Weekly Colonist.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1889.

PASTEUR.

About the man whose name is becoming world-known—M. Pasteur—it may be interesting to learn, aside from the process of inoculation for rabies. In spite of the praise that is being lavished upon him he is described as remaining free from arrogance, but somewhat impatient of contradiction in reference to the mode of his treatment and the principle upon which it is based. Every morning, at a fixed hour, a long line of carriages lead up to his door containing persons anxious to receive treatment at his hands. He sits with his face to a window, in the west or hall-door facade, in the early hours of the forenoon. From nine to half-past ten he is to be seen opening, reading, and sorting telegrams and cablegrams. He files some and flings others into a large basket near him, which is full to overflowing before the inoculation begins. As his back is to any one entering the room, to see his face it is necessary to return to the gravelled space and look at him with the full light of day pouring on his face, quite unconcerned at the two hundred and upwards pairs of eyes that are gazing at him. He treats all alike, and pays no heed to external signs of rank and wealth. He is obliging to all in the manner of a kindly hard-worked man, who has no time to lose in idle talk and empty compliments. His conversation with a new-comer, however important or well introduced is limited to "How do you do? What can I do for you?" And on being told that the visitor wants to be inoculated, he says, "Good; go and wait your turn with the others." He asks very few questions, indeed sometimes none, about how applicants for treatment came to be bitten, and does not like to hear that the dog which has inflicted the bite has not been killed. The first thing one notices is that he has the bronzed complexion of a military veteran, and a good deal in the general expression of a grave old soldier. His head is solidly constructed, spacious and high, without being high arched. A man with such a head could not help making his mark in life. The mind is at ease in a dwelling so spacious. All the lineaments bespeak self-will and the habit of hard, patient, persevering work. A nose that would be lumpy if shorter is wrinkled in all directions at the bridge. It is the sort of a low nose, with a thick, advancing, downward end. A short scant beard does not hide the massive, fleshy, and yet not heavy outline of the under part of the face. An air of thoughtful gravity pervades the countenance. But there is something of the African feline in the topaz-yellow eyes, which, when the smoking cap is taken off and the head thrown back, stare right before them at vacancy as if to rest the optic nerve. There are network of wrinkles at the temple, and lines and interlines about the brow and side of the nose. One sees that the sight hand dags as the telegrams are opened, filed, or thrust away. The neck is short and bull-like, the shoulders broad, and when the savant stands of his figure strikes one as equal, though not to an excessive degree. At home he dresses carelessly in an old pea-jacket, or the breast of which there is the red rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor. When he goes out his loose-fitting clothes are neat—as a soldier's on parade, and the boots are of as high a polish as the much-vaunted Messrs. Day & Martin's patent blacking could produce. In taking constitutional walks in the Luxembourg gardens he is seldom without a young disciple on whose arm he leans. Pasteur is threatened with total paralysis, and has had an eighteen years struggle against hemiplegia.

THE EXILED PRINCES.

The recent expulsion of the Comte de Paris and the Duc d'Aumale has excited naturally a great deal of comment favorable and unfavorable. It has been said they had designs against the present form of government in France. Many pointed to the written utterances of the Princes upon their expulsion, as an indication of their feeling towards M. Grevy and his government, and of their own desires and aims. The English press shows a strong leaning towards the side of the expelled Princes, and these latter have unquestionably the sympathy of the English aristocracy in their exile from their native land. The Daily Telegraph says: "It is now war to the knife between the Orleanist Princes and the Republic. The champions of the latter, in their destitute condition as regards argument, have laboured to persuade themselves that the manifesto issued by the Comte de Paris on quitting France, and now this letter of the Duc d'Aumale to M. Grevy, proves how right the Republic was to exercise them. It would be as reasonable for some ruffianly assailant to justify an unmerited blow by the plea that the person he assaulted had hit him back. There are certain offences that provoke immediate retaliation in men of honour; and the Decree of Expulsion against the Princes is one of them. The Comte de Paris and his family were content to maintain the position of private citizens so long as private citizenship was permitted by the Republic. It is not even alleged that they were plotting or conspiring against the Republic. They were writing books, giving entertainments, like other people, and accepting suitable offers of marriage for their children. Suddenly, in a fit of gratuitous panic, the Republic reminded them and the world that they had been born Princes, and proclaimed, because they were born Princes, they were intolerable and dangerous to the Republic. Is it wonderful if, thus dragged from his honorable obscurity, and exiled, the Comte de Paris accepted the position designated for him by the government, and retorted by notifying that when the day arrived France might count on him? The Duc d'Aumale's letter conveys the same intimation, and what it only insinuates journals of royalist sentiment are found to declare openly. In a word, the republic, which was before without a rival, and strong, only because it alone held the field, has compelled a competitor to enter it. The republic has committed a thousand follies and mistakes; but these counted for little, because if it was not the republic that governed France, what was it to be? The situation is now entirely changed. There is at last a pretender, and a pretender of good repute, and it is the republic that has called him into existence. In every class of society, and in the army as well, the question will be perpetually discussed how long the public is likely to last, and what are the chances of the Comte de Paris soon ascending the throne of France. Thus an act of gross injustice will prove to be an act of suicidal folly. It is not as though the republican form of government in France were strong by its own strength. Its sole strength has proceeded from the weakness, indeed from the non-existence, of any substitute. That source of stability has now been dried up. Often as prudent men have exhorted the conservatives of France to accept the republic, and to render it moderate by offering it their aid, we would hesitate to repeat that counsel now; and we are quite sure that if they did offer it they would not be listened to.

THE LOAN BYLAW.

The Loan Bylaw, which will come up at the council board for its first reading to-morrow night, has been so framed as to leave no possible ground for misconception in the minds of any of those who may vote for or against it. We believe that the necessity for the measure in favor of which this loan is proposed to be raised, has been made so manifest as to render recapitulation almost superfluous. The relation which the proposed reservoir bears to the comfort, health, and safety of the city is so intimate that the failure of the bylaw would amount to nothing else than a disregard of these three requisite conditions, and a year's further postponement of a highly important work. There was not wanting a voice at the council, when the discussion arose, to say that its owner never would oppose the bylaw—because a similar one had, when submitted to the ratepayers, been defeated. If the logic of this gentleman were universally applied the world would quickly be at a standstill. But the world moves; opinions change; experience grapes away error and prejudice; and, viewed by a new and stronger light, that which was rejected yesterday is not only accepted, but joyfully hailed to-day. The school of experience is a hard but a useful one, and some of those who, perhaps, a year ago opposed this measure may have since, by sickness, realized the city's want in its most serious aspect—for drainage will be deficient where water is scarce. The construction of a high level reservoir forms an important part of the scheme for an efficient system of drainage of which the people declared themselves in favor; and the reservoir will also constitute a ready and ample supply of water in case of fire; for, now even in an ordinary blaze it is not an unknown thing for the chief engineer to be informed that one of the tanks is empty. From this point of view alone the necessity of the measure should be recognized; for hope could the official mentioned be expected to extinguish a fire if the means at his command are inadequate; and that they would be in the event of a serious fire would be quickly and painfully shown. We want to make our city as healthy and cleanly an one as possible; but this cannot be longer done without a thoroughly efficient supply of water. But given this, and good drainage, Victoria, with the advantage of a splendid and unsurpassed climate, will become known at once the most popular invigorating, and beautiful health resort of the Pacific.

THE DRYDOCK.

Now that this great work is approaching completion, the magnitude of the undertaking is better understood than when the site was a confused mass of debris and machinery. The whole of the stone work is done, the machinery has been set in place, and the stone chimney or shaft (which will tower 90 feet above ground), and the engine house are fairly underway. The massive character of the undertaking can only be appreciated by those who venture into the deep cavity and gaze on the massive stone walls that rise on either side. A person standing on the bottom of the dock is 76 feet below high water mark. It was the habit of the small-beer politicians of the day to attack the stability of the cofferdam and to predict that as soon as the water had been pumped out the dam would fall to pieces. But it stands to-day as secure as when it was first made. Never a drop of water from the harbor can force its way through the seams. The workmanship bestowed on the dock is of the most satisfactory character and Larkin, Connolly & Co. may well be proud of the success that has attended their operations. But there is one glaring defect. The dock is too short to accommodate the class of ships which Sir John intimated at the theatre, the other evening, it was the intention of the imperial government to subsidize for the trade of the Orient. There are scores of ships afloat on the Atlantic and several in the Pacific, that require when docked a space of from 475 to 550 feet. Imagine one of this class of ships when plying between China, Japan and British Columbia, attempting to enter the Esquimalt dock! The idea is too absurd to be contemplated with patience. The last thing the Imperial and Canadian governments can do is to avert the consequences of the blunder is to take early steps to rectify it by lengthening the dock.

THE CHARGES OF CORRUPTION.

A report is current at the Army and Navy Club that the government's first measure will be the appointment of a commission to enquire into the charges of corruption that have been brought against the war department. Among those affected by the charges are Admiral Lord Alcester, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, formerly Secretary of the Admiralty, Woodall, surveyor-general of ordnance, and Walter, consulting naval architect. It is alleged that these officials, in a shareholding in the Armstrong Company, arranged profitable contracts with the firm.

The New Member for Comox.

To the Editor:—The political and natural skies having cleared up together several things, lately obscure and uncertain, now stand out plainly and palpably in the returning light. In the first place it is certain that in spite of some gloomy forebodings, Comox has got the finest hay crop of many years and secondly the first chief condition. In the second place, it is that it is obvious, and it unanimously allowed that could the election battle of the 7th have been fought over again on the 8th Dingwall would have gained by at least 20 votes. Thirdly, it is also evident that the tirade of abuse in the opposition press only damaged the cause it attempted to serve, and is now returning upon the writers' heads. Lastly, it is evident Mr. Semlin was not cheered on account of his opposition to the government; very few of his supporters gained a job which government got in the growing temperance element elected him, and it is worthy of remark that the votes for the several candidates were in due proportion to their expressed opinions on this subject. Mr. Semlinous, who is understood to be an out and out anti-semlinite, had the most votes. Mr. Dingwall, who takes a further lower stand on the question, was next to him. Mr. Robb, who is believed to have no any chance in the existing laws, was a step lower; while Mr. McKelvey, whose near relation is in the habit of consigning the temperance people to the nether regions, had only ten votes. If, (as is hoped) Mr. Robson should bring in a bill for a session for the restriction, so far as practicable of the liquor traffic, Mr. Semlinous will be entitled to give him by the government, and retorted by notifying that when the day arrived France might count on him! The Duc d'Aumale's letter conveys the same intimation, and what it only insinuates journals of royalist sentiment are found to declare openly. In a word, the republic, which was before without a rival, and strong, only because it alone held the field, has compelled a competitor to enter it. The republic has committed a thousand follies and mistakes; but these counted for little, because if it was not the republic that governed France, what was it to be? The situation is now entirely changed. There is at last a pretender, and a pretender of good repute, and it is the republic that has called him into existence. In every class of society, and in the army as well, the question will be perpetually discussed how long the public is likely to last, and what are the chances of the Comte de Paris soon ascending the throne of France. Thus an act of gross injustice will prove to be an act of suicidal folly. It is not as though the republican form of government in France were strong by its own strength. Its sole strength has proceeded from the weakness, indeed from the non-existence, of any substitute. That source of stability has now been dried up. Often as prudent men have exhorted the conservatives of France to accept the republic, and to render it moderate by offering it their aid, we would hesitate to repeat that counsel now; and we are quite sure that if they did offer it they would not be listened to.

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We carry the largest stock of Blank Books and Stationery in B. C., and having for the last 28 years catered to the requirements of the public we feel justified in saying that our business transactions in the past with those more immediately in the neighborhood of Victoria and others in the most distant parts of the province, has proved satisfactory to our customers and in a measure profitable to ourselves. We propose to continue our efforts in the same direction during 1889, and hope to meet with the same liberal patronage bestowed on us in the past.

T. N. HIBBEN & Co.

A JOCOSE CAPTAIN.

A Joke Played upon the Commander of a Sloop of War.

Captain T—, of the sloop of war Concord in the West India squadron, was a curious compound of humanity. Fanatical pious, nervous to a degree approaching actual hysteria, he kept his officers and crew half the time in misery.

One time his ship was nearing the port of Pensacola and just at dawn the white sands of Santa Rosa island were sighted close aboard to windward. The officer of the deck sent a messenger down into the cabin to announce the fact.

A minute later old T. rushed out of the cabin half dressed, gave one glance at the surf breaking shoreward a mile away, and shouted:

"Oh, merciful Lord—here it is at last, a lee shore and no chance to claw off! Call all hands to prayers—call all hands to prayers!"

It took the officer of the deck half an hour to persuade the old gander that there was no danger, that the wind was off instead of on shore, and that the ship was heading for the Pensacola bar in smooth water.

One day in port a few of the mids put up a big sell on the old man. A party of them got permission to go to the big bayou where we generally got fresh water for ships in the squadron, on a fishing trip.

They had been gone just a little while when one of the conspirators, left on board purposely, went privately into the cabin and told Captain T. that the fishing party was only gotten up as a ruse to conceal the real object of the party going on shore. That it was to enable two of the middies, Brown and Ryan, to fight a duel, for it was known they had been quarreling in the steerage the night before.

"Man my gig instantly!" cried the captain in nervous energy. "I must stop this wicked thing. Just think of it—officers of mine fighting duels! Man my gig and put in a half-dozen marines. I'll arrest them both and put them in double irons."

In a few minutes his boat was rowing as fast as the crew could pull for the bayou. Old T. stood up in the stern sheets urging the men to bend to the oars—they were on an errand of mercy—to save human life.

The boat was near the usual landing, when the midshipmen were seen in a group, and the old captain, pale as a ghost, shouted:

"We're too late—we're too late they're at it now!"

And even as he spoke two pistol shots resounded over the water, and he saw two officers drop to the ground.

"Oh, merciful heaven, that I should live to see this!" he moaned. "Why was I so late! Oh, men—pull—pull—that I may get there to console them as they die!"

The boat touched the shore, he leaped out and rushed up into the group, and kneeling down, while tears streamed from his eyes, began to pray loud enough to be heard a mile, for mercy for the dead or dying.

While he was thus engaged the two who had been prostrate rose, and the whole group of reefers with bared heads waited reverently for him to get done praying.

When he was pretty well exhausted he looked up and there stood Brown, Ryan and the rest, with no sign of wounds or injuries upon them.

"What does this mean, gentlemen" he asked in wonder. "Have my prayers wrought a miracle! Thank heaven I was not too late after all!"

And you might have worked a week to persuade the old man that the whole thing was a farce and a sell got up for his especial benefit.

He went back to the ship happy. He had saved human life.

Poor old man—he kept getting worse and worse until the commodore found it necessary to send him home and put another officer in charge of the ship. He was crazy, especially on religious points.

Scientific Scraps.

It is a remarkable fact that the Japanese were the first to introduce seagoing torpedo boats.

The proper safe working load of wire ropes is as follows: ¼ diameter, 1,000 pounds; ⅜ rope, 1,500 pounds; ½ rope, 2,500 pounds; ¾ inch rope, 6,000 pounds. This is for 19 wires to the strand, hemp centers.

At present there are eighty coal mines worked in India, of which seventy-eight are in Bengal, one in the Central Provinces and one in Assam. The total output in 1888 was 1,815,776 tons, and 23,172 persons were employed.

During the third week in June there were shipped from Glasgow locomotives for Bombay valued at £2,000, and for other parts of India, £3,300; general iron manufactures valued at £20,800; steel goods, £5,700; machinery, £2,200; sewing machines, £731.

The scream of the locomotive has pierced the ears of Jerusalem and the rusty old chariot wheels resounds where echoed the mailed tread of the crusader. The mailed giant of the nineteenth century, the champion of brain and progress, will keep what his predecessor won but could not hold.

From the colliery near the Obateau of Meons, in France, comes a report of the discovery of a remarkable fossil tree. The trunk is about three meters high, the diameter varying from a half to a meter. Interest is especially attached to it because the roots are of the sigmaria type, while the upper portion presents the sigillaria type and was originally surmounted by a great bouquet of leaves.

A Preacher Preaches at Preachers.

New York Sun.

Rev. Mason P. Tresly, of the North Hundred Presbyterian church of Philadelphia, says that the custom of clergymen taking long summer vacations has become not only an abuse but a scandal. He said in a recent sermon: "It seems strange that ministers of religion are alone those who insist on this annual vacation. The doctors do not take a vacation, as a rule, because they are loyal to the sick and the dying; neither, as a rule, does the lawyer. Editors do not go away in the summer, and if they do they leave behind them the brain worthy to control the mighty arm of civilization—the press. If the doctors and editors left there would be no one to cure the sick or minister to the needs of our intellectual life, and if the reporter—loyal to the public and to his duty—remains and plods about in storm and in rain and in snow and in heat, how much more reason is there that those men who profess to be God's people and the embodiment of everything good, should walk about in our midst, in this season of evil, and carry out the work for which they were ordained."

A Girl, a Dog, and an Alligator.

One sultry summer afternoon a young daughter of an aristocratic Southerner, in the lower part of Alabama, took a towel and soap and went to a cool and shady pool, formed by a creek which emptied into the Alabama river. After she had sported in the water for half an hour or more, she half robed herself and crawled into the hammock, swinging partly over the water, and with one foot hanging daintily above the water a few inches, she fell asleep. Presently a large Newfoundland dog stepped out from the bushes, smelled at his mistress, wagged his tail in pleasure, and lay down at the foot of the tree. In half an hour a splashing was heard in the creek farther off, and presently huge waves broke the cove, and the waters, disturbed and rolling, made a noise that caught the dog's attention. A second or two later and the ugly nose of an alligator appeared above the water a few feet off from the foot of the sleeping girl. The hungry beast saw the tempting and dainty morsel, and his greedy eyes sparkled in anticipation of this snowy feast fit for a god. He made toward it with mouth open, teeth gleaming and eyes afire in anticipation. The faithful dog saw the peril of his mistress, and with one wild bark that awakened the quiet echoes of the woods, hurled himself at the open mouth of the alligator. The dog's warning caused the girl to jerk up her foot, but the dog and alligator met in a deadly struggle. They reared as they met, and the girl was thrown from the hammock to the bank, but the gallant dog went for that alligator, and having a good hold of him he didn't care to turn loose. They were first in the water, then on the bank, and the struggle went on, while the girl's screams soon brought her assistance. The alligator was finally killed, and measured seven and a half feet in length. The girl says she loves to swim, but never goes into a larger pool now than can get in a tub, and has the water strained before it goes there.—*Americus (Ga.) Record.*

Farm Notes.

Exercise and plenty of it is essential to the well-being of the horse.

Every farmer should be an experimenter, and every farm an experiment farm.

Plaster of Paris scattered over the floor of the fowl-house is a powerful absorbent, preventing the smell which arises from the droppings.

The nests must occasionally be renewed and kept clean. Straw is better than hay, because it is less convenient for insect breeding, especially when the hens are setting.

The farmer can place no better meat on his table than the flesh of the swine, and most farmers ought to keep a small flock of sheep if for no other purpose than to have an occasional sheep or lamb to kill.

An exchange states that the second or seed growth of clover starts much more rapidly if the first cutting has not been too close, and that a first stubble two or three inches high will generally insure a good seed crop.

Keep a sharp lookout in the orchard for the nests of the tent caterpillar. Destroy them at once by cutting off the limb, or if out of reach, by burning out the nests by means of a small bundle of rags tied upon the end of a long pole, and saturated with kerosene oil.

The greatest secret of raising young ducks is not to allow them to get wet. Give them all the water they can drink, in vessels so constructed as to permit them to reach the water only with their bills. Keep ducks and goslings away from the ponds or creeks until they are fledged.

H. Brown, of Wisconsin, writes: "Two years ago my corn crop failed utterly, and I was at a loss to know what I was going to do, with my 40 or 50 hogs. I had a large crop of oats and began feeding them to them. I never had hogs do better, never had hogs grow so thrifty. Last winter did the same thing, though I had a large corn crop. This winter I am doing the same thing with equally gratifying results. The so-called cholera is all around me, on the next farm but my hogs never were more healthy and thrifty."

A STRANGE DELUSION.

Ohio Fanatics Who Worship a Woman as Christ.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, July 22.—One of the most remarkable religious mania of which there is any record has been kept in a little circle in this city. A party of thirty or forty people, most of them prominent and above the average in intelligence, believe that Mrs. John B. Martin, of Walnut Hills, is Christ manifest in the flesh, and that her sister, Mrs. F. Brock, is the Holy Ghost. The followers of these women meet at Mrs. Brock's house, and worship them both. Mrs. Martin exerted some strange and wonderful influence that has got them completely in her power, and they are fanatics on the subject. One of the followers of this woman Christ is named Jerome. He was a bookkeeper here for the Cincinnati agency of D. Appleton & Co., the New York publishers. He gave up his position of $1,800 a year to serve the female Savior of mankind. To an Enquirer reporter who saw him to-day he said in an earnest and eloquent conversation: "I have seen God face to face in the last half hour."

A young man named Cook, who works in the auditor's office of the Adams Express company, has also been captured. He resigned his position and has attached himself to the new sect. They believe that all churches are frauds, and the preachers are a set of fools. Accounting for the fact that Christ should manifest himself in a female, they say that in heaven there are no sexes, and the Savior is as liable to appear in a woman as a man. Mrs. Martin, the "New Christ," and Mrs. Brock, the "Holy Ghost," they say, are the only two perfect women on earth, and that the millenium is at hand. This movement has been going on quietly for a year without becoming generally known. The women seclude themselves, and will not be seen by anyone who is not a worshipper, or vouched for by one of them. Many [illegible] old Lear home and taken houses near the wooded hills. Those who have given up their positions say they do not need work or money. All they need is spiritual food and faith, and is furnished by the Love. Love asks no questions, and so the children in the wilderness.

"I leave my home and go to sell," says the poet, but Wild Strawberry leaves sun on the spot and will, being utilized in such numerous quantities in making Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the infallible remedy for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, and other summer complaints. m-th-sat-dw

WARLIKE WORDS FROM A PRIEST.

Dr. O'Reilly Advises the United States to go to War with England.

TORONTO, Ont., July 24.—Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, cousin of Archbishop Lynch, is in the city and lectured at the Irish National league last night. He was interviewed as to the anti-British sentiments uttered by him in Detroit. He reiterated them with emphasis. What he said at Detroit was to this effect. He alluded to "Canadian insolence and English aggression," spoke of limbering up those guns and pointing over at the impertinent province, Ontario.

"IF BROTHER WANTS WAR with us, I see no reason why she should not be accommodated, and that Americans cannot abide the sight of a neighbor going to seed for the sake of a fight."

When interviewed he said that on the occasion referred to he was speaking on the fisheries question, he added: "I said that I did not consider Detroit was as much captive after Hull struck his colors as the country appeared to be to day in the face of outrages that were being perpetrated upon our fishermen; that there were men in Maine and marines in Michigan, and I still had an abiding faith that before the national disgrace would go far enough to make our veterans turn over in their graves our living ones would limber up those guns."

WILL NOT RETRACT.

"I said nothing in that speech that I can retract or wish to retract—not a word nor a syllable. On this occasion I was speaking as an American citizen and I did not cease to be one when I became a priest. Neither because I am a priest do I consider myself in any way called upon to encourage or countenance abject, mean in the national policy of my country. I do not consider that the United States is required as a great nation to submit to contumely offered by any foreign power either on sea or land, and especially by England.

HISTORIC EARTHQUAKES.

Some Notable Convulsions which have Visited Humanity.

New York World.

The scientific world has been speculating over earthquakes and their ruinous results during the long series of centuries since Eubœa, the largest island of the Ægean sea, made its first bow to geographical circles after a violent upheaval about four centuries before Christ. From that on down the disasters at the island of Java in 1883, and the more recent convulsions in Spain during the shortest season of 1885, history records a fearful loss of life from these volcanic fits of the earth. The pagan philosophers held the idea that these earthquakes were produced by subterranean clouds bursting into lightning, which about the vaults thus confined would roll and rumble. Epicurus and other philosopher Descartes supposed there were many vast cavities underground which communicate with each other, some of which abound with water, others with exhalations arising from inflammable substance like niter, sulphur, etc. Dr. Priestly of England thought earthquakes were caused by electricity. They are now generally believed to be due to steam generated by subterranean heat.

There is no space to give a detailed list of recorded earthquakes. Many were of small consequence and occasioned by a small loss of life. Below are the most disastrous fatalities from this cause:

Destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii in A. D. 79. The loss of life was comparatively small, but the two cities were totally destroyed by the accompanying eruption of Vesuvius.

In 742 over 500 towns in Syria and Palestine were destroyed, and the loss of life could never be calculated.

In 1158 20,000 perished in Syria.

In 1286 50,000 were destroyed in Cilicia.

In 1456 40,000 perished in the great earthquake of Naples.

Lisbon has been twice visited. In 1531 over 30,000 were buried in the ruins, while fully 50,000 perished in the famous upheaval of 1755, when the town was completely engulfed in a few minutes. At the same time 12,000 Moors perished in Morocco.

In 1783 Sicily was nearly wrecked by earthquake. Fifty-four cities and 300 villages were overturned and the loss of life reached 100,000.

In 1703 Yeddo, the capital of Japan, was ruined and 200,000 were lost.

In 1716 20,000 perished at Algiers.

In 1754 Grand Cairo was swallowed up, with 40,000 inhabitants.

In 1822, at Aleppo, 20,000 people were lost.

In 1868 25,000 were destroyed in the upheavals in Ecuador and Peru.

In 1881 the town of Scio and 4,000 inhabitants were destroyed.

A Practical Joke.

This afternoon uproarious laughter proceeding from a prominent hotel bar-room drew together a number of persons standing in the hotel corridor among whom was a Journal reporter. The fun which produced such boisterous hilarity, it appears, was caused by a humorous commercial traveller who had set up the drinks for a crowd of friends. Seeing a funnel behind the bar he proceeded to fool the bar-tender, and putting the point of it inside the waistband of his pants and a silver quarter in his mouth he turned back and quickly jerking his head forward dropped the quarter in the mouth of the funnel. The hotel barber, who happened to be present, said the trick was a very simple one to do, and he, for drinks that he could easily do it. Showing the funnel inside his waistband he jerked his head back. Before he had time to get it forward again, the onte commercial traveller seized a pitcher of water standing on the counter and dumped its contents into the mouth of the funnel. The crowd screamed with laughter as the unexpected denouement, while the "picked, dripping, and astonished barber danced wildly about the room, shedding quarts of water from his pant legs. When he recovered his self-possession he ordered up the drinks and the crowd smiled again.—*Ottawa Journal.*

An Honest Man or a Rogue!

BIRMINGHAM, July 23.—The police have arrested on a charge of theft a fashionable doctor, calling himself Vivian, who claims to have come here from New York. Vivian came here in an apparently needy condition, but suddenly appeared to have become possessed of great wealth. He lived luxuriously at the Queen's hotel here, and was married in a fashionable church to a Miss Wilkes, to whom he presented valuable jewels. The newly married couple proceeded to London where they engaged apartments at the Langham hotel, the groom spending largely and paying promptly. The Scotland Yard authorities say that Vivian is a notorious crook who has just returned from a term of ten years' servitude. Vivian protests that he is innocent.

Mark Twain's Hurricane Experience.

Steve Gillis, printer and journalist, was the chum and roommate of Mark Twain in the old days when the San Francisco Post. They had likewise suffered, and triumphed together in the sagebrush, the dusty green foliage of which they frequently succeeded in turning to a bright red. Mark was, and is, a very nervous man. Simon Ansolabehere robbed his life of sweetness and light. Steven had no nerves and it was a pleasure to measure the amusement upon those of Mr. Clemens.

"Steve," cried Mark, in an agonized voice, shaking his bed-fellow out of an apparently profound slumber, "Do you hear that mouse—that infernal, gnawing mouse? It drives me wild."

"Oh, hang the mouse," growled Gillis, turning over and snoring ostentatiously.

It was to an mouse, but a little machine which Steven was privately winding with a string for the benevolent purpose of annoying his friend.

Mark lay and writhed and cursed and gnashed his teeth. He cried shoo and beat upon the headboard. He got up and threw things under the bed, and walked around the room and wrung his hands and moistened his profanity with tears of impotent exasperation. The mouse still gnawed, and Mark put on his clothes and went out and paced the streets till morning, leaving his companion to travel in bed.

"Hallo, Nase, what have you been doing?" asked Gillis, another night, startled out of real sleep this time and sitting up in bed. And no wonder he was startled. Mark, dressed, had just entered the room. In his hand he held a Japanese sword, as sharp as a razor, a prized gift from Bayard Taylor. This weapon was dripping with blood. The clock struck midnight.

"Ary—n" him he'll never crow again," exulted the assassin, but even as he crawled into bed the offending rooster sent forth a cock-a-doodle do that caused Mark to give a howl of foiled vengeance and bury his head in the blanket. In the morning it was discovered that his one furious stroke in the chicken house had bereft eight hens of their heads, but the rooster had escaped. He owed his life to the fortunate circumstance that he slept—or rather crowed, at the end of the perch farthest from the door of the coop.

"Steve, Steve! I say wake up!" came a hoarse and furious whisper at 1 a. m.

Mr. Gillis woke, and beheld Mr. Clemens, clad only in his shirt, standing by the open window. The night was cold and Mr. Clemens was shivering violently. In his shaking hand was a razor.

"Steve," he pleaded, "you are warm and your nerve is good. Get up and shoot this cat for me. I have been out in the yard for an hour trying to get at head on the brute, and now that he is there on the fence I cannot kill him. Get up, Steve, do."

"Oh, let the cat alone."

"What! You won't get up? Then Steve Gillis, I'll shoot you. I am shaky but I can shoot you, if I can't hit a cat."

And Mr. Gillis arose and slew the cat in self defence, and Mark Twain went out and brought in a bottle and sat up till sun-rise to celebrate the execution.

Mark Twain and Dan De Quille roomed together in dirty Comstock days. One morning Dan missed his boots, and after a vain search he suspiciously inquired of Mark, who was lying in bed lazily smoking a clay pipe. "Mark, I can't find my boots. Do you know anything about them?"

"Yours boots?" complacently replied Mark. "Well, yes, I threw them at that blasted cat that was howling around the house last night."

"Threw my boots at the cat!" howled Dan in a rage. "Why in hell didn't you throw your own boots?"

"Dan," said Mark, after a reflecting puff or two, "Dan, if there is anything I hate it is a selfish man. I have observed of late that you are growing selfish. What difference does it make whose boots were thrown at the cat! Dan, beware of selfishness. It is the most contemptible trait in human nature."

Aged Orange Trees.

There is flourishing in the porch of the convent of Santa Sabina, in Rome, an orange tree that is said to have been planted in A. D. 1200. Another in the monastery of Tondi, is supposed to have been planted by St. Thomas Aquinas in 1278. In the Moorish Alcazar of Seville, Spain, exists one that was planted during the reign of Pedro I., between 1350 and 1366. Others here, known to be 500 years old, are described as having a height of from twelve to fifteen metres, with trunks from 1.24 to 1.40 metres in circumference. Age is not, however, indicated by size, as in Andalusia there are many younger trees that are larger than these. In Alcala de Guadaira are two, the trunks of which, at one metre above the ground, are respectively 2.50 and 2.60 metres in circumference. The yield of some orange trees in Malta and Naples is simply astounding, reaching as high as 30,000 oranges to the tree, and, in the estate known as the Huerta Grande, in Mairena del Alcor, there are two that are said to have borne 38,000 oranges each in a season.

STAMPEDED BY MRS. SULLIVAN.

How she Outraced Wife Revenge Herself on a "Beautiful Blonde."

TROY, Ohio, July 21.—Mrs. Sullivan, wife of Theodore Sullivan, a prominent lawyer and politician, suspecting her husband of infidelity, hired detectives. She learned that he was at the house of Ida Hamilton, a beautiful blonde, and proceeded on Monday night with her 10-year old son and two of his friends to the house, gained entrance to the second story by a ladder and found Sullivan in a room with the maiden. Mrs. Sullivan seized her, and while the son and his friends covered the guilty pair with revolvers, Mrs. Sullivan turned a bucketful of mixed tar and creosote over Miss Hamilton's head and shoulders, completely covering her person with the mixture. When the tar had cooled it could not be cleaned from her head, and her hair will therefore shared off close to the scalp. Mrs. Sullivan will institute proceedings for divorce.

ISLAND RAILWAY.—The last rail on the Bell, Larkin & Patterson contract was laid on Thursday evening. The firm will complete their contract by August 29th, and it is expected they will be awarded the contract for the extension to Wellington.

SALE OF A RAILWAY.—The railroad between Puyallup junction and Stuck junction, W. T., seven miles, has been sold to the Northern Pacific Railway Co. for $275,000.

The Proper Thing in Wedding Rings.

In answer to a query, I write that favorite engagement ring has a sapphire and diamond, the two gems representing faith and constancy, as it is supposed. A sapphire, beautiful as it may be in idea, is in reality a very unbecoming stone. If of the regulation depth of color, it does not light up well, and a diamond or diamonds are positively required to illuminate its dull surface, but the bride determines its choice as the gift of virgin love. An ruby is too costly, save for the rich, and the stones that resemble it are disliked in this association, though they will be welcome gifts later on. No one thinks of buying an emerald or an opal for the engagement ring, and pearls are so easily injured they are rarely on "this list," but diamonds, always and ever within such addends as the taste pocket permit, suffice for the princess or the commoner. A diamond ring admits of great variation of design and style, as any connoisseur will admit, when the tempting array in a great jewellery establishment is under consideration. Beautiful rings on beautiful hands are one of the those combinations which weak humanity may be pardoned for adoring. The new bracelet so much worn now is called udscha and is of Egyptian origin. It was worn more than three hundred years ago as a talisman by both men and women in Egypt. The udscha itself is a large coin covered with hieroglyphics in enamel or jewelled, and this is attached to a narrow metal, and which must never be removed from the wearer's arm. Hence it was customary to wear it in youth or as long as the size of the arm would permit, above the elbow, as near the arm-pit as possible. As the wearer grew, increased in muscle or fat the udscha was slipped lower and lower until it descended to the wrist.—*Frida Clare Bell's Letter.*

DILKE.

The Last of the Dilke Case.

LONDON, July 24.—Dilke has disappeared from polite society in England as completely as if an earthquake had swallowed him up. The verdict was a foregone conclusion. Dilke received it impassively, except only shrugging his shoulders slightly. He remained in court for a few minutes afterwards talking earnestly with his lawyer. He then rejoined Lady Dilke, who had spent the afternoon in one of the private rooms of the court. An enormous crowd had gathered round the principal entrance waiting for the parties to come out. Dilke left through the judge's private door, but the crowd catching sight of his brougham shouted repeatedly, "Dirty Dilke; three groans for Dirty Dilke!" At the clubs crowds of members had patiently waited to learn the verdict, which was instantly telegraphed. The afternoon papers sold for hours as fast as they could be printed. Within two hours of the verdict being announced Dilke had issued his address to his former constituents in Chelsea, again protesting his innocence of the charges, but saying as regards his public life, he bowed to the decision of the court, and bidding him a respectful and grateful farewell. The condemnation of him in the papers to-day is universal, and is as severe as it is possible to write. Most of the papers, among them the Times, the Standard, the Pall Mall Gazette and the Spectator, demand a prosecution for perjury. Almost alone the Pall Mall Gazette considers the hypothesis of Dilke's innocence intellectually conceivable. On the whole the probabilities are that the case is not disposed of.

Three weeks ago Dilke declared privately that if the verdict went against him he would bring an action for libel either against one of the Crawfords or against some newspaper and carry the case if necessary up to the house of lords.

AN AUSTRALIAN SCANDAL.

The Governor of South Australia and His Expenses.

An Australian correspondent writes—Out of the retrenchment discussion in South Australia a curious incident has arisen. Mr. Homburg, a member of the house, addressing his constituents, declared that the pruning knife could be best applied at the top of the tree—namely, at Government House. He railed at the expense the country was put to, not only in paying the Governor's salary, but in supplying him as an extra with "domestic servants," and he added that the governor escaped the income tax and was let off paying interest on the cost of the furniture which was supplied to him in Government House. The governor, Sir William Robinson, adopted the very extraordinary course of entering into correspondence with Mr. Homburg on the question, and this has been published. The Governor, unfortunately does not make out the best of cases for himself. He does pay the income tax, but under a kind of protest, as the question is under reference to the Queen's law advisers in England; he does not pay interest on the furniture, though he says he is willing to do so if the government so decide; and though he gets not "domestic servants" at the public expense, he does get the services of gardeners and laborers to keep up the government house grounds. But no matter, however well he had come out of the correspondence, Sir William Robinson might surely have left Mr. Homburg's statements to be dealt with by the members of his ministry. The Queen's representative in honor adds to his dignity by refuting the loose statements about his salary and perquisites which may be made even by members of parliament. Sir William had much better have kept his pen from paper.

Sir Hand's Blunest Cannon.

London News. The mammoth Elder has arrived at Woolwich from Elswick with the first of the 110 ton guns, ordered of Sir Wm. Armstrong for the British government. It is to be proved at the butts below the royal arsenal, and after some experiments to test velocity and other qualities, it will probably be taken to Shoeburyness for the customary range trials. The guns pass as be landed for a few days, and cannot at present be seen, being buried in the ship's hold under 150 tons of projectiles, and even after it is on shore it will not be immediately taken to the butts, as it will be necessary first to test the canal bridge and carriage if it is strong enough to bear it. A great carriage or sleigh of iron has been built for the royal carriage department to hold the weapon while