyond description; her eyes were flashing  
with tears.

Frank Reeves came calmly into the room,  
and stopped a few paces off, without offering  
to approach her. He was very pale, and  
his closely cut hair attested him very much.  
The years, the confinement, and the com-  
panionship of brooding thoughts, had given  
upon his face sterner lines than had marked  
that handsome countenance in the flush of  
youth.

Some unexpected expression in that face  
seemed to strike Cleora.  
"Frank," she exclaimed, and in her  
haughty voice was a new and piteous accent,  
"you have never forgiven me, Frank? I  
have suffered too."

He did not say more, but his eye flashed,  
and he uttered the word "suffered" after her  
contemptuously.  
"I am a pardoned convict," he said,  
proudly. "In the terrible prison to which  
your cowardice condemned me, my young  
and eager manhood, all those generous and  
self-sacrificing impulses which made me your  
lover, even the heart which loved you, have  
been one by one crushed out of me. I for-  
gave you at first. Afterwards I grew bitter  
month by month by day. It was so little  
you needed to do, to have saved me all  
that long horror. Your father would have  
forgiven you. I might have been spared my  
honor, my good name, if you had stood by  
your own wrong doing."

"Oh, Frank, I will atone! I am rich.  
We can go anywhere you are not known,"  
Cleora exclaimed, sweeping towards him,  
and extending her white hands outwardly.  
He lifted his somber eyes once to her peer-  
less face.

"Miss Duhamel," he said, "there are  
some things that even money cannot buy—  
that even the love of a beautiful woman can-  
not atone for. That is what I came to tell  
you, and—Good-bye."

Without so much as touching her hand,  
he was gone.  
In another country, Frank Reeves redeemed  
himself from the stain of that injustice once  
done him, and became an honored member of  
society through his own patient endeavor.  
Miss Duhamel never married.

**A Sunny Temper.**  
What a blessing to a household is a merry,  
cheerful woman—one whose spirit is not  
affected by wet days, or little disappoint-  
ments, or whose mirth of human kindness does  
not sour in the sunshine of prosperity. Such  
a woman in the darkest hours brightens the  
house like a little piece of sunshine, weather-  
proof, and the magnetism of her smiles and electrical  
brightness of her looks and movements infect  
every one. The children go to school with a  
sense of something great to be achieved; her  
husband goes into the world in a conqueror's  
spirit. No matter how people annoy and  
worry him all day, far off her presence shines,  
and he whispers to himself, "At home I shall  
find rest." So day by day she literally re-  
news his strength and energy, and if you  
know a man with a beaming face, a kind  
heart, and a prosperous business, in nine  
cases out of ten you will find he has a wife of  
this kind.

When a Detroit boy, the Free Press says,  
is playing "hop-scotch" on the walk, and  
his mother comes to the door and asks him to  
split some wood, he replies that he will be  
along in just one minute. At the end of ten  
minutes she opens the door and says:  
"Willyum, I want that wood!"  
"I'm coming right now," he replies, and  
then goes on hopping here and there on one  
leg.

Another ten minutes flies away, and she  
opens the door and says:  
"Willyum, if you don't get that wood you  
know what your father will do!"  
"Just ten seconds!" he calls back, and he  
enters upon a new game.

The next time she calls she says:  
"Young man, it's almost noon and I can't  
cook dinner without that wood!"  
"I know it—I'm coming now," he replies,  
and he stands on one foot and holds a long  
discussion with the Johnson boy as to  
whether the game of "hop-scotch" is as good  
a game as base ball. He has just started to  
hop when a boy whispers:  
"Hi, Bill!" there's your father.

"Great snore!" whispered Bill, and he  
goes over the fence like a flash, grabs the axe,  
and during the next two minutes he strikes  
two hundred blows per minute. He gets in  
to the house ahead of his father, and as he  
drops the wood he says:  
"Mother, the boys were just saying that  
I had the handsomest and best good looks  
in the neighborhood and that I was the  
greatest boy in Detroit street, and I want to  
know you!"

**How he Read it.**  
At Trafalgar two Scotchmen, messmates  
and bosom cronies from the same clachan,  
happened to be stationed near each other,  
when the celebrated intimation was displayed  
on the admiral's ship, "Look up and  
read you Jock," said one to the other:  
"England expects every man to do his  
duty," not a word free puff puff Scotland  
on this occasion! Jock cocked his eye at  
the object for a moment and turning to his  
companion, thus addressed him: "Man,  
George, is that 'a' your yene? Scotland  
kens well enough that her bairns will do  
their duty—that's just a bid to the English-  
men."

**Why Some People are Poor.**

Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles.  
Coffee, tea, pepper, and spices are left to  
stand open and lose their strength.  
Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the  
sprouts are not removed until the potatoes  
become worthless.  
Brooms are never hung up and are soon  
spoiled.  
Nice handled knives are thrown into hot  
water.  
The floor is silted in a wasteful manner,  
and the bread-pan is left with the dough  
sticking to it.  
Clothes are left on the line to whip to  
pieces in the wind.  
Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry  
and fall apart.  
Dried fruits are not taken care of in season,  
and become wormy.  
Rags, string and paper are thrown into  
the fire.  
Pork spoils for the want of salt, and beef  
becomes the brine waste scalding.  
Bits of meat, vegetables, bread and cold  
puddings are thrown away, when they might  
be wasted, steamed, and served as good as  
new.—Cottage Hearth.

**Pat's Expedition.**  
An Irish weaver just imported from the  
sister Isle, took to his employer, in Kilmar-  
nock the first cloth he had woven since his  
arrival. His employer detected two holes  
within half an inch of each other, and told  
him he must pay a fine of a shilling for each  
hole. "And, please yer," returned Pat, "is  
this kind of holes, or by the size of the  
thing that ye put the fine on us?" "By the  
number of holes, to be sure." "And a big  
hole and a small one is the same price?"  
"Yes, a shilling for every hole, big or little."

"This give me a hould of the pole," request-  
ed Pat. Getting the cloth into his hands,  
he tore the two small ones into one, and ex-  
claimed, "By the Hill of Howth, and that  
saves me one shilling anyhow!"

A benevolent gentleman from Vermont  
applied to a Boston gentleman for aid in send-  
ing a Vermont missionary to Turkey. The  
reply was as follows: "I have invested much  
in Vermont securities and lost many thousands