# Listowel Standard.

VOL III.—NO. 37. LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH. OCT. 9, 1880. A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.


## GRANT, JR., AND MISS FLOOD.

**Why the Engagement was Broken Off—One Party Say that Ulysses was Fickle and the Other that He Loved Another—The Latest Sensation in Fashionable Circles.**

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 20.—Ever since the visit of the Grant family to this city last fall the upper crust of our society has been busy coupling the names of young Ulysses with that of Miss Jennie Flood, the daughter of the big bonanza chief. During the stay of the General and his family here they were much in the company of the Flood family, and were shown great attentions by them, being entertained at the city mansion of the silver king, at his country residence, and shown about the country, even as far as the Yosemite. The *Chronicle* tells the story of Ulysses' wooing and the unfortunate denouement. It says the young folks were naturally brought a great deal into each other's company, and seemed naturally to enjoy it. Their continued and frequent association soon attracted attention and set the tongue of gossips wagging. Their simplest movements were noted with eager curiosity and expectancy, and his driving out with her, dancing with her, or even handing her to a carriage sent a flutter of excitement titillating over the sensitive surface of upper crust society. From talking of them, gossips soon began to talk at them in delicate innuendo and sly raillery. When the two families drove from Senator Sharon's mansion at Belmont to the palatial residence of the Floods at Menlo Park, society's gossipy vanguard slyly but metaphorically poked young Ulysses under the fifth rib with its jocular first finger, and asked him how he thought the house would suit him, and looked wonderfully sly and knowing.

The young people, however, kept their own counsel, if they had any to keep at this time, and society could get no further than asserting that they were deeply in love with each other; that their engagement was certain, if not already made, and that their marriage was only a question of time. These stories remained in the chrysalis state of mere rumor until after the Grants left for the East. They received a color of confirmation when the Floods followed them a few weeks later, and joined them in the East, attending the Chicago Convention, where it was expected Grant would be nominated for the Presidency for the third time. On their return society was gladdened by the authoritative announcement of the betrothal of the second son of the illustrious house with the daughter of the magnificently wealthy one. Even their motives were freely canvassed, hers being set down by ill-natured gossips to vaunting ambition, his to sordid desire; and it was predicted that if Grant failed of the Presidency, or Flood got concerned or pinched in stocks, the match would be broken off. No announcement of this character ever created more interest in this country. It was the subject of as much remark in this country as ever was the betrothal of heirs apparent to the proudest crowns in Christendom. The incongruous religion of the two, their standing, prospects, personal appearance and characteristics, were freely commented upon, and politicians far removed above the gossipy concerns of "society" gravely considered the probable political consequences of the union. The nuptial destinies of the sdrouts of the houses of Hapsburg, Hanover, or Hohenzollern were never more widely discussed. The ordinary movements of the young couple were considered weighty matters enough to warrant wiring them across 3,000 miles of continental expanse and cabling the breadth of an ocean to lay before the minds of the civilized world. Nothing they did was considered too unimportant for serious consideration, and two worlds were anxious to know when the momentous union was to be effected.

Various stories were soon afloat regarding the wedding day. First it was said that it was to be some day in the coming October. Then rumor had it beyond doubt that the winter was to be the time of the wedding. Next the budding spring was to be the fitting nuptial period. Then the period became indefinite, depending upon certain concomitant conditions, and only the fact of the engagement remained certain. It was announced that Mr. Flood had purchased for $100,000 "Malbone," the renowned seaside residence of Mrs. Bedloe, and that it was intended as a present for the young couple when they should pair with the birds in the spring. It was also stated that the wedding was deferred because the new mansion of the Flood's at Menlo would not be completed until that time, when it was intended that the old folks should occupy it and evacuate the old one for the occupation of Ulysses and his bride.

While public curiosity was in this unsatisfied condition "society" here was thrown into a feverish excitement by the sudden, unexpected and unannounced arrival of the younger Ulysses about a month ago. Why he came was a mystery to everyone who had no business to know, and who was naturally on that account all the more anxious to find out. In lieu of a better reason to account for his sudden appearance, society circulated the theory that he had come out to attend the wedding of his brother Jesse, who led Miss Lizzie Chapman to the altar a few days ago, as well as to gratify a romantic longing to be with his betrothed a few blissful days. Society was confirmed in the latter conjecture by his constant attendance on his betrothed, and cried in ecstacy:

"Oh, how nice and romantic!" and society's fair daughters envied Miss Jennie's lot. When a few days after his arrival it was announced that Mr. and Mrs. Flood had gone to the elegant Summit mansion of the widow Hopkins in the Sierras, and that Ulysses, jr., was to join them there, and pass the few remaining days of his brief sojourn here in that sylvan scene among the soughing pines, the limpid streams, the cloud-capped hills, and all that sort of romantic thing, society was blissfully exalted.

It was the last sweet dream before the awakening cold douche of disappointment. Young Grant lingered in the city instead of seeking sylvan Sierian shades; then he disappeared, going east as suddenly, unexpectedly, unaccountably as his coming. The bonanza people returned to the city, the magnificent diamond engagement ring disappeared from Miss Jennie's finger and society was paralyzed with the sudden announcement that the engagement had been finally and definitely broken off. As soon as society caught its breath again it began to inquire for the reasons, but could get nothing satisfactory in that way except the unquestionable fact that the banns were off. Upon the astounding result all parties are agreed, but there is a wide difference in the statements of the friends of the two parties regarding the causes which produced the nuptial catastrophe. The version of Miss Flood's friends is that the former and her mother went to the mountains with the understanding that young Grant should join them in a day or two. Instead of doing so he wrote to say that he was sick and could not come until the next day, neglecting to add that his malady was sickness of his bargain.

The next day he wrote that his illness continued, and he must again postpone his coming. And so it went on from day to day, until the story reached Miss Jennie's ears that her Ulysses was industriously flirting with other women down here. Then she got out her sal volatile and wept, and said he did not care for her, and wanted to marry her only because of her money, and she vowed that he should never have a silver brick, not even a solitary scad, and she broke off the engagement. The version of young Grant's friends is that the wedding was the fancy of the old folks, and that they talked their children into the engagement, while their own inclinations were not over ardent. After obligingly and filially plighting faith, they separated, Ulysses going East and falling desperately in love with another girl. After struggling loyally against this passion for months without weakening its force—in fact, fighting it out on that line all summer, according to the family proverb—he resolved to come here in the fall and state the case fairly. This, they say, was his sudden errand here, and he performed his duty.

Which version is correct it is hard to determine at present, society here being very much divided upon the question, and only certain of the one momentous fact that the much-talked-of engagement is off.

## UNDERGROUND TRAVELING.

New York is to have underground railways. The work will probably be commenced next month. Broadway will be tunneled from the Battery to Central Park. There will be, in fact, two tunnels, each fifteen feet in diameter, and they will be in the middle of Broadway just below the water pipes. The tunnel will be built of brick and cement, with a hard white finish. The temperature will be always the same, and therefore no allowance will be made for contraction or expansion of the rails, consequently the cars will run without the usual rattle and clank on the rail joints. Sixty-ton locomotives will be used that will consume their smoke and condense their steam. The tunnel and cars will be lit by electricity. The speed will be twenty-five miles an hour, including stoppages, and each train will carry from 800 to 1,000 passengers. Trains will leave every three minutes, and the fare will be five cents.

## THE MAN WITH A ROPE

At exactly 10 o'clock yesterday forenoon a citizen of Detroit was going up Monroe avenue with a basket on his arm, and at precisely the same moment a farmer was coming down the same avenue with a rope in his hand and a limp in his left leg. They met. The citizen would have passed on and purchased a peck of green tomatoes for pickles, but the farmer halted him with the query:

"Say, isn't your name McDuff?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"I believe it is," continued the farmer, as he looked him over. "Were you one of the judges on hogs at the State Fair?"

"No, sir. I never judged a hog in my life, and I wasn't inside the fence while the fair lasted."

"Mebbe you are not the man, though you ook like him. Have you a minute to spare?"

"No, sir; I've got to go back and go up into the City Hall tower."

"Then I'll go with you. I want to see the tower, and I want tell you about McDuff?"

"Can't you come to my office in half an hour?" said the citizen as he halted.

"No, sir. I want to tell you now. You see, I sent a prize hog to the fair. I was laid up with rheumatism, and the old woman and boy brought him in. That hog——"

"I've got to take that car," interrupted the citizen.

"And I'll take it, too. I'm looking for the hog, and I might as well go one way as another. That hog was as regularly entered, put in a pen, as anything in his line in that show. His breed was the Golden Sunshine, and a purtier, cleaner——"

"You must excuse me, but I've got to meet a friend at the depot," protested the citizen.

"I'd just as lief walk down with you, for I don't see the cars very often. Hundreds of people saw that hog and admired him, and dozens of men told my old woman that he'd walk off with the first premium. I now come to McDuff."

"Yes, yes, but I can't wait another moment."

"You needn't wait for me. I'll walk along with you and tell you the rest as we go. This McDuff was one of the three judges on hogs. A friend of his had a little runt of a pig there with a hard knot in his tail and his hind legs as crooked as a cow path, and while two of the judges pulled strong for my hog, this McDuff declared in favor of the other."

"You see, I can't possibly wait to—"

"I see you can't, but when the judges found themselves divided, what happened? This McDuff—"

At this point the citizen started off, and had got ten feet the start, when the farmer pursued, saying:

"This McDuff claimed that my Golden Sunshine was too light in the snout, and he prevailed upon the old woman to let him out and give a rooting exhibition."

The citizen was lost to sight around the corner, but the farmer put on steam and got near enough to say:

"He bolted off the grounds, just as McDuff knew he would, and I've limped over sixteen square miles of territory without hearing of him. Say, I believe you are McDuff."

The citizen made for the Central Market on the trot, but he hadn't been lost in the crowd over a minute when the panting farmer arrived and said:

"And I demand satisfaction for the job you put up on a woman who hadn't a tooth in her head for fifteen years."

He pulled off his coat and made such a fuss around there that a policeman had to scare him away.

## QUEER TASTE.

**A Handsome Galesburg Lady Named Chase Marries a Negro.**

There is a genuine sensation at Galesburg, Ill., in the elopement of a white woman, Miss Chase, with a negro. The girl belongs to a family of the highest respectability, she being the daughter of the eminent clergyman of the Episcopal Church, the Rev. Chase, who was mentioned for the office of Bishop of this diocese at the time of the election of the present incumbent, and is also a sister-in-law of Rector Higgins, of the Episcopal Church of Galesburg.

Miss Chase is a handsome and vivacious little woman of about 20. She has been highly educated, and always moved in the best society.

The negro, Sam Monroe, is a tall, good looking, copper-colored fellow, who has been in the employ of Rector Higgins with whom Miss Chase has been residing for the past year.

Of late the tongue of scandal has whispered the girl's name in connection with the negro, but met with general disbelief, so that the announcement that, on Tuesday night, they had eloped, going ten miles west of the city to the house of a colored man by the name of Tom Payne, where they were married by Mr. Mills, Justice of the Peace, was received here Wednesday with astonishment and incredulity, until confirmed by the arrest of Monroe on a charge of larceny, based on his taking a satchel from the rectory at the time of their flight.

He has been confined in the County jail, his hearing being set for Saturday morning. The girl's present whereabouts are unknown, a profound secresy being manifested on that point.

The community appears to be perfectly stunned by the occurrence, and many wild rumors are afloat on the streets. One story is that the girl is crazy, another that the marriage had become a necessity to prevent disgrace. The general impression, however, seems to be that she is not in her right mind.

Her relatives, who are all of the highest respectability, receive the sympathy of the entire city.

The negro, when interviewed this morning on the subject, was very indignant at his arrest, saying that they had a perfect right to get married if they wanted to. He also says that he had intended to go away somewhere else to live, but that now he will settle down right here with the girl and go to housekeeping.

There seem to be no indications of any attempt at violence upon the negro, the general verdict being that one party is as much to blame as the other.

The girl's friends will probably attempt to have her confined in an asylum until the negro can be induced, by money or otherwise, to depart for other climes. Meanwhile our citizens anxiously await further developments.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## LAUNCHED.

(From the New York Herald, Sept. 20th.)

On September 6 the London and Glasgow Engineering and Iron Shipbuilding Company launched from their yard at Govan the steamer State of Nebraska, another addition to the fleet of steamers carrying the flag of the State Line, for service between Glasgow and New York. The new vessel, the State of Nebraska, is the first of a "new departure" in several respects from the class of vessels hitherto built for the same company, her breadth of beam being much in excess of any carrying the Company's flag. She is 385 feet long, 43 feet broad, 34 feet broad, with a gross tonnage of fully 4,100 tons. She has three decks, and classed 100 A 1 at Lloyd's. The engines are to be of the compound surface condensing class, and are being constructed to indicate 3,500 horse-power. She will accommodate 90 first, 70 second and 300 third class passengers, for whom every provision has been made. The grand dining saloon, staterooms, etc., will be most commodious, and the ship will have a promenade deck 125 feet long, extending over the entire breadth of the vessel. The State of Nebraska will be fitted with Messrs. Bow & McLachlan's steam steering gear and winches, Messrs. Napier Bros. patent screw appliances, Lindsay's patent contrivances for bringing the furnace ashes to the ship's side, Murdoch's stop and governor valves, and Weir's patent feed heaters and air extractors for boilers.

The negotiations which were in progress for some time toward an amalgamation of the State and Anchor lines have been entirely broken off, owing to the refusal of the shareholders of the former Company to accept the terms of the proposed fusion. This was in consequence of the excellent and growing business of the State Line, and a belief that better results would be obtained by the continuance of the Company as an independent line. Messrs. Austin, Baldwin & Co., 53 Broadway, New York, are the general agents for America. Mr. Chas. E. Morgan is the agent in Hamilton.

## FEMALE SOLDIERS.

**Women Who Have Preferred Battle-Fields to Home.**

The Elector Maximilian Emmanuel of Bavaria, who died in 1726, left several natural children, one of whom was a daughter named Maximilian de Leithorst. Her parents seem to have been neglectful of her, but the girl's character was resolute. She dressed as a man, called herself Monsieur le Baron de Leithorst, and became page to the Baron de Halden in Regensburg, the Embassador of the Bishop of Wurtzburg to the court in that town. Afterward she went to Vienna and enlisted as a soldier in the Imperial army. She served seven years as a cadet in the regiment of Francis de Lorraine, in Hungary, and only during a sickness was her sex discovered. She became a lieutenant and was dismissed from the service with a life pension. She dressed in male attire until her death in 1748.

Lenora Prehaska fell in an engagement on the Gorde, September 16, 1813, a bullet having pierced her breast. When she felt that she was dying she revealed to her comrades that she was a woman, and that her name was Leonora Prohaska, and not Charles Renz. Her friend, Carolina Peters, known as Charles Petersen, was more fortunate. She participated in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, was decorated with the Order of the Iron Cross on account of her bravery, and was honorably discharged from the army at the end of the war, when she declared her sex. She was afterward married to the captain of an English trading vessel, whom she accompanied on his travels, and with whom she visited her relatives in Stettin in 1844.

In the pages of *All the Year Round*, 1874, we read of one woman making her "field of fame" on the deck of a British man-of-war. On the 12th of April, 1781, in the West Indies, Lord Rodney gained his great victory over the French fleet, commanded by Admiral the Count de Grasse, and a daughter of England shared in the honors of that memorable day. After the surrender of the French flag-ship, Ville de Havre, one hundred guns, to Rodney's flag-ship, Formidable, sixty-four guns, "a woman who had, contrary to the rules of the navy, secreted herself in her husband's cabin and fought a quarter-deck gun in the cock pit was discovered. Lord Rodney severely reprimanded her for breach of orders, but gave her immediately afterward ten guineas for so valiantly sustaining the post of her wounded husband."

The life of Mary Ann Talbot, an illegitimate daughter of the Earl of Talbot, was one of remarkable adventure. Born in London on February 2, 1778, she was well educated at the expense of her father. When only about fourteen she was induced to run away from school by Captain Bowen, with whom she lived a short time in London. She then went with his regiment to the West Indies, served afterwards as a drummer at the siege of Valenciennes, where the captain was killed, and the intrepid girl left friendless. She contrived to reach the coast, and shipped as a boy on board a French privateer. This vessel was captured by one of the ships of Lord Howe's fleet, and the opportunity being open to her, Mary Talbot entered the British navy. She served in many actions, was several times prisoner of war, and finally in 1796, when suffering from a shattered leg, was commissioned a midshipman and discharged from the service, while queen Charlotte granted her a pension of £20. When recovered of her wounds she went to America, working her way thither as steward of a merchant ship, on board of which it is said she was obliged to reveal her sex in order to repel the amorous advances of the captain's daughter. After a long absence, little being known of her exploits in the meantime, she again appeared in London. From this point her subsequent life was one of great wretchedness and poverty, and she was frequently in Newgate undergoing imprisonment for debt. Out of prison she assumed a variety of characters, being a soldier, actress, peddler and footpad by turns. The date of her death is unknown. A few years ago there was a portrait in existence of Mary Talbot in naval uniform, likely enough as a midshipman, and the artist has presented her as possessing a handsome appearance. This picture is said to be now in the United States.

## OUR LUMBERING INTERESTS.

**A Joint Stock Company to be Formed to Develop Them.**

The lumbering interests of Canada stand next in importance to her agriculture, and any movement to develop the great timber resources of the Dominion must be regarded as of the greatest importance. The announcement, therefore, that a joint stock company, with a capital of $1,000,000, has been organized for this purpose will be a welcome piece of intelligence to every one having the interests of the country at heart. The fact that the money is subscribed by Scottish capitalists is an additional cause for satisfaction.

The Company which has just sprung into life is called the "British Canadian Lumbering and Timber Company (Limited)." The timber limits and lands in fee simple over which the operations of the company will extend are situated on the River Ottawa and the north shore of the Georgian Bay, in the Muskoka and Parry Sound districts, and in the State of Michigan and Wisconsin, covering in all an area of about 1,300 square miles. These lands formerly belonged to the well-known firm of Cook Bros. and to Mr. Allan Grant, and have been transferred by them to the new Company, in consideration of which they hold about half the capital stock, and will take a leading part in the management of the Company's affairs. Indeed it is mainly owing to the exertions of Mr. H. H. Cook that the Company has been formed, he and Mr. W. H. Lockhart Gordon, of Toronto, having gone to Scotland for that purpose. Fortunately these gentlemen secured the co operation of Mr. J. J. Menzies, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, Scotland, Managing Director of the Scottish American Investment Company, to whose influence among the monied men in Scotland is due in a large measure the success of the enterprise. Mr. Menzies is at present in Canada in the interests of the Scottish capitalists in this new Lumber Company. The directors are: W. J. Menzies, W. S., Edinburgh; James Haldane, C. A., Edinburgh; James Balfour, W. S., Edinburgh; Alexander Mitchell, timber broker, Glasgow; George I. Cook, Quebec; Donald Alexander Macdonald, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; Herman H. Cook, and Jas. Scott, merchant, Toronto. The head office of the Company will be in Edinburgh. In Canada the principal office will be in Toronto, but there will be offices also at Quebec and at Midland. The Bank of Scotland will be the Company's bankers.

The affairs of the Company will be under excellent management, as the Messrs. Cook will give their undivided attention to them. They have already commenced operations by sending a large number of men up the Ottawa. The Company have arranged to cut between 500,000 and 600,000 feet of timber on the Ottawa, and 5,000 000 at Midland, and they will employ during the winter somewhere in the neighborhood of 400 men. For wages and supplies they calculate to spend annually between $200,000 and $300,000.

## ATLANTIC EXPLORATION.

The *Herald* publishes a long narrative of Lieut. Schwatka's Arctic journey. From the story of the natives it is believed that the officers and crews of the Erebus and Terror met a terrible fate. Old men and women of the Esquimaux tell a story of those who were doubtless the last survivors of these vessels with a minuteness of detail which places their fate beyond doubt. Of what had become of their leader, or of the large number who constituted the crews, nothing could be discovered. Only a small party of officers, black about the mouth, with no flesh on their bones, were seen dragging a boat across the ice. Nothing more was seen of them until their skeletons were found under their boat and in a tent, a prey to wild beasts, and with evidences that they had been driven to feed on their weaker companions before yielding to starvation and cold.

## GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES

The following is a theatrical reminiscence: The juvenile leading lady, a good actress and very pretty woman by the way, and a young mother, was cast to play Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet*. Her baby had been placed in her dressing-room for security, and to be near the mother. But just before the balcony scene the young tyrant became unruly and impossible to control. What was to be done? A mother's tact hit upon the true soothing syrup. She nestled the infant to her breast, and from that moment the young villian became silent as a mouse. Being called she hastily mounted the rostrum that supported the supposed balcony, throwing a lace scarf over her shoulders, which concealed the little suckling; and, leaning over the balcony, with the other arm pensively placed upon her cheek, she looked the picture of innocence and beauty. The scene opened and went glowingly. But, alas! Juliet has to appear and disappear three times; and in her effort to do so gracefully, and yet conceal the child, she stumbled against the iron brace that held up the frail structure. Down fell the balcony; and, lo! the love-lorn maiden was discovered with a baby at her breast—seated on a tub, that served for a stool, and at her foot accidentally placed there by the thirsty carpenter, was a quart pot. The said carpenter was discovered on all-fours steadying with his back the ricketty structure above. Shrieks of laughter from all parts of the house greeted the *tableau*, and of the play no more was heard that night.

THE OPEN SESAME.

Col. Higginson, in the *Woman's Journal*, has this to say of crocheting: For one, I have nothing to say against the crochet needle. It not only trains hand and eye and even intellect—and what male mind could ever grapple with the mystery of its stitches, found so simple by every woman?—but it is first an employment and then a freemasonry. In some great hotel, where the newly arrived groups of ladies look askance at each other, each a little afraid of making an undesirable acquaintance, how are all hearts opened and all distinctions broken down, by the appearance of a shawl of a new pattern softly unrolled from its white swathing by the lady who is working on it. We hear of the "brotherhood of toil," but this is a sisterhood of a toil more delicate. I do not suppose that there is any conceivable barrier of social pride in a ladies' drawing room that would not be annihilated before a new crochet stitch.

WOMEN ARCHITECTS.

Miss Margaret Hicks, who recently graduated in architecture from Cornell University, is the first woman in a college to undertake this profession. There is plenty of room for the ladies in this branch of building, for in order to have a useful and convenient house the plan must be first drawn up, and surely a woman should know how and in which way a house should be built to make it most comfortable and to save steps. The theme selected by Miss Hicks was the "Tenement House," and she seemed—unlike many of the architects who have sent plans to New York for, which premiums are offered—to have remembered that houses must have light and air in closets and bedrooms.

BLOOMERISM IN FRANCE.

This costume is being revived in the Chateaux of Brittany. The lady chatelaine of this summer home sent an invitation to a prospective visitor to come to the woods and make her a visit, but to get her luggage in a very small space, as a great many guests were expected and there was not room for a wagon load of trunks. It was suggested to bring a gray tweed suit, of which a sketch was inclosed for morning and promenade wear. The suit was a gentleman's, adapted to a slender form. A tailor's wife at Vitry made it. The chatelaine who invented this suit sent only to her slender-formed friends to wear this suit, from which all the stout ones were excluded, but wrote that she hoped that all who did her the honor to accept the invitation would adopt it, and she believed it would be found to be more becoming in excursions into the woods and moors than draggled petticoats.

WOMEN'S CONVERSATION.

What a good thing it would be if women would only speak their minds. There is nothing that honest men desire more than to understand that mysterious race that is so like them and yet so unlike, who share their homes but not their thoughts, who are so shrewd, so practical and so irrational. The poor men yearn to break down the invisible barrier and see into the real life of those they love so well; but the loved ones smile and shatter and say pretty things, and ingenious things, and things they have borrowed from men, and improved in the borrowing, but never one word of the real thoughts that are working in their busy brains. So the men flatter and lie, because they think the women like it, and the women accept it all because they think it is man's nature; and the men think women are empty-headed angels; and the women think men are fine intelligent brutes; and the two classes go on loving and despising one another accordingly, and all for the want of a little truthfulness in conversation.

THE NEWEST MANIA

Among fashionable women, married and unmarried, is to make their bedrooms beautiful. The lately acquired taste for decoration is now taking that turn, to the neglect of drawing rooms and parlors. Pillow shams and bed spreads are luxuriously and expensively gotten up of silk, satin, embroidery and lace; dressing cases are furnished with elaborate taste and ingenious fancy work receptacles for toilet and other articles. Bottles and boxes of the finest workmanship and choicest materials hold the cologne, perfumeries, powders and other scents for her ladyship's toilet. Pictures hang upon the walls, or they are hung with silk, lace, or Oriental stuffs. Even her toilet crockery must be of the choicest ware or composed of odd pieces. The ideal bed has a canopy over it and this is made as beautiful as taste and money will permit. The framework is made of metal, commonly of burnished brass or nickel. From this is suspended beautiful curtains held back by cords and tassels, ribbons or bands. Statuary are on the walls and the city is searched for rare and beautiful things to put in this ideal, at present, of a woman's heart—her bedroom.

MORMONISM IN UTAH.

There is a comic as well as a pathetic side to Mormon polygamy. Among the Mormon women at Utah was one who accepted in full faith the polygamic revelation. She had found in polygamy an ample compensation in the supposed right of the first wife to choose her husband's succeeding wives. This was her argument: "If the first wife selects the other wives, it has the effect of showing them that the husband thinks much of her judgment and is willing to abide by it, and that they will have to do the same. This is, of course as it should be. But if she lets her husband choose his own wife, he is almost certain to take a fancy to some one whom the first wife does not like at all, and consequently her authority is undermined. The first wife ought to keep all the power in her own hands." The sequel of this lady's story is extremely ludicrous. After she had chosen two other wives for her husband, he was so perverse as to choose a fourth for himself, the fourth being not at all to her liking, as she herself admitted. This is her own account of the matter: "'I tell you,' said I, 'I'm quite disgusted with you; a man with three wives—and me one one of them—to go talking twaddle to a chattering hussy like that, with her cat's eyes and red hair!' 'Golden hair, my dear,' he said; 'Charlotte's hair is golden.' 'I say red!—it's straight, staring red—as red as red can be,' I told him, and then we had a regular fight over it. I don't mean that we came to blows, but we had some hot words, and he went out and left us two alone. Then that young hussy was impudent, and I don't know how it was, but somehow when we left off our conversation, I felt some of Charlotte's red hair between my fingers, and there, she said, innocently, holding out quite a good-sized tuft of auburn hair, 'there, I put it to you, Sister Stenhouse, is that red, or is it not?'"

A BIT OF ROMANCE IN COLORADO.

The brigand style of some of the mountaineers is very attractive to the fancy of some of the young ladies from the Eastern States who are touring it through Colorado or are visiting there. One bright and pretty girl from the East fell violently in love with one of these rovers, and to gain favor in his eyes and seem a little nearer his ideas, she purchased a fine broncho, a scarlet saddle-cloth, and over her handsome dark green, gold-buttoned habit she wore a gold-mounted leather belt, to which was attached a sheathed knife with a guarded hilt. In the band of her Derby hat she wore a lighter knife that glistened when she rode. Attired in this brigandish habit she was happy, and openly expressed her admiration and love for this noted desperado. "He could and would protect a woman's honor with his very life," she lisped to the staunch fellow who corralled her tired bronchos. "Yes, and kill her, too, when she was in his way or vexed him, and that is what he has done more than once, as we all know, but we cannot prove it. He'll be lucky if he don't find himself made into a tassie by Mr. Lynch some bright midnight." The poor girl cried a little, then laid off her belt and knives, and with a deep sigh awoke from her bright dreams.

## TURKISH DOMESTIC LIFE IN THE WAY OF REFORM.

Every Turk leads two lives. He may be in the society of Europeans during six hours of every day. He is then well dressed, vivacious, perhaps intelligent. But this part of his life is not the part which forms his motives. It is not then that the final causes are at work which govern his acts. His life, when he is in the busy whirl of the world, is superficial and unreal. How artificial it is can be seen in the alacrity with which, on his return to his harem, he lays off the broadcloth clothes of his public existence, and dons the white baggy trousers, the open-necked vest, and the long gown dear to his heart. He is only ready to be at ease when he releases his feet from patent leather and from stockings, and thrusts them into unheeled slippers. Then he is himself, for he is at home. The harem is to every Turk his haven of refuge. To it he may flee from every care. About the harem cling all the sweetest associations of his life. All his best feelings find exercise in that sacred place. His mother, perhaps, is there, or his sisters. There only he enjoys the prattle of his children. There alone in all the world can the tired man find the balm of sympathy. There he has his books, and can study in peace if he will. There he enjoys the riches of his splendid flower-garden. In the domain of the women, with hills and vales and moon-touched sea before his eyes, he dreams away his summer evenings under the subtle spell of nature. And here he meets the controlling influences of his life. The women of the harem, mother, sisters and wives, wait upon the man coming wearily home from his struggle with life. They are to him humble servants or merry companions, as his mood is. They please him with his children, or leave him alone with his books, at his behest. Sooner or later, however, they assert their woman's right of talking on serious topics, and then they have him at their mercy. Now these women who make the home of the Turk are rarely his equals in mental acquirements. No question of blood rules the selection of wives among the Turks. A woman born in a mud hovel often rules in a pasha's palace. At the very best, Turkish women rarely have any education beyond the primer. They believe in signs and wonders; in the active agency of evil spirits; in the existence of a great dragon who periodically attempts to swallow the moon; in charms and incantations. In short, they are as superstitious as they can be after centuries of hereditary ignorance. But they are positive in opinion, and intolerant of opposition. Moreover, they are above all things else ardent and bigoted Mohammedans. Such are the intellectual surroundings of the Turk during that part of his life which he loves. And when the women of the house turn the conversation upon public affairs, the poor man is helpless in their hands, because he knows the futility of logic in such discussion. Often a pasha meets at home a petition which he has refused in his office and yielding to sheer importunity on the part of his women, he rewards the shrewdness of the man who has found means to invoke such aids. Often it has happened that the pasha disappoints an ambassador and violates his promise to support a new minister, because the women of his household object to the deviation from custom. He must yield to his home circle, or break with them entirely. These women are under no influences by which their opinions may be changed. They live in a world of their own, and are entirely unaware of an existence preferable to their own, and know nothing of that outside world to which they are simply curiosities of antique origin.

This glance at the home life of the Turk and its influence upon him, leaves little to hope from the Turks in the direction of voluntary abandonment of old systems and practices.—*Henry O. Dwight, in Harper's Magazine for October.*

## IT WILL COME.

The day will come when some sharp-sighted man will discover that the summer season is not the season when families most desire to leave home for rest and recreation, and then public attention will be called to the following:

WINTER RESORT HOTEL.

The undersigned takes pleasure in informing the public that he has opened a hotel on the North Pole plan for the reception of guests during the coldest part of the winter. Come and save gas and fuel, and catarrh, and overcoats, and coughs, and sore throats, and doctor's bills. No show to shovel off the sidewalk here. No frozen Water pipes—no plumbers. Chilblains unknown, and frost-bites never heard of.

For attractions he will advertise icicles from three to seven feet long, entirely natural in design and constructed on purely philosophical principles. There will be a hill and handsleds. There will be a pond so constructed that boys can be drowned with neatness and dispatch. Skates will be furnished free of charge, and prizes offered for the new beginner who scores twelve bumps the quickest. No charges made for damages to the ice. There will be a supply of hot bricks in every hall for use of guests with cold feet. Jugs of hot water furnished free on application to the office. Frozen poultry, toast on ice and iced milk will be among the table attractions. Snowballing will be the chief porch amusement, and boys will be on hand to teach left-handed women how to make line shots. The evenings will be passed in debates, spelling schools, playing checkers, drinking cider and cracking hickory nuts. Charges moderate. A thermometer in every room. Greatest chance ever offered for lying about the weather. More snow than can be furnished by any rival house. Come and be convinced.

## THREATENING THE HON. JOHN O'CONNOR.

**The Act of a Drunken Piper—What Did He Mean?**

(Ottawa Herald.)

After the dinner to Mr. Baker, M. P. P. Friday night, a few of the guests remained, to have a social chat at Empey's Hotel, and in the Hotel also remained a piper, who had been engaged to play the pipes during the evening, and which he very successfully did. The piper got well fuddled toward the end of the entertainment, and while the friends referred to above were having their chat, the Hon. John O'Connor, who had made up his mind to remain at the hotel for the night, happened to come in the way of the tipsy piper. The latter made a spring towards the Postmaster-General, and threatening to kill him on the spot, at the same time making a move to produce what was thought to be a pistol or knife. The attack was witnessed by Mr. J. B. Brannen, Mr. McKay and others, and they at once sprang between the Postmaster and his assailant. Soon afterwards the Hon. Mr. O'Connor was driven home, as it was not thought safe for him to remain in the neighborhood of the mischievously inclined piper or his friends, if he had any, in the neighborhood. The motive for such an attack it is hard to imagine, for the piper was entirely unknown to anyone present, or in fact to anyone in the neighborhood. We give the above details as we heard them, without any intention to make the occurrence a whit more sensational than it really was. We meanwhile congratulate the Postmaster-General on his escape from mischief, whether premeditated or not, and hope the miscreant will be made to account to the proper authorities for his dastardly threat and attempt.

## HINTS TO TOURISTS.

**Places of Interest in and About Hamilton.**

From the Slabtown Gazette.]

Having every reason to believe that the Provincial Fair to be held in Hamilton will be largely attended by people from our own district, we would suggest that a very pleasant and profitable time could be spent by them in "taking in" the interesting features of the city after having exhausted the attractions of the exhibition. That nothing of special note may escape observation we would advise each tourist to secure the services of a Bedouin Arab or one familiar with the ropes. James Henry Livingston, the eloquent advocate of prohibition, or some of his followers, say Grainger, Rainbow or blind Baker, would prove invaluable acquisitions in this respect. To those who will be prevented owing to pecuniary embarrassments from effecting an engagement with these gentlemen, we gratuitously submit the following programme for their guidance. Opening up the ball at the corner of King and James, Christian or Hopeful, as the case may be, should make the entire

CIRCUIT OF THE GORE

in order that some faint conception may be formed of the vast extent and magnificence of that artificial paradise. The statuary, zoological exhibits and botanical specimens surpass anything on this side of the Atlantic and are well worthy of a careful inspection. This may be done by the aid of an opera or field glass as the massive iron gates leading thereto are bolted and barred by Pat Hennessey's patent combination. The reason that this arcadian bower, "sacred to neatness and repose," is hermetically sealed is due to that rare foresight of the city fathers, who argued that if the grounds were opened to the public the impecunious tramp would probably wound the sensibilities of the bloated aristocrat by repairing thither to munch his ashen crust beneath the waving palms or cool his weary limbs in he limpid waters of the fountain. About a stone's throw from the park and in the vicinity of the *Times* office stands the

RESTAURANT OF ALONZO JAMES.

The beauty and finish of this famous temple of Bacchus, built after the Corinthian order of architecture, with the princely splendor of its well appointed saloon and its richly upholstered apartments, must not be overlooked by the droughty pilgrim in his or her anxiety to get outside a schooner of lager. This institution is justly famed for its mammoth free lunch spreads but more particularly as the rendezvous of the chivalrous "Dread naughts" who, on the historic grounds of Dundurn vanquished and put to flight the "Invincibles" of Guelph after a protracted and sanguinary struggle in which Alonzo and Walter Cook were carried off the field in a comatose condition. In ye olden time this retreat was leased as an academy of music to a son of Germany yclept "Dutch Louie." In those days all classes of the community nightly patronized the place to listen with bated breath to the silvery strains of Orpheus and watch the inimitable breakdowns of Terpsichore. Deputations from Podunk and the lake occasionally dropped in to enliven the evening's festivities by indulging in a grand rough-and-tumble, which frequently resulted in the appropriation of sundry auricular appendages. From this delectable spot the tourist should proceed to

AARON SAYMAN'S CARAVANSARY,

immediately in front of the Fire Station. Archaeologists and those fond of groping among the hoary relics of the shadowy past may here gratify the intense longings of their morbid and depraved tastes. At the entrance to this extensive museum, which closely resembles in appearance the Pantheon at Rome, are arranged the vertebras, shin and jaw bones of the mastodon and the petrified tentacles of the cuttle-fish. Broom-sticks of the Witch of Endor, embalmed mummies, and baboons exhumed from the sepulchres of Thebes ravish the eye of the antiquary as he passes the threshold; terra cotta vases, candlesticks, grid-irons, dumb-bells, billiard cues and umbrellas gathered from the ruins of Pompeii are scattered about in endless profusion. In rear of the ranche there is a miscellaneous collection of monoliths, obelisks and sphinxes with strange hieroglyphics carved on their base, doubtless of Masonic or astronomical significance. Everything from a Cleopatris sewing needle to the sheet anchor of Noah's craft are here displayed. North of the museum, and on the corner of Rebecca and Hughson, you behold the stately edifice of the

WORKINGMEN'S COFFEE ROOMS.

This establishment is kept by a half brother of Joe Beef, of Montreal. Thousands of bank clerks, sweet Williams and Knights of the York Stuck frequent the place after dusk to enjoy a square meal. Nail soup, clam chowder and hotch-hotch can be had for two cents per dish. Affable colored waiters are constantly kept on the jump in attending to the wants of the famishing. Passing over to John street our advice is call at

TOM YOUNG'S "ZOO."

Tom's brandy-smashes, gin-sling, cock-tails and whiskey-splits can't be beat. Any one desiring a game of skittles, bowls or dominoes can be accommodated. Tom's whistling parrots will also prove a source of wonder and delight. Their rendition of "Hold the Fort" and "Pull for the Shore" evince high musical culture. We believe that large quantities of gold dust have been offered by the choir of the Gospel Temperance tent for these birds. Leaving Tom's a short walk in a southerly direction brings the pilgrim to the moss-covered ruins of

M'INNES DRY GOODS EMPORIUM.

Years ago this was the haunt of industry and commerce. To-day a death-like stillness prevails within its crumbling walls, broken only by the screeching owl or the profane whistle of the grain buyer as he whittles a shingle leaning against the "Produce Exchange." Under the blaze of the noonday sun this venerable pile presents a melancholy and seedy appearance, but

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon light,
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruin g