

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janet, / Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet; / For the world to me has no daintier sight / Than your brown hair behind your shoulders white, / Tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

TWELVE THOUSAND POUNDS

A Railway Adventure.

The hour grew late, and Mr. Brand paced his chamber in moody silence. The train had come in, but his messenger had not returned and the merchant was troubled—troubled by a vague sort of doubt which haunted him in spite of his faith in Lake. A said, sober old trader of long experience had said that Lake was too young to fill the important position which he held, but Mr. Brand had never found his trust in Tom misplaced.

told you, a consultation before they cashed it, and while the consultation was going forward I noticed a stranger looking at me intently. I knew the man in my younger and wilder days. I had met him often at the race-course, in the billiard-room, and in other places more or less respectable. Now, he was changing a cheque for some petty amount, and was evidently astonished by the immensity of the order I had presented. I left the bank with my pocket-book full of notes and found that I had lost the train. The next would be the night express, so I strolled into a billiard-room. There was some clever play going on, and I stood watching the players till some one challenged me to have a game. If I have one special vanity it is my science with the cue. I accepted, and as I did so a strange feeling, which had been growing upon me, took a sudden turn which startled me.

the corner awoke and came to my assistance. I heard a low whirr of some weapon in its descent, and my first assailant reeled from me, stunned. Then the old gentleman, with a strength and rapidity of action wonderful to see in a person of his age, seized the scoundrel, lifted him away and dashed him down on a seat. "There was a brief struggle, and then I heard a sharp click. Scoundrel the second had a pair of handcuffs on."

Why Should not Farmers be Legislators?

Last week I was invited to attend a Grange picnic at one of my neighbor's. The day was fine—one of those soft, balmy September days, that we read about but seldom enjoy. About one hundred in all were gathered together, to enjoy the good things which each had donated, and to talk over the bountiful crops which the good Father had vouchsafed to them. It was a beautiful sight. The tables spread beneath the green trees and loaded with the handiwork of the thrifty housewives, and as I looked upon the scene, I thought, in all the world where could we find such a picture of independence and true enjoyment as among the farmers? They are really the men who rule the world; sturdy, honest and upright, and I wondered while looking into their intelligent faces, why it was that our Congress was not composed of such men. Truly, they are the representative men of our nation; and could we but have such to make our laws instead of the dissipated, broken down politicians, our country would not be in the condition it is. It would not cost us millions yearly to send men to Congress who do little else but get drunk, quarrel and bring disgrace upon us.

Dramatic Notes.

Sallie Holman is said to be losing her voice. Harry Linday is struggling hard to make the Court Square Theatre, Brooklyn, a paying enterprise. Julian Magnus has dramatized Mr. Burrett's novel—"That Lass o' Lowrie's."

High and Dry.

A curious sight may be witnessed opposite Fort Niagara, in the shape of a schooner, the Amandah, which is high and dry with all her sails set—to dry. She went ashore during Friday night, and is in a dangerous position. A similar occurrence took place near Grimaby. The schooner Flying Dutchman was blown ashore there by the same gale, and is now well upon the beach. She is laden with lumber for Messrs Phelps, of St. Kitts. On Sunday a large number of people turned out at Niagara to see the Amandah so much out of her element.

Some country merchants, both east and west, have been writing recently to their friends in this city for assistance in making collections from a firm known as Lemontais, Dolbel & Son, who, by means of well-worked circulars addressed to all parts of the world during the present year, had succeeded in acquiring considerable quantities of goods on consignment, the low price of produce tempting several dealers to lend an ear to offers above the market quotations. It may save them some trouble to learn that the place which once knew the concern now knows them no more.—Montreal Journal of Commerce.

German soldiers have of late had their fare greatly varied and improved without adding to its cost, as witness this bill of fare for one week: Sunday—Broth, roast beef and potatoes, with onion sauce. Monday—breakfast, thickened soup; dinner, pork, potatoes and peas. Tuesday—Breakfast, Semolina broth; dinner, oatmeal gruel, beef, potatoes and cabbage. Wednesday—Breakfast, thickened soup; dinner, vegetable soup, meat, potatoes and beans. Thursday—Breakfast, Semolina broth; dinner, rice broth, beef and fried potatoes. Friday—Breakfast, thickened soup; dinner, fried bacon, potatoes and peas. Saturday—Breakfast, Semolina broth; dinner, oatmeal gruel, beef, potatoes and cabbage.

Great Britain has 630 factories engaged in the worsted trade. These employ 111,000 operators, and have 2,160,000 spindles and 65,000 power looms. The name worsted is derived from a village in Norfolk where the goods were first produced.

The Hindoos have been figuring again, and they now make out that the earth is 4,000,000 years old. What we most care is to know if it is going to stand about fifty years longer.

A Man Tried in New York for Having Stolen Canadian Bills in His Possession.

(From the N. Y. Times.) A package of new Canadian bills, containing \$12,400 in notes of the denominations of \$1 and \$2, was stolen from the office of the Receiver-General of the Dominion of Canada on the morning of the 4th of July, 1878. The bills were numbered and lettered, had just been counted and had never been issued. A hue and cry was raised over the robbery, which had been very deftly perpetrated, and a careful search was everywhere made to discover the criminals. On the 23rd of August Jacob D. Otis, a broker, of this city, was arrested in his office on the charge of having received stolen goods, namely, a number of the stolen bills, knowing them to have been stolen. Otis' trial was begun before Chief Justice and Davis and a jury, in the Oyer and Terminer, yesterday. From the opening speech of District Attorney Bell, it appears that \$495 of the bills were found in the possession of Otis. It would be shown, said Mr. Bell, that on the day of his arrest and some days previous the accused had been dealing extensively in \$1 and \$2 notes of the Dominion, and had bought quantities of such notes at 1/2 and even 3/4 per cent. premium. Immediately afterward he had gone to the offices of other bankers and had offered these purchased notes mixed up with some of the new ones and did sell a number at par. The inference was that in his anxiety to get rid of the stolen money he was willing to buy similar old notes at a premium, mix them up with the stolen ones, so as not to excite any suspicion, and then offer them for sale.

Canadian Restaurants.

As a result of the cheapness of meats and vegetables, the prices at the best dining rooms in Montreal are very reasonable. At the very elegant Ottawa Hotel restaurant, for instance, a large porterhouse steak for two was only sixty cents, and it was one of the most delicious I ever had. A porterhouse steak for one in any restaurant in New York city costs at least sixty cents. A brace of sweet Canada mutton chops at another restaurant, and a great hot mealy baked potato, cost just twenty-five cents. I have paid exactly fifty cents for the same sort of lunch many times in New York chop-houses; but it must be remembered that Canada chops in New York cost fully twenty-five cents per pound, while here the finest mutton is below twelve cents. I noticed a greater number of good restaurants in Montreal this year than ever before. One could never travel more cheaply than now in this section. The people have come down to hard money prices, and a Yankee can buy as cheaply as a Canadian. Better than all, thanks to our Resumption law and the honest money idea, a greenback is now at last as good as gold anywhere in Canada, and everybody glad to get it without humiliating you by charging an onerous discount.—Montreal correspondence of Troy Times.

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THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, not the cloud, that gives beauty to the flowers. There is always before and around us that which should cheer the heart and fill it with warmth and gladness. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be; so have others. None are free from them, and perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give tone and sinew to life, fortitude and courage to men. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment within and without him, and above all, to look on the bright side. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run, the great balance rights itself. What appears ill becomes well; that which appears wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down their heads or lips, and those who do, only show that they are departing from the true path of common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of clouds. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side. Cultivate that which is warm genial, not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.

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ADVICE TO LORNE.—The Detroit Free Press offers a word of advice to our new Governor-General in the following strain: "There will likely be a great deal of style and pomp and etiquette and gold lace and bending of the supple hinges of the knee. There lingers a hope that the sensible people of the Dominion will put up with no such nonsense. This sort of thing can never flourish on American soil. Mr. Lorne is the paid servant of the taxpayers of Canada, and it is to be hoped that if an honest old farmer wants to be can walk right up to the Governor, slap his servant on the back and say, 'Campbell, my boy, you're doing first-rate for a youngster, new to the business.' If young Campbell will now take advantage of being 3,000 miles away from his mother-in-law—who, we understand, hitherto interfered with his family arrangements—and will put his foot resolutely down on this 'court' nonsense, he will be 'hall, fellow, well met,' as Dufferin was; he will prove himself the sensible young man we take him to be, and any time he wants to air his opinions in the Free Press a reasonable amount of space will be placed at his disposal. Lorne, we're looking at you."

IMPORTANCE OF A CLEAN SKIN.—Most of our invalids are such, and millions of more healthy people will become invalids, for the want of paying the most ordinary attention to the requirements of the skin. The membrane is too often regarded as a covering only, instead of a complicated piece of machinery, scarcely second in its texture and sensitiveness to the ear and eye. Many treat it with as little reference to its proper functions as if it were nothing better than a bag for their bones. It is this inconsideration for the skin that is the cause of a very large proportion of the diseases of the world. If, as claimed by some scientists, four-fifths, in the bulk of all we eat and drink must either pass off through the skin or be turned back upon the system as a poison, and that life depends as much upon exhalations through the skin as upon inhalations purair through the lungs, it must be of the most vital importance to keep the channel free.

Since September 1st, Prince Edward Island has exported 759,419 bushels of potatoes. Of this large quantity 578,188 bushels have been sent to the United States; 147,721 bushels to Nova Scotia; 11,371 bushels to New Brunswick; 23,050 bushels to Newfoundland; and 1,080 bushels to Bermuda. It is expected the shipments may reach one million bushels. The shipments of oats have been comparatively small, and prices have been lower than for many years—only 27 and 28 cents per bushel being offered. Wheat-growing is said to have proved quite a success on the Island during the past season. Many farmers have raised enough to give them bread and have plenty to spare.

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