A Fight with a Crocodile.

"What a queer craft! I'm glad I haven't had to go up to Khartoum in a thing like that."

So spoke a bearded, brown-faced English traveller standing upon the bank of the Upper Nile, close to the Arab Village of Shendy, a halfway between Berber and Khartoum.

Certainly it was a "queer craft," and he might well be glad that he had not got to make a long voyage in it. It was a big, clumsy, flat-bottomed barge, almost as broad as it was long, and steered by a gaunt, half naked Arab with something that looked very much like an overgrown wooden shovel. But the rigging was more curious still. A lofty native standing bolt upright upon the deck, served as a mast, while the piece of course canvas which he held up at full length in his outstretched hands did duty for a sail. This living mast was kept in its place by two other men, one of whom clasped it round the waist, while the other held it to its knees with all his might and main. To use living rigging is not always a safe experiment, and in this case it proved very unsafe indeed. A sudden gust of wind took the sail aback, and the Arab who was serving as mast for it, and who had planted his feet upon the two lower corners of the canvas in order to keep it stretched to its full breadth, found himself entangled in it almost before he knew what had happened. Losing his balance, he fell backward, and rolled over the edge of the boat into the water, dragging along with him one of the two men who had been holding him up.

The other man scrambled back into the boat almost as quickly as he had tumbled out of it; but the mast-man was not so lucky. It tock him two ot three seconds to find of the canvas that was hampering him, and those two or three seconds made all the difference. By the time he had got free the ferry boat had drifted a good way down the stream, the steeroman having left his post and run forward when he saw his comrades fall overboard.

This of itself would have mattered little, for every Arab in the Nile valley can swim like a duck. But while the struggling man was swimming with all his might toward the boat, and the steersman was working the boat's head round to meet him, a new danger suddenly appeared on the scene, whose coming made the affair look much more serious.

No one had taken any particular notice of a long black log which was lying on the edge of a sand-bank a little way out in the stream. But at the splash made by the two men as they plunged overboard, the seeming log made a sudden movement, displacing as it did so the vast, scaly bulk, grinning teeth, and small, cunning, cruel eye of a monstrous crocodile!

The hideous creature waddled down into the river so clumsily that any one who had been watching it would have been startled by the arrow-like swiftness of its course the moment it touched the water. The poor Arab knew only too well what was in store for him, and made frantic efforts to reach the boat, which was now close at hand. But the monster was too quick for him. Sliding in between him and the approaching barge, it spun around suddenly and darted right at him, opening its terrible jaws wide enough to show two ranges of spiky teeth that might have crushed a buffalo.

But just as all seemed over, one of the ferrymen took a flying leap from the side of the boat and came plump on to the crocodile's back. There he stuck like a limpet, while the long, sharp jambeyah (dagger) in his right hand dealt stab after stab into the monster's undefended side, just behind the fore-shoulder.

Could the crocodile have spoken, he would probably have cried out: "Foul play! two against one!" As it was he showed his disgust plainly enough by his savage snortings and the furious lashings of his ponderous tail, till, finding that its enemy was not to be shaken off, he plunged suddenly under the water. Man and beast went down in a whirling eddy, the ripples of which were dark with blood.

A cry of dismay burst from the crowd that had gathered upon the bank, as they saw the brave Arab disappear. But all at once the water began to heave and bubble as if some fierce struggle were going on in the depths below, and then the Mussulman's lean, dark face rose again to the surface, upon which, a moment later, the crocodile's mighty bulk floated limp and dead, slain by a mortal stab in the throat.

"Aferin, ya habibi!" (Well done, my friend) cried the Englishman, as the conqueror struggled ashore. "Here are twenty piastres (fifty cents) for you, if you can accept the gift of an unbeliever."

"No matter for that, effendi," (gentleman), replied the Arab, with a grin, tying up the coins in the greasy waistcoat which was his only clothing. "You may be an unbeliever, but your money is true Mohammedan."

Eastern Idleness.

In the East they dedicate a small portion of the year to avowed idleness, and nothing is then permitted to disturb the halycon of their leisure. The doors are shut even to friends. No one goes in or out. The inmates of the house are in their filmiest tissues; they go unshod. The hawks sit nodding on their perches, the horses are idle in the stable. The fountain splashes in the court-yard, and the turtle doves among the pomegranale trees lull the garden to sleep with their sultry, slumberous cooing. The interval is sacred to the refreshment of the body. Gentle medicines are taken of a refreshing and blood-cooling kind. The hardest portion of the day is the bath; its chief employment the shampooing of the limbs with soft-scented oils. The ladies of the household recline with their citharas by the side of their master's couch, and the slave girl sits at his head with a fan, lest some presumptuous fly should break the pious calm. The master of the house stretches himself at his ease and dozes all the day through, while the story teller drones away in the corner like a bumble-bee in a scrape, and the cithara tinkles one of the thin, monotonous airs of the East. Now and then he stirs himself—a kite shrilling far up in the blue sky, a dog barking far off in the outer dust has aroused him—and he solemnly cites Allah as a witness that the day is hot, and in the name of the prophet calls for a sherbet of citrons. Such is the Afghan holiday. Or, turn to Africa, where the sun compels idleness for a long interval of each day, and note how the barbarian fences with the weather. Under an awning of grass-mats that is stretched under some deep-foliaged tree, he lies tranquilly, accepting the heat without any reservation. Out in the sunshine he sees the herbage shimmering in the refraction, and the shadows of the plants are gathered close about their roots. So he knows it is noon, and turns around to slumber again. The dogs are lying on their sides in the shadow of the hut, fast asleep. From within the kraal there is not a sound of life. High up in a tree a barbet is piping the hours, and, clinging to a twig, the shrill-voiced cicada cries all the afternoon through. But the negro dozes on until the evening breeze comes up and the shadows lie asleep. The dog is now up on its haunches, huskily barking at nothing; the chickens are abroad again; the grass-mats of the huts rustle as the women come out, and the sound of food being prepared awakes the sleeper. The day is not fit, he says, for human beings to be busy.

American Fables.

An Ox which had for some time had his eye on the Rich Pasture of a certain Peasant, but who feared Results in case of Trespass, finally went to the owner and said:

"My Dear Friend, I have Reasons to believe that the Goats and the Sheep Contemplate a raid on your Meadow. I am very Tender on the matter of Trespass, Stealing, Embezzlement, etc., and will Volunteer my Services to act as a Sentinel for you."

The Peasant Accepted the offer with many Expressions of Gratitude, and for the first time in many Weeks went to bed wit a Feeling of Security.

Next morning, However, as he walked out to view his Meadow, he found the Ox just Sneaking away, after Having filled his Hide to Bursting with the juciest Grass.

"Ah! is this the way you Guard my Property!" exclaimed the Peasant,

"Well, you see,' replied the Ox as he Continued moving away, "on Second Consideration I Decided it would be less trouble to eat your Grass than to Guard it from Others."

MORAL:

The Reformer is generally the biggest Robber.

THE CLAM AND THE LOBSTER.

A Clam and a Lobster fell out one day as to Whether the Fisherman had a Legal Right to catch their prey by appealing to their Hunger. From words they came to blows, and the Lobster had one eye blacked and two ribs broken, and the Clam had his jaw broken and his chin knocked off. They were Repairing Damages for a fight to the finish when both were suddenly scooped out of the Vater by the Fisherman, who quietly Observed:

"Had they not been so Intent on Destroying each other I should have got neither."

MORAL:

The fisherman still fishes in the same old way.

THE OWL AND THE HAWK.

An Owl and a Hawk who Dwelt Together on a Certain Island got by the ears as to which had the best Right to be called the Queen of Song. (Tickets $5, and standing room only.)

It was agreed to leave the case to a Fox who dwelt on the Mainland, and after Hearing all the Particulars, Reynaad replied:

"Gentlemen, my Decision is that the title Belongs to the one who can sing the Loudest. Come and see me this day week.'

The Disputants Returned home and Tuned up. As the Hawk sang all day, and the Owl all night, Neither could sleep, and Before the week was up both Dropped the Disputed point in Disgust.

MORAL:

Quarrels Between Neighbors cannot last Unless fed by the gossip of Tale-bearers.

MAKING A HUMAN FACE.

Thomas Colt's Thirteen Years of Experience Under the Surgeons.

In 1871 Thomas Colt, then 12 years old, was taken to Bellevue Hospital, New York, suffering from a disease which had destroyed his nose and lips and had begun to affect his eyes. He was taken in charge by Dr. Gustavus Sabine, and since that time has been under treatment with a view to replacing the lost part of the face.

After the course of the disease had been checked the process of building up was begun by cutting away the flesh about the edges of the orifice, where the nose had been. Then the inside of the large finger of the right hand was flayed, and the fresh cut wound was fitted where the nose should be. The hand was held in place by bandages and plaster of paris until the finger had grown fast to the forehead and cheeks of the patient. In the meantime the mouth was covered by the hand, and a silver tube was inserted into the lad's throat, through which he was fed, and through which he also breathed.

When the grafting of the finger to the face was completed, and the circulation established, the finger was amputated near the knuckle, leaving two and a half joints attached to the face. The operations so far had required about a year, but the process was only begun. The next step was to trim down the finger into the shape of a nose by removing the bone and gradually building up the flesh on each side and drawing up the skin from the cheeks and forehead over it. In course of time the result sought was obtained, except that there were as yet no nostrils.

The eyes of the unfortunate boy had both been drawn out of position somewhat, and these were straightened by clipping nerves in the manner usually adopted by oculists in treating cross-eyed people. The eyebrows were also patched up at the inner ends.

The next step was to give the boy a new pair of lips. This was done gradually by taking pieces of flesh from the cheeks and grafting them in place bit by bit.

Recently, after thirteen years of experience under a surgeon's knife, having meantime undergone and recovered from thirty different operations, the patient, now a young man, left the hospital. His face was smooth, and to the casual observer bore no traces of what he had gone through. The case is extraordinary for the extent of the work done and the perfect result obtained. Not less extraordinary was the fortitude of the patient, who never murmured under the necessarily painful operations, and who, when walking the floor because of his suffering, was wont to cheer up the other patients in the ward by telling droll stories, of which he had a large supply. He was known in the hospital as "Patient Tommy."

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen, "When I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Bilious attacks, such as Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. It renders the Blood Pure and Cool and makes a splendid Spring Medicine. Large bottles 50 cents.

NEWSPAPER FUN.

The boiled wave has come.

Ben Butler wishes to send a Minister to England who does not wear mutton chop whiskers. The bald headed diplomat's whiskers must be cut bias, and of a sunset or dynamite hue.

Just exhumed by *Punch*: Real hard-ships—Ironclads.

There is a town in Arkansas which struggles under the name of Limburger. We'll wager a scent that it's a live town.

"Poetry is the sister of sorrow," writes Mr. Andre, who had evidently been having a narrow escape from a newspaper office.

First Speculator.—"Pek n Turnpikes second mortgage bonds! What did you clear by them?" Second ditto.—"My pockets!"

Is it not odd that the boot blacks can command five cents for a shine when the advertisements say that "The New York *Sun* shines for all for two cents?" Competition is the soul of trade.

A Michigan justice of the peace advertises: "Marriage ceremonies performed at all hours of the day or night. Knots tied after midnight fifty per cent. extra." Western enterprise is something astonishing.

A news item says that the inventor of a device for fastening a necktie sold the patent for $1,000,000, and received as much more in royalties. His good fortune is easily explained. The news item lies,

A lady in Fonda, N. Y., who is ninety-two years old, is just learning to play the piano. She says that a woman who can't play some sort of an instrument nowadays stands a pretty poor chance of getting married.

"Why," he pleaded, our very circumstances bind us together; our similar tastes, our friendship, long acquaintance——" "Yes," she replied, "even age could bind us together." "What age, dearest?" he asked. "Mucilage," answered she, gluemily. A minute later, as he paste up and down the room alone, he realized that his failure was gumplete.

"How can you account for those fine stalks of corn coming up in the fence corners?" asked a man of a farmer! "That's not corn," the farmer replied. "Only weeds." "Ah, how singular!" "D n't know much about farmin', I reckin?" "Very little. I am the editor of an agricultural paper."

160 Days Without Food.

Probably the most extraordinary case on record of a person living in a conscious state without eating is that of Miss Kate Smusley of Fort Plain, who is at the point of death because of self-starvation. She is at her father's residence, and it is asserted with a positiveness undisputed by those who attend her that not a particle of food has passed her lips for now over 160 days. She taker a little water in her mouth occasionally, but does not swallow it, as, when swallowed, it at once throws her into convulsions which seem to wrench her stomach most terribly. She is emaciated to a skeleton. She is conscious, recognizes her friends and is able to converse with them.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star*

The commander-in-chief of the pig-tail army has issued his first command, "Tom-toms to the front and centre, march."

Young Men!—Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Elizabeth, N. J., has been painting her laws of a bluish tint, and the air has been full of streaks of a similar shade.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel, I don't believe I will ever get through this Spring house-cleaning! Oh yes you will if you take a bottle or two of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters to purify your blood and set up the system. In large bottles 50 cents.

The relations of the sun and moon, and intimate personal friends of the seven stars should offer Chinese Gordon the contract to clean out the French.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel, than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

"Another expedition to the pole," said the man, as he wended his way to the barber shop.

How would it do?

This bad weather requires a remedy. It seems as if the whole responsibility should rest on Vennor and Wiggins, for we had some kind of weather before they appeared upon the scene. How would it do to string them up? Would it make things better. Another hint of importance—don't hang on to your corns as weather indicators. Better string them out root and branch. Putnams Painless Corn Extractor will do it quickly, painlessly and with certainty. Don't buy dangerous flesh-eating substitutes. Get Putnam's, and no other.

The Opinion of All

Who have tried Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain remedy is that it is never failing in pain of every description. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, pain in the stomach, and kindred complaints are banished as if by magic. Rapid and certain in operation, pleasant to take, Nerviline stands at the very front rank of remedies of this class. A trial bottle may be purchased for 10 cents, a very small amount in any case; but the best expenditure you can make, if a sufferer from any kind of pain, is a 10 or 25 cent bottle of Nerviline at druggists and country dealers.

Young man from the country to Scotch policeman—"Whar's Oxford street?" Constable, sternly—"Why, whar it was yesterday! None o' ye larkin' wi' me!"

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the Stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It is a splendid Blood Purifier At Druggists 50 cents

A.P 193.

FARM FOR SALE. 130 ACRES IN GOOD order; easy terms. DR. PYNE, Toronto.

SAW MILL PROPERTIES FOR SALE—STAVE machinery included if desired. Send for circular. H. J. LEACOCK, Brigden.

THOS. GALLOWAY & Co., Cotton, Woollen, Silk Carpet, and Worsted, Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont

PHRENOLOGY. EXAMINATIONS GIVEN BY WALLACE MASON, 12 Queen St. W., Toronto.

OVER 200 FARMS IN MICHIGAN FOR SALE. Description and price list furnished free to all applicants. GEO. W. SNOVER, 105 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

SEND And get a sample copy o TRUTH, free, the best 28-page Weekly Magazine published. See the big list of rewards for answering Bible Problems. S. FRANK WILSON, 33 & 35 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Canada.

SMOKED SAUSAGES.

The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK, P. O. Box 342 Montreal.

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Active, pushing men wanted to wholesale my famous teas to consumers. Salaries from $600 to $2,000 per year Send stamp for particulars. JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto.

PARTY WANTED TO PURCHASE CARRIAGE shops 24 x 118 feet; double stoop, with office 24 x 60 lacksmith's shop, 20 x 42; lumber, barn, and shed, horse barn, two acres of land with dwelling house suitable for two small families; two cisterns, cellar, and well; situated at Ross' Corners, four miles from Belleville, on main gravelled road; good locality, where a business from $8,000 to $10,000 per annum is done. The premises are now in full blast, and will be sold to good live man at a bargain. HARFORD ASHLEY Belleville.

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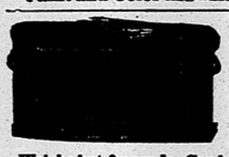

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To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED TO $2.50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian," says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid $3.00. Send for circulars

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For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shaw & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B. Allan & Co, Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

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MACHINERY. 1 Portable Westinghous F in r giveerm Engine. Able Triumph do. 1 G C. Morrison do. 1 8 h p Portable Engine and Boiler on Skids. 1 35 h. p. Horosontal by Northy. 1 do. by Waterous with cut off valve, and 20 engines and boilers of smaller sizes, all thoroughly refitted before leaving shop. 2 24-inch Planers and Matchers. 1 20-inch Pony Planer. 1 Iron frame Tenoning machine, 1 Blind Slat Tenoner, 1 Buggy Plainer or jointer. 2 band saws 10 Saw Tables. 1 Fire-Proof Safe. 1 Jeweler's Rols. Steel. 1 Book-Binder's Screw Press. 1 42-inch French Burr Portable Grist Mill. 1 62-inch inserted Tooth-Saw &c., &c. Send for new list, No. 9, containing full description of machinery in stock. Address,

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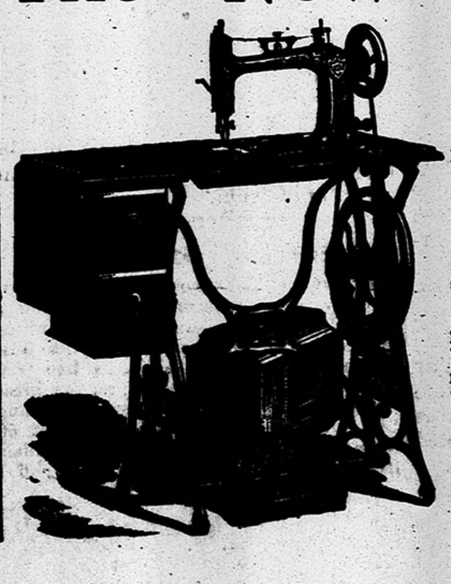

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