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From Sunday Afternoon for Aug.
ON THE BEACH AT MARBLEHEAD.
BY FRANK FOXCROFT.

The waters roll up on the rock-strewn
beach,
With music too deep and sweet for speech:
Sometimes they are merry and glad and
free,
And they dance and sparkle and laugh
with glee.
Sometimes they are sullen and capped
with white,
And they smite the shore with a fierce de-
light;

Through chasms secret and underground,
They press their way with a thunderous
sound,
And they boom and break, and dash and
roar,
In their wild and passionate rage with the
shore.

But the dark, gray rock on either hand
Ever like faithful sentinels stand.
Listless and cold when the waters play,
Dauntless and bold when the angry spray
Of the storm-driven waves dashes higher
and higher,
And the ocean seethes in its mad desire

Now, once and forever, to break its bands,
And sweep in triumph the desolate lands.

So about our lives the currents flow,
Now wild and swift, now gentle and slow.
God grant that we, all, like these strong,
Unmindful alike of the tempest and shocks.

And of sweet beguiling that smiles and
sings,
May keep our hold on eternal things.

From Scribner's Magazine for July.
FRIEND BARTON'S "CONCERN."
[CONCLUDED.]

"What did you say, Dorothy?"
"I say I didn't want thee then. I
do not want thee now! Thee may go
back to thy fiddling and dancing! I
rather have one of those dumb brutes
for company to-night than thee, Wal-
ter Evesham!"

"Very well! The reel has begun,"
said Evesham. "Fanny Jordan is wait-
ing to dance it with me, or if she isn't
she ought to be! Shall I open the gate
for you?"

She passed out in silence, and the
gate swung to with a heavy jar. She
made good speed down the lane, and
waited outside the fence till her breath
came more quietly.

"Is that thee, Dorothy?" Rachel's
voice called from the porch. She came
out to meet, and they went along the
walk together. "How damp thy fore-
head is, child! Is the night so warm?
Dorothy sat down on the low steps, and
Dorothy laid her arm under her moth-
er's and laid her soft palm against the
one less soft by twenty years of toil
for others. "Thee's not been long, dear;
was it as much as thee expected?"

"Mother, it was dreadful! I never
wish to hear a fiddle again as long as
I live!"

Rachel opened the way for Dorothy
to speak further; she was not without
some mild stirrings of curiosity on the
subject herself; but Dorothy had no
more to say.

They went into the house soon after
and as they separated for the night,
Dorothy clung to her mother with a
nervous laugh.

"Mother, what is that text about
Ephraim?"
"Ephraim is joined to idols?" Rachel
suggested.

"Yes! Ephraim is joined to idols? Is
that thee, Dorothy lifting her head?"
"Let him go!"

"Let him alone," corrected Rachel.
"Let him alone!" Dorothy repeated.
"That is better yet."

"What's the meaning of that?"
"Oh, I'm thinking about the dance
in the barn."

"I'm glad thee looks at it in that
light," said Rachel.

Dorothy knelt by her bed in the
low chamber under the eaves, crying to
herself that she was not the child of
her mother any more.

She felt she had lost something,
which, in truth, had never been hers.
It was only the unconscious poise of
her unawakened girlhood which had
been stirred. She had mistaken it for
that abiding peace which is not lost or
won in a day.

Dorothy could not stifle the spring
thrills in her blood any more than she
could crush its color out of her cheek
or brush the ripples out of her bright
hair, but she longed for the cool rays
and the still waters. She prayed that
the "grave and beautiful daisy" called
Discretion might take her by the
hand and lead her to that "upper cham-
ber" whose name is Peace. She lay
awake, listening to the music from the
barn, and waiting through breathless
silence for it to begin again. She won-
dered if Fanny Jordan had grown any
prettier since she had seen her as a
half-grown girl; and then she despised
herself for the thought. The katydids
seemed to beat their wings upon her
brain and all the noises of the night,
far and near, came to her strained
senses, as if her silent chamber were a
whispering gallery. The clock struck
twelve, and in the silence that followed
she missed the music; but voices, talk-
ing and laughing, were coming down
the lane. There was the clink of a
horse's hoof on the stones; now it was
lost on the turf; and now they were
all trooping noisily past the house.

She buried her head in her pillow, and
tried to bury with it the consciousness
that she was wondering if Evesham
was there, laughing with the rest.

Yes, Evesham was there. He walked
with Fanny Jordan, behind the young
men and girls, and discussed with him
somewhat absently, the war news and
the prices of grain.

As they passed the dark old house,
spreading its wide roof, like a hen
gathering her chickens under her
wing, he became suddenly silent. A
white curtain flapped in and out of an
upper window. It was the window of
the boys' room; but Evesham's instinct
filled him there.

"Queer kinks in their heads some-
times!" said Farmer Jordan, as they
passed the empty mill. "Now what
do you s'pose took Uncle Tommy Bar-
ton off right on top of plantin', leavin'

his wife 'n' critters 'n' child'en to look
after themselves? Mighty good preach-
in 't ought to be, to make up for such
practicin'!"

Wonderful set ag'in the war, Uncle
Tommy! He's a preachin' up peace
now. But Lord! all the preachin'
since Moses won't keep men from
fightin' when their blood's up and
there's no 't'ry in it!"

"It makes saints of the women,"
said Evesham shortly.

"Wal, yes! Saints in Heaven before
their time, some of them. There's
Dorothy, now. She'll hoo her row
with any saint in the kingdom or out
of it. I never see a humbler lookin'
gal. My Luke, he run the furrers in
her corn-patch last May. Said it made
him sick to see a gal like that a-stag-
gerin' after a plough. She wouldn't
more'n half let him! She's a proud lit-
tle piece. Thee're all proud, Quakers
is. I never could see no 'poorness of
spirit, come to get at 'em! And
they're somethin' else, too. My Luke,
he'd a notion he'd like to run the
hull concern—Dorothy 'n' all; but I
told him he might as well p'int off—
Them Quaker gals don't never marry
out o' meotin'. Besides, the farm's
too poor."

"One night, Mr. Jordan!" said
Evesham suddenly. "I'm off across
lots." He leaped the fence, crushed
through the alder hedgerow, and dis-
appeared in the dusky meadow.

Evesham was by no means satisfied
with his experiment in planetary
distances. Somewhere, he felt sure, either
in his orbit, or there, or on the other
point where Dorothy would be less in-
sensible to the attraction of atoms in
the mass. Thus far, she had reversed
the laws of the spheres, and the great-
er had followed the less. When she
had first begun to hold a permanent
place in his thoughts, he had invested
her with something of that atmosphere
of peace and calm passivity which
hedges in the women of her faith. It
had been like a thin, clear glass, re-
vealing her loveliness, but cutting off
the magnetic currents. A young man
is not long satisfied with the mystery
his thoughts have woven around the
woman who is their object. Evesham
had grown impatient; he had broken the
spell of her sweet remoteness. He
had touched her, and found her human,
but with a streak of obscurity which
history has attributed to the Quakers
under persecution. In vain he haun-
ted the mill-dam, and bribed the boys
with traps and popguns, and he entered
at the well-curb to ask Dorothy for
water, which did not reach his thirst.

She was there in the flesh, with her
arms aloft, balancing the well-sweep,
while he stopped with his lips at the
bucket; but in spirit she was unap-
proachable. He felt, with disgust at
his own persistence, that she eyed
grudged him the water! He grew sa-
vage and restless, and fretted over the
subtle changes which he counted in
Dorothy, as the summer waned. She
was thinner and paler, perhaps with
the heats of harvest, which had not,
indeed, been barrenness from its
austerity. Her eyes were darker and
sayer, and her voice more languid.

Was she wearing down, with all this
work and care? A fierce disgust pos-
sessed him, that this sweet life should
be cast into the breach between faith
and works.

He did not see that Rachel Barton
had changed, too, with a change that
meant more, at her age, than Dorothy's
flushing and palings. He did not miss
the mother's flushings and palings—
He did not miss the mother's bent form
from the garden, or the bench by the
kitchen door, where she had been used
to wash the milk-things.

Dorothy washed the milk-things
now, and the mother spent her days in
the sunny east room, between her bed
and the easy chair, where she sat and
mused for hours over the five letters
she had received from her husband in
as many months. The boys had, in a
measure, justified their father's faith in
his own persistence. They came and
went, since Rachel's illness, and Dor-
othy was released from much of her
out-door work; but the silence of the
kitchen, when she was there alone
with her ironing and dish-washing, was
a heavier burden than she had yet known.

Nature sometimes strikes in upon
the hopeless monotony of this life in
remote farm-houses, with one of her
phenomenal moods. They come in
moments of destruction, but they seat
the web of stifling routine; they fling
into the stifling pool the stone which
jars the atoms into crystal.

The storms which had ambushed in
the lurid August skies, and circled
ominously round the horizon during
the few weeks of September, broke
last in an equinoctial which was long
remembered in the mill-house. It
took its place in the family calendar
of 1800; with the late frost, which
counted the incipient apples with ice,
and froze the new potatoes in the
ground; and with the year the typhus
gave into the valley.

The rain had been falling a night
and it had been with a change that
with thanksgiving; but it had worn
out its welcome some hours since, and
now the early darkness was coming
on without a lull in the storm. Dor-
othy and the two biggest boys had
made the rounds of the farm-buildings,
seeing all safe for the second night—
The barns and mill stood on high
ground, while the house occupied the
sheltered hollow between. Little
streams from the hills were washing
in turbid currents across the lower
levels; the waste-water roared as in
early spring; the garden was inunda-
ted, and the meadow a shallow pond.

The sheep had been driven into the
upper barn floor, the chickens were
in the corn-bin; and old John and the
cows had been transferred from the
stable, which stood low, to the weigh-
ing-floor of the mill. A gloomy echo-
ing and gurgling sounded from the
dark wheel-chamber, where the water
was rising under the wheel, and jar-
ring it with its tumult. At eight o'clock
the wood shed was flooded, and water
began to creep under the kitchen-
door. Dorothy and the boys car-
ried armfuls of wood, and stacked them
in the passage to the sitting-room, two
steps higher up. At nine o'clock the

boys were sent, protesting, to bed;
and Dorothy, looking out of their win-
dow, as she fumbled about in the dark
for a pair of Sheep's trousers which
needed mending, saw a lantern flick-
ering up the road. It was Evesham,
on his way to the mill-dam. The light
glittered on his oil-skin coat as he
climbed the stile behind the well-curb.

"He raised the flood-gates at noon,"
Dorothy said to herself. "I wonder if
he is anxious about the dams." She
resolved to watch for his return, but
she was busy settling her mother for
the night, when she heard his foot-
steps on the porch. The roar of water
from the hills startled Dorothy as she
opened the door—it had increased in
violence within an hour. A gust of
wind followed Evesham into the entry.

"Come in," she said, running lightly
across the sitting-room to close the
door of her mother's room.

He stood opposite her on the hearth-
rug and looked into her eyes across
the darkness. "Thee's not here," he
said, "I'm not Dorothy of the mill-head,
or of Slocum's meadow, or the cold maid
of the well; it was a very anxious,
lovely little girl, in a crumbling old
house, with a foot of water in the cel-
lar, and a sick mother in the next
room. She had forgotten about Eph-
raim and his idols; she, and you
mother and the boys. It's not fit for
you to be here alone!"

"Do you know of any danger?"
"I know of none, but water's a thing
you can't depend on. It's an ugly
rain; older men than your father re-
member nothing like it."

"I shall be glad to have mother go,
and Jimmy—the house is very damp.
It's an awful night for her to be out,
though!"

"She must go," said Evesham.
"You must all go. I'll be back in half
an hour—"

"I shall not go," Dorothy said; "the
boys and I must stay and look after
the stock."

"What's that?" Evesham was list-
ening to a trickling of water outside
the door.

"Oh! it's from the kitchen! the
door's blown open, I guess!"

Dorothy looked out into the pas-
sage, a strong wind was blowing in
from the kitchen, where the water
covered the floor and washed against
the chimney.

"This is a nice state of things!—
What's all this wood here for?"
"The wood-shed's under water, you
know."

"You must get yourself ready, Dor-
othy! I'll come for your mother first in
the chaise."

"I cannot go," she said; "I don't
believe there is any danger. This old
house has stood for eighty years; it's
not likely this is the first big rain in
all that time." Dorothy's spirits had
risen. "Besides, I have a family of
cattle to take care of! See how late
she said, stooping over a basket in the
shadow of the chimney. It was the
"hospital tent," and as she uncovered
it, a brood of belated chickens stretch-
ed out their thin necks with plaintive
peeps.

Dorothy covered them with her hands
and they nestled with cozy
twitterings into silence.

"You're a kind of special providence,
aren't you, Dorothy? But I've no sym-
pathy with chickens who will be born
just in time for the equinoctial."

"I didn't want them," said Dorothy,
anxious to defend her management.

"The old hen stood on the nest, and
she's making herself comfortable in
the corn-bin."

"She ought to be made an example
of,—that's the way of the world, how-
ever,—retribution don't always fall on
the right shoulders. I must go now.
The old hen stood on the nest, and she's
making herself comfortable in the corn-
bin."

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the right shoulders. I must go now.
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making herself comfortable in the corn-
bin."

Evesham returned with the chaise
and a man who insisted he should
drive away old John and the cows, so
Dorothy should have less care. The
mother was packed into the chaise
with a collection of wraps, which she
most obnoxious Jimmy. As they
started, Dorothy ran out in the rain
with her mother's spectacles and the
five letters, which always lay in a box
on the table by her bed. Evesham
took her gently by the arms and lifted
her back across the puddles to the
steps.

As the chaise drove off, she went
to the sitting-room and stood on high
ground, while the house occupied the
sheltered hollow between. Little
streams from the hills were washing
in turbid currents across the lower
levels; the waste-water roared as in
early spring; the garden was inunda-
ted, and the meadow a shallow pond.

The sheep had been driven into the
upper barn floor, the chickens were
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stable, which stood low, to the weigh-
ing-floor of the mill. A gloomy echo-
ing and gurgling sounded from the
dark wheel-chamber, where the water
was rising under the wheel, and jar-
ring it with its tumult. At eight o'clock
the wood shed was flooded, and water
began to creep under the kitchen-
door. Dorothy and the boys car-
ried armfuls of wood, and stacked them
in the passage to the sitting-room, two
steps higher up. At nine o'clock the

about cock-crow—three sheets in the
wind, and the old tackle a-swingin'!"
"Do hush!" said Dorothy. "We
may have to try it yet."

"There's an awful roarin' from our
window," said Sheep. "Thee can't half
hear it down here. Come out on the
stoop. The old ponds have got their
dander up this time."

They opened the door and listened,
standing together on the low steps.
There was, indeed, a hoarse murmur
from the hills which grew louder as
they listened.

"Now she comin'! There goes the
stable door! There was only one hinge
left, anyway," said Reuby. "Mighty!
Look at that wave!"

It crashed through the gate, swept
across the garden and broke at their
feet, sending the thin sheet of water
over the floor and stoop.

"Now it's gone into the entry—
Why didn't thee shut the door, Sheep?"
"Well, I think we'd better clear out
anyhow, hee-hoo-hoo!" said Dorothy.
"Sheep, she's not here!"

"Wait. There comes another big
wave!"

The second onset was not so violent,
but they hastened to gather together
a few blankets, and the boys filled
their pockets with a bagful of
unseasoned and perilous, most equal
to a shipwreck or an attack by Indi-
ans. Dorothy took her unlucky chick-
ens under her cloak, and they made a
rush together, across the road and up
the slope to the mill.

Why didn't thee think to bring a
lantern? "Thee's not here!" said Dorothy.
"Thee's not here!" said Dorothy.
"Thee's not here!" said Dorothy.

"If Reuby'll go too,"
"Well, my legs are wet enough
now! What's the use of a lantern?
Mighty Moses! What's that?"
"This is awful!" said Dorothy.
"The old mill's got under way!"
cried Sheep. "She's going to tune up
for Kingdom Come!"

A furious head of water rushing
along the race. The great wheel creaked
and swung over, and with a shud-
der the old mill awoke from its long
slumber. The cogs clenched their
teeth, the slabs above and rattled,
the stones whirled merrily round.

"Now she's a-cryin' Sheep, as the
humming increased to a tremor, and
the tremor to a wild wailing, till the
timbers shook and the bolts and
windows rattled. "I just wish father
could hear them old stones bump."

"That's awful!" said Dorothy.
"She's shivering, and sick with ter-
ror at this unseemly midnight revelry
of her grandfather's old mill. It was
as if it had awakened in a fit of delir-
ium, and given itself up to a wild tra-
vesty of its years of peaceful work."

Sheep was creeping about in the dark-
ness.

"Look here! We've got to stop this
clatter somehow. The stones are stop-
ping now. The whole thing'll burn up
like tinder if we can't check her wheels."

"Sheep! Does thee mean it?"
"Thee'll see if I don't. Thee won't
need any lantern either."

"We'll break away the race?"
"Oh, there's a way to do it. There's
the tip-trough, but it's down-stairs, and
we can't reach the pole."

"I'll go," said Dorothy.
"It's outside, thee knows. Thee'll
get awful wet, Dorothy."

Well, I'd just as soon be drowned
as beaked up. Come with me to the
head of the stairs."

They felt their way hand in hand in
the darkness and Dorothy went down
alone. She had forgotten about the
"tip-trough," but she understood its
significance. In a few moments a cas-
cade shot out over the wheel, sending
the slabs above and rattled, the stones
whirled merrily round.

The wheel swung slower and slower,
the mocking tumult subsided, and the
old mill sunk into sleep again.

There was nothing now to drown
the roaring of the floods and the steady
drum of the storm.

"Dorothy," said Evesham, as he
opened the door. He had opened the
upper half, and was shielding himself
behind it. "I guess it's Evesham com-
ing back for us. He's a pretty good
sort of fellow, after all; don't thee
think so, Dorothy, as Evesham swung
himself over the half-door, and his lan-
tern shined them in their various pha-
ses of wetness."

"There's a big leak in the lower
dam! I've been afraid of it all along;
there's something wrong in the prin-
ciple of the thing."

Dorothy felt as if he had called her
grandfather a fraud, and her father a
delusion and a snare. She had grown
up in the belief that the mill-dam was
laying the foundations of the hills;—
but it was no time to be resentful, and
the facts were against her.

"Dorothy," said Evesham, as he
tucked the buffalo about her, "this is
the second time I've tried to save you
from drowning, but you never will
listen! I'm ready to be a hero, but
you won't be a heroine."

"I'm too practical for a heroine,"
said Dorothy. "There! I've forgotten
my chickens." "There! I've forgotten
my chickens."

She had never known, or felt the need
of ill now—and strength in measure-
ble, since it would multiply her own
by an unknown quantity, stood within
reach of her hand, but she might not
put it out! And Evesham was dizzy
with the struggle between longing and
resolution.

He had braced his nerves for a long
and hungry waiting, but fate had
yielded suddenly; the floods had brot
her to him,—his flatness and jetsam,
more precious than all the guarded
treasures of the earth. She had come,
with all her girlish, unconscious bu-
glements, and all her womanly car-
ings and anxieties too. He must strive
against her sweetness, while he helped
her to bear her burden.

"Now about the boys, Dorothy," he
said two hours later, as they stood to-
gether by the fire in the low, oak-fin-
ished room at the foot of the stairs,
which was his office and book-room.
The door was ajar, so Dorothy might
hear her mother's bell. "Don't I
think they had better be sent to school
somewhere?"

"Yes," said Dorothy, they ought to
go to school—well, I may as well
tell thee the truth! There's very lit-
tle to do with them. We've had a poor
summer. I suppose I've managed bad-
ly, and mother has been sick a good
while."

"You've forgotten about the pond
rent, Dorothy."

"No," she said with a quick flush;
"I hadn't forgotten it; but I couldn't
ask thee for it!"

"I spoke to your father about month-
ly payments, but he said he'd rather
let it accumulate for emergencies—
Shouldn't you call this an 'emergency'
Dorothy?"

"But does thee think we ought to
ask rent for a pond that has all leaked
away?"

"Oh, thee's pond enough left, and
I have used it a dozen times over this
summer! I would be ashamed to tell
you, Dorothy, how my horn has been
exalted in your father's absence—
However, retribution has overtaken
me at last; I am responsible,

The Stanstead Journal.

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

Assumpsion and Mass. Valley Railroad

LEAVE STANSTEAD.
Going South—Mail, 5:45 a.m.
North-Quebec Express, 5:45 a.m.
South-Quebec Express, 9:15 p.m.
North-Mall, 9:15 p.m.
For Newport & South Atlantic, 4:10 p.m.

ARRIVE AT STANSTEAD.
From North—Mail, 6:15 a.m.
South-Quebec Express, 6:15 a.m.
North—Mail, 9:40 p.m.
South-Mall, 9:40 p.m.
Stanstead and Newport Accom, 5:15 p.m.

Post Offices.
For Post Offices at Stanstead, Rock Island and Derby Line, have daily mails from Boston and Montreal and all intermediate points. Time of arrival and departure are governed by the time tables of the railroads. Daily mail to Stanstead by stage, leaving at 8 a.m., and returning the same evening. Daily stage to Island Pond, leaving at 9 p.m., arriving at 11 a.m. Mail from Island and Morgan Wednesday and Saturday.

South Eastern Railway.

MAIN LINE.
Leave Newport—Express, 4:40 p.m.
Mixed, 5:10 p.m.
Arrive at St. Lambert—Mixed, 5:00 p.m.
Express, 5:45 p.m.
Leave St. Lambert—Mixed, 11 a.m.
Express, 11:00 a.m.
Arrive at Newport—Mixed, 7:45 p.m.
Express, 12:55 p.m.

Northern Division.

Leave Sutton Junction, for Sorel, 6:15 a.m.
At Sutton Junction for Sorel, 3:38 p.m.

Religious Meetings.

Methodist (Rev. C. Hanson) Sunday service Stanstead, 10:30 a.m., 7:30 p.m. Derby Line, 3:30 p.m.
Baptist (Rev. G. Thorne) Sunday services 10:30 a.m., 7:30 p.m.
Service at Beebe Plain fortnightly, at 3:30 p.m. in Catholic (Rev. M. Macaulay) Sunday services 10 a.m., 7:30 p.m.
Congregational (Rev. J. L. Little) Sunday services, Rock Island, 10:30 a.m., 7:30 p.m.
Universalist (Rev. F. H. Healey) Sunday service Derby Line, 10:30 a.m.

Sabbath Services.

Methodist Church of Canada, Stanstead, welcome and conducted to service, Aug. 19, Stanstead, 10:30 a.m., Rev. C. Hanson 7:30 p.m. Rev. C. Hanson, Derby Line, 3:30 p.m. Rev. C. Hanson.

Masonic Hall, Stanstead, a

GOLDEN RULE LODGE, No. 5, F. & A. M. Regular Communication, Tuesday, Aug. 26, 1879. W. M. PIKE, Sec'y.

Oriental Lodge, I.O.O.F.

Derby Line, Vt. Meetings every Monday evening at 7. Members of the order are cordially invited to attend. A. J. LAWRENCE, Sec'y.

Now is the halcyon day of the industrious fly.

Some of the Vt. editors are expending their vital forces in quarreling about school books. It must be perspiring work for their readers.

The City Band of Sherbrooke have an excursion to Lake Memphremagog on the 14th, and will be happy to meet their friends from everywhere.

New apples—windfalls—are about and the doctors are sharpening up their tools for summer complaint and dysentery.

A stroke of lightning recently killed quite a lot of fish in J. P. Baldwin's fish pond, Barnston.

Mr. R. C. Parsons is making repairs and improvements on his building, formerly occupied by T. Pierce as a boot and shoe factory, which he recently purchased.

We understand that C. W. Pierce, Esq., has made the liberal donation of \$500 to the Stanstead Wesleyan College, to be laid out in improving the buildings and grounds.

The splendid hay weather of the last few days has been thoroughly improved by the farmers, and many have finished, while others are about concluding a very large hay harvest.

The two girls so badly burned at Newport, Vt., a short time ago, have both died of their hurts, one on Sunday last and the other on Tuesday.

One of the windows in Foster & Co.'s Boot and Shoe Manufactory had the glass smashed in it some time between the hours of closing on Saturday and opening on Monday last. Several lights were also broken by throwing stones into the cutting room.—There is no clue to the perpetrator, who may have been a street gamin actuated by sheer "cussedness."

V. Truell, Esq., of Barnston, sends us a head of "Siberian Oats," the seed of which was imported by the Canadian Government some years ago and distributed in the Northern Counties of this Province. Mr. Truell reports them very prolific, perfectly white, and averaging 40 lbs. to the bushel. The head sent here contains 17 kernels. Mr. T. should show a sample at the next Agricultural Fair.

Pullman's Combination Show, which exhibited here on Saturday, was an exception to the general run of traveling entertainments, having fully and satisfactorily performed all they advertised to do. The performers were all adepts in their various roles, as pantomimists, acrobats, athletes, &c. The performance was free from all objectionable features, and remarkably quiet and orderly. We can cordially commend it as one of the best that has ever visited this locality.

Mr. S. Foster has left in our office samples of wheat, rye and oats, of large growth; also samples of blue grass six feet in height, all from the meadows of Brighton, Vt. The blue grass and wild rye, the other samples from cultivated land.

The agitation of the Lessees canal project has stirred up the Niagara Government in order to secure the passage of the Niagara canal route.

A Balloon & Co. had the misfortune

to lose their balloon at Stanstead on Saturday. The men having it in charge preparing for the ascension at the close of the afternoon performance, had succeeded in inflating it successfully and were about casting off the ropes holding it, when a gust of wind swayed the balloon over to one side, bringing the cloth directly in contact with the red-hot heater used in generating the gas used for inflating it. A large blaze instantly was seen and the men holding the air-ship immediately released it and it soared away for a few minutes but soon collapsed and fell a mass of cinders, nothing but the iron ring and the ropes remaining. It was an unfortunate loss for the show as the balloon ascension is advertised some days ahead. It is but just to observe that Mr. Pullman has taken the earliest possible means to replace the loss, having immediately telegraphed to Cincinnati for a new balloon, and for an old one to use temporarily for a short time, so as to meet their engagements as soon as possible.

Hatlev.

The hay crop is principally secured in good quality, and considerably above the average in amount. Standing crops are looking well, and promise a good yield.

A few days ago Mrs. Joseph Davidson, of Barnston, with two of her children went into a back pasture to pick berries. She filled a small pail with them and then concluded to go to an adjoining field for more. She therefore set down those she had picked in some bushes, and tried to induce her youngest child—some three years old—to lay down there and sleep while she was gone (as there were no cattle or other animals near them) but the little one declined to do so, and they all went together to another field, or to another portion of the same field, where they remained a short time, and on their return Mrs. Davidson was surprised to find the cloth removed from the pail, the pail tipped over, and the berries eaten up. She knew that no domestic animal had been near the place and could not account for the occurrence. She heard a crackling of the bushes only a few rods away from the place on her return, and she subsequently ascertained from one of her neighbors that a bear had been seen in the immediate vicinity only a few days before. The just conclusion is that Mrs. Davidson was grateful for the berries and that Mrs. Davidson is thankful the child did not choose to sleep by the side of the pail.

Georgieville.

The failures of Rufin of the Chateau Desliva, and Gordon, trader at Herber, East Pottou, have done some thing more to put a damper on business. In the first case a Montreal firm placed an attachment and cut short the Chateau business, and in the latter the burning of the insolvent's buildings and goods hastened the crisis.

There is a great "coming home" of people from the West, and from down South at this time, so that any day you may sit on the cool veranda of the Post Office, or Campdown, and be accosted by men and women whose faces though faded and wrinkled yet wear some semblance to those we have known in former days, and awaken most forgotten memories. The past is but a dream. The present is the only living hour. And this is what we learn from meeting and conversing with those homesick wanderers from the family lodges of the good old days of yore. After the world has been seen and known then comes the unquenchable desire to visit the place of one's birth and the scenes of early life before dying.

Haying has marched along grandly during the fine weather of the last week.

The P. O. department advertises the letting of the contract for carrying the mail daily between Georgieville and Smith's Mills. Tenders till 7th August will be received at Ottawa.

Way's Mills.

The Way's Mills S. School will hold their annual Pic-Nic on Saturday, the 16th of Aug. We judge from the names of the ladies and gentlemen comprising the Committee that, as heretofore, a very enjoyable reunion will be held.

Mr. Joseph Pye died at the Town farm on the 29th ult., at the great age of 86 years. He came to this Township from a parish near Quebec nearly sixty years ago. The police manners and well-to-do appearance of cattle drovers from the Townships who frequently made his father's house a stopping place, disgusted young Pye with the poverty and boorishness of his surroundings, and in company with another young habitant he trudged on foot, first to the Township of Eaton, and afterwards to this place, where he soon learned the English language, and in contentment spent the remainder of his long life.

The Council on Monday levied an assessment of 1-10 mills in the dollar on the rateable property of the Municipality. Last year it was 1-7-10 mills on the dollar.

The School Commissioners also levied their assessment on Monday. Three and two-tenths mill on the dollar, making the tax on the hundred dollars to be, for the Council 14 cents, School Commissioners 32 cents. Total, 46 cents.

Walter C. Haddon, Esq., has been appointed a Justice of the Peace for the District of St. Francis.

The Governor-General and Princess Louise left Quebec on the 4th instant on route for St. John, N. B.

Coaticook.

The Boot Sugar enterprise seems to be engaging the attention of our people very largely at the present time. Mr. Lomer, from Montreal, addressed a meeting of the people of the village and Barford on Monday evening last, and remained here the following day. The prospects of success were considered so encouraging that a committee was appointed to canvass among the farmers to secure the acreage necessary in order to establish a factory for the manufacture of sugar, and Mr. Lomer has bonded several properties here which he is to purchase provided seven hundred and fifty acres can be secured for a term of five years. So far the committee have been quite successful and bid fair to secure the necessary amount. We think the establishment of the factory here would be a great advantage to the village and no doubt the farmers can make the raising of the Sugar Beet profitable if they prepare their land properly.

There was a great crowd of people here at Pullman & Co.'s Show on Monday, and more than the usual amount of drunkenness, fighting, and swapping horses, as those who usually engage in this sort of recreation or business were out in full force and seemed to give their attention to this line of business fully, which is not the most agreeable to those who love peace and quiet.

East Bolton.

The barn of George Patterson was struck by lightning and a nice fat hog was killed. A horse in the barn escaped injury.

The lightning also struck a tree near Ayler Place's barn, reducing it to kindling wood.

Israel Blake is building a barn on his farm. B. B. Norris has nearly finished his barn.

Mrs. J. Armstrong was thrown from a carriage while taking some furniture to her new house. She escaped with less injury than did her bureau.

The Pennsylvania iron trade is active.

David Sisk, while drunk Saturday night, severely stabbed a bar keeper named Jeremiah Short at 70 Kingston street, Boston.

One of the boilers in the Montague Paper Company's mill at Turner's Falls exploded Saturday night, killing Daniel Leary and wounding two other employees.

It cost about \$4000 to cook a dinner Sunday for the wife of a clergyman at Hudson, N. H., and she probably did not get her dinner, either. The novel experiment of cooking a dinner over a kerosene stove in a barn was tried, and it worked so well that the M. E. Church parsonage and barn were consumed.

An effort is being made in Montreal to bring to punishment the Directors of the defunct Consolidated Bank.—Among the unfortunate shareholders are 376 women, who are either widows or unmarried; 41 clergymen hold shares to the extent of \$153,700, and several charitable organizations, churches and executors of estates hold large amounts.

A man his wife and two children were prostrated by lightning at Rochester, Minn., Sunday night. The wife and children have since died and the husband will probably die.

There were 137 deaths last week in Havana from yellow fever. During the month of July there were 537 deaths from this cause, and since January 1, 1879.

A Virginia negro deserted his wife many months ago and took to his home near Petersburg another woman. Last Friday the deserted wife, accompanied by a negro, made her appearance at the house of her unfaithful spouse, during his absence, and murdered her husband's mistress and the infant.

Three French Canadians—a man and two women—while driving across the railway track Monday evening at Lisbon, Mo., were struck by a passenger train and instantly killed.

Five persons were killed and fifty-one wounded Monday by a railway casualty in France, between Nancy and Tzeliso.

There were thirteen strokes in New York last Saturday, five of which proved fatal.

A disastrous rain and hail storm swept over various portions of England Saturday night. The damage to glass by large hail stones is enormous, and in London and vicinity will amount to thousands of pounds sterling.

The bodies of the men buried under McInnes' building at the Hamilton fire, were recovered on Tuesday morning.—Another man was killed at the ruins on Monday by falling from a derrick.

The dry goods store of P. M. Galarneau & Co., Montreal, was robbed of a large quantity of silks on Monday night. Most of the goods were found in an unopened building the next morning, but about \$500 worth of silk handkerchiefs were missing. No trace of the thieves.

The yellow fever still prevails at Memphis, with 12 to 30 new cases each day. There have been six deaths at New Orleans, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, New York and Brooklyn. In the two latter cities the fever was brought from Havana. In the case in Western cities they have occurred among negroes from Memphis. The strict quarantine regulations at all the above points will prevent any spread of the disease.

LONDON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
London, July 20th, 1879.

The town is emptying rapidly; the season is almost at an end. There has been, again, in the course of the now practically moribund season a much larger average than usual of Court mourning. One sinister event after another has thrown Royalty into sadness; the fashionable and middle-class society being both highly imitative bodies, mourning as prescribed by the Court Circular has meant more or less modified black garments in many grades of the social scale. The energetic proprietors of "magazines deuil" may well have profited from the circumstances of there having been what physicians and undertakers used to call "a nice sickly season," but their feelings of complacency may not have been shared by the makers and the milliners who purvey "the newest spring fashions" and "the latest summer novelties." The coal merchants again may rejoice when they remember that the keeping up of roaring fires in May and June this year has been, under stress of weather, by no means uncommon; and the umbrella manufacturers may congratulate themselves on the long series of sloppy victories achieved by Jupiter Pluvius over the "Lord of the Silver Bow." Still tailors and dressmakers have had little reason to be pleased with a summer at the height of which gentlemen were fain to walk abroad in last winter's ulsters, and ladies, instead of appearing in those radiant and diaphanous costumes which Mr. Absolon and Mr. Tissot point so dolefully, have crept to and from their carriages clad in water-proofs or in fur-lined mantles when they have mustered up courage enough to go shopping. The beneficiaries on the other hand, rarely shut one door without opening another. Amid all the social woes which have been afflicted there has been in many directions compensation.—Those spirited and skillful confectioners who minister to the comforts of residents and visitors must have done on the whole, remarkably well, and the worthy West-end butcher might join hands with the estimable West-end fishmongers in gratitude at the close of a season during which, despite many depressing circumstances, their commodities have been in considerable demand. The position of the green grocer has been most pitiable, for owing to the absence of sunshine and the superfluity of rain, he has scarcely anything to sell except water-saturated potatoes, insipid strawberries, puny peas, and cherries composed mainly of stalks, skins, and stones. The florists—especially those with a large command of conservatories—are less to be commiserated. Their profits this season should have been very large indeed. The modern love for flowers in fashionable London society is attaining the proportions of a mania. A splendid profusion of the fairest gifts of Flora is visible wherever Society congregates. On the hymeneal altar and on the dinner table, on the ball-room staircase and in the palace vestibule, in the button-hole of the dandy and in the shoulder of beauty, in bouquets at operas and theatres, and on wreaths and crosses, the lid of the coffin, and the verge of the tomb, flowers are universally present. It is a very sweet and tender and beautiful usage, and a remarkably good thing in the way of business for the fashionable florists.

The cholera is making and havoc among the British troops returning from Afghanistan; one regiment lost 40 men, and another 195 in one day.

An insane female inmate of the almshouse at Portsmouth, N. H., set her bed clothes on fire Thursday night and nearly burned herself to death.—The fire was discovered in season to save the building and the lives of its occupants.

It is expected that another Arctic exploring expedition will sail from England next spring.

The discovery of a new waterfall among the White Mountains is announced. It is said to be the finest yet discovered, being many feet higher than the celebrated Fall Falls. It is situated on Copper Mine brook, four miles into the depth of the forest.

A fearful tragedy resulting from jealousy occurred at Sharpsburg, Maryland, a few days ago. Mr. and Mrs. Bonner, the former twenty-four and the latter, eighteen years of age, lived with Lieut. Haverfield, the keeper of the national soldiers cemetery at Antietam, in the lodge attached to it, Bonner being employed in assisting to keep the cemetery in order. The youthful couple who were only married in December last, had quarreled on the subject of Mrs. Bonner's alleged too great intimacy with Haverfield. On the day of the fatality, the enraged husband approached his wife, it is said, with a sharp knife, saying that he would kill her unless she acknowledged her infidelity. She, replying that she had nothing to confess, seized a loaded gun and, presenting it at her husband, shot him through the left breast, and he fell to the ground a corpse. Mrs. Bonner has been arrested and is now in prison.

A GOOD Apartment of Harbourside, a Summer Blankets, Dusters, Currys, &c., cheap for cash, at JOHN GILMORE'S, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 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