Durham Chronicle.

AND GREY COUNTY ADVERTISER.

MAINTIEN LE DROIT.

White & Johnson, Publishers & Proprietors.] [$1.50 per Annum.

WHOLE NO. 189.] DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY, ONTARIO, SEPT. 15, 1870. [VOLUME 4, NO. 33.

J. F. Halsted, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., LOWER Town, Durham, Ontario.

R. T. Porter, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., GRADUATE of Victoria College, Toronto. Office—In Griffin's Building, Durham, County of Grey. All calls, day or night, promptly attended to.

DENTISTRY.
JAS. BELL, SURGEON-DENTIST.—Office,—One door North of Elliott's Hotel, Upper Village, Durham.

William Barrett
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, &c., &c.—Office—Over Dalglish's store, Upper Town, Durham, Ont.

THOMAS DIXON,
BARRISTER, ATTORNY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, &c., &c.—OFFICE:—Next door to the Telegraph Office, Durham. 164 tf.

James Brown,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, Durham, Ont.

ROBERT FINDLAY,
DURHAM,
OFFICIAL ASSIGNEE, FOR THE COUNTY OF GREY.

Samuel E. Legate,
LAND AGENT, VALUER, &c., &c. Money to Lend from one to ten years, on easy terms of interest. Farms for sale.
Durham, 10th June, 1868. 71-1y.

John Moodie,
General Agent, Conveyancer, Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Lands, &c., Valued, Books and Accounts made up and collected. ☞ $50,000 to lend on good Farm and Town Property at 8 per cent. OFFICE:—14 Garafraxa St., Durham.

C. McDougall,
HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL Painter, Durham, Ont. Painting, Glazing, and Paper Hanging, done in the most approved style of the art.

William Buchanan,

FROM GLASGOW Scotland; Book-Binder, Sullivan Post Office. Charges moderate. All orders left at the CHRONICLE Office, promptly attended to. 1-1y.

Durham Waggon & Carriage Shop.
H. I. STOREY IS NOW PREPARED to furnish Carriages, Cutters, Waggons and Sleighs, manufactured from the best material, at the cheapest possible rates. All work warranted. Shop, opposite Mr. Carson's store, Lower Town, Durham.

Kerr, Brown & McKenzie,
IMPORTERS OF DRY GOODS AND Groceries, and General Wholesale Merchants, Hamilton, Ont.

HUGH ROSE,

General Blacksmith, opposite Wiley's Boot and Shoe Store, Lower Town, Durham.—Good workmanship, punctuality and moderate charges are the rules at this Smithy.

IF YOU WANT FURNITURE GO TO
SHEWELL'S
Cabinetware and Chair Factory,
OPPOSITE ORANGE HALL
DURHAM,
SIGN OF THE BIG CHAIR.
WHERE FURNITURE OF EVERY description can be had as cheap, and as good as at any other establishment in the County. All work warranted.
Wareroom, One Door North of the sign of the big chair.

BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY are prepared to do Millinery and Dress-making, and would kindly solicit the patronage of Durham and vicinity. Mrs. Perkiss is well acquainted with above branches, and also Straw-work. Fluting done in good style.
☞ Residence next to R. McKenzie's large brick store, Lower Village.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
TINSMITH,
GARAFRAXA STREET, DURHAM.
(TWO DOORS NORTH OF THE BRIDGE.)
EVERY description of Tinware constantly on hand and made to order. All work is manufactured under my own supervision, and none but the very best stock used. JOBBING done promptly and in the very best style, at the lowest living rates. ☞ Particular attention paid to Eave-Troughing. A large stock of Stove-Pipes, Elbows, T Pipes and Ridge Plates always on hand, CHEAP FOR CASH OR TRADE. (76 y.)

HOTEL CARDS.

HALF-WAY HOUSE,
ORCHARDVILLE, JAMES BELL, PROPRIETOR. Having leased the above premises, lately occupied by Mr. J. Hart, I am prepared to offer first-class accommodation to travellers and the public generally. Good Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Superior Stabling and an attentive Hostler. Stages call daily.

CORNISH'S HOTEL,
ORCHARDVILLE. This House has recently been refitted and furnished in first class style, with a view to the comfort and accommodation of the travelling public. Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the choicest bands always on hand. Good Stabling and an attentive hostler. Stages call daily.—Charges moderate.

Argyle Hotel,
HUGH MACKAY, PROPRIETOR, Durham. ☞ The subscriber is Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey.

DURHAM HOTEL, Durham;
JAMES ELLIOTT, Proprietor. The subscriber thankful for past favors wishes to inform his old friends and the public generally, that he has again commenced business in the above Hotel and hopes by strict attention to the comfort of his guests to merit a fair share of public patronage.
☞ A good Livery in connection.

A CHOICE LOT OF
FRESH MEAT
ALWAYS ON HAND,
AT THE
"Durham Meat Market."
CHARLES LIMIN.

Certain Preservation of the Sight.

F. H. Edwards.
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,
SOLE AGENT FOR THE SALE OF
OUR CELEBRATED
PERFECTED SPECTACLES
AND
EYE-GLASSES,
The LENSES of which are GROUND by us, from material manufactured especially for OPTIC purposes. It is
PURE, HARD & BRILLIANT
and as near ACHROMATIC as can be produced.
The peculiar form and scientific accuracy attained by the aid of complicated and costly machinery, warrants us in asserting them to be
The Most Perfect Spectacles
EVER MANUFACTURED
THEY ASSIST THE SIGHT MOST BRILLIANTLY,
CONFER
EASE & COMFORT
ON THE WEARER,
cause a continuous and abiding
IMPROVEMENT OF THE EYES,
AND
LAST A GREAT MANY YEARS
without requiring to be changed. So they are the CHEAPEST, as well as the BEST.
LAZARUS, MORRIS & CO.,
295 Notre Dame Street, (UP STAIRS.)
MONTREAL.
☞ WE EMPLOY NO PEDLERS. ☜

MONEY TO LOAN.
Great Reduction of Interest.
The undersigned is prepared to effect Loan in sums of $200 and upwards on approved Farm and Village security, for from two to twenty years, on the most favorable terms.
Good Mortgages Bought.
D. Jackson, Jr.,
Durham, July 18th, 1870.

D. JACKSON, JR.,
Land Agent, Conveyancer, Commissioner, and Insurance Agent.
☞ A few good farms for sale.

Canada Landed Credit Company.
Money Loaned at 8 per cent.
CAPITAL, - - $1,000,000.
President—LEWIS MOFFATT, Esq.
Vice-President—JOHN MACDONALD, Esq.
Secretary—JOHN SYMONS, Esq.
DIRECTORS:
Hon. G. W. Allan, M. P.; Wm. Alexander, Esq.; Hon. George Brown; Hon. Asa A. Burnham, M. P.; C. S. Gzowski, Esq.; His Honor Judge Gowan; Hon. W. P. Howland, C. B.; Hon. Wm. AcMaster, M. P.; J. B. Osborne, Esq.; S. Spreull, Esq.; Larratt W. Smith, Esq., D. C. L.
BANKERS—Bank of Commerce, Toronto
Advantages to Borrowers.
There is no possibility of the borrower from this Company ever being called on suddenly or unexpectedly to pay off his debt:
The borrower has, if he desires, 23 years to pay off the loan lent; he has always the privilege of liberating his estate from the mortgage by giving 6 months notice.
The borrower is allowed 6 per cent., compound interest, for any even sum above $100 he pays before it becomes due.
No fines to pay. No shares required to be taken. No commission charged. No expenses of renewals.
I am receiving applications for Loans. All business connected therewith will be promptly transacted.
A. McLELLAN,
Agent and Valuer.
Durham, August 11th, 1870. 184-tf.

THE MYSTERIOUS LEGACY.

The "Tales of a Grandfather," by Sir Walter Scott, are but a small portion of that kind of interesting stories. Unfortunate is that fireside which has not, at some period of its history, a chair consecrated to such a patriarch. A grandfather in a family! who could fill his place? No hundred men picked with the selectest care. In the first place, he carries the whole family history in his great pocket. His broad-brimed hat, as he rises and puts it on with both hands, covers three generations. He has eighty almanacs hung up in his head. He is a walking biographical dictionary, on two legs and one cane. Every family event for a hundred years is assorted, marked and laid away in the pigeon-holes of his memory. He is the appellate court for all chronological litigations.

As he sits silent and inattentive, he is not dozing. Deaf for a time to the present, his ear is open to the past.—What a multitude and what a wonderful variety of associations are crowded into that venerable head! How he must think!—and then the stories! Jar that ripe sheaf a little, and how the grain rattles down! Hardly a word is uttered in his hearing that does not start in his mind a train of memories that ramify in a thousand directions through the busy years behind him. He not only sees the present generation—he sees through it. To him it is the third edition. Little Tommy is transparent, and through him he has visions of twenty others just like him. When he goes on his afternoon walk, it is neither incivility nor stolidity that causes him as a young man passess, to stop and turn half round and gaze at him under his shoulder till out of sight. It is not curiosity, saying "Who is that?" But in that young man—in his ruddy cheek, the glance of his eye, the swing of his arms, or some indefinable thing he sees Ezekiel Brown, the playmate of his boyhood, his fellow wrestler in youthful manhood, who has been dead these fifty years. So it is not the stranger he stops to look after so quietly, but poor Zeke. And this accidental impulse sets him back over half a century of biography; and he returns to the fireside with a score of new Tales of a Grandfather in his head. Such a memory, in whatever it grasps is better than a library of books, for it is a whole family's library bound in one volume. A revolutionary soldier once gave us a verbal description of the battle of Lexington, better than ever came out of a book. He took the listener, in a moment of time, to the very place, and showed him the whole scene, living and in motion. Long live the grandfathers! A young man on a throne is not half so sublime as an old man in an arm chair.

My grandfather, the last years of whose life lapped a little over the first years of mine, was a man of middle height, compact frame, active, arterial temperament, and iron will. He was a sea-captain, a genuine "old salt," trained from boyhood under a tarpaulin hat, and was as familiar with the "paths of the sea" as a shepherd with those of a sheep pasture. Spending his life in making extensive voyages, he was seldom at home long enough at a time for the salt spray to dry on his weather-beaten cheeks; and there was hardly a port on the habitable globe in which he could not shake hands with an old acquaintance, either civilized or savage. Indeed, his home was on the ocean; and his family, like an ostrich egg, was hid on the shore while he was gone.

His history was, of course, crowded with many interesting personal adventures, frightful perils and curious incidents that fell within the world wide range of his experience and observation. The most of these, at the relation of which childish ears used to tinge and my eyes dilate with wonder, have became so faded in memory as to be incapable of a tolerable narration. The following, however, seems to have made a more lasting impression, owing, perhaps, to its having been oftener repeated at the family fireside:—

More than a hundred years ago, during the calm that occurred between the old "French War" and the American Revolution, a large ship was lying at a wharf in the town of New York, laden with a valuable cargo, and ready to sail for Liverpool, and thence to whatever portion of the globe the chances of commerce might dictate.

This was my grandfather's ship, waiting only for her papers and a fair wind. The papers were soon ready, and shortly after them came the desired breeze. Presently everything on board was in active motion—the casting off and coiling of ropes, the unfurling of canvass, the jocund tars running up and down the ratlines like spiders on their webs; while the short, imperative orders of the mate, and the hearty "yo-hoy-ho" of the cheerful crew, echoed over the rippling waters of the harbor, which looked in the rays of the setting sun as if covered with a cream of liquid gold.

Just before the last plank was hauled in, a stranger stepped hurriedly on board and inquired for the captain's state-room. Being conducted thither, he entered, and with a slight bow accosted the captain, who sat writing at his desk.

'You are bound for Liverpool, I believe, sir?'

'Yes sir.'

'I am in poor health; and, intending to spend the winter in Italy, wish to get a passage on the first ship that sails for Europe. Will you take a passenger?'

'Yes, sir, if my accommodations will suit you.'

'No matter about the accommodations, captain; I am an old sailor, and know how to accommodate myself. Besides the trim of your ship suits my eye.'

The allusions to his health attracted my grandfather's scrutiny, and the introduction of himself as an old sailor touched his heart.

On noticing him more particularly, he was struck with an indefinable feeling of curiosity and sympathy at his appearance. Tall, straight, and rather slender, he was dressed in fine black broadcloth, with a sort of Spanish cloak of the same color and quality. A two-edged sword, common at that time on shipboard, and improperly called a cutlass, was partly covered by his cloak, and hung at his side without a sheath His hair was quite gray; and his features were manly, and would have been handsome had they not been considerably emaciated, which circumstance gave unpleasant prominence of several scars more or less on different parts of his face. His eyes were blue, and full of animated expression, but purely restless except when showing a sudden air of abstraction. The looseness of his black gloves gave evidence that he had lost a finger or two from his left hand.

These observations were made by the captain while the stranger was looking at a beautifully finished sextant that lay upon the table, and had for a moment attracted his attention. Turning suddenly, as if startled at his forgetfulness, he resumed:

'Name the price of the passage, captain, and I will pay you now.'

My grandfather had already fixed the price in his mind and replied:—

'You are a sailor, sir, and sick. The accommodations of my ship, as well as my own services, are at your free command.'

The language of a sailor's heart cannot be misunderstood, and needs no interpreter; and the stranger knew that remonstrance would be ungenerous. He made no reply, but eagerly extended his hand, and my grandfather, as he shook it, thought he saw a pearl in the softened blue eye. But noble hearts are impatient of exhibitions of gratitude; and he quickly added with a business roughness:—

'I am ready to sail, sir; is your baggage on board?'

'This is all my baggage, sir,' he replied, showing a small, black satchel under his cloak.

Leading him to his quarters, the captain left him and went on deck; and soon the ship was under weigh, the sails filled with a stiff breeze, and wharves, warehouses and spectators growing small in the rapidly increasing distance.

The stranger soon made his appearance above deck, and was politely invited aft by the captain, who naturally wished to learn something of his history; but noticing that he was not inclined to conversation, he left him to his own meditations, wrapped in his cloak and leaning over the rail. Silent and pensive, he reclined there, gazing intently upon the sublime scene around, the heaving swell of the sea, now chopped by the increasing wind, the distant sails that seemed motionless and glued to the western horizon; and then out upon the dark, boundless and boisterous deep, over which the sombre wings of night were already hovering.

What were his thoughts?

Nobody knows. But he gazed with an eagerness of interest, as though conscious that he was taking a last view of those riotous billows upon whose bosom he had so long made his home. At length, as darkness shut in the view, he quitted his position with evident reluctance, and went shivering to his berth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Roderick McLennan is out with a counter challenge to Donald Dinnie's.—Roderick thinks that it is unfair on Donald's part, while calling himself champion of the world, to stipulate that the hammer-throwing and stone-putting shall be done in his peculiar style or not at all. He therefore challenges him to try these exercises each using his own style; or he will split the difference, and have six trials at each game, three in his style and three in Dinnie's, for any figure up to $2,000. He does this, he says, not to make money, so much as to demonstrate that Canada can produce as good men as Scotland, and a little better. Good for Roderick.

Nopoleon's Career.

The present Emperor was born at the Tuilleries, Paris, on the 20th of April, 1804, and was the third son of Hortense, the daughter of Josephine, his father being Louis Napoleon, the brother whom the Great Napoleon made King of Holland. Himself and the "King of Rome" were the only two Bonapartes born under the shadow of the Imperial dignity. The present Bonaparte was baptized November the 4th, 1804, by Cardinal Fesch, the Emperor and Marie Louise standing sponsers.

On the Emperor's return from Elba he took young Louis to Champ de Mai. He was then seven years old, and his own son was just double his father's age when he received his baptism of fire. Upon the collapse of the first empire Hortense and her children were exiled to Switzerland and lived at Ausburg.

He served as an honorary private in the Swiss army, and studied military science at Hun. While here a revolution put Louis Philippe on the French throne. Louis Bonaparte petitioned to serve as a private in the army of his native land. The reply was a removal of the decree of banishment.

In 1831 he settled in Tuscany, and he afterward took part in the insurrection at Rome. He had to escape out of Italy to England, thence repairing to Arhenberg in Thurgan. In 1832 the King of Rome's death and the death of two of his own brothers made Louis Napoleon the lineal successor of his uncle. The abortive and grotesque attempt at insurrection at Strasbourg in 1835 needs no recapitulation. In 1840 a similar *fiasco* was experienced by him at Boulogne. It ended in his incarceration for life in the castle of Ham. On May 26, 1846, he escaped in the disguise of a workman. Living for two and a half years in England and for a few months in New York, Napoleon returned to France during the revolution of 1848 Paris immediately returned him as a representative to the Assembly, and he was soon after elected President of the Republic. The after incidents of his life are a part of the consciousness of every reader, and it were trite to do more than arrange them in merely chronological order.

In December 1852, he was proclaimed Emperor, to that end organizing a *coup d'eclat*, and he was afterwards all but unanimously established in his pretensions by a popular vote.

The wars France has engaged in under his reign were the Crimean war of 1854-6, with England and Sardinia for allies, in defence of Turkey, against Russia; the war against Austria in 1859, with Italy for an ally; the invasion of Mexico, with Spain and Austria for allies at first; and the present war against Prussia, which is stated to have ended, as to him, by his personal surrender.

Incompetent Doctors.

It is most extraordinary that young men incapacitated by mental dullness and imperfect training for any respectable vocation, will persist in taking physic as a profession. No serious consequences follow the professional misdeeds of the stupid disciple of Coke or Blackstone; and in theology there is such margin for lack of brain or absence of parts, that a pulpit can be filled and a stipend obtained on a very small amount of intelligence, and a mopicum of industry. In all the walks of life a well grounded professional education is expected; and it follows that not only at rare intervals is stupidity permitted prominence. To this the medical profession is a marked exception.—We have legislated that the evil should disappear, but from some cause or other the country is overrun with quacks.—The cause of all this is the opportunities afforded, in a measure in Canada, but especially in the United States, of allowing young men to pass into the world as efficient M. D's.

TO NURSES AND OTHERS.—Many medical authorities condemn the boxing of children's ears on sanitary grounds. There is danger in breaking the thin membrane that closes the passage of the ear. Both mothers and nurses should remember this, and not bring their heavy hands down on the ears and heads of their children for every paltry offence they commit.

The Quebec Government has decided to send $300 to the fund in aid of the Ottawa sufferers.

The Ottawa County Council have voted $4,000 to the fund in aid of the sufferers by the late fires.

Wife desertions are common in Seaforth.

The Clinton people are quarrelling over a market site.

Half-Price.

A young rustic in Albany, named Knox, saw a placard, "Linen Drillings at Half-Price,' before a dry goods store; went in and purchased ten yards, the price being stated by the clerk to be fifty cents per yard. Taking the parcel he handed the clerk two dollars and a half.

Clerk.—'How is this, my friend?—you haven't given me enough.'

Knox.—'How in thunder do you make that out; didn't you mention that the price of this stuff was fifty cents a yard?

Clerk.—'To be sure I did, and you asked for ten yards at that price, so that your bill is five dollars.'

Knox.—'I'll bet my bill ain't five dollars—look at that sign-board, young man; don't it say 'Linen Drillings at Half-Price.' You said that the price of this 'ere piece I chose was fifty cents a yard; half of fifty is twenty-five, and ten times twenty-five is two-fifty. Stranger, you can't climb me, I've traveled.'

The proprietor was called, but the rustic could not be argued out of his arithmetic, and rather than have a 'scene' the loss was put up with, and the young man allowed to travel with his bargain. Which suggests the fact that people who keep shop should be careful what contract they advertise for the acceptance of the public.

A Tender-Hearted Engineer.

These locomotive engineers are a peculiar class of people. Some of them are superstitious, and feel almost as bad about running over a man and killing him by accident as though they had done it purposely. Others look upon it as only one of the incidents of the profession.

'That is the eighth man I've killed,' said Jack Smith, gloomily, after the coroner had 'sat' on the victim. Jack was engineer on the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, and the best that ran into Cleveland some ten years ago.

Hundreds of people made it a habit to walk on the track for a mile or two out and as there were several tracks with trains passing and repassing constantly, careless or deaf people always seem to prefer the railroad track for walking on, in stepping off the track to get out of the way, frequently get right in the way of one approaching unobserved in another direction. In such cases however careful an engineer may be, he cannot prevent a catastrophe.

'Yes,' said Jack, after brooding over it in a melancholy manner, 'that's the eighth man I've killed in jest that way—walking on the other track, and then steppin' right in front of my locomotive 'thout once seein' me. 'But this is the wust case of-all,' continued Jack, producing his pocket handkerchief and blowing his nose with much feeling, 'wust case of all, and I feel dreadful about it.' His voice trembled and a tear trickled down his bronzed cheek.

'How worst of all Jack?' I inquired. 'Why you see,' said Jack, 'he was a big fat man and he mussed my engine all up!'

Wouldn't be Twitched Up.

Mrs. Stowe, in her 'Old town folks,' relates the following anecdote:

You know that every bodies religious opinion is a matter of discussion in our neighborhood, and Ezekiel Scanton, a rich farmer who lives up on the hill, enjoys the celebrity of being an Atheist, and rather values himself on the distinction. It takes a man of courage, you know, to live without God; and Ezekiel gives himself out as a plucky dog, and able to hold the parson at bay. The parson, however, had privately prepared a string of questions which was sure to drive Ezekiel into straight quarters. So he meets him the other day in the store.

'How's this, Mr. Scranton? They tell me you're an Atheist.'

'Well, I guess I be, parson,' says Ezekiel, comfortably.

'Well, Ezekiel, let's talk about this. You believe in your own existence, don't you?'

'No I don't!'

'What! not believe in your own existence?'

'No, I don't.' Then, after a moment—'Tell you what, parson, I ain't going to be twitched up by none o' your syllogisms.'

HOW TRUE!—Newspaper subscriptions are infallible tests of man's honesty. If a man is dishonest, he will cheat the printer in some way—say the money was lost by mail—or will take the paper and not pay for it, on the plea that he did not subscribe for it—or will move off, leaving it to come to the post office he left.

Seven American vessels seized by Canadian cruisers for illegal fishing are now in the hands of the authorities.—Their net value is estimated at $50,000.

Start the Plough.

Important advantages are gained by plowing stubble ground soon after the crop is taken off. The weeds and stubble will decay rapidly during the hot weather, forming an excellent manure; many weeds will be prevented from maturing their seeds, and some seeds that have remained dormant in the soil will be brought into a condition to germinate, so that they may be killed by the frost or by a later plowing. Another great advantage is, that a fresh stratum of soil is thrown to the surface to absorb the ammonia from the atmosphere, and to be acted on by the gases floating in the air. It is a maxim with the best farmers *that stirring the soil enriches it*, whether there be growing crop upon it or not—hence the plan of summer fallowing.

If the stubble ground is plowed rather shallow; again, a little deeper, about the tenth of September, and very deep about the twentieth of November—it would probably produce a better crop of corn next year than it would if it was left unploughed till the spring and then a fair coat of manure applied.

We are aware that scattered grain is of some importance, and many farmers commence fattening their hogs by turning them into the stubble field; but with proper care in harvesting, there will be very little grain left on the ground to justify the delay of the plow. If, however, poor machinery, and careless workmen have been employed in the harvest, a horse rake, working while the dew is on, will soon gather up all that is of any value, and it may then be fed to the hogs *ad libitum*.

But if, as we suggest, the first plowing be shallow, the hogs may be turned in, and they will find a portion at least of the grain that is plowed under, and enrich the soil by rooting it over, what the hogs do not obtain will grow and form a green crop to be plowed under in September.

Owing to the dry weather which sometimes prevails at the time and some weeks after harvest, it may be difficult to adopt this plan in all its details, but it is very seldom the ground is baked when the grain is cut, and if the plough is started immediately, there will be no trouble from drouth.—*St. Louis Journal of Agriculture.*

Two Pictures.

There lived a man, but the other day who was resolved to be rich, and who bent all his energies to the accomplishment of his purpose. He rose early, and sat up late. In making his bargains, he sought all advantages and used them without scruple.

He met his contracts—did just what he agreed to do—neither less nor more. He conferred no favors, and he accepted none, unless he should be expected to reciprocate. He paid his taxes, but he gave nothing to schools, or churches, or anything of consequence to charitable objects. Nobody ever thought of him when any enterprise for the public good was to be started in the community.

He became rich. In due time he died. His epitaph might have been—"Here lies one who died rich, the poor never regarded him as their friend; there was no weeping widow and orphans at his burial. Education, virtue and religion lost nothing by his departure."

There lived another man, but the other day who worked faithfully at his calling. He prosecuted his business with energy. He formed his plans carefully and executed them with unflaging industry.

As wealth accumulated, he used it for the comfort of himself and family.—He provided his children with books and teachers, and he gave his personal care for their education. He assisted liberally in the support of schools and of every good institution in the community. Amid the pressure of his business, he took time for reading, and for social relaxation. In his expenditures for himself and his household, he was economical without being mean. With quiet liberality he supplied the wants of the poor. He died, and his epitaph might have been written thus:—

"Here lies one who lived not merely for himself. Whatever means were placed in his hands, by the blessing of Providence and honest industry, he used for his own good and that of others.—Good men carried him to his burial.—The poor and the Sunday school children wept around his grave."

Have these two sketches counterparts in the lives of any person in these days? If so, which of them, reader, would you choose for yourself?

There is a moral taught by the following conversation, which needs to be learned by many fathers: Said a little four-year old, "Mother, father won't be in Heaven with us, will he?" 'Why, my child?' 'Because he can't leave the store.'

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

'GO' AND 'COME.'—'If you want your business done,' says the proverb, 'go and do it; if you don't want it done, send somebody else.' An indolent country gentleman had a freehold estate, producing about five hundred a year. Becoming involved in debt, he sold half the estate, and let the rest to an industrious farmer for 20 years. About the end of the term the farmer called to pay rent, and asked the owner whether he would sell the farm. 'Will you buy it?' asked the owner, surprised. 'Yes, if we can agree about the price.' 'That is exceedingly strange,' observed the gentleman; 'pray tell me how it happens that while I could not live upon twice as much land, for which I paid no rent, you are regularly paying me two hundred a year for your farm, and are able in a few years to purchase it.' 'The reason is plain,' was the reply; you sat still and said, Go; I got up and said, Come. You lay in bed, and enjoyed your estate; I rose in the morning, and minded my business.'

Now that Napoleon is down, it is wonderful how quickly people have found out all his weaknesses and sins. That he has been robbing all the departments of government in order to create a bribery fund, to be spent in rewarding favorites and buying votes, was bad enough; but it had, at least, the merit of being in some way connected with the politics of the country. But if what is now told of him be true, he has well feathered his own nest. According to a London correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*:—

He has an annual income of five hundred thousand dollars from investments in English funds, and as much more from investments in other countries, the United States included. This money has been made not merely by savings upon the enormous salary allowed him as Emperor, but by speculations in stocks and real estate. As he had control of the whole power of France both at home and abroad, it has been easy for him to put the stock market up or down as he chose. The improvements in Paris have also been a most fruitful source of wealth. Knowing beforehand where streets and avenues were to be opened, he has been able to buy city lots at low prices, and then to sell them at an enormous value. All his old cronies and friends have been enriched in the same manner. Many of them were in the depths of poverty when he took possession of France, and now they are all millionaires, and just as great scamps as ever.

If this be correct Louis need not despair, even though he has lost the Imperial throne. Let him repair to the United States, and his peculiar genius for fraudulent speculations will find full scope.

WHY THE WORLD IS ROUND.—After the closest scientific investigation it has at last been ascertained why the planets are round. They were poured melted through the sieve of creation in the shot tower of the universe and went rolling and tumbling through space until they got cool and became spheres.

The wife of an albany miser recently discovered the place where her husband had been in the habit of secreting his money, and helped herself liberally. The husband caused her arrest, but the Justice refused to take a complaint. She had been reduced to a state of starvation when the money was found.

A clergyman in Washington county, Me., driving along a lonely road, overtook a countryman on foot whom he invited to ride. After the crops had been discussed, the clerical gentleman asked his companion "if he was prepared to die?" whereupon the countryman leaped from the wagon, and fled to a place of safety, doubtless considering this question synonomous with "Your money or your life?"

To cure deafness in a man, begin to whisper to him about a chance to make his fortune.

A client once burst into tears after he had heard the statement of his counsel, exclaiming, 'I did not think I suffered half so much till I heard it this day.'

'What shall I do,' asked a miserly millionaire of his physician, 'for a tightness in my chest?' 'Join some charitable institution,' said the doctor.

A revengeful individual, in the exubrance of his rage at some one who had offended him, said: 'I'll have revenge. I'll do something terrible. I'll give his little boy a tin horn!'

The latest instance of a rose being made to smell as sweet by any other name comes from Cincinnati, where a young lady entered a music store and asked for 'feline intestines for lyrical purposes.'

'Mamma,' said a little girl, 'I think I shall be a Duchess some day.' 'Nonsense, girl, how would you ever get to be a Duchess?' 'Why, ma, can't I marry a Dutchman?'

They have a sort of reptile in the torrid zone called the glass-snake. It may be said, however, that glass-snakes are very common outside of that zone. Many a convivial fellow in this region has felt their sting.

A man having bought a twenty-pound pocket-handkerchief for his better half, an acquaintance remarked that she must be 'a duck of a wife;' to which a bystander added. 'Or he must be a goose of a husband.'

Orillia contemplates a $4,000 Masonic Hall.