

" Look at the Plattenberg !" cried some one. Those who followed the direction and who are still alive, say that, for a moment, it seemed to them as if every pak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone had slipped down from the Tschingelap, burying fine houses and covering acres of good land. Men and women were at the same time seen struggling among the ruins, and from all sides friends, neighbors and relatives hurried to their aid. Unhappily they hurried also to a terrible death. Even while they were

only too near at hand. The pine trees on the grassy slopes were seen to sink. A great cloud of dust and steam covered the whole

Sernf valley was covered with from 40 to 160 feet of black stone, moraine, dirt and slime. Forty dwelling houses, the best in

and outbuildings were buried far out of sight. been sick and miserable so long and had and outbuildings were buried far out of sight. caused my husband so much trouble and ex-

A prayer for the loved one far away, And prattling imps 'neath the old roof-tree. ing the dissolving juices, reliev-ing almost instantly the dreadful A lifted latch and a radiant face By the open door in the falling night ; results of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and the TORPID LIVER, makes welcome home and a warm embrac From the love of his youth and his children bright. An aged man in an old armchair; A golden light from the western sky ; His wife by his side, with her silvered hair And the open book of God close by, Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls, And bright is the glow of the evening star But dearer to them are the jasper walls And the golden streets of the land afar. An old churchyard on a green hillside. Two lying still in their peaceful rest; The fishermen's boats going out with the tide In the fiery glow of the amber west Children's laughter and the old men's sighs, The night that follows the morping clear, A rainbow bridging our darkened skies, Are the round of our lives from year to -Chambers' Journal. ALEX. LAMONT. Select Cale. Saved by a Corpse. It happened at Port Hudson in June, Our army had been investigating that formidable stronghold, hardly second in strength to Vicksburg above, and three weeks of sharp-shooting and bombarding passed and found us still outside the citadel, suffering from intense heat and disease. Then followed the disastrous Sunday assault of the 14th, in which, from daylight to dark, half the army in two columns struggled to penetrate the defense, and were hurled back with the loss of 1.200 in killed and wounded. After that, almost a whole month of mining, cannonading, sharp-shooting and starving was required to bring the gallant defenders to capitulation; and surely there was not a soldier in our own sadly thinned army left to witness the surrender who did not experience what Sir Walter Scott calls In foemen worthy of their steel. Jackson Wells, the hero of this adventure, was a corporal of the color guard

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