Eastern Canada Mail.

(Per Canadian Pacific Railway.)

...a, July 30.—At a meeting of ... Catholics of the city a motion ... an address to Mgr. O'Brien, ...al delegate, was lost on the ... that he was an opponent of ... Rule, and that he had been a ... an intrigue of Sir George Er... British Minister at the Vati... the minority presented an ad...

... SOUND, July 30.—Among the ...rs that left Port Arthur on the ... was W. H. Turton, engineer, ... children, who were returning ...ersburg after a four years' so... the Northwest. On Wednes... ...rnoon when the steamer was a ...es east of the Sault, Turton ... overboard, and although the ... stopped and a boat put off to ...cue, he sank before it reached ... He was very melancholy all the ...n, as he had been ailing for ...e. A subscription was started ... widow and a purse of $140 pre... ...o her.

...nto, July 31.—Rev. Jas. Stu... years of age, and very feeble, ... residence last evening and has ...en seen since. An accident is ...

...peg, July 29.—While packing ...ite case to-day James Magerthin ...n to atoms by the explosion of ...ive boxes.

Wreck of the Algoma.

...aukee, Aug. 1.—From Isle Royal, ... Superior, come reports that its ...n are suspected of having rifled ...es of forty victims lost in the Al... ...master last fall, and that to avoid ...n they sunk the bodies far out in ... The revenue cutter Andy John... ...es Milwaukee to-morrow for Lake ..., and will probably make a thor... ...vestigation. The Canadian steam ...oma went ashore on the reefs at ... Isle Royal last fall, and about ... were drowned. Wreckers are ... work on the vessel, and though ...earch has been made, no bodies ...en recovered, except one or two ...nned in the timber and frame... the vessel. The theory for this ...us disappearance is that the bod... despoiled by islanders, and then ... the lake. This theory is streng... by the finding of mutilated ... and articles of value in their ... Such is the explanation advanced ... wreckers now at work on the ves... the reason why the bodies have ...en recovered.

...llen Hotel, Vancouver, B. C.

...hotel is largely patronized by Vic... ...ople. Its rooms are well furnished ... excellent restaurant is attached ... one can get almost everything in ... —from a nicely broiled tenderloin ... a spring chicken—that can be ... in a first-class French restaurant ... part of the world.

...es and Picture Frames

...eceived, an immense stock of fine ... and other kinds of Mouldings, ... of Art and all kinds of Pictures ... will be sold at Bedrock prices, ... and retail. Up-country orders ...ly filled. Jos. Somers, ... Government st., two doors below the new Bank.

...PPING INTELLIGENCE.

...T OF VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

ENTERED.

Str North Pacific, Pt Townsend
Str Princess Louise, Vancouver
Str Geo. E. Starr, Pt Townsend
Str Amelia, Nanaimo
Str Yosemite New Westminster
Str Queen of the Pacific, Pt Townsend
Str Princess Louise, Vancouver
Str Geo. E Starr, Pt Townsend
Str Barbara Boscowitz, Alert Bay
Str North Pacific, Pt Townsend
Str Amelia, Nanaimo
Str Yosemite, New Westminster
Str Mexico, San Francisco
Str Geo E Starr, Pt Townsend
Str Princess Louise, Vancouver

CLEARED.

Str North Pacific, Port Townsend
Str Princess Louise, Vancouver
Str Princess Louise, Vancouver
Str Geo. E. Starr, Pt Townsend
Str Amelia, Nanaimo
Str Yosemite, New Westminster
Str Queen of the Pacific, San Francisco
Str Geo. E. Starr, Pt Townsend
Str Barbara Boscowitz, Alert Bay
Str North Pacific, Pt Townsend
Str Amelia, Nanaimo
Str Yosemite, New Westminster
Str Mexico, Pt Townsend
Str Geo. E. Starr, Pt Townsend
Str Princess Louise, Vancouver

PASSENGERS.

... GEO. E. STARR, from Puget Sound—... and wf, Miss McAdams, Miss Price, Chas ... Allen and sister, Watson, Jennings, R H ... Mrs Hastings, C B Purver, E Morrissey, ... Wilson and wf, J J Byrne, ... Poor, M J Lyons, Wilson, B Campbell ... G Smith, W Dowd, Bockerill, Beckingham, ... Russell, J Fish, Capt Clancy, F D Merrill, 5 Chinese.

... PRINCESS LOUISE, fm Burrard Inlet—... Wolfenden, D Mott, Miller, H Rogers, A ... Murray, J J Hickey, J A Clark, ... J T Turner and wf, ... Hardman, Anderson, G Fitzgerald, ... Norman, H McDonald, ... J Murray, Wilson, A D McFarland, ... Rossener, S Clay, Mrs Fawcett, L G Little, ... Geo Simpson, D Ewing, ... Sullivan, W Drury, A Cook, W Bent, Capt J ... Oldham, A C West.

... MEXICO, fm San Francisco—... Loewen and dau, Mrs Straighouse, John McCully, Mrs C Bartholmen, Mrs Darnick, ... F H Schofield, A Morey, J B Hibben, ... H Rees, J M Crawley, Miss M V Ran... ... Lilly, Long Sing and 6 in steerage.

... NORTH PACIFIC, from Puget Sound—... Moore, C H Hood and wf, Mrs Moon and ch, ... Mrs North and ch, J Hoyche, wf and ... Skinner, Noyes and wf, ... Moore, ... R Aagaard, W A Taylor and wf, C ... Mrs McDonald and 3 ch, W S Simpson, J ... J W Meldrum, Joe Leibman, Miss Calvert, ... Mrs D B Charlton, Mrs ... Rev Dr Stores, wf and party of 3, Mrs Jami... ... 3 ch, Miss Jamieson, L L Gruntre, W Smith, ... 1 ch, Miss Grant, Mrs Brigen.

... YOSEMITE, from New Westminster—Mr ... Edmonds, J J Auberton, Mrs Hughes, Sena... ... Mrs McInnes, Mrs Robson, Mrs J Wilson, Mrs ... Mrs Fletiere, G S Berece, E W Bisset, L J ... C Caldcott, Heslop, T W Baker, J O Wise, ... J McPoland, Harvey, Fitzherbert, Hall.

... AMELIA, from Nanaimo—Mrs Hoskins, ... Mrs Planta, Holborn, Sampson, ... Smithe, Sutton, Fry, Gamble, ... Rev Percival, Haddon, ...

CONSIGNEES

... MEXICO, fm San Francisco—A W Smith, A ... A Phillips, A & Wilson, A Ofner, A Bossi & ... Iron Wks, Bank of B C, Chas Rennoll, C ... C P N Co, C A Lombard & Co, C Bach, Chas ... Bartholomew, Caldwell & ..., Carne & ... D McPhadden, E Rendell, E S Scoullar & Co, ... E Harrison, E G Prior, F G Richards jr, ... Lung, F W Foster, Fell & Co, G Mori... ... Grant & Hawkins, Hip Lung, Hudson ... H F Sieward, H Saunders, H A Lilley, Hall, ... H Stephens, H B Roycraft, H Bornstien ... Hop Chong, Jas Cunningham, J A Mara, ... Jas Fisher, J Sommers, ... J G Todd & Son, ... J Hughes, J Irving, ... J G Bunte, J Fullerton, S Allison, Lun... ... Kwong Tai Lung, L A Agassiz, Leahy & ..., ... & Co, M W Waitt & Co, McLaughlin Bros, ... Brown, M Lenz, Matthews, Richards & ... J S McGary, Marvin & Tilton, S Portman, ... Bakesper, P McQuade & Son, ... Frederick, Quong, Tai Ling, ... & Son, R Maynard, R Borthwick, R Jamie... ... & Hartnagel, R Riesterer, R J Fleming, ... Cramer, Sing Wo Tong, S Leiser, S J Kel... ... S J Pitts, The Singer Mfg Co, ... J Rayner, Turner, Beeton & Co, Tai Yune, T ... T Earle, Welch, Rithet & Co, Vict Club, ... Fre Co, Vair & Costa, W Gardiner, Wells, R ... Tong On, W Coleman, W P Sayward, W McNeill, ... Wilson Bros & Co, Yee Wo, ...

... NORTH PACIFIC, from Puget Sound—... & Co, A M Herring, Bossi & Co, Boucherat ... Spencer, E J Salmon, ... Mason, H Allen, H Saunders, Hudson Bay Co, ... H Jewell, H Barthel, J S Ferguson, J H ... Hanson, Kelly Bros, M Lenz, ... Co, Mrs ... Hanson, R & W H Redmond, R C P Mills Co, R ... & A Leiser, Turner, B & Co, T J Trapp ... Richmond, W F Wood, Welch, R & Co, ...

... YOSEMITE, from New Westminster—Robt ... Thos Earle, P McQuade, Nicholles & Re... ... M W Waitt & Co, J H Todd, J Craw... ... & Co, Belmont T Co, Coll Island Rav, D J ... Capt J Irving, B Young, Gilmore & Co, M S ... Lewis, H B Co, C Strouss & Co, ... Vedder ... W F Wood, S Leiser, Johnston & Co, ... Co, ... Outman & Frank, G Vienne, ... Marvin & Tilton, H Saunders, T Earle, R ... Davis, A & Shore.

BIRTHS.

... city, August ..., the wife of ... D. M. ...errister-at-law, of a daughter.

... city, on the 31st instant, the wife of Fred'k ... of a daughter.

... city, on the 1st inst., the wife of Mr. H. ... of a son.

Weekly Colonist.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1886.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND INTENDING SUBSCRIBERS.

... THE WEEKLY COLONIST, ... TO ... ENCLOSE ... POSTAGE STAMPS, ... BANK ... BILLS ... OFFICE UN... LESS THE ... HAS BEEN FIRST PAID, AND NO NOTICE IS TAKEN OF ANY ORDER THAT IS NOT ACCOMPANIED BY THE MONEY.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Persons residing at a distance from Victoria, who ... of Births, Marriages or Deaths in The Colonist ... ONE DOLLAR ... in Cash or Stamps, ... ordinary bills of ... insertion ...

THE WEEKLY COLONIST.

NOTICE.

A SPECIAL EDITION FOR SOUTH SAANICH, ...AKE, METCHOSIN, SOOKE, COMOX AND OTHER DISTRICTS NOT REACHED BY FRI... DAY'S MAIL IS PRINTED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING AND DISPATCHED THROUGH THE POSTOFFICE.

Local and Provincial News.

Plans for the Fortifications in Course of Preparation.

Col. O'Brien, R. E., has taken a house on the Esquimalt road near the residence of Mr. Pooley, M. P. P., for the occupation of himself and staff. The work of surveying the ground and preparing the plans will consume several months. It is rumored that the Imperial government are anxious to secure more ground for fortification purposes than is at present at their disposal, and that they propose to purchase the entire site of the present town of Esquimalt and include it in their great scheme.

Personal.

Senator and Mrs. McInnes were passengers by the steamer Yosemite yesterday.

Mrs. and Miss Loewen arrived home yesterday from San Francisco by the steamer Mexico.

Mr. Morris Moss returned yesterday from the mainland.

Mr. R. H. Benedict, of the C. P. R., Port Moody, came down by the steamer Yosemite yesterday.

At the Occidental: J. S. Gay and wife, San Francisco; F. H. Schofield, Winnipeg; Jno. H. Stratford, San Francisco; J. B. Richards, Colorado.

At the Driard: ... Hecht, ... Bell and wife; ... Miss Hilda Hecht, San Francisco; Jos. Liebman, Portland; W. Sutton, Cowichan.

Mr. John McCalley, formerly of Clinton, but now of California, is in the city.

Mr. A. D. McDonald, of Olympia, is in the city.

Mr. W. E. Waters, representative of D. Rosenberg & Sons, the famous New York ... manufacturers, ... Mr. George Fardon, ... 1858, and a highly esteemed citizen, is lying dangerously ill. Mr. Fardon is aged nearly 80 years.

The following vessels are on the way to Hasting to load lumber: Bark Cyprus from Panama; bark Dorothea, from Siberia; bark Omega, from Shanghai; bark Gotha. These vessels are expected to arrive any day.

Ship Beaconsfield, Capt. Keith, which has been scraped and repaired on the flats at Moodyville, was brought over to Hastings on Monday, and will take in a cargo of 1,100,000 feet of assorted lumber.

Messrs. A. W. Ross, M. P., T. C. Sorby, Campbell, Shaw, and H. Arbull were passengers from Vancouver yesterday.

Messrs. M. W. Waitt and A. Johnson returned from the mainland by the Princess Louise.

Mr. Geo. Chadwick returned home by the steamer Mexico yesterday.

Vancouver.

(News.)

The jury in the case of Underwood, the Australian, whose body was found in Coal Harbor, returned a verdict of found drowned. As he was penniless and homeless it is supposed that he committed suicide.

... has discharged his Chinese cook.

J. R. Ritchie, charged with keeping a gambling house, was discharged.

Mayor McLean is seriously ill.

A boom of logs went ashore on the claim of Sam Greer, who would not allow them to be towed off until he had been paid $50 as salvage. A Vancouver constable compelled him to release the logs, whereupon Greer proceeded to New Westminster and swore out a summons against the constable. The summons was ... out ... obey ... there ...

The Lieutenant-Governorship.

The Mail correspondent, with Sir John Macdonald, telegraphing from this city on the 28th ult., says: The talk among the upper tendom is about the successor to the present lieutenant-governor, whose term of service expired eight days ago, and many suggestions are being made of course. The Ottawa government in such matters adopts the same policy as the imperial in the appointment of the governor-general, and necessarily avoids anything looking like a popular election which would be contrary to the spirit of the constitution. Nevertheless, the Victorians are eagerly discussing the relative merits of several persons whose names have been suggested.

The Premier's Movements.

Yesterday morning Sir John Macdonald received visitors; and in the afternoon, in company with Lady Macdonald, ... attended a garden party given at Gonzales by Mr. J. D. Pemberton, who presented his other guests to the premier. Sir John Macdonald also attended a garden party at Judge O'Reilly's.

New Westminster.

NEW WESTMINSTER, Aug. 3.

It is proposed to have the branch railway to this city ready so that it can be formally opened by Sir John Macdonald. Mr. ... stated that ... within ... under the completion of the branch within a week. Mr. Van Horne says there will be no delay. Rails are being laid down now, and it is hoped the road will be complete for Sir John to ride over it on his way home. Mr. Abbott also stated it was the intention of the company to push forward work on the ... to have ... in ... weeks.

No improvement in the run of salmon last night. Fairly good catch taken, but not better than on the previous night.

A dispatch from Ladner's Landing states that a party of Indians have found the body of an unknown white man in Woodward's slough.

At a meeting of the congregation of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, held here tonight, it was decided to call Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Moosejaw, to the vacant pastorate. Mr. Taylor officiated as relief pastor for several months during the illness of the late Mr. Mackay.

SERIOUSLY ILL.—Officer Gaydon is lying at the French hospital, suffering from an injury to one of his legs, and fears are entertained that the limb will have to be amputated. He suffers considerable pain and is very weak.

MARVIN & TILTON,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

HARDWARE, METALS,

MINERS', MILLMEN'S AND CONTRACTORS' SUPPLIES.

SOLE BRITISH COLUMBIA AGENTS FOR MASSEY MANUFACTURING CO.'S

Toronto and Massey Mowers,

Toronto Binders, Massey Harvesters

and Sharp's Horse Rakes,

STUDEBAKER FARM WAGONS.

The Largest and Best Assorted Stock in the Province

WHARF ST., COR. BASTION, VICTORIA.

SEND FOR CATALOGUES AND PRICES.

au6-wlm

What Some People Say.

That J. L. Armstrong, an employé of the Depot Hotel, at Hastings, Neb., quarreled with Ella Manship, diningroom girl, and struck her with a knife, cutting a gash below her eye. She then threw a tumbler at him, and it was smashed against his head. While he was reeling from the effects of the blow she threw another tumbler with the same effect, knocking him to the floor, crushing his skull and sending splintered glass into his brain. He will die.

That a politician, writing to the widow of a deceased member of the legislature, says: "I can not tell how pained I was when I heard that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again."

That an Alderney cow swallowed a sovereign seven years ago, and the coin was recently discovered in her stomach after she was butchered. Her owner wondered what made her milk so rich.

That we are beginning to doubt that "economy is wealth." At least we have a good deal of economy piled away which we would like to exchange for a little wealth.

That the site of the late fire is still the scene of interested groups of children in the expectation of ... not too utterly injured among the ruins of the stock of fancy articles.

That a fashion exchange says that the "going-away dress of an English bride was of pink cambric trimmed with Venetian point lace and hat to match." This is the first time we ever heard of trimming a bridal dress with a hat.

A merchant met one of his clerks Saturday looking rather tipsy from too much malt liquor, and rather chided him for it. "But this is my (hic) half hol'day, you know," said the clerk. "Half—and-half holiday more like," was the response.

That you can always detect a bachelor by the way he handles a baby ... but to be safe from loss it is always best to use a borrowed baby in making the experiment.

... always run fiercely towards ... This is perhaps the reason ... generally find their way under ... notice.

That a Chicago jeweller is said to have ... a self-winding watch. Now let the same genius apply himself to the invention of a self-winding watch key.

That a family party out driving a few days ago had a driver who was extremely voluble. Indeed, he monopolized all the conversation. All at once the little fellow of the party pulled his father over to him and whispered in his ear, "Does he charge any more for talking?"

That a bang is something of a door—especially when it is on a pretty girl.

That an editor being challenged by a county treasurer for calling him "the red-headed, malignant mule who dissipates the county money," produced his manuscript and showed that he wrote "the big-hearted, valiant soul who dispenses the county money."

That the Times very kindly informs its readers that the passenger who gave birth to a child on the last trip of the steamer Mexico was a woman. As a general rule this is the sex of the person most directly interested on those interesting occasions.

That the fire companies turned out for drill last night. Being now a paid fire department and therefore not above criticism, it is hinted that the degree of excitement and shouting which took place was not particularly suggestive of that quality so necessary and valuable in a fireman and ... to experience ...

Eastern Canada Mail.

(Per Canadian Pacific Railway.)

TORONTO, July 28.—Mrs. Lewis, wife of the Bishop of Ontario, was stricken with paralysis on Sunday, and fears are entertained for her recovery.

A special cable dispatch says: A published interview with Sandford Fleming points to the probability of the success of the attempt to establish direct telegraphic communication between Great Britain, Canada and Australia. The Imperial and Australian governments have been approached and have agreed to grant subsidies which will enable a responsible company to lay a cable from Brisbane, Queensland, or Sydney, New South Wales, via the Sandwich Islands.

The same dispatch says: Sir Charles Tupper gives as a pretext for his departure that he may consult with the Canadian government relative to the proposal to continue the colonial exhibition.

Marine.

British bark Abeloma, on the way from Bangkok with a cargo of paddy for the Victoria rice mills, will load salmon for England under charter to Turner, Beeton & Co.

The bark G. ... sailed from Hong Kong June 29th for Victoria.

Bark W. B. Flint having discharged her cargo of ... has been chartered to load lumber at Moodyville.

A German bark, whose name could not be ascertained, arrived in the roads yesterday from Petropaulovski.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 3.—Arrived steamer Queen of the Pacific, Victoria.

POLICE NOTES.—The following were summoned for violating the sidewalk bylaw: Henry Jewell, George Simpson, Bernard Aaronson, Jacob Sehl, Nathan Pointer and James White. They pleaded ignorance of the law, and upon promising not to expose goods on the sidewalk again the charges were withdrawn upon payment of the cost of summons. Robert Mason was charged with neglecting to provide a beacon-light at night where the sidewalk has been removed for the purpose of removing the debris from the cellars of the burned buildings on Government street. Upon his paying the cost of summons, $2, the case was withdrawn.

OPERATIC.—Messrs. Lombard & Co. received a letter by the Mexico from Mr. E. Pferdner, stating that he would leave San Francisco by the steamer of the 13th inst. to resume his labors here. Mr. Pferdner brings with him the music of an opera, "The Bridal Trap," by Audran, which he intends to produce this fall with the aid of the amateurs of this city.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE.—The corner stone of the new Methodist Sabbath school will be laid by Lady Macdonald at 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon next, after which refreshments will be served in the church till 7 o'clock in the evening. Tickets for refreshments, 50 cents each.

FIRE ALARM.—The alarm of fire yesterday morning was caused by a burning ash barrel in the rear of the Vancouver House. The call was responded to promptly but a few buckets of water extinguished the blaze.

RAILWAY MAGNATES.

Sir George and Lady Stephen and Party Arrive in the City.

The steamer Yosemite, which arrived here about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, brought a very distinguished party which had travelled over the whole length of the Canadian Pacific railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The party comprised: Sir George Stephen, president of the Canadian Pacific railway, and Lady Stephen; Vice-President W. C. Van Horne; General Traffic Manager George Olds; Lord Durham; Hon. Claude Lambton, Messrs. Pearsall and Sterling, of New York; Mr. Russell Stephenson, of Montreal; Hon. Walter Gifford and Mr. B. S. McInnes, the president's private secretary, and Mr. H. Abbott, general superintendent of the Pacific Division of the C. P. R.

Capt. John Irving who, with Mr. Abbott, met the party at Donald, accompanied them to this city. This is Sir George and Lady Stephen's first visit to Victoria, and they express themselves as delighted with what they have seen of the Queen city. They regard the approach as magnificent, and the surroundings as picturesque in the extreme. They speak glowingly of their overland trip and their eyes were feasted with the countless delights of prairie and mountain scenery through which they passed. Like all who have come over the line they are enthusiastic in their praise, and predict a great westward rush of tourist travel during the summer.

It is said the New York gentlemen of the party purchased several lots at Vancouver. Mr. Van Horne stated that the road from Port Moody to Vancouver would be finished very rapidly, and said that now the grading was almost completed the company will proceed to lay the ties and rails at once, and added that the injunctions would not obstruct the finishing of the line. The road was found to be in fine condition, and the bush fires have recently done but little damage. He met lots of freight going east, including British Columbia cattle and carloads of tea from China.

Lord Durham and Hon. Claude Lambton are enjoying pleasure trip, and according to their story, a very delightful one.

Mr. Olds will, we are led to understand, put in operation during his stay a schedule of freight rates covering the whole line. Mr. Olds expresses a desire to learn the views of all interested to the end that the most entire satisfaction may be had.

The party will remain several days in the city, but their further stay is consequent on circumstances.

Theatrical Notes.

The erratic Linda Brambilla Sordelli is at the head of a concert company that is touring the Kansas circuit.

McKee Rankin's property on the Detroit River, near Detroit, which was mortgaged some time ago for something like $75,000 is for sale.

A New York theatrical paper, which is noted as a sort of puffing machine for queer actresses, ventilates the sad intelligence that Constance Murielle has been very ill of late, but is convalescent and hasn't signed yet for next season.

Lizzie Richardson has gone to Portland to play comedy and ingenue roles with Mainhall and Page's New Market Theatre company.

Charles Ray is a victim of bootblacks. He spends most of his salary (!) having his pedals illuminated.

Charles Pope will have a very strong company on the road next season, which will be headed by a very sterling actor in Harry Meredith.

Annie Pixley will produce next season A. C. Grunter's new comedy, The Deacon's Daughter. The rumor that she was about to retire was unfounded.

The scenes of the new musical comedy, Soldiers and Sweethearts, are laid near the barracks of a crack English regiment and are said to be very picturesque.

Sam Morris, a talented young California comedian, who has made an enviable record with M. B. Curtis, will spend his vacation in San Francisco with his relatives.

A. M. Palmer's family, accompanied by "Jennie June," of the New York Graphic, were expected in San Francisco last Thursday.

Gustave Frohman was married on the 8th inst., to Miss Marie G. Hubert, at New Bedford, Mass. The lady will play May Blossom in Hen Magilday's company next season.

Somebody says that McKee Rankin is undecided whether he will take Bishop and Mordaunt east with him for the Macbeth affair or leave them behind to save freight.

John W. Summers, one of the peculiar reminiscences of John A. Stevens, is said to be making a profound study of the habits and customs of the Chinese in their most repulsive forms.

An exchange says: A. M. Palmer's company, now at Vicker's, is unquestionably the finest company that has ever visited Chicago, and we can earnestly as well as conscientiously recommend lovers of the histrionic art to see them; for to see them is to enjoy their acting and to admire their ability.

Laura Bigger's popularity is in keeping with her own charming personality—it is increasing.

Viola Allen, late leading lady with Salvini, will star next season in a play called Fiorett. Her father, Leslie Allen, will support her, as a good father should.

Harry Dixey's London season is reported to be a most unfortunate one, and that a number of the Adonis company were without the means to procure actual necessities.

King Hedley, the elongated Australian who was a member of the old Baldwin company, San Francisco, under Maguire's administration, will have a proprietary interest in two companies, playing the Silver King and Youth next season.

Lydia Thompson has been released by Miles and Barton from all her American engagements and will not be seen in this country next season. Miles and Barton will confine themselves to directing the Bijou Opera House in New York and the tour of Joseph Haworth, the young tragedian.

A PLEA FOR THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

An Appreciative Son-in-law ...

From time immemorial the mother-in-law has been slandered, and is still considered fair game for inhuman man. This sort of thing has gone quite far enough, and progress demands change. The relationship of the sexes has been written up time and again, but no one has considered it worth while to tell us something about the true relationship of a man to his mother-in-law.

Man's nature is but cowardly and his ... is weak, for ... not ... that the wife is the better half. If this be true, then the mother-in-law must be the better two-thirds.

What a wonderful courage is hers! Privations, insults, hints, which fall harmless like paper darts from a coat of mail, cannot shake the iron will of the mother-in-law.

Her endurance is simply marvellous and her tongue is wonderfully and fearfully elastic. But what does this prove? It proves simply that she knows when she's got the best of you and with her knowledge is power.

Can the son-in-law cope with her eloquence? Can he meet unflinchingly her gaze? What does he do? Coward as he is, he shirks her presence, goes out at night and tells his wife not to sit up for him. What is this mysterious power, then, which she possesses? It is the knowledge that man is naturally weak, and she keeps him so.

Men who have braved death at the cannon's mouth have been known to tremble with fear when told that their mother-in-law was coming to spend a week or so. And when "ma" has come, these same miserable men have actually professed to be glad to see her—hypocrites as they are.

Hence man's weakness is want of courage. He does not know how to resist. But if he did, he would still be comparatively helpless, for his mother-in-law has a strong ally in her daughter.

Some men have been rash enough to combat, single-handed, wife and mother-in-law too. But they have invariably come out worsted in the struggle. The female weapons are all-powerful, for they are sobs, hysterics and an "unconditional surrender" on the part of man.

All mothers hope to become mothers-in-law, and thus is the race perpetuated.

Lincoln and the "Bloody Shirt."

"C. M. B." writes to the New York Tribune as follows:

Few persons seem to be acquainted with the origin and significance of the expression "wave the bloody shirt." The writer had the story in 1871 from Richard Williams, a noted lawyer of Pekin, Illinois, formerly president of Henry College, in Kentucky. The incident occurred just before the war, but the date and the name of the criminal have both escaped me. A murder had been committed in Pekin, and Abraham Lincoln was employed to assist the District Attorney of Tazewell County in the prosecution.

In his address to the jury Lincoln displayed the nether garment of the murdered man profusely stained with blood. The garment, swayed back and forth with his long arms while pleading in impassioned tones, made a most imposing and dramatic scene. The murderer was convicted. After the trial some of his brethren at the bar rallied him on his taste in "swinging that bloody shirt about."

The earnest but characteristic response, "The man was guilty of an atrocious murder; wasn't it better to wave the bloody shirt than to waive justice?" ... by ...

SOCIAL POSITIONS OF WOMEN.

How Strict Notions of Etiquette ...

A lady with heightened color and angry eyes swept into the private office of the proprietor of a big retail store on Fourteenth street the other day, with the complaint that one of the saleswomen had treated her rudely.

The merchant smiled wearily and, promising to inquire into the matter, bowed the lady out.

"Now, there's a case in point," said the merchant to an inquiring visitor.

"It may throw some light upon the subject of your errand—the insolence of clerks. Here John"—to a porter—"ask Miss Black to come up."

Presently a well-appearing but tired looking saleswoman came into the private office. The merchant's face was like a stone.

"Well, Miss Black"—and his voice was like the cold, gray day out of doors—"what is this complaint I hear about you?"

"Mrs. Brown? A lady in sealskin; auburn hair," asked the girl in a slow, even voice.

The merchant nodded.

"She was insolent to me," continued the girl. "Insulting, I should say. She has an idea that shop girls are slaves. She and I are old friends. We worked at the same counter for two years before she married Brown, the builder."

"That will do, Miss Black. I am satisfied. Thus, you see," he continued, when the girl had gone, "the fault is on both sides. The saleswoman can not bring herself to believe that she is a machine incapable of feeling affront; nor can the customer leave her thoughts of social distinction in her carriage outside.

"America is a free country and labor is honorable," says the clerk. "I expect obedience and subservience," says the customer. Both are right and both are wrong. We never shall come to that point wherein customers are kind and reasonable and clerks invariably polite and attentive. Human nature must change before it can be done.

"I have tried all sorts of ways for improving my counter service, with very little effect. Discipline won't do; fines were a failure, and dismissals defeated the very object in view."

"Did you ever try increasing salaries?"

"Once. Of course I got a better grade of clerks and better service, but it cut into my profits so materially that I had to give it up. I had to increase the price of my goods to keep even, and my customers left me and went to cheaper places.

"Competition in prices keeps prices low. I do the best I can. I'm not here to harmonize the discordant elements of mankind, but to make money."—[New York Mail and Express.

Rufus Choate as a Lawyer.

The enthusiasm, so easily enkindled, was so enduring as it was instantaneous. It almost literally knew no limit. It saw every difficulty, faced every judicial danger, snatched every instrument of impression, watched the face of every juror, took instant suggestion from the eye or even the attitude of the judge, felt the subtle force of the general feeling pervading the court-room, kept all the facts and all the principles incessantly in mind, transfigured them all in radiance of genius, and shot his vivid interpretation of all upon the jury in the most plausible, deferential, captivating, commanding utterance, which even lips so skilled and practical could attain.

Weakness, languor, sickness itself vanished before this invincible spirit. Haggard, wan after no night of sleepless suffering, his throat sore, his head throbbing, swathed in flannels, buried under overcoats, with wrappings around his neck, a bandage on his knee, a blister on his cheek, when he rose for his argument all facts reported by witnesses in the case, all legal principles bearing upon it, all passages of history, letters, life, that might illustrate the argument or confound his antagonists seemed visibly present to his mind.

He thought of nothing but his verdict. His eloquence was then as completely independent of technical rule as the streams of passion or the shouts of a mob. He was after a favorable decision of the case, as if his own life depended upon it; short, sharp, shattering words rattled like volleys before and after resounding sentences.

Language heaped on his lips. Images tallied, homely, startling, blazed upon his pictured words. The common court became a scene of the most astonishing intellectual action. Judge Shaw looked at him as he might have looked at the Erin set heavens, glittering with meteors.

The farmers, mechanics, traders on the jury were seized, swept forward, stormed upon with an utterance so unbounded in variety and energy, sometimes so prodigious, always so controlling and imperial, as only his hearers ever had heard. The velocity of his speech was almost unparalleled, yet the poise of his mind was as undisturbed as that of the planet.—[Dr. Storrs' Memorial of ...

KATE HAS MADE A PIE.

"I cannot ask you up, Ben Blend,
To dine with Kate and me;"
Thus spoke a drummer to his friend,
And sighed right heavily.
"I know I promised to, but then"—
A tear stole from his eye—
"The cold, frost-bitten fact is, Ben,
My Kate has made a pie.

"The pie is not so deadly when
An expert wields the plate;
But that's a different pie, dear Ben,
From pies composed by Kate.
She's not an artiste with the flour,
The spices, the lard, so I
Cannot invite you to our bower,
For Kate has made a pie.

"You are an honest bachelor, Ben,
Let me some truths unload;
Some little facts to ponder when
You're out upon the road.
Our honeymoon was filled with joy,
No cloudlets swept the sky;
Things might have thus continued, boy,
But Kate, she made a pie!

"A parody upon the pies
My mother used to make!
A thing to breed a wild surprise
Mixed up with stomach ache!
A piece to conjure spirits up
From Sheol's sulphurous state,
On which might Macbeth's witches sup—
That pie first made by Kate.

"What strange fatality attends
The young wife's pie-us art?
Pre-matrimonial pastry blends
Not with the wifely heart.
Before the orange blossom fades
Wide opens many an eye;
E'en unsophisticated maids
Should make a better pie.

"And so I cannot ask you, Ben,
With us to come to dine;
Some other day—some Sunday, when
My wife has ceased to shine
As Empress of the Kitchen Range—
Grown more discreet—and fly—
So Ben, old boy, don't think it strange,
But—Kate has made a pie!"
—[Merchant Traveler.

MACKAY AND THE COACHMAN.

The Actor Makes A Clever Practical Joke at a Coachman's Expense.

A handsome closed brougham, with an enameled monogram upon the shining olive panels and the silver lamps and polished mountings glistening in the sunlight, stood before one of the great stores in Union Square.

The coats of the tall bay horses were glossy and smooth, the silver-mounted harness trappings shone brightly, and everything about the equipage was as it should be, except the coachman.

Not that the coachman was less elegant in appearance than the carriages or the horses. The proportions of his chest were majestic, his great coat fitted without a wrinkle, his tall silk hat shone with the undimmed luster of the maker's gloss, a handsome fur cape adorned his broad shoulders and his gloves were new and perfect.

But instead of holding his head erect with that dignity and hauteur that belong alone to coachmen and kings, he nodded sleepily upon his box and every other minute his chin sank into the fur of his cape. There were no other carriages near, and the sleepy coachman's head bobbed up and down.

Destiny had arranged that at this juncture of affairs John A. Mackay should be passing through Union Square with a friend on his way to dress for the afternoon performance of "Evangeline" at the Fourteenth Street theatre.

The comedian entertains a lofty contempt for men who cannot stay up three nights in succession and remain awake the next day, and therefore, when he caught sight of the nodding coachman, his soul was disturbed. He stopped and remarked to his friend:

"I'll bet $4 that that duffer will nod his hat off in less than eight minutes."

The other refused the risk as unduly hazardous, and the two watched the coachman for a few moments, and were about to walk on again when Mr. Mackay was suddenly seized with an inspiration.

He bade his friend go on and wait for him before the next show window. Then he stepped up to the side of the carriage, opened the door softly and then slammed it shut again.

The effect upon the coachman was electrical. Up went his chin into the air, and in his features could be detected the relief he felt that his mistress had got into the carriage without detecting his criminal sleepiness.

Then he turned his head slightly to receive his directions, and observed Mr. Mackay apparently in conversation with the occupant of the carriage.

The comedian addressed a few polite remarks to the empty carriage, said "Good afternoon," raised his hat, and then turned to the coachman. "Home," he said, and the brougham turned majestically about and rolled swiftly up to town.

A moment later a seal-skin clad lady emerged from the store, followed by a porter carrying half a dozen bundles. She walked to the curbstone and looked with amazement up and down the street, and then turned angrily back to the store.

"Far be it from me to intrude upon the sanctity of her grief," observed Mr. Mackay softly, and with his friend he walked down Fourteenth street.—[New York Sun.

ONLY A SONG.

It was only a simple ballad,
Sung to a careless throng;
There were none that knew the singer,
And few that heeded the song;
Yet the singer's voice was tender
And sweet, as with love untold;
Surely those hearts were hardened,
That it left so proud and cold.

She sang of the wondrous glory
That touches the woods in spring,
Of the strange soul-stirring voices
When the hills break forth and sing;
Of the happy birds low warbling
The requiem of the day,
And the quiet hush of the valleys
In the dusk of the gloaming gray.

And one in a distant corner—
A woman worn with strife—
Heard in that song a message
From the spring-time of her life;
Fair forms rose up before her,
From the mist of vanished years;
She sat in a happy blindness,
Her eyes were veiled in tears.

Then, when the song was ended,
And hushed the last sweet tone,
The listener rose up softly
And went on her way alone.
Once more to her life of labor
She passed, but her heart was strong;
And she prayed, "God bless the singer!
And, oh, thank God for the song!"

Diamond Cut Diamond.

Some people in Montreal must be possessed of what is generally known as "cheek." A young ... coachman in that city recently slipped away from the mansion to watch he had conveyed a bridal couple, in order to try to pick up a fare during the ceremony and reception.

But the happy couple were no less forehanded. The groom insisted that the fare thus earned should be deducted from the total bill, and he carried his point.

A Social Affliction.

Mrs. Fogg—We had a little entertainment at the vestry this evening. It was very good—that is, the most of it; but there was a gentleman who read several pieces, and for the life of me I couldn't say what they were. I could hardly understand a word he said. It was perfectly dreadful to listen to him.

Fogg—I can sympathize with you, Mrs. Fogg. I don't know who he is, but from what you say of him it is plain enough that he is a professional elocutionist.—[Boston Transcript.

Emerson's Study.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's study in the pleasant old Concord residence is kept just as the sage and poet left it.

Over the low mantel hangs a fine copy of Michael Angelo's "Fates." There is a curious old Egyptian idol, choice engravings on the walls, and busts of celebrated men here and there about the room.

On either side of the fireplace two doors open into the sunny south parlor.

In the centre of the room is a large table. It is piled with books.

On one side lies the little blotting pad with sheets of paper, and by it a pen and an ink bottle.

This is all the paraphernalia of Emerson's writing materials.

GLIMPSES OF AFRICAN LIFE.

Scenes Witnessed by a Traveller in the Fall of 1883.

Mr. W. Montagu Kerr read a paper before the Royal Geographical Society recently, giving his experiences in "A Journey Overland from Cape Town across the Zambesi to Lake Nyassa."

Among many other interesting things, he told of the arrival of his party at the town of Chibinga, on the banks of the Mainqua river.

Two human skulls adorned either post of the entrance gate. Their reception was cold. Necessity compelled a prolonged stay at that town, during which time Mr. Kerr wandered for many miles round, finding alluvial gold in the sandy beds of the Mainqua and other tributaries of the Mukumbura river.

The men composing his party informed him at this juncture that they were tired and must now get back to their wives; that they had wandered far from their homes and wished to retrace their steps. The natives of the town were of the Mtanda tribe, and seemed to have large numbers of slaves purchased from Senga, a town on the northern banks of the Zambesi.

A great feast was going on at the town. His men all seemed beside themselves with joy at the thoughts of returning home. Native beer, made from millet, flowed like water. Kudu meat was in abundance.

The open centre of the town swarmed with human beings as black as ebony, a turmoil of voices rent the air, the dusky maidens danced and sang, keeping time as they stamped the ground with either foot, and following each other in long waving lines in their snake-like dance. The drums never ceased to beat for three days and three nights.

In the day the feast continued, when the sun was at its greatest height, throwing down rays of fire upon the festive crowd, the fat, melting in the glistening locks of their woolly heads and running all over their bodies, seeming to give zest to their movements.

Some time afterwards the men whom he had recruited deserted him, and left him entirely alone; but he was able after days had passed away to enlist six men in his service, to whom, however, he was unable to speak. At length they reached the suburbs of the town of the Angoni despot.

Under most disadvantageous circumstances he was brought before this man, whose name was Tchikuse, and who came down with numerous followers to the center of the town, where he (Mr. Kerr) was seated on a rock, to examine him. Tchikuse seemed to scoff at the dejected appearance presented by the traveller.

He was a young man of enormous dimensions, of a light reddish-brown complexion, and rather a vacant countenance, and completely wrapped up in his own importance. Vanity beamed from every line of his fat and sensual countenance.

Mr. Kerr was led into a small hut where a dusky daughter of Africa, whom he afterwards discovered to be the king's sister, used to come in the night and sit beside him, and in whispering tones would talk by the hour, constantly repeating her brother's name, Tchikuse, with awe, and shaking her head and drawing deep sighs. Not a word of her talk could he understand. She never forgot to bring some beer (pombe) with her, the bulk of which she imbibed herself.

Females setting type.

FAT AND THIN.

Contrasting and Curious Ideas on the Development of Adipose Tissue.

To the student of ethnology few things are more interesting than the different views held by the Eastern and Western worlds on the subject of corpulence.

In China, corpulence is considered to be one of the most important qualifications for the holding of any public office. It is regarded as a physical virtue which imparts dignity to the appearance, weight to the judgment, and solidity to the mind.

In China the thin man is always moody and disappointed, he sees himself easily outstripped in the race of life by his stouter contemporaries, and enraged at the unjust distribution of nature's gifts, he retires usually into obscurity, and shuns the gaze of his fellow-citizens.

Banting, except as a punishment for great criminals, is unknown in China. The most popular gods in the Chinese Pantheon are those remarkable for their obesity.

With us in Europe how different it is! Daniel Lambert, whom the Chinese would have sent to a province as a mandarin, we sent to a museum as a monstrosity.

Byron's tendency to grow fat was one of the secrets of his melancholy, and the declining years of the first gentleman in Europe were rendered miserable by that stoutness which even stays could not conceal.

It is true that Shakspere intended Hamlet to be fat, feeling probably that it would be characteristic of such a lethargic nature, but modern audiences are not ready to accept fat Hamlets; they prefer thin Hamlets, and even lean Hamlets, and seem to be of opinion that there is an artistic discord between romance and rotundity.

And indeed it cannot be doubted that this opinion is very widespread.

The only instance to the contrary that we know of is in the case of a lady who, on being shown the Apollo Belvidere, remarked that she preferred "stouter statues," but this lady was from Chicago.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

Making artificial flowers.

THE DUDE'S DISGRACE.

He Insists on Paying a Big Enough Fine.

The first prisoner was a well-dressed young man who gave his name as George Tabor. He seemed considerably put out at sight of so many spectators, and leaning over the railing he whispered to his Honor:

"Cawn't you try me in private, you know?"

"Cawn't do it," replied the court.

"But I don't like to stand up before such a crowd."

"Poor child, how sensitive you are! Why didn't you think of these things before you got drunk, and lay down on the street last night?"

"Fellow cawn't help his failings, you know. Was out to a champagne supper. Probably took too much. Probably ought to have gone home in a carriage, you know."

"You were very drunk, sir, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I regard it as a great disgrace."

"Oh, as to that, you know, all the bloods get dizzy now and then. Cawn't see where the disgrace comes in—weally, I cawn't. I expect to pay a fine, you know."

"Oh, you do? Well, you'll pay one. I shall fine you $5."

"Too cheap, your Honaw. Weally, but that's a scrub fine."

"Then I make it $10."

"That's better, you know, but it's only what a tough would have to pay."

"Then I'll say $15."

"Weally, your Honaw, but I couldn't go below $20, you know. Every blood should be willing to pay $20. Here's a $20 bill, your Honaw, and I will now bid you—ah—a good-day—ah."

And he bowed and scraped and took his hat and cane and departed.—[Detroit Free Press.

The Reason Why.

Some of the railways down this way are still a little shaky. The old Jerkwater line is especially loose in the joints. A commercial traveller who came in yesterday relates a little experience while bounding over the road.

"We were whooping along," he said, "at the rate of about seven miles an hour, and the old train was weaving terribly. Passengers were rolling from one end of the car to the other. I held on like grim death to the arms of my seat. Presently we settled down to the quiet running—at least I could keep my hat on and my teeth didn't chatter. The conductor was in hailing distance. I looked up with a ghastly smile, wishing to look cheerful, and said:

"'We are going a little smoother, I see.'

"'Yes,' said the conductor, 'we're off the track now.'"—[Lexington (Ga.) Castanet.

Where She Kept Her Money.

A few days ago a lady stepped into the depot at Stillwater and purchased a ticket for St. Paul. She then approached the station agent and told him that she had a large sum of money on her person and was afraid to go alone, as there were several men in the waiting room that she thought were watching her.

She stated that she had been traveling through Europe and had stopped off in New York several days on her return, where she had obtained $20,000 worth of Government bonds and $5,000 in money, making in all $25,000, which she carried on her person.

The agent doubted her story and asked her where the money was.

"In my stocking," she replied, and drawing therefrom a bunch of paper, which she showed and which proved to be genuine Government bonds.

By the direction of the agent one of the employes at the depot accompanied the lady to St. Paul, where he was presented with a handsome ... as a reward for his services.—[St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Suggestions for a Profitable Business in Babies.

A New Haven, Conn., woman recently sold her baby for $60, and the thrifty mothers of that State, famous for its wooden nutmegs, have issued a circular for distribution among the trade, from which we take the following extracts:

"Babies sent to any address in the United States, post paid, on receipt of check, P. O. order or cash. Postage stamps not taken.

"No discount on schedule rates, but an extra girl baby will be thrown in with every assorted lot of ten.

"All goods warranted to be as represented.

"Goods will be sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination.

"In ordering please give name in full, post office, county and State.

"No chromos for clubs.

"Satisfaction guaranteed if customers will visit the babyry and inspect our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

"Come early and avoid the rush.

"No job-lots.

"Ministers supplied at a slight reduction.

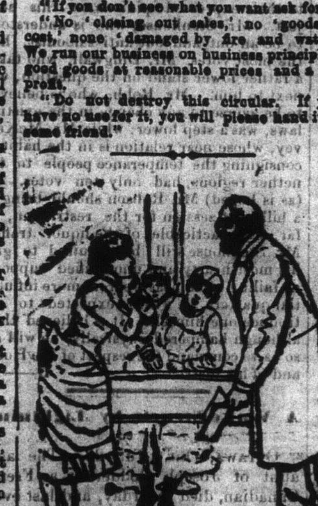
"We have come to stay.

"We are bound to please.

"If you don't see what you want ask for it.

"No 'closing out sales,' no 'goods at cost,' none 'damaged by fire and water.' We run our business on business principles, good goods at reasonable prices and a fair profit.

"Do not destroy this circular. If you have no use for it, you will please hand it to some friend."



Like and Love.

The feminine mind early attains to the consideration of the ethics of the affections. In one of our city schools the other day the class in English grammar was discussing the difference between the words "like," and "love." "Now," said the teacher, "we can like a tomato, but is it proper to say we can love a tomato?" "No, it is not," said a fresh young miss. "One cannot love a tomato." "Why not?" inquired the teacher. "Because you know you cannot—you can't—well, you can't hug a tomato."—[Hartford Post.

Ready for Him.

A boy on High street, west, placed a big apple on the front steps and walked across the street to see who would take it. A gentleman who had observed the action said:

"You shouldn't do that, my son. Some poor boy may be tempted to steal."

"That's what I'm fishing for, sir. I've hollowed out the inside, and filled it with mustard."—[Detroit Free Press.

Advertisement for a Wife.

I want a good wife. I am a farmer or anything else she wants. Any sort of complexion will do. No difference how high or low she is, so she will be true to my five little ones. I have just returned from Arkansas, where my wife died on the first day of August, last. I prefer a light complected woman, and she must have straight hair. I have got my own corn and 75 to 100 bushels of sweet potatoes. I have been waiting to get a good woman, and I will respect one when I find her. This offer will be open for ten days. Address S. W. ..., Rome, Ga.—[Rome (Ga.) Bulletin.

Wonderful Ingenuity of Monkeys.

An officer stationed at Kalladgee, India, was once climbing a rocky hill when he, and a native who accompanied him, witnessed the following episode. A poor monkey was being slowly entrapped in the voluminous folds of an enormous boa, its bones breaking like pipe stems by the pressure. Gradually the reptile unwound itself, leaving a crushed, unrecognizable mass.

The numerous monkeys on the rock were in the greatest state of excitement, running wildly about, gesticulating, chattering and moaning, though, of course, powerless to help their comrade. While the snake was commencing its gorge, and before its body began to fill and swell, the officer and native went in quest of a stout cudgel and a sharp knife, expecting to make it an easy prey as soon as it should be filled to repletion.

When they returned to the scene of strife, the boa lay thoroughly gorged, beneath a projecting mass of cliff, looking more like a log than anything more lively. On the summit above, a troop of monkeys was assembled, and three or four of the largest and strongest were occupied in displacing a massive fragment of rock, already loosened by the rains from the main ledge.

By enormous exertion—made, too, with a silence quite unusual to monkeys—they at length succeeded in pushing the rock until it trembled just over the boa's head; then, uttering a yell of triumph, they dropped it over the miniature precipice. It struck the boa on the head, mashing it to a jelly. As its great tail lashed about ineffectually in its last struggle, there was a general chorus of exultation—man joining his near relative, if we believe some of our instructors—over this well accomplished act of vengeance."

Big Feat in Railroading.

"You can talk all you please about big feats in railroading," said a Western conductor, "but I guess we can beat 'em all. Our trackmen have been engaged for some time in straightening out the track and shortening curves. Our superintendent is a hustler, I want you to know, and the other day he determined to reduce the distance between Smithville and Union five miles."

"In one day?"

"Yes, sir, in one day. It isn't every road that can afford improvements of that magnitude. But our line is making money now, and the superintendent said we had used that long track long enough."

"But how did he manage to do the job so quick? Must have taken several thousand men?"

"Oh, no, one man did the whole thing. It took him about ten minutes. You see, when our road was first built traffic was light and profit doubtful. So the distance between stations was put down on the time card at from one to five miles greater than it was. Of course, all passengers were charged three cents a mile according to the distance. Our directors declared many a dividend on the strength of those extra miles."—[Omaha Bee.

THE OLD BROWN DRESS.

My old brown dress, my old brown dress,
You're past the days of usefulness;
And I remember with a sigh
How fast the days and years go by.
You've been a friend so tried and true,
It is so long since you were new,
That scarce a tear I can suppress
To say good-by, my old brown dress.

Poor old brown dress, poor old brown dress,
You've many wrongs, but no redress;
You've learned (like many more, no doubt)
To always wear your "best side out."
But now, alas! 'tis all in vain;
You'll basque in sunshine ne'er again;
You're trimmed with fringe—that's not enough,
I'll give you still this parting puff.

A varied life you've had, old dress,
For many times you've gone to press,
Been mended, turned and ripped apart,
Have known the skilled dressmaker's art.
And once you dyed, but looked so new
That no one near me knew 't was you,
While doubtless you "laughed in your sleeve"
To see how color could deceive.

Dear old brown dress, dear old brown dress,
I smooth your folds with tenderness,
So much has happened since the time
I wore you in your lustrous prime.
The treasured friends who knew me then
Have passed beyond "our mortal ken."
I call them, but they do not come;
Their hearts are cold, their lips are dumb.

And now good-by, old threadbare dress,
How long I've worn you none can guess.
You'll now be laid upon the shelf,
Just as I soon must be myself.
I'm but a speck upon the tide—
The human stream is deep and wide—
And yet I know whate'er befall
A watchful Father sees it all.
—[New York Star.

HUNTING THE 'POSSUM.

How the Little Animals are Captured—Not Very Good Eating.

I was talking with a Southern man about the opossum. The Southern man, a Georgian, by the way, said: "The 'possum is not what he's cracked up to be. I used to hunt him years ago when I was young, but I hunted him for the sport and not for himself.

"There is something very picturesque and piquant about a 'possum or a coon hunt. A 'possum hunt differs from all other hunting in that a good 'possum hunter does not use his gun at all.

"A 'possum or coon dog, a thin, mangy, cur-like dog, and a big torch, are all that he needs. The hunting is always at night. The dog finds the 'possum and trees him—usually in a persimmon tree. Then the hunter climbs up torch in hand and grabs the 'possum.

"The light of the torch dazzles the eyes of the 'possum, and his instinctive simulation of death makes it easy to catch him. The hunter must take care that the 'possum does not fall to the ground. If it does there will be a fight—not between the dog and the 'possum, but between the dog and his master for possession of the 'possum.

"My interest in the coon, however, ends when he is caught. I would as lieve as not that the dog ate him then. He looks too much like a rat for my stomach, and tastes too coarse and greasy—squirrel is much better."

"The 'possums seem as numerous as ever," said a Virginian, "and they seem to be hunted just as zealously. I don't think they are particularly good eating. The darkies like 'possum, just as they like coarse, rich food of any sort. But if 'possum were not a traditional delicacy very few white men would eat it.

"Of course you have heard the classic 'possum story which is always told when 'possum is mentioned? No?

"Well, an old darkey once caught a 'possum one cold Thanksgiving Day, and taking it home to his cabin, built up the fire and put it in the pot. Then he laid down, tired out, with his feet to the fire, darkey fashion, and went to sleep.

"As he lay there snoring while the 'possum simmered in the pot, his son, a limber, bright-eyed youth, glided into the cabin. He took in the situation in a moment. The 'possum was ready to be eaten, and its strong aroma filled the room.

"Stepping softly to the fire the graceless youth took the 'possum out of the pot and rapidly devoured its gamey flesh, chuckling softly to himself as he did so. When he had eaten all there was to eat he gathered the bones in a little pile beside the fireplace, and then smearing a little of the 'possum grease on the mouth and nose of the sleeping man he stole softly out.

"By and by old Pompey awoke. The air was redolent of boiled 'possum—the old man's mouth watered. Rising slowly to his feet he took the lid off the pot and looked in. 'Jerusha, mighty!' he exclaimed, 'it's done gone.'

"Then, glancing down at the fireplace, he saw the whitened bones, and passing his hand over his mouth he felt and smelled the 'possum grease. A broad smile spread over his puzzled face: 'Good Lawd!' he exclaimed, 'I done for got I ate him.'"

THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD.

Oh, days of old! oh, Knights of old!
Oh, times of blood and thunder,
When courage could be coined like gold
And gold seemed coined for plunder!