Listowel Standard.

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AN EMPTY GLASS.

(Written in a Beer Garden.)

Ah, friend, whom poets all adore,
While gasbeams o'er you idly pass,
You look communicative, for
A glass.

You're worthy of the lyre's applause,
You're immobile as adamant;
You do not move—perhaps, because
You can't.

You've seen the Teuton slyly wink
With pleasure at his Thisbe dear,
You've seen him eat his cheese, and drink
His beer.

Could you but paint each festive sight
You've seen within this breezy nook,
It seems you'd know enough to write
A book.

You've made some frenzied poet start
And write in fire some deathless line,
Though your late contents now are part
Of mine.

My soul with tender joy you lave,
You've rapture in my breast distilled,
And so, again, I think I'll have
You filled.

And then my homeward way I'll find
Beneath the incandescent star;
And you will take your place behind
The bar.

ROUND THE WORLD.

—Prejudice squints when it looks, and lies when it speaks.

—Flooded partridge nests will make the English shooting poor this year. Shooting won't be general until Michaelmas (Sep. 29), instead of Sep. 1.

—The taste for claret introduced into Scotland three centuries ago still survives. In small whiskey shops it may frequently be obtained on draught.

—An art critic, describing a recent collection of bric-a-brac, says: "The visitor's eye will be struck on entering the room with a porcelain umbrella."

—The Chinese government is steadily building up a formidable fleet of steam gunboats. They are made in England, and each carried a 36-ton gun.

—The Siamese Embassy from London dined last month with the Emperor and Empress of Germany at Coblentz. The conversation was in English.

—Thunder Head, the highest mountain of the Catskills, 4,325 feet high, has a beautiful spring of cold water under the highest ledge, about ten feet below the top.

—When a woman finds she cannot afford a new dress she economizes by spending as much as it would have cost in buying ribbon to cover the old one up with bows.

—A subterranean telegraph wire has just been laid down between Hamburg, Bremen, Oldenburg and Emden, with branch lines to Bremerhaven and Wilhelmshaven.

—The difference between a self-made man and a self-made woman is ten old papers, four hair-switches, ninety-eight hair-pins and a pretty little box, labelled face-powder.

—"Don't be afraid to praise your servants when they deserve it," remarks an exchange, but the minute the husband tries that on the hired girl she has to hunt for another situation.

—Somebody was uncharitable enough to say that the ministers throughout the country were taking August for their vacation this year because there are five Sundays in the month.

—A farmer in Ohio had a mania for stealing hoes, and when arrested no less than 349 new and old hoes were found secreted in his barn. Some of them had been stolen twenty miles away.

—The Parisian papers are giving this bit of good advice to bachelors: "Either marry a woman who is beautiful enough to live without a fortune, or one who is rich enough to do without beauty."

—The London newspapers tell of a belle who paid $25 to have the initials of her lover's name tattooed on her arm, and later, having quarrelled with him, was offering $500 for a means of obliteration.

—The French definition of love has peculiar piquancy and force since the new divorce law has been passed. "Love? Well, it is what a woman has for her husband, I suppose, during the first few months."

—A teacher defined conscience as "something within you that tells you when you have done wrong." "I had it once," spoke up a young tow-head of six summers, "but they had to send for the doctor."

—The Boston newspaper man who wrote that "The practice of wearing court-plaster on the face, to add to its beauty, just suits the style of some women, and the more court-plaster they use the better," has gone on his holidays.

—The application of this anecdote is not quite universal. He said, "Yes, she is an odd young lady; indeed, I think her extremely singular." And then he added, "She was never known to speak ill of an absent friend."

—Ether was thrown into the cell of a refractory prisoner at Vevay, Switzerland, until he became harmless. He had defied the gendarmes to take him before the judges, and the court could not wait until he was starved into submission.

—A Western paper tells the story of a man "who went regularly to bed one night and dreamed he was sitting on a rock fishing, and when he woke up there he was actually sitting on the rock, and had caught two fish." Sounds very like a "whale."

—A printer got shot the other day for kissing a woman. Thus, remarks the Toledo *Blade*, demoralization slowly works its way towards the head of society. A while ago it was only lawyers, and doctors, and clergymen, etc., who got caught in such scrapes.

—Jakutsk, east Siberia, is supposed to be the coldest of towns. From November to February the thermometer ranges from 42° to 69° below zero, and the neighboring river is solid ice for nine months of the year. Yet it is a place of considerable business.

—Between 4 and 5 in the afternoon the Pope takes his walk. At this time no one unconnected with the court is admitted to Vatican. Leo walks with long strides, his imposing figure becomingly draped in the simple, majestic Pontifical robes.

—Dr. Moesta, the geologist, has discovered the remains of an oak forest at a depth of seven or eight feet near Rotenburg. The number of well-preserved trunks is enormous; one of them is 18 metres long and 1½ metres in diameter. This bog oak will be used for carving.

—Bob McCorkle, lately hanged at Taylorville, N. C., was one of the few murderers who did not feel sure of going from the scaffold direct to heaven. "Kind friends," were his last words, "remember me in your prayers to-night, for I don't know where I'll be."

—A gentleman who has lived several years in the Northwest says that the word "Skedaddle" is purely Scandinavian, that it was spelled by the Swedes and Danes of the Northwest "Skydedehl," and that it signified precisely the same as the English word "scud."

—The six marble statues of his ancestors, which, under the late Duke of Brunswick's will, were to be mounted on red granite pedestals around his tomb, have been erected, and the splendid mausoleum in the Place des Alpes, Geneva, is to be completed next month.

—Jesse Pomeroy, the Boston boy murderer, continues to bother the Charlestown prison officials. In the arm of a chair in his cell a large knife was lately found. He had dug out a hiding place for the weapon, and filled the aperture up with soap, stained so as to match the color of the wood.

—A man wearing wet clothes, and carrying a fishing rod and a basket, stopped a train on the Erie Railroad by giving a danger signal. "What's the matter?" the conductor asked. The man coolly replied that he had caught an enormous trout, and thought the passengers might like to take a look at it.

—A crowded meeting of Roman Catholics was held in Paris last month (the Duke of Rochefoucauld presiding) to protest against the substitution of lay for ecclesiastical teachers in the municipal elementary schools of Paris. The municipality of Paris, strange to say, contains only 2 or 3 per cent. of Roman Catholics.

—A pamphlet has been published in Amsterdam pointing out that Holland really has no claim to continue to exist as an independent State. It urges that the "manifest destiny" of the nation is to be annexed by Germany, and that the time is favorable for considering that arrangement.

—Professor Richardson considers absinthe drinking worse than opium eating. In the worst examples, the absinthe drinker becomes a confirmed epileptic. One or two wineglassfuls of it a day will produce permanent dyspepsia. "A more consummate devil of destruction could not be concocted."

—Here is a bit of good advice and always seasonable: Make a determination to say at least one pleasant and good-natured thing a day; endeavor to make somebody smile; let children especially try to aid and please their parents, and next extend that endeavor to class-mates and companions. If you cannot give a rose, do not bring a thorn.

—The English royal family occasionally go shopping, but on such occasions deprecate any especial attentions. A customer in a Regent street shop complained once that she had been passed over in favor of a quiet old lady in mourning, but was mollified on learning that she was the Queen's mother.

—The following epitaph, dated August, 1817, may still be seen in a village cemetery in Western Massachusetts:

"She loved not wisely but too well
The melon green and juicy;
Now free from cramps she sleeps poor Nell,
'Neath the soil of Massachusy."

—The house in which Freeman sacrificed his daughter at Pocasset was recently visited by a wagon load of persons from a Sunday school picnic. The contents had been left as they were found immediately after the tragedy, even to the blood stains; but these visitors, gaining admission by breaking a door, disturbed every thing, and carried away many articles for relics.

—Among the many things to make a fellow feel bad in this world is to have a flat-nosed, freckled little man come in and take your seat by the side of a nice girl in a horse car while you are making change and putting her are in the box. Of course you can take him by the collar and roll him in the sawdust, but the comfortable feeling has got away from you and will not return during the trip.

—Perhaps the heartiest laugh during the Tichborne trial was produced by the Attorney-General, the present Lord Coleridge, who, reading a letter from the Claimant to his "dear mamma," said "It finishes with this edifying piece of piety, 'God bless you, and may our Holy Mother protect you,' and although he possibly did not mean it, it reads, 'protect you from your affectionate son R. C. Tichborne.'"

—It is a common failing to like best those who think as we do, and it is often the case that men are offended when an opinion asked for does not agree with their own. Mark Lemon puts this peculiarity into verse:

Determined beforehand, we gravely pretend
To ask the opinion and thoughts of a friend;
Should he differ from us on any pretence
We pity his want of both judgment and sense;
But if he falls into and flatters our plan,
Why, really, we think him a sensible man.

—An English wife and mother living in Chelsea went to sleep on a box in the kitchen a fortnight ago with a baby in her arms. When she was aroused about midnight she found that the child had fallen from her lap into a pail half full of dirty water and been drowned. Medical evidence showed that the child was well nourished, but its inside was full of soapsuds. The baby evidently fell head first into the dirty water, and was thus suffocated.

—Dr. Landerer, a Hungarian naturalist, writes from Athens that a dead African eagle, Gypactes barbatus, was lately found at Maina, on the Southern Greek coast. On examining the bird an iron-headed arrow over a foot long was found transfixed under one of the wings. Evidently the eagle had been fired at and struck in Africa by some native, and had borne the arrow in its body in its flight over the Mediterranean until it fell dead from exhaustion on touching land at Maina.

—A widow 70 years old, not far from Austin Texas, has a cattle ranch with 300 head of stock on it, which she takes care of herself. She is out in all weathers and rides a mustang on the full run. What woman 70 years old can beat that? Another woman in the same locality, a Mrs. Pierce, herded 500 sheep one winter, following them everywhere, and looking after them entirely. She had an invalid husband who took care of the children at home.

—Maryland mosquitoes have killed little Timmy Stewart near Hilly'o Neck. The boy had been sent out to keep up a fire in the field, to drive away the mosquitoes from cattle. The insects surrounded the boy like a cloud and literaly bit him to death. They then assaulted the cattle with such ferocity that they drove them into the river, where many of them were drowned. The inhabitants are to hold a mass-meeting and call upon the Government for troops and an artillery squad.

—The pay of Bismark from all sources, both as Prussian Minister and Chancellor of the empire, is only $13,500. The highest salary of a Prussian Cabinet Minister is $9,000. Pensions are on the same moderate scale, the pensions amounting to as many eighthths of the salary which was being received at the time of retirement as there have been years spent in the service of the State. Ten years are added to the record of services in all cases where misconduct has not called for censure. But where the salary exceeds $3,000, only the half of such excess is taken into account.

—A small boy comes to the rescue of the local editors of Cincinnati, who are oppressed with the dullness of the times. He puts into his mouth the head of a living rattlesnake having twenty-one rattles and a button. He closes his lips around the snake's neck and holds him for fully ten seconds. He keeps three promising young rattlesnakes in a box with large air holes, and travels on an Ohio River steamer; and when anybody sits down on the box this same small boy remarks "See here, stranger, there's rattlesnakes under your coat-tails." He does many other amusing things.

—A heartless scamp in Virginia City, Nev. has been making two fond lovers ridiculous. The pair were in a railway car; the lady was young and modest; the swain wore large cuffs and one arm was thrown carelessly along the back of the seat. The scamp sat behind them and surreptitiously and with malice aforethought rubbed some phosphorus matches upon the cuff. There were tunnels on the road at short intervals and the movements of that cuff, illumined in the darkness, were witnessed by all the occupants of the car. Yet in every instance, when the train emerged from darkness into light the bride looked demure and unconscious and the bridegroom indifferent and somnolent.

—The streets of London, England, have been recently placarded with an advertisement stating that "the art of begging is exhaustively taught in six lessons by Prof. Lazarus Rooney, who begs to inform the Public that he has founded a college for the theoretical and practical instruction in mendicancy." Among other practical appliances for the profession the Professor announces that he keeps on hand artificial wounds and sores, assorted braces of twins, trained dogs for blind men, crutches for cripples, and surgical bandages for wounded imposters. Information is afforded respecting the most lucrative streets and neighborhoods.

—Exeter Hall, in London, the famous place in which so many religious meetings have been held and so many anti-slavery speeches made by well-remembered orators, is to be sold by the proprietors, and probably converted to other uses. It has paid a dividend of 2 to 2½ per cent. (about £1,000 per annum). Most of this was derived from musical entertainments, but a recent act of Parliament prevented its being used for such purposes without expensive alterations as a protection against fire. About £25,000 have been offered for the property, which might be converted into a hotel or into shops and chambers.

—The London newspapers say that few of the gambling rooms at French, German, and Belgian watering places are any longer run honestly. Formerly the bankers could not be caught at cheating, and probably did not often resort to such means of swelling their profits; but the following describes the present methods:—"There is almost invariably a gang of well-dressed and well-mannered swindlers who pretend not to know each other but who are associated together to win; in most instances, too, the waiters who look after the cards, and the commissary of police, who is the representative of official honesty, receive a percentage from the association, sometimes to aid in cheating, at other times to shut his eyes what occurs."

—A petition for a commutation of the death sentence on a man for the murder of a policeman at Derby, England, is being largely signed. At the trial six of the jury were for giving a verdict of wilful murder, and the other six were inclined to make it manslaughter. After arguing the case for three hours lots were drawn, the agreement being that the holder of the blank card should decide for the whole. The drawer of the blank card inclined to manslaughter, but out of deference to those opposed to him, he "tossed up," and the toss was was in favor of "wilful murder," which was accordingly returned. Several of the jurymen have signed the petition in favor of a commutation of the capital sentence.

—A bashful South Bend girl refused to jump from the window of a burning building in her night dress, went back to her room to put on more clothes, and was burned to death.

—Eben Waterbury, aged 72, fell in love with a young woman at Ellsworth, Ill, and gained her consent to marry; but his stern son interposed, and the old man committed suicide.

—A revival of religion is going on in the Rhine Valley, in Germany. Many conversions are reported, there being 200 in Dusseldorf alone. Professor Christlieb is promoting the movement.

—Of the 80,250,000 English-speaking people in the world 17,750,000 are Episcopalians, 14,000,000 are Methodists, 13,500,000 Roman Catholics, 10,000,000 Presbyterians, 8,000,000 Baptists, and 7,000,000 Congregationalists.

—Kate Baker, the divorced wife of Edwin Price, the present husband of Fanny Davenport, publishes a statement that she was not paid $5,000 to give him up. She says that she got only $60 a month alimony allowed by the court, according to agreement.

—The small, meek-looking wife of Tom Cottrell, a Missouri horse-thief, followed him weeping out of a St. Joseph court-room, after his trial and conviction. In the corridor she flew at the Sheriff like a tigress, threw him on the floor, and thus enabled the prisoner to mount a mule and escape.

—M. Auguste Cain, the sculptor deputed by the city of Geneva to execute the principal portions of statuary connected with the grand monument costing 2,000,000f. Geneva erects to the memory of the Duke of Brunswick, who bequeathed nearly a million sterling to the municipality, has completed his task.

—Anna Mayer of Louisville was told by her parents to practise steadily at the piano for two hours. They heard her pounding the keys about half of the prescribed time, and then the sound ceased. Mr. Mayer soon went to the parlor, and found her lying on the floor unconscious from chloroform, while two negro thieves were ransacking in an adjoining room.

—Miss Perkins, of Ebondale, Iowa, used her artistic skill in drawing caricatures of gawky Mr. Filer, who had offended her at a ball. These pictures were displayed in the window of a store, to the great irritation of Mr. Filer. He was perplexed as to the means of retaliation, but finally decided to whip Miss Perkin's brother, and did it so thoroughly that the sufferer was for a week confined to bed.

—Dr. Mongeri, the first physician of the Constantinople Lunatic Asylum, writes to say that since the 4th (17th) September, 1876, when the consultation with regard to the health of the ex-Sultan Murad took place in presence of the physicians of the Embassies, he has had no opportunity of visiting the ex-Sultan, and therefore cannot confirm any rumors as to an improvement in his health.

—The Home for Friendless Girls at Deptford, England, was a murderous fraud. Laura Addiscott, its founder and matron, was assiduous in soliciting subscriptions, while she slowly starved the inmates on short rations of bread, molasses, and oatmeal. Four little girls died, and an investigation disclosed the wretchedness of the place. The woman was tried on a charge of manslaughter, and narrowly escaped conviction.

—Swarms of caterpillars are reported in French papers to have recently descended upon Bordeaux and covered the alleys of Bouscat in such multitudes as to form a species of curtain across them to a certain height. The insects, from one to two centimes in length, appeared to be enveloped in a sort of spider web, from which it was most difficult, not to say impossible, to get free when once entangled in it.

—A curious anecdote of Count von Moltke is related in a morning paper, which, if not true, will bear repeating. At the moment when war was declared by France the great General was seriously indisposed. On learning the news at an advanced hour in the evening the King went to consult Count von Moltke and had him aroused. "War is declared," said the King. "With whom?" asked the General. "With France," was the reply. "The third portfolio on the left," was all the Count vouchsafed to say, and he fell asleep immediately.

—Mrs. Margaret Le Compte, 73 years old, of New York, died suddenly Sunday afternoon in the Forty-third street Methodist Episcopal church. Mrs. Le Compte, who lived with her daughter, Mrs. George Glaenzer, went to church unattended. She sat in a pew with two gentlemen, who noticed that she did not look well. While the service was in progress she was heard to say, "I long to be with my Saviour, and my loved ones gone before." Then she sank unconscious to the floor. She was removed to the vestibule, and thence to the basement, where she died, murmuring with her last breath, "Praise God for all his mercies to me."

—A trial which has just been completed at Kieff affords further evidence that the Nihilist movement has taken pretty deep root among the Russian peasantry. At the beginning of the year 1877 seven communes formed secret societies with the object of taking possession of the land in the district which did not belong to the peasants, and dividing it in equal shares among the inhabitants. The scheme devised for carrying out this project involved an attack on the landowners and the clergy and armed resistance to the authorities. These secret societies were well organized, and, notwithstanding the vigilance of the police, rapidly numbered upward of a thousand members, all of the peasant class.

—Next May, the *Army* and *Navy Gazette* says, is named as the probable time of departure of Commander Cheyne's new Arctic expedition for the discovery of the North Pole. By the exertions of Commander Cheyne a London Arctic Committee has been established at the head of forty-nine provincial committees. The expedition will co-operate with those sent out by Sweden, Holland America, Austria and Denmark. The following letter has been sent by Lord Derby to Commander Cheyne:—"Dear Sir—Having heard your scheme of a new Arctic expedition fully explained in our conversation of to-day, I have pleasure of promising a contribution of £100 in aid of it should you succeed, as I hope you may, in obtaining support to justify you in going on with it. I remain faithfully yours, Derby.

—The German newspapers are advocating the celebration on Oct. 15 of the fiftieth birthday of the railway system. They point out that on Oct. 15, 1829, George Stephenson's locomotive ran on iron rails. Next year the first railway in the world, that between Liverpool and Manchester, was opened; and in 1878 Europe had already 154,523 kilometres (96,577 miles) of railroads at work. Among the interesting statistical details connected with railways which have been lately published in Germany, it appears that Germany itself holds the first place in Europe in the quantity of its railway communications possessing a network of 30'463 kilometres. Next comes England with 27,540 kilometres; then France with 23,883 kilometres; and Russia with 21,687 kilometres. Austria-Hungary has only 17,997 kilometres, and Italy 8,213 kilometres. The railway mileage of the United States amounts to more than five-sixths of the total mileage of Europe, being 127,470 kilometres. The other States of America have altogether only 19,000 kilometres of railways. Asia has 14,000 kilometres. Australia 4,000 kilometres, and Africa only 2,900 kilometres.

—Presence of mind has lately proved valuable in several interesting cases. Henry Kuhn, at the bottom of a Dubuque well, drove his pickaxe into the side, and stood under it when he saw the earth-laden bucket falling, thus saving himself from being crushed. John Carey, when lightning struck the New Haven mill of which he was foreman, knocked down three of the panic stricken operators, who were madly rushing toward the narrow exit, and so prevented a dangerous jam on a stairway. Mrs. Dunkin of Long Prairie, Minn., was threatened with an axe by her crazy son. She said, "Well, if you want to cut my head off, let's go to the chopping-block." He nodded, and they passed out to the wood-pile. It was dark, and addressing him with, "Now, I'll put my head on the block," she drew the white handkerchief from her neck and threw it down and slipped away. The lunatic struck the kerchief a heavy but harmless blow. Julia Clarke, a San Francisco factory girl, was caught in a machine by her long hair. She seized a pair of shears and cut off her tresses so quickly that she was not drawn between the wheels and killed, as she otherwise would have been. Ten men started down the shaft of a Nevada mine in a small skip. The donkey engine broke, and the miners felt their vessel sink downward with lightning speed. Deathly fear turned every face white. In the panic most of them clutched the skip to wait for the crash. At the first intimation of disaster, Patrick McCarthy, the engineer at the top of the shaft, seized a heavy plank and thrust the end between the pinion-shaft and the reel, from which the cable was running off. The drum was revolving with terrific speed, and the friction produced streams of fire and smoke. But the engineer's thrust was exactly at the right point, and the end of the board soon checked the descent, bringing the skip to a standstill a few feet from the bottom.

TABLE DECORATIONS.

—Very pretty egg-shell cups are of water green porcelain.

—The new cake-baskets are very high on slender standards, and are in exquisite *repousse* work.

—The newest glasses for single flowers are of the Etruscan shape, with double handles and are richly engraved.

—Cheese dishes have superbly decorated covers, ornamental to any table, generally in the heavy English ware.

—Broth bowls, with an individual salte, and dainty pepper-box attached, are of china, decorated in squares.

—A very pretty style is to place each guest's initial at his plate, using either flowers or leaves set in a shallow tin.

—China has taken the place of silver for the small individual dishes; these are covered with either figures or flowers.

—An odd cream pitcher has a cat handle—that is, a cat in a solid color is apparently hanging over the edge and clinging to the side as if trying to get over and lap the milk. Pitchers come in all colors and in very grotesque designs.

—Dessert plates are flat, gently turning up at the very edge. A pretty one is of the Berlin china, decorated with birds, butterflies and grasses delicately laid upon the pure white ground, and is nearly the shape of the plaques upon the walls.

—An English table is always lighted with candles, each provided with its small, rose-colored shade, a plan much better adapted for the preservation of the flowers than the custom of illumating a dining-room as if it ware a lecture hall.

—Sometimes the national colors of a distinguished guest appear in the flowers upon the table, and his national emblem is seen in the devices used.

—Tea sets of the Cashmere pattern in the scarlet, with all the gold and green of India shawls, and plates decorated with Persian designs and traceries are among the novelties.

—Foliage plants in bright colors are in greater favor than blossoms, both because they retain their beauty longer and because they are seldom so fragrant as to be disagreeable to sensitive persons.

—The purest white table linen should be used for the tinted and painted china, or white and green is a favorite combination, then the delicate colors can be arranged in exquisite and picturesque relief.

—Kettle-drum lunch cups, in all the fine ware and decorations, constructed so that the saucer has a side issue, as it were, upon which to rest a sandwich or a piece of cake while standing in conversation.

—A new style of a spoon, very small and slender, is called "Old Newport," and is after Queen Anne's design. The spoons are a representation of some ancient spoons found at Newport, and are relics of the old days of "Merry England."

—Some spoons for jellies and other purposes have heavy bowls, in which are oak leaves and acorns in relief, taking, by alloy, the delicate tints of autumn; the handles are oxydized silver. Hammergold promises to be extensively fashionable for spoons.

ONE OF JOHN PHŒNIX'S STORIES

Out in a certain Western fort, some time ago, the major conceived that artillery must be used effectively in fighting the Indians, by dispensing with gun-carriages, and fastening the cannon upon the backs of mules. So he explained his views to the commandant, and it was determined to try the experiment. A howitzer was selected and strapped upon an ambulance mule, with the muzzle pointing toward the tail. When they had secured the gun, and loaded it with ball-cartridge, they lead the calm and steadfast mule out on the bluff, and set up a target in the middle of the river to practice at. The rear of the mule was turned towards the target, and he was backed gently up to the edge of the bluff. The officers stood round in a semi-circle, while the major went up and inserted a time fuse in the vent of the howitzer. When the fuse was ready, the major lit it, and retired. In a minute or two the hitherto unruffled mule heard the fizzing back on his neck, and it made him uneasy. He reached his head around to ascertain what was going on, and as he did so his body turned, and the howitzer began to sweep around the horizon. The mule at last became excited, and his curiosity became more and more intense; in a second or two ne was standing with his four legs in a bunch, making six revolutions per minute, and the howitzer threatning sudden death to every man within half a mile. The commandant was observed to climb suddenly up a tree; officers were seen climbing over the bluff into the river, as if they didn't care at all about the high price of uniforms; the adjutant made good time toward the fort; a sergeant began to throw up breastworks with his bayonet; the major rolled over the ground and groaned. In a minute or two there was a puff of smoke, and a dull thud, and the mule—oh! where was he! A solitary brute might have been seen turning successful back-somersaults over the bluff, only to rest at anchor finally with his howitzer at the bottom of the river, while the ball went off toward the fort, hit the chimney in the Major's quarter's, rattling the abode bricks down into the parlor, and frightening the Major's wife into convulsions. They do not allude to it now, and no report of the result of the experiment was ever sent to the War Department.

SWIMMING

Probably not one in twenty of the Londoners out on a holiday who indulge in boating on Saturday afternoon can swim, yet nothing is more easy. When the air is out of a body its owner sinks; when the air is in the body its owner floats. Let any one slowly draw in his breath as he draws back his legs and pushes forward his arms, retain it whilst he is preparing for the stroke which is to propel him, and slowly allow it to go through his lips as his arms are passed back from before his head to his sides and legs are stretched out. The action should not be quite horizontal, but should be made on a slight incline downwards. The real reason why people take weeks to learn how to swim, is because swimming professors either do not know, or do not choose to teach, the philosophy of breathing, so as to render the body buoyant. I would engage to make any one a tolerable swimmer in an hour, unless he be a congenital idiot. In order to acquire confidence, the learner should try to float. Let him lie on his back, hold his head well back, stretch out his arms, and draw in his breath. So long as he retains it he will float like a cork. As he expels it from his body he will find himself gradually sinking unless he—keeping his arms well in the water—makes a slow downward stroke. This will bring home to him the principle on which a swimmer, generally without knowing it, acts.—*London Truth.*

JAMES H. RILEY.

A Flying Interview With the Man Who Almost Beat Hanlan.

(Detroit Free Press.)

As the day express of the Great Western Railway stood at Hamilton at 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon, the passengers were rather surprised to see two men bring into the car a long rowing shell and tie it up above their heads.

"That's Riley," said the conductor to me. "go for him. He has no one to protect him. Interview him."

The man who shoved Hanlan so closely sat like a snail—under his shell—and I slid in the seat beside him.

"You gave Hanlan a pretty close call the other day."

"Well, rather."

"Do you think you can beat him?"

"I feel sure of it. I have always held that Hanlan is all right for a short race or the first part of a long one, but I thought, and think yet, that if closely pushed towards the last he will weaken, and the Barrie race shows I was right."

The person who came across our course was one of the left ones in the race, although the *Globe* says he was unknown. I stopped when Hanlan did, besides Hanlan came round my buoy and I could easily have fouled him, but did not; he came over in my course all along and tried to "wash" me, and at any time I could have touched him and, of course, he would have been ruled out. As for not rowing faster towards the end, I tell you he was used up. He walked to his quarters mighty slowly, like a snake with his tail cut off. Every one would tell you I was the freshest man when the race closed."

"Not 'too fresh,' I hope."

"Well, I didn't get salted, anyhow."

"Besides," continued Riley, "Hanlan had all the encouragement. The boats kept alongside and the crowds yelled 'Good boy, Hanlan,' 'You've got it Hanlan,' 'Hurrah for Hanlan.' It was nothing but 'Hanlan, Hanlan,' and no one cried 'Bully for Riley.' I rowed a stranger's race."

"Pity you hadn't Mark Twain's panorama man to play 'Rise up William Riley.'"

"My name's James H."

"Oh, so it is."

"But, I tell you, the Canadians used me tip-top; in fact, splendid. I tell you they are white folks."

"Yes, there are not many colored people except in Windsor and Chatham."

Mr. Riley looked fixedly at me for a few moments, and then said:

"I've wanted to meet Hanlan for some time. When he was going over to England the reporters in New York buzzed him, as they always do, and—"

"What, always?"

"Well, almost always, and one asked him, 'What are you going to do with Courtney and Riley when you come back?' 'Oh!' said Hanlan, kind of contemptuously, 'I'll soon take the conceit out of Riley.'"

"He hasn't succeeded, has he?"

Riley again looked at me steadily.

"I mean," I explained, "that he didn't beat you."

"I flatter myself he didn't."

"Do you expect to meet him on the tented field again. That is, on the water, you know?"

"I do, and expect to make him row a stern race."

"That is your stern resolve is it?"

"It is. Hanlan said he wanted to meet me again, and I told him I would row him anywhere in America."

"Would you row him at Detroit?"

"Certainly, or anywhere else."

"Who have you beaten, Mr. Riley?"

"Well pretty much all of 'em at times—Courtney, Yales, Plaisted, Hosmer, Johnson, McKen and others."

"How old are you?"

"I'm 33. I live on a farm with my mother at Saratoga, and took to rowing for my health. A doctor said it would kill me, so I thought I would show him he was wrong."

Mr. Riley is a rather ordinary looking man with hollow cheeks and black moustache. He has a prominent Roman nose, a tuft of black whiskers on each cheek, and a somewhat determined look. He was on his way from Toronto home.

LUKE SHARP.

THE LILY, THE ROSE AND THE VIOLET.

A Flower Sermon.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

—*Horace Smith.*

When the Lord first made the earth, it was very beautiful in his eyes, and in the eyes of the angels, as they looked down from above. But these three flowers grew not yet upon it: the lily, the rose and the violet. They grew only in the gardens of heaven. One day as the Lord was walking in his heavenly gardens, he said: 'These three shall bloom upon my new earth.' Then he plucked a lily, a rose and a violet in his hand, and said to them: 'I will that ye also bloom upon the earth that I have made. As ye will, so be it to you; ye shall choose each your place, and how ye will, grow; but henceforth ye have a mission among the children of men.' With that he dropped them from his hand, and they floated gently downward through the still air and rested lightly upon the fresh earth.

Then began they to look around and to choose each a place for herself, as the Lord had given them leave. Near by grew a stately plant with beautiful palm-like leaves, out of which rose a tall, slender, graceful stalk, whereupon was neither leaf nor bud nor blossom. As the lily saw this, she said to herself: "Here on the ground will I not abide, nor near to this brown mould, lest I soil my snowy whiteness, and wear no longer my heavenly hue." Then, gathering her white robes about her, she stepped daintily to the plant, and climbed up the slender stalk until she stood upon its very top. "This," cried she, in delight, "shall be my place;" and as she spoke the words she became fast fixed to the stalk, and plant and flower henceforth shared one life.

Meanwhile the rose had been looking around to choose for herself an abiding-place. She was not afraid of the brown mould, but she wanted to be where she could enjoy the warm sunshine, and hear the music of the birds, and look out upon all that was bright and lovely and beautiful around her; for this was like the rose's nature. By-and-by she saw a bush much taller than the lily's plant, with small, tender and delicate leaves, and yet so many of them that they clothed the bush as with a beautiful green, silken garment. When the rose saw the bush, she cared not to look farther; but running to it, she climbed to the top, and, resting amid the soft, tender leaves, she exclaimed: 'This place shall be mine.' As she spoke the words, she found herself suddenly fast fixed to the bush, and henceforth she and the bush share one life.

And where was the violet? All this time she had not moved from the spot where she had dropped down, but stood thinking within herself where she would grow. She watched the lily swinging upon her stalk, and the rose sitting in the bush like a Queen upon her throne; and plant and bush seemed very happy and proud that they were just chosen by these sky-born flowers. As the violet was about to step forward to find for herself some similar place, she heard just behind her a low moan of pain. It came from some little grasses that grew near by and formed together a small space of green sod. They, too, had neither bud nor bloom, and one saw them not until he came close upon them. 'Why moaned ye? What troubleth you?' said the violet, as she turned around and looked tenderly towards them. But they spoke not; neither made they any motion nor sign. It was as if they had not heard her. But the violet thought she knew why they had sighed, for her heart was very tender and quick; and turning away from the beautiful plant and bush which her companions had chosen, she went to the little grasses, and, sitting down among them she said: "Here will I live and grow; this place shall be mine." As she spoke these words, there was a thrill of joy through every blade and rootlet, and she felt her feet fast held to the ground and entwined with the rootlets of the grass.

And so it was that on the morrow, with the first beams of the morning sunshine the Lord came down to his earth to see how the new flowers were growing upon it. And as he drew near, the lily bowed before the breath of his presence, while the dew glistened upon his garments still as white as when she dropped from the hand of the Lord. And the Lord was pleased. And he said to the lily: 'Thou hast chosen well. So shalt thou be clothed in whiteness, and drink of the dew of heaven. And thou shalt be sign and symbol to the children of men of that pureness of heart without which none of them shall ever see my face.' And as the Lord passed by, the lily bowed yet more lowly, while her face was as the face of an angel.

Then came he to the rose. And when he saw her amid the soft green leaves, her petals out-rivaling the morning light in their beauty, it almost repented him that he had sent her to bloom upon the earth. And the Lord said to the rose: 'Thou, too, hast well chosen. Too well thy place becomes thee. Only such as thou grow in the heavenly gardens. Thou art too beautiful for earth. Beneath thy beauty will I plant a thorn, that men may see in thee a symbol of earth's best loveliness and look for the all-perfect beauty in heaven alone.' And the Lord caused sharp thorns to grow thickly upon the bush that the rose had chosen.

Then came he where the violet lay hid among the grasses. And the Lord said to the violet: 'Mine eyes are upon thee, and from the far heavens saw I thy choice. Greater art thou than the rose or the lily; for thou has stooped to the poor and the lowly and hast shared thy gifts with them. In thy self-forgetting charity art thou yet diviner sign and symbol than they. Henceforth thou shalt be clothed with the blue of heaven, and thou shalt come first with every springtime before all the flowers, and thou shalt grow by every valley and way-side, and all hearts shall love thee.' And the violet bent her meek eyes upon the ground, while every little blade of grass around her sobbed for joy and answered 'Amen' and 'Amen.'

And the Lord left the lily, the rose, and the violet to grow upon his earth and to teach, each in its own way, its lesson to the children of men.—*T. L. Hosmer.*

THE BEET SUGAR INDUSTRY.

Prospects of a Profitable Competition with Germany—Views of a Baltimore Merchant.

A prominent merchant in Exchange Place, Saturday, stopped an *American* reporter to show him a sample of beet root sugar, the contemplated manufacture of which, in this city, is receiving so much attention from both sugar men and farmers. The sample was brought from Rotterdam. It compares well for whiteness and formation of the crystals with almost any sugar brought to this city, and is much sweeter than that ordinarily in use. The merchant alluded to procured several ounces of this sugar from Germany, with a view to importing a large quantity, in the hope of making a market for it which could compete with the importations from the West Indies and other places. He found that the cost in Germany would be 4⅝ cents per pound, and hoped to have the Customs duty levied on that basis of valuation. Upon taking the samples to the Appraisers, however, they rated it at 6½ cents a pound—an advance of 2⅞ cents a pound on the German valuation. The brokerage, freight, insurance, commission for buying, loss in weight and contingencies, it was calculated, would still further increase the price until the lowest figure at which it could be landed in Baltimore would be 7 65-100 cents a pound, which was so high as to preclude all possibility of making any profit by the transaction.

These figures, however, serve to demonstrate the certainty of a large profit if the sugar can be made here at a cost anywhere near as low as in Germany, and there is every reason to believe that this can be done. In Germany there is a tax imposed amounting to about $4 on each ton of beets which passes into the sugar refinery to have the saccharine matter extracted therefrom. In each factory the Government has an officer who weighs the beets and collects the revenue from the manufacturer. While the industry is in its infancy here, to say the least, there would be no burden of this kind placed upon the manufacturers; but on the contrary, the present system of grading imports of sugar would serve as a protection to the new manufacturing interest. Other points which are enumerated by those posted on the subject as being in favor of American manufacturers are, farm labor, which is stated to be as low in this country now as it is in Germany; the price of coal and of all the ingredients which are used in refining sugar, which can be obtained here at as small a cost as in either Germany or France; but, above all, the nature of the soil in Maryland and Virginia is believed to be better adapted to raising the sugar beet than that of Germany, and with these advantages and the protective duty, which there is no likelihood would be removed, it is not strange that these gentlemen who have investigated the matter should feel sanguine of its being successfully carried out. The projects under way in this city are quietly but steadily working toward a definite shape, and it is expected that, in comparatively few days, the announcement will be made of the complete plans of those who are pushing this matter forward.

CHEESE TOO CHEAP.

A Canadian correspondent of the Utica *Herald* reports less cheese made in the Dominion than last year, putting the average at about 75 per cent. of last year's product. The *Herald* reports a falling off also in the product in that section, putting the reduction at 25 to 30 per cent. It adds that—"It will take, however, a serious diminution in the amounts marketed to work any effect upon the price. Following are the comparative transactions of the last three years:

	Receipts.	Exports.	Cable.	Freight.	Price.
Aug. 4, 1877.	95,435	80,124	53s.	30s.	10½c
Aug. 3, 1878.	106,084	90,227	43s.	45s.	7½c
Aug. 2, 1879.	95,437	93,810	32s. 6d.	42s. 6d.	5½c

In two years the price in this country has fallen off nearly one-half, while the exports have increased nearly 16 per cent. The latter is probably a consequence of the former. There is one consolation in it all, viz., that America is gradually driving the English out of the manufacture of cheese and educating them in the consumption of our own product. What effect these very low figures will have upon the factory system, if they should be long continued, remains to be seen. Many take the ground that dairymen owning large herds must make their own cheese, and thus save, as far as possible, any outlay for the manufacture, while others contend that such a course would be suicidal, as there would no longer be that uniformity that now commands the best prices."

The London *Agricultural Gazette* makes the