Huron Signal.

VOL. 32. NO. 27. GODERICH, ONT., WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1879. WHOLE NO. 1691.

AFRAID OF HIS FATHER.

A Boy Sees His Brother Drown and Dares not tell his Parents.

As the steamer Steinhoff passed down the Thames this morning with her excursion party on board, and when near the high bank at Cosgrove's, her swell washed up the body of a lad and the blowing of her whistle soon drew the attention of some of the residents of that neighborhood. A little enquiry showed the body to be that of the son of a man named Wm. Chapman, employed in the Great Western station yard here. The boy had only been missing since last evening, and the particulars of his death, so far as we can learn up to the time of going to press, are as follows: Yesterday afternoon the boy, whose name is Robert, left home with his younger brother, Richard, and in company with Jas. Howard and Albert McMullen, went catching swallows in holes made in the high clay banks of the river in the neighborhood mentioned. While doing so Robert lost his footing along the steep bank and rolled into the river. Howard says he waded into the water as far as he dared to help his drowning companion but could not reach him, and when he had ceased to struggle and sunk out of sight, Richard prevailed on his companions not to tell what had become of his brother, because his father would whip him. This is the story told by young Howard. The boys range from ten to thirteen years of age.—*Chatham Planet.*

Advice to a Graduate.

And then remember, son, that the world is older than you are, by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and not one man in ten million went to the funeral or even heard of the death. Be as smart as you can, of course. Know as much as you can, without blowing the packing out of your cylinder heads; shed the light of your wisdom abroad in the world, but don't dazzle people with it. And don't imagine a thing is so simple because you say it is. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do; remember the reply of Dr. Wayland to the student of Brown University, who said it was an easy enough thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote. "Make a few," tersely replied the old man. And we never heard that the young man made any. Not more than two or three any-how. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him; they cost more money, they are more stylish, your moustache is neater, the cut of your hair is better, you are prettier, oh, far prettier, than "pa." But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely, scrambling signature on the business end of a cheque will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes than you could get out with a ream of paper and a copper-plate signature in six months. Young men are useful, son, and they are ornamental, and we all love them, and we couldn't engineer a pic-nic successfully without them. But they are not novelties, son. Oh, no, nothing of the kind. They have been here before. Don't be so modest as to shut yourselves clear out; but don't be so fresh; you will have to be put away in the cool to keep you from spoiling. Don't be afraid that your merit will not be discovered. People all over the world are hunting for you, and if you are worth finding they will find you. A diamond isn't so easily found as a quartz pebble, but people search for it all the more intently.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Fashion Notes.

Elbow sleeves are to be worn again for street costume.

Travelling dresses are made with no trimming, or very little.

Small boys wear hats. Small girls wear bonnets or close caps.

Gauze scarfs, trimmed with velvet, are among the light wrappings announced for this summer.

The panier draperies shorten the basques made for new costumes, but sometimes the basque is made long and draped into folds.

Black cashmere and Pompadour brocade are blended in some of the costumes recently made up in Paris. The trimming is Breton lace, and bows of reversible watered ribbon.

It is a peculiar branch of bonnet industry now that each fashionable woman shall have a garland of flowers suitable to the time of year.

A variation on the Marie Stuart shapes in bonnets has two ostrich plumes which meet in front above the forehead and wave down toward the ears. A knot of Pekin gauze or a handsome ornament conceals the place where the feathers join.

Walking jackets for the street are made of what are called Indian fabrics, that is, goods of the mastic and cinnamon shades, embroidered by hand in a palm pattern. Some of the close-fitting jackets terminate in a swallow-tail.

The greatest latitude is permitted in contrasts of color and variety of material in all costumes intended for home or carriage wear. Garden, lawn tennis, croquet, and archery costumes are made as bright and picturesque as possible. All colors and tones and tints, softly blended or sharply contrasting, and made brighter and gayer still with gold braid and gold thread embroidery, are brought into play in making the butterfly-like toilets that flit here and there over the green; velvety lawns.

The Prince Imperial rode into danger, it is said, like a thorough French cavalier, with laughter in his eyes and a jest upon his tongue, and he died with the name of his country among his last recorded words. He left England, too, in the most buoyant and sanguine spirits, telling his friends that he would see them in the course of the year, when he hoped to be able to show that he was a good soldier. Abbe Goddard, of Chiselhurst, says that the Prince, no matter how busily occupied, never forgot his religious duties. "I remember," said the good Abbe, "that just as His Imperial Highness was going away to Zululand, I wrote to him reminding him of the duties which the Church imposed at that season of the year and begging him to remember these, even though he might be otherwise busily engaged. His letter to me was one I shall never forget. He expressed some surprise at my having thought that he could by any possibility be unmindful of the calls of the Church and next morning—on the day of his departure—he came round to me, confessed, took the Holy Sacrament very shortly after seven o'clock, and kissing his father's tomb, departed. I think that the chain round his neck bore a scapula and a piece of the wood of the True Cross. There was a locket attached to it, too, but for the rest I cannot speak with certainty. All I know is that he left with every expression of religious and happy confidence. He did not once think of the danger which might come to him. His whole mind was set upon going."

Seventeen persons at Lanesboro', Minn., were poisoned by some substance, supposed to be tartar emetic, in lemonade at a pic-nic, some so dangerously that their recovery is doubtful.

The recent cyclone in Kansas was quite popular—many persons were really carried away with it.

The art of defensive speaking has been said to consist largely in knowing how to omit judiciously.

Fifty men have collected and brought to Quebec as the product of three weeks' work fourteen and one-half pounds of gold discovered on the Gilbert River near St. Francois, Beauce.

SAN FRANCISCO, California.—The American arctic exploration steamer Jeannette leaves this afternoon for the arctic seas. By intellectual citizens the San Francisco departure of the expedition, is regarded as an event exceeding in importance anything in their local history.

READING, Penn.—Miss Agnes Spayd, a young lady aged twenty, of prepossessing appearance, died very suddenly yesterday at the Torbert Hotel, Lower Heidelburg Township, six miles from this city. It is supposed she took poison at two o'clock yesterday afternoon. She died in great agony. The *post mortem* revealed that she was about to become a mother. The coroner is making a thorough investigation, and it is probable that some wealthy farmer in the adjoining township will be arrested. She would reveal no particulars during her dying hours.

NEW YORK.—Mont Clair, New Jersey, is now excited over a highway robbery committed at half-past six last evening in the principal street. Mrs. Fuller, wife of the Manager of A. T. Stewart's Chicago Branch, and daughter of Mr. Beekman, real estate dealer, of this city, while returning from a visit, was seized by a well dressed young man, who wrenched her pocket-book, containing $26, from her hand. He attempted to take her gold bracelets, but she resisted and struck him with a parasol. The assailant then fled, and has not yet been captured.

THE CHURCH.

At the Church of Bonsecours, Montreal, on the Queen's Birthday, a mass was said "for the conversion of England, beginning with the Queen."

The project of erecting in New York a magnificent Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which was checked by the panic of 1873, has been revived.

The Bishop of Toronto is to be succeeded at Woodstock by Rev. James T. Hill, who has occupied for some years the position of Resident Principal of Hellmuth College.

The death is announced, in his eighty-second year, of the Rev. George Hough, who had been vicar of Crosland, Huddersfield, for fifty-one years, having been preferred to that living in 1828. Mr. Hough was ordained by the Archbishop of York in 1824.

The trustees of Zion Church, Montreal, of which the Rev. A. J. Bray, the Editor of the *Canadian Spectator*, is the pastor, intend applying to the Legislature of Quebec for power to mortgage Zion Church property to the extent of $20,000.

Dr. George Macdonal, the preacher and novelist, is said to have contrived a public exhibition of "Pilgrim's Progress," in which he personates *Christian*, and other members of his numerous family the other characters.

The first church organ in Boston was put into King's Chapel in 1713, but so great was the prejudice against it that for seven months it stood unpacked in the vestibule of the church. When it was put up and its sounds were heard it met with favor.

Every State in the Union except Louisiana has now a Sunday law of some kind. Many of them simply prohibit labor. In South Carolina the statute provides that all persons "having no reasonable or lawful excuse shall attend some religious meeting every Sunday."

Kemmler, who killed his children at Holyoke, Mass., still maintains that he had a moral right to do as he pleased with their lives. He is an educated German, and the author in that language of a devotional book, containing a prayer and a hymn for every day in the year. His sanity is doubted.

St. James' Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, is in trouble. The venerable Rev. Dr. Morton is too old to work vigorously, and the congregation has dwindled until a financial crisis is at hand. The vestrymen proposed to retire him from active duty on a salary, and hire a popular assistant rector. He refused to acquiesce, and the vestrymen have all resigned.

A case was heard in Dublin in which the Rev. S. Patterson, a Wesleyan minister, sues the Duke of Leinster, his landlord, for injury and annoyance, which he alleges he has suffered from His Grace's agent because of his unwillingness to accept a form of lease which is said to render the Irish Land Act inoperative. A verdict has not yet been given.

A table has been printed in France giving the rise of the principal unauthorized teaching bodies in France since 1820. In 1820 the Jesuits numbered 162; in 1840, 226; in 1850, 565; in 1860, 689; in 1870, 974; and in 1878, 1,502. The number of their establishments rose between 1820 and 1878 from 5 to 59. The Dominicans numbered in 1820 14, and in 1878 327. There are 141 establishments belonging to unauthorized bodies.

A prosecution for Ritualistic practices was before Lord Penzance on the 11th ult. The defendant was the Rev. S.F. Green, rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Miles Platting who was charged with a variety of offences against the laws ecclesiastical committed during the celebration of Holy Communion. The offences were those which have formed the ground of most of the Ritualistic prosecutions, but there was one novel charge, that of washing the Communion cup after the celebration of the Communion. The defendant was also charged with placing a large brass cross on a ledge over the holy table, after the Consecration of the Church; and with placing a baldacchino over the table. After hearing evidence His Lordship found all the charges proved, except the last one, which was withdrawn, and directed the defendant to be admonished, to remove the brass cross, and to pay the costs of the proceedings.

The death is announced, at North Stoneham Rectory, near Southampton, of the Rev. Canon Frederick Beadon. Canon Beadon had reached the 102nd year of his age, having been born in December, 1777. He was a graduate of Trinity College, Oxford, nearly eighty years ago, having taken his B. A. degree in 1800 and M. A. in 1804. He had, likewise, been nearly eighty years in the Church, having been admitted into deacon's orders in 1801. He was appointed prebendary of Compton Bishop in Wells Cathedral in 1806, and canon residentiary in the same cathedral in 1811, in which year he was preferred to the rectory of North Stoneham. From 1811 until 1876 he was vicar of Titley, near Hereford, and in 1823 he was nominated to the chancellorship of Wells Cathedral, which position he held to his death. Canon Beadon was the oldest clergyman in the Church of England, and the oldest graduate of either of the Universities.

The Roman correspondent of the London *Chronicle* writes that loud complaints reach Rome in reference to the Anglo Roman Church. Bishop Amherst has resigned the see of Northampton, ostensibly on plea of ill-health, but really on account of the despotic conduct of Cardinal Manning. Men born Catholics are elbowed out in favor of converts, by whom all the bishoprics are gradually being filled, and many of the men thus appointed are of inferior capacity. Any priest is removable at the will of his bishop, and years of service confer no privilege. The result is a widespread disgust. Father Law, an eminent oratorian, has left the priesthood; Father Roberts, a relative of Dr. Manning, has become sick of petty tyranny and taken a wife; another Westminster priest has gone on the stage. It is asserted that the intellectual standard of the rising generation of the clergy is being lowered. The Cardinal is intensely unpopular.

Mrs. Wheeler, of New Haven, asserts that she has been miraculously cured, after lying bedridden for sixteen years. She made up her mind that if she had sufficient faith a miracle would be wrought in her behalf. "After praying five minutes," she says, "I felt a sensation at my heart. I can remember nothing distinctly, except that I was full of the love of God, while my voice in an unnatural tone was heard to exclaim: 'Hallelujah! Jesus is healing me!' My husband found me as white as a corpse, and completely prostrated, and when I awoke to consciousness my whole family stood around me terribly frightened. All the rest of the day I was very weak, and could not see that I was any better. Saturday, and Sunday I was very weak, but slept well and felt no pain. On the next day God visited me again. I had not prayed long when I felt a similar sensation to the previous one, but I remained perfectly conscious. In an instant God raised me to my feet, speaking through me as before, and saying, 'Praise the Lord! Jesus has healed me!'" There was nothing left of her disease except a lameness in her back, and that went away in answer to further prayer.

THE MORAVIAN INDIANS.

Ravages of Small-Pox in their Midst.

HIGHGATE.—There is as yet no appearance of abatement of the small-pox among the Moravian Indians. There were two deaths on the 4th inst., and there are several cases. There was a meeting of the different municipalities on Friday to consider the matter. Dr. Oronhyatekha and Mr. Gordon were present. On Saturday a special meeting of the Oxford Council was held, when a Board of Health and special constables were appointed. The Board of Health consists of John Masson, Reeve of Oxford, chairman; John Richardson, John Reycraft, Henry Ord and Wm. Davidson. The constables are Jas. Black, chief, Andrew Marcus, Thomas Davidson, Robert Brown and Philip Gregory. Their duty is to quarantine the reserve, and admit of no intercourse between the whites and Indians. The Councils are working very harmoniously, ably assisted by Thomas Gordon, Government agent of the Indian reserve. All seem determined to see the wants of the Indians fully supplied, and the disease stamped out at the first possible moment.

The New York *Herald* says—"Hurrah for Harvard! One of her students has knocked down and punished a Coney Island policeman for clubbing a lady. A detachment of such boys could find plenty to do in New York during vacation."

A STOWAWAY.

Escape of a French Convict and Murderer.

CHATHAM, New Brunswick.—Capt. Guizot, of the French barque Eglantine, which arrived here on the 2nd ult. from the French penal colony Cayenne, French Guiana, S. A., had a man on board who was not one of the ship's crew, but made his appearance on deck when the vessel was but one day out from the port named. It was soon ascertained that the man's name was Pradel. He admitted that he had killed a man in a quarrel, and it is therefore to be presumed that the crime for which he was transported was murder. Captain Guizot, on his arrival, reported the matter to the French Consul, who at once communicated with the Consul-General at Quebec. Meantime, as the vessel was not lying at the wharf, a close watch was kept on the man, who was not allowed to go on shore, and steps were being taken to secure the necessary authority for his extradition. But on Wednesday night of last week six of the Eglantine's crew, including the watch, deserted, taking with them the convict.

REV. DeWITT TALMAGE IN LONDON.

He Preaches to Two Congregations of Twenty Thousand Each.

LONDON, Eng.—The Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage preached at the Agricultural Hall this afternoon to two congregations of twenty thousand each. Thousands upon thousands thronged the streets leading to the Hall for miles, almost blockading the passage of vehicles and pedestrians. Many people were crushed, and Mr. Talmage's carriage was almost demolished by the crush of the great crowd, every individual in which was anxious to see the distinguished American preacher. His presence here is creating a *furore* through Great Britain. The press comments deal with him daily from various points of view as a preacher or a lecturer, but all admit his power and originality.

SEVERE STORM.

G. W. R. Scale-house at Harrisburg Demolished.

HARRISBURG, Ontario.—A severe storm of wind, rain and hail passed here about half-past two this afternoon, tearing great trees up by their roots. The scale-house belonging to the Great Western Railway was completely demolished. Four cars, which had been standing on one of the sidings, were blown over the switch and on to the main line, a distance of five or six hundred yards, although two brakes were set on them.

The New Milkman.

He was a milkman, working up new customers. He removed his hat at the door, asked the lady if she was Mrs. Blank, and stated that he had often been struck with the artistic taste displayed around her home. He never drove by the house without thinking of how happy its inmates must be. He had observed that the children were always dressed with due regard to harmony of colors, the curtains had the hang of an artist's hand, and there was nothing gaudy about the color of the front steps.

"We do not care for any more pictures or statuary," replied the lady.

"Pictures?" He would as soon think of trying to sell her coffins as pictures. No. He had called to see if the family was pleased with their milkman. If so, he would say farewell at once. If not——

"We have no particular fault to find," interrupted the lady.

But he asked her to stop and consider. Her milkman was a fair sort of a man, but no credit to a house like that. He had never been known to say an outside word in favor of the parlor curtains or the kitchen range, and he drove a horse sixteen years old and a waggon unpainted since the panic. His old horse crawled up, the driver shuffled around to the back door with his can, and that was the end of it. He never went home and wished to his wife that they could have a lavender-colored verandah or blue lambrequins, and he never halted other drivers to say that Mrs. Blank was going to Saratoga for six weeks.

The lady wavered.

His waggon was new, had a landscape on the cover and his horse cost him three acres of land out in Brownstown. When he drove up children stood in awe, and if there were any people passing, he took care to say to the boy on the seat, "Give me the richest cream now, for Mrs. Blank is a born lady and rich enough to have the very best of everything." That was his way of doing business, and if his patrons numbered all the leading people in the city he couldn't be blamed. She must see——

The Northwest Indians.

WINNIPEG, Man.—Only 150 Indians are now encamped at Battleford, the remainder having removed to the plains. Great destitution has prevailed owing to the scarcity of buffalo, causing a radical change in the circumstances and conditions of the Indians, who must be fed. The visit of the Plain Indians has had a beneficial effect, as it has indicated how much better off are those who had previously gone on reserves and tilled the ground for their support than were their brethren who depended on hunting and fishing and the aid of the Government. The visitors worked, chopping wood, hunting and fishing, and so by their own efforts provided the means of support for themselves. The *Herald* says: "The newly appointed Indian Agents should be at their posts at once, as timely action will save a whole season's work on the reserves, and this is very desirable in view of the present condition of the Indians." It also editorially speaks of the trying circumstances of the times, but beyond that makes no mention whatever of the threatened outbreak, which is regarded as now improbable, on account of temporary relief having been afforded all the starving Indians.

"Sir Roger" the Claimant is at present in Her Majesty's convict prison at Portsmouth, where he is employed in stacking timber, in which occupation he is said to be quite at home. He does as much work as any three men in his party, and this not—as he himself says—from any superior strength that he possesses, but from a "knack" of shifting logs, which he acquired in the backwoods of Australia. By his fellow-prisoners the Claimant is regarded as "a very good sort," always ready and willing to lend a hand to a fellow-prisoner. About three months ago he was transferred from Dartmoor to Portsmouth, when he was put in the tailors' shop to repair prison clothing, but having had a quarrel with one of the men in the shop, he applied to the governor to be put out of it, and was accordingly transferred to the stacking party, where he has remained ever since. At first the "Claimant's" appearance on public works created considerable excitement, crowds flocking to the prisoner, eager to catch a glimpse of him as he marched to and from labor, but the novelty soon wore away, and he now marches in and out of the prison scarcely noticed. Although his health is good, his prodigious bulk has considerably decreased. He does not weigh more than fifteen stone. He is allowed extra food to the extent of about one-fourth more than the ordinary allowance. Sometime ago he petitioned the Secretary of State for some reduction of sentence, when the governor was instructed to inform "Arthur Orton, *alias* Thomas Castro, *alias* Roger Tichborne, that there were no grounds, etc." This answer the Claimant felt very keenly.

It is stated that a young woman visiting her aunt a short distance out of London a few days ago came in from the water closet crying, and, on being questioned, stated that there was an infant in the vault. The babe was rescued and cared for by a physician, and certain accusations have been made against the girl as being the unnatural mother. This she denies, and the doctor bears out her statement. No official investigation has yet been made, and the names are so far withheld.

The Empress Eugenie will spend two months at the Convent of Huelgas, near Burgos, after the funeral of the Prince Imperial takes place. Then she will join her mother in Spain.

Andrew Beattie, letter carrier, London, was sunstruck on Thursday, and still remains prostrated.

How They Went to Church.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

"If you would take us both to church
We'd sit so very still,
We wouldn't speak a single word,
Mamma, please say you will."

So coaxing cried my little girls,
But then they were so small—
One was but four, the other six—
It wouldn't do at all.

So I was forced to shake my head—
"The day is warm, you know,
You couldn't keep awake, my dears,
Some other day you'll go.

"But you can sing your pretty hymns,
And Bursie by-and-by,
Will read a story. Kiss me now,
My darlings, and don't cry."

In coolest corner of the pew
I listened to the text,
When something rustled in the aisle—
I started, half perplexed.

For many faces wore a smile,
And turning, lo! I spied
Those naughty, tiny little sprites
Advancing side by side!

And oh! each carried in her hand
Her parasol of blue
Held straight and high above her head,
And both were open too!

No wonder that my neighbors smiled!
While I, with crimson face,
Caught and shut up the parasols—
Then helped them to a place.

I tried to frown upon the pair—
Each gazed with wondering eyes,
Each hugged her precious parasol,
And looked demure and wise.

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE LOVER'S SACRIFICE.

Tessie Rivers was just twenty, and, looking back over that short space of life, she felt that she would not quite care to live the years over again.

Her childhood had been as sweet and bright as love and wealth could make it, until the good father had died, so utterly ruined financially that nothing was left for his widow and only child except a small but pretty and pleasant residence, and an exceedingly meagre income derived from a certain property not forfeitable by his many creditors.

Since the death of that loving, indulgent, but most incompetent parent, the girl had known almost every vicissitude of trouble and privation possible to the experience of the young, the sensitive and the refined.

Fortunately the elegant, finely educated and rarely accomplished Mrs. Rivers was competent to instruct her child in scholarship as well as in the subtle lore of etiquette affected by the social circles from which she had been ostracised by her pecuniary misfortunes. And the daughter being dutiful and tractable, as well as sensible, had profited by this gentle but thorough home tuition.

At twenty a Vassarite might almost have envied Tessie Rivers for her erudition; and many a pampered favorite of wealth and aristocratic pretensions might have coveted her unaffected grace and dignity of demeanor more, perhaps, than her rich, vivid and healthful loveliness.

But she was not at all satisfied with the station to which fate had assigned her. She was sick to the soul of this perpetual struggle between hidden want and ostensible modest comfort. She longed for a life, not of utter indolence and clogging luxury, but of perfect freedom from prosy cares—a life filled with sweeter possibilities and broader purposes, and that might bring a few seasons of rest.

"I should not quite care to live my twenty years over again," she averred mentally, as divesting herself of becoming black cloth cloak and prettily plumed black velvet hat, she entered the cheerful room where her mother was rather eagerly awaiting her coming.

"Are you tired, dear?" questioned Mrs. Rivers tenderly, as she poured the tea she had made ready an hour before.

"Not at all, mamma," answered Tessie, taking her seat at the cosey table. "When one's talk is interesting, one does not become fatigued easily; if I had nothing less pleasant to do than to arrange Lucille Carrington's flowers and flounces I should be happy, I think."

"Ah, Tessie," smiled the mother, "the most humble labor would never be distasteful to you so long as you might find an element of the æsthetic in it."

"And if I might always serve a lady as considerate and gracious as Miss Carrington," she added. "She never patronizes me; she treats me as she might a trusted friend. And yet I am in a rebellious mood to-night—I am, indeed, mamma. Why should she be given so much and I so little? The lace that drapes the rose-silk dress she wears—the single diamond on her white hand, the pearls that gleam on her bosom—if mine to transmute into money, would lift the mortgage from this dear old home and this heavy burden from our hearts."

Mrs. Rivers sighed as she sipped her tea silently, choosing neither to contemplate nor discuss an impending trouble, unless that it might be averted.

"I do not care to think or speak of a misfortune that cannot be prevented, my dear," she observed, "it is but folly. Heaven has proportioned our strength to our trials, and to rebel against the inevitable is unwise; besides, Tessie, I am sure that Monreith Carrington is much too kind and generous to distress us about that mortgage."

"But I should prefer not to appeal to Mr. Carrington's generosity, mamma, and if you love me you will not do so," returned the girl, quickly, as she blushed before the tender, enquiring eyes turned toward her.

"You fancy he would think you indelicate to request a favor since he has honored you with a preference that you may not reciprocate," suggested Mrs. Rivers; "but you wrong him, Tessie. He is too astute, as well as too magnanimous, to misjudge you. I wish, my love, you could give him some little hope. As his wife you might be very happy, Tessie."

"And I might be very miserable," protested Tessie; "kindly as his family treat me now, they might behave very differently toward me as the wife of the only son and brother of whom they are so proud and expect so much. They might regard me as an interloper, as an ambitious creature, caring less for my husband than for the pleasant life he could give me. And as I am rather fond of approbation, I might not find the situation agreeable. Beside, mamma—"

The young lady paused, growing slightly pale, and a vague expression of yearning and pain overshadowed her bonny brown eyes.

"Beside what?" urged her mother, gently.

"Never mind what, mamma, dear," was the grave answer, "but I have had dreams of a very different and much more passionate and enthusiastic affection than I can ever feel for Monreith—much as I honor him. But let us not discuss the subject, if you please."

The next morning Mr. Carrington called.

"Lucille sent me," he explained politely, but his voice betrayed the pleasure and gratification with which he had become his sister's messenger.

The trivial errand performed he still lingered, and Tessie, knowing why, began to tremble.

Her fond and handsome suitor pleased her, and she was keenly conscious of the honor he offered her, but the girlish heart refused to be wholly satisfied. And yet he was a noble fellow, and loved her too well to deny her anything she might desire. This pitiful struggle for the simplest comforts of life would be over forever. She could have velvets and satins and jewels—an elegant carriage all her own—horses fit to carry a princess—a home like a palace, and her life would be one long dream of splendor and that rest that seemed so desirable. And the good, unselfish mother—the dear mother who had known so much of sorrow—would be happiest. And by and by she would forget the old haunting fancies that had been so sweet, and she would learn to love Monreith as well as he deserved to be loved.

"Will you not give me my answer, Tessie?" pleaded her wooer, "I have waited so long."

"If I were only sure I would make you happy," she stammered, undecided.

"You would, dear," he persisted earnestly, "I should be happy in caring for you. My child, I love you so unselfishly that I should make any honorable sacrifice to save you from the pain or trouble of a single hour."

Little did Monreith Carrington guess that this assertion would be sorely tested before that day would be done.

"And I," responded Tessie, in odd, abstracted, dreamy tones, "should rather endure the worst in silence and alone, than to feel that one I loved was suffering for me."

"I should be glad to suffer for you, if by that I might win you," he said.

But he had won her, and in a few minutes later he left her, the touch of her rosy mouth yet warm on his lips, and she went back to her mother's room wearing on her pretty white hand the jewelled token of her betrothal.

"Mamma, dear, I have accepted Mr. Carrington," she said, simply.

"I am very glad, Tessie," replied Mrs. Rivers. "I have feared you would refuse him, and possibly for the sake of John Eustis."

"John has never asked me to be his wife, mamma," returned the girl, wearily, and something in the suddenly spiritless attitude of the graceful, stooping figure, some vague, unsatisfied expression of the strangely pale face, half hidden by the loose tawny curls, disturbed and pained her watchful parent.

When Carrington reached his office, he found a gentleman waiting for him.

"Ah, Mr. Eustis. You wish to see me?" he observed, lightly.

"Yes, I particularly desired to see you to-day concerning a mortgage you hold, just due, and that I wish to pay," was the prompt exclamation.

Carrington had quite forgotten the claim he had against the property of Mrs. Rivers, and that he had only secured from a clamoring creditor of her deceased husband that he might befriend the girl whom he dearly loved.

"Are you prepared to do this?" he enquired, wonderingly, of the young man, whose income was decidedly not opulent. "And may I know your motive for wishing to do it?"

The fine, honest face of John Eustis flushed slightly, but he evidently did not consider the question impertinent.

"Could I not have come entirely prepared I should not have come at all," he returned quietly. "My motive is to please and surprise the lady whom I expect to marry. For months I have dreamed how her sweet eyes would glisten when I should be able to assure her that I had saved her dear old home for her bonny sake."

Carrington listened, dazed and paled to his bearded lips.

It was impossible to believe any falsity or littleness of John Eustis, and conceited and egotistical he certainly was not. And it was equally impossible to suspect coquetry or perfidy of sweet Tessie Rivers.

Carrington ventured a few subtle questions that were readily and innocently answered, and thus shrewdly learned the truth. There was not, nor had there ever been, any engagement between John Eustis and Tessie Rivers—only a life-long, wordless understanding of tenderest affection and truest fidelity. He could understand now how the fair girl, bound by no promises, doubtful for her future, and solicitous for her mother, had accepted what seemed wisest and best while her soul was haunted by an unmasked and unacknowledged love that might prove but a shadow, a fantasy, a delusion after all, and with his whole noble heart he exonerated and pardoned her.

"I should make any honorable sacrifice to save you from the pain and trouble of a single hour," he had told her that morning, meaning it to the uttermost, and time for the sacrifice had come. The business was speedily and satisfactorily transacted, and Tessie's pleased young lover turned to go, when his friend stopped him.

"I, too, wish to see Mrs. Rivers," he said. "I shall follow you presently. Do not leave the house till I shall have come. Promise me you will not, John."

The young man promised and hurried away, impatient to surprise Tessie with the proof of his loyal and generous devotion.

"Oh, John, you ought not to have done this!" she cried, in a voice of regret and distress. "You could not afford it, and besides, something has happened, John, that made it unnecessary."

He gazed at her in mute wonder. The pain of her sweet eyes startled him.

"Why could I not afford it, my pet?" he asked gently, "when you are to share all I have by-and-bye, when you will be my own—my wife?"

"Oh, John," she gasped, "you never asked me to marry you, and now you are too late—oh, John, too late!"

And then she covered her face and began to sob bitterly! The poor child had never hidden a sorrow from him in all her life. She had always gone to him for comfort in all her griefs, and it did not occur to her that it was not quite proper and consistent for him to console her for a grief like this.

But in the midst of her tears she suddenly remembered, and she fled away from his detaining hand to the furthest end of the parlor, only to meet Carrington, who had just come in.

"Tessie," he began, kindly, "I have made my sacrifice, and I have come to tell you. I know the whole story, just as you would tell me yourself did you wish to spare me pain. I do not blame you, little one. I am your friend and his. Go to him and comfort him. You will make him as happy as you could have made me had heaven meant me to be your husband. I shall see your mamma, and save you from all unpleasant explanations."

His goodness touched her. In her gratitude she could have knelt at his feet and kissed the kindly hands which now led her back to her wondering lover.

The next moment she was gone, and John's arms were about her, and John's kisses were on her lips.

On Tessie's wedding morning she found among her bridal gifts a magnificent *souvenir* from Monreith Carrington, who retained for her all the delicate and chivalrous sentiment of such a friendship as only a noble gentleman can give to any adorable lady.

MARINE DISASTER.

Careening of a Steamboat—Twelve Excursionists Drowned and Thirty Injured.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 4.—The pleasure-boat Isaac Davis, with 300 passengers on board, in making a trip on Lake Quenzigamond, near this city, careened over at the pier, throwing many passengers into the water. At the same time her upper deck crashed through into the engine, breaking off the safety-valve and letting the steam escape. Again pitching, the steamer crashed into the pier, cutting her to the water's edge. All the passengers were thrown into the water or crushed in the timbers. The list of dead, so far as known, are Patrick Cahill, aged about fifty, and two daughters, aged two and four years; Louis Lachapelle, aged thirty, and Maggie Sugrue, aged eighteen. The injured are Emma Hemmenway, aged twenty, McKenna, Jeremiah Dean and wife, Samuel L. Gilbert. The missing are Capt. Jesse Barker, Edward Coture de Shell and Lewis Powers. It is thought that from eight to twelve are killed and twenty to thirty injured. The boat was a new one and launched on May 1st. She had accommodations for 450 passengers.

HOW HE GOT EVEN.—Didst ever meet the handshaking bore? He called in the other day, happening first in the press-room. Seeing him coming and knowing his penchant, the pressman prepared himself for the ordeal by slyly smearing his own hand with printers' ink. The visitor came on, all unconscious of his fate, reached out his mandible and received an impression at one and the same time. But ah, the artfulness of the fellow! He spake not, he scowled not, he made no sign. He simply walked around the room and through the various rooms, and with engaging impartiality shook the hand of every one, editor-in-chief, "local," the scissors-man, the foreman, the intelligent compositors, proof-readers, devil and all. Not one escaped. He then took his leave soberly and becomingly, like one who retires from a funeral service. And then there was a rush for wash-basins.—*Boston Transcript.*

Lord Derby says that he has learned how to speak at public dinners by having eaten five hundred of them.

A new Egyptian Ministry has been formed under Cheriff Pasha.

TORNADO.

Loss of Life and Property—The Storm Cloud.

SIOUX CITY, Indiana.—A tornado struck the southeastern part of Elkhorn, D. T., last evening, blowing down three dwellings. Many buildings were overturned. Shear's storehouse was blown over, and the windmill of the Dakota Southern Railway water tank was blown down and badly wrecked. The only person injured as far as known was Mrs. Wood, whose head and limbs were badly bruised by the turning over of her house. Mrs. Norton was sitting in her house when the cyclone struck it. The floor opened under her and she fell into the cellar, the house being carried away several rods. She was not hurt. A great number of trees, some feet in diameter, were blown down and a number of buildings moved from their foundations. The cloud came up from the southwest and went southeast, but its course was circular. Reports from the surrounding country show that great damage was done to houses, barns, fences and crops. In the night there was another severe storm, but it has done no serious damage as far as heard from. A special from Lemars, Plymouth County, Iowa, says a terrible wind storm passed over the northern part of this county last evening, destroying houses, barns, etc. Ten miles northeast from here two young men named Kass were killed. They saw the storm coming and ran into a barn for shelter, when the wind struck the building with terrific force, completely demolishing it and crushing them to death in the ruins. Parties who saw the storm from a distance say it was terrific to look at. It could be distinctly seen from Lemars, and at first the storm cloud presented the appearance of an hour glass, after which it assumed the shape of a straight column, and then seemed to break into fragments and drift away. It moved slowly, and was in sight about thirty minutes. The wind blew strong in Sioux City, but no damage worth mentioning was done.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 4.—The storm on Wednesday night was the heaviest ever known in Minnesota. Five inches of rain fell in fifteen hours here, the greatest amount since the Signal Service Office was established. The damage in the city was considerable, but confined to flooded streets and cellars, burst sewers, and one or two buildings undermined. Trains were delayed on all railroads by wash-outs, and none arrived or left till last night. The most serious damage on the railroads was near Red Wing, where a wash-out will stop travel for a day or two. The storm extended all over the State and Northwestern Wisconsin, consisting of a great fall of rain, hail and lightning. The damage was great, but the details come in slowly.

The first complete account of the terrible destruction of life in Goodhue County by the storm on Wednesday night and yesterday morning reached here early this morning. The storm assumed the character of a cyclone near Red Wing, the point of the greatest violence being at Vasa, a small village ten miles west of the Mississippi. The Red Wing special says in the town of Vasa the fury was at its height, making fearful havoc. It seemed to start four miles beyond Vasa Church, and travelled in a southwesterly direction. The Church Orphanage was completely demolished. It contained twenty-four inmates. Out of this number three were killed and seventeen injured—three fatally. The house of Erick Stevenson, close by, was blown down. He was killed and his wife severely injured. G. H. Holme and wife, an elderly couple, were killed, also a baby of Mrs. Linsed, and another party, name not learned, making nine in all killed, and four more not expected to live. The number of the wounded is thirty. The square root was blown from the parsonage and set down in a field, where it flattened like a fan. The barn of August Peterson was blown down; his house was badly injured, also the houses of all who have been mentioned as killed were blown down, and many houses injured. The storm also raged through Belle Creek.

At Vasa, Goodhue County, seven persons were killed and thirty injured by lightning and the fall of buildings. There are no particulars. At Winnebago the wife of Nathaniel Stevens was killed by lightning. At Mountain Lake Lawrence Lawless was killed by lightning. Red Wing reports $100,000 damage to property in the city. Every town in the south and east of the State suffered heavily, but details are wanting. The crops suffered from the rain and hail. At Marshall the hailstones were as large as hen's eggs and caused great destruction. At Menomenee, Wisconsin, a house was carried away by the flood with two persons, who have not since been heard from. The wires were down east all yesterday.

In a London paper we read: "Was ever such a season of impecuniosity known? People of the highest rank are already flocking away from London to economize. Country house visiting is likely to be curtailed, while it is notorious that in more than one house remarkable for its hospitality there has this year been none. Trade with the old-established firms is at a standstill. I went yesterday into a shop in the Strand paying $3,500 a year. The proprietor held out most dismal prospects and said he had seen nothing like it for years. Moving on to Cornhill I entered another firm of forty years' standing. They told me a fact unparalleled in their experience. Not a single customer had entered their doors during the day, and these two houses were in the busiest thoroughfare in London."

FOOLED EXCURSIONISTS.

H. P. Peer too Intoxicated to Make his Fearful Leap—Disappointment of Twenty Thousand People.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ontario.—July the fourth was a gala day at Niagara Falls so far as quantity or crowd of people go. Excursions came pouring in from all quarters. At least twenty thousand persons found their way here, and mostly drawn by the announcement that H. P. Peer would make his jump from the Suspension Bridge into the Niagara River. He was announced to jump at two o'clock. Long before the appointed hour, the crowds had assembled on both banks of the river and the new Suspension Bridge was loaded with a weight of human beings waiting to see the fearful plunge. The multitudes of anxious people steadily watched the designated spot, for three hours, from which Peer proposed to leap, but all were doomed to disappointment. Peer came on the bridge beastly intoxicated, made his preliminary arrangements, changed his clothing, but dared not make his leap, leaving the people to go to their homes thoroughly disgusted. The people of the Falls are not the least bit to be censured. The announcement was made in good faith, and no doubt had Peer not been intoxicated he would have made his leap. The blame is entirely with himself. He has lost both honor and money. The different railway companies were to pay him a bonus in consideration of running excursions, and they now will not pay as he has not fulfilled his contract. In the evening the Prospect Park Company gave a brilliant display of fireworks, and illuminated the Falls with their electric light. The view was superbly grand.

The famine in Cashmere is abating, and the prospects of a large harvest are good

A very much larger quantity of wheat than usual is being cultivated this season by Nova Scotia farmers.

The Mayor of Montreal has expressed an opinion in favor of paying the aldermen salaries.

The Montreal sanitary police seized 150 lbs. of rotten meat being worked into sausages in the factory of a man named Gagnon.

The situation of Afghanistan is satisfactory, and Yakoob Khan's position as Ameer is considered secure.

The funeral of Lord John Lawrence, formerly Viceroy of India, took place at noon on Saturday. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The negro who outraged Miss Edwards near Lindale, Texas, on Wednesday was captured on Friday, and, after being identified, was literally cut to pieces by the mob.

A mechanic named Sweeney was killed on Friday forenoon, and Kelly, brakeman, mortally wounded, by two trains coming into collision in the depot at Louisville, Ky. The engine driver was arrested for carelessness in the matter.

THE CHILI-PERU IMBROGLIO.

Contemplated Bold Movement—Doings of the Huascar.

PANAMA.—Late news from the south coast is uneventful. Active operations are confined to the mustering and marching of men by the allies at points near to the Atacama Desert, while well defined rumors are current that the Chilians are preparing a grand coup, which if successful will lay Lima and Callao at their mercy. They have fitted out about twelve transports, in which they propose carrying between 10,000 and 15,000 men to Charillos or some other convenient landing, and fall upon Lima, which is practically undefended, while their ironclads will occupy the attention of all the force at present in Callao. This they can easily do, and their success would probably end the war. The main army of Peru is now at Pisagua, Iquique, Arica and Tacna, many miles from the Capital, and, with the transports securely hemmed in in Callao Bay, relief for the beleagured city would be impossible for more than a month. The move would be a bold one, and, if undertaken by a sufficient force and well managed, might be successful. The blockade of Iquique continues. The Chilian forces at Antofogasta received strong additions lately and transports are concentrating there, as though a movement upon Iquique or Lima were in contemplation. The Huascar is at Callao, undergoing repairs. The Peruvian transport left Callao on the 18th inst., laden with arms for Peru. The Chilian Consul has made an emphatic but futile protest. Instructions have been received from the general Government prohibiting local trade or shipments of arms, etc., to the belligerents, but declaring transit by railroads absolutely free. Arms which arrive here are usually consigned to some one in Panama, and consequently their embarkation here would bring them under the head of local shipments, which, according to the instructions referred to, must not be permitted. Another transport of Peru is expected here, and it is conjectured the authorities will refuse to permit the delivery of arms to her. The German steamer Luxor, detained at Callao by the Peruvian Government for having carried arms from Buenos Ayres to Chili, has been released on the friendly intervention of the English Legation, acting on behalf of German interests.

Lima advices, June 10th, state that the entire naval force of Peru is concentrated in Callao Bay. After the naval fight off Iquique the Huascar steamed southwardly to Tocopilla, where she captured two merchantmen—one with the Chilian flag, and the other evidently sailing under false colors. The former was sent to Callao with her valuable cargo of copper ore, and the latter destroyed. All the launches and boats in port were also scuttled. The authorities on shore sent a message to Captain Grau, begging him not to bombard the town. Captain Grau replied that burning and shelling undefended places was entirely out of the Huascar's line. From Tocopilla the Huascar proceeded to Autofogasta and had a sharp conflict with the Chilian batteries, consisting of three 150 pound Krupp guns, and silenced their fire. The Cavadonga was discovered here, lying close inshore, and quite out of reach of the ram. She is reported as very badly damaged from the fight with the Independencia, and will have to be re-built to be of any service again. The cable leading to Valparaiso was then cut, and the Huascar returned to Iquique, where she encountered two Chilian ironclads and two corvettes. The Blanco Encalada and Malaganes immediately started. Grau's orders were not to venture an equal fight, as since the loss of the Independencia the Huascar possessed an enhanced importance. The Blanco Encalada opened fire at 6,000 yards, gradually decreasing the distance to 4,000, when her fire was answered by the ram, but without effect on either side. The Huascar continued her course to the northward, and, convinced of the futility of pursuit, the Chilian vessels returned to Iquique. The ram received no damage in her adventurous trip save that inflicted by rifle shots and discharges from Gatling guns, which were confined to the upper rigging, smoke stacks and ventilators. Iquique, during the recent absence of the Chilian fleet, was well provided by the Peruvian transports with provisions and war material. About 3,000 men from the Bolivian contingent were landed at Pisagua and Iquique. The remainder, 5,000 of all arms, are still in their cantonment at Tacna. No movement has been made by the allied forces towards the Loa, and it seems to be the general opinion that this inactivity is advantageous, since the Chilian troops in the desert of Atacama have to be supplied with everything from Valparaiso, and the longer the fighting is delayed the greater strain is felt by the Chilian Government. There seems to be some foundation for this belief, for there are well substantiated reports from Valparaiso and Santiago that popular clamor is exercising such an influence on the authorities that some important expedition is being prepared, and an attack on Lima is even hinted at. This was conjectured here long since, and the capital is in an excellent condition for defence. The garrison is numerous, well armed, and thoroughly disciplined.

The *North Pacific Times* contains the following: The Prefect of Lima issued a decree on the 28th, ordering the enrolment of all citizens capable of bearing arms in the National Guard within a space of forty-eight hours. The Government has issued a manifesto to foreign friendly Powers regarding the present war. This is a reply to one issued by Chili, and is intended to refute the reasons adduced in that document as an excuse for the declaration of war.

The correspondent of the Chilian journal *Patria*, in Coba, says the most advanced Chilian post is at Toco, and a picket of twenty-five dragoons at Gwillaqua, a small township on the Peruvian side of the Loa. About eighteen leagues farther, in the miserable village of Huatocondo, a corps of 150 of the enemy's cavalry is stationed.

A heavy shock of earthquake took place at Iquique on the 6th inst. It was felt on board the Chilian squadron with great violence.

OUTLAWS IN WYOMING TERRITORY.

The Military Powerless to Break the Gang Up.

OMAHA, Nebraska.—Advices from Northern Wyoming say that Barney Gillen, ex-Sheriff of Custer County, Neb., and Armstrong, two of the Olive gang of man-burners, who have been confined in jail at Plum Creek for several weeks past awaiting trial, and who escaped about ten days ago, have gone to the neighborhood of Fort McKenney, in which section all desperadoes along the frontier find safe refuge. It is estimated there are at least 200 outlaws in that vicinity, and since Congress placed the restrictive clauses in the Army and Judicial Bills the army is powerless to send out a *posse* to break up the gang of outlaws, and the United States Marshals can take no steps to arrest them. As things now are these men will rule that section several months without the slightest danger of pursuit, interference or arrest.

Suicide of a Wife Murderer.

Dr. DeWolf Hangs Himself in Jail.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.—Dr. DeWolf, who shot his wife at Wolfville a short time ago, committed suicide by hanging this afternoon in the jail at Kentville. He tied a sheet to an axe-handle placed across a stovepipe hole in the ceiling, put a chair on the stove, tied his hands behind him, and jumped.

"Silk hats, being quite heavy on the wearer's head, is apt to cause softening of the brain." The above unparalleled lie is perpetrated in the hope that hatters will reduce their prices, so that a paragrapher can obtain a tile without spending a month's salary.

A painter and professor of the fine arts recently said to one of his pupils; "Your picture is not quite up to the mark; your composition is too much to the left of the canvas; besides the expression of the head of the principal figure is a little strained. I may add that this arm seems to me to be rather long." The pupil answered: "But you must consider, sir, it is not varnished yet."

Miscellaneous News Items.

Josh Billings is dangerously ill.

The Emperor of Germany has frequent and threatening [illegible].

Weston thinks he was a success on account of his habits of total abstinence from liquor.

The shipments of Nova Scotia coal from Pictou during last week amounted to 7,814 tons.

A vinegar factory is reported established in London with an annual capacity of 60,000 gallons.

It is estimated that all the police and over 200,000 New Yorkers felt mad because Dr. Hull didn't turn out to be the murderer of his wife.

A little boy was sent to a store for some eggs. Before reaching home he dropped them. In answer to his mother, who asked "Did you break any?" he replied, "No, I didn't break any, but the shells came off some of them."

M. Ferrari, the young artist who took the first prize for sculpture at the Paris Salon this year, sold his group, "A Gladiator Playing with a Panther," to the municipality for 6,000 francs. It is to be cast in bronze and set up in some public place.

The revival services begun by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Liverpool are still kept up with success. Meetings are conducted in different parts of the town, and are participated in by ministers of the different denominations, including Churchmen, Independents, Presbyterians, Baptists and Wesleyans.

Prince Henry of Germany continues the object of lavish hospitality at Yokohama, Japan. There are incessant festivities night and day. The greatest manifestations, however, are reserved for General Grant, who will be greeted with honor never before vouchsafed to any guest of Japan.

R. H. Moore, keeper of the Dupont Powder Company's Magazine, California City, California, shot and killed A. Fulton, manager of the works, and then blew his own brains out. The tragedy was enacted in presence of Fulton's wife and children. Fulton recently gave Moore notice that he would dispense with his services.

A young man of Brixton, England, two years ago started a Sabbath afternoon service for children, which is now attended by from 500 to 600 children. Within the last year he formed a "Waste Not Society" among them, the members of which collect waste paper, from the sale of which they have supported a little girl in the Orphanage.

A RARE EXAMPLE.—At the close of his sermon on a late Sunday the Hon. and Rev. T. G. Pelham, Vicar of St. Mary's, Beverley, announced that, after a week's prayerful anxiety, he had determined to decline the offer of the important living of Croydon, as he did not consider he would be justified in leaving so many unfinished works in his own parish.

As a preventive of anger, banish all tale bearers and slanderers from your circle, for it is these that blow the devil's bellows to rouse up the flames of rage and fury, by first abusing your ears, and then your credulity, and after that steal away your patience, and all this perhaps for a lie. To prevent anger, be not too inquisitive into the affairs of others, or what people say of yourself, or into the mistakes of your friends, for this is going out to gather sticks to kindle a fire to burn your own house.

Whenever you find a man about whom you know little, oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man; for the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when their husbands are clever men. The wife's advices are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome, though painful, shears snapping off little growths of self-conceit and folly.

Humorous.

"You follow the legal profession, I believe, sir?" Lawyer Pompous: "No, sir, I lead it."

The Detroit *Free Press* is sure that the "ability of a statesman does not depend upon the size of his jaw."

A young man who has recently taken a wife says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get furniture.

If a woman wears court-plaster on her face to beautify her, why not wear a light-ounce tack in her shoe for comfort?

A clergyman at McKeesport, Pa., says to the trustees: "No salary—no sermon." If sermons are worth anything they should be paid for.

It is said that if you dress a woman in men's clothes she will at once feel a desire to smoke, chew and swear. It's all in the cut of the cloth.

It takes from three to five years to educate a pickpocket, and even on his first venture he may be collared for lifting a wallet with nothing in it but a cure for hydrophobia.

The difference between the Texas desperado and the sheriff that hangs him is that the desperado gets the "drop" on his man and the sheriff gets his man on the drop.

Max Strakosh speaks of Emma Abbot as "a fifty-cent Jenny Lind." He probably means, kindly explains the Syracuse *Herald*, "that she is five dimes as good a singer."

"Do you think raw oysters healthy?" said a dyspeptic. "Well sir," replied the gruff doctor, "I never heard one complain of being unhealthy, did you?"

No man can ever tell just how much money a widow is worth until he marries her for it. It is one of those cases where you have to take your chances.

A little urchin being asked "What is Rhode Island noted for?" replied, "It is the only one of the New England State which is the smallest.

A Wisconsin city in order to avoid scandals in its girls' schools has decided that the leading teachers shall be women. They want principals not men.

The contented rustic—"Well, Peter, your crops must be ruined by this untimely rain?" "Yes, Your Honor, but, thank heaven, so are the neighbors'."

A good point is very tersely put where it is said that "the American is not so solicitous to live within his income as he is to raise his income to the level of his extravagance."

Samuel Hill, the Atlanta (Ga.) murderer, made an address to the jury beginning: "I rise with a broken heart." The Kingston *Freeman* intimates that the next time he rises it will be with a broken neck.

"Man," says Victor Hugo, "was the conundrum of the eighteenth century; woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century." An American editor adds, "We can't guess her, but will never give her up. No never."

A well-known insurance and other agent in Tilsonburgh, Mr. W. G. Norseworthy, left that place about the beginning of June, ostensibly for St. Thomas. He has not since been heard of. He can hardly be classed as an absconding debtor, for his accounts are all right.

Sad Drowning of a Child.

BARRIE, Ont.—A very sad case of drowning occurred here yesterday evening about six o'clock. It appears that Edgerton Zimmerman, three years and nine months old, the only child of Dr. R. J. Zimmerman, dentist, of Barrie, was out in the afternoon near Carley's boat-house, and near their residence. The parents missed the child, and at once made every enquiry about him and searched the different ponds near the house. Eventually Mrs. Zimmerman observed the child lying in ten feet of water between the boat-house and a slip. Dr. Zimmerman, after twice diving into the water, brought up the body. Dr. Wells having been apprised of the occurrence at once attended, and used every means to resuscitate the body; but all efforts proved unavailing. It is believed the child was in the water from twenty minutes to half an hour.

A well-to-do farmer named Pharaoh, of Granby, Que., attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat. He is not expected to recover.

The only Austrian Admiral, Bourguignon von Baumberg, has just died at Pola, aged 71. His ancestors were Huguenot refugees, and he is considered one of the two creators of the Austrian navy.

An irascible father at Dahlonega, Ga., one day last week sent his son after a bucket of water. The lad not returning in time, the father started after him in a rage, and on arriving at the well saw a boy drawing up water. Without taking time to look closely at the youth he thrashed him severely. When he thought the boy sufficiently punished he discovered that, instead of his own he had whipped a neighbor's son.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.—Messrs. William Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, and Hunt W. Chambres, of Stewartstown, County Tyrone, Ireland, have signified their intention to be present in Toronto and join in the procession on Saturday week. It has been decided that the Royal Black Order of Orangemen shall make a special matter of this, as Bro. W. Johnston is Supreme Grand Master, and Bro. H. W. Chambres is Grand Registrar of Ireland. A full attendance of visiting brethren from the country is looked for.