#### HISTORIC WALPOLE. A New Hampshire Town With a Remark-

ably Interesting History. Two important events have given this part of the Connecticut valley an almost pre-eminent interest for the and to the fickleness of those who historical student, writes a Walpole make them, that "engagements" and (N. H.) corres; indent, and, indeed, there are few ears so dull that they do not tingle at the tales that are told of what was done here. In the old Walpole burying-ground the visitor is shown a tombstone on which is engraved the following: "In memory of John Kilbourn, who departed this life April 8, 1789, in the 85th year of his age. He was the first settler of the town in

1749." During the French and Indian war a scheme was concected in Canada in accordance with which a band of some four hundred savages was sent forth to destroy all the white settlements on the Connecticut river. On the 17th of August, 1755, the Indians attacked the cabin of John Kilbourn. Walpole was then nearly, if not quite, the highest point on the river where settlements of In man had been established, and the

seven were counted by the beleaguered garrison, and a body evidently as large remained in ambash as a reserve Mrs. W. G. Barnette, the wife of a leading citizen of Walpole, is the greatgreat-granddaughter of this John Kil-

The other notable event was nothing less than what the folks here claim was the Revolution. This was not, indeed, | not a happy one," in Walpole, N. H., but in Westminster, Vt., on the opposite side of the river. It was in March, 1775, a few weeks before the battle of Lexington. The royal officers were holding court for the en forcement of some of the obnoxious British acts; and so great was the popular disaffection that a considerable company of royalist troops had been sent as a guard. At ten o'clock in the evening, while the officers of the court were absent taking supper, and the guard was off its guard, a well armed and determined band of citizens took possession of the court-house, and, on the return of the judge and sheriff, refused to admit them. The troops were summoned and a fi reestruggle ensued. Victory remained with the friends of liberty; and the officers of the crown one of the patriots was killed. His body lies buried in the ancient cemetery. and on the moss-covered stone which marks the spot the epitaph may still be deciphered

Here William French his body hes. His blood to that for vengence criss. King Hearge to all his Torr areas. They will a basel his head shot through. For liberty, his country's good. He lost his I to, his degrest, blood. - Hoston Alvertiser.

# A COOD ANECDOTE.

Ole Bull's Advices to a Number of Discouraged Amateur Violinists.

When Ola Bull, the renowned violinlst, was staying in Paris, in 1840 he returned home late one evening from a concert, and as the night was cold he ordered his man to make a fire in his room. The latter dragged Vowards the fire-place a luge sox, on which the word "Fire wood" was painted in large letters. In answer to Ole Buil's aston shed inquiry the servant told him that the box had been delivered that day at noon by his master's orders, as he thought. On being broken open the box was found to contain twenty-two violins and the following letter: "Great Master The undersigned, being members of various amateur philharmonic societies, hereby declare that they will henceforth cease to perform on the accompanying instruments. The same wood from which Old Bull can draw life, love, sorrow, passion and melody is only to be regarded as fuel for the flames in the hands of the undersigned, who therefore request the mastro to make an auto-da fe of the inclosures. and to look upon the ascending smoke as income offered to his genius by penitent dabblers in the noble art." curious epistle bore the signatures of twenty-two young men. Three days afterwards Ole Bull gave a dinner, to which he invited all the senders of the valuable "fire-wood." Each guest had lying before him on the table one of the violins referred to, and by its side a gold ring with the inscription. "Not tude and Perseverance" a picce o seasonable advice to the faint-heartdilettante, and a symbolic indicator of the means by which the virtueso life self had attained to fame. - Tay --

Rundshan.

#### ABOUT ENGAGEMENTS.

How a True Woman Should Look Upon

This State of Probation. Is it due to the lightness with which so many yows are regarded nowadays. "engaged people" are so constantly held up as endless subjects for jokes of all kinds? When we think of a young lady of our acquaintance who engaged (?) herself to two young men at once just for fun" and deserted both for a hird, and of a young man who is enraged to a different balv each time you neet him, we are certainly amazed at the facility with which some people can "get off with the old love and on vitathe new" and acknowledge that he jokers have a right to be as merciless is they please. But to turn from these ight hearted and light-headed lovers those who take a more serious view f the transition stage between the sedom of the unengaged and the appy bondage of married love, let us e if an engagement is all a young al, who has romantic inclinations, mains it must be? To begin with, want a lot of croaking the newly-enmg d girl has to I sten to. After the rst congratulations are over, some vell meaning friend remarks in a livery tone: "Well, dear, make the nos of it, all your troubles are to come, to the happiest time of your life, so lon't be in a harry to bring it to an and." Perhaps another assur sher, as I mee hear I a young lady assur d, that these things often fall through, you

may break it off yet." loomy predictions are no doubt all very satisfactory to those sho make them, but to say the least they are not cheering to the poor girl who has to listen to them again and again till she begins to wond r way people are so afraid that any one will be too happy it a world which so many do the r best to make a veritable "vale of tears." Perhaps her engagenent is of necessity a long one, then the has the pleasure of being constantr reminded of the fact by exclamaions like this: "What! not married et? Why, you ware engaged a year "go!" Or, st Il worse, she must listen o long tirades on the undesirablity of long engagements in general, whose pplication is plainly meant for her particular case. But these little trials, dthough real enough at the time, are jothing compared with the greater mes she may have to bear it the shape of cold critical look from her flance's amily and friends, who probably hink him "far too good for him," and are apt to look upon her as an intru ler, it least, at first, and who take care hat she shall in some way have a cretty good id as as to their opinions. All these external trials, perhaps dightly different in different cases, ould be cheerfully borne by the "hapov girl" if it were not for the unseen ones she can not speak of; her doubts, her fears, her bopes, so apt to be d sappointed, the feeling that is inseparafrom any transition state of unsettledness and anxiety. All these would ill volumes, which, hovever, would not be so interesting to the reader as the writer, which we are happy to think no one has yet undertaken. Enough has been said to show that the spilling of the first blood shed in sometimes an engaged gird's "lot is no matter how much she is envied by her young friends. But if she has a true love and respect for the man into whose hands she has given her happiness she will se able to bear the trial and be all the setter for the p obation of "an engag ment' before entering on the

## JONATHAN STURGESS.

Cor. Montreal Witness.

reater happiness of married life.-

itis Arrivat in New York and His Mueting

with Robert Lenox. The following story is told of Jonathan Sturgess and Robert Lenox Jonathan, a rustic lad from Cape Cod, arrived on a vessel in New York on Saturday night, a stranger and penniless. On Sunday morning he looked fled across the Connecticut. However, around for a course. He found the dd Wall street house of worship near Broadway. He stood on the step while the gay throng passed in . The grandur of the place appalled him.

Robert Lenox, a prominent member of the church, was always interested in young men. He saw the rustic lad and went up and spoke to him

"Are you a stranger in the city" "Yes, sir; Larrived last night. So you came at once to the bouse of God? Would you like a seat?

"I would The basinful lad was ushered into Mr. Lenox's own pew. The next morning he sought out a dealer in sail-cloth He wanted credit for a little canvis.

"Dal I not see you in Mr. Lonox's sew vesterday?" said the merchant. "I don't know whose pew I sat in, but a kind gentleman gave me a seat. "Well, lad, that was Mr. Lenox, and it is no common honor to be asked to sit in his pow. I will trust any box with goods who has had that bonor

conferred upon him. To the day of his death Mr. Sturgess said that his success dated from that Sunday .- Youth's Companie

"The poet is born, sir," said a man haughtily, as he received a roll of man useript from the editor with a shake of head. "O, is he?" replied the silitor, with a pleasant smile. "Well, when he gets o'd enough to write something tell him to come and see me." Pittsburgh Ponny Press

Drains from Barn-Yards. It is difficult keeping a drain that leads from the barn-yard in good runsing condition. The filtration of manure water through the soil in time saturates it so that its fertilizing properties escape into the dealn. This in volves a serioux loss, and, almost equally as had, the manure wat r coming in contact with air in the drain induces the formation of fungus growths on its sides. These extend very rapidly when once formed, and are exceedingly difficult to get rid of. A tile, once affected, if taken out and cleaned, soon like again even if left in another place The soil through which the soakings of the barn tard enters the drain should be removed once a year and freely soil put in its place. It will pro to do this for its manufal value, besides saving the drain .- N. F. Independent.

#### EGYPTIAN CITIES.

The Local History of Hundreds of Once It Reveals Character and Exposes Its

Prosperous Towns Along the Nile. Upon some spot of rising ground above the level of the annual inundation a few mud huts cluster round a rude sanctuary. The hut-dwellers multiply; the village spreads; the sanctuary is enlarged or rebuilt. As time good on the village becomes a town; the town becomes a city; and the temple, enriched by successive generations of Kings, Governors and plous donors becomes a vast historical aggregate of chapels, halls, courts, avenues, pylons and sacred enclosures. By and by, whether ravaged by foreign foes or shattered by some convulsion of nature, the splendid structure falls into partial ruin. Hereupon the degenerate princes of a later age, careless of the past and eager to raise some memorial of their own uneventful rule, lay profane hands upon the monuments of their great predecessors, cut them up for building material and use them in the construction of debased imitations of earlier schools. This process, in all probability, is again and again repeated. Not merely stones, but statues, phinxes, obelisks, are appropriated and reappropriated, worked and reworked, till at last there comes a time of disruption and change, when the old religion is abolished, and the images of the gods are cust down, and the very language of the inscriptions is forgotten. After this, the sacred places ecome quarries for the builders of Coptic churches, Arab mosques and the palaces of Turkish Governors. Meanwhile the actual city, consisting of labyrinthine lanes of mud-built dwellings, gradually disappears. The spacious houses of the rich, the hovels of the poor, crumble, collapse and resolve themselves into mounds of dust and potsherds. Such is the local history of hundreds of ancient Egyptian sites, and such is the history of Tanis. A hundred years ago, the grave of

this dead city was yet inviolate. Then. as now, the great sand island was heaped high with desolate piles of reddish brown rubbish. Then, as now, those mounds enclosed a low, level dry lake, or the crater of an extinct volcano. The traveler who -once, perchance, in a deca le -scaled those crum bling slopes and looked down into that area, beheld at his feet an undulating waste enclosed by what at first sight looked like a quadrangular rampart of earthworks, but which proved, on closer inspection, to be the remains of an extraordinary massive wall built of sundried bricks. The space thus bounded was strewn with ruins.

Such was the aspect of the place when surveyed in 1798 by the engineers of the great French expelition. Meanwhile there was war in Egypt, in India, in Europe, on land, on sea-universal war, followed, in 1815, by universal peace. The rich, the learned, the adventurous, the speculative, were once more free to travel, and the world was speedily overrun by tourists and it familiarly. The latter years only traders. The picture market and the antiquity market, both long dormant, started into new and vigorous life. In destructive propensities of native feldepredators laid hands accordingly and love of one another. - Cassell's upon every movable object within Family Mayazi ic. their reach, and the collections so amassed were sold for enormous sums to crowned heads and wealthy virtuosi. Thus were founded the great Egyptian galleries of our European museums. Amelia B. Edwards, in Tarper's Magazine.

## DRESS TRIMMING.

The Popularity of Etamine Bands and Galloons and Boards of All Kinds.

Bands of etamine, embroidered in cross-stitch with silk, are employed in trimming matinees and morning dresses made of surah and foulard: revers collars and cuffs are embroid ered to correspond with the bands and form a very pretty trimming. Lace of all kinds is extensively used for trim ming. Lace embroidered with gold bullion is very elegant to trim dinner and evening dr sses of black lace, sellor satin. Velvets for trimming are strewn with tiny flowers in bright colors.

Galloons and braids of all kinds are the most fashionable trimmings. They are plain or heavily beaded. Complet sets of the beaded ornaments are made to correspond for trimming panels vest, cuffs and collar. The weight o some of these, if elaborate, is truly ao pailing. Natural fir cones, very small are introduced as pendants on jet gal loon; gold is also used with jet. however, must be of the very fines quality, or it has a common, tawdr appearance. Fringes of silver-graseeds mixed with steel beads and orna ments to correspond are shown to uupon grav wraps. These are new stylish and very expensive. Larg steel, gold or jet balls are worn on the ends of ribbon bows.

Suede gloves still continue fashion able. When will glace kid gloves return to favor? Suede is very well for morning wear, but certainly glace kis looks better for dressy costumes and evening wear; but fashion is a stern autocrat and must be obeyed, so no change is yet to be made. The tar color of the kid is yet the first choice but black and various shades matchin the costume with which it is to b worn, are shown for those who prefe a match to a contrast. Four-butto gloves are the length most used for general wear. For evening the lengt of the gloves and number of button- i regulated by the purse of the owner There is a slight disposition to use some of the pale tints so long discarded, awell as the tan shades. Stitching is black and colors is seen on many of the new gloves. - Plaiadelphia Times.

-A French scientist, who says ! has investigated five thousand, for hundred shocks of earthquakes, attri ntes them, I ke the tides, to the inence of the sun and moon. The infor sea of fire, he argues, is subject the same laws as the surface son

## THE HUMAN HAND.

Owner's Disposition and Habits.

Hands reveal habits, occupations trades. A crop of them rises at the thought, like the show thrust up from a crowd in honor of a candidate after an election speech. There is the carpenter's, with the broad thumb, and those of the fraternity of flour, ingrained, mealy and white; the musician's, with the powerful wrist and fingers delicate, sensitive and agile to the last degree; the hand of the seamstress, with an honorable little bit of people?" nutmeg-grater on the fore-finger that works so hard: of the scientific man, who lectures to explain mysteries to lower mortals, and whose exactitude We had never seen it, but we knew by of touch is the image of his mental pre- the maps furnished us that it was of cision, while the nervous stretch of his great value. Shortly after we arrived fingers corresponds with his tension of mind.

The sleight-ef-hand professor is a man of long fingers. A conjurer with a slow and chubby hand would betray the awful secrets of the plum pudding that is taken from the depths of your

hest hat.

But beside the character and trade, the hands tell the age. Soft and round, the baby's pair of puff-balls, with their fat wrists deeply ridged, appear as if not the devil. They seemed charitable they can never do any thing in this enough of every thing except informaworld. Yet the girl's hand will become a treasure, and the boy's hand will battle for life and with his fellow-men for the mastery. It is appalling to think of what those helpless little puff-balls have before them.

After the first dimples they become

the inky hands of school; then the awkward hands that don't know what to do with themselves. Years pass, the boy's why this is, and I have asked several hand ceases to grumble at gloves -yes. he wears them in extravagant freshness, in comparison as his collars grow upward, and his shoes tighten within an inch of his life. The result of these phenomena is that a ring begins to shine with charming strangeness on another hand, that seemed a child's but yesterday. The young wife tells by her hands that it is not long since the welling, because she can not let that new ring alone, but tw stait around area of large extent I ke the bed of a for the novelty, and admires it with an unconscious knack of car ssing it in idle moments. Her dimples disappear, as the children gather to make a home circle; it is the hand of the wom in now, with its very frame work trace-

Dimples, bones and wrinkles mark the three stages of life's progress. W th the wrinkled stage the stealiness of youth often remains in resolute character. When the Duke of Wellington was a very old man he could still fill a glass of water to the last possible drop and hold it up steadily brimful. The helpful hands keep their youthful activity, too, far into the withering age. And in nobly loving natures there is a sort of immortality of youth; the warmth of affection has given more than a royal prerogative; the hand is beautiful always to the eyes that know stamp it with the impress of a longer past of tenderness and bounty. It is not the "old" hand but the "dear" Egypt the soil was strewn with treas-ures which it was not only profitable only more dear. He who doubts the but praiseworthy to rescue from the troth of this last mystery has not yet found out that hands as well as hearts laheen and Turkish Pashas. A host of have a peculiar place in our knowledge

## WILY INDIANS.

The Astonishing Readiness With Which Ther Adopted Captain Boggs' Trick.

Captain Boggs, a Virginian who h ld a captain's license on the Mississippi river before he was of age, and who for fourteen years had the contract to supply the m litary posts in Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona with fuel, teils the following story:

"I was down in the Ute reservation in Colorado, and had strolled down to the shores of a small lake, while my mules and teamsters were eating dinner, when I came across a party of about a dozen Indians. They were armed with rifles, and were shooting at a snag which stuck out of the water about two hundred yards distant. The stakes for which they were shooting were composed of a quarter of a dollar from each man. I stood watching them for some time, and then decided to enter the competition. Each man and three shots, and the man who hit the snag the most times won the pot-The misses were told by the splash in the water, the hits by the absence of

the splash. "After some parley with the redskins I got them to allow me to enter the mute's though they compelled me to dep sit baif a dollar, while they put in out a quarter. I had a Henry repeater with me that, fortunately for my purose, was then uul aded. I was no onated one of the best shots in that ountry, but knew that the Indians were not by any means slow. I slipped hree cartraiges into my rifle, and as I lid so I broke the ball off, thus leaving a blank cartridge. Of course no splash ollowed any of my shots, and the Indians thought I had hit the snag very time. I won that por, but the ext time 1 intentionally lost by not reaking the balls off and by taking

different aim. "I then broke all the balls off until I ad won eighteen dollars. Then the Indians, who began to look at me with dispicion or awe, refused to shoot any nore. I invited them up to the store and spent the money on knick-knacks, which I divided among them. I then ook them back to the lake and showed hem the trick. They were very much urprised, but took it in good part.

"On returning that way a few days after I found the same Indians on the lake shore shooting a big match with beighboring tribe, whom they were rap dly cleaning out of every thing. I parned that they had 'skinned' every Indian in the country that they could get too shoot against them. I said nothing, but mused on the readiness of the savage to a lopt the white man's tricks." -Boston Traveller.

----Bulgaria is derived from Volga; Bulgarians means the people that came from their settlement along the Volga

#### CALLED HIS HOGS. Why an Englishman Places Not the Least

Confidence in Arkansaw People. "I would advise a man," said an Englishman who now has an interest

in Arkansaw, "not to place any dependence upon getting directions from the people of this blooming country. you know."

"Have you had any trouble?" some one asked.

"No trouble at all, you know." "Then why would you advise any

one not to place any confidence in the "()n account of their peculiarities.

don't you know. My brother and L having negotiated with a large syndicate, bought an immense timber tract. at Coldwood Station we concluded to go out and look at the lands which they called by the beastly name of 'Coon Trot.' After vainly trying to hire a conveyance we started out on horse-back. For several days, before the romance wore off, like the silver plating coming off a spoon we had a very good time, but gradually we came to a part of the country where the people respected not the church nor feared not the devil. They seemed charitable They would give us any thing tion. in the house-corn bread and baconbut when we asked the direction to any place they would become strangely urious; and I may here remark that those people, brave and hospitable. would rather give up their last piece of hog-which is indeed very dear-than to give up information. I don't know educated gentleman who were born and reared in the State and none of them could enlighten me.

"One evening, about the time that the sun was setting, we stopped at a cabin situated at the foot of a rugged, pine covered hill. We soon discovered a man, calling hogs, at least I presuma so, for lean hogs ran at the sound of his metancholy voice. When we approached, the man, a tall fellow clad n brown clothes, placed a basket on the fence and regarding us curiously,

"Helloa."

"We said thelloa," and stopped to see if he would say any thing else, but lisregarding us he continued to repeat his melaneholy noise, a sort of sorrow-ful whoop, and would occasionally throw corn from the basket. I thought hat he would certainly say something pretty soon, and of course quietly waited, but he paid no attention to us. asked him a question, but taking up a thunk and hitting a savage-looking hog that had just run up, he turned away and addressed himself, in a language which I could not understand, to some pigs that had just rushed, with many grunts and squeals, from a thicket.

"My friend,' said L will you please give me a few moments of your valu-

able time? "He ba anced an ear of corn on the

top rail of the fence, kicked a 'shoat' that nosed about his heels and replied: "'What did yer say?"

"'Can you give me a few moments'

"Reckon so; how much yer want?" "T'll not detain von but a few moments. I am s what interested in this country and would like to know the direction to a place called Wilson's

Ford, you know. " 'No, I don't know,'

· · ·Yes, but I do.' "That's all right, but you said I knowed.

" Well, then excuse me. Do, you know any thing about Wilson's Ford?" "Yas, I know that er feller ken git ercross thar of ther water ain't too high.

"Thank you, but do you know anything about the lay of the land?' ... Yas, know that it lays thar. Pig-

o o-o wee - pig-o-o-wee. "Which direction shall I take from

here? "Any yer please. Pig-o-o-o-wee."

"That is certainly very in lefinite. My idea is to get there as soon as possible. Whither does this road lead?" · · · Way from hayar. Pig-o-o-o-wee,

"But this o her one, I suppose, leads somewhere, does it not?"

"Yas, it does lead some were," \* Where?

"Somewhere else. Pig-o-o-o-weo-nig-o o-o----"My friend, you are certainly a very

unsatisfactory man I have hought ome land over in that district and would like very much to see it.

"W'y n't ver look at it, then? "Because I am not there, "Then w'y'n't yer go thar? Pig-o-

Hit-Wire-pig-o-o-o-"I can't go there unless I know the way. Shall I take this road? L. Yas.

" Will it I ad me there"

"'Ka'n't say as it will. Road kain't ead no ody lessen it's got er lead n' inc. an' I don't b'lieve this 'un has. ...O, here, now, no foolishness: where will this road leave me?"

" 'Leave you whar you leave hit.' "Doubtless you are correct, but can ou not tell me which road to take?" "'He'p yerse'f. Pig-o-o-owee-pig-o-

"'I don't believe you've got good

···Mor'n you have, fur you're lost an' I ain't. 'Are you going to give me any-

· · · Pig-o-o-o-wee-plg-o-o-o left him. Now, it makes no difference ow completely I am lost, I never ask nformation of a man who is calling ings."-Arkansaw Trave er.

-In a negro neighborhood, while he earth was rocking, the cry was raised that the judgment day was coming. An old manamy, with her kinky hair almost straight from fear, rushed out when she heard the announcement and gazed up eagerly. suddenly she shouted: "No hit a n't. honey; no hit ain't. De skies ain't moved. When judgment comes hits or sum'n' boje ways. She was armed with the belief that on that dread day he heavens and the earth will rush to gether. It would be well if every man sould sustain himself with some simple belief or philosophy in panicky times. -Musen (Ga.) Telegraph.

#### PITH AND POINT.

-Oxberience was a bully teacher. Der only trouble mit him vas dot he gifs his knowledge out when it was pooty ate. - New Age.

-Now that the pug dog has been ta-booed by tashionable society, the dude is silly enough to think that he will be reinstated. - Philadelphia Call.

-"Are cigarettes injurious?" demands an excited period cal. As the eigarette is fast wip ng out the masher population, we are inclined to believe that they are not. - N. Y. Te'egram. -A physiologist says that "no man's

body is as strong as his appetite." This explains why a tramp can eat a bigger pile of victuals in a day than he can saw wood,-Norristown (Pa.) Herald. -No young mun has yet been found with the hardihood to ring a chestnutgong when the young lady's father ob

serves from the top of the steps, "Do

you know ten o'clock has struck?" New Haven News. -"Jenn'e," said a Lynn father as she came up-stairs at two o'clock, "his your young man gone home?" Yes father Who is he Jenn'e?" He works in a shoe-shop, father. "Ah, i e a laster. Well, he's a good one of

-Tid-Bits. - "I never intended you to return me that five dollars, my dear fellow," sail he. "I want you to consider it a g ft." No. no," said the other. "I am houest about paying my debts; and bes'd 4 I may strike you for ten dollars next week." - The Judge.

-Brown-Did you go for a vacation this summer. Smith? Smith-O, yes. Brown- How did you manage your business afla rs? Smith-I took my advert sement out of the paper until I returned, so there wasn't any business to manage. Great scheme, ch?- Harper's

-"Here is a little thing I just dashed off," said a buxom ma den as she entered the sanctum. The editor was just about to state that he didn't use poetry, when the young lady produced a beantiful golden roll of butter. It was accepted with thanks. - Bur ington Free

-Mrs. Bullion-I see that Miss Van Astorbilt wore at her wedding a vail a hundred years old, which was worn by her great grandmother as a bride. Mrs. Mushroom-You don't say! Well, it does seem as if people as rich as the Van Astorb lts might manage to avoid us ng a second-hand old thing I ke that when their only daughter gets marred. -Rambler.

-High and low -

'How high the bounds are this fail!"
Said Jack to pretty Nell;
"They're high in shape, but that's not all—
They're high in price as well." Yes, Jack," the maid replied, "that's so,"

And then clanced up at him— But still you always stoop, you know, To get beneath the bron."

- Columbus Evening Dispatch.

A Southern paper asks: "Whom shall girls marry? Well, there are young men who languidly lounge around watering-place hotels, wearing a single-barreled eyeg ass and a plentitude of shirt collar. Don't, for goodness' sake, let the girls marry any of them. They had better remain single two hundred and forty-seven years. -Norristawa Hera d.

## AWFULLY GREEN.

Ah Appeal Which upprised and Disgusted an Hones Acadian.

Jovite Arnivault is an Acadian Frenchman who lives near Yarmouth, N. S. He went fishing on shares for Mr. Augustus Woodman, and they made a bad voyage. At the settlement Jovite had to sign a note for forty dollars for his indebtedness to Mr. W.

These acknowledgments are always taken in such cases. Sometimes they get pa'd-more often they don't. they run over a second bad year they are not worth much, and Jovite had another poor year.

Then he went fishing out of another port and made a ve v succe-sful voyage. In the autumn of that year Jovite's brother presented - f at Mr. Woodman - o fice w tha very mouraful countenance. "What y u go to do bout J v te's note, Gust? He never could pay dat note: got large family and bad

"Well," said Mr. Woodman, "I don't want to be hard-how much can he pay:

Ambrosa thought he might perhaps pay "two, tree dollar," and after awhile Woodman said: "Well, if he can raise ten dollars I will give him back the note. Then Ambrose produced, with many

a grean, small sums of money from many different receptacles, stopping occasionally to beg n true Nova Scot an fashion for "better terms," but n vain. The ten dollars came at last and the

note was given up.

A few days later Woo lman learned hat do to had eleared four handred lo lars, and soon after he met him and complained that he had not been well ise! in the transaction. He appealed o Jovite's sense of honor and justice and finally asked him if he did not think himself bound to pay something more.

The Frenchman looked at him for a space, surprise, disgust and p ty alternately displaying themselves in ha countenance. Then he said: "Gust, I always take

you for biznes' man. I didn't tought

you was green," and, departing, closed the interview. - De rait Free Press,

Warning to Bad Writers. Henry Clay, who was a neat penman,

was quite an enthusiast on the subject of plain handwriting, and was in the habit of telling a story in point about a C neinnati groceryman who wanted a ot of cranberries and thought be could get them cheap in a little Kentucky town. To this end he wrote to a conomer at the place, requesting him to send one hundred bushels of cranberries per S mmons-the name of his teamster. The writing was so bad that the party to whom the note was addressed could not make out the word "cranberries" at all, but did conclude that his correspondent wanted one hundred bushels of persimmons, which were at once gathered and forwarded, much to the dagust of the Cincinnati man, -Bea. Ferley Poore.