PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER,.....EDITOR.

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ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR.

"The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years: yet is their strength, labor and sorrow." So wrote the inspired singer, and such is the experience of mankind. Now and then a scientist comes to the conclusion that the normal period of man's life should be not less than a hundred years, and that all born in health and living proper lives should reach mounted by his private articulator, a man that age. For all that, people continue to names CHAPPELL. In this way the murlive and die as they have for centuries and derer made a profit out of the bones by tens of centuries in the past, so that a selling them for anatomical purposes. nonegenarian is a nativ, while the men He fully admits the skeleton business, but ing wonders, when they are found. Usually, at that great age, they are little more than merely living. Seldom are their memories in good condition, and usually they are but feeble specimens of those who have been among the most stalwart in their day and generation.

far there is a isolation from his or Ler fellows. The old friends and associates have passed away, and it is too late in life to form new ties. Very often a father or mother may be the survivor of a family, of which all the sons and daughters have grown old and passed away, In such cases, old age is a burden rather than a boon. It would have seemed better that the law of nature, quoted by the psalmist, had not had its exceptions in some

The most remarkable instance of a really happy exception to the rule is mentioned in another part of this issue. Should Mrs. BLIZRARD, of Queen's county, live nntil next Friday, she will have reached the great age of one hundred and four years Still more remarkable is the fact that her taculties are well preserved, that her bodily health is good, and that ten of her sons and daughters are living to "rise up and call her blessed."

The case of Mrs. BLIZZARD is therefore one of more than special interest. According to all accounts, the venerable lady bids fair to live much longer, and may make a phenomenal record on the statisticts of longevity in this part of the world. Best of all is the fact that she was born in the country and has always lived here, so that so far as the question of climate is concerned, she is a living illustration of the country's health giving qualities. May Mrs. BLIZZARD long enjoy her serene old age.

HOLMES THE HORRIBLE.

It H. H. HOLMES is guilty of one hal the crimes with which he is oharged hanging would seem to be much too good a fate for him. Up to date he is accused of having murdered eleven persons, and there it a strong belief that this is only a partial list. So far there is no direct evidence that he killed anybody, but if circumstantial evidence counts for anything he is responsible for the death of every one of the alleged victims. That

HOLMES was their murderer. HOLMES is now in jul in Philadelphia, waiting to be sentenced on a conviction for having conspired to detraud an insur- routes, where business is reported as more ance company. It will not be worth while | quiet than for many years past. The seato sentence him on this charge, however, son in St. John has been pleasantly cool, if a tithe of his other crimes can be proven.

Holmes is accused, in the first instance of the murder of BENJAMIN F. PITZEL, dry days. who had conspired with him to defraud an insurance company. This man had his life insured for \$10,000, and the plan between the two was to get a body to be passed off as his, the money to be shared by the conspirators, Not long after this, PITZEL was found dead in the building he occupied in Philadelphia, having apparently been killed by an explosion of some chemicals. Tne body was identified, and the money paid. The widow of the murdered man got only \$400, the greater share going to Holmes

and the remainder to a lawyer. Mrs. PITZEL believed her husband to be

s'ill alive and had every confidence in proposes to try the experiment of having HOLMES. He had taken one of the chil- himself buried alive, with the idea that he dren from St. Louis to l'hildelphia to will be in like good condition when resuridentity her father's body, but she never rected ten days later. He proposes to reached home again. He told Mrs, PITZEL she was being cared for in Indianapol's. Then he succeeded in getting two other children to take to Indianapolis. One of these, a boy, is supposed to have been murdered in the latter city, but the two girls were taken to Toronto and smothered in a house HOLMES had rented. Their bodies were dug up in the cellar about four weeks ago.

HOLMES had an extrordinary building in Chicago, known as the "Castle." It was built under his direct supervision and had all sorts of dark rooms, tanks for gas, furnaces, etc, in the basement. Some of these appliances were used by the rascal in various swindling schemes for selling patent processes and the like. In 1892, he was one of a bogus firm, and had one Minnie Williams as a typewriter. She had property to the amount of \$40,000. Both she and a sister who came to visit her disappeared in the Castle, and have never since been seen.

The next typewriter was EMILY CIGRAND, who likewise disappeared in the Castle. The motive in this case is supposed to have been fear that the girl might at some time disclose what she knew about HOLMES. With her disappeared a man named Phelps to whom it was said she was to be married. JULIA CONNOR, who was an assistant of

the fellow in his schemes, also disappeared in September, 1892, and with her disappeared her child. Another employee in the Castle, a girl named VAN TASSELL, is also among the missing.

The Castle appeares to be a veritable Golgotha, for all sorts of bones have been unearthed in the cellar. In most cases, however, Holmes seems to have dissected his victims and had their skeletons

Despite of all that has been found, however, the actual evidence of murder has not been found, so as to convict HOLMES, unless it may be in the instance of the children in Toronto. In the other cases, so Usually, too, when one has journied so far, there appears more of a moral certainty than positive proof. The people have disappeared, and nobody has any idea but that HOLMES killed them. There can be no doubt, however, that the evidence will be sufficiently worked up to make justice a certainty in this most famous case.

In the meantime, the accused takes matters very quietly, and asserts that while he has committed all sorts of crimes and frauds, he has not murdered anybody. Everything can be and will be explained, he says, and he seems to be the least excited of any of the persons connected with the case. All in all, he is a cool viltain, and his trial is likely to be one of the most extraordinary known in the records of this or any other country.

The contention that the Canadian Bisley team should be composed of men who have some title to be called Canadians appears to be sound. The fact that the Queen's cup was won by HAYHURST, an Englishman who was a brief sojourner in this country, and who made his name as a marksman before he came here, proves nothing for Canada or Canadians. The Sun, in discussing the matter, seems to apprehend that there is, logically, some reflection on Major Markham, who is manager of the a great deal of good reading for a very team as well as commander of the Sun Printing company, but there is nothing of the kind. The Major is an Englishman, it is true, but he has been long enough in this country to have the flourishing settlement of Markhamville named by himself in his own honor, and to control an organ of the Canadian government. Besides, all that the Major is in a very different position from HAYHURST. He is a good enough Canadian for all practical purposes.

People who are complaining that there has been scarcely any summer, so far, may be consoled by the knowledge that the cold season is not merely a local condition. New York weather reports show that this they are dead is certain enough, and it is is the coolest summer in twenty-four almost equally certain that nobody but years, or so far back as the official record has been kept, Striking corroboration of this is furnished by the financial returns from the summer hotels and excursion with just enough fog to make the air nice and moist on what would otherwise be very

> General Coxey is to the front again, but this time his movements will not excite the whole continent, as they did a little more take in Parisian wonders .- Inter-Ocean than a year ago. The populists of Ohio. have nominated him as their candidate for governor, and thus the excitement, if any, will be confined to one state. One thing is quite certain, that Coxey's election crowd is likely to be less numerous, and probably more respectable, than the army of tramps and vagabonds which followed him in his famous march to Washington.

A professional mind reader in California does not exceed twenty-five or thirty inche

have himself covered with clarified butter, so as to seal all the pores of the body, be placed in an hermetically sealed coffin and buried six feet under earth. His experiment would be of practical use to humanity if he could persuade all the other cranks in the country to try it at the same time.

From Scott Act Moncton comes the story of a bar-room fight and the death of one of the participants. According to the verdict of the coroner's jury, there was no visible cause of death, and nobody is to blame. The other fighter has accordingly been exonerated. The man who died so suddenly was under the influence of liquor. With the class of liquor for which Moneton has a wide and unenviable notoriety, the wonder is less that an unfortunate drinker should die in a brawl than that such a thing should happen so rarely.

The verses entitled " Newcastle, Miramichi," which are published in this issue of PROGRESS, appeared in the Union Advocate earlier in the week, the writer having, apparently, sent a copy of the mannscript to both papers. The circumstance is not important, but it is mentioned lest some diligeut reader should attract the attention of the fool-killer by writing anonymous letters on the subject.

The idea that a signal flag on this earth might be seen by the inhabitants of the planet Mars is not repudiated by Sir ROBERT BALL, the great astronomer, who even goes so far as to give the dimensions the signal should have. The flag should be as large as Ireland, he says, and the pole not less than five hundred miles high. Anything smaller could not be recognized at that distance.

BOOKS AND MAGIZINES.

The leading article in Donohoe's Magazine for August, is entitled, "The Jesuits and the Republic," by Michael J. Dwyer. and women who are a century old are liv- alleges that the bodies he used were It strongly opposes the idea that the secured from graveyards in various parts | Jesuits are doing otherwise than aiding to build up American character on lines essential to the well being of American institutions. The Magazine has several other strong features, notably, the illustrated papers by Thomas J. Feeney and Edward Gerard, entitled "Glimpses of Gettysburg," and "From Quebec to Chicoutimi." The "Martyrs of Memphis," from the pen of George Barton, chronicling the deeds of heroism evoked by the southern yellow fever epidemics of 1873 and 1878, is a fitting tribute to many who sacrificed their lives in humanity's cause during those memorable visitations. "The British House of Commons" by P. O'Neil Larkin, "Leaders of Men" by Mary E. Blake, "One Phase of a Missionary Tour" by Rev. Samuel B. Hedges, C. S. P., 'Footprints of the Soldier" by C. S. O'Neil and "The Philosophy of Clothes" by Margaret M. Halvey, are among the other timely contributions.

McClure's Magazine for August, has a fine variety of contents. All interested in the Chautauqua movement will be glad to read a very full and well illustrated article on Bishop Vincent and his works. A series of portraits of Dr. Vincent also appears in the "Human Documents" of this number. Rudyard Kipling has an illustrated story of "Hunting in the Jungle." Archibald Forbes has one on 'Moltke in War", while Bret Harte has a California story entitled "A Yellow Dog." A very interesting account of "Tne Great Nothampton Bank Robbery," from the Pinkerton archives, 1s furnished by Cleveland Moffett, who has another article, very appropriate to the season, on "Behind the Scenes in the Circus." McClure's is only \$1 a year or 10 cents a number, and gives

Had Another Wee Day.

If the rain of last Sunday afternoon did not encourage the opponents of Sunday excursions, nothing in the world can. It came down so hard as to prevent even a dodging out of town between showers, for the first shower lasted for five hours. Sunhis war record has been made here, so day observers, have not much to encourage them. On the same day a church in New York State was struck by lightning, and several people who did not go on Sunday excursions were seriously injured, one of

Bernhardt Won Her Case.

Sare Bernhardt drew a large audience to a faris civil court lately, where she was sued for not paying a horse dealer's bill. She said that she always destroyed receipts, but that she had paid this one, and being asked if she would swear to it, said "Je le jure," and won her case. Bernhardt expects to pass the summer in an old ruined castle on the Atlantic coast of Brittany, where she hopes to lead the life of a barbarian - and with no more clothes than a peasant woman would need. She comes to America in October.

Exchange of Products.

W. K. Vanderbilt, jr., has imported a hor eless carriage from Paris. Doubtless the rage will soon begin. In the meantime the fai hful American horse is going to Paris in cans and will furnish visiti g Americans with rich soup and picnic goods, as they

Growth of Human Hair.

Authorities differ as to the rate of growth of the human hair, and it is said to be very dissimilar in different individuals. The most usually accepted calculation gives six and a half inches per annum. An Englishman's hair, allowed to grow to its extreme length, rarely exceeds twelve or fourteen inches; whilst that of a woman will grow in rare instances to seventy or seventy-five inches, though the average

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY Newcastle, Miramichi. I've been back to our birthplace, Nea, to New

castle, Miramichi-Back to the dearest spot, earth holds for you and me; Where boyhood's memories linger like spirits of

Hallowing cliff and river and every prospect there. The old town still queens the hill, her arm on the cliff below.

like a bow; But the old homes are gone, scarce a vestige now Only tints on the landscape flushed with a deeper

While the curve of the mighty river, bends round her

The gurling brook is still, Ned, that ran from Ham-Its music forever silenced by the crush of a railway

The boulder is also gone where the Indian maiden Murdered by her lover, as old traditions say.

The Crusher! Ah, yes, Reed's mill (The wags called it "Crusher" for sport, And some, "Blueberry Grinder." It lay beneath the fort.)

It is gone, mill and owner are gone, gone from the river side; It would pain your neighborly heart to learn how

the poor man died. Was the swimming good in the Cove? Do you think I am still a boy To go swimming like a duckling because the water

was nigh? My limbs are growing stiff and I have not the spurk

of a dwarf. And yet, let me whisper, I did take a plunge from Leddin's wharf.

And, do you believe it, Ned! when I shock my head of the brine, And saw the chiffs and creek's, and that gloricus

water line, East wavelet gave back a face to me and yours with

But the faces were water-phantoms and sank wit the passing crest. Thus time has brought its changes to those old play-

spots of ours-As well expect that years can be the same as hours As that the town where the river curves round like a bended bow

Can be the same old town of thirty years ago. Old spots, old homes, old playmates have changed or disappeared Why, strangers looked askance at me] where you

and I were reared.) Tis the luck of all things human, Ned,-but the town still stands. And her memory is a perfume to her sons in other

Luone. Far away in the world of the past, When I sit in the twilight alone, I see, as I looked on it last, The beautiful face of Luone.

The scarf and the plume that she wore; In the grove where so often we met, Are there, just the same as before; I had counseled my heart to forget.

Illumined the world, while we drapk From the turbulent stream of desire, And plucked the wild fruit on its bank; We loved, but the wind that was chill

We loved, and love's reseate fire

Blew between us and never again Could the touch of her hand make a thrill That was not a prelude to pain. We parted, alas, her last word!

The tremulous tender good by That fluttered between us, unheard, Except by the wind and the sky;-Except by the wind and my soul,

And these never cease to repeat That word, through the years as they roll, Remoursefully, mournfully sweet.

Has the face that I see far away Changed not through the years that are flown? Are those blue eyes as brilliant today As they were when they looked in my own?

Though the distance and darkness deceive, And the heavens be mute and morose, It is better perchance to believe The vision than question to close.

Let me look far away in the past When I sat among shadows alone. And see, as I looked on it last, The sorrowful face of Luone.

The Golden Side. There is many a rest on the road of life,

If we would only stop to take it, And many a tone from the better land If the querulous heart would wake it, To the sunny soul that is full of hope, And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth, The grass is green, and the flowers are bright Though the wintery storm prevaileth. Better to hope, though clouds hang low,

And to keep the eyes still lifted, For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through When the ominous clouds are ritted There was never a night without a day. Nor an evening without a morning. And the darkest hour, the proverb goes, Is the hour before the dawning.

There's many a gem in the path of life Which we pass in idle pleasure, That is richer far than the jewelled crown Or a miser's hoarded treasure. It may be the love of a little child, Or a mother's prayer to heaven, Or only a beggar's grateful thanks For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life A bright and golden filling, And to do God's will with a steady heart And hands that are swift and willing, Than to snap the delicate silver thread Of our curious lives asunder. And then blame heaven for the tangled ends, Aud sit to grieve and wonder.

Whatever is-is Best. I know as my life grows older,

And mine eyes have clearer sight, That under each rank wrong, somewhere There lies the root of Right; That each sorrow has its purpos By the sorrowing oft unguessed, But as sure as the sun brings morning, I know that each sinful action,

As sure as the night brings shade, Is somewhere, sometime punished, Tho' the hour be long delayed. I know that the soul is aided Sometimes by the heart's unrest And to grow means often to suffer-But whatever is-is best. I know there are no errors

In the great eternal plar, And all things work together For the final good of man. And I know when my soul speeds onward In its grand eternal quest, I shall say, as I look back eastward, Whatever is—is best.
—Eila Wheeler Wilcox.

After the shower, the tranquil sun; After the snow, the emerald leaves; Silver stars when the day is gone; After the harvest golden sheaves. After the clouds, the violet sky; After the storm, the lull of waves; Quiet wood when the wind goes by; After the battle peaceful graves.

After.

After the knell, the wedding bells;
After the bud, the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells; After our weeping, sweet repose After the burden, the blissful meed, After the flight, the downy nest; After the furrow, the waking seed? After the shadowy river—rest.

LORD ROSEBERY. Incidents in the Early Life of the Late Pre-

mier of Great Britain. It was under the shadow of the ivycovered ruins of Barnbougle Castle that Lord Dalmeny made his first speech. The occasion was a volunteer review on the 5th of September, 1861. Lord Dalmeny, then 14 years old, replied to the toast of the heir with self-possession. A speech from ent a man as Dundas of Dundas, the vicelieutenant of the county, hazarded the prevolunteer luncheon they had heard one of Britain's future Prime Ministers. The not only by the speech, but by the extraordinary letters which he had received from the youth. It is added that "the

prospect did not seem to meet with the ap-

proval of Lord Dalmeny's grandtather."

Of his Eton days there are faint memories. The late Lord Randolph Churchill, who was among his contemporaries, could tell how his grave demeanor obtained for him the name of the Counsellor. From E:on breakfast, and where he earned the reputation of being "clever enough." He known as "tuft," the mark of noblemen and their sons. In his time the dons abolished the "gaudles" of banquets in halls. But they did not give official intimation of the fact; and, on All Saints' Day, Lord Dalmeny, in gown of violet and gold. entered the hall with a bottle of wine in each hand. The senior censor hurried down from the high table and protested; but the champion of liberty was allowed the two bottles of wine.

A story is told which, if true - as it ought to be-would show that Lord Rosebery began early to be a courtier. Soon after he left Christchurch, being in the neighborhood of Windsor Castle, he met the Queen. and her Majesty, recognizing the young lord accosted him and made a remark on the clemency of the weather. "Madam" said the flatterer, "it is always fine where you that it made."

The little things of life interest Lora Rosebery. Although not whmsical, he is particular about everything about him; even about the position in which a table may be placed. He is a collector of tiny articles which can be handled and looked at, such as old silver and chipa, and all sorts of knick-knacks. The relics of great men appeal to his fancy. There are many relics of Napoleon in Barnbougle Castle, It may be remembered that the theft of a snuff box from the noble lora's room in the Foreign Office gave rise to the report that he took snuff. This is part of the stage machinery of the diplomatist, the credulous persons believed that Lord Rosebery used snuff in his interviews with ambassators. As a matter of fact, he is a collector of snuffboxes. He possesses those of Napoleon and Pitt, also one belonging to Hogarth, and engraved by the artist himself, which he got as a gift. For rare and odd books likewise he rummages in shops. His taste, for animals includes a fondness for badgers several families of these being carefully preserved in Dalmeny woods .- The Woman at Home.

Beards on the Coming Woman.

Will the coming woman be a bearded Amazion and the coming man a weak and hairless treak? We are told by the anthropologist, the physiologists, and other "ists" that the coming man will be as bald as a billiard ball, and that his face will as smooth as that of a babe. We had begun to reconcile ourselves to the inevitable, but now the scientists have made the startling announcement that the beardless and hairless man will have a bearded woman for a companion, provided, of course, that he has any kind of a female "helpmeet." This amazing information is put before the world by a learned German, who asserts that mustaches are much more common among women than they were fifty or even twenty years ago. In Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople he says, one out of each ten women has an unmistakable covering of down upon the upper lip, while one out of each twenty has a very fair mustache. Iu Spain, also, the proportion of women with this masculine characteristic is shown to be as great as it is in the German capital, or in the city on the Golden Horn. In America, too, this learned German says, medical men tell him that from 3 to 8 per cent of the ladies are similarly adorned, and that a still larger per cent get rid of the unwelcome hairs by the application of depilatory preparations. What is the meaning of this wonderful increase in bearded women? Is it to be regarded as a sign of human race, or the contrary? -St Louis her friends on her familiarity with Tutti Frutti Republic.

Some Swift Trains.

Between Jersey City and Philadelphia it is a common occurrence for the engines hauling the Blue Line trains to reach 90 miles an hour. Speeds of over 84 miles an hour are often made by the Philadelphia and Reading and Central New Jersey flyers. In this country a Great Northern train has made 81.4 miles an hour, while a Midland train between London and Scotland has run up to the same speed, The London and North-Western has gone up to 81.8. The Continent of Europe does not appear to afford any examples at all approximating the American and English records, a fact attributable to the conservative dislike of the Government officials to high speed rather than to actual inability.

Queen Victoria's Rebuke.

Speaking of the womanly qualities of the Queen reminds me of a good story told of some one-I forget the name for the moment-who has the hereditary right to wear his hat in the presence of the sovereign. Availing himself of the privilege in the presence of the Queen, Her Majesty quickly noticed the incident, and thou mayest i-ron your own bloo-mers, do your quietly remarked that, although a gentleman might have the right to wear his hat

in the presence of the Queen, it was not usual for one to do so in the presence of a lady .- Ladies' Pictorial.

HUXLEY AND THE BISHOP.

The Scientist had a Good Retort Ready for the Learned Ecclesiastic.

Anecdotes of Huxley are now in order, and it is related of the British Association meeting in Oxford in 1860, when the bata boy in his early teens always appears the of the "Origin of Species" occurred, astonishing to Scotchmen, and so promin- that he rather got the best of Bishop Wilberforce during the discussion. The lecture-room in which it had been arranged diction that in the young speaker at the that the discussion should be held proved far too small for the audience, and the meeting adjourned to the library and the prediction, as he explained, was prompted museum, which was crammed to suffocation long before the champions entered the lists. Tae Bishop (Wilberforce) was up to time, and spoke for fall half an hour with inimitable spirit, emptiness, and unfairness. It was evident from his handling of the subject that he had been "crammed" up to the throat, and that he knew nothing at first hand. He ridiculed Darwin badly and Huxley savagely. Unfortunately, the Bishop, hurried along on the current of his he went Oxford, where he took claret at eloquence, so far forgot himself as to push his attempted advantage to to the verge of personality in a telling passage, in which was one of the last under graduates of he turned round and asked whether Christenurch who wore the gold tassel, Hux'ey was related by his grandfathers, or mother's side to an ape.

Huxley, when his time for a reply came, had this to say: "I asserted, and I repeat that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for a grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling it would be a man, a man of restless and versatile intellect, who not content with an equivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquantance, only to obscure them by an aimless rhetoric and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice."

The late Professor Fawcett, who was present on the occasion, wrote afterward: 'The retort was so justly deserved and so inimitable in its manner that no one who was present can ever forget the impression

What Water Can Do.

The effect of the hydraulic motor, which is now used for the purpose or removing masses of earth, well-nigh passes belief.

A stream of water issuing from a pipe six inches in diameter, with a fall behind it of 375 teet, will carry away a solid rock weighing a ton or more to a distance of fit y or a hundred feet.

The velocity of the stream is terrific, and the column of water projected is so solid that if a crowbar or other heavy object be thrust against it the impinging object will be hurled a considerable distance. By this stream of water a man would be instantly killed if he came into contact with it, even at a distance of two hundred

At two hundre i feet from the nozzle a six-inch stream, with 375 feet fall, projected momentarily against the trunk of a tree, will in a second denude it of the heaviest bark as cleanly as if it had been cut with

Whenever such a stream is turned against a bank it cuts and burrows it in every direction, hollowing out great caves, and causing tons of earth to melt and fall

and be washed away in the sluices. FILOSOFY AND FOLLY,

A kind word may be spoken with apparent harshness, but harsh words are never kindly ut-

A chance acquaintance,-The wheel-of-fortune

There is more Philosofy in folly, then there is

folly in philosophy. When cows are run on the cocoanut plan, the poor" milkman will be rich no longer, but the

milk will. There are two things most people dread, the maturity of a chicken and that of a note.

There'll be no "traces" of this accident, said the driver, as he threw them into the river. The same old familiar base bawl, may still be ob-

served in most progressive families. 'Tis better to 'look over' some things than to

overlook them. Gray hairs in the head may be a sign of weakness but when discovered in the butter may be a

If potatoes wore smoked eye-glasses, they would not see the onion weep before and after.

Before she went to Boston she simply "Chawed Gum" after she returns she 'majestically masticates the mucilaguious excrescence or secretion of a vegetable growth commonly designated & Piner's Alba, intermingled with a slight flavoring of vanilla and saccharine matter, the elasticity of which admits of sufficent rapidity of motion of the lowermost physical or mental improvement of the aw, to enable her the more readily to consternate TESTIMONIAL.

FROG HOLLOW, Feby, 31, 18-Gentlemen: I contracted a severe sentence, which but for the life giving properties of your "Balm of Liveforever' would eave resulted fatally. The electrocutioner was about to pinion me in the electric chair which proved disastrous to so many, when I be thought my selt to ask as a dying favor, that I have a smal cose of your justly celebrated preparation. the gentlemanly electrocutioner acceeded to the reguest, and after taking a small quantity I told him to do his worst, he then "turned on the gas,," or electric fluid which was to consign me to a place where your preparation is unknown, when, I am happy to state, the power of your medicine asserted itseft the effect of the shock was as that of death, but when I was handed over to the students for dissection, I became re-animated, and after promising to send a bottle of "Balm of liveforever" to each of the students I was allowed to depart, rejoicing that I ever read of your life saving and invaluable medi-

Her mother inadvertently called her daughter by the good old name of "Mary," but the offspring at once "sat" upon her as follows. See here my maternal benefactor, I would have thee understand, that since I was admitted to that noblest of in stitutions, the "Young Ladies Seminary" my old name of Mary has by mutual consent been consign. ed to oblivion, and I am henceforth to be known as "Marie"-mother-all right, "Marie" henceforth own wash-ing and cook your own pan-cakies.