

ALL SORTS.

The man who wants but little here below seldom has his wants gratified, even if he doesn't want his little long.

A writer claiming that his words contained much "food for thought," a friend remarked: "That may be so; but it is wretchedly cooked."

"What are the last teeth that come?" asked a teacher of her class in physiology, "False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just woke up on the back seat.

A scientist now declares that the tip of the nose is the home of the soul. It has certainly often shown where departed souls have gone.

Gentleman (to a beggar): "Why, I have just given you something!" Beggar: "Yes, that was for playing the fiddle; but I also do something in the begging line."

"How strange!" said a fond wife; "every time Peter comes home from his lodge he goes to bed with his hat on. But I suppose it is some more of those masonic doings."

A pretentious woman, who had probably heard of amulets, boasted that she "kept off all sorts of evils by wearing an amulet about her neck."

"My dearest Ida, how is it that you, the liveliest girl in our set, are going to marry and settle down?" "Nothing is simpler, my dear. The Summer bonnets for matrons are so becoming!"

In a town in Illinois the following placard was affixed to the shutters of a watchmaker who had decamped, leaving his creditors minus: "Wound up, and the main-spring broke."

We hear of a woman who applied for a situation as a car-driver. Being asked if she could manage mules, she scornfully replied: "Of course I can. I have had two husbands."

"Augustus dear," said the gentle girl, tenderly pushing him from her as the moon-light flooded the bay-window where they were standing, "I think you had better try some other hair-dye; your moustache tastes like turpentine."

Lady: "Shut your mouth, Bridget. You are the most impertinent servant I ever had. You always want to have the last word." Bridget: "Sure, and that's not me fault. How can I know beforehand whin yez are going to quit answerin me back?"

A little girl, when asked by her mother about suspicious little bites in the sides of a dozen choice apples, answered: "Perhaps, mamma, they have been frost-bitten, it was so cold last night."

At a dinner-party in Boston, a young man from the West, who was visiting the host, was asked if he was fond of ethnology. "Well, ye-es," he replied at a venture, "but I don't think I'll take any to-night."

Wife (indignantly to her husband): "I don't see how you can say that Mr. White-choker has an effeminate way of talking. He has a very loud voice." Husband: "I mean by an effeminate way of talking, my dear, that he talks all the time."

A polished knitting needle dipped into a vessel of milk and immediately withdrawn in an upright position, will tell you whether your milkman is honest or not. If the milk is pure, a drop of the fluid will hang to the needle, but the addition of even a small portion of water will prevent adhesion of the drop.

"What pretty children you have?" said the new minister to the proud mother of three little ones. "Ah, my little dear," said he, as he took a girl of five up into his lap, "are you the oldest of the family?" "No," responded the little miss, with the usual accuracy of childhood; "my pa's older'n me."

"Did any man ever yet make anything by opposing a woman's will?" exclaimed a tormented husband. "Yes; I have made a good deal by that sort of thing," answered his brother Richard. "But, Dick," responded the other, "you're a lawyer, and the woman whose will you opposed was always dead."

"My dear," said a wife who had been married three years, as she basted across the table on her lord and master, "tell me what first attracted you to me? What pleasant characteristic did I possess which placed me above other women in your sight?" And her brutal lord and master simply said: "I give it up."

"Papa," she said, softly and blushing, "young Mr. Sampson is in the parlor, and wishes to speak with you." Then she sank into an easy-chair, and her heart beat so fiercely that it made the gas-fixtures rattle. Presently the old man returned. "Oh, papa!" she said, "did he—was he—what did he want?" "He wanted to borrow two cents to get over to Brooklyn with," said the disappointed old gentleman.

Paradise.

Oh, Paradise! If we could know That all we lost has gone before, And all we missed on earth is there, How would our spirits throb and glow, And faith annihilate despair.

Oh, Paradise! If we could see The wondrous golden gates unbarred, And plainly could the reasons see Why of our lives the secret we From knowing it have been debarred.

Oh, Paradise! If we could hear The answers given to what we ask About life's mysteries, yet fear To get the answer, lest too dear Our knowledge. Would it help life's task? C. C. CARLYLE.

In Memory of Lillian, Beloved Wife of Rev. Frederick A. Wightman.

Sweet as the rose that blooms in Spring And sheds its fragrance round, A beautiful and pleasant thing, Wherever it is found;

Thou wast in all thy loveliness Of manner and of mind, Infused throughout with gentle grace, With modesty refined.

Thy character in pleasing hues, Of moral beauty given, Reflected in its various views Things typical of Heaven.

Thy deeds of love, in kindness wrought, Exemplified the grace Which glowed in every word and thought And beamed upon thy face.

Thy soul, as with seraphic fire, Gave forth its songs of praise; And music borrowed from thy lyre Immortalized thy lays.

Thy spirit mused on Heavenly things, Unseen by mortal eye, And rose on faiths celestial wings To visions in the sky.

Thy thoughts in verse were well portrayed With true poetic art; And inspiration's truths displayed As coming from the heart.

The holy scenes, now known to thee, Within the realms of light, Shall ever and for ever be All glorious in thy sight.

Thou didst in holiness delight, And lovedst the house of prayer; With heart enlarged and spirit bright Thou didst find pleasures there.

Of was my soul refreshed to see Thee there, in thy own place, Within its hallowed walls, where we Bent at the throne of grace.

Thy voice was heard in sacred song, Thy hand performed with skill, As on the keys they passed along And music came at will.

But now that voice is hushed in death, Nay, 'tis transferred above; Nor hanging on a single breath Repeats its song of love;

Its tones, within the Heavenly choir, Shall sound in notes of praise, While joys eternal shall inspire The everlasting lays.

For ever rests thy soul in peace, We feel to be thus risen; But death shall too our souls release, And we shall meet in Heaven.

E'en greater joys thou yet shalt know, Than those which now are thine, When Christ his foes shall overthrow And in His glory shine.

Death and the grave no more shall boast, Nor cast their shades around; God will enthroned his ransomed host Where pleasures shall abound. P.

A Weird Story.

An English officer relates this weird and most uncanny story: One of his relatives received the following prescription from her physician: "Take a carriage and your maid," he said "and go somewhere for a driving tour. Live out of doors and do not get tired." Following his advice, she started for a trip through the prettiest part of Devonshire, stopping at the different inns en route. After a delightful week there came an unlucky day when every thing went wrong. The weather was bad, one horse became lame, some part of the harness gave way, and it was not until a very late hour that they arrived at the nearest village. At the inn mine host was full of apologies. Every room was filled, he said "every one." The lady protested that she was ill, that she could not go a step further. "I will sleep anywhere," she said, "but I must stay to-night." Finally an idea seemed to strike the landlord, and he hustled away; returning in a few minutes, he suggested an expedient. A lady he said, had arrived a little while before, and the only room he could give her was a large old fashioned apartment on the first floor. There were two large beds in the room, and he had enquired if she would allow the last arrival to occupy one of them. She was quite willing, said the landlord, to share her room, and the heroine of our story, glad enough to obtain any resting place, was shown into it at once. The original occupant was very tired, explained the housekeeper, and had gone directly to bed on her arrival, having her supper served afterwards on a tray. She was awake, however, when

they entered and listened courteously to the other's thanks, declaring herself pleased to be of service by one or two polite little ejaculations in the midst of the last oomers explanations—"I'm very pleased," "Not at all," "Very glad to oblige," and then as if tired, she turned over to go to sleep. "My aunt," said the officer who was relating the story, "told the housekeeper that she wished for nothing but a cup of tea and would retire at once. Together with her maid she arranged the affairs for the night. "Couldn't I sleep on the floor, madam?" whispered faithful Abigail. "I don't like to leave you here alone." "Nonsense, Sarah I will be all right," said her mistress. "Come to me early with my tea. Good night."

"The rest of the story," said the officer pausing impressively, "was told to us a year or so later by my aunt herself after her recovery from a long illness. After Sarah left her she locked the door and proceeded with her toilet. Suddenly and most inexplicably she felt a nervous fancy that she was watched; and she turned quickly and involuntarily to the opposite bed. The occupant had certainly turned over, but she was quiet and apparently asleep. "How silly of me to feel uncomfortable," said my aunt to herself, endeavoring to shake off the feeling as she busied herself with preparations for the night. Again the nervous dread came over her without any volition on her part, and again turning quickly, she found it this time no hallucination; the lady in the opposite bed was quietly and persistently watching her. "It is natural enough that she should open her eyes," said the poor lady to herself, still unaccountably terrified; and then she said aloud in an apparently careless tone: "It is really very good of you to give me a shelter for the night. I am afraid I am disturbing you greatly." The other made no reply, still lying with wide open eyes fixed on my aunt, who stood paralyzed with terror.

"For slowly and noiselessly the creature still with her eyes fixed with a settled stare, was reaching out over the table with her long arm, groping here and there as if in search of something. She found it at last—it was the knife on her tray. My aunt saw the figure rise up in bed and she remembers no more.

"In the morning the maid brought the tea early as directed. The door was locked and she was greatly frightened to hear the strangest noises—like the chattering of a mad monkey," she described it afterward. Terrified beyond measure, she flew for the landlord, who, with a couple of his men forced open the door. There on the top of an enormous old-fashioned wardrobe, with smooth glazed doors, was my unfortunate aunt in her night-dress, cowering and gibbering and making the strange chattering noises that so alarmed the maid. On her face was the vacant stare of an idiot. Below her with wild, dishevelled locks and white gown leaped the maniac with noiseless bounds, waving the knife with terrible gestures.

"How my aunt ever reached the top of that impossible height," concluded the officer, "has ever remained a mystery. A fearful illness followed, and on her recovery she remembered no more than I have told you. Her terrible roommate had been subject, we were told afterward, to fits of dementia, but had never been violent, and had not been placed under restraint. Her disease, however, assumed from this period an acute form, and her case is now adjudged hopeless."

An Ungrateful Egyptian.

The first wounded man I attended to was an Egyptian, whose moans were pitiable, and on examination I found severely wounded in the belly. I poured some eau de Cologne down his throat and used my own surgical bandage to bind up his wound so as to keep the flies from it. Then I lit a cigarette put it in his mouth placed more beside him, and gave him a drink of water. He kissed my hand and muttered something about "Allah." I had not left him far when I heard the crack of a rifle and a bullet whizzed past my ear. Looking around I saw the smoke of a shot drifting away from where the wounded man lay, and noticed he was quietly taking aim at me again.

He had time to fire a second shot which also missed me, before I reached him, and I had no compunction in driving the life out of him with my bayonet, remarking to myself as I took the weapon out of him for the last time, "You won't come at that game any more you ungrateful brute!" Many such instances of this treacherous hate occurred. I myself had to wipe out four more wounded Egyptians whom I caught firing at our men after they had passed. To run the bayonet into a man that is down one feels to be hardly the thing, and it was done reluctantly; but in such cases as I have described it was a clear act of compulsory duty.—Arthur V. Palmer, late sergeant Seventy-ninth Highlanders, in Nineteenth Century.

How to Breathe.

"Our young people do not know how to breathe," said an old doctor to an anxious mother whose daughter, a young girl of 17, had had for some time a severe cold that had slightly affected the upper air passages of the lungs. "When the child inflates her lungs as I direct her, you can hear the cracking of all the disused air cells that for the first time have been brought into play all winter. You see, the tendency of all persons is to use only the upper portions of the lungs. It is only after the fatigue and exertion consequent on unusual exercise that the lower part is utilized at all. And just as people can live for years with only one lung sound, so can every one use only the upper portion and feel well enough at the time. Girls, therefore, draw their corset strings and say it doesn't hurt in the least to wear their strappings a little tight; and apparently they are right. They play tennis and ride and row and even swim in their well-pulled stays; but let illness attend them, let them need all their lung room to resist disease, or let cares of maternity come upon them, and they may regret that they wilfully sinned against nature.

"But many err, too, simply through laziness, a lack of knowledge, or through bad habits of partial breathing contracted in youth; but, be that as it may, not one person in 10, or even 20, knows how to breathe. If I had my way, I would teach breathing in every school in the country. Here is an exercise I want your daughter to practise night and morning; and so excellent are its effects, that I have known it even to cure incipient consumption.

While you count 15 slowly, let her take a long breath, so that she can feel it inflating the air cells at the lower part of the lungs. When you reach 15 let her begin to slowly expel the air from the lungs, and keep on till another 15 are counted. A few times will tire her much at first, and bring on fits of coughing; but let her persevere and she will soon be able to do it 10 or 12 times each exercise. And I think I can promise you material benefit."—N. Y. Tribune.

A Little Nonsense.

"Boys, be wise here comes a fool!" exclaimed a great theologian, ceasing to amuse himself by jumping over chairs and tables, he saw a solemn pedantic friend approaching.

"You don't know the luxury of playing the fool," said Lord Chancellor Eldon, as he danced in his own drawing room to a tune of his own singing.

"You are a father, Senor Ambassador, and so we will finish our ride," said Henry IV of France, when the Spanish minister discovered him riding round the room on a stick with his son.

Dugald Stewart the philosopher, was once found by a friend trying to balance a peacock's feather on his nose. His competitor in this contest of skill was Patrick Fraser Tytler, the historian.

Dean Swift used to amuse himself by harnessing his servants with cords and driving them up and down stairs, and through the rooms of the deanery.

Paradise played marbles and ball with little boys, and took part in charades, playing once the "learned pig."

William Pitt, delighted to romp with his children. He was once playing with his niece and nephews, who were trying to blacken his face with a burnt cork. A servant announced that two members of the cabinet desired to see him on business. "Let them wait in the other room," said Pitt, catching up a cushion and belaboring the girls and boys. They got him down and were actually daubing his face, when he said "stop that will do, I could beat you all but must not keep these grandees waiting longer." A basin of water and a towel were brought in, and the great prime minister washed his face, hid the basin, and received the two lords.

Dr. Battie, an eminent London physician, used to amuse himself by gazing at the Punch and Judy show. He was a successful mimic of "Punch" and he once saved a patient's life by imitating that character. The patient was suffering from a swelling in the throat, and the doctor turning his wig, appeared at the bedside with the face and voice of "Punch." The sick man laughed so heartily that the swelling broke, and a complete cure followed. Man is the only animal that can laugh; he, therefore, relishes a little nonsense.—Youth's Companion.

Are Stones Alive?

A few weeks ago the Saturday Republic gave the results of some startling experiments by Mr. Maison Kinne, of California, in which that gentleman laid claim to having discovered sex in mineral atoms. From the following it will be seen that E. D. Walker the scientist and writer, anticipated the Pacific slope philosopher by about two years. The extract given below

is from an article by Mr. Walker written in 1887:

"We generally think of minerals as dead lumps of inactive matter. But they may truthfully be said to be live creatures of vital pulsations and separated into individuals as distinct as pines in a forest or tigers in a jungle. The dispositions of crystals are as diverse as those of animals. They throb with unseen currents of energy. They grow in size as long as they have opportunity. They can be killed, too, though not as easily as an oak or a dog.

"A strong electric current discharged through a crystal will decompose it very rapidly if it be of soft structure, causing the particles to gradually disintegrate in the reverse order to its growth, until the poor thing lies a dead and shapeless ruin. It is true that the crystal's life is unlike that of higher creatures. But the difference between vegetable and animal life is no greater than that between mineral and vegetable life. Linnaeus, the great Swedish naturalist, defined the three kingdoms by saying: "Stones grow, plants grow and feed, animals grow, feed and move."

While Walker mentions nothing but sex in stones, it is plain that his ideas respecting them were identical with the wonderful truths Mr. Kinne thinks he has demonstrated in his microscopical researches.—St. Louis Republic.

Thomas Joseph, Chief.

CHATHAM HEAD, March 23, 1891. Mr. Thomas Joseph, Chief of Big Cove. Sir,—I enclose herewith copy of letter from the Department of Indian Affairs confirming your election as Chief of Big Cove Band of Indians.

CHAS. SARGENT, Agent.

[COPY.]

OTTAWA, February 18, 1891.

Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th instant, with further reference to the matter of the protest against the recent election of Thomas Joseph as Chief of the Big Cove Band of Indians, and in reply I have to inform you that your explanations are quite satisfactory, and you may inform all interested that the election will not be interfered with.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, (Signed) R. SINCLAIR, For the Deputy of the Sup. General of Indian Affairs.

CHAS. SARGENT, Indian Agent, Chatham, N. B.

[COPY.]

OTTAWA, 19th March, 1891.

SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst., asking to be furnished with credentials confirming the election of Thomas Joseph as Chief of the Big Cove Band of Indians, and authorizing him to act as Chief; and in reply I have to inform you that his election is hereby confirmed and he and all concerned should be so notified, and this letter, and yours to him to inform him of his confirmation, is to be regarded as his credentials, and authority to act as Chief of the Big Cove Band.

Your obedient servant, (Signed) L. VANKOUGHNET, Deputy of the Supt. Genl. of Indian Affairs.

CHAS. SARGENT, Esq., Indian Agent, Chatham, N. B.

Well, Sarah, what have you been do to make you look so young? Oh, nothing much, only been using Hall's Hair Restorer to restore the color of my hair.

Wasn't Losing His Memory.

Scotch railway station. Ticket collector in making his collection finds an old gentleman fumbling in his pockets for his ticket.

Ticket Collector—Tickets, please.

Old Gentleman—Well, I'm just lookin' for it.

Ticket Collector—Well, I'll look in again in a few minutes. See and have it ready then.

(Ticket collector returns shortly, but the old gentleman is still hunting for it.)

Ticket Collector (suddenly)—Why, you have it in your mouth, man!

Old Gentleman (giving him the ticket)—Oh, so I hae! Here you are!

Another Gentleman in the carriage as the train moves on to first gentleman—

I'm afraid you're losing your memory, sir.

Old Gentleman—Nae fear o' that; nay fear o' that! The ticket was a fortnicht ould, and I wis jist sookin' the date aff't!

—San Francisco Argonaut.

Doctors differ in opinion as to the cause of that feeling of languor and fatigue so prevalent in the spring; but all agree as to what is the best remedy for it, namely Ayer's Sarsaparilla; it makes the weak strong, and effectually removes the tired feeling.

Locked Into Her Hand.

Gleaner: A very peculiar accident happened in this city a short time since, that has not as yet found its way into print. A lady, living in the upper part of the town, was using an old broom, that had a piece of hay wire coiled round the handle for the purpose of giving it strength, at some outside work. While working with it, in some way, the end of the wire became unfastened and the point of it ran into the palm of one of her hands, lacerating it very badly. She tried in vain to pull it out. A man was called, but his work, besides causing a great deal of suffering, was useless. Another man tried it with the same result. Dr. Coulthard was then summoned, but could not withdraw the wire. He then cut into the palm, and found why all efforts to withdraw it had been unavailing, it was locked in the hand, it had bent into a loop, the free end meeting and hooking the standing wire. It was then taken out and the lady is doing well.

Mr. Hannay on the Loyalists.

Quebec Chronicle: It shows the modern spirit of cosmopolitanism and its accompanying love of fair play and free discussion without prejudice or sentiment that an article lauding and defending the Loyalists should appear in an American magazine. Mr. James Hannay, editor of Gazette, St. John, N. B., in the May number of the New England Magazine, of Boston, takes up the history of the Loyalists from the beginning of the troublous times of the revolutionary war. His article shows an intimate acquaintance with the conditions which immediately preceded the outbreak of hostilities, and in the calm spirit of research, he destroys a great many American pet illusions in regard to the men and doings of this period. The article is profusely illustrated by drawings especially made for it during a long summer vacation by Mr. Louis A. Holman, a young New Brunswick artist, who is now settled in Boston and is doing much good work for the magazines.

The Bright Side.

Cheerfulness becomes a habit, and habits sometimes help us over hard places. A cheerful heart seeth cheerful things.

A lady and gentleman were in a lumber yard situated by a dirty, foul smelling river. The lady said "How good the pine boards smell!"

"Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell this foul river!" "No, thank you," the lady replied, "I prefer to smell the pine boards."

And she was right. If she, or we, can carry this principle through our entire living, we shall have the cheerful heart, the cheerful voice and cheerful face.

There is in some houses an unconscious atmosphere of domestic and social ozone which brightens everybody. Wealth cannot give it, nor can poverty take it away.—Miss Muloch.

You've tried Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have you and you're disappointed. The results are not immediate.

And did you expect the disease of years to disappear in a week? Put a pinch of time in every dose. You would not call the milk poor because the cream doesn't rise in an hour? If there's no water in it the cream is sure to rise. If there's a possible cure Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sure to effect it, if given a fair trial.

You get the one dollar it costs back again if it don't benefit or cure you. We wish we could give you the makers' confidence. They show it by giving the money back again, in all cases not benefited, and it'd surprise you to know how few dollars are needed to keep up the refund.

Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Cures the worst cases permanently. It's "Old Reliable." Twenty-five years of success.

The dog is as ancient as human history. Rome had its fighting dogs, sometimes used in the great arena fighting the lion and other beasts of prey, its knowing dogs, or household pets, and its hunting dogs for the chase. These dogs came from all parts of the earth then known to the Romans. The fighting dogs came from Asia, the house dogs from Greece, and the hunting dogs from Northern Europe. Alexander the Great possessed a dog that could tackle a lion. All the noted personages of ancient times had their valuable and noted dogs. A good dog is still the best of companions, whether for man, woman, or child. Ladies carry them. Men hunt with them, ride with them, walk with them.

The superior merit of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as an anodyne expectorant is due to a skillful combination of the most powerful ingredients. Nothing like it has ever been attempted in pharmacy, and its success in the cure of pulmonary complaints is unparalleled.—Advt.