

YOUNG FOLKS.

Abner's Baby.

BY RUTH CHESTERFIELD.

Grandfather Tufts sat in the chimney-corner smoking his pipe. This was in the times when people had chimney-corners; when they fought for "their altars and their fires," and not for "a hole in the floor."

His wife was in the opposite corner carding wool. Around them were gathered more children and grand children than anybody but the census man or a professor of mathematics would undertake to count. For although the sons and daughters of the house had many of them married and left the paternal roof, they had all settled in the neighborhood, and were very much in the habit of running in of an evening to see how the "old folks" were getting along. As to their numerous progeny, there was no place like grandpa's house to them, every child who is so fortunate as to have a grandfather must know that.

Not that it was a very fine house,—many of them lived in far finer ones,—but then it was grandpa's house, and there was an end of it. Of course, it fronted the south, for if our ancestors had not discovered the virtues of blue glass, they knew all about the virtues of sunlight, and were not a bit afraid to let it in their windows.

In order to turn its face to the south, the house had to turn its back to the street, toward which the sinkpout sent its meandering stream to the deflection of passers-by. But enough of this. Were I to tell you of all the nooks and crannies of that ancient dwelling, of its barns and out-houses, the smithy, with its heavenward-soaring sparks; of all, in short, that made the place what it was, I should never get to the end of my story.

As Grandfather Tufts sat smoking his pipe, he and his sons fell to talking politics, just as men do now-a-days when they get together on an evening, and this naturally led back to the time when grandfather was young, and he cast his first vote for Gen. Washington.

The sound of this familiar name was a signal for the children to swarm around him and clamor around for some war stories, for they knew that grandfather had served in the Continental Army, and indeed believed that he was the greatest man in it, or next to the greatest. "If it hadn't been for grandpa and Washington, we should have a king now," said his eldest grandson, Tobias; and all the younger ones accepted the statement as a part of their creed.

"War stories?" said grandfather, "Let me see," and he put on his thinking-cap and looked silently into the fire for a few minutes.

"I believe there's one story I never told," said he, at length.

"Let's hear it! let's hear it!" cried a chorus of voices.

"Well, get down off my legs and back, half a dozen of you, and I'll tell it." The children obeyed, all excepting little Huldah, who still sat perched on his knee; but this he did not seem to mind, for Huldah was a privileged character.

Then Grandpa cleared his throat and began: "Once there was a boy named—well, for want of a better name, we'll say Abner."

"My, that's your name, grandpa!"

"He lived in a house a good deal like this house, and he was something such a looking boy as Tobias, there," continued grandfather, unheeding the interruption. "But instead of going to school and hunting rabbits and so on, as Tobias does, he had to pick up his learning as best he could; and though he learned to shoot as soon as he was big enough to lift a rifle, it was so he might be ready to fight the bears and wolves and Indians that filled the woods."

"Did he ever kill any?" asked Tobias.

"Yes; he shot a bear before he was eleven years old."

"Oh, wasn't that brave?" exclaimed Tobias.

"Well, not so very, seeing that the bear was in a trap. It was about this time that the Indians came to Squantum and carried off Kerr and Morgan; it made a great excitement, but just as the men were forming a company to go in search of them, they both came back, having contrived to escape while the savages were asleep. Abner was always boasting what he would have done if he'd been in their places; how he would have killed his captors and brought home their scalps. He wished they'd come again and he'd have one shot 'em, he knew. Well, by-and-by they did come."

The alarm was given about three o'clock in the morning, but Abner was very willing to lend his rifle to his big brother, who had broken the lock of his, and stay at home with the women folks. Shooting Indians didn't look so heroic near to as it did a good ways off. It was just as the sun was rising that Abner's father came home, bringing the news that two of the Indians had been killed, and the rest driven away; but not till they had wounded three white men. "And that isn't the worst of it," said he, looking at Abner's mother as if he kind of hated to tell her the rest.

"Then one of our neighbors is killed," says she turning very pale.

"Worse yet," says he. "The first thing they did was to attack Isaac Quimby's house, and as there was nobody but Isaac and his wife in it, except the baby, of course they had everything their own way."

"Isaac was found close by the door all hacked to pieces, his gun beside him, and she was on the floor not far off, both stone dead."

"And the baby?" asked Abner's mother.

"They must have carried that off with 'em for there wasn't a sign of it anywhere. Just as soon as we can get together force enough, we're going in search of it, and we mean to punish them for that and all their other sins, the savage miscreants."

"Abner was for rushing up to the Quimby house the first thing, but his father wouldn't let him till the bodies had been taken care of. "Taint a sight for women and children," says he. So when Abner got there, nobody was in the house but some boys about his age—for the bodies had been carried into a neighbor's; the savages had made such work there, it wasn't fit to have a funeral in."

"Well, the boys ransacked the house from garret to cellar, and then they thought they would go and try and get a sight at the bodies. They had all run out but Abner.

And he was stopping to shut the door, when he heard a sound that he thought at first might be the cat. He called "Pussy, pussy," because he hated to leave even a cat alone in such a place. The cry, which was sort of smothered like, grew louder. And then he was certain that it wasn't a cat at all, but a child.

"You may be sure he searched with a good will then: up garret, down cellar, in cupboards, in boxes. At last he even put his head up the chimney, and then the cry was louder than ever."

"A bright thought came into his head. He opened the oven door, and there, wrapped all up in bed blankets, was Mrs. Quimby's baby! He pulled it out and ran home with it as fast as he could go, and soon the news spread abroad, and everybody came flocking to see it.

"The great question was, how came it in the oven? Some were disposed to think the savages hid it there; but it was so carefully stowed away in the blankets, that all finally agreed that its mother hid it there for safety; that the noise the savages made drowned its cries, and that afterward it got all tired out and fell asleep. Anyway, there it was, without a bruise or a cut on it."

"The town offered to provide for it,—seeing that it hadn't any relations that anybody knew of. But Abner's mother said no, it had come to her in such a way that she felt as though the Lord had sent it to her, and could never give it up. But Abner always called it his baby, and promised to take care of it as soon as he was old enough. "And did he?" asked Huldah.

"Ask your grandmother," said Grandfather Tufts, looking smilingly at the old dame carding wool in the opposite corner.

"Oh, I understand," cried Tobias; "you were Abner yourself. Why didn't I think of it before?"

"Yes, I was Abner, and your grandmother is the little baby I found in the oven."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Romance of a Bank Note.

In the year 1740 one of the directors of the Bank of England, a man of unimpeachable honor, lost a bank note for £30,000, under peculiar circumstances. It seems he had bought an estate for that money, and for convenience sake obtained a note for that amount. As he was about to put it under lock and key, after he reached home, he was called out of the room, whereupon, as he thought, he placed it upon the mantelpiece. Upon returning, a few minutes later, the note had disappeared. It could not have been stolen, for no one had entered the room, whereupon he concluded that it had been blown into the fire and had been consumed. He laid the matter before the directors of the bank, and they reissued a note for the same amount, he giving bonds to reimburse the bank if the note should ever be presented for payment. Thirty years after, when he had long been dead and his estate distributed among his heirs, the supposed non-existent note turned up at the bank counter for payment. As the bank could not afford to dishonor the obligation, the money was paid out, and the heirs of the dead man were asked to make good the loss; this they refused to do, nor could the bank employ any legal machinery to force them to do so. The person who profited by the matter was supposed to be a builder, employed to pull down the dead man's house and build another on its site. He found the missing £30,000 note in a crevice in the chimney, in which it somehow got lodged after being laid on the mantelpiece. It must have been kept many years, and its presentation to the bank was so arranged that the builder became a rich man by a sudden stroke of blind fortune.

Parnell and Ireland.

The Irish people and their sympathizers have made a gift of nearly \$200,000 to Mr. Parnell, the now famous Irish Parliamentary leader. The object is to enable him to devote himself to the service of his country unembarrassed by business cares. Mr. Parnell is very cordially disliked by the English people, but he has been remarkably successful in forcing the British government to pay some heed to the condition of Ireland. He has proved himself a skillful leader. After the next general election, it is conceded, he will secure the control of a sufficient number of votes to hold the balance of power between the Tories and the Liberals. In other words, he can put the ministry of either party in Parliament out of power by defeating them in the House of Commons. The distressed condition of Ireland, as well as of rural England, is due more to economic than to political causes. Animal and vegetable food can be bought so cheaply in the United States, Russia, India, and other countries that the Irish agricultural laborer cannot compete with them in the grain and meat markets. There are no coal or iron mines in Ireland, and consequently no manufactures. Hence the one pursuit of the people—agriculture—not being remunerative, keeps them in poverty. Home rule might be a good thing for Ireland, but diversified industries, if they were possible, would be better.

Early Marriages.

Lady Sarah Cadogan, daughter of William, first Earl Cadogan, was married at the age of 13 to Charles, second Duke of Richmond, aged 18. It is said that this marriage was a bargain to cancel a gambling debt between their parents, Lady Sarah being a co-heiress. The young Lord March was brought from college and the little lady from her nursery for the ceremony, which took place at The Hague. The bride was amazed and silent, but the husband exclaimed: "Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy!" Married, however, he was, and his tutor then took him off to the Continent, and the bride went back to her mother. Three years after Lord March returned from his travels, but, having such a disagreeable recollection of his wife, was in no hurry to join her, and went the first evening to the theatre. There he saw a lady so beautiful that he asked who she was. "The reigning toast, Lady March," was the answer he got. He hastened to claim her, and their life-long affection for each other is much commented upon by contemporaneous writers—indeed, it was said that the Duchess, who only survived him a year, died of grief.

No one perfectly loves God who does not perfectly love some of His creatures.

AFRICAN TRAVEL.

Interesting Incidents Related by Count Antonelli—An "Exchange of Blood."

At a lecture given in Rome by Count Antonelli, the African traveller, there were exhibited six magnificent elephants' tusks, one of which was more than five feet long. The count was accompanied by two native Gallas, youth of graceful form and gentle bearing. Among the incidents of his journey related by Count Antonelli, the following ceremony is interesting: An "exchange of blood" in token of eternal friendship with the Sultan of Rhaitha. "We met," said the Count, "in a hut, where a long prayer was first recited, and afterward various speeches were made. I expressed myself as follows: "My dear friends, I am ignorant of your language and can not express all my sentiments; but it is enough to say that I have requested the Sultan of Aussa to adopt me as his son, and that now we will exchange blood, so that the blood of your people may be as dear to me as my own, and mine as dear to you. I think you will understand me." Another long prayer followed, after which the Sultan and I were conducted under a tree to which an ox was tied. The Sultan cut the ox's throat, and with his blood anointed my forehead and then his own; after which he made a necklace and bracelets out of the skin of the ox and placed them on my neck and arms, saying: 'Men, women! this white man is our brother!' In the country of the Danakils a prophet came to our camp; so one evening we made a large circle in the tent, and everyone, flattering the prophet, overwhelmed him with questions. At last he began to chant replies, which were repeated in a loud voice by all present, accompanied with gesticulations of the hands and feet. The prophet gradually became excited, till at last he howled and struggled like a demoniac. When questioned about me he said that the king of Sicoa would receive me well; the superstitious Danakils were discontented with this laconic prophecy, and began to have suspicions of our expedition. Next day, therefore, I invited the prophet to my tent, gave him to eat and drink in profusion, and made him a quantity of small presents. This so delighted him that at the evening meeting he praised me to the skies, prophesying all sorts of good. I was obliged to show myself to the Danakils in a semi-nude costume, for the report had spread that I was a brother, and as such they received me in their tents." The following is Count Antonelli's description of his reception by the terrible Sultan of Aussa: "When I arrived at the Sultan's residence I found myself in the midst of about two thousand warriors, who were executing a diabolic dance, uttering savage howls, and striking their weapons together. The Sultan was watching whether this spectacle would alarm me, but on seeing that I walked quietly on without taking any notice, he caused me to be ushered into his presence. I found a tall man about 50 years of age, with a robust frame, and dark complexion, wearing a rather curly beard. His eyes were stern and his expression self-satisfied—that of a man who believes himself the greatest and most powerful man on earth. He looked askance at me, and pointed to a native, who he said was the chief of the men who could change themselves into hyenas. I desired to see the transformation, but he informed me it could not be done at once, but that I should hear his voice. Then the man imitated the cry of the hyena. The Sultan, seeing that it made no impression on me, was very content, and gave me an old ugly harmonica, saying: 'Amuse yourself with that, and drink some coffee; afterward we will see.' In fact, we soon signed a solemn pact of friendship, after which the Sultan said, in a sentimental voice: 'Many people have told you that I am an assassin, and many have spoken ill of you to me. Well, then, let us make a bargain—I will never believe anything that is said against you, and you must never believe anything bad of me.' The Sultan's daughters are beautiful black Venuses, and are clothed almost as light as that goddess. They are not allowed to marry except when the moon lies low on the horizon between two stars. This combination happens rarely, so one of the princesses grew impatient, rebelled, and took a husband to herself at a time when there was no moon between two stars. When the Sultan heard of the impious act he ordered that his daughter should be driven out of the tribe and given to certain merchants, who would take her to the devil's house. But the priests interfered, and the young girl, instead of being exiled, was drowned in the lake of Aussa."

Tennyson a Lord.

The great poet Tennyson has decided to abandon the name which he has made famous and to figure in future history as Baron Tennyson-Dyncourt, of Aldworth. His acceptance of this paltry distinction is very unpopular in England, and is regarded with disfavor throughout the reading world. Tennyson will undoubtedly figure in the history of letters as the peer of any poet who has written in the English tongue save alone the unapproachable Shakespeare, and it is regarded as unworthy his great fame that he should value so antiquated a bauble as a coronet, and sink his personality in a fanciful and unknown title. The age is democratic, and even in England it is now understood that titles add no distinction to an eminent man of letters. The distinguished novelist Dickens several times refused to become a lord, though it is said that Thackeray, despite his ostentatiously expressed contempt for lordings, died a disappointed man because a title had never been offered him.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

A Remedy, Perhaps.

It is claimed that a new drug called pilocarpin, an extract from a Brazilian plant called the jaborandi, is the long looked-for antidote to hydrophobia. A priest in Caen, France, was attacked by this dreadful disease, when the attending physician administered this drug by a subcutaneous injection in the forearm, twenty grains being used in six doses. This induced vomiting, and subsequently a profuse perspiration. The priest shortly after got entirely well.

Under the laws of Providence, life is a probation; probation is a succession of temptations; temptations are emergencies; and for emergencies we need the preparation and the safeguard of prayer.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. George Bancroft was suddenly taken ill while playing "on all fours" with his grandchildren last week, and was confined to his bed for several days.

The oldest peer of Great Britain, the Earl of Buckingham, who recently attained his ninetieth year, is in priest's orders. Besides him eight other peers are in holy orders; namely, the Marquis of Donegal (Dean of Raphoe), the Earl of La Warr, Carlisle and Stamford, Lord Plunket, (Bishop of Meath), Lord Saxe and Sele, (Archdeacon of Hereford), Lord Scarsdale, and Lord Hawke. The Earl of Mulgrave, heir apparent to the Marquisate of Normandy, is also a clergyman.

Brigham Young is buried back of Zion House, on the bluffs of Salt Lake City. His grave was dug in solid rock, at the bottom of which is laid a stone six feet wide, ten feet long, and two feet thick. On each side of the coffin is a stone two feet high, two feet thick, six feet long, and at each end a stone two feet thick, and on the top of the whole is a stone six feet wide and ten feet long. All these stones have holes drilled through them, with a heavy iron rod running through them cemented with hot lead. Then on top of all this is solid mason work.

Speaking of the bonanza kings, a correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: "Flood, Fair, and Mackay are brawny, full-blooded men, with good color, heightened by good living and drinking. They dress carelessly and have all the California characteristics—free and easy in address, hair features well met with all their friends, Sharon, on the contrary, could sit for a picture of a good Connecticut deacon. He is thin, angular, under-sized, flat-chested, with straight, lank hair, whitened by age, combed down smooth over his small head; a pallid face, almost destitute of expression, and a moustache that adds nothing to the countenance. When he looks at you, however, you notice a pair of eyes as sharp as those of a weasel, and the quiet gestures show that the small body has a good deal of nervous energy. He always dresses in plain, black broadcloth, of ministerial cut, and this, with his white necktie and silk hat, adds to his clerical appearance. He is one of the best poker players on the Pacific Coast."

AN INGENIOUS THIEF.

Sharp Jeweller Robbed of Valuable Gems.

"Of all the tricks, devices, subterfuges, sharp dodges, or deceptions I saw," said a jeweller to a reporter, "was one by which a sharp fellow stole from me three pairs of diamond ear-rings. He evidently knew when I was not in the shop. He came in one day and said to one of my clerks, 'Is Mr. Johnson in?' 'No,' was the reply. 'I am sorry for that,' he said, 'I wish to buy a pair of diamond ear-rings for my wife.' This was repeated four or five successive days. The last time he said he would not wait to see me, but would look at some ear-rings. The clerk showed him an assortment, and he finally selected three pairs, valued at £100, and said: 'I guess I will let my wife select from these. She will be at my office in an hour, and I want you to tell Mr. Johnson to bring these around himself, as he is acquainted with my wife.' 'All right, sir, I will,' replied the clerk. 'By the way,' said the fellow, 'if you will permit me, I will write a note to Mr. Johnson.' 'Certainly,' said the clerk, as he showed him a desk, and pointed out where he could get paper and envelopes. He sat down, wrote a short note, folded it and put it in an envelope, and directed it to me. Then he went back to the counter, and said to the clerk, 'I think you had better put the three pairs of ear-rings in here, so that Mr. Johnson will be sure to bring the right ones.' 'Very well,' said the clerk, who handed out three pairs of ear-rings. The fellow dropped them in the envelope before the clerk's eyes, and was apparently about to seal the envelope when he said suddenly, 'Oh, I guess you may put in that other pair,' pointing to a pair which the clerk had laid on the shelf behind him. The clerk turned and got the other pair and handed them to the fellow who dropped them apparently into the same envelope, sealed them up, handed them over, and said, 'Let Mr. Johnson bring the four pairs to my office as soon as he comes back,' giving the address of a well-known firm in the vicinity. Then he left, and the clerk laid the envelope on the side until I returned. Of course we found but one pair of diamond ear-rings in the envelope, which was the last pair dropped in. The other three pairs were paste, about the same size. The fellow had taken two of my envelopes, and into one he had placed the three bogus pairs. When the clerk turned to get the fourth pair the fellow had put the genuine into his pocket and substituted the others. We never saw him afterwards, but heard that he had practised the same game in other places.—*London Paper.*

Feather Flowers.

It requires a certain amount of patience to achieve success in making feather flowers, while satisfactory results are sure to add a smiling beauty to the adorning of an artistically appointed household. Fashionable rustication in the country can easily procure a bunch of white geese feathers and amuse themselves an hour or so by cutting out of these feathers leaves like the flowers that are to be copied. Make the bulbs of beeswax and rosin, mixed together in equal proportions; to this stick the leaves, the stems and centre parts of the wire and zephyr. In painting the leaves, a nice delicate touch should be had in order to give a natural effect. Get tube paints—such as are used for oil paintings. After painting the leaves lay them aside to dry. Do not use them for ten or twelve hours at least. A tube each of chrome yellow, rose madder, clear white, and Prussian blue will be all the paints required to produce a lovely bouquet. Mix the yellow and blue to obtain green for painting the leaves. With a little practice in mixing the paints they can be made as beautiful as wax. There are several ways to use feather flowers beside clustering them. A wreath, a cross, an anchor, and birds are often made and placed in boxes with a rich velvet background and fine glass in front, bordered with a framework of velvet, or wood, exquisitely covered with water-colored pictures, making an elegant parlor ornament.

History of the Alphabet.

How many of the millions that daily use the alphabet ever stop to think of its origin and long history? In the true spirit of a student, Isaac Taylor, a well-known English writer on philosophical and philological subjects, has recently written and published in London, two stout volumes under the title: "The Alphabet, an Account of the Origin and Development of Letters." It is only by help of recent discoveries of early inscriptions and the progress in the art of reading lost languages and deciphering hitherto unknown symbols, that such a well posted history has become possible. By careful study of the learned essays and scientific investigations of the latest philologists, Taylor has set forth in language of easy comprehension the origin of the alphabet, showing that our "Roman" letters may be followed back to their very beginning, some twenty or more centuries ago, as he asserts. We have no better letters, according to this account, than those of the Italian printers of the fifteenth century. These were imitated from the beautiful manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh centuries, the lettering of these being derived from the Roman of the Augustan age. The Roman letters, in turn, are traced to those employed at Rome in the third century B. C., and these do not differ greatly from forms used in the earliest existing specimens of Latin writing, dating from the fifth century B. C. This primitive alphabet of Rome was derived from a local form of the Greek alphabet, in use about the sixth century B. C., and that was a variety of the earliest Greek alphabet belonging to the eighth, or even the ninth century B. C. The Greeks got their letters from the Phoenicians, and theirs are clearly traceable in the most ancient known form of the Semitic.

The most ancient of books, a papyrus found at Thebes, and now preserved in the French National Library, supplies the earliest forms of the letters used in the Semitic alphabet. The Stone Tables of the Law could have been possible to the Jews only because of their possession of an alphabet, and thus the Bible and modern philological science unite in ascribing a common origin to the alphabet which is in daily use throughout the world. The nineteenth century B. C. is held by Taylor to be the approximate date of the origin of alphabetic writing, and from that time it grew by slow degrees, while from Egypt, the home of the Jews during their long captivity, the knowledge of the alphabet was carried in all directions where alphabets are now found.

The Aryans are now thought to have been the first to bring the primitive alphabet to perfection, and each letter and each sign may be traced, by Taylor's careful analysis through all the changes that have marked the growth, progress, and, in some instances, the decay of different letters of various alphabets. It is an interesting fact that the oldest known "A B C" in existence is a child's alphabet, scratched on a little bottle of black ware, found in one of the oldest Greek settlements in Italy, attributed to the 5th century B. C. The earliest letters, and many later ones are known of by inscriptions, and it is the rapid increase by recent discoveries, of these fragments that has inspired more diligent search and quickened the zeal of learners in mastering the elements of knowledge of their origin and history throughout the world. As late as 1876 there were found in Cyprus some bronze plates inscribed with Phoenician characters, dating back to the tenth, even the eleventh century B. C.

Coins, engraved gems, inscribed stones, and, last of all, the Siloam inscription found in 1880 at Jerusalem, on the wall of an old tunnel, have supplied new material for the history. From the common motto of many alphabets, the Phoenician, are descended the Greek and other European systems on the one side, including the which we use and have the greatest interest in; and on the other, the alphabets of Assyria, Arabic, and Hebrew.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHTS.

The soul is strong that trusts in God. Sorrow for sin is the golden key that opens the palace of eternity.

Prayer is not conquering God's resistance, but taking hold of God's williness.

Heaven will be the sweet surprise of perfect explanation.

What we need is to pray, not work; philosophy of prayer.

None are ruined by the justice of God, but those who hate to be reformed by the grace of God.

Do all that you can to stand, and do not fear lest you fall, and by the grace of God you are safe.

Science is but a mere heap of facts, the golden chain of truth, if we refuse to link to the throne of God.

As water runs down from the swell hills, and flows together in the lowly sea, so grace flows not but into humble hearts.

Humility is, of all the graces, the chief when it does not know itself to be a gift at all.

Those who would let anything take the place of Christianity must first abolish sorrow from the earth.

Those who have attained the fartherest sight into nature have been in all ages believers in God.

It is an unhappy division that is between faith and work. Though in interest I may divide them, just as the candle I know there is both light and yet put out the candle and they are gone; one remains not without the other. So it is between faith and works.

A singular coincidence has been discovered in connection with the marriage of Hon. Mr. Lyon second son of the Earl of Swarthmore, and Lady Anne, which took place on November 22nd, 1880, on November 22, exactly five hundred years ago, Sir James Lindsay, then of the house of Lindsay, slew the regent of the house of Swarthmore.

The course of a scuffle between followers of two families. The marriage five hundred years afterwards, of the houses which then at deadly variance with each other, pleasant and significant commemorative tragic event.

NEWS.

Interesting

As a result of a strike, co-operated by the workers for the support of the Strawberry house sell for \$1.00 per bushel.

Newport, the State, and the Coast's government.

Through a despatch in year, not one grain as its cost.

Semi-annual \$1,051,750 w Hartford, Co the same as last

The book Boston, has a substitution for not taken

Killing all employs a large engaged French tanner

Mr. J. C. orphan asylum created \$6,000 Hebrews being

Louisiana, 30 072 hands \$18,313,974, \$4,593,470, and \$24,161,905.

There were delphia last have never been latter were in all white but

Despatches coldest weather North-west to some localities ward.

It is expected visit Havana of the guest of the United Cuba.

Senator Fair gift to the Georgia, with a included to the in that city.

The ship-proved more whole than account of the year there was built, and in 376,7 tons of

A New York tobacco refinery fresh and moist is a cigar stand made of polished in the centre between which

South Carolina which applies to and villages.

of prohibition is and when ago said to have gone as many towns gone "wet."

An Exchange divorce for ad State Senate of the ground, and are a "Northern not proper to be

It was shown to force for adult of a law that is often a cruel but the objection and South Carolina adultery issue.

A new bridge Richelieu river \$17,000.

A Chicago paper 3,000 canicks to visit "the old"

The eldest son of Thomas Chapin, and Private Sec Robitaille.

The produce of Scotia during the amounted to 1,0 over the same period aggregated of 93,137.

The Buffalo paper is arranging to be on the other side average O'Donnell crunk. In Chicago of such men as M falonian should co

The returns of from Halifax over way show that 16 during the year, one hundred pounds casks and 319,948 1,616 boxes bone rels mackerel; 7,1

An American item of commercial elaboration in order growth of certain trade. The export has increased from 50,366 in 1883, which the export of the head to 102,835.

The Provincial to have the only vate prince consort toria to an American written, in her nership: Pres of Nova Scotia great and good h then at deadly variance with each other, pleasant and significant commemorative tragic event.