Huron Signal.

VOL. 32. NO. 28. GODERICH, ONT., WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1879. WHOLE NO. 1692.

The Water Mill.

Listen to the water mill
Through the live-long day;
How the clanking of the wheels
Blows the hours away!
Lazily the autumn wind
Stirs the grey-wood leaves;
From the ridge the ringdove sing,
Winding up the sheaves,
And a proverb haunts my mind:
As a mill is used
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too.
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while love shall last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou can'st call thine own
Lies in thine to-day.
Power, intellect, and health
May not, can not last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by!
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh!
Love, that we might once have saved
By a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thy heart—
Take—hold it fast!—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

—From the German.

Near-sighted Children.

It has been said once, and can never be said too often, that a "near-sighted eye is a sick eye," and a step farther may be safely taken by saying that a near-sighted person is, as a rule, a sickly person, especially when the near-sightedness occurs in a young child, where it is often but the result of a reduction of the general vital force, and the expression of a laxity of tissue.

The reason why a near-sighted person is apt to be sickly is not far to seek. A near-sighted boy, unless the trouble be of a very moderate degree, cannot compete successfully with his school-mates in any of the games of youth where a nicely balanced co-operation of skill and strength is required, for the simple reason that most of them lie beyond the range of his vision. Ridiculed by his companions for clumsiness and ineptitude, due to a physical defect of which neither he nor they are aware, he throws up in disgust, one by one, the health-giving sports in which he never can hope to excel, and takes to books, not as most boys do as a disagreeable duty, but as a recreation, till what was at first a pastime turns into a passion, and reading for the mere sake of reading, often without understanding, and nearly always without reflection, becomes a necessity—a craving which is not only not opposed by his parents and teachers, but even fostered.

Abstraction from fresh air and exercise is, however, not the only evil engendered by this condition; the very attitude under which the use of the eyes is performed is detrimental to general health and due development of important organs. The book is brought near to the eye, the head is bent upon the chest or over the table, according as the occupation is reading or writing, till the shoulders become curved and the chest contracted, the inspiration shortened and insufficient.

But it is not alone these physical attributes; even the mental are affected. A near-sighted child cannot, even across the table, see clearly the features of his own family, let alone those of his instructors, nor catch the ever-varying expression of the eye or the subtle changes in the muscles of the face, by which an idea is emphasized or a principle denied. As he grows to manhood his very sense of the beautiful in nature is hampered and curtailed. Earth, sea and sky make up for him a world different from that of his companions, and it is no wonder that his views of men and things are different also, and that he is constantly turning from the things that are real to the things that are ideal, where he is not only the equal, but from long practice and cultivation the superior, of his associates, with whom his talk is forever of books; and even in literature he prefers the poetry of the present, and in music the music of the future. It is the same in art, an indifferent miniature in the hand gives him more pleasure than a Raphael on the wall, and the love of detail and intricacy is fostered in him at the expense of unity and comprehensiveness.

He judges of men and their intentions rather by the sound of the voice than the expression of the face, and is apt, for that reason, to be suspicious of strangers, and overconfident in mere acquaintances, and this is even more the case with places than with men. Thus he is timid and overcautious in strange pathways, especially when the light is a little insufficient, and he will blindly walk into temporary obstacles in a once familiar path, and often to his great bodily harm, which, to a person with good eyesight, seems incredible. In a word, his sedentary physical habits re act on his mental attributes, and he grows to be metaphysical and contemplative rather than practical and active, and his mind becomes a receptacle rather than an agent.

Not all this must have an effect on the general health, and reduce longevity; and I feel confident, however different it may be with individual exceptions, that in a great number of near-sighted people the general average of physical vigor would be less than in the same number of those who possessed long sight.

If, now, this reduction in physical vigor were counterbalanced by an increase in mental force, less objections might be raised against the defect. But I have certainly never noticed that, as a whole, near-sighted persons are any more intellectual than those who have normal eyes.

More studious they certainly are, but studiousness and intellectuality are not convertible terms, though I am aware most people think they are. Thus pale, delicate children, with a towering if not hydrocephalic forehead, and with prominent myopic eyes, are continually brought to me with the assurance by their parents of their great studiousness and consequent intellectual capacity and development. The most cursory examination proves just the contrary, unless a pert precocity about books and things, of which they really know very little, and should know less, is a sign of intellectual development. These children read much, it is true, but it is only because they can not do nothing else. In no possible way, either mental or physical, is a defect in vision a benefit to the individual or the race, Donders to the contrary notwithstanding.—*Dr. Edward G. Loring, in Harper's Magazine for August.*

A Suggestion.—Capt. H. E. Crozier, of the Royal Navy, makes an excellent suggestion in the *Times*. The very fact of a man losing his life by the feat which won for him the distinction would indicate the gallantry of the attempt: "So many gallant soldiers during the present Zulu war have apparently won the Victoria Cross that no doubt before long we shall read in the *London Gazette* that Her Most Gracious Majesty has been pleased to take their gallant deeds into consideration and to confer upon them that coveted honor. The Victoria Cross, most valued honor. The Victoria Cross, however, not only honors the recipient but those dearest to him. It forms, as it were, an heirloom more valued, probably, than almost any other. Why, therefore, should not those like Melville and Coghill, who died in saving the colors of the 24th, be gazetted as having won the Cross? It would, at least, be some consolation to their relatives, and, what is more, cause many a gallant leader of a 'forlorn hope,' when he knew he must perish, to feel that he has earned for himself an imperishable memorial."

The Benign Wilberforce.—The late Henry Wilberforce, the son of the philanthropist, and the brother-in-law of Cardinal Manning, was, while a very clever man, the most slovenly, untidy and unpractical of mortals. He once engaged to spend a vacation at the country house of a well-known nobleman. The coach was to start at 12 and at 11.55 he had made no preparation whatever. A friend whom he was detaining with his talk told him he would certainly miss the coach. He at once spread a large blue cloak on the floor, took out all the drawers from a chest, turned out the contents on the cloak one after another, boots, brushes, etc., on the top of them, knotted together the opposite corners of the cloak, ran off and caught the coach, though what my lord's butler, or groom of the chambers, said to it never was known.

A sergeant of the 2 24th, writing to a friend at home, states that when Colonel Durnford saw the mistake he had made at Isandhlwana, he shot himself. This is the first time we have seen this statement made. The sergeant's letter appears in the London *Daily Chronicle*.

Dr. Vanderpoel assured the National Board of Health that there never was a period of three days in the summer when there was not yellow fever in the port of New York, and yet it was kept out of the city by a thorough quarantine. The steam heat was recommended as the best disinfectant for infected ships.

A FORSAKEN WIFE'S SUICIDE.

The Wife of a Handsome Compositor Shoots Herself Because of His Desertion.

(N. Y. Sun, July

Mrs. Josephine A. Colton was found dead in her room at 216 Chrystie street, last evening. She had taken a pillow from the bed, placed it on the floor, and then laid down upon it, and shot herself with a small revolver twice in the left breast near the heart and once in the forehead. The body lay at full length, with the head resting easily on the pillow. Formerly Mrs. Colton was in the dressmaking department in R. H. Macy & Co.'s store, and in comfortable circumstances. She was attractive in appearance for a woman 43 years of age and always dressed well. Her ladylike demeanor and superior education made her a favorite with her neighbors, by whom she was much respected. Mrs. Stern, who occupies a room adjoining that of the dead woman, was taken into her confidence and told the history of her life. Mrs. Colton showed to her a photograph of a handsome man, who she said was William Colton, her husband, a compositor on the *Herald*. He deserted her, she said, for a woman in Brooklyn, and she had tried everything in her power to regain his affection, but in vain. In a fit of despair she shot herself one year ago, while living at 286 West Houston street. Yesterday she went to the Brooklyn woman's house, taking with her the photograph of her husband and the marriage certificate. The guilty couple were found together and she besought her husband to return to his home. He not heeding her, she became hysterical and, nearly crazed, ran from one room to another, breaking the window panes. She was arrested on the complaint of her husband, but was discharged and returned to this city. After relating to Mrs. Stern the result of her trip, she bade her good-by and went to her room. A few moments later, about half-past eight in the evening, Mrs. Stern heard the three shots, and, mistrusting what had happened, called an officer. A diary which she had kept for years, and which was full of such expressions as "how sad and hopeless is my lot" and "I can bear life but little longer," was laid on a table with a package of letters, her husband's photograph and the marriage certificate. She requested that these should be given for publication, but not to the *Herald*, as she feared that her husband would repress them. The letter to her husband was as follows:

NEW YORK, July 7.

Good-bye, my husband. May God forgive you for your treatment of your poor wife. I have not the courage to meet the world and live. You can never know how lonesome I was and how I loved you. Good-bye, and may God forgive me. He has tried me too hard, and I cannot bear it. Not one ray of sunshine since you have lived with her. YOUR WIFE.

She left a son fourteen years old.

Down in a Balloon.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

"——!! " " " !! ? ? "
" " ——!! !"

That's what the public said over the failure of those Fourth of July balloons to go up, and that's what our reporter, who had been invited to go along, said when darkness came and he found himself down among mortals instead of up among the cloudlets.

It's a mighty mean thing to disappoint a reporter who has made up his mind to die for the edification of the public. Our reporter accepts no more invitations of the sort. From this out the public must depend on itself for dying scenes.

It was all nicely planned between the Professor and the pencil-shover, and it seems too bad to waste so much manuscript. The following bulletins were to be dropped from the balloon to amuse the farmers and villagers between Detroit and Lake Huron:

"1. We are up in the balloon 'Take a Horn,' which left Detroit at five o'clock p. m. The Professor has run mad, and is slashing around with a bowie-knife! He has given me five minutes to prepare to go still higher up among the angels. Tell my children I did think of them, and how much their clothes cost. Heaven help me!"

"2. The Professor seems a bit easier, and is now blowing down the muzzle of a wicker bottle to see if it is loaded. He has extended my lease ten minutes. I am very calm. Tell my wife that in this thrilling hour I could distinctly remember exactly what her new bonnet cost. The prospects are terrible."

"3. The Professor had a lucid interval, in which he recognized John Smith in a cornfield below. John was standing on one foot and killing time. If there was any backyard to a balloon I think I could climb over the alley fence and get away, but alas, there is none! My calmness surprises me. I have made up my mind to die game."

"4. Lake Huron is in sight. In a few minutes more we shall reach it, and then farewell to all! The Professor has been shooting the buttons off my vest to get his practice perfect. I would jump overboard, only I don't like so much water in mine all at once. I am very calm. I couldn't be more so if I was in jail. Tell my wife that I believe I left three or four nickels in my every day pants."

"5. We are now over the lake. The Professor is going to throw me overboard! I wonder if I can manage to strike on my cheek, and thus escape injury? His eyes roll! He advances!! His seizes me!!! His fiendish intentions are clearly indicated in—here I go—good—bye—tell the chil——!"

The reporter was to be rescued by a schooner, and the professor was to sail on till he got out of the State, where his Detroit board-bill wouldn't be worth five cents on the dollar. The reporter was to fall 5,000 feet, float for half a day, and come back to the city with six columns of matter all ready for the boys upstairs. It is an infernal shame that all this was knocked in the head by the refusal of the professor to rise superior to the occasion. It's the last time any cloud-splitter can get the "off color" on this journal, and they mum't forget it.

New Diseases.—Professor Winckel, the Director of the Royal Lying-in Institution at Dresden, has reported to the Congress of Children's Doctors, lately held in Berlin, observations upon a mysterious children's disease, which he had an opportunity of clinically studying in his own institution. An epidemic broke out toward the end of March. Of twenty-three children attacked, nineteen, or eighty-two per cent. died, and the average duration of illness in the fatal cases was thirty-two hours. The illness began with a sort of sudden stupefaction of the children. The respiration became hoarse, accompanied with groaning and occasional foaming at the mouth. The change in the blood was remarkable. Dr. Winckel made incisions in some case, but it was only by using pressure that he was able to squeeze out any blood. It was a thick, brown-black fluid, of the consistency of a syrup. The body became flaccid, the liver much swollen; presently convulsions supervened, during one of which the child expired. The President of the Congress, Privy Councillor Dr. Gerhardt, of Wurzburg, suggested that this new disorder should be designated "Winckel's disease." Another disease has become apparent in the heart of a very crowded portion of London. It is a new form of Cyprus fever, and a diagnosis of a recent malignant case shows the patient to be suffering from hallucinations and lowered vitality. The faculty ascribe the disease to impure water, and have given it the name of detephobia, and, though it is seldom fatal, the sufferer remains but a shadow of his former self.

A man named Christopher Kavanagh was killed on the Grand Junction Railway, four miles from the city, between five and six this morning. The man was seen on the track, walking towards the train, but he paid no attention to the whistle, and was struck by the locomotive, his head and a part of one arm being severed from his body. It is believed the case was one of deliberate suicide. Deceased was about fifty-five years of age.

Cut Them Down.—Cut down the thistles and weeds which in many parts of the streets and vacant lots flourish with rank luxuriance. The Thistle Act ought to be put in force, and these pests rooted out. The late rains will give noxious weeds a fresh start, and unless cut off in the flower of their youth, blossom and spread their unwelcome progeny to the four winds of heaven and lodge on congenial soil.

Contentment is better than riches, but you may be ever so content and you'll want cash just the same.

A Fishy Tale.

BY TUDOR.

"Good fish in the sea as ever was caught"
Is a very nice saying no doubt,
And may be all true, as it certainly ought,
But it is hard to get the fish out.

"Good fish in the sea" in love means just this—
And not a thing more, you can bet—
That when one's little effort goes amiss,
Another fair love can soon easily get.

I know from experience the adage's a fraud,
At the time I was courting Christina,
And I felt you do felt mighty odd—
We quarrelled, and I got the mittens.

"Good fish in the sea as ever was caught,"
Was a boozum friend's kindly remark,
I braced right up on that happy thought,
(The next verse I hope you'll keep "dark.")

I fished in the sea for years, day and night,
And—with sorrow now I relate it—
I got not a nibble, much less a bite,
And the adage—Lord, how I hate it!

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S REMAINS.

The Body Well Preserved and Life-like—Imposing Scenes at Chislehurst—The Mother's Last Look.

LONDON, July 11.—The Admiralty yacht Enchantress, having on board the body of the Prince Imperial, arrived off Woolwich this morning, after a rapid passage from Spithead. She remained in the stream till four o'clock this afternoon. A large number of distinguished Frenchmen have arrived at Woolwich to accompany the funeral procession. The Enchantress arrived several hours before the time at which she was expected and some delay in the arrangements was thus caused. A number of Imperialists were admitted aboard the Enchantress, and viewed the coffin containing the body of the Prince Imperial. Twelve blue jackets of the British navy carried the remains ashore. Great crowds congregated outside the Woolwich Arsenal gates to witness the procession. The coffin was unscrewed for the purpose of identifying the remains. Upon opening the coffin the body was found to be in a state of good preservation. The face was somewhat sunken and slightly discolored. One of the most skilful embalmers in London was in attendance for the purpose of repairing, if possible, any injury which might have been sustained by the body during the voyage. The embalming which it had received at the Cape, however, proved sufficient. The body was removed from the coffin and very carefully rearranged and prepared for the obsequies. It was then placed in the coffin which was again closed and arrangements made for beginning the funeral march from Woolwich Arsenal to Camden House, Chislehurst. The two places are about ten miles distant from each other. The assemblage at Woolwich was very large, and all along the route through which the funeral *cortege* passed crowds of people were gathered. The coffin was placed upon a gun carriage; a detachment of the Royal Horse Artillery formed its escort, and mounted bands of music played the "Dead March in Saul" and other solemn music. As the procession advanced the coffin was covered with the French and English flags. The scene on the arrival of the *cortege* at Chislehurst beggars description. It recalled vividly the scene in the same place when the Emperor Napoleon III. lay dead in Camden House and was buried in the little church where his son will be buried to-morrow. The ex-Empress, who had been apprised of the coming of the *cortege*, was greatly agitated but still preserved some degree of outward composure. She was surrounded by a great number of her illustrious English and French friends. When the great gates of Camden House were swung open to admit the passage of the mortuary carriage, the whole space in front of Camden House and on either side of it was filled with people. The house and grounds around it contained the immediate friends of the ex-Empress and a great number of Bonapartists who had arrived from France to assist at the funeral. The gun carriage was driven up to the main entrance of the house, and the coffin, still covered with flags, was carried into the saloon which had been prepared for its reception and placed upon a platform erected for it. Here the arrangements were already completed, and in a few moments the lid of the coffin was removed and the body of the Prince exposed to view. Around the coffin were arranged a number of lighted candles, and at the head were two Sisters of Mercy who knelt in prayer. The countenance of the Prince, as seen in the soft light of the candles, seemed lifelike and peaceful.

When all was arranged every one save the sisters and priests were requested to leave the room, and in a few moments the ex-Empress, accompanied only by a single attendant, entered the room to take her last farewell of the dead body of her son. The sacredness of her grief was respected, and no reports of how she sustained this painful and agonizing trial have been given out. She is said, however, to have manifested almost unnatural composure upon emerging from the room. After this scene the adherents of the Prince and friends of the dynasty were permitted to enter the room, and each for a few moments to look upon the dead Prince. The scene was sombre and impressive in the extreme. Two nuns still knelt at the head, the priests kneeling at the foot, and repeating the last prayers for the dead. Tall funeral tapers cast a soft and subdued light upon the face of the dead boy. For several hours the doors of the saloon were kept open, and a constant stream of sympathizing friends passed through. The funeral will take place to-morrow morning at an early hour. The body will be taken to the church of St. Mary and placed in front of the altar. Low mass for the dead will then be said without musical accompaniment of any kind, and the body will be deposited in a tomb at the side of the sarcophagus which encloses the remains of the Emperor. It is doubted whether the ex-Empress will be able to attend the ceremony, but it is thought she will make a great effort to do so, especially as the Queen has announced her intention of coming to accompany her to the grave.

Harris Cohen, a Jew tailor, of London, has been arrested for bigamy. Sometime ago he married a widow named Rosengarten, and all went on very well till the arrival of a young woman from New York, accompanied by a little girl her child, and her uncle. She enquired for Cohen and was greatly surprised to find that he was married. She claimed to be his wife and that the little girl was his child, she stated that he had married her in New York in 1876, but had started off to make a home elsewhere. She waited, but failed to hear rom him; at last hearing that he was in London working she set out to visit him and see if he was doing well, but she found him living with another wife. The prisoner was brought up yesterday and remanded till the 14th.

Bridge Company Election.—At a meeting of the stockholders of the Niagara Falls and Clifton Suspension Bridge Companies held on Tuesday at their respective offices at Niagara Falls and Clifton, the following gentlemen were unanimously re-elected directors: Delos DeWolf, Samuel B. Johnson, Charles A. Smyth, of Oswego, and Warren Bryant and John M. Hutchinson, of Buffalo. At a subsequent meeting of the directors, Delos DeWolf was re-elected President of the Niagara Falls Company, and John M. Hutchinson President of the Clifton Company, with Charles H. Smyth Secretary and Treasurer of both.

Five young men belonging to a Government surveying expedition got lost on the sterile plains of Colorado. After a day of wandering without water, they disagreed as to the best direction to take, and two went one way, while three went another. The two found a camp after three days of intense suffering from thirst. A party hurried out to search for the other three. When they were discovered two were dead, and the third lived only long enough to drink a little water—the first in five days. At about the same time $30,000 fell to him by the death of a relative in Baltimore.

"Maxims is what ails me," he said to the police judge. "Maxims busted me wide open." The court said it would like an explanation before fixing the fine. "Well, your honor," said the prisoner, "I drank whiskey, and didn't get drunk. I remembered that maxim, 'Try, try again.' I tried rye again." "Here, that's enough of that," thundered the court. "This aint no circus ring. Ten dollars and costs."

Nineteen cars of cheese were shipped from Belleville for England yesterday.

Condensed Telegraphic News.

San Francisco, California.—In the Bodie explosion lately, as far as can be learned, the following were killed: Frank Fyde, Thomas Flaherty, Wm. O'Brien, and several others whose names have not been obtained. The whole town is an hospital. As far as has been heard, eight are known to be dead, and over forty wounded, with the prospect that many will die from their injuries. It is impossible to get particulars. Everybody is excited, and women and children crying and searching for the remains of loved ones. Probably many were blown into the air and their remains scattered broadcast. Everything is being done that kind hearts and willing hands can do. Fortunately the drifts had just been connected, so that no injury was done to any below ground.

Wilkesbarre, Pa.—One morning lately a misplaced switch threw the engine of a train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad down an embankment, killing the engineer and fireman.

New York City.—Samuel Bailey attempted suicide yesterday with a hammer, fracturing the skull in several places. His recovery is doubtful. The cause was despondency.

Newark, New Jersey.—Cronin Squires yesterday cut his wife's throat because she refused to live with him.

A Cape Town despatch of June 24 says that General Wolseley has summoned a meeting of the native chiefs at Montaliviq on the 30th of June, to devise means for transportation by native carriers. General Wolseley will start for the front on the 1st of July. Zulu prisoners state that King Cetewayo will allow our troops to advance near Ulundi, and then make an attack on them.

A despatch from Calcutta says the disturbance in Bhalo continues and the town is isolated. Some twenty officials have been killed and wounded.

A despatch from Rome states that the Court of Cassation has pronounced against the claims of Countess Lamberthi on the estate of the late Cardinal Antonelli.

The cholera in British Burmah is still spreading.

A Paris despatch states that a decree has been published pardoning or reducing the punishments of 1,869 persons. The Government has submitted a Bill to the Senate to amnesty soldiers and sailors and deserters who have not been tried and sentenced. This applies to the exiled Communists who belonged to the army, and it is estimated the measure will affect 30,000 persons.

St. Petersburg, Russia.—Two hundred Cossacks have been sent against the Chinese raiders at Kulja. The Chinese are about to receive a military demonstration towards the Kuldja frontier on a very large scale. Thousands of workmen have been engaged several weeks on works designed to cause the Oxus River to return to its ancient bed, so as to establish easy water communication between the Caspian Sea and the regions bordering on Afghanistan.

Greenville, Mississippi.—On July 10th in a difficulty at Lake Providence, La., Postmaster Austin was shot through the heart and instantly killed, and his son, a parish judge, mortally wounded by Squire Leak, of West Carroll. Judge Austin, when lying on Leak, accidentally shot and killed W. H. Smith, a negro. The difficulty grew out of an old feud between Judge Austin and Leak's employer.

The *Parisian* states that "Mr. W. R. B. a well-known New York financier, who was originally a farmer, and whose great-grandfather was a frequent contributor to Redfield's Almanac, was confined for three days in a lunatic asylum for sending a pamphlet to the director of the Observatory tending to show that serious errors have been made in the calendar, and that, instead of being in June, we are just entering March." It was only through the influence of the American Minister that Mr. B. was released.

At Concord, N.H., Buzzel, the murderer of Miss Hanson, was executed yesterday at a few minutes past eleven o'clock, and died in nineteen minutes, without a struggle.

France and England have demanded that the Imperial Hatt investing Tewfik Pasha with the title of Khedive of Egypt shall give him the right of concluding treaties with foreign Powers, which had been revoked by the Sultan.

The cod fishery along the shore from Ship pegan to Caraquet, N.B., has been unexceptionally good this year. The boats averaged 2,000 or 2,500, and some even with a high as 4,000 fish per trip. Such luck has not been known for some years past.

Baltimore, Maryland.— Miss Georgia McGomma, aged nineteen, while walking home at an early hour on Saturday evening, was approached by a man who chloroformed and outraged her in a brutal manner. The perpetrator is not discovered. The punishment in this State for the crime is death.

Newark, New Jersey.—Officer Vanness, while attempting to arrest three men caught in the commission of a burglary yesterday morning, was struck on the head with a jimmy and knocked senseless; his condition is critical. The burglars escaped. A man was arrested later who confessed to being one of the party.

New York, N. Y.—Edward O'Kelly, the last of the Fenian prisoners released from confinement at Spike Island, Cork harbor, died at Newark on Saturday night. He arrived in this city February 27th, the condition of the pardon being that he should stay out of Ireland. O'Kelly came here penniless, having refused gratuity such as other released Fenians accepted from the British Government. He even made a voyage in steerage, declining a cabin ticket bought with British gold. He got work in a factory in Newark, but prison life had broken down his health, and hemmorrhage of the lungs sent him on his death-bed. He retained all his enthusiasm for the cause of Irish nationhood. His request was that his body be left in Newark until it could be transferred free to Irish soil. He was 34.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—A mulatto named John Beckenridge overtook Miss Nannie Berry (white), while she was on her way to church near Carlisle, Kentucky, yesterday, forced her into the woods and ravished her. He was subsequently captured and placed in jail. At an early hour this morning a mob surrounded the jail, forced an entrance, carried Beckenridge out and hung him on a tree.

New York.—While Charles A. Harriman, the pedestrian, was training for the great Astley walk in this city recently, he resided at the St. James' Hotel and became enamored of Mrs. Stackhouse, wife of the steward of the hotel, and also the sister of Theodore Walton, the proprietor. She returned his affection and they eloped on the 7th instant. The elopement is the general topic of conversation in the upper circles in which the lady moved. The husband, it is said, has begun the proceedings of a divorce and a suit against Harriman for damages. Harriman's account at the Boylston Bank has been attached. Mrs. Stackhouse returned to the city on Saturday, repentant, and implored her husband to be taken back, but he refused to again receive her.

The late Prince of Orange was of an amiable disposition, and was generally considered a jovial and agreeable companion. Coming out of a restaurant one night he offered Isabelle, the flower girl, a louis for a rose if she would only call him an *abruti*. Isabelle at first refused; but, changing her mind, applied the epithet and received the money. Turning to another Prince who was with him, the Prince of Orange gayly said, "You wouldn't have to pay so dear as that." According to *Figaro*, he was very superstitious about the numbers six and eleven, and never would back a horse whose name appeared opposite one of those numbers on the card; and, strange to say, the Prince died on the eleventh day of the sixth month of the year.

The heir to the Italian throne was playing with the daughter of one of his mother's ladies of honor, the Marchioness of Montreno, when, in a moment of royal wrath, he exclaimed: "If I were a king, I would have your head cut off." The King condemned the youth to eight days' confinement in his room, with degradation from the military rank for the same period, docking his rations also, of one dish at each meal.

In a Spiritualist meeting at Willimantic, Conn., a man sat between two of his wives, and a third was just behind him. There seemed to be no enmity in the party.

"Laugh and Get Fat!"

"Lack we motives to laugh? Are not all things, anything, everything, to be laughed at? And if nothing were to be seen, felt, heard, or understood, we would laugh at it too!"—*Merry Beggars.*

There's nothing here on earth deserves
Half of the thought we waste about it,
And thinking but destroys the nerves
When we could do so well without it.
If folks would let the world go round,
And pay their tithes and eat their dinners,
Such doleful looks would not be found,
To frighten us poor laughing sinners.
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

One plagues himself about the sun,
And puzzles on, through every weather,
What time he'll rise—how long he'll run—
And when he'll leave us—Heaven knows!—
Now matters to a pebble stone,
Whether he shines at six or seven?
If they don't leave the sun alone,
At last they'll plague him out of heaven!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

Another spins from out his brains
Fine cobwebs to amuse his neighbors,
And gets, for all his toils and pains,
Reviewed and laughed at for his labors:
Fame is his star! and fame is sweet,
And praise is pleasanter than honey—
I write at just as much a sheet,
And Messrs. Longman pay the money!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

My brother gave his heart away
To Mercandotti when he met her;
She married Mr. Ball one day—
He's gone to Sweden to forget her
I had a charmer, too—and sighed,
And raved all day and night about her;
She caught a cold, poor thing! and died,
And I—am just as fat without her!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

For tears are vastly pretty things,
But make one very thin and taper;
And sighs are music's sweetest strings,
But found most beautiful—on paper!
"Thought" is the Sage's brightest star,
Her gems alone are worth his finding;
But as I'm not particular,
I'll better keep on "never minding."
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

Oh! in this troubled world of ours,
A laughter-tune's a glorious treasure,
And separating thorns from flowers
Is half a pain and half a pleasure;
And why be grave instead of gay?
Why feel athirst while folks are quaffing?
Oh! trust me, whatever they say,
There's nothing half so good as laughing!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at every thing!

A JUST RETRIBUTION.

"I declare, that was the handsomest man I ever saw! Do come and see, Etta! He is going in at the Hamptons."

"Oh, I may as well spare myself the unnecessary trouble, Beri," lazily replied Etta, "as you know any person who associates with such poor people can have nothing in common with me."

"For shame, Etta! I think the Hamptons are very nice people, and I mean to invite them to the party, too. I do not see any reason for slighting them other than that they are poor, and perhaps you and I may have the same fault some day; who knows?"

"Pshaw! Beri, I guess there is no danger of that. I am inclined to think you are speaking two words for the handsome stranger, and one for the Hamptons."

"Indeed, I am doing no such thing! I am very fond of May Hampton, and I fear, since your arrival, I have greatly slighted her."

"Well, Bertie, we have discussed the same subject on various occasions, and as I see I cannot change your views in the least, I think we had better drop it."

The above conversation took place in a cosey little morning room. The first speaker, a beautiful brunette, was at home, while the one whom she addressed as Etta was her most intimate friend, who had come from the South to spend the holidays, and renew the friendship which had begun at boarding-school. People wondered that two girls so entirely different in looks and disposition should become such warm friends; but they were such, nevertheless. Etta Mayfair was a lovely blonde to look upon, but that was all that could be said in her favor. She was one of those shallow minded girls who think they lower themselves greatly if they are brought into contact with poor people. Bertie Ray was to give a party during her friend's stay, and, as we have seen, they disagreed as to whether the Hamptons were to be invited.

. . . . . .

The days rolled on, and the long looked for evening came at last. Bertie and Etta were receiving their guests, looking lovely in evening toilets.

"There comes the handsome stranger, Bert, and he acts as though this kind of a scene were no rarity with him. But I guess it is, or he would not associate with those Hamptons."

"Now, Etta, why will you persist in picking at those people?"

But before they had time for more conversation May Hampton had made her way to them and was saying—

"My cousin, Mr. Lester, Miss Ray and Miss Mayfair."

Bertie received her friends cordially, while Etta stared at them in a very rude manner, which said, as plainly as words, "You do not belong to our set."

"Who is the handsome blonde?" said Horace to May, as Bertie and her friend turned away to greet some new arrivals.

"She is a friend of Bertie's from the South. But please watch your heart closely, Horace, as I am sure she is not worthy of it."

"Never fear, little cos! My heart is flirt proof."

Bertie turned to them, presently, saying,

"I am so glad you came, May! I was afraid you would not."

"I like your parties too well, Bertie, to miss one; but I had hard work to persuade Horace to come."

"Indeed, Mr. Lester! It would have been unkind in you to remain away, and I am very glad you came."

"I also am exceedingly glad, as I have made what I hope will prove to be a very pleasant acquaintance."

Bertie blushed prettily, while a scornful look passed over Etta's fair face. But her coldness could not hold out long against Horace, and she began chatting pleasantly with him, thinking the while, "He is the handsomest man I have seen since I came here, and I must add his name to my list of victims."

Bertie's brother presently came to claim May's hand for a waltz, and Etta said, in an aside to Bertie:

"I am surprised at Al's asking that Hampton girl to waltz."

"Why, Etta, I presume he has a right to waltz with his future wife, if he sees fit. I thought you knew they were engaged."

"Well, I did not, and I think it is ridiculous. The idea of your parents allowing Albert to marry so much beneath him!"

Bertie smiled and returned:

"Albert is his own master, you know; he is of age."

Mr. Lester here approached, and desired the pleasure of that waltz with Miss Mayfair; and Bertie's partner coming at that moment, they were both whirled away.

As Horace and Etta floated through the room people were heard to remark what a very handsome couple they were.

"By the way, I wish you would warn that cousin of yours against Etta," said Albert, as he and May were strolling through the conservatory after the waltz.

"He does not need any warning, as he understands her perfectly."

The next morning, as Bertie and Etta were sipping their chocolate at a very late breakfast, Bertie enquired—

"Well, Etta, what is your opinion of Mr. Lester?"

"Oh, he will do," replied she. "If he were only rich, I think I would do my utmost to win his love; but, as it is, he will make a very pleasant companion during these long winter evenings."

"Now, Etta, is that the best you have to say for such a man? You had better think twice before you try to flirt with him."

"Indeed, my mind is quite made up, and I intend to make him propose before I return home."

. . . . . .

Time rolled on. Dame Rumor had it that Horace Lester and Etta Mayfair were surely engaged; but Horace also paid attention to Bertie, and continued to divide his time equally between the two. While with Etta he was very gay, and sometimes a little sentimental; and she used to wonder why he did not propose. Instead of the flirtation she at first intended, she had given him the warmest love of which her shallow nature was capable. With Bertie he was always gentle and kind; and by-and-bye she too began to care more for him than she would have confessed. She fought against her love, thinking he was engaged to her friend.

Affairs were in this state when an unexpected event cut the Gordian knot.

The whole party were out horseback riding, Horace, as usual, divided his attention pretty evenly between Etta and Bertie. They were laughing merrily, when suddenly Bertie's horse took fright at some object on the roadside, reared, and then started on a mad gallop. Horace whipped up his horse, and endeavored to overtake her, but had not gone far before he saw Bertie fall to the ground, where she lay perfectly still. Springing from his horse, he took her in his arms.

"O Bertie, speak to me! Say you are not dead!"

She opened her eyes for a moment and smiled at him, then relapsed into unconsciousness.

By this time the remainder of the party had come up, Etta loud in her profession of grief, May crying quietly.

"Oh, Horace, she is not dead is she?" asked Albert.

"No, she is not dead, only stunned," replied he. "But we must get her home as soon as possible."

They succeeded in obtaining a conveyance from a neighboring house, and were soon on their way back. Mrs. Ray met them at the door, greatly alarmed, having seen them advancing at a distance. They conveyed Bertie to her room and summoned a doctor, who said she would be quite well in a few days.

As Bertie was playing the invalid next morning, looking very lovely in her white wrapper, the bell rang and the servant announced Mr. Lester. As Horace entered and saw her looking so pale, he exclaimed—

"O Bertie, my darling! If you had been killed, what should I have done?"

Bertie looked surprised, and said—

"Really, Mr. Lester, this is strange language for you to use to me."

"Bertie, Bertie! Don't you know I love you?"

"Are you not engaged to Etta? I was under that impression."

"Then let me say it was a false one. Miss Etta is not a lady I would choose for a wife; but you are my ideal of what a woman should be, darling, and if you will be my wife I am sure you will never have cause to regret it. Will you, Bertie?"

She did not answer him in words, but he read a favorable answer in her downcast, happy face, and sealed their betrothal with a kiss.

At that moment Etta stood in the doorway; she turned very pale, and then went away quietly as she came.

The next morning she received a telegram to the effect that her father was not expected to live, and he desired her presence immediately. Of course every one was very sorry for her, but they were in their hearts glad that something called her away.

When summer had lengthened into autumn, and the leaves were gold and brown, there was a double wedding in the pleasant little church. Horace and Albert were the grooms, and Bertie and May the brides. Bertie never knew until her wedding day that she was going to marry a rich man.

Six after years, when Horace and Bertie had grown gray in love and harmony, they received a letter from Etta, asking for charity. Her father, on his death-bed, had exacted a promise that she would marry a friend of his who was very wealthy, which she did; and he, speculating largely both with her wealth and his own, lost all, and then died, leaving her penniless and friendless. Horace brought her to their home, and both he and Bertie treated her as a sister until the end of her days, which indeed were not many.—*Y. Verne, in Waverley.*

What Boys should Be.

First: Be true—be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter of the alphabet, and be true and genuine in attention and in action, rather than being learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life.

Second: Be pure in thought, language—pure in mind and body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with smutty stories and impure example, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old.

Third: Be unselfish: To care for the feeling and comforts of others. To be polite. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble, and manly.

Fourth: Be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however young he may be, however poor, or however rich—he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man.—*Home Arts.*

A POSTAL CARD

Another Case of Too Much Matrimony

The Brantford *Courier* is responsible for the following yarn:

"On Tuesday morning those about the market might have observed a despondent looking female wending her way to the office of the Police Magistrate. In her hand she carried a postal card, and upon it she gazed with tearful eyes, and an expression of pain was plainly written on her features. A moment more and she was ushered into the presence of His Worship, James Weyms, Esq., by one of the force. Calmly seating herself in a chair, she took out of her pocket a handkerchief, and after wiping the perspiration from her brow and the tear-drops from her eyes, she handed the postal card to His Worship, with the request to read it. The contents of the card will be found below. The tale of this unfortunate woman can be told in a few words. Rachel Toddy was married something over a week ago to Wm. Waite, by a clergyman of this city. A week after the marriage