

MIRK ABBEY.

CHAPTER XXVIII—(Continued)

"Whatever evils may happen unto me, Heaven spare my reason," was the heart-felt prayer of a wise and reverent man. He might have added— "for he was one of those who thought it no harm to ask of Him who watches the sparrow's fall, for particular blessings—" and however I be racked with pain by day, by night may I still enjoy my sleep." Next to madness, and like enough with some folks to end in that, is the want of rest during that period which should be the season of slumber, and which, if it be no so, is a dread and dreary time indeed.— There is many an honest soul in the autumn of life who will protest in the morning, in the course of a very tolerable breakfast, that she has not had a wink of sleep all night, because she heard a few consecutive hours recorded by the church clock; but to lie awake indeed from eve to morn is not, thank God, a very common experience, and still less often are any of us compelled to endure it night after night for years. To live an existence the converse of the rest of their fellow being is the lot of more than one trade—editors of daily newspapers, for instance, and burglars; but to work by night is a very different matter, for by day unemployed, but thinking, thinking, while nothing breaks the silence of the muffled world save the howl of the watch-dog and the weird monotony of the wind. Yet there are some of us doomed to this sad fate, who scarcely know what it is to spend an easeful night, and who snatch their scanty dose of sleep by day.

Poor Jacob Forest was one of these. A long life of reckless exposure to the elements, not perhaps, unassisted by hard drinking, had brought him to this sad pass. Thanks to his daughter, he wanted for nothing that money could give him; but the once hale and venturesome mariner was now bed-ridden and racked at most times, but especially by night, with rheumatic twinges. Mary herself never failed to visit him every summer; and three days out of four some ancient comrade would painfully climb the hill that led to his cosy little house, and hob and nob with him by his bedside. But he was still sadly in want of comfort during the night watches; true, a nurse was paid to minister to his comforts during that season, but she generally "dropped off" into a dose, sooner or later; and even if she was awake, her gossip was of the tea and mullin sort, rather than that description of talk which goes best with hot grog, and was more suitable to a seasoned vessel, though laid up in extra-ordinary, like old Jacob. Therefore it was, as the waiter at the *Blue Marine* had observed, that visitors calling at the *Guard-ship*, as it was the proprietor's fancy to term his place of residence, were especially welcome.

The home of this old veteran had been built, at his own request, of wood, notwithstanding the recommendation of his medical attendant, who ascribed part of his patient's ailments to the fact, that his cottage on the shore had been constructed of that material. But Mr. Forest had insisted upon having his way: next to one's own boat, he had argued, there was nothing like a wooden house to make one feel at home in; nor could he be moved from that position by the caustic rejoinder, that in that case he might just as well get into his coffin at once. Nay, the *Guard-ship* had been made still less a right than it otherwise would have been by the ingenious introduction of a hinge running along one side of the old man's bedroom on the ground-floor, the very wall of which, in summer-time, could thereby be lowered flap-wise, exposing the whole arrangement of his bowers after the manner of the better class of dolls' houses. With the eccentricity of taste so often exhibited in the possessors of unexpected wealth, Mr. Forest had "gone in," as the phrase runs, in his prosperous old age for curious poultry; and up his slanting shutter (exactly as horses are introduced into a railway train) from the yard for his immediate inspection, as he lay in bed, every sort of feathered fowl after their kind, as into a poultry-ark. The earliness of the season, combined with the lateness of the hour, denied this exhibition (afforded to all visitors whenever practicable) to Elphie Derrick, but the ancient mariner gave him the warmest of welcomes, as he lay in bed, every sort of feathered fowl after their kind, as into a poultry-ark. The earliness of the season, combined with the lateness of the hour, denied this exhibition (afforded to all visitors whenever practicable) to Elphie Derrick, but the ancient mariner gave him the warmest of welcomes, as he lay in bed, every sort of feathered fowl after their kind, as into a poultry-ark. The earliness of the season, combined with the lateness of the hour, denied this exhibition (afforded to all visitors whenever practicable) to Elphie Derrick, but the ancient mariner gave him the warmest of welcomes, as he lay in bed, every sort of feathered fowl after their kind, as into a poultry-ark.

Next to the danger of draughts, to which the captain of the *Guard-ship* had already succumbed, he lay in mighty peril of perishing by fire, since he smoked in bed almost unceasingly; and in case of a spark igniting where it should not, the whole two-decker would not have taken a half an hour to become a heap of ashes; but this apprehension, as the old woman was glad to think was groundless upon this occasion, when her master had a gentleman to keep him company, and she left him with an easy conscience to their pipes and grog.

"So I hear you are rather sweet upon my good Mary," observed the old sailor ally, as soon as they were left alone. "She writes to me more than most girls do to their fathers, you see, Mr. Derrick, knowing I'm all alone here, and so pleased to hear any news."

"Very right and proper," returned Elphie quietly, "and a very good girl, as you say, she is—although she is not a very young one."

"Young enough for some folks, at all events—eh, sir?" checked the old man. "Come, I don't know all about you, and what you have come here about; I'm wide awake enough, I can tell you, although I'm abed. You've run down to Coveton, sir, to ask papa? There, haven't I hit it?"

"Well, sir," replied Elphie, forcing a smile, "I happened to find myself in these parts, and I did not like to pass by without looking in upon the father of Mary Forest, even though all should be off between us; besides, I was told you are the likeliest man to be able to give me some information about the wreck of the *North Star*, which happened about thirty years ago, and the particulars of which, for a reason, I want to know."

Odds and Ends.

He who has health is a rich man, and does not know it.

Character is the diamond that scratches every other stone.

Ornament sets are now sold under the name of matrimonial encouragers.

Of what beverage did Julius Cæsar die?—Of Roman punches administered by Brutus.

Marriage is the destined end of woman, just as theatres are made to be burned, and ships to be wrecked.

It is said that when Salvini plays "Sampson," he "brings down the house." This is probably because he plays it with the "full strength" of the company.

He-haw!—Great Personage (in those parts):—"My good man, is there a carriage road up the cliff anywhere round that point?" Man:—"Naw! but there be a doukey path, if that'll suit 'ee!"

"On which side of the platform is my train?" asked a stranger in a Jersey City depot the other day. "Well, my friend," replied a gentleman, passing, "if you take the left you'll be right; if you take the right you'll be left."

A Black Joke.—One day, as a young sweep was carrying a heavy load of soot on his back, an old man (whose eyesight was not of the best) exclaimed on passing him:—"Oh! what hard-hearted masters there are! they've loaded that pair till he's black 'f' the face!"

"I say, old boy," cried Paul Pry to an excavator whom he espied at the bottom of a yawning gulf, "what are you digging here?" "A big hole," the old boy replied. Paul was not to be put off in this fashion. "What are you going to do with the hole?" he asked. "Going to cut it up into small holes," rejoined the old boy, "and retail them to farmers for gate posts." Poor Pry was sold.

A clergyman in Forfarshire, who was conducting public worship in the open air, had a portion of his notes carried off by the wind. Not perceiving the circumstance, he announced that he would now proceed to the third head or division of his discourse, and hastily turned over his notes, remarking, "I say, thirdly," on which an old woman sitting by ejaculated, "Thirdly, sir, his awa' wi' the wind; it's over the kirkyard was, sir."

A prisoner was tried for sheep-stealing, and he was asked by the presiding judge, an Irish chief baron, what he had to say in his defence. "Ah, sure, yer lordship, did I do it myself and me fawther, and me grandfawther all vote for yer lordship when ye put up for Tipperary? And, begorra, didn't we carry yer lordship to the head of the roll?"

"Tipperary," murmured the judge, and he was visibly affected by the reminiscence. He looked kindly at the prisoner at the bar, and in summoning up directed the jury to acquit him, though the evidence was very strong for a conviction. The jury felt the pressure put upon them, and the foreman, in giving his verdict, said, "Well, yer lordship, I suppose we must call him 'not guilty'; but faith, yer lordship, there'll not be a sheep at all at left in the country."

To which his lordship complacently replied, "Ah, never mind, gentleman—never mind the mutton. Acquit him, and absit beef!" And acquitted he was.

A few days ago a freight conductor on one of the railroads went to the Superintendent and said he thought he ought to be advanced, having served on the freight for several years. The Superintendent agreed with him, and he made the change to the next day. The Superintendent a day or two after took a seat in the rear end of one of the coaches to see how the new conductor would take to business, and pretty soon the official danced into the door, cap on his ear, sleeves pushed up, and a half-acre smile on his face.

"Get your pasteboards!" he shouted, "I'm the high mucky muck that runs this train." And then, turning right and left, he continued:

"Right bows this way—play lively—pass or order up—how's the trump with you—slide you right into Chicago—hurry up there—trump this way—what kind of a hand do you hold, old man?"

There was something novel and exhilarating in his style, but yet the Superintendent called the conductor up stairs the next day and told him that he was the best man in America to run a freight train, and that he should have to promote him backwards.

He was too talented for a passenger conductor.

Ancestry of the Pen.

The earliest mode of writing was on brick, tiles, oyster-shells, ivory bark and leaves of trees; and from the latter the term 'leaves of a book' is derived. Copper and brass plates were very early in use; and a bill of foeciment on copper was some years since discovered in India bearing date one hundred years B. C.

Leather was also used, as well as wooden tablets. Then the papyrus came into vogue, and about the eighth century, the papyrus was superseded by parchment. Paper, however, is of great antiquity especially with the Chinese; but the first paper-mill in England was built in 1686 by a German, at Dartford, in Kent. Nevertheless, it was near a century and a half—namely, in 1713—before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought paper-making to anything like perfection. The first approach to a pen was the stylus, a kind of iron bodkin; and the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels, and then it was made of bone. Subsequently, reeds, pointed and split, like pens in the present day were used.

Printers' Rules.

The following rules should be strictly observed by persons having occasion to visit a printing office:

- 1. Enter softly.
2. Sit down quickly.
3. Subscribe for the paper.
4. Pay for it in advance.
5. Don't touch the type.
6. Keep six feet from the devil.
7. Don't talk to the compositors.
8. Hands off manuscript.

Gentlemen observing these rules when entering an office, will greatly oblige the editor and not fear the devil.

Ladies who bless us with their presence are not expected to keep those rules strictly. Boys unaccompanied by their parents are requested to keep their mouths and pockets shut. Girls are exempt from this rule.

It Didn't Seem Right.

A colored resident of Detroit who is the owner of a cast-iron horse and an old wagon, was hired to draw some dirt for a yard, and when his work was completed the owner of the premises handed him a cheque for \$7.60.

"Is that a seven dollar and a half bill?" asked the colored man, turning the check over and over, and regarding it with great curiosity.

"That is a cheque on a bank," was the reply. "Take it down there and get your money."

"De feller at de bank owes you, does he?" was the next query.

"I have money there and he 'will hand you your money."

"I don't know 'bout dat," slowly remarked the colored citizen. "Sposen I go down 'ar an' he says dis yer document an' an order on a hardwore store."

"Oh, it will be all right," replied the citizen, and he started down town and led the negro looking at the back of the check. When he reached home at night his creditor was there and waiting. Holding out the check the negro said:

"Dis yer paper doesn't seem to be w'ork a cent. I took it down dar and de fellow in de bank looked at it an' den looked at me, an' den he stuck up his nose and yelled out: 'What's your name an' whar you live?' I tole him mighty straight, an' den he wanted me to write my name on de back, an' fool around an' fool around, an' I jist picked up de cheque, an' den he says dis yer document is out of 'taters an' meat, an' I'd like to settle an account for postage stamps and shiplasters."

A Handsome Race.

In one of his letters to the New York 'Herald' H. M. Stanley writes:

From one of the many spurs of Kabuya we obtained a passing glimpse of the King of mountains, Gambarogare, which attains an altitude of between 13,000 and 15,000 feet above the ocean. Snow is frequently seen though not perpetual. On its summit dwell the chief medicine men of Kabua-Regga, a people of European complexion. Some half-dozen of these people I have seen, and at sight of them I was reminded of what Mukamba, King of Uziro, told Livingston and myself respecting white people who live far north of his country. They are a handsome race, and some of the women are singularly beautiful. Their hair is kinky, but inclined to brown in color. Their features are regular, lips thin, but their noses though well shaped, are somewhat thick at the point. Scarcely any of the descendants are scattered throughout Unyoro, Ankori, Runda, and the royal family of the latter powerful country, are distinguished by their pale complexions. The queen of Susua Islands, in Victoria Nyonyia, is a descendant of this tribe. Whence came this singular people I have had no means of ascertaining except from the Waganda, who say that the first king of Unyoro gave them the land around the base of Gambarogara mountain, wherein through many vicissitudes they have continued to reside for centuries. On the approach of an invading host they retreated to the summit of the mountain, the intense cold of which defies the most determined of their enemies.

OXYGEN IS LIFE.—DR. BRIGHT'S PHOSPHODYNE. MURDERERS OF PROPERTY are hopelessly suffering from Debility, Nervous and Liver Complaints, Depression of spirits, Hysterical, Timidity, Indigestion, Failure of Hearing, Sight and Memory, Lassitude, Want of Power, etc., whose cases admit of a permanent cure by DR. BRIGHT'S PHOSPHODYNE (Ozone Oxygen), which at once allays all irritations and excitement, imparts new energy and life to the enfeebled constitution, and cures every stage of these hitherto incurable and distressing malades. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists throughout the Globe.

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Well curbs constantly on hand. Wells sunk on the shortest notice. Address stating depth of well, REU. PHILLIPS, Richmond Hill.

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Messrs. Evans, Moore & Co., Montreal. Messrs. Avery, Brown & Co., Halifax, N.S. Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons, St. John, N.B. Messrs. Elliott & Co., Toronto, Canada. Who import them direct from here.

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Messrs. Evans, Moore & Co., Montreal. Messrs. Avery, Brown & Co., Halifax, N.S. Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons, St. John, N.B. Messrs. Elliott & Co., Toronto, Canada. Who import them direct from here.

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