

## Across Northumberland Straits in an Ice-Boat.

mentine, New Brunswick, has been a very general topic of conversation in this city, and many stories have been related by those who have at some time or other passed through similar dangers. One of the most interesting of these was told in a casual conversation with a *Globe* reporter by Quartermaster James C. Laughton, of the Boston Light Infantry Veteran corps, and relates to a like trip across these same straits which Mr. Laughton took thirty years ago. That no erroneous idea of the technical transmission in this ice-mail service may be entertained, and of the almost inconceivable hardships which these trips sometimes force upon the men who make them, Mr. Laughton's story is published, not only as a sort of explanation, but as a deeply interesting narrative.

"Do ladies ever cross in this way?" asked the reporter.

"Yes; quite a number have made the trip. They simply sit in the boat, of course, and don't do any work."

"Do these boats carry rations for any length of time?"

—A New York collar and cuff manufactory keeps ninety different styles of collars in stock, and the dudes go right in grubbing for something fresh. —  
N. Y. Sun.

Thus both sides entered the first day's battle under some disadvantage. The federal forces were not expecting an attack, and were not prepared for it. Even when it came, they regarded it at first as only a reconnaissance in force. General Sherman, who was at the front, so interpreted it. "Beauregard," he said, "is not such a fool as to have his base of operations and attack in our rear." On the other hand, the confederates entered on an aggressive campaign with divided councils. The

—A Mississippi lady grows three hundred and fifty varieties of roses in her garden every summer.

—Do not betray the confidence of any one.

"That's the trouble. You see I don't like any other colors except blue and green."—*Texas Siftings*.

Otis S. Richard, of Austin, is a very stingy man, and particularly to his wife. They were in Mose Schaumburg's store a few days ago, and Mrs. Richard hinted that she wanted a blue silk dress.

"Nonsense, blue doesn't suit your complexion, at all."  
 "Then I'll take a green dress."  
 "Do you want to poison yourself? Don't you know that all these green dresses are poisonous?"  
 "Then you pick me out a dress."  
 "That's the trouble. You see I don't like any other colors except blue and green."—*Texas Siftings*.