Victoria Warder

And Weekly Commercial Advertiser.

Published Every Wednesday by Joseph Cooper.] "OPINION IS THE GREAT ENGINE THAT GOVERNS THE UNIVERSE." TERMS—One Dollar a Year in Advance.

Vol. XVII—Number 24.] LINDSAY, ONT., CANADA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1872. [Whole Number 861.

The Victoria Warder

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY,

—BY—

JOSEPH COOPER,

Editor and Proprietor.

At the Low Rate of $1 a Year,

IN ADVANCE.

JOB PRINTING!

Of Every Description Executed with Neatness and Despatch,

AT THE VERY LOWEST RATES

A Liberal Discount Allowed on Yearly Advertisements.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

THOMAS W. POOLE, M. D., CORONER, LINDSAY. March 1870.

VINCENT C. CORNWALL, M. D. OFFICE and Residence, North Side of Kingsth., Omemee.

A. W. J. DEGRASSI, M. D. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. CORONER. Residence—Brick Cottage lately occupied by Dr. Martin, Lindsay, Ontario.

DR. GEORGE A. NORRIS, GRADUATE of the University of Victoria College Licentiate Royal College Surgeons England, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Associate Coroner, County of Victoria, Ont.

R. A. HERRIMAN, M. D. PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur, Wellington Street, Lindsay. Office and residence—in the Blue Cottage back of the Methodist Church.

DR. J. M. MART, GRADUATE of Trinity College, Toronto. Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office—Residence, John Chadenuing, Esq. Cambray.

G. TWEEDIE, M. D., PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, and Accoucheur, Oakwood.

Residence and Office—The Brick Cottage, immediately west of the Bible Christian New Brick Church.

C. L. COULTER, M. D. PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c. Medical Referee to the National Life Insurance Company Office in his Drug Warehouse, next door to the Ontario Bank, Kent St. Lindsay.

Special attention given to diseases of the Heart and Lungs.

E. JENSON, M. D., GRADUATE of Bellevue Hospital, Medical College, New York, and of Victoria college, Canada, Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office, One door north of Boyntan's Hotel, Wm. St., Lindsay.

Diseases of the Eye and Ear specially attended to.

LEGAL.

P. S. MARTIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Solicitor for the Ontario Bank. Office, over Foley's Hardware Store, Kent St., Lindsay.

ARTHUR O'LEARY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor, &c.—Office, Knowlson's Block, corner Kent & Wm. Sts., Lindsay, Ont. Entrance, First Door on Wm. St.

D. J. McINTYRE, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, &c., Lindsay. Office—Over Ontario Bank, Kent Street. Money to lend at 7½ per cent. on real estate securities.

MR. JAY KETCHUM, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary Public, &c. Office over Mr. T. Beall's Book Store, North Side of Kent Street, Lindsay.

FAIRBAIRN & POUSSETTE, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors &c. &c., Lindsay, Ontario. Office.—Over store of J. Lancashire & Co. ☞ Money to lend on Improved Farm Property.

T. M. FAIRBAIRN, A. P. POUSSETTE. 1st June, 1872.

CAMERON & DORMER, BARRISTERS and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c. Hector Cameron, M.A. | Geo. Dormer, B.A.

DENNISTOUN & HUDSPETH, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, and Notaries Public. Two doors east of Victoria Hotel, Kent Street, Lindsay. A. T. DENNISTOUN. | A. HUDSPETH.

CHARLES B. ORDE, LAW, Chancery and Conveyancing office in same apartments occupied by E. D. Orde, Lindsay.

AGENT.

JOHN KELLY, AGENT for the Core District Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Associate Coroner County Victoria. Commissioner for taking affidavits, &c., &c., Little Britain.

C. KNOWLSON, AGENT for the Cole District Mutual Assurance Company, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Commissioner for taking Affidavits Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company, Conveyancer, &c., Omemee.

WM. LLOYD RUSSELL, LINDSAY Ont. Office, Corner of Kent and Wm. Sts., Land, Estate & General Agent, Auctioneer, &c. Lands, shares and mortgages Bought and Sold. Loans negotiated and investments made. Farm Lands and cultivated Farms in very desirable districts for sale. Special Attention given to forwarding, (through Agent in Toronto) Land Claims, the settlement of land claims, timber limits from the Crown Lands Department.

References—Geo. Kempt, Esq., M. P.; T. Mitchell Esq., M. P. P.; T. Keenan, Esq., M. P.; Cockburn, Esq.

MUSICAL.

MRS. B. T. STEPHENS, TEACHER ON THE PIANO-FORTE East Street, opposite the Duff Shed.—Lessons on the Organ and Melodeon given. Terms on application at her residence.

MUSIC LESSONS. CATHER, Pianist and Organist, begs to intimate that he is prepared to give lessons at the residence of Pupils, and also at his own residence. For terms and further particulars apply at Kelner's jewellery store.

HOTELS.

VICTORIA HOUSE. WORKMAN'S Brick Block, (opposite Mesdrs. Fihey's Hardware Store, (Cor. Kent & York Sts., Lindsay. New house & Furniture. The travelling community will find every accommodation. The bar supplied with the best wines, liquors, &c. Large shed & good stabling. An attentive Hostler always in attendance.

EDWARD VEITCH, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL, Re-Opened. THE subscriber having thoroughly renovated and fitted up the premises adjoining the Post Office, formerly occupied by him, is prepared to accommodate any of his old customers who may favour him with a call in as comfortable and attentive a manner as ever. Superior stabling, driving sheds, and extensive yard attached.

R. G. BELL.

Victoria Warder

And Weekly Commercial Advertiser.

DANIEL LACK, BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR! BEGS most respectfully to announce to the inhabitants of Lindsay and neighborhood that he has commenced business in the above line, and hopes by strict attention to all orders intrusted to him, to merit a share of their patronage. Particular attention paid to all kinds of Jobbing.

WM. DUFFUS, PRACTICAL ARCHITECT, CAMBRIDGE STREET, SOUTH. (PRELIMINARY SKETCHES.) DESIGNS, Plans, Specifications, Details and Estimates for Buildings of every class, prepared in the most approved modern style. The Warming and Ventilation, as well as the erection of buildings superintended when desired. Measurements and valuations promptly attended to. CHARGES MODERATE.

FREDERICK BICK, BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR! BEGS most respectfully to announce to the inhabitants of Lindsay and neighborhood that he has commenced business in the above line in this town, and hopes by strict attention to all orders intrusted to him to merit a share of their patronage. ☞ A Stock of Doors, Window Mouldings, &c. always kept on hand or made to order on the shortest notice. ESTIMATES given for all kinds of work in the above line. Lindsay, May 9th, 1871.

Anchor Line! THE SAFEST ROUTE! Cheap passages to & from Europe THE ANCHOR LINE of Trans-Atlantic Steam-Packet Ships, sailing regularly from New York every Wednesday and Saturday. ☞ Passengers Booked in Lindsay at cheapest currency rates to and from every Railway Station in Europe and America. Apply to R. S. PORTER, Bookseller, Stationer and Newsdealer

NEW Book Store! Sheet Music, Stationery, School Books, ROOM PAPER, Window Blinds, Wrapping paper, & Twines, CHEAP FOR CASH. All orders punctually attended to. STUART MATHIAS, Wholesale & Retail Bookseller and Stationer, Opposite Jewett House, Kent St. Next door to Corcoran & Ellis.

Teeth Extracted POSITIVELY WITHOUT PAIN, BY THE USE OF NITROUS OXIDE (LAUGHING GAS.)

MR. NEELANDS While in New York, having spent some time in the rooms of the Citizens Dental Association, studied fully under Dr. Colton, the proper mode of manufacturing this gas, also the best manner of administering it to patients. Dr. Colton was the first person who ever used this gas for extracting teeth. He has an establishment in the Cooper Institute devoted entirely to extracting teeth, and in six years he has successfully administered it to forty-four thousand persons whose names are registered on a roll.

Mr. NEELANDS having had several years' experience in administering this gas, can, with pleasure and confidence, recommend it to the public as a safe and valuable anæsthetic.

Beautiful gold fillings inserted on a new principle.

All the operations connected with dentistry skilfully performed.

OFFICE.—Next door to S. & O. Bigelow's store, Kent street, Lindsay.

TheGardner! PATENT SEWING MACHINE. The Latest! The Simplest! The Best! SEWING MACHINE! EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC. This is the opinion expressed by practical machinists, whose business leads them to examine the qualities of the different machines.

In offering the GARDNER SEWING MACHINE to the inhabitants of the County of Victoria, the agent feels certain it is unrivalled as a general sewer, whilst it has attachments for doing more kinds of Fancy Work, with greater comfort to the operator than any other machine. A trial will convince all that these are only plain facts, and the excellency of the machine will on a very short trial be apparent to all.

TO FARMERS It is most useful, as it will do all kinds of Heavy Sewing, as also the most critical of fine work, as well as Quilting, Binding, Quilting, Hemming, Tucking, Frilling, &c. The Gardner Sewing Machine is for sale at the store of JOHN LYONS, Wm.-st. and at the Grocery House of W. J. ROBINSON, Kent st. Next door east of Jas. Watson's, corner of William and Kent Streets.

D. CAMPBELL, the general agent, is a resident of Lindsay, and can be found at either of the above places, and will be happy to give instructions to all purchasers of machines, from time to time, at their residence free of charge.

Terms to suit all. Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN JOHNSTON, THE oldest established tailor in Lindsay, (Shop on east side of Wm. St.) is prepared to execute all orders. All work warranted to give satisfaction at reasonable prices.

L. M. CATHER, Veterinary Surgeon, Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary school Toronto. By appointment, Veterinary Surgeon to the S. R. Agricultural Society. OFFICE.—Melbourn Street, third street south of the Post office. ☞ Horses Examined as to Soundness. AGENT FOR LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY.

BRYAN GUNIGAL'S NEW Livery Stable, York St. Lindsay.—Horses and Carriages for hire on the most reasonable terms.

TEMPERANCE Eating House AND GROCERY. Knowlson's Brick Block, William Street, LINDSAY. FRED. J. JONES, Proprietor. THE subscriber begs to inform the inhabitants of Lindsay and surrounding country that he has fitted up the store lately occupied by Mr. Dubuque, as a Temperance Eating House and hopes by strict attention to business, combined with cleanliness and civility, to merit a share of their patronage. ☞ Daily Papers and Magazines kept for the use of the public. Also a well selected stock of Groceries and Confectioner. Which he intends selling Cheap for Cash. FRED. J. JONES. Lindsay, March 6, 1872.

HENRY HUGHES, Auctioneer, House, Land and Commission Agent. REFERENCES,—George Kempt, Esq., M. P., S. C. Wood, Esq., M. P. P., and Geo. Dormer, Esq., Mayor. Also agent for the following Publications, published by E. C. Allen & Co., Augusta, Maine: The People's Literary Companion, and Our Young Folk's Illustrated Paper, The former published weekly at $2 per annum, and the latter semi-monthly at $1.25 per annum. Each subscriber receiving a Premium of a large steel Engraving, Beautifully framed and sent by Express, with Express charges fully paid. Also, agent for ANSON'S PATENT FIRE PROOF PAINT, for Wooden Buildings and Particularly for Shingle roofs. $2, worth of this Paint will Cover 1000 square feet and will not take fire though subject to intense heat and showered by Sparks and red Hot Coals, rendering all wood Work as safe against fire as Slate. Orders for the above respectfully solicited. Office in the Brick Building in rear of the Ontario Bank, York Street. Residence, Maple Cottage, Glenelg Street. Lindsay, May 1 1872.

DAILY LINE TO ROCHESTER.

THE NEW LAKE STEAMER NORSEMAN! Will on, or about the FIRST APRIL next commence her regular daily trips, Ice permitting, Having Cobourg every morning at 7:30, Port Hope at 9 o'clock, for Rochester. Connecting there with the New York Central, Northern Central, and Erie Railways for all points East and South and South-west. Returning.—Leaves Charlotte Port of Rochester, every evening at 5 o'clock (except Saturdays, when she leaves at 2 p. m., for Brighton direct.) The steamer calls at Brighton, Mondays and Thursdays; at Colborne, every day, except Wednesday, at Whitby, Oshawa, Darlington, and Newcastle on Wednesday should freight offer. Dealers in Stock will find this the Cheapest and Quickest route to Albany, Boston, New York, &c., &c. Address B. C. CARTER, Port Hope.

FOR SALE! Town Lot Number Twelve, on the South side of Bond Street, IN THE TOWN OF LINDSAY, containing one half acre of land. This is a very eligible building site, being prettily situated on the slope of the hill near the new Methodist Church, and commanding a view of the whole town. TERMS CASH. TITLE PERFECT. Apply to JAS. WATSON, or E. D. ORDE, his agent. Lindsay, March 20th, 1872.

MIDLAND RAILWAY OF CANADA. TIME TABLE: On and after Monday, May 27th, trains will run as follows: GOING NORTH—MAIL. Port Hope, depart ... 9.20 a.m. Lindsay, arrive ... 11.25 do depart ... 11.35 Beaverton, arrive ... 12.30 p.m. MIXED. Port Hope, depart ... 2.15 p.m. Lindsay, arrive ... 6.00 GOING SOUTH—MAIL. Beaverton, depart ... 3.00 p.m. Lindsay, arrive ... 4.05 do depart ... 4.10 Port Hope, arrive ... 6.10 MIXED. Lindsay, depart ... 8.00 a. Port Hope, arrive ... 12.30 p.m. R. G. TAYLOR, Supt of Trains

Poetry

Home Again.

Yes, there is the old, old home!
The garden trim and neat,
The gamble roof of ancient shape,
The rustic wooden seat;
The very smoke, it curls aloft
As it was wont to do,
When years ago, with heavy heart,
I bade my home adieu.

The rustic stile on which I lean,
The fields all round me spread:
The silver stream in yonder glade,
The trees above my head;
The waving corn, like yellow gold,
The hedges thick and green,
All tell me that I'm back again
In some familiar scene.

The little church whose old gray spire
Stands dark against the sky,
Now throws its shadow o'er the grave
Where both my brothers lie;
And there's the tree I loved to climb,
And swing among its boughs;
The tree where happy lover's came
To whisper lover's vows.

How many, many weary years
Have passed since that glad time;
With shrinking feet I've often had
The hills of life to climb;
Still climb brave heart and do not fail;
Half way, O, never stop,
For though 'tis gloomy in the vale,
There's sunlight at the top.

The evening sun is setting red,
I cannot see things clear;
A trembling at my heart tells me
I must not linger here;
I'll pass the door, and lightly tap
Upon the window pane;
"Hi! mother, father, quick! come here,
Your boy is home again."

"Thank God! 'tis true, it is the lad!"
O, who can tell their joy;
With streaming eyes and grateful hearts
They welcome back their boy,
His manly beard and sailor's dress
Delight their wondering eyes,
While listening to his marvellous tales
Of foreign lands and skies.

Far, far, into the happy night
They sit around the fire;
The father gazes on his son,
The son upon his sire;
Then with their hearts all full of joy,
Forget all sorrow and pain,
They give their thanks to Him who bro't
The wanderer home again.

Literature.

MY WIDOW.

Jones advised me not to marry her—he said she was too young and pretty.

Farnum advised me to be an old bachelor—told me a man past forty simply made a fool of himself by matrimony.

Tewksberry, a man who is notorious for never minding his own business, told me she had a love affair with Harry Birmingham before he went south.

Allen shook his head and said Clara Myers might be very pretty, but he liked somebody maturer and settled. (N.B. He married his housekeeper the day week, and she is mature enough for Methuselah himself.)

Everybody thought I was trying a dangerous experiment; but I didn't pretend to suit everybody, so I simply suited myself. I went quietly to church with Clara Myers, and married her one glorious January morning, when the old St. Paul's was fringed with glittering icicles, and the brisk wind was freighted with the particles of flying snow, like a battalion of diamonds on a fadble quick. She was nineteen, and I was nine-and-thirty. She was as beautiful as a rosebud; I was a rough old codger, sound enough at heart, but, like a winter apple, unpromising on the exterior.

In short, we were as unlike as May and November; and the good natured world shook its head and said, "No good could come of such an unequal match." But she said she loved me, and I believed her. Nobody could look into Clara's blue eyes and not believe her, you see.

The next day I made a will and bequeathed all my property unconditionally to my wife.

'Are you sure you are doing a wise thing, Mr. Folliot?' said Mr. Mardyn, the lawyer, pushing his blue spectacles up on his forehead, until he looked like an old bald gazing with a double pair of eyes. 'You see she is very much younger than yourself, and—'

'Please be so kind as to mind your own business!' said I brusquely. 'Don't be offended, Mardyn, but really, people seem to suppose I am not able to attend to my own affairs.'

'Just as you please,' said Mardyn in a rage. 'I am a mere tool in your hands.'

'That's it, exactly,' said I. So I signed the will and went home to Clara.

'Oh, Paul! you must not die!' said Clara, with a scared look, when I told her what I had done. 'Nobody ever loved me as truly as you have done, and I don't know what I should do if you were taken away.'

There was a young Birmingham, if all reports were true—' I mischievously began; but the cull on Clara's lip stopped me. 'A mere butterfly!' she sighed haughtily, 'without either brains or principle. Paul! Paul! I have found a shelter in your true, loving heart, and I mean to nestle there always!'

And then she cried—this foolish, soft-hearted little wife of mine.

Jones and Tewksberry might have called this policy. Farnum might have said it was cating. But it was very pleasant, and I felt more than ever like a man who had found some precious jewel and pores it like an amulet on his breast.

So things went on until the firm of which I was managing partner needed to send some one to Calcutta to see after a tangled concerned of an agent who had absconded with more money than we could well afford to lose. Morrison was old and feeble; Hewitt's wife lay very ill; so I was the one to go. I kissed Clara good-by as cheerfully as I could, fully expecting to be back in three months or so.

I had followed the agent up into the mountains of India. I fell ill of one of those burning climatic fevers in the bungalow of an old native priest, and the months flew by until it was more than a year before I found myself on the deck of the Blue-eyed Mary steaming into New York harbor.

And all this time Clara had not heard a word from me. I had written to her to prepare her for what seemed almost like my rising from the dead; but I had afterwards found my letters in the pocket of the neglectful native servant who had undertaken to deliver the mail to the Calcutta office. 'But it don't matter so much now,' I thought; 'she will be more delighted, poor little girl!' and then a cold chill seemed to creep through all my veins, like November's wind suddenly breathing across a bed of flowers.

Clara had heard nothing of me for nearly fifteen months. What might have happened in that time? All that Tewksberry, and Jones, and Allen, and other prophetic rarets of my acquaintance had said, recurred to my mind like the burden of an uneasy dream. I had been counting the hours and the very minutes, until we could touch port; but now that my feet ranged once more upon the pavement of my native city, I actually dared not go home! I turned into a downtown restaurant, where I had been wont to go in the days of my bachelorhood, and slunk into that dark corner. The twilight was just falling, and I was sheltered by the partition. Hush! That was Tewksberry's voice—harsh and jarring as of old.

'Just what might have been expected,' said Tewksberry. 'Pretty and young widows don't go begging in this market!'

'Folliot might have known it!' growled old Farnum. 'Poor Folliot! There were some good points about him, too. Sad thing that, very sad thing!'

'We must all die,' said Tewksberry, gravely.

'Yes, but a fellow would naturally prefer dying in his bed to being carried off by an East Indian fever and buried in the jungles.'

I shuddered. Had I come home to my own funeral as it were?

'And she is going to marry young Birmingham, after all!' added Farnum.

The paper dropped from my hand.

'I could have told Folliot so when I found out what a confounded idiotic will he had made,' said Tewksberry. 'So gold has fallen again. Just my luck, I sold out to-day.'

I staid to hear no more, but staggered out into the darkness with one idea whirling through my dizzy brain—my Clara was mine no longer.

It was questionable what Tewksberry had said. I might have anticipated some such end. She was too young, too lovely, for such a rough fellow as I was. 'My widow!' what a curious sensation the words gave as I mentally pronounced them.

Under my own windows, with the ruby red light shining under the wine-colored damask curtains, I stood there feeling as Rip Van Winkle might have felt in the play—like a dead man walking on the earth once more. Voices and lights were within. I opened the door softly and crept into the hall. The drawing room door was ajar. Clara herself stood before the fire, with a frill of white crape on her auburn gold tresses—the awful sign of her widowhood. Directly opposite stood Harry Birmingham looking diabolically young and handsome in the soft light.

'Clara, Clara!' he cried, 'you are surely not in earnest. You will reconsider?'

'My answer is final,' she replied. 'The time might once have been when I had a childish liking for you, Harry Birmingham. But that time has long since passed away. I gave my heart to the best and noblest man that ever breathed, Paul Folliot, and in his grave it is forever buried. I loved him once; I shall love him into eternity; I never was half worthy of him, but—'

And Clara's voice was choked with sobs.

My love! my darling! my own precious wife!

How I ever got into the room—how I managed to make Clara comprehend that I was my own living self, and not a ghost arisen from the shadow of the sepulchre, I cannot tell to this day. Neither can she. But I know that young Birmingham somehow disappeared, and I was standing with Clara clasped to my breast the happiest man that ever breathed God's blessed air.

For Jones, Tewksberry, Farnum & Co. were all wrong; and to use the words of the orthodox fairy stories slightly paraphrased, I and my widow 'lived happy ever afterward.'

BEECHER'S FAREWELL FOR THE SEASON.—We find the following in one of our exchanges from New York.—"A large proportion of members of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, have gone to the country for the summer season, and their pastor will follow their example during the week. Last evening he preached the farewell sermon to an unusually small congregation. In speaking of the necessity of religion to perfect success in business, he alluded to the life of the late Col. Fisk, whose career, he said, pursued to its close, would hardly be looked upon in the light of success. 'But let no man imagine,' said, 'that his brilliant achievements were in any measure due to his ungodliness; to the fact that he despised men, if not God. They were owing solely to the few good qualities he possessed, his indomitable perseverance, and untiring energy. He was bold and cautious, two most necessary qualifications for a business man. 'The saddest thing I ever saw,' he added, 'was that of Daniel Webster as he went home to die. His career was what the world calls a successful one, though virtue was certainly not his besetting sin. He wished for the Presidency, and he might have had it; but at that moment, heartbroken and despairing, I think not he would have sacrificed all the prizes his overmastering ambition had ever led him to strive for, for one iota of that peace which attends the pauper Christian in his dying hour.' During the absence of Mr. Beecher, the Rev. James Hamilton will officiate at Plymouth Church."

Texas Jack.

A SKETCH OF THE FRONTIER HERO AND HIS HORSE.

The celebrated scout and hunter, Texas Jack, has been sojourning at the Metropolitan Hotel for a day or two, having come to Omaha on business. Some few weeks ago Sidney Burnett came out from Niagara Falls for the purpose of securing some live buffalo for a grand hunt at the Falls on the Fourth of July. Proceeding to Fort McPherson, he employed the noted hunter, Texas Jack, to capture them. A hunt was accordingly organized, and the result was that eight buffalo were taken alive. Some of them have since died, and it is doubtful if any of them can be transported alive on account of the warm weather. If, however, Mr. Burnet is successful in securing and transporting a sufficient number of live buffalo he will give the proposed grand hunt at Niagara Falls on the Fourth of July. The hunt will be managed entirely by Texas Jack, who will take with him Captain Matthews, as interpreter, a Pawnee lasso man and several Pawnee Indians.

Texas Jack, whose right name is J. B. Omoshundro is a Southerner by birth. From his boyhood up he has followed the profession of a scout and hunter. He is now twenty-four years of age. Is tall, broad shouldered and handsome; weighs 180 pounds; and, like all frontiersmen, he has muscles of iron, and the courage of a lion. He talks fluently and uses correct grammatical language and all his actions denote that he is one of Nature's own noblemen. He has never had much of an opportunity to obtain a school education, yet he may be said to be a tolerably well educated man, having improved his leisure time in study.

Texas Jack and Buffalo Bill are the warmest friends. They have been acquainted for three years; and for the last six months they have been in partnership in hunting.

During the late Buffalo hunt for Mr. Burnet, he had a very narrow escape from death, which to him was but a mere trifling incident, having passed through so many nearly fatal experiences. He was riding his celebrated horse, "Tall Bull," when a fierce buffalo bull attacked both rider and horse, badly goring the latter. Texas Jack, his horse, and the buffalo, all fell into Beaver River, from which they soon after emerged, and the fight continued, the result of which was the capture of the buffalo, and the probable death of the horse.

"Tall Bull" is one of the most celebrated horses in this country, having been captured in a fight from old Tall Bull, a noted Indian chief, who was defeated and killed. The horse is the swiftest and longest winded animal on the plains, having never yet been beaten in a race, although having had hundreds of contests of speed.

Texas Jack makes a lucrative livelihood from the proceeds of his hunting expeditions and his numerous engagements as a scout for the Government and as a guide for English and American hunting parties, which are becoming more fashionable each year.—*Omaha Bee.*

Cultivate Flowers

Yes, cultivate flowers. Plant them in your gardens and door yards, plant them in your windows and verandahs and set them in your rooms. Their presence is cheerfull to care for for them is pleasant recreation, their influence is elevating and refining. The Great Architect in His infinite wisdom, implanted in the human heart a natural love for the beautiful. The earth is full of beauty. All around us we meet with objects which excite pleasant emotions and among them the myriad forms and tints of the flowers minister to our pleasure surprise us with their beauty, and excite our wonder. We plant a tiny seed or bury a balbous root, or transplant a thorny shrub, or an ordinary looking vine, and lo, in a short time with a little care, come forth, creations wondrous in beauty, mysterious in form, and marvellous in fragrance. They have been aptly called reminiscences of Eden, and prophecies of heaven, the splendid children of the sun and the jewelry of the soil. They are silent ministers of peace and of gladness.

HOW MANY WORDS WE USE.—The latest editions of Webster's and Worcester's Dictionaries contain between one and two hundred thousand words. But fortunately, nine-tenths of these are seldom used. It is remarkable how small a selection satisfies the wants of the best writers and speakers. An educated Englishman, who has been at a public school and at a university, who reads his bible, his Shakspeare and the *Times*, seldom uses more than 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation. Close reasoners and thinkers who avoid general expression and wait for the word that exactly fits their meaning, to employ a larger stock, and eloquent speakers may use to the command of 10,000. Shakespeare produced all his plays with 15,000 words. Milton's works are built up with 8,000 and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5,642 words.

A California engineer predicts that in ten years' time the whole country will be gridironed with narrow-gauge railroads. He estimates the average cost of these roads to be below $8,000 per mile, and says that passengers can be transported over them at one cent a mile, and that freight can be carried at proportionately low rates. In his opinion, farmers can afford to build these roads by subscription for the purpose of taking their products to markets. He claims that where ever these roads have been made, the stock has paid handsome dividends though such is rarely the case with the broad gauge roads, while in Sweden and Norway they are coming into general use. Colorado has a narrow gauge road some eight miles long, and it is meeting the expectation of the builders. Charters to build narrow gauge roads have been granted in quite a number of states, and a few lines have been commenced.

Housekeeping.

I was tired of washing dishes; I was tired of drudgery. I had always been so and I was dissatisfied. I never sat down a moment to read, that Jamie didn't want a piece of cake or a piece of paper to scribble on, or a piece of soap to make bubbles. "I'd rather be in prison," I said one day, "than to have my life teased out so," as Jamie knocked my elbow in writing to a friend.

But a morning came when I had one plate less to wash one chair less to set away by the wall in the dining-room; when Jamies little crib was put away in the garret, and it has never come down since. I had been unusually fretful and discontented with the damp May morning that he took the croup. Gloomy weather gave me the headache, and I had less patience than at any other time By and by he was singing in another room. "I want to be an angel," and presently rang out that metalic cough. I never hear that hymn since that it don't cut me to the heart; for the croup cough rings out with it. He grew worse towards night, and when my husband came home he went for the doctor. At first he seemed to help him, but it merged into inflamatory croup, but all was soon over.

"I ought to have been called in sooner,' said the doctor

I have a servant to wash the dishes now; and when a visitor comes, I can sit down and entertain her without having to work all the time. There is no little boy worrying me to open his jack-knife, and there are no shavings over the floor. The magazines are not soiled at looking over the pictures, but stand prim and neat on the reading table, just as I leave them.

Your carpet never looks dirty say weary worn mothers to me.

'Oh; no,' I mutter to myself. 'there are no little boots to dirty it now.

But my face is as weary as theirs—weary with sitting in my lonesome parlor at twilight, weary with watching for the little arms that used be to round my neck, for the curls that brushed against my cheek, for the young laugh that rang out with mine, as we watched the blazing fire, or made rabbits with the shadow on the wall, waiting merrily together for papa comming home. I have the wealth and ease I longed for, but at what a price? And when I see other mothers with grown up sons driving to town or church, and my hair silvered over with gray, I wish I had murmered less.—*The Appeal.*

The Lynched Murderers.

Cincinnati, O., July 10.—The mob who lynched the men at Celina yesterday numbered three thousand. On leaving the gaol the men were placed in a wagon, and the mob moved off for Kimble Farm, in sight of where the poor girl had been murdered and thrown to the hogs. Here they halted under a sapling. A rude gallows was erected and halters were fitted about the necks of the prisoners. At this juncture, Elias Secor, brother of the murdered girl, appeared and pleaded for the life of Jacob Kimmel, the youngest prisoner, 17 years old, expressing his doubt as to his participation in the affair. This appeal was received with cheers; and young Kimmel was exempted from the halter; Absalom Kimmel was much broken down, but McLeod maintained the same stoical indifference he had shown from the first. He maintained stoutly that he had never seen the girl, and he accounted for the blood on his cloths by bleeding from the nose. He took the Testament, kissed it, and called upon God to attest his innocence. He importuned them to have mercy on his poor mother and sisters, and asked God to forgive them all. Absalom Kimmel addered to his confession made the day before. The two were then hung till they were dead.

Nature's tailoring— a potato patch.

"Come out here, and I'll lick the whole lot of you," said an urchin to some sticks of peppermint in a window.

The Irish *Sentinel* of Quebec, Mr John O'Farrell's paper, and an organ of the Roman Catholic party in Quebec, speaks very kindly of Mr. Johnson of Balykilbeg now on a visit to Canada as a distinguished member of the Orange Society. It says we had the pleasure of an introduction to him, and from what we have seen of him we are inclined to form a very high estimate, indeed, of the clearness of the head and of the qualities of the heart. He was feted on Tuesday evening at the Stadacona Club by quite a number of his admiring Countrymen, Protestant and Catholic, and nothing but the very short stay he made here prevented the friends of the men of '66 from showing to Mr Johnson their appreciation of the generosity of feeling which had prompted him to condemn the prison horrors inflicted on the political convicts of that year. He left last night for Montreal.

WOULD'NT BOIL SOFT.—Charlton, Mass like every other town, is full of reminiscences of past events. It has its curious characters, who have now nearly all passed away. A story is related that about a century ago a party of English gentry on their way from Boston to New Haven, were compelled to remain there over night, as the only place were men and beasts were accommodated. As many of the luxuries of life, such as coffee and tea, were almost unknown to the inhabitants, our travelers carried a supply of these things with them. Coffee and tea were given to the landlady that she might prepair them for breakfast. It was the first time she had seen these articles, and of course knew nothing about their preparation. Not wishing to be considered verdant she resolved to try. When the travelers called for their tea and coffee she came and told them: 'Gentlemen the yarbs are done, but the beans won't boil soft.'

"I'll See About It."

Yes; that's what half the world is saying all the time. Mankind is very fond of "seeing about it;" any device, any plan for putting a matter off a little while is willingly resorted to; and half the delays, and consequent vexations are caused by the fact that men fail to train themselves to habits of promptitude and decision, but rather encourage the practice of putting things off as long as possible There are three classes of people who want to see about it; the first class is the class who really never mean to "see about it" at all; who either have no opinion on the subject they are asked about, or do not care to form one; the second class are those who have already thought about it, but lack the moral courage to express this opinion fearing it might give offence; the third class are those who have not examined the question at all and who really want a little time to look into it; they do mean to "see about it," and generally do. The last is the only class worth much consideration; it is almost impossible for anyone to be always ready to decide on any subject which might be presented to him, and when a man is really not perfectly conversant with the matter he is asked about, he is quite right to take a little time for investigation and "see about it;" such a man generally does examine well into the subject and his opinion, advice, assistance—whatever he might have been asked for—is generally of some avail when granted.

"Seeing about it" is a very easy habit to get into and a very hard one to break. Somebody once said "never do to-day what you can conveniently put off till to-morrow; because by to-morrow there may be some reason to prevent its being done at all;" and this is the underlying principal of seeing about it. It is procrastination, the desire to put off everything as long as possible on the chance of its not being necessary to do it at all. It is just as easy to form a habit of promptitude and decision, as one of procrastination if we will only make up our minds to do it. Take every question of life as it occurs, and decide on the spot; unless there is some good reason for your wanting a little time for thought or consideration; you might make a few mistakes at first, but after a while you will find that you will be as often right as if you put the matter off as long as possible seeing about it.

Even the best of cutlers steal their material.

When is bread most wanted?—When it's kneaded.

Cleveland's superfluous dogs are made up into glue.

Very Odd.—Boots are invariably sold before they are bought.

What part of the rifle is like an assault? The breech of the piece.

It is said that $75,000,000 worth of fuel is burned yearly in the United States.

Why is a man never knocked down against his will?—Because it is impossible to fall unless inclined.

"Sensation shoes" are announced by New York dealers. All that is necessary is to put a number seven shoe on a number nine foot.

The Mariposa man who lost his ear in a fight, and afterwards had it replaced wrong end up, is obliged to stand on his head to hear straight.

A Chinese poem, L-S-o, written 2,250 years ago, is said to prove that America was known to the Chinamen of that day.

A Vessel left San Francisco for China a short time ago, freighted with the bones of dead Chinamen.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London." Also makers of Epps's Milky Cocoa, (Cocoa and Condensed Milk.)

A Reverend gentleman of the name of Taylor lately resigned his charge in Glasgow on account of the United Presbyterian Synod permitting congregations to employ instrumental music in public worship, in cases where members were united on the matter. Mr. Taylor is now publishing a series of papers on the subject. One of his arguments against instruments is rather original, and might be regarded by some as proving too much. He says musical instruments were not employed by Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, and, consequently, he argues they ought not to be employed by the people of Scotland when not in the Garden of Eden. We must acknowledge we scarcely see the force of the argument. We are not told that Adam at that time had any church, edifice, or any music books, and we are quite sure that he had no clothes. We are not even informed if, after Adam was joined by his wife, there were any part singing, or any repeating tunes, both of which some object to as innovations, and contrary to the goodly simplicity of Edenic times. If we are to have nothing either of a religious or material kind except what was sanctioned by use in the Garden of Eden, we are afraid some people might think the results slightly unpleasant in our present state.

A New York paper says:—"Here is a new process in engraving destined to bring about a revolution in illustrated journalism: 'A glass plate is prepared with a white etching ground on which the subject to be drawn is lightly sketched with a very soft pencil. The glass is then placed on a piece of dark cloth, and with a common steel etching point the drawing is cut or scratched through the ground to the glass, each line as produced appearing as black as an ink-line on paper. When the work is completed, the picture is before you, as sharp and brilliant as an impression from a copper plate, and a skilful artist can work more rapidly with these materials than with a pencil on paper. Here the artist's labor ceases, and in a couple of minutes he can be shown a permanent print from the glass, by the aid of which he can put on his last touches, or make any needed alteration. From this glass plate, by a chemical process, a transfer is placed upon a sheet of prepared zinc, which is plunged into a proper etching bath, and the engraving is done by corroding the white spaces between the drawn lines, the latter being firmly protected by the materials used in the transferring, and, where necessary, by adding various compositions not affected by the acids.'"