THE JOHNSTOWN TRAGEDY.

Further Particulars of the Terrible Theatre Calamity.

A FATED PEOPLE.

A Johnstown, Pa., despatch gives the following further particulars of the theatre horror there: George Horner, aged 11, jumped from the top gallery thirty feet to the parquette, neck broken; and Mrs. John W. Nestor, aged 25, of this city, and Eddie Blugler, aged 9, Conemaugh, were also killed. There were 800 people in the house. Two hundred and forty of these occupied chairs in the parquette. Possibly two hundred more were in the circle and aisles of the parquette. In the first gallery all the seats were occupied and the aisles packed. In the second or top gallery all the benches were occupied and many were standing. The cause of death in every instance was the rushing at the doorway leading to the street in the frantic efforts of the people to get out of the building. The cry of "Fire" was sounded from the top gallery when the last act of the play, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was within a few minutes of completion. Instantly upon the cry being raised the audience made a break and a plunge for the narrow exit. Those in front were thrown forward, and upon them the whole mass of people tumbled headlong, climbing over them and causing a jam right at the street door. The scene at the time was horrible. A great crowd at once gathered in the street, and pushed up so closely against the theatre entrance that the police could not keep them back. To drive them away it was found necessary to turn a stream of water on them from a fire hose. All this time the yells and cries of both those inside and out of the theatre were terrible to hear and were heard for squares. The cause of the fire alarm was smoke issuing from the chimney of a kitchen in the rear of the residence of Dr. Wakefield, several squares away.

The building in which the theatre was situated was condemned some years ago. The morgue where the dead were laid was visited by thousands of people to-day. The accident is an illustration of the highly nervous condition of a large number of the people of the city. There has been a disposition to draw morbid conclusions from the Conemaugh calamity, and it has fastened itself upon the women, young folk, and many excitable middle-aged people. Some of these went through terrible experiences on May 31st. It has been no uncommon thing to hear such remarks as, "Well, I wonder what will happen next." "You can expect anything now" "We've had flood, now look out for fire." "Johnstown is under a curse." There has been more or less disposition to go to the theatre whenever there was a chance, in order to try to forget the horrors of last spring. Other amusements have also been eagerly sought for the same purpose. These were some of the reasons for the large audience at the theatre last night. Those who first started out of their homes went from curiosity to see where the fire was, but they did so excitedly, and the instant effect was a panic. The bell which struck the alarm was so close to the theatre that it seemed to be sounding in the building itself. The two crowds fought against each other at the street doors; strong men sprang upon the backs of those in front of them without regard to sex, and jumped on heads and shoulders as though they were hallway planks or stairs. The ferocity of the struggle by some of the foreign mill workmen was as revolting as it was disastrous. What began as an attempt to get out to the street changed into a riot. A bruised delicate woman says she saw two men stop to fight when both had an opportunity to escape. One exclaimed, with an oath, "It's my life or yours," and he knocked his antagonist down in a furious manner. The theatre will not re-open. The city officials are severely criticised for permitting the use of the building as a theatre. The alleged clubbing by the police during the panic will be investigated.

ELEVEN HANGED.

Kettle Jack's Gang of Thieves and Cut-Throats Broken up in Wyoming.

A Cheyenne, Wy., despatch says: "Kettle Jack's" gang of thieves and cut-throats is broken up. A report came yesterday from the Big Horn region of the hanging of eleven of them and the driving out of the country of the others.

"Kettle Jack" and four companions first appeared in the country equipped for a prospecting tour. They established a rendezvous in an isolated valley high up on the mountains and lived like barbarians Finally they were reinforced and began to plunder the settlers. At first they only slaughtered beef and stole food, but becoming bolder, ran horses into Utah and Montana. A farmer named Benjamin, with his two sons, followed the gang, but were shot down and killed. The thieves became so strong that they ran things to suit themselves. The 500 settlers who lived in the basin were in mortal fear of the gang. Some time ago a hot battle occurred, when Kettle Jack forced the handsome daughter of a leading citizen into marriage. The father headed a rescuing party, but the citizens were repulsed with two killed and a number wounded.

The outlaws retired to the mountains for a protracted debauch. A month ago Jack startled the neighborhood by issuing a notice that he intended to establish a monarchy, with himself as king. The determined settlers organized themselves to fight this move to the death. A troop of 200 men was organized at a central point and a forced march was made to the stronghold of the outlaws.

Jack and his men were in waiting and intended to let the party get in close range before firing. The settlers had made a rude cannon and from it fired chains and lead into the outlaws' camp. The surprised gang fled, leaving behind them a lot of plunder and four dead and several wounded. A running fight of three days ensued, in which one settler and two robbers were killed. The citizens had the better horses and were fitted for a chase, while the desperadoes were unprepared. The consequence was that they were overtaken and eleven of their number hanged, and the rest driven out of the country with orders not to return.

IT WILL KILL.

Another "Live Wire" Victim Offered up at Toledo.

A Toledo despatch of Tuesday says: This morning Robert S. Dalton, a painter, employed by the Lake Shore railway, went to the top of the train shed to measure a skylight for repairs. He was missed a couple of hours afterwards, and the foreman climbed to the roof to investigate. He was horrified at seeing the body of Dalton lying on its back across two electric light wires, and the smoke curling up from his burning clothing and flesh. The odor fairly sickened him, and seeing that Dalton was dead he at once descended to the freight office and telephoned to have the current shut off so that the body could be removed. It presented a horrible spectacle. The face was black, and from the mouth great flakes of foam had fallen over his face and on the roof. The left arm, which was fearfully burned about the elbow, was drawn up close to the side, the elbow bent, and across the breast were burnt two strips about three inches wide, where the man had touched the wires. Dalton was a sober, industrious man, aged 40. He leaves a wife and child.

A Crazed Inebriate's Work.

A Conticook, N.H., despatch of Monday says: The barn of Moses E. Dodge, at Hopkinton, was burned this morning. Mr. Dodge perished in the flames. Two bloody axes and fresh blood have been found in a neighboring shed, A neighbor was at the Dodge's place in the evening, crazy drunk. Mr. Dodge sent him home, but the drunken man is said to have escaped from his house about the time of the fire. Over seventeen head of cattle were burned. Two bodies have been found in the ruins of Dodge's barn. They are those of Mr. Dodge and Alphonso Paige, the neighbor, who was suspected of having some connection with the fire. Paige was on a protracted drunk, and it is thought he set fire to the barn and then committed suicide, as his throat was cut. Dodge was suffocated, probably in trying to save his cattle.

Among the Media.

Johnson—Newspapers are believers in spiritualism, sure enough.

Ponson—Not many, I guess.

Johnson—Oh, yes; they all claim to be first-class advertising mediums.

In order to appreciate being kissed a girl should be old enough to know better.

At this time of the year the liveryman, like Uncle Sam and the bloated bondholder, uses cutters in accumulating his revenue.

THE OPIUM SMUGGLING BUSINESS

Statistics of the Traffic Between British Columbia and the States.

An officer of the Canadian Customs, at present in the city, has been investigating the extent of the opium traffic in British Columbia, and as the result of his investigation it is shown that the United States revenue is losing at the rate of from one-half to three-quarters of a million of dollars annually, in the duty on opium smuggled into the United States from that Province. There are, he says, thirteen refining factories at present in operation in Victoria, each of which pays a municipal license of $500 annually. The fact that the quantity of crude opium imported for refining purposes into British Columbia increased from 5,000 pounds in 1880 to 1,000,989 pounds last year, shows how profitable the trade has been. It is estimated that a quantity of crude opium imported last year would produce 50,000 pounds of the refined article. The officer in question says that 5,000 pounds of the refined product would supply all demands for home consumption and the balance of 45,000 pounds, the surplus product of the British Columbia refineries would have to be disposed of in a foreign market. Investigation show that this was disposed of in the United States. The fact that no return of any refined opium having been exported was reported to the Canadian customs officials clearly indicates that it was smuggled out of the country. United States returns he says, only show that seventy-seven pounds of refined opium was imported into that country last year from Canada. It is therefore clear that the 45,000 pounds, the surplus product of the British Columbia refineries was supplied across the border, the duty on which would have amounted to $450,000, paying at the rate of $10 per pound. In making this calculation, he says that only the quantity of crude opium which actually paid duty, and was reported to the Canadian customs on being imported, was taken into consideration. The quantity smuggled into British Columbia, he believed, would reach 100,000 pounds more, which when refined would increase the quantity of refined opium, for which a foreign market had to be found, to about 100,000 pounds. The Dominion Government, is a matter of self-preservation in checking the rapidly increasing opium habit which is reported to be going on in the country, and with a view to assisting the United States Government in putting down the smuggling traffic as far as it lies within their power, is endeavoring to impose restriction which the business could not profitably bear. The idea of imposing an excise duty on all the opium refined in Canada of say from $3 to $5 per pound, has been suggested as the most likely remedy for the existing evil. The refineries, as in the case of distilleries, would be under the survillence excise officers, and by this means, it is contended, that if it did not succeed in curtailing the manufacture, it would contribute in the way of excise duty in the vicinity of half a million dollars to the Dominion revenue annually.

A DREADFUL END.

An Engine and Three Men Plunge Headlong Into a River.

A Hackensack, N. J., despatch says: In a blinding showstorm at noon on Saturday a heavily laden coal train on the Susquehanna road, bound east, came rumbling along toward the drawbridge at Little Ferry. The engineer, Wm. Nixon, who was on the lookout, could see but a few rods ahead of his engine on account of the storm The tracks are usually clear at this point, and the train was moving at moderate speed. The draw of the bridge, which had been opened to permit the passage of a schooner, had not yet been closed. The engineer and fireman could not see this, and no attempt was made to bring the train to a halt. The telegraph operator at the bridge heard the train coming and sprang to his instrument and began sending signals up the track to warn the men of the approaching train of the appearance of danger. The wires connected with the alarm bells situated at some distance up the the track, and he kept them ringing until he saw the locomotive stick its nose through the storm. Then he realized that any efforts he might make would be useless. As the train went by the operator looked at the engine cab and saw three men therein. They were Engineer James Nixon, Fireman Harrington, and the boss brakeman, Wm. Seeley. In an instant the locomotive reached the opened draw, and the forward end dived downward and disappeared, taking the cab and tender with it. The coupling pin parted, and the first car remained on the brink of the bridge. No trace of the three men could be found. Bubbles caused by the escaping steam and hot ashes arose to to the surface, but not a sign of life. The cars were transferred to the West Shore tracks, and the relatives of the dead men, who lived in the West End, were notified of the sad occurrence.

A NEW TICKER

That Will Revolutionize Telegraphy.

A system of telegraphy which promises to replace in great measure that now in use has been invented by J. H. Rogers, of Washington, who has already achieved fame by inventing the pan electric telephone. The system is based on the synchronous revolution of two wheels, one at the sending and the other at the receiving station. This has been attained before, but by such complicated methods that no great commercial benefits have resulted. Mr. Rogers secures the simultaneity of revolution by an arrangement for sending a spark from one wheel to the other. If the spark is not at a certain place on the wheel it is known that the wheels are not turning together and measures are taken for making them do so. The message is printed on an ordinary type writer which is connected with a machine which punctures a series of holes, corresponding to letters, in a slip of paper. The slip is then run through the sending instrument and the message is printed in Roman letters at the receiving station without any aid from an operator. Another method of sending is by a sort of type writer having only ten keys which punches the slip directly. This can be operated fast enough to take down ordinary conversation. Only ten keys are necessary because any letter can be formed in Roman type by combining two or more of ten marks. By this system of telegraphy from two to five hundred words a minute can be transmitted, so that its advantage over the Morse system, by which only thirty words a minute can be sent, is apparent. The general adoption of the new system would therefore greatly decrease the number of wires needed for telegraphing. Besides in the synchronous system ten operators can send a message over a single wire at the same time, which is two and a half times more than is possible under the old system.—*New York Tribune.*

A THRILLING SITUATION.

Loaded C. P. R. Coaches, Derailed, Hanging Between Heaven and Earth.

A gentleman just arrived at Winnipeg from the mountains tells of a thrilling accident which befell the Canadian Pacific Railway express from the coast on Saturday. He says that at a point where the tracks run away up the mountain side, near Columbia river, a quantity of falling rock either struck the train or had previously carried away the track. However this may be, a couple of the cars, including the passenger coach, swung about and toppled over. The bank was very perpendicular, and the cars would have tumbled several hundred feet below into the flowing river had it not been that the coupling twisted around and held the tremendous weight. There were two cars, one with its load of passengers, suspended between heaven and earth. The weight of the engine and the remainder of the train prevented the suspended cars drawing the whole train down. The suspense was said to be something dreadful. The frightened passengers were compelled to remain in their perilous condition until train hands built a platform around and underneath the suspended cars, thus enabling all hands to make their escape.

Remarkable Coincidence.

Brown—I saw you eyeing that divorced wife of mine with evident admiration last evening. I wondered what you could see in her.

Buff—Well, now, that's queer. I was wondering what she could have seen in you.

Count Herbert Bismarck, during his sojourn in the Orient, learned a new proverb, which he repeated in a recent speech: "There are three things with which no man should play: The fire, because it can burn him; the viper, because it can sting him; a woman, because she—can love him."

—It was the man who couldn't button his coat who hadn't clotnes enough to go round.

LUXURY IN MEXICO.

How the Richer Classes Spend Their Money.

A PEOPLE WHO SPEND MONEY FREELY.

City of Mexico, Nov. 23, 1889.—The growth of a taste for luxury is very manifest here. The country is enjoying a season of unparalleled prosperity. Money is made rapidly, new fortunes are being made and old ones are growing larger. The rich families, owning houses and shops, find that their tenants can afford to pay heavier rents, and so up go prices. The great Pachuca mines are paying heavily, and the lucky holders of Santa Gertrudis and San Rafael, and other bonanza properties, build new houses, clothe their families elegantly, buy the finest furniture from French and American factories, and give dinners galore. Then, too, the crops have been excellent over nearly the entire republic, and the great land owners residing here have fat pocket-books. The sun of a great and golden prosperity is shining on the Mexico of to-day.

The Mexicans are naturally a very luxurious people; they can take bad luck, revolutions, wars of invasion, pillage and disaster like philosophers; but when the wheel of fortune turns, they come up like true Latins, and demand the best there is a-going, and are ready to pay for their luxury. Lots of people here are making money out of the mines, out of mineral concessions or grants from the Government; others out of the new railwas, and others from prosperous new lines of manufacture. The City of Mexico is the Paris of the the republic; everybody who makes a fortune comes here to spend it and have a taste of metropolitan society. There is nothing penurious about the Mexicans; when they have money, out it goes over merchants' counters! A Mexican lady, whose husband is now rich, said to me the other day: "When my husband, through political troubles, became poor, he did not complain; he was patient and said that luck would turn. When he became again the possessor of a fortune he bought a great house and

LAVISHED THOUSANDS ON FURNISHING IT

to his somewhat extravagant taste; and, should we be poor to-morrow, he would not complain. It is the way we Mexicans have. When the purse is full, dinners, opera, theatre, fine clothes; when it is empty, a little casa, beans and tortillas, a cigarette and contentment!"

The great retail shops in every line of trade are crowded with costly goods. There are no finer stocks of articles of pure luxury anywhere in the States than here. Bronzes costing $1,000, $2,500, even up to $8,000, find buyers. Mirrors at $2,000 find a steady sale. Fine porcelain, costly vases up to $3,000 a pair, are sold continually. From $1,000 to $3,000 for a chamber set is not an uncommon price to be paid by wealthy customers. I went into a jewellery store the other day where the stock is valued at half a million, and that only one of several great shops. The proprietor had just sold a casual customer, a rich lady, a $2,000 pearl necklace, as a mere matter of passing fancy on her part. I asked him: "Do you give much credit?" "We never have less than $100,000 charged on our books in our retail department." "Do you have any trouble in your collections?" "Rarely; we make an annual average loss of only 1 per cent. for bad debts."

I went into another shop, where, upstairs, is carried a superb stock of furniture, including inlaid cabinets ranging as high as $2,000. The clerks said that they sold a great deal of this sort of luxurious furniture, and that customers did not "mind the price" so long as their fancy was suited.

Next I investigated the furnishing goods stores, and a clerk in the largest one, who had lived in New York, said: "We sell more silk underclothing here than can be disposed of in the States. We sell, in our ladies' department, for example, more silk hose than thread. Complete suits of silk underclothing for both men and women we sell a great quantity of."

"What about those scarfpins?" I asked, pointing to some dainty novelties in a showcase.

"Now, there is a class of goods not readily salable in the States. The cheapest is $15, the highest $75, and the average about $50."

In the windows of the modistes are to be seen elegant goods for ladies' wear—the richest fabrics of Paris, the gayest and costliest bonnets, everything betraying French taste, and a love of luxury among the rich women of Mexico. The owner of a shop, where ladies are "outfitted," said: "We are doing a rushing business. I only complain because of lack of room. Society is going to be very gay this season, and the demand for party and ball dresses is large. We are making up some exquisite things, prices from $150 to $850. Many ladies will only wear a ball dress once, and then they give it away or turn it over to relatives. Do the Mexican ladies love pretty things? Well, I should say so! I have customers who spend $10,000 a year with me, and they all pay their bills. I bring special fabrics from Paris for my select customers, and no other lady can have the same. Now here are some dainty handkerchiefs, no lace, but only ordinary affairs, $90 a dozen, and plenty of customers."

Other outfitters for women said the same—a rushing trade, good pay. The main question from senoras and senoritas is, "Is this a novelty?" not, "What does it cost?" These shops are

THRONGED WITH FAIR CUSTOMERS,

and clerks are kept busy enough. The stocks carried are large and complete, and the capital invested is very heavy.

At a carpet store they showed rugs at $1,000, carpets at $7 and $8 a yard, and curtains and tapestries of fabulous price. "Taste is improving here every year," the owner said; our rich people run over to Paris, and when they come back they ask for the most elegant goods. They are ready to pay our big prices, prices necessitated by the enormous duties. We have to put more and more money into our business to keep up with the growing taste for the finest goods. Don't you want this rug (a small one, say 3 by 8 feet); it's only $250 and a bargain"?

I went, then, to a great crockery store, where they carry a stock of enormous value. They had just received some dainty dinner sets, not at all extravagant, only $500. You can have sets at any price above that, and not at all dear. Oh, dear, no! This shop was full of pretty, charming things, and trifles which one could carry away in a small pocket were ticketed $75, $100, etc. Porcelain sets from $40 to $200 abounded. Lamps from $15 to $500. This is a sample shop of this class.

These "pointers" will serve to convince discerning readers that this is a country it will pay to try trade with, despite that remarkable trade-obstructor, Secretary Windom. People who believe that there is "no money in Mexican trade," would do well to investigate the sales of costly European merchandise here. There is as much luxury in this capital as in Boston, a freer spending of money, richer dressing among the ladies, more elegance in fabrics, finer tate in millinery. The new houses going up all over the city are already in the hands of the great furnishing concerns, who often receive orders to go ahead regardless of cost, and make the houses as elegant as money can do it. "I think," said one customer in a great furniture establishment, "I think my wife's chamber should be prettier than those of her friends. You can spend $5,000 on it and more if needed."

I called the other day at a fine house in the suburbs. Tens of thousands of dollars had gone into the furniture. The garden was fit for a Sybarite. The provisions for bathing at the bathhouse in the garden were luxurious; one could have, at pleasure, a Turkish Russian, common hot or cold plunge bath, One could swim or take a shower, and wind up by a nap in the sunny room, where, curled up on rich divans, and covered with costly rugs, a cigarette and a novel could be enjoyed. I congratulated the owner on his good taste and love of solid comfort. He said: "I think I have learned how to live, and thoroughly enjoy my home." This gentleman has a city house, furnished with even greater luxury.

And what a climate to be luxurious in No cold winters, no stormy, blustering springs. The October-like air invites to out-of-door sports. One can ride or drive every day in the year. A love for flowers and trees can be indulged from December around to December again. The air is invigorating, and exercise gives a good appetite.

A GROWING TASTE FOR FINE HORSES

is observable. Coaches and pairs worth altogether $4,000 and more are common. Orders for fine carriage horses keep a group of American traders busy between Kentucky and Mexico.

I can imagine no climate superior to that of Mexico for a rich man desirous of out-of-door life. All ranges of climate, too, are at his command. He may enjoy a brisk canter in the crisp air of the table land, and take the train down into the region of oranges and coffee trees in time for a late dinner. A rich man is a fool if he works here after acquiring a fortune. The Lord made Mexico one of His pleasure places; the sin consists in rejecting this great gift. Few rich men leave the country. They are kept here by the subtle charm of the tropics. The eternal servant problem does not exist. A race has been born for service to the white man.

Mexico is the paradise of men from colder climes; it is bubbling over with attractions; its climates charm men from over the seas; its children, wherever they wander, come back again. What a pity the Pilgrims did not land at Vera Cruz!

F. R. Guernsey.

A REMARKABLE SEWER.

Two Sets of Comments on the "Great Chain of Lakes."

Lake Ontario is simply a section of the trunk of an immense sewer that drains a territory of over 500,000 square miles—twelve times the area of the State of New York and one-seventh that of the United States. This territory forms water-sheds that run not only their streams of all sizes, sources and conditions into the sewer from north, south and west, but also discharge into it, directly or indirectly, the secretions, pollutions and excrescences of the civilization of the millions of people who swarm its shores, or banks, in great cities and lesser towns, and who dwell upon or lie buried in the earth remote from its shores, or banks, to the farthest limit on every hand of the 500,000 square miles sloping toward it from all but one point of the compass. The immense sewer, of which Lake Ontario forms a lower section, 1,500 miles from its source, begins with the rivers Nipigon and St. Louis at the western extremity of Lake Superior, and thence flows sluggishly along through that lake, through St. Mary's river, through Lake Huron, through Lake Michigan, through St. Clair River, through Lake St. Clair, through Detroit River, through Lake Erie, through Niagara River, through Lake Ontario, and through St. Lawrence River, which delivers it to the Atlantic Ocean.—*Rochester Union.*

This is certainly a most remarkable sewer, and the Great Engineer who built it further shocked the sensibilities of our neighbor by making it an open sewer. But as He constructed it without the assistance of a common council, He made a very peculiar job of it. He so contrived things that the sewer should contain the clearest, most beautiful and most healthy water in the world; that it should widen into vast seas, over which commerce should make its easy way, and beside which men should make their homes. The great sewer in all its parts is an especial favorite with the health-seekers and the pleasure-seekers; and its myriad islands are regarded as unsurpassed in loveliness. The portion of the sewer commonly called Lake Ontario is 190 miles long, 55 miles wide, and 606 feet deep. It is, perhaps, the most singular bit of sewage construction in the solar system, as the Niagara River flows into it at one end and the St. Lawrence out of it at the other—the Falls of Niagara closing it on the one and the Thousand Islands on the other. The sewage in Ontario is especially remarkable. At points it is so clear that at a depth of 20 feet a swimmer can see his own shadow on the rocky bottom far below him. Fish thrive in it; and it makes a most delicious punch when mixed with the proper ingredients. The same Architect that made this curious sewer has constructed also some very curious warts, boils and carbuncles here and there on the earth's surface, commonly known as the Alps, the Andes, the Rocky Mountains and the Himalayas.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

German Advertising Scheme.

A novel scheme is reported from Germany by which to advertise to the wide world the different kinds and qualities of German products. It is to fit up a floating exhibition palace, stocked with all descriptions of German productions, to be sent on a voyage around the globe, calling at all the principal ports. An enormous steamer—the Kaiser William—is now being fitted for this purpose. The intention is not only to carry goods, but also to take well-paying passengers who may wish to accompany the expedition. Another intention is, not only to exhibit the goods for the enlightenment of the world, but also to solicit and take orders for the same. So the whole exhibition will constitute the biggest lot of "samples" that ever was sent from "our house," and altogether it will be the greatest "drummer" expedition on record. The commercial traveller is now an acknowledged business necessity, but this expedition seems to be carrying the idea to an extreme. Still it may pay, and that is the sole touchstone of business enterprise. There is one step further, however, which it would seem easy for the Germans to take, and that is to have a few ship loads of general German merchandise to accompany the exhibition. By this means a prompt filling of all orders taken might be secured, and the Germans win the distinguishing title of the "Imperial international pedlars."

From the Land of the Heather.

The Secretary for Scotland has ordered a public inquiry to be held as to the cause of the recent mill disaster at Glasgow.

The ceremony of cutting the first sod of the site of the International Exhibition, to be held in Edinburgh next year, was performed on Nov. 23rd by Lady Clark in presence of a large assemblage.

The Marquis of Dufferin was on the 28th ult. elected Rector of St. Andrews University by a majority of 3 votes over his opponent, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the figures being—Lord Dufferin, 103; Lord Balfour, 100.

Before being respited Laurie, the Arran murderer, was declared insane by a commission of three medical experts appointed by the Secretary for Scotland. It will be remembered that we suspected his insanity from the first, and suggested that as his best defence.

During the month of November there were launched from the shipbuildings yards on the Clyde 18 vessels, of an aggregate measurement of 30,834 tons, comprising 15 steamers of 24,570 tons and 3 sailing vessels of 6264 tons. The total in November of last year was 21,231.

Their Religious Beliefs.

Lord Salisbury, Earl Granville. Mr. Gladstone and Earl Kimberley are High Churchmen. Low Churchmen comprise Lord Cross, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Stanhope. Lord Cranbrook is a High Churchman, the Duke of Northumberland is an Irvingite, the Duke of Richmond is a High Churchman, likewise the Earl of Carnarvon. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. W. H. Smith are Low Churchmen; Sir William Harcourt is a Low Churchman, and so are Earl Spencer, Mr. Childers, the Marquis of Hartington and the Earl of Northbrook. Lord Lytton is a Low Churchman. The Marquis of Ripon is a Roman Catholic convert; Mr Chamberlain is a Unitarian.

Never.

The Young Man (bitterly)—If that is your final answer, Miss Cabiff, be it so There is one refuge for the desperate soul—one last resting place for the broken heart! Farewell!

The Young Woman (alarmed)—In mercy's name, Mr. Kedjoe, what are you about to do?

"I am going to offer myself to Victoria Polhemus!"

(With a scream)—"What! Throw yourself away on that vinegar-faced old—stay, Charles! I—I—"

Not That Kind of a Pearl.

Chaff: Fred. (at Kirmess)—Deuced pretty waiter girl, eh, old chap?

Cholly (assuming monocle)—Yaas, I suppose I shall have to mash her. Here she comes. What is your name, my dear?

Deuced Pretty Kirmess Girl—Pearl, if you please, sir.

Cholly (with unction)—Oh, I see, Pearl of great price, eh?

D. P. K. G. (demurely)—No, sir; Pearl before swine, if you please, sir.

Capital Punishment.

Teacher (describing experiences of the day to a friend)—In order to punish Johnny Hanson I caused him to sit beside Miss Fresh, the prettiest girl in the school.

Friend—How did it work?

"Judge for yourself. The girl did not seem a whit disconcerted, and smiled so sweetly on Johnny that he lost his head completely."

"Why, that was capital punishment"

Dignity is becoming; but beware of sticking your stomach out in the effort to keep square shoulders, lest you become an object of derision.

—He is a pretty foolish man who thinks that the grass widow is green.

MINISTERS AND TOBACCO.

A Clerical Symposium on the Use of the Weed.

WIDELY DIFFERING OPINIONS.

Ministers Who Smoke—Others Who Denounce it—Clerical Example—Ought a Minister to Deny Himself His Pet Vices?—Preaching and Practice.

The use of tobacco has times without number been made the subject of adverse criticism by opponents of the habit on occasions without number and yet the numbers of those who use it do not apparently diminish. Physicians have shown again and again that it exercises a deleterious effect on the brain, mucous membranes and the digestion, and have held up terrible examples of its effects; yet hundreds of physicians are slaves of the tobacco habit, and many defend it as having a particular specific effect on certain constitutions. Clergymen have denounced it as an unnecessary, selfish, dominating vice, filthy, health-destroying, sinful, yet many a minister is an excellent judge of cigars and not a few exercise their jaws chewing the weed almost continuously. The writer, a few years ago, at a "Fifth Sunday Meetin'" in the South, saw three preachers in one pulpit, two of whom smoked during the third one's address, and the third occasionally paused to punctuate his denunciation of youthful follies by copious expectorations over the side of the pulpit, while his words would have been more plainly articulated had he chewed on a smaller "quid." But the fact that these men were slaves to the habit did not detract from their vocal condemnation of human error; just as we occasionally find examples of grossly intemperate and uncharitable sayings and doings on the part of people who think themselves faultless, in their efforts to reform others. Recently an American journal solicited from a number of prominent clergymen of various denominations their opinions on the question of ministers smoking. Condensed severely their letters indicate the following experiences and views:

Dr. Talmage: Smoked heavily many years; quit suddenly, and would not renew the habit for all the treasury surplus; believes it injurious to health, and that many a "Died in the Lord" on preachers' tombstones ought to read, "Killed by Tobacco."

Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth: Smokes and does not see why a preacher ought not if he wants to, as it "soothes chronic irascibility."

Rev. R. Collyer: Smokes and intends to do so as long as he pleases; thinks the question of ministerial smoking depends entirely on the quality of the tobacco they use, and is not one that the Church or society has any business with.

Rev. Dr. Furness: Smokes at the age of 88, and has smoked from early youth denies that smoking leads to drinking, and believes it takes the place of stimulants; scouts the idea of "doing things for example's sake."

Rev. R. Heber Newton: Thinks he is prejudiced; cannot endure tobacco, and believes it physically injurious, "a poisonous luxury." Can't fancy himself seeking spiritual consolation from a tobacco reeking parson.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler: Never smoked; does not think it a good example to be set by a pastor, and fears the preacher's cigar does not strengthen the gospel he preaches.

Rev. Dr. Frothingham (Boston): Does not smoke, but wishes he did; thinks, however, preachers ought not to set bad example.

Rev. Joseph Cook: Thinks nothing tends to perpetuate a filthy habit so much as the example of smoking ministers.

Rev. Wm. Hayes Ward: Believes the habit filthy, sensual, degrading.

Rev. Dr. Storr: Smokes and enjoys it; views it as a matter of taste and conscience.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbot: Never smoked; considers it a moral and physical evil. As a minister's life has at least as much effect as his preaching he should avoid bad example.

Rev. Dr. Armitage: Thinks it is no worse for a minister to use tobacco than for any other man; but he can't imagine Christ smoking and chewing tobacco. He looks on a smoking minister as a slave to a bad habit which no excuse will palliate.

Rev. Dr. Burchard (of the three Rs): Knows no law specially regulating the conduct of clergymen and views it as a matter of expediency in which the pleasure it gives and its effect on health are to be considered. Has smoked for fifty years.

Rev. Dr. McCosh: Looks for a needed reform when young ladies will reject smoking suitors and congregations refuse smoking ministers.

Rev. Dr. Bartol: Clergymen ought to be treated as anybody else, and bad example is hurtful.

Archdeacon Farrar: Never smoked; never felt any desire to do so. Can't say whether the habit is generally injurious to mature men, but believes it injures youths. Views it as a habit acquired and which is really an additional artifical want with little to be said in its favor.

Bishop Coxe: Sees in it a wasteful, unnatural and often unhealthful habit; strongly condemns ministerial example in tobacco using.

Rev. Thos. K. Beecher: "Don't." Says it has done him good and harm—an excess of the latter; advises against acquiring the habit.

Rev. Edward Beecher: Denounces ministerial smokers. "Of what avail is it for them to preach to men to deny ungodliness and every wordly lust?"

Bishop Potter: Doesn't see that clergymen are under any obligation to smoke. Suggests asking Spurgeon's opinion.

Chaplain Milburn (Congress): Views it as purely an individual matter and doesn't think its use by ministers is much in way of example. If every minister quit, the number of smokers would not be lessened save by their count. Ministerial influence doesn't amount to much.

Chaplain McCabe (New York): Clergymen should not smoke. He is glad the U. S. Methodist Church is going to shut out smoking ministers, considering their example bad.

Rev. Washington Gladden, who usually has a good deal to say when other classes are under consideration, has "no wisdom to impart" on the question of preachers smoking. Does not smoke and does not judge his fellow preachers.

Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith (Newton Centre, Mass.): Strongly opposed to the ministerial tobacco habit.

Rev. Austin Phelps (Andover): Objects to clergymen being expected to refrain from habits common to others, but generally condemns the tobacco habit as "against nature," and is glad Christian people are turning against it.

Dr. Alger (Boston) talks bluntly: It is the duty of a clergyman by precept and example to teach other men their duties. Therefore no clergyman ought to smoke, because smoking is a vice. It is a vice because it is a waster of labor, time, attention and health. I believe that intoxicating liquor and tobacco are the two chief enemies of the human race. It seems, therefore, as clear as the sun in heaven tha no clergyman can be held guiltless who does not set a personal example in opposition to them both.

After all, whatever view the reader takes of the question, Dr. Alger's opinion as to the duty of the minister to set a good example, will stick. Some of those quoted wonderfully belittle this phase of the matter. On the whole, the opinions illustrate that parsons are but human, and poor humanity has a good deal of selfishness stored away in its make-up, and is very touchy about its pet faults or follies. A good many of them feel what Hosea Bigelow expressed so neatly:

I'm willin' a man should go tollable strong
Agin' wrong in the abstract, for thet kind o' wrong
Is always onpopler an' never gets pitied,
Because its a sin no one ever committed;
But he mustn't be hard on pertikler sins,
'Cause then he'll be kickin' the people's own shins.

But there are the views of the great pulpit lights. They are marked by a good deal of diversity; but—well—"you pays your money and you takes your choice."

Married by Her Mother.

The Ohio papers were not long since commenting on the uniqueness of a marriage ceremony performed by a woman. Within a few days Joseph Gause and Miss Ida Boren were united in marriage in Milton, Indiana, by the groom's mother, she being a minister of the Society of Friends.

—Fill yourself with the Christmas spirit, but beware of two much Christmas drink.

—Santa Claus cannot fill some stockings half as well as the wearers do.

—Girls that ride horseback often get into a riding habit.

A CANADIAN MILLIONAIRE

Too Busy Making Money to Stay at Home.

HIS WIFE GETS A DIVORCE.

The New York *Herald* of last night says: Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Waddingham having agreed to disagree, the services of a New York lawyer were called in, Chicago was selected as the proper meeting place, and now the lady enjoys an income of $25,000: each of her four children has $10,000 a year for pocket money, and Mr. Waddingham, with $65,000 deducted from his yearly revenues, will now be allowed to attend to business without the interposition of family cares and troubles to distract his mind. Mr. Waddingham, however, doesn't mind a trifle like $65,000, for he owns gold mines and silver mines, irrigating ditches and railroads, enough land to make up a principality, cattle by the tens of thousands, and other odd business interests, such as hotels, mule teams and general merchandise stores. It is not to be wondered at with all these interests that Mr. Waddingham was found derelict in his family duties. He was a kind father and a generous provider; his family could call on him for anything that money would buy; his wife had the choice of residence anywhere from Gilead, Conn., to Borneo, but he insisted that he should be allowed to devote all his time to his mines and cattle ranch. Herein lay the cause of the breach. Mr. Waddingham was not always rich. In fact, his struggles to keep the wolf from climbing over his back yard fence were arduous. He was married in 1857 at Kingston, Canada, the officiating clergyman receiving a keg of cider for the job. The couple continued poor for many years, and four children were born to them during this time.

CAUGHT THE BLACK HILLS FEVER.

Finally the Black Hills excitement broke out, twelve years ago. Mr. Waddingham converted his available assets into a pick and shovel and started for the new gold fields to seek his fortune. His family remained behind. The goddess of fortune smiled on him from the outset, for in a short time he had accumulated $100,000 and then he concluded to try his luck farther south. He was not a man of education, but what he lacked in classical knowledge was made up for by a stock of common sense and by his ability to drive a bargain.

He concluded to go to Mexico, and there he became associated with Major J. E. Barrow, whose adventurous career was described in last Sunday's *Herald*. The Mexican Government needed money and Waddingham and Barrow advanced it, taking land grants for security. This land soon passed into their possession. Some valuable mineral deposits were found on it, worked and they paid from the grass roots. Waddingham's share in this speculation is said to have been $2,000,000. New Mexico was the next field of operation. Here Mr. Waddingham acquired a vast tract of land, comprising $150,000 acres, and started in raising cattle. Like the others this enterprise was extremely profitable, and before long it was Mr. Waddingham's proud boast that he "owned more cattle and had a bigger cow pasture than any man in the world."

MADE MONEY IN EVERYTHING.

The next enterprise was an irrigating ditch and then a hotel, and finally anything and everything that offered in the way of making money, until his accredited fortune was upward of $5,000,000. During this time Mrs. Waddingham lived at New Haven, Conn. Her wants were lavishly supplied and the children were sent to Europe to complete their education. A few years since, when on a visit to his family, Mr. Waddingham planned the erection of a private dwelling at West Haven that would eclipse anything in the country. The dwelling when completed will cost nearly $500,000. Mrs. Waddingham, however, was not satisfied with this. She wanted her husband's society, but this he was not willing to give, as he was completely wrapped up in his business He allowed her $25,000 a year and $10,000 a year to each of his children. His eldest daughter, who married ex-Senator W. B Mills, received a cheque for $50,000 as a wedding present. Mrs. Waddingham notified her nusband that unless he settled down she would sue him for divorce. This did not seem to disturb him, and so in June she filed her complaint for divorce with Lawyer William H. Buttner on the grounds of desertion.

TO GET THE SAME ALLOWANCE.

Mr. Waddingham had meanwhile disposed of his West Haven residence to Major Barrow and taken up his residence in Chicago. Mr. Buttner went to Chicago, and the result was the granting of an absolute divorce to the plaintiff on Saturday, without alimony. Neither party to the action appears to have borne any ill-will in the matter. It had been agreed between them that the wife and children were to continue to receive the same allowance.

Mrs. Waddingham is said to be in this city and Mr. Waddingham was here yesterday on his way to New Mexico.

Prisons in Different Countries.

Mr. Spurgeon, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, held it to be treason to keep untried English prisoners in the same place as convicted men and women. But Mr. Cooke, whom he introduced and who for thirteen years has travelled in various countries visiting the prisons of the world, had on the same occasion to tell of the far more terrible evils which surround the criminals of other countries. In Morocco, he said, the prisoners were never allowed to wash or to change their clothes; and the sultan, who, Mr. Cooke thinks, ought to be turned out as soon as possible, had been heard to declare that it was easier and cheaper to let the prisoners die than to pay butchers' bills. Greece has the dirtiest prisons on record. Although not nearly as bad as Greece, he had no great respect for the convict establishments of Paris. In that city criminals were often immured in cells without the faintest ray of light for thirty-one days, and men were sometimes in solitary confinement there for ten years. The great fault in American prisons was, as a New York warden told him, that "you can get off the gallows if you have money." The discipline in that country was, said Mr Cooke, not sufficiently severe. By way of contrast he told next of the Egyptian prisons, where for six years and nine months men and women had been confined without trial.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Supposed Wife Murder.

On the 29th ult. intelligence reached Bridge of Earn, Perthshire, of what appears to be a case of wife murder committed on the Ochils, about three miles from the village. It appears that Mrs. H. McLaren, Bridge of Earn, walked up the hill during the afternoon to pay a visit to Mrs. John Robertson, the shepherd's wife with whom she was on friendly terms, and whose cottage was on the top of the hill. Mrs. McLaren found the door of Mrs. Robertson's locked, and on looking through the window she was shocked to see her friend sitting on the floor surrounded by a pool of blood, and with a rug thrown over her head. She at once communicated this intelligence to the nearest police constable at Forgandenny, who at once proceeded to the house. The constable found the door locked and the key removed, but he gained admission by the window, when he found Mrs. Robertson as has been described, and quite dead. In an adjoining room they found the shepherd's working clothes, but Robertson himself was nowhere to be found, and on inquiry being made it was found that he had not been seen about the place during the day. Robertson and his wife, who are both well up in years, are the only inhabitants of the house, which is situated in a very lonely place on the hill-top.—*Scottish-American.*

Canadian Cattle in England.

A London cable says: At the Smithfield cattle show, which closed to-day, very few points of Canadian interest have arisen. In several quarters, however, I heard comments on the marked growth in the past season of the trade in Canadian store cattle. That success has attended the introduction of these stores into the Midland counties is generally admitted. I believe plans are being considered for the possible extension of trade next year in this direction. The apathy of the Canadian Government in regard to emigration work, and the lull in the issue of emigration propaganda at the present time, have also evoked comment.

He Admired Courage.

Briggs—What the dickens are you applauding that jay for? Why, he can't sing that song any better than a 14-year-old boy.

Braggs—I know he can't; but I thought I would applaud him for his magnificent exhibition of nerve.

—People always long for money, when they're short.

DEPEW ON JOURNALISM.

Extracts from His Speech at the Buffalo Press Dinner.

At the second annual dinner of the Buffalo Press Club, Mr. Chauncey Depew made a speech, in answer to the toast of "Our Country," in the course of which he said:

It has been my privilege during the twenty-five years in which I have been more or less before the public to know intimately the men who were the fathers of journalism in this great city upon the lakes. Warren—(applause)—with his phenomenal gift of common sense, which is superior to genius; with his great talent for organization; with his undying and unflinching devotion to his friends. (Applause.) Matthews—(applause)—with his scholarly culture, his rare talent of placing upon paper his views, his honesty of purpose, his genius for journalism. McCune—(applause)—the most loyal, the most generous, the truest friend that a man ever had—(applause)—to have known these men during their prime; to have enjoyed their confidence; to have felt the touch and the impress of their friendship, is an acquisition worth living for, if it were all that a man had gained in life. (Applause.)

But in my contact with journalism it has been my fortune to be on the most intimate and cordial terms with three other factors in journalism, not only of the Empire State but of the nation—Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond and Thurlow Weed. (Applause.) My relations to them were the relations of a youth to old men who had passed their prime, who had made their career, and had won their fame. It was a relation where the youth, full of ambition, fired with life, looked up to them as geniuses who had accomplished phenomenal success, with the ardor, enthusiasm and the worship with which the disciple follows the apostle. It was that which led me to follow eagerly, reckless of the future, and I have no regrets for the following. (Applause.)

To see Horace Greeley penning an editorial in his sanctum was to see a cataclysm of nature—it was to see one of those great and magnificent creations which can only be represented to the casual traveller in the Alaskan waters who looks at the glacier, miles along the front, thousands of feet in height, hundreds of feet above the ocean, as it slides gradually from the summit over the cliff, and finally when it has reached almost a continent in strength, plunges into the ocean and the iceberg is born. (Applause.)

GREELEY AND HIS FELLOW BEINGS.

To interrupt Horace Greeley when he was in the throes of bringing forth an editorial—an editorial which has never been equaled in the journalism of America—an editorial which was a slogan for his party, a thunderbolt for his foes—was a danger which no friend, no enemy, none but a fool, dared to encounter. (Applause.) I was once in his editorial sanctum when the fool was there. (Laughter.) To relieve your apprehension I was not the fool. (Renewed roars.) But he was one of those itinerant and persistent gentlemen with a subscription book. (Laughter.) He kept presenting it, while old Horace was writing—as most of you remember, with his pen way up to his chin, like this, (illustrating) and Horace had a habit, when any one would interrupt, of kicking, and so he kicked at the subscription fiend. Finally, when he saw that he could not get rid of the intruder by this means, he stopped in the middle of a sentence, turned round, and said raspingly in that shrill voice of his:

"What do you want. State it quick, and state it in the fewest possible words."

"Well," said the subscription fiend, "I want a subscription, Mr. Greeley, to prevent thousands of my fellow human beings from going to hell."

Said Mr. Greely: "I won't give you a damned cent. (Roars of laughter.) There don't half enough go there now." (Prolonged laughter)

My subsequent observations of humanity, and especially at the Chicago Convention—(laughter)—has convinced me that Mr. Greely was right. (Applause.)

MEN HE HAD KNOWN.

I was in the Legislature with Henry J. Raymond in 1862. I saw that marvellous man, who I think had the most complete command of his faculties of any man who ever lived. He had that disciplined mind that he could order the procession of his intellect in any channel, and in parallel or opposite channels, as he pleased—a mere exercise of will—and that superb intelligence did what the will commanded. I have seen him sit in the chair of a reporter—although he was Speaker of the House—conduct a debate where he was the leader in the debate, and in the interval, when his opponent was replying, write an editorial for the *Times*, which electrified the country (Applause.) To the genius of Raymond is due the most precious treasure that belongs to the political and forensic literature of the country. As a young man he was the devoted admirer of Daniel Webster. He possessed phenomenal memory, and in the days when the stenographer was unknown, he could transmit from memory to paper what his idol said. He followed Webster with the devotion that only a young man has to a great man who has passed the meridian, and who has won the fame of the nation. And he placed upon paper during that period the great political speeches of Daniel Webster. Without them the fame of Webster would have been a myth and not the education of coming centuries. It is an extraordinary thing that all we have, beyond the written orations like Bunker Hill or special occasions—all we have of the marvellous product of that most extraordinary intellect that this country and I suppose the world ever had, is compressed within the last seven years of his life, and that the record preserved by Henry J. Raymond. (Applause.)

KIND WORDS FOR THE REPORTER.

Then he spoke kindly of the reporter:

"He is at my house when I get up in the morning, and he is the last person to whom I bid good night. And in the interval between these times the reporter comes some eight or ten times to consult me on some question affecting the Zodiac, the transmigration of Governments, the evolutions of the stock market, combinations of railroads, or secrets of politics. Not because I know more than anybody else in the world; it is because I let him in." (Laughter.)

After complimenting the reporter by speaking of him as the "historian of the hour," who could not be suppressed, Mr. Depew said he had been so much in the papers that it had led some to believe that he paid for it. (Laughter.) That was a compliment to his income which he appreciated. It produced occasionally an editorial like that which appeared in a Western paper, which said: "Depew, for God's sake, dry up. (Laughter.) If your rhinoceros-hided insensibilities don't know it, the world knows that you are a nuisance and if you can't be suppressed by force, suppress yourself, in the interests of our common humanity." (Laughter.)

When the train stopped I was met by two reporters from that same paper. They said:

"Mr. Depew, we want an interview." (Laughter.)

I said: "How long?"

"Not less than a column; we would like a column and a half." was the response.

"I said, 'But how about that editorial?' to which the two reporters made reply, 'Mr. Depew, the editorial page is run by fools. (Laughter.) Outside of college graduates, who could not earn a living, we are in contact with the people and know what they want. We want a column and a half." (Laughter.)

The Pet Wedding Months.

The majority of summer brides choose June for the happy event which terminates their "engagement," while the winter brides favor November of all the chilly months. Apropos of engagements, the sentiment regarding the selection of the stone seems to be entirely lost to thought. With but few exceptions the diamond is chosen. In olden times there was a sentiment surrounding the various stones, and the character of the ring was determined by the month in which the bride was born. If in January, the stone was a garnet, believed to have the power of winning the wearer friends wherever she went.—*Cleveland Union.*

The Dead Poet.

Robert Browning's new volume came into the world on the day the author was called from it. The poet died at Palazzo Rezzonico, in Venice, the residence of his son. The amelioration in the attack of bronchitis was followed by a relapse, complicated by asthma. He had just time to hear that his last volume of poems had received a cordial greeting from his countrymen when the summons came.

The wise man now swears off smoking so his wife will not present him with a seventy-five cent box of cigars on Christmas.

We Just Made a Farmer of Jim.

(Mrs. W. H. Austin.)

Four brave, brawny boys—and our fond, foolish hearts
Beat high in their joy and their pride;
Four treasures immortal intrusted to us
To rear and to guard and to guide,
It was ours to fathom the gifts of each mind,
To study the depths of each heart,
And discern, if we might, just the labor of life
That Dame Nature designed for their part.

We had pondered it long, but 'twas settled at last
That our Henry a preacher should be,
And our John, you should see, for a lawyer was born,
And our Joseph should make an M.D.;
But the fourth was so quiet and queer in his way
That 'twas hard to decide about him,
And we needed his help, so we said with a sigh,
"We'll just make a farmer of Jim."

So the three went forth from the barn-yard gate
In the kingdom of books to toil,
To delve scholastic lore—while Jim
He delved in the farm's rich soil.
'Twas a goodly sum we had garnered by
For use in this hour of need;
'Twas the savings slow of the frugal years
But 'twas spent with a reckless speed.

'Twas a goodly sum—like the wind it went,
And the three never knew how we planned,
How we worked and scrimped and struggled and saved
To furnish their large demand,
And Jim—how he toiled through the ceaseless round
Till each wearisome day was done;
Undaunted he by the scathing storm
Or the noontide's scorching sun.

With plough and sickle, through crowded days
He wrought till the fields were shorn,
And girded in sheaves was the harvest's grain,
And garnered the golden corn.
It was hard—so hard—through the weary months,
Yet not a complaint from Jim,
Though all went out to the three abroad,
And nothing remained for him.

Deeds grand and brave has the soldier done
In the midst of the battle's strife,
Yet naught that is nobler will e'er be known
Than this patient, unselfish life.
But 'twas over at last, and from college halls
Came forth the children three,
Full of unknown words and of high ideas,
And of hopes for the days to be.

And they went abroad on the world's highway
To learn that a language dead
And that classic lore was a worthless stock
To exchange for their daily bread.
And what of Jim? He had read in books
Of the great and good of yore,
Of the glories of empires passed away
And of nations to rise no more.

But it was from the page of nature's book,
From the blossom and bird and bee,
From the soft, green earth and the tender skies,
From the mountain and surging sea,
That he learned of the deeper meaning of life,
Learned its scheme and scope sublime,
And its calms that brood in the solitude,
Learned the needs of the soul divine.

Unfettered by rule or measure of school,
His mind looked up from the sod,
And his thoughts grew broad as the universe,
And deep as the things of God,
And the people came and besought our Jim
Of his knowledge to them impart,
And he taught with the simple eloquence
That thrills through the human heart.

And they bowed them down to this son of toil,
And they cried that the nation's need
Was his steady brain and his noble heart
And his honor in word and deed.
And they came from the near, and they came from the far,
And they wouldn't take "no" from him,
But they crowned him with the title and wealth and fame,
And they made a statesman of Jim.

* * * * *

The years they are by, and I sit and sigh
O'er the fate of the children three,
For the world's been unkind to the lawyer born
And the M.D. and the LL.D.;
think of their starving, struggling lives
And then I think of Jim—
And I thank the Lord that we had the sense
To make a farmer of him.

London Bridge.

Proud and lowly, beggar and lord,
Over the bridge they go;
Rags and velvet, fetter and sword,
Poverty, pomp, and woe;
Laughing, weeping, hurrying ever,
Hour by hour they crowd along;
While below the mighty river
Sings them all a mocking song.

Hurry along, sorrow and song,
All is vanity 'neath the sun;
Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
Until the river no more shall run.

Dainty, painted, powdered, and gay,
Rolleth my lady by;
Rags and tatters, over the way;
Under the open sky;
Flowers and dreams from country meadows,
Dust and din through city skies;
Old men creeping with their shadows,
Children with their sunny eyes.

Hurry along, sorrow and song,
All is vanity 'neath the sun;
Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
Until the river no more shall run.

Storm and sunshine, peace and strife,
Over the bridge they go;
Floating on in the tide of life,
Whither no man shall know,
Who will miss them there to-morrow;
Waifs that drift to the shade or sun?
Gone away with their songs and sorrow,
Only the river still flows on.

Hurry along, sorrow and song,
All is vanity 'neath the sun;
Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
Until the river no more shall run.

—*Old Songs.*

Misunderstood Sim.

(From the Chicago *Sun.*)

She met him on the doorstep,
And the tears were in her eyes;
And her countenance resembled
Some dark and rainy skies.

Thus she said unto her husband,
"How could you so disparage?
For these words I hear you've uttered,
'Precious little comfort after marriage!'"

Then he pressed her to his bosom,
Said, "Love, now drive away each tear,
For folks quite mistook my meaning,
You're my precious little comfort, dear!"

The New Baby.

There came to port, last Sunday night,
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
It looked, and looked, and laughed.

It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the unknown water,
And moor herself right in my room,
My daughter, O my daughter!

She has no manifest but this,
No flag floats o'er the water,
She's too new for the British Lloyds—
My daughter, O my daughter!

Ring out wild bells, and tame ones too!
Ring out the lovers' moon!
Ring in the little worsted socks!
Ring in the bib and spoon!

Ring out the muse! ring in the nurse!
Ring in the milk and water!
Away with paper, pen and ink—
My daughter, O my daughter!

A Woman's Way.

They sat together, side by side,
Absorbed in Cupid's mission;
"Dear John, please tell," she softly cried,
"What was my pa's decision?"

"Alas!" said he, "I greatly fear"
(His voice began to quaver),
"My suit is not regarded, dear"
(He heaved a sigh), "with favor."

"Your pa says he can't see at all"
(He sadly smoothed her tresses),
"How I, with such an income small,
Can even buy your dresses."

"I think," she answered (and her eye
To his in trust was carried),
"I might lay in a good supply
Before" (she blushed) "we're married."

Wool for Rheumatism.

Woolen materials make the best underclothing. Silk is good, but not so good as wool, especially for sufferers from rheumatism. Silk is too close and hard a fabric, and doesn't hold as much air as wool. The secret of beneficial clothing to keep the person warm is that it must be something whose meshes will hold the air, which is the best non-conductor of heat.

An Unanswerable Argument.

Benevolent Gentleman—You look to me as if you were in the habit of drinking too much liquor."

Mendicant—Well, I've just come from Chicago, and you've got ter drink there. There 're 5,480 saloons in the town, and they've all got ter live. What show has one man against such a number?—*Spellbinder.*

Full of Enthusiasm.

Brown—You show a good deal of boyish enthusiasm over your coming trip to Europe. Why, you've crossed several times before. Haven't you?

Robinson—Yes, but this is my first trip without my wife.

Quite Surprising.

Mr. Green—No, my dear, I will not tell you what I am going to give you for Christmas. Why, can't you women be content to wait and be surprised?

Mrs. Green—Oh, tell me now. If you keep your word, I'll be surprised enough.

A SERIOUS LOVE SPELL.

A young lady sings in our choir
Whose hair is the color of phoir;
But her beauty's unique,
She has such a fair chique
That I always enjoy sitting nhoir.

Some day I'll complete my design
And ask the fair maid to be mign.
If she's not a coquette,
Which I'd greatly regruette,
I shall wed her for whom I now pign.

—When you join a church choir you take your chants.

Art as well as nature has its compensations. The book which is not worth reprinting becomes in time a rare literary curiosity.

—If the small boy was born with stilts he would then want to try walking on legs.