A Keeper's Story.

IT was in the year 186-, that important business called me from the little town of N- to the city of Ajourney of about twenty miles. When about half way between the two places, a rain storm overtook me, and made it necessary for me to put up for the night. I accordingly drove into a farmyard and requested permission to stay through the night. My request was readily granted, and after seeing my horse properly cared for, I repaired to the house with my host, where a warm supper was awaiting us. Four rosy-cheeked children were seated around the table, besides the marrouly looking mother.

After suppor I drew up the fire to enjoy a smoke with my new friend. As the man lighted his pipe, I noticed a deep sear that extended across his hand. On asking him the cause of it, I saw my host and his wife exchange glances, and noted a shadow flit across ber handsome face. After drawing a whiff or two on his pipe

"There is a story connected with that sear that I shall never forget; and even now, as I am sitting here in safety, with my dear wife and children around me, I cannot repress a shudder at what might have been."

On my saying that I should like to hear the story, he commenced as follows:

' I was formerly a night-watchman in the Insane Asylum over in A-....... I had been at my employment about two years, when the incident I am about to relate happened. My wife and I had been married about a year, and she tried to get me to leave the asylum, and find some some less dangerous employment, as she termed it. I had laughed at her fears, but as she seemed so anxious about it, I had promised in one month more to do as she asked. The month had nearly expired; only one more night remained I had to go on my watch at ten o'clock. On this particular night I was seized with a nervous fear of-I knew not what, but still I felt that something was about to happen. In vain I argued to myself that I had watched there two years, and nothing happened, but argue as I would, that shadow still hung over me. I had three galleries to go through, and on each side of these galleries were cells in which the patients were confined. As I passed along, I would occasionally see some bony hands thrust through the grates or some poor fellow would rave at me, accusing me of-he knew not what himself. As I passed into the third gallery it was with such a feeling that I could hardly help turning and fleeing back to awaken some of the attendants; but, laughing at my idle fears, as I then termed them, 1 resumed my duty. Passing along, I became aware of an uncommon noise in one of the cells in which a new patient had been confined. I walked along and looked through the grates, but saw nothing out of the way, and was about passing along when an agonized groun passed from the lips of the man on the straw in the corner-he was one of the worst patients, and we could not give him a bed to sleep on as he would tear it into pieces. I immediately unlocked the door and passed into the cell. 1 approached him leaving my keys in the lock. As I stooped over him to see what was the matter, he sprang to his feet, and before I knew what he was about planted a hard blow in my face, which sent me reeling into the farther corner. The same time that he struck, he sprang past me through the door and before I could prevent him had closed and locked it, making me a prisoner. Then picking up the lantern which I had set on the floor outside, he held it up and glarad at me with his terrible, blood-shot eyes, and muttered:

"I know where they put the big carving knife, and now that I have got the keys, I will get it, and death will

be your portion. "Saying this, he started off, leaving

me in the dark. He was a large and powerful man, weighing nearly fifty pounds more than I did, and in his present state a match for two like me vain I tried to think of some way of escape; there was none. The window was strongly grated; the door a dozen men could not move. I thought of my dear wife and darling innocent babe, and tears would come in my eyes in spite of all I could do. What would she say when I was borne a ghastly, bleeding corpse to the house. Sometimes I would try to hope he would forget me, and not come back, but reason told me better. I tried to pray but instead of having my mind on what I said, I was continually listening for his returning footsteps. At last they came nearer, and as he came in sight I noticed he carried a long carving-knife in his hand. As he approached the cell he accidentally dropped the lamp, leav-ing us in darkness. A faint ray of hope pierced my mind. Could I not dodge out as he unlocked the door. I could hear him groping for the keyhole. At last I heard him insert the key and turn it. Drawing in a long breath, I nerved myself for the encounter, and as the door opened, I made a spring at him, and Providence favoring me, caught him by the collar. Putting forth a desperate effort, I twitched him, and tripping him at the same time, sent him to the further out and was locking the door, when he rushed to it, but fluding it locked, reachion that covers a grinning skeleton.

ed through the grates and with his knife struck me across the hand, while I was removing the key. As he went to draw back his hand, I seized it by the wrist and catching hold of the knife with my wounded hand, wrenched it from him. The next day I left the asylum for good and have never been inside of one since. We bought this farm, and have lived here ever since: and, now, friend, you can judge, whether I can ever look back to that night without a feeling of horror."

A Drug Clerk's Joke.

JEM. B is a wag. A joke to Jem is both food and raiment, and whenever there is an opening for fun, " he goes

Jem was recently in a drug store when a youth apparently fresh from the thou, "mountain," entered the store, and at sounce accosted Jem stating that he was in over. searce of a job.

"What kind of a job?" inquired the

" Oh, a most anything-I want to get kind of a genteel job: I'm tired o' farmin' an' kin turn my hand to almost

Well, we want a man-a good, strong healthy man, a sample clerk."

a man in that situation." "What's a feller got to do?"

"Oh, merely to test medicines, that' all. It requires a stout man, one of good constitution, and after he gets used to it, he doesn't mind it. You see, we are very particular about the quality of our medie incs and before we sell any we test every parcel. You will be required to takesay, six or seven ounces of castor oil some days, with a few doses of rhubarb, aloes, croten oil, and similar preparations. Some days you would not be required to test anything; but as a general thing you can count upon-say, from six to ten doses of something daily. As to the work, that does not amount to much; the testing department, simply, would be the princi-pal labor required of you, and, as I said before, it requires a person of very healthy organization to endure it, but you look hearty and I guess you would suit us. That young man (pointing to a very pale faced, slim looking youth, who happened to be present,) has filled the post for the past two weeks, but he is hardly stout enough to stand it. We would like to have you take right hold if you are ready, and if you say so, we'll begin to day. Here is a new barrel of easter-oil just come in; I'll go and draw

Here verdant, who had been gazing intently upon the slim youth, interrupted

" No-no, no, I guess not, not, to day. any how. I'll go down and see my aunt; and if I conclude to come. I'll come up termorrer and let you know.

He has not yet turned up.

Popping the Question.

The greatest professors who can face the battery of a thousand eyes directed to them on the rostrum are frequently the most diffident of men when taken from their regular sphere of labor. There was professor Aytoun, who was too timid to ask papa for his wife. When Jane Emily Wilson suggested to him that before she could give her absolute consent it would be necessary that he should obtain her father's approval: "You must speak for me," said the suitor, "for I could not summon courage to speak to the Professor on this subject." "Papa is in the library" said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, " and I'll wait till you return." The lady proceeded to the library, and, taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that professor Aytoun had asked her in marriage. She added: "Shall I accept his offer, papa; he is so diffident that he wont speak to you about it himself?" "Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said the hearty old Christopher North. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it to your back." "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as he entered the drawing room. Turning around, the delighted suitor read these words:
"With the author's compliments."

Wooden Railroads. The Canadians are building and have nearly or quite completed a wooden rail-road between Sorel and Arthabaska. The track is of the same gauge as that in general use on the Michigan railroads; the rails are of rock maple, and trains of cars drawn by ordinary locomotives have been run over them at the rate of twentyfive niles an hour. The road will cost but \$5,000 a mile, including right of way, construction, rolling stock, station houses, shops and bridges-one bridge over a wide river being excepted; and the stock bolders pay in bonds instead of cash. The directors expect to run on the wooden rails until they make money enough to iron them, when, if the sanguine expectations are fulfilled, they will have a regular metal-railed road which will not have cost them a cent. After this it is to be presumed that there will be no more said about the want of enterprise among our Provincial neighbors.

Boy The sweetest face is but the cush-

SUNDAY READING.

A Story for Boys.

TINO country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other supplied with clams and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw his store steadily decreasing and an equivalent in silver bits, shining in his little money cup. The last molon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it said, "What a fine large melon! What do you ask for it my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an un-sound spot in it," said the boy, turning it

"So there is, I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's line, open countenance, "is it not very un-business-like to point out the defects of your goods to customers?"

" It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find "What's the wages?" favor with God and man also; I shall re-"Wages are good; we pay \$1,000 to member your little stand in future. Are those clams fresh?" he continued, turnto Ben. Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning, I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

" Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price as I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

" Ben, I would not tell a lie or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides I shall be better off in the end for I have gained a customer,

and you have lost one.

And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruits and vegetables of Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of his neighbor. Thus the season passed; the gentleman finding he could always get a good article of Harry, constantly patronized him, and sometimes talked with him a few minutes about his future prospects. To become a merchant was Harry's great ambition, and when winter came on, the gentleman, wanting a trusty boy for his warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his em ployer, until having passed through various posts of service, he became at length an honored partner in the firm.

"My Daily Occupation."

ON my passage up the Mississippi riv-er from Davenport, I observed a neatly dressed old colored man, whose saintly appearance induced me to accost him with the question :

"You are journeying, my friend, to that good land of everlasting rest, are you

His dull eye kindled, as, looking up, he replied with emphasis:

" Dat is my daily occupation Satisfied with that comprehensive answer, we conversed together of things of

the kingdom, when again I asked:
"How did I know you were a Christian? Though a perfect stranger to me, I felt sure you were a disciple of Jesus. How do you think I knew it?"

"You know'd it by de mark," he re plied: "De Scriptur' tells ob de saints naving a mark in dar foreheads. know'd it by de mark. And now I tuk you for a young preacher ob de Gospel, and I want to know why, having de Gospel message, you did not preach to us on

Somewhat startled by the suggestion, I replied:

Some of the officers knew I was a minister, and they did not invite me or suggest that it would be agreeable, and I did not wish to appear officious or obtrude

my message,"
"Ah!" said, he, "de old Apostle Paul didn't wait for no invitations. Most every body likes to hear de Gospel. 'Twould be no 'trusion (obtrusion), and you might a done much good."

I stood reproved. Never again in this world shall I have the opportunity to address that large company of souls-and I had the words whereby some of them might have been saved. It is no excuse that most other ministers pass incognito up and down these rivers. I believe God prompted this bumble old disciple to teach me a lesson, which I trust will result in my clearing my skirts from the blood of all men hereafter .- Christian at Work.

God's Providence.

A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on borseback and behind him was a valise filled with mon-The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to the skin. At this he was vexed, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather

a leveled guo, similing at him, and attempting to fire! But the powder being wat by the rain, the gundid not go off. And the merchant, giving spurs to his borse, fortunately had time to escape.

As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself, "How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently, as sont by Providence. If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not probably be alive at this hour, and my little children would have expected my return in vain. The rain which caused me to murmur, came at a fortunate moment to save my

And thus it is with a multitude of our afflictions; by causing us slight and short suffering, they preserve us from others far greater and of longer duration.

A Singular Indian Tradition.

Among the Seminole Indians there is is singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth he also made three men. All the men had fair complexions; and that after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them leap in and wash. One obeyed, and came out purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which the water, agitated by the first-had become muddied, and when he bath, ed he came out copper-colored; the third did not leap till the water had become black with mud and he came out black with its own color. The great spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color, gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each package, and having felt the weight, chose the heaviest. The copper-colored man chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and implements of labor, the second enwrapped hunting, fishing, and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, ink, and paper, the engines of the mind-the means of, mutual mental improvement, the social link of humanity, the foundation of the white man's superiority.

The Nature of an Oath.

Early in the rebellion, when the Federal forces were stationed at Beaufort, S. C., there was an old darkey by the name of Lige Jackson, who, deserted by his master, was left to take care of himself as best he might. Lige was considered a chattel of weak intellect, and moreover, he was exceedingly awkward in his attempts to play the role of a house servant. He smashed and destroyed pretty nearly everything he laid his hands up on, and having waited upon nearly every flicer at the post, each in turn, after giving him the benefit of some hard language for his stupidity, turned him adrift.

It happened that Ligo was a witness in a case that came before a court mar tial, and being called up to give his testimony, was objected to on the part of the de endant, who stated that he didn't believe the nigger was of sound mind.

"Stand up, Lige," said the court.— Do you understand the nature of an

Lige scratched his wool for a moment, and then turning up the whites of his eyes, replied:

"Look a yeare, marse' dis nigger has waited on 'bout haf' de ossifers since dey fus cum to dis place, and if he don't understand de nature of an oaf by dis time. den dare's no wirtue in cussing."

The court considered Lige a competent

Taxing Them.

The Roman Censor frequently imposed taxes on unmarried men, and men of full age were obliged by law to marry, unless mentally or physically disqualified. The Spartan women at certain games, laid hold of all the old bachelors they could get their hands on, and inflicted on them every mark of infamy and disgrace, dragging them around their altars and handling them very roughly. In 1695, the English parliament laid a tax on bachelors over 25 years of age, of £12 10s, for a duke, which was graduated down to 1s. for a common man. Uncle Sam has been very lenient to his unmarried newphews at all times, but he might do a good thing for the heavy war debt by laying a revenue ad capitam tax on them just now.

One of our vicinity deacons nearly captured five boys who had been devastating his chestout trees, Sanday afternoon. Shaking his fist after their retreating forms he angrily shouted: "The sneaking little devils! if I had hold of 'em one minute I'd-" and then suddenly espying his pastor on the scene, he impressively added, " I'd pray for 'em."

We were astonished by a legal DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND gent asking us a few days ago the difference between a pound of meat and a drummer boy, and were still more surprised when told that the only difference was that the meat weighs a pound while the drummer pounds away. We guess it's so. Don't it?

Mrs. Barry, of the Boston Children's mission, is said during a year's time to have made 1,591 visits to the poor, to have lined and trimmed 100 hats and forest. What was his terror on behold- and to have made two visits to another than any and all other remedies combined.

State.

Removes Syphilis or the diseases it entails more effectually and speedily ing on one side of the road a robber with. State.

DR CROOKS WINE OF TAR Has been traded by the public

Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar

Renovates and Invigorates the entire system. DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Is the very remedy for the Weak and Debilitated.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Rapidly restores exhausted Strength !

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Restores the Appetite and Strengthens the Stomach.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Causes the food to digest, removing Dyspepsia and Indigestion

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Gives tone and energy to Debilitated Constitutions.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR.

All recovering from any illness will find this the best Toxic they can take. WALL CONTRACT

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

I o M A Is an effective Regulator of the Liver.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Cures Jaundice, or any Liver Complaint. DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Makes Delicate Females, who are never feeling Well, Strong and Healthy. DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

who have been unable to work for years. DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Has restored many Persons

Should be taken if your Stomach is out of Order.

Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar Will prevent Malarious Fevers, and braces up the System.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Possesses Vegetable Ingredients which make it the best Tonic in the market.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Has proved itself in thousands of cases capable of curing all diseases of the

Throat and Lungs. DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Cures all Chronic Coughs, and Coughs and Colds, more effectually than any other remedy.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Has Cured cases of Consumption pronounced incurable by physicians.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR

Has cured so many cases of Asthma and Bronchitis that it has been pronounced a specific for these complaints.

Urinary Organs.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Removes Pain in Breast, Side or Back.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR. Should be taken for diseases of the

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Cures Gravel and Kidney Diseases.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Should be taken for all Throat and Lung Ailments.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR Should be kept in every house, and its life-giving Tonic properties tried by all.

Dr. CROOK'S Compound Syrup of Poke Root,

Cures any disease or Eruption on the Skin.

DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND

SYRUP OF POKE ROOT, Cures Rheumatism and Pains in Limbs, Bones, &c.

DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND

SYRUP OF POKE ROOT, Builds up Constitutions broken down from Mineral or Mercurial Poisons.

DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF POKE ROOT, Cures all Mercurial Diseases.

DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF POKE ROOT, Should be taken by all

requiring a remedy to make pure blood.

SYRUP OF POKE ROOT, Cures Scald Head, Salt Rheum and Tetter.

DR, CROOK'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF POKE ROOT, Cures long standing

Diseases of the Liver. DR. CROOK'S COMPOUND

SYREP OF POKE ROOT,