Markdale Standard,

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In time to meet the early mails.

Contains the latest Foreign and Provincial News, Local Intelligence, County Business, Commercial Matters—and an Instructive Family Paper.

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W. RUTLEDGE, Proprietor.

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Medical.

Drs. Sproule & Carter, Physicians, Surgeons, Accoucheurs, &c. OFFICE—Medical Hall; residence at the Manse. Markdale, Sept 17, 1880. 1-y

DR. PURDY, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, &c. ECHO P. O. 6-tf.

Legal.

E. D. Macmillan, (MARKDALE and DURHAM,) BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office over Hall's store, Markdale. 29

Chas. R. Wilkes, Barrister at Law, - Owen Sound. OFFICE—Millers's building, over Robinson's, Poulett Street. 1-y

Frost & Frost, BARRISTERS, AND ATTORNEYS-AT-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c., Owen Sound, have resumed at Markdale, office open every Thursday, as agents for J. W. Frost, LL. B. Barrister Crown Attorney. 1

James Jackson, BARRISTER and ATTORNEY AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Owen Sound. Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

James Lemon, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Notary Public, &c. Money to Loan at low rates on personal security. Farms bought and sold. Loan introduced free of commission. DURNDALK. Sept 21st, 1880. 1

Conveyancers & Land Agents.

Wm. Brown, COMMISSIONER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, &c., Conveyancer, Fire and Life Insurance Agent. Commissioner B. R. &c. Conveyancer and Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Farmers, Sales, and Land Sales, Punctually attended to, and charges made very moderate. Markdale, Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

Alexander Brown, COMMISSIONER of Marriage Licenses, Fire and Life Insurance Agent, Conveyancer, &c. Money to Loan at low rates of interest. Principal payable at the expiration of years, and interest half yearly, or principal and interest repayable by monthly payments. Desirable Improved Farms for Sale. 1-y

J. G. King, DOMINION AND PROVINCIAL LAND Surveyor, Immigration Agent and Valuator, Markdale. Having purchased the Land Surveyor Charles Rankin's field notes, Maps, Field Notes, Plans, Instructions, &c., of all his Surveys within the last fifty-five years, I am able to make Surveys in strict accordance with the Records. Profiles and Estimates for Roads, Bridges, Plans and Specifications of Building Bridges, furnished on application. Money to Loan at 8 per cent interest. Office—Hall's Block, Markdale. Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

Dentistry.

Mr. James J. White, Assistant to Dr. Cameron, Owen Sound, WILL BE AT THE REVERE HOUSE, Markdale, on the last Wednesday in each month, when he will be prepared to perform operations required upon the mouth in the most satisfactory manner, and upon the most reasonable terms. 1 y

Hotels.

REVERE HOTEL, MARKDALE. A. PROULE, - Proprietor. This popular Hotel has had a large addition added to it, thoroughly refitted, and now second to none in the county. Stabling and attentive ostler. First-class accommodation for commercial travellers. Terms $1.00 per day. 17-ly

ROYAL HOTEL, MEAFORD, Ont. McGIBB, - - PROPRIETORS. Every accommodation for the travelling public. The bar is well stocked with the finest Wines and Liquors and the best of Cigars. Stages to and from all trains. Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, PRICEVILLE, Ont. This commodious Sample Rooms; Bedrooms, &c. The Bar and larder supplied with the best the market affords. Good Stabling and attentive Hostler's. THOS. ATKINSON, Proprietor. Dec 31st, 1880.

R. M. Galbraith, PIONEER AND GENERAL LAND Surveyor, Williamsford Station. Auction Sales attended in all parts of the County, sold on Commission. Rates moderate. Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines; also Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines, Agricultural Implements, and Machinery of all kinds. Money to loan at 8 per cent interest. Farms for sale on easy terms, Money to loan at bottom rates. Williamsford, Jan. 27, 1881. 20-ly

T. E. DAVIS, BUILDER & CONTRACTOR, (Stone and Brick). Plastering and County Jobbing promptly attended to. Stonecutting a Specialty. Estimates on all work, free. Satisfaction guaranteed. *** Residence corner of Brown and Sproule Streets, MARKDALE. December 31, 1880. 16-y

W. E. Smith, GENERAL AGENT AND DEALER IN Nursery Stock, Williamsford Station. Sept. 17, 1880. 1

GEORGE WILSON, BUTCHER Mill St., Markdale, next door to McDougal's Harness shop. Meat delivered at any house in town. Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

VETERINARY. F. Z. NIXON, Veterinary Surgeon, Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto. Calls by Mail or Telegraph promptly attended to. RESIDENCE, DUNDALK 35-3m.

Wm. Lucas & Co., BANKERS, MARKDALE. Money Loaned IN large or small amounts, at all times, on good endorsed notes, or on collateral security. INTEREST AT 6 PER CENT. Allowed on Savings Deposits. Drafts issued and Collections made on all points, at lowest rates. WM. LUCAS & Co. September. 1880. 2-y

GEORGE NOBLE, INSURANCE AND LAND AGENT, LICENSED AUCTIONEER For the County of Grey. AGENT for the following reliable Companies: CITIZENS', of Montreal, AGRICULTURAL, of Watertown, and TRADE & COMMERCE, (Mutual) of Toronto. A number of Choice Farms for sale, also Village Lots. Auction Sales conducted in Town or Country on Shortest Notice. Charges moderate. Bills, Blank Notes, and Stamps provided. GEO. NOBLE. MARKDALE, May 20th, 1881. 36-ly

WM. FOX, Plain & Ornamental Plasterer. Estimates for stone and brickwork on application. Satisfaction Guranteed. Residence—Queen Street, Markdale. Markdale, Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

Meat for All AT **W. B. Sarjent's.** The subscriber returns thanks to the inhabitants of MARKDALE and vicinity for their liberal patronage during the past five years, and begs to remind them that he is prepared to supply their wants in his line as CHEAP as any one north of Toronto. Fresh and Corned Meats delivered promptly on receipt of orders. SAUSAGE & POULTRY always kept in their Season. Shop on Mill sreett, opposite the "Revere Hotel." Cash paid for Fat Cattle and Sheep. Again thanking you for past favors he trusts by faithful attention to your wants to merit a continuance of your support. NOTICE.—Farmers having fat sheep or cattle to dispose of will leave their address at Sargeant's. W. B. SARJEANT. Markdale, Sept. 17th 1880. 1

J. MONTGOMERY, BAKER, THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to the inhabitants of Markdale and surrounding country for their patronage during the past eight years, begs to intimate to them he is how prepared to supply the Public with FRUIT, POUND & PLUM CAKES, either plain, or Iced and Ornamented, and a large Variety of Other Cakes always on hand. Also, BISCUIT! of every description, from the best manufacturers in Ontario. Also, a large and varied assortment of Do. CHOICEST CONFECTIONERY! BRIDES' CAKES! supplied on the shortest notice, and got up in the best style that is done this side of Toronto. Tea Meetings, Socials, AND OTHER PARTIES, supplied on the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. JOHN MONTGOMERY. Markdale, Nov, 18, 1880. 10-ly

John H. Heard, Manufacturer and dealer in Cutters, Sleighs, Buggies, WAGGONS, CULTIVATORS, HORSE RAKES, PLOUGHS, HARROW AND All kinds of Farming Implements. Manufactory and Depository, Durham and Hill streets, FLESHERTON. TO MY PATRONS.—Always ahead of any in my trade, and having the largest and most convenient Factory in this locality, I am prepared to sell Carriages and Implements of every description in the best style of any in the market, and at prices as low as any according to the quality of the work. Having upwards of twenty years experience, I am confident that purchasers will get the advantage in having the very best made. Parties in want of a carriage or Implement will do well to give me a call, as there are none in the market which will compare with them in quality, style and finish for the price. 11-ly

H. MEGGITT, Fashionable Tailor, FLESHERTON. Is prepared to fill all orders promptly. Cutting done while customers are waiting. A Good Fit Guaranteed. The Latest Fashion Plates always on hand to choose from. Remember the place opposite Richardson's store. Flesherton, March 9th, 1881. 26-m3

THOS. MATHEWS, WISHES to tender to his numerous customers his sincere thanks for their very liberal patronage during the 15 years he has been in the Harness Business in Markdale, and would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same, feeling confident that he can give *Entire Satisfaction*. Everything usually kept in a FIRST-CLAS HARNESS ESTABLISHMENT, always on hand, and sold at moderate rates. None but good workman employed and the best of materials used. Markdale, Nov, 18, 1880. 1o

D. J. SHANAHAN'S WAGON and Carriage Works, Just opened, opposite the drug store, Mill street. Having long experience in the business, we feel confident we can give satisfaction to those favoring us with their orders for CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGGONS, LUMBER WAGGONS, &c. Horseshoeing, and all kinds of repairing in our line either in wood, iron, painting, and trimming neatly and promptly executed. We use nothing but good material and employ first-class practical workmen. Our aim is to give the best value for the least money, thus securing a repetition of your esteemed orders and the benefit of your influence among your friends. Markdale, April 6th, 1881. 30-m3

Sheep and Cattle. FARMERS having good fat Sheep or Cattle to sell, will find it to their advantage to leave there names and address at McCutcheon's Hotel, Revere House, Markdale, as the undersigned are still on the war path, and will positively pay the highest prices. C. W. & A. SPEERS. Sept. 17th, 1880. 1-y

BROAD GAUGE AT LAST! SEEDS! SEEDS! SEEDS! Just arrived at the "BELFAST HOUSE." Also a fresh stock of Groceies, Provisions, CANNED FRUIT, BISCUITS AND CONFECTIONERY, Any amount of Cumberland cut Side Pork. FOR SALE ALSO. POTATOES. MALT AND RYE WHISKEY, THE BEST IN TOWN. BRANDY, CIDER, ALE, PORTER, TEAS and SUGARS, CHEAP. WILSON BENSON. Markdale, March 17, 1881. 5-ly

SAVE YOUR COMBINGS. Mrs. T. G. Morgan, begs to announce to the Ladies of Markdale and vicinity that she is prepared to work up hair combings into switches, puffs and curls, terms moderate. A call is solicited. Residence corner of Mark and Queen streets, opposite Mr. Bowes' residence. Markdale, Dec. 16 4mt

THE NEW VERSION: A MUTILATION AND PROFANATION.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON LAST SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 5, 1881.

"And when they came to Nachon's threshing floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God and took hold of it, for the oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error."—2 SAMUEL 6: 6 and 7.

*The Bible like the Ark—It and Its Contents Sacred—The meaning of the Agitation—Every man's Stake in the Property—Denominational Anxiety—Our Verdict Demanded—Reasons for Rejecting it—*I. *It is Too Late to Reconstruct the Bible*—II. *Its Mechanical Inferiority—A Literary Botch*—III. *Its Amazing Triviality—Infinitesimal Changes*—IV. *Issued at an Inopportune Time*—V. *It Shakes the Faith of Man in the Truth of the Bible*—VI. *It Opens the Door for Future Revisions—Other Masterpieces for Revision—Practical Advice—Hold on to Your Bible—The Commentary of Tears—A Solemn Prayer.*

THE sacred chest of acacia wood called the ark of the covenant, about four feet by two, golden lidded, golden hinged, and mounted by two cherubims, and made to contain the divine covenant, and at one time holding a bowl of wilderness manna and Aaron's rod that budded, was the most sacred box ever formed. It was in the presence of that chest that God communed with the Israelites. *Improperly to touch that box was death.* All the people understood it. On one occasion fifty thousand and seventy people lost their lives by irreverence to the box. The circumstances of my text were these: That precious chest was being transferred on a cart drawn by oxen. Now, oxen are an uncertain team, especially when on a hot day they come near a shadow; for without reference to the safety of that which they draw, they dart aside for the cool place. For this or some other reason the oxen with this precious chest made some sudden start and the box rocked, and Uzzah, the driver, put his hand upon it. He had no business to touch it under any circumstances. Under the judgment of God this driver drops dead by the cart wheel.

We have *a sacred chest*, an ark of the covenant, the Bible. Like the ark of old it contains the divine covenant and the manna for poor wilderness pilgrims, and the rod of trouble that has budded into fragrant consolation, and over it the mercy seat. It is so sacred that the hands of worldly criticism and the hands of pedantry and the hands of useless disturbance had better keep off it. Wrongly to touch that omnipotent box—which is our ark of the covenant—is to die.

We are in the midst of

A GREAT AGITATION

consequent from the new revision of the Scriptures. We had a translation two hundred and seventy years old, embosomed in the warmest affections of all the good of earth, interlocked with the best secular literature, and pronounced by Webster and the Washington Irvings as the masterpiece of English prose; the translation at work blessing and revolutionizing the nations for good, and all Christendom satisfied with the translation, except a few doctors of divinity. But two companies, an Old Testament Company and a New Testament Company, have been busy for ten years changing the book, and a few days ago the New Testament Company launched the results of their labors upon the world. After great universal advertisement of the intended book and the dramatic withholding of the book till a certain day, and then withholding it till a still further day the work comes forth. The English printing press keeps a tight grip on the copyright, and when our American publishing houses offered a large sum for reproducing the book simultaneously, the English presses rejected the offer in cavalier and abrupt style.

Two million copies are sold in two days. What a compliment to the Scriptures! Yes, but be not deceived. Did the two million people suddenly become passionately fond of Scripture reading? No. These two million Bibles went into houses where the Bible was already enthroned. All those of us who honored the book wanted to know what these men had been doing for ten years with our favorite book. Had we a statue in New York City Hall Park that had been the pride of the nation since its foundation, and sculptured and lifted at vast expense, and thirty-eight men for ten years had been busy under cover, changing that statue, on the morning the cover dropped and the changes should be revealed, there would be no room in the streets or squares approximate to hold the spectators.

In addition to this general curiosity which we all felt about the iconoclasm of parts of our best book, the denominations of religionists were anxious to see if there peculiar views would be favored or opposed by the new version. The Baptists wanted to see what the revisionists had done for immersion, and the Presbyterians what had been done about the decrees, and the Episcopalians to see what had been done about Apostolic succession, and the Methodists to see what had been done about free grace, and the Congregationalists to see what had been done about the democracy of religion, and the Universalists what had been done with future punishment, and so we all rushed for the revised New Testament.

The Church and the world have the famous revision before them. We are

ASKED FOR OUR VERDICT.

We all have a vote. The humblest person in this house has a vote. "What do you think of it?" is the perpetual question. Some say, "I like it very much." Others say, "I like it to a certain extent." Others say, "I want a year to consider it," which means, "I want to hear what others say, and then I will say the same thing." There are many who do not want to offend the *ecclesiastical Ring*, for each denomination has such a ring, and there is as much *bosism in the Church* of God as in the world, and monopoly would rule the kingdom of Christ, if it could, as it rules the money markets and legislatures of the world. There are two voices that have not yet been fully heard.

First, the unpretending Christian scholarship of America and England is displeased more than it can express at many of the changes made, and the other voice is the voice of the great masses of Christian people, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand, who regret in the depths of their soul that this revision has been attempted, and who look upon it as a desecration and a profanation and a mutilation and a *religious outrage*. That last sentiment will come up like the surges of the Atlantic after a storm of ten days.

I shall give you *my reasons* for rejecting this new revision of the Scriptures. I am willing to take it as a commentary, and to stand it respectfully on my bookshelf beside other human opinions of the word of God. But to put it upon my private study or in my family room or on my pulpit, as a substitute for King James' translation, I never will. I put my hand on the old book and take the oath of allegiance. So help me God! I am glad to know that Lord Shaftesbury and the Archbishop of York, and many other strong men on the other side of the sea, are anti-revisionists. But supported by high authority or no authority, I here and now take my stand.

These fifty men for ten years busy in *tinkering the New Testament* agree in the statement that they find no new doctrine. Differing on many other things they all agree here. If it had been found that the old translation was teaching any false ideas of God or the soul or eternity, I would say, by all means give us a new revision and put forth immediate and mightiest effort for the organized obliteration of the old translation. The world cannot afford to have wrong notions of God and the soul and eternity. But *the new version keeps all the old doctrines.* Then what good reason could there be for this disturbance of sacred association, this loosening of the faith of Christendom.

I. It is *too late to reconstruct the Bible* When King James' translation was made the Bible was a sparsely circulated book, and the changes made caused no perturbation. But this revision of 1881 is a depreciation of 300 million copies of the Bible out in the world and doing their work. It assails the magnificent liturgy of the Episcopal Church and makes all her prayer books vast inaccuracies. It makes the inscriptions on the graves of your dead untrue. It reflects on the old family Bible, and to the uninitiated leaves nothing about it certain save the record of marriages and births and deaths. If this new revision succeed, for the next few years you will have to watch your children's evening offering of the Lord's prayer and jerk them up short before they run over the "evil one" into an uninspired doxology. It is an out and out war against all the religious literature of the age. Away with your Cruden's and Brown's concordances. Your Bible dictionaries wrong. Matthew Henry's commentary wrong, Kitto's readings wrong, Zahn's archæology wrong. All your religious books wrong. In matters of religious accuracy it means chaos and old night.

Who undertook this impertinence on the other side of the sea? I know not the qualifications of the archbishops and archdeacons and professors who have done the work on the other side of the Atlantic. I understand that many of them are far from being the best scholars of Great Britain. I know that men with great titles are often the merest accidents and their high office no sign of scholarship. D. D., L.L.D., and F.R.S., are often the *heavy baggage of a very slow train.* I only judge them by this revision. It is pedantic and capricious, and false to the principle which they declared at the outset would guide them; namely, that they would make no unnecessary changes.

As to the work done by *the American revisionists*, I have this to say, one gentleman here takes the responsibility of choosing a group of American scholars to revise the New Testament. The gentleman taking this responsibility having been born and educated in a foreign land was not especially adapted to make wise selection among American scholars. This gentleman in making the selection decided the living and dead generations of Bible readers by saying and reiterating: "The Christian people for years have been drinking the the water of life from the jawbone of a royal ass." This gentleman selects a group of scholars to revise the New Testament, and excepting four of them they are unknown outside of their little circle. I could call the roll of a hundred scholars superior to all those employed in this work except the illustrious Dr. Woolsey. If such a work must needs be done, why not call in a convention of all the great and good scholars of America, and have them make selection of revisionists? Where in this New Testament Company is the scholarship of Princeton, and Columbia, and Middletown, and New Brunswick?

II. The work is a

LITERARY BOTCH

which will never be adopted if all the people fearless of criticism and rebuff speak out their real sentiments. To come down to *the mechanical arrangement* of this new version, I vehemently reject the mode of putting the Scripture in columns like a solid newspaper column instead of the division of verses as in our present translation. It is the charm of our old book that a business man or a wife overborne with household cares, or an invalid with no power of consecutive thought, can take up a verse and carry it all day.

I open a page of this new version and I find a paragraph a column and a half long. By this new translation one will be tempted to think "I can't take the whole page, so I will take nothing." That shortest verse in the Bible, an ocean of sympathy compressed in two words—Jesus wept—is set in a solid paragraph of one column and a half. You can find it if you look long enough for it; but it needs to stand out isolated and alone in its grandeur, and tenderness, and pathos, and omnipotence of meaning. Another mechanical misfortune is the dropping of the headings of the chapters. It is an important part of the old translation. We all want to know what the chapter is about before we begin to read it.

III. I reject the new version for

ITS AMAZING TRIVIALITY.

You have more control over your sense of the ridiculous than I have if you can read without a smile some of the changes made or proposed. You remember Christ's sermon where He speaks of the inaptitude of putting new wine into old bottles. In our revision of 1881 it is rendered: "No man putteth new wine into *old wine skins*, else the skins burst and the wine is spilled and the skins perish. But they put new wine into fresh wine skins." The change is evidently made to show that the bottles of olden time were made out of the skins of animals, but is it not just as easy to explain the bottles to the people as to explain the wine-skins? "Show me a penny," said Christ wishing from the kingly stamp on it to illustrate its earthly currency. That will not do, say the American revisionists. Instead of "Show me a penny," "*show me a denarius.*" The revision changes the "beasts" of Revelation into "living creatures." But will you not have to explain the living creatures as well as the beasts. The old translation was too much for the delicacy of the American part of the New Testament Company. Where it says of Simon Peter "he girt his coat about him for he was naked," the American Committee suggests that it should read in the margin "had on his undergarment only." The old translation said: "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel but on a candlestick." The revisers reject "candlestick" for "stand."

The new revision makes other changes of how little importance judge ye when it says that the old translation which reads "into a mountain" ought to be "into *the* mountain;" where the old translation says "into a ship" it ought to be "*the* ship," and instead of "*a* teacher in Israel" it ought to be "*the* teacher," instead of "*a* good fight" it ought to be "*the* good fight," and instead of "*a* crown of righteousness," it ought to be "*the* crown of righteousness," and instead of "*a* bushel" "*the* bushel," and instead of "*covered* with waves", it ought to read "becoming covered," and instead of "nets break" it ought to read "were breaking," and instead of "straining *at* a gnat," it ought to be "straining *out* a gnat" and other infinitesimals of difference with which I shall not worry your patience.

Thirty-eight men for ten years hunt for inaccuracies, and all this only a foretaste of what we shall have when after three years more of labor the forty-one members of the old Testament Company will launch their work. I have sometimes wondered what the thirty-eight gentlemen of the New Testament Company and the forty-one gentlemen of the Old Testament Company might have accomplished for good if they had spent the last ten in preaching the old translation instead of finding fault with it, and if the hundreds of thousands of dollars which directly and indirectly have been expended in the preparation of this new revision had been put into the American Bible Society and the British Bible Society for the spreading abroad of that old translation out of whose loins civilization and Christianity were born, and under whose influence England and America are what they are, and the dark skies of heathendom begin to flame with the morning.

What the world wants is not critics but evangels; not men to knock the doxology out of the Lord's prayer but men to make all nations kneel proclaimingly at the feet of Christ. "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever, Amen." At the opening of service to-day I led you in the Lord's prayer according to the new version, stopping before the doxology, but I will never do it again, either in public or private unless in *my dying prayer* my breath should go out at that point, and then I would finish it in heaven, for that is the only part of the Lord's prayer appropriate for both Church militant and Church triumphant.

IV. I reject this revision because it comes

AT A MOST INOPPORTUNE DATE.

The great battle between sin and righteousness is fully open and all the battteries are unlimbered. While the forces of heaven and hell are in hand-to-hand fight it is asked that we stop

[CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.]

SHAME AND SUICIDE.

AN ORANGEVILLE GIRL ATTEMPTS TO TAKE HER LIFE IN A BUFFALO DEN.

BUFFALO, June 14.—Mrs. Lavidia McCockrell, in a moment of remorse, occasioned by meditation on the fast life which she had recently begun to lead, attempted to commit suicide last night. According to a statement which she made it appears that some years ago she led a very fast life at Orangeville, Ont. McCockrell became fascinated with her and they were married, The couple removed to Bradford, where they lived happily until Mrs. McCockrell discovered, as she says, that her husband was unfaithful to her. In a fit of despair she resolved to resume her life of shame, and three weeks ago came to Buffalo to carry out her resolution, entering one of the lowest dens on Canal street. She woman took a teaspoonful of morphine, but prompt medical assistance saved her life. She is about 30 years of age and is the mother of two children, who are with their father at Bradford.

A FRENCH HEROINE

One of the celebrities of the Paris market is a woman who keeps a vegetable stall and who wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. This woman, Annette Drevon by name, was formerly cantiniere to the Thirty-second Regiment of Infantry and to the Second Regiment of Zouaves, which she accompanied through the campaigns of Africa and Italy and during the war with Germany. Of the seven or eight female members of the Legion of Honor she is the only one who received the distinction for an act of valor upon the field of battle; and she was decorated after the battel of Magenta for rescuing the regimental colors from two Australian soldiers who had captured them. During the war with Germany she was with the Forty second Regiment in Metz, and upon the surrender of that fortress she was sent off to Germany with the survivors. Just outside of Metz a Bavarian soldier insulted her, and she pulled out her revolver and shot him through the heart. For this she was condemned to death, and would have been shot but for the intervention of Prince Frederick Charles, who hearing that a woman was to be executed, made inquiries into the case, the result being that Annette Drevon was set at liberty. She lived in great poverty for some time, but Marshal MacMahon happening to hear about her gave her a sum of money sufficient to enable her to set up the stall at which she now sells carrots, turnips, and other aids to digestion.

IRON IN OXFORD COUNTY.—A correspondent of the Brantford *Telegram* writes: "No little excitement prevails in this section over the fact that a large bed of iron ore has been discovered on the farm of Nelson Muma, one mile south of Drumbo. Fabulous prices have been already offered Mr. Muma for the bed, but he is inclined to know more of its value prior to selling. In fact many in the neighborhood are so excited that they actually go out at night with spades and dig in any ravine on their farms to try and find the hidden treasure, without being observed."

JAMES BOWIE

ANECDOTES OF THE INVENTION OF THE BOWIE KNIFE.

On one occasion Bowie, whose reputation had reached Memphis, arrived by boat at that city, or rather at what was then known as the Third Chickasaw Bluffs. The bank from the boat landing to the top was about one hundred and fifty feet high, and a large number of people were watching the arrival of the strangers. Looking down one of them recognized Bowie as he stepped over the gang plank and made the remark, "There comes Jim Bowie."

"What!" shouted a Big Mississippi man, then known as the "Memphis Terror," as he looked down the bluff, "What! Jim Bowie? That's the fellow I've been looking for months. Jim Bowie! Why ——— him, I'll whip him so quick he won't know what hurt him. I'll whip him if I never whip another man as long as I live! Stand by, boys and see the fun!"

Bowie came slowly up the bank. In his hand he carried an old umbrella. He had no pistols, and was evidently not expecting or in fact prepared for a fight. The [illegible] did not escape the now thoroughly aroused spectators. Up [illegible] man, promptly, as Bowie reached the top of the bluff. "Is your name Jim Bowie?" He asked.

Bowie replied that it was.

"Then," shouted the flatboatman, as he squared off, "I think you a d——d rascal and I'm going to whip you right here and now."

Bowie was a man of few words. He stood and gazed at his adversary, who was more emboldened than ever. "I think you're a d——d coward," he yelled, "and I'm going to knock your head off," and so saying the "Memphis Terror" advanced to the conflict.

Bowie never flinched. His keen eye was fixed on the "Terror," who at this moment was face to face with him. But as the man of Memphis drew a dirk from his breast, Bowie stepped back a foot and thrust out his umbrella as if to keep his antagonist at bay.

The "Memphis Terror." seized the umbrella with one hand, made a pass at the inventor of the famous knife with the other. In doing so he pulled the umbrella to himself, leaving free in the right hand of Bowie his murderous weapon, which till this moment had been concealed in the folds of the impromptu sheath. The sight of Bowie standing there, with the knife in his hand and the gleam of vengeance in his eyes, was too much for the "Terror."

From the Bouncing bully he became transformed into a craven coward in a second.

His face turned pale and his knees trembled, while the dirk dropped from his hands as he gazed on Bowie's weapon with staring eyes. "Put it up; put away that scythe, for God's sake, Bowie, I was mistaken in my man."

Bowie advanced a step.

"Don't—don't kill me!" beseeched the bully; "for God's sake, don't go for me with that scythe and I swear to you I'll never attack another man as long as I live."

Bowie looked at his now thoroughly demoralized opponent for a moment, and then turning on his heel with the expression "Coward," walked rapidly away. Thenceforth the "Memphis Terror" was a changed man, and until the day of his death he never lost the sobriquet of "Put up that scythe."

Bowie was very fond of music and dancing, and on occasions where he would enjoy both he invariably appeared in the best of humor, and the reserve which had begun to characterize him at this time appeared to thaw out. It was on one occasion at a dance, when he was in such favorable conditions, that I had an opportunity of a free and easy chat with him about some of the encounters in which he had been engaged. Referring to the disparity in size between himself and some of the men whom he had met in conflict I asked him how he regarded his chances under such circumstances.

"Suppose," said I, referring to a man of herculean build, who stood near, "suppose you were attacked by such a man as Hob Johnson there. What then?"

"Oh," dryly responded Bowie, "I would cut him down to my size!"

WHAT THE BASHFUL CLERK WANTED

Old Pinchem sat in his private office the other day figuring up his profits for May, when his head clerk, looked as pale as a sheep and as red as a cow by turns, entered and began:

Mr. Pinchem, I—I ———"

"Have you got those goods off for Kalamazoo?" interupted the old man.

"Yes, sir, they gone off. Mr. Pinchem, I have long———"

"And about that order for starch?"

"That has been attended to, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have long wanted to speak to you."

"Ah! speak to me. Why, I thought you spoke to me fifty times a day."

"Yes, sir, I know, but this is private matter."

"Private? Oh! Ah! Wait till I see how much we made on the last 10,000 pounds of soap. Six times four is twenty-four; five times two is ten, and two carry are twelve; three times seven are twenty-one and one—ah, well, go ahead; I'll finish this afterwards."

"Mr. Pinchem, I have been with you ten long years."

"Ten, eh? Long years, eh? Any longer than any other years? Go ahead."

"And I have always tried to do my duty."

"Have, eh? Go on."

"And I now make bold—"

"Hold on! What is there bold about it. But never mind—I'll hear you out."

"Mr. Pinchem, I want to ask—ask—I want to ask—"

"Well, why don't you ask then? I don't see why you don't ask, if you want to."

Mr. Pinchem, I want to ask you for—for—for—"

"You want to ask me for the hand of my daughter. Ah? Why, didn't you speak right out? She's yours, my boy! Take her and be happy. You might have had her two years ago if you had spoke of it. Go 'long now i'm busy."

"Mr. Pinchem."

"What, you here yet? Well, what is it."

"I want to ask you for—for—"

"Din't I give her to you, you rascal."

"Yes, but what I wanted to ask you for was, not the hand of your daughter, but for a raise of salary."

"Oh, that was it, eh? Well, sir, that is an entirely different matter, and it requires time for serious thought and earnest consultation. Return to your work, and some time next fall I'll see about giving you a raise of a dollar a week. Six times four are twenty four and two to carry; and three times———"—M. Quad.