

Durham

AND GREY



Chronicle

COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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MAINTIEN LE DROIT.

DURHAM, COUNTY OF GREY, ONTARIO, NOV. 3, 1870.

WHOLE NO. 196.]

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

R. T. Porter, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, & C. GRAD.
Next door south of the "Argyle"
Hotel. All calls, day or night promptly
attended to.

DENTISTRY.
J. A. B. ELLIOTT, DENTIST.
Office—One door North of
Elliot's Hotel, Upper Village, Durham.

William Barrett
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office—Over Dalgligh's store, Upper Town,
Durham, Ont.

THOMAS DIXON,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office—Next door to the Telephone
Office, Durham. 164-171.

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

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

Samuel E. Legate,
LAND AGENT, VALUER, & C., & C.
Money to lend from one to ten
years, at easy terms of interest. Farms
for sale.
Durham, 10th June, 1869. 71-72.

John Moodie,
General Agent, Conveyancer, Licensed
Auctioneer for the County of Grey,
Leeds, & C. Valuer, Books and Accounts
made up and collected. Charges mod-
erate. Good Farm and Town Property at
London good rates. Office—14 Garsington 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 mod-
erate. All orders left
at the CHURCH OF
St. John, promptly attended to. 1-1y.

Durham
Wagon & Carriage Shop.
H. I. STOREY IS NOW PREPARED
to furnish Carriages, Caddies, Wag-
ons 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
Grocers, and General Wholesale
Merchants, Hamilton, Ont.

HUGH ROSE,
General Blacksmith, opposite
Wiley's Boot and Shoe
Store, Lower Town, Durham.
Good workmanship, punctuality and moder-
ate 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 cheaply
as in the County. All work warranted.
Warehouse, One Door North of the sign
of the big chair.

MRS. WIND & MRS. E. PERKINS
MILNERS & DRESSMAKERS,
10th Street, Durham.

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

JAMES SULLIVAN,
TINSMITH,
CALAPRA STREET, DURHAM.
(TWO DOORS SOUTH OF THE BRIDGE.)

EVERY description of Tinware con-
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All work is manufactured under my own
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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 ac-
commodation to travellers and the public
generally. Good Wines, Liquors and Ci-
gars always on hand. Superior Stabling
and an attentive Hostler. Stages call daily.

CORNISH'S HOTEL,
ORCHARDVILLE. This House has re-
cently 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
brands 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 thanks for past favors
wishes to inform his old friends and the
public generally, that he has again com-
menced 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.
The fields are stretching brown and red,
Where once the waving corn,
With rustling music, met the ear;
And summer joys are gone.

No more the robin trills his note
"Neath maple shelving leaves";
In ponds the frogs no longer croak
Through evening's cooling breeze.

The summer's soft, white, hazy clouds
Are changing now to gray,
And green-robed trees are tossing proud
Their added colors gay.

Down where the creek goes babbling long
Its daisy-bordered way,
The noisy blackbird pipes his song
In happy, sunny May!

The mother-bird there feeds her young,
And hush her brood to rest;
Now, in the thicket whence they're gone,
There swings an empty nest.

And just beyond, where to and fro
The tossing branches part,
A maiden sits, in passive woe,
And holds an empty heart.

There, oft in smiling summer days,
Two trusting lovers met;
He won her love by winsome ways—
The memory clings there yet.

But when the leaves turned gold and brown,
They dropped o'er one alone
Of love and hope, and all bereft
Of love and hope, and all bereft
An empty heart was left.

O, maiden heart in thicket wild!
O, maiden heart that loathest all!
He sees thy grief, poor mourning child,
Who minds the sparrow's fall.

And so the autumn sorrows come,
And so they fall away;
For seeds must burst before they bloom,
And open to the day.

Couldn't Find the Verdict.
At a recent session of one of the
courts of South Carolina, an entire ne-
gative jury was empanelled. A case was
brought before them, the witnesses
examined, and the attorneys made their
respective arguments.

The judge, after laying down the law
and recapitulating the testimony, gave
the papers into the hands of the fore-
man, a rather intelligent looking fellow,
with instructions as soon as they found a
verdict to bring it in without fail.

Thirty minutes or more elapsed when
the jury returned, headed by the fore-
man, and stood before the Judge.

As the foreman appeared to hesitate,
the Judge inquired:
"Mr. Foreman, have you found a ver-
dict?"

"No, massa Judge, we habn't found
em no low," replied the ebony jury-
man.

"It's a very plain case," said the
Judge.
"Can't help it, massa; couldn't see it,"
replied ebony again.

"On what grounds?" inquired the
Judge.
"We don't look in de grounds, massa
Judge," replied the foreman; "de officer
did not take us out into de grounds, but he
took us into a room and locked us in,
and told us when we found de verdict he
would leave us out, so we began to find
de verdict, and search every nook, cor-
ner and crevice, and eberything was in dat
room, but we found no verdict—no nuffin
ob de kind dar."

The Pillows at Cape May.
It is said that a man who was staying
at one of the Cape May hotels last
week woke up one morning and couldn't
find his pillow anywhere. Just as he
was about giving up the search, he put
his hand to his head and found that the
pillow had got jammed in his ear. The
regulation allowance at a Cape May
hotel is one feather for a pillow and two
for a bolster.

Remotely for Rheumatism.
A negro had a severe attack of rheu-
matism, which finally settled in his foot.
He bathed it, he rubbed it, and swathed
it, but all to no purpose. Finally, tear-
ing away the bandage, he stuck it out,
and with a shake of his fist over it, he
exclaimed:—"Ache away, den, ole fel-
ler, ache away; I shan't no nuffin more
for yer; dis chile can stan it as long as
'you kin."

POETRY.
Blush Not.
Oh! blush not, honest toiler,
No cause for shame hast thou,
Though horny skin be on thy hands,
And sweat-drops on thy brow;
Although thy face may be begrimed
With coal dust or with soil—
'Tis a noble mark of usefulness;
Then blush not, son of toil.

Oh! blush not, honest toiler,
The time will come ere long,
When right will triumph over might,
And justice over wrong.
Respect thy worth, disgrace it not
By any action vile;
That worth will be acknowledged yet;
Then blush not, son of toil.

Autumn Pictures.
BY ANNIE JESSIE.

The fields are stretching brown and red,
Where once the waving corn,
With rustling music, met the ear;
And summer joys are gone.

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Why he came Home.
A young lawyer, clever, but slightly
irregular, having married a bright, sen-
sible, plucky young woman, promised
faithfully to abandon all sinful ways,
and be a very good. The new wife kept
her fond husband pretty well in hand,
and for months everything was lovely.

But meeting, in an unlucky hour, cer-
tain old cronies from a neighboring
town, he yielded to importunities, and
joined them in "just one little tear."

"The 'tear' was vigorous and prolonged,
lasting until ever-so-many o'clock, when,
being in a condition of exalted fulfill-
ment, he was led home by one of the
troop, who, after posting him safely on
his doorstep, rang the bell, and retreat-
ed somewhat deviously to the opposite
side of the street to see if it would be
answered. Promptly the door was open-
ed, and the fond spouse, who had wait-
ed up for her truant, beheld him in all
his tallness.

"Why, Walter, is this you?"
"Yes, my dear."
"What in the world has kept you so
late?"
"Been out on little turn with the boys,
my d-d-aring!"

"Why, Walter, you are intoxicated."
"Yes, dear, I estimate that's so."
"What on earth made you get so
drunk? And why—O, why do you
come home to me in this dreadful con-
dition?"
"Because, my darling, all th' other
places 's' shut up!"

Canadian Standard Weights to the Bushel.

Wheat.....60 lbs.
Peas.....60 lbs.
Beans.....60 lbs.
Indian Corn.....56 lbs.
Rye.....56 lbs.
Barley.....48 lbs.
Buckwheat.....48 lbs.
Oats.....34 lbs.
Flax Seed.....60 lbs.
Timothy Seed.....48 lbs.
Hemp Seed.....44 lbs.
Blue Grass Seed.....14 lbs.
Millett.....48 lbs.
Red Top Grass.....8 lbs.
Potatoes.....60 lbs.
Parsnips.....60 lbs.
Carrots.....60 lbs.
Turnips.....60 lbs.
Beets and Onions.....56 lbs.
Salt.....36 lbs.
Malt.....36 lbs.
Dried Peaches.....33 lbs.
Dried Apples.....22 lbs.

Character and Hair.
Coarse black hair and dark skin
signify great power of character, along
with purity and goodness. Stiff, straight
black hair and beard indicate a strong
right straight forward character. Fine,
dark brown hair signifies the combina-
tion of exquisite sensibility with great
force of character. Flat, clinging
straight hair, a melancholy but extreme-
ly constant character. Coarse red hair
and whiskers indicate strong animal
passions, together with a corresponding
strength of character. Auburn hair
with a florid countenance, denotes the
highest order of sentiment and intensity
of feeling, purity of character, with the
highest capacity for enjoyment or suf-
fering. Straight, even, smooth and
glossy hair denotes strength, harmony
and evenness of character, hearty affec-
tions, a clear head and superior talents.
Fine, silky, supple hair is the mark of a
delicate, sensitive temperament, and
speaks highly in favor of the mind and
character. White hair indicates a
lymphatic and indolent constitution and
we may add that, besides these qualities,
their chemical properties are residing in
the coloring matter of the hair tube,
which undoubtedly have some effect
upon the disposition. Thus, red haired
people are notoriously passionate. Now,
red hair is proved by analysis to con-
tain a large amount of sulphur, while
black hair is colored with pure carbon.
The presence of these matters in the
blood points to peculiarities in the
temperament and feeling which are al-
most universally associated with them.
The very way in which the hair flows
is strongly indicative of the ruling pas-
sions and inclinations, and perhaps a
clever person could give a shrewd guess
at the manner of a man or woman's dis-
position by only seeing the backs of their
heads.

"Well Brought Up."
"I am willing to do anything to get
an honest living," said a young man,
with watery eyes, who came into my of-
fice, asking for work?
Are you? All right! Take this
box to Broadway; take it on your
shoulder, and I'll give you a quarter of
a dollar for it, and another job on your
return with the receipt therefor.
The young man looked astounded!
"What! make an errand boy of me, sir?"
"I've been well brought up, and am not
willing to do anything menial!"
But you said you were willing to do
anything to get an honest living, did you
not? Is there any dishonesty involved
in doing this errand? You say you
have been "well brought up." I doubt
it. If you had been you would not
have given the lie to your own assertion
so speedily. If you had you would
have been proud enough of your reputa-
tion for honesty to have made your
words good no matter at what cost to
your feelings. If you had you would
sooner go into the street here as a street
cleaner and scavenger than eat the
bread of idleness. You ought to re-
member that he that humbly himself
shall be exalted. I have never known
a man capable of rising who did not
rise provided he laid the foundation
well. And a sure foundation often in-
volves digging in the dirt, water and
quicksands ere in about you, a curb
must be made and sunk until you get
below them on the solid rock.

My young friend may think of what
I said to him and it may prick him—
But he did not heed the lesson then that
I designed to give; and while he did
not lose a friend he lost, for the time
being, the help I might have given him.
For the young man who is not willing to
adapt, and capable of adapting, himself
to all the circumstances and vicissitudes
of life, and to climb out of deep, dark
places where there can be no easy, car-
peted stairway, is not much of a man
nor likely to be. To get through this
world requires good, strong, mental
muscle, and a moral fiber which is
stronger than any false pride that can
be created; and I pity the young man
or woman who is so educated as to be
certain that his honest labor is too
"menial" for them.

Indeed, I have no faith whatever in
such people!

What a Fall.
A minister of the Gospel told me in
1847 one of the most thrilling incidents
I ever heard in my life. A member of
his congregation came home for the first
time in his life intoxicated, and his boy
met him upon his door-step, clapping his
hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come
home!" He seized that boy by the
shoulder and swung him around, stag-
gered and fell in the hall. That minis-
ter said to me, (I could give his name
if necessary), I spent that night in my
house. I went out and bared my brow
that the night air might fall upon it, I
walked up and down the hall. There
was his child dead; and there was his
wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep.
A man but thirty-five years of age
asleep, with a dead child in the house,
having a blue mark on the temple, where
the corner of the marble steps had come
in contact with the head as he swung
him round, and a wife upon the brink
of the grave. "Mr. Gough," said my
friend, "I cursed the drink!" He had
told me I must remain till he awoke,
and I did. When he awoke he passed
his hand over his face and exclaimed,
"What is the matter? Where am I?
Where is my boy? You cannot see
him!" "Where is my boy?" he inquired.
"You cannot see him." "Stand out of
my way, I will see my boy!" To pre-
vent confusion I took him to that child's
bedside, and as I turned down the sheet
and showed him the corpse, he uttered a
shriek, "Ah, my child!" That minister
said further to me, "One year after
that he was brought from a lunatic asy-
lum to lie beside his wife in his own
grave, and I attended his funeral!"
The minister of the Gospel who told me
that fact is, to-day a drunken hulk in
Boston! Now tell me what drink will
do. It will debase, degrade, imbrute
and damn everything that is noble,
bright, glorious, god-like in a human
being. There is nothing drink will not
do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly,
sneaking, or hellish. We are united
brethren, are we not? To fight it till
the day of our death.—John B. Gough.

There is a colored man in Michigan
Penitentiary who has been there ten
years for murder, and he now insists
that Lincoln's proclamation set him free,
and asks the authorities to let him out.

The "one flesh" that an Indiana couple
were recently made, weighed 1,000 lbs.
avoiding.

Character and Hair.

"Well Brought Up."

Battle in the Clouds.

SABBATH READING.

Thoughts By Thinkers.

How to Build a Life.

The Dignity of Dying.

Comfort and Counsel.

Love of Gain.

The Influence of Music in Worship.

Speech of Zachariah Spicer.

Mr. Spicer was called upon to speak
to the question—Which enjoys the
greatest amount of happiness, the bac-
chelor or the married man? He respond-
ed as follows:—
Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I
rise to advocate the cause of the mar-
ried man. And why should I not? I
claim to know something about that in-
stitution—I do. Will any gentleman
pretend to say I do not? Let him ac-
company me home. Let me confront
him with my wife and seventeen chil-
dren, and then decide.
High as the Rocky Mountains tower
above the Mississippi valley, does the
married man tower above the bacche-
lor. What is a bachelor? What was Adam
before he became acquainted with Eve?
What but a poor, shuffling, insignificant
creature. No more to be compared to
his self than a milliam to the great
roaring cataract of Niagara. (Applause.)
Gentlemen, there was a time, (I blush
to say it) when I, too, was a bachelor,
and a more miserable creature you
could hardly expect to find. Every
day I toiled hard—and at night I came
home to my comfortable garret—no car-
pet, no fire, no nothing. Everything
was in a clutter, and in the words of the
poet,—
"Confusion was monarch of all he survey-
ed."
Here lay a pair of pants, there a
dirty pair of boots, there a pay-bill, and
there a pile of dirty clothes. What
wonder that I took refuge at the gam-
ing table and the bar-room. I found it
would never do, gentlemen, and in a
lucky moment I vowed to reform.—
Scarcely had I pronounced my
vow, when I heard a knock at the door,
and in came Susan Simkins, after my
dirty clothes.
"Mr. Spicer," said she, "I have washed
for you for over six months, and I have
not received the first cent in way of
payment. Now, I'd like to know what
you are going to do about it."
I felt in my pocket book; there was
nothing in it, and I knew it well
enough.
"Miss Simkins," said I, "its no use
denying it; I haven't got the pence. I
wish, for your sake, I had."
Then she said promptly, "I don't
wash another rag for you."
"Stop," said I, "Susan, I will do what
I can for you. Silver and gold have I
none, but if my hand and heart will I
do them for your service."
"Are you in earnest?" said she, look-
ing a little suspicious.
"Never more so," says I.
"Then," says she, "as there seems to be
no prospect of getting my pay any other
way, I guess I'll take up with your
offer."
Enough said. We were married in
a week; and what's more, we haven't re-
pented it. No more attics for me, gen-
tlemen. I live in a good house, and
have somebody to mend my clothes.—
When I was a poor, miserable bachelor,
gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a
weasel. Now I am as plump as a
porker.
In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want
to be a poor, ragged fellow, without a
coat to your back, or a shoe to your
foot, if you want to grow old before
your time, and to be uncomfortable
generally as a hedgehog rolling up the
other way, I advise you to remain a
bachelor. But if you want to live de-
cently and respectably get married.—
I've got ten daughters, gentlemen, (over-
powering applause) and you may have
your pick.
Mr. Spicer sat down amid long con-
tinued plaudits. The generous pro-
posal with which he concluded secured
him sons-in-law to the number of five.

One of the caravan orators at a Glas-
gow fair, after a long vain, descriptive
of what is to be seen inside, generally
winds up by saying, "Step in, gentlemen,
step in. Take my word for it, you will
be highly delighted when you come
out!"
A Dutchman once met an Irishman
on a lonely highway. As they met, each
smiled, thinking he knew the other.—
Paul, on seeing his mistake, remarked,
with a look of disappointment:—"Faith
an' I thought it was you an' you thought
it was me, an' it's nathur of us." The
Dutchman replied:—"Yaw, dat ish
dura; I am anoder man, you ish not
yourself; we pe both some other pedes."

A lady whose fondness for generous
living had given her a flushed face and
carbuncle nose, consulted Dr. Cheyne.
Upon surveying herself in the glass, she
exclaimed, "Where, in the name of won-
der, doctor, did I get such a nose as
this?" "Out of a decanter, madame,"
replied the doctor.

A Jewish Rabbi, from Jerusalem, in
full Oriental costume, has been in Nash-
ville, Tenn., several days, soliciting aid
for the Hebrews of the Holy City. He
will leave Nashville in a day or two for
Memphis.

The bug that flourishes all the year
round—Humbog.

"Mr. G. has spoken ill of you," said
a gossip to his friend, a man who thorough-
ly understood the world. "That astonishes
me," was his reply; "I have never render-
ed him any service."

Sir Francis Crossley, the famous car-
pet manufacturer of England, has just
given \$110,000 to the London Mis-
sionary Society.

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a gossip to his friend, a man who thorough-
ly understood the world. "That astonishes
me," was his reply; "I have never render-
ed him any service."

Sir Francis Crossley, the famous car-
pet manufacturer of England, has just
given \$110,000 to the London Mis-
sionary Society.

Mr. Spicer said down amid long con-
tinued plaudits. The generous pro-
posal with which he concluded secured
him sons-in-law to the number of five.

Character and Hair.

"Well Brought Up."

Battle in the Clouds.

SABBATH READING.

Thoughts By Thinkers.

How to Build a Life.

The Dignity of Dying.

Comfort and Counsel