Listowel Standard.

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AROUND THE WORLD.

Interesting Items From All Sources.

—There is a rosebush in Los Angelos, Cal., which has borne over 3,000 roses during the present season.

—An English laborer at Offham, Kent lately climbed a tree 70 feet high and hanged himself at the top.

—There is now a carrier-pigeon house in every town in France. The peaceful dove is put to warlike uses.

—Nusbaum, a Missouri wife-murderer, attempted to kill himself by cutting his throat, but failed. He completed suicide by going five days without food.

—A pious deacon in Iowa, who also officiates as notary public, but is no Latinist, makes out documents and uses the initials, J. C. instead of A. D. in fixing legal dates.

—The total number of Chinese in New South Wales at the end of last year was 8,616. Few are women, but 352 European women were living with Chinamen, of whom 181 were married.

—The term of a convict in the Illionis State prison was not to expire until September; but, in order that he might get to Sweden in time to share in the division of an estate, he was pardoned on the 1st inst.

—An attendant in the Middlesex county Lunatic Asylum, in England, was recently tried for manslaughter for allowing a lunatic to be scalded to death in a bath, in which the hot water had not been turned off.

—"Such a speech as Mr. Blake delivered will live and be respected when his captious and ignorant calumniators have ceased to wag their worthless tongues." This is from the —, but there is no need of being explicit. The above could only emanate from one source, and that is pretty well known.

—Burglars awoke Farmer Plummer, at Durham, Me., and he chased them, losing no time in adding any clothing to the shirt in which he had slept, but taking care to throw a gun across his shoulder. Across fields and through a village he pursued them, until he got within close range, when they surrendered rather than be shot.

—The Zulus have a matted chair to which they ascribe supernatural powers. Warriors who sit in it before going to battle are believed to be invariably successful, or, rather, they used to be, for Cetywayo is understood to have broken the charm by removing the chair last spring from the spot in which it had stood for many years.

—Capt. Stone planted a mohogany seed at Moundsville, W. Va., thirty-five years ago, and remarked that he would live until it grew into a tree big enough to provide material for his coffin. Wind blew the tree down last spring, and the Captain had a handsome coffin made of it. He died a few days ago, and was buried in the mohogany of his own planting.

—A Russian peasant girl, ten years old, weighing four hundred and eighteen pounds, is now on exhibition. She is accompanied by her mother, and is engaged by a Jewish manager, who pays to the mother for the girl's services $70 monthly. The gigantic girl when traveling, is put in the baggage car, as she cannot pass through the door of the passenger cars.

—Mrs McGowan, keeper of a boarding house at Akron, O., passed pudding to all the men at dinner excepting Martin Bouten. He was madly in love with Mrs. McGowan, and her inadvertence about the pudding was construed by him as an intentional slight. He fired at her twice with a revolver, but failed to hit her, and was disarmed by the other boarders.

—There was to be an entertainment in the Christian Church at Columbus, Ind., with a tableau as one of the features. One of the figures in the picture to be copied in this tableau was a fairy in short skirts. A committee was appointed to consider the question of propriety presented, and it was voted that, unless the representative of the fairy was under 12 years of age, she must wear a dress reaching to within a foot of the floor.

—A man climbed a tree to a height of seventy feet, at Odham, England, and drew a crowd of spectators, among whom was his wife and daughter, by singing hymns. Then he took a rope from his pocket and said: "Good-by; I have made a nice noose, and now I am going to tie the knot. Marwood says that a drop of six feet is necessary, but I am only going to give myself three. I have tied the knot and I am going to jump." Then he hanged himself.

—Mr. Boehm has been commissioned to execute the statue of the late Prince Imperial, which is to be erected in Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, and the design and character of the work is foreshadowed with such detail that it leaves little doubt that the decision has been finally come to. Mr. Edward Jenkins and his friends are declared by English journals entirely responsible for making this into a political question, or for any irritation of the susceptibilities of Frenchmen which will follow.

—The Rev. Josiah Hanman, of Izard Tex., was worried because his name was so much like Haman, and he studied the Bible story of Haman until he became insane on that subject. "Children," he exclaimed, in the midst of a sermon, "Haman was hung, as near as I can make a calculation, a little over 100 feet high. Now, children, I believe God wants me to give my soul to him right away, and so take this rope and hang me 120 above the ground." This frightened the congregation so much that they ran away, and the preacher hurried into the woods, where he hanged himself.

—Statistics show that the number of private letters annually sent through the post is, at the average, in England of 34 for each inhabitant; in Italy, 21; in Germany, 17; in Holland, 16; in Belgium, 14; in France, 13; in Denmark, 12; in Turkey, 5. As to the number of post offices, there are in Switzerland one to 9 square miles; in England, one to 13 square miles; in Holland, one to 17; in Belgium, one to 33; in Germany, one to 43; in France, one to 62; in Italy one to 63; in Austria, one to 70; in Spain, one to 132; in Russia, one to 384 in Turkey, one to 743 square miles.

—It was a temperance lecturer who was struck by lightning while descending Pike's Peak ten days ago. His wife, who was riding beside him, heard what she at first supposed was a pistol-shot, and then saw a stream of fire run from the telegraph wires to his head. The horse stumbled and the man fell heavily to the ground. Her own horse threw her backward and then plunged down the mountain side. She went to the assistance of her husband, and found the mark of the lightning just above his left ear. He was unconscious for an hour, but his wife was finally able to set him on his feet and to lead him along the trail until they could find their horses.

—Uncle Peter Hazard, the best-known colored man in Groton, Mass., called for two drinks of brandy on his centennial birthday one day last week, and danced a sailor's hornpipe much to the edification of his neighbors. He is somewhat eccentric and insists upon going about barefooted summer and winter, except when the snow is very deep. He says he never froze his feet but once. Some years ago, when he was chopping wood in the winter season, his daughter Mary Jane made him a pair of moccasins, which he wore. One day he froze his feet, and they ached so badly that he tore off the moccasins and threw them away. He has not been troubled with frozen feet since. Until the past winter he has cut his own wood from the forest, and often drawn it to the house on a hand-sled, perferring to do so from choice. He cuts his wood for the stove now, and works about his garden, where he has potatoes and corn growing.

—An extraordinary scene was witnessed on the Dee in England a few days ago. A storm washed a quantity of poisonous liquids from Pickhill Brook, which drains several lime and lead works, into the Dee, and the fish immediately began to sicken and die. They hastened to escape the poisonous water, and came floating down the river in thousands. Some were dead, and others were hurriedly rushing down stream to escape out to sea. At the causeway beside the old Dee mill a large crowd had congregated to see salmon and salmon trout, pike, roach, and beam frantically endeavoring to throw themselves over. Hundreds of boys and girls lined the river, busily engaged in killing fish, and several fine salmon were caught. A boy secured a large salmon by the tail, and the monster would have dragged him into the water had he not relaxed his hold. It is believed that the river has been cleared of fish for fourteen miles up.

—Soon after the Œcumenical Council had pronounced by acclamation the dogma of Papal infallibility, there was a falling off in the contributions familiarly known as "St. Peter's Pence." As years went on, until the death of Pio Nono, eighteen months ago, a steady diminution continued, and at last they dwindled down to a comparatively insignificant sum. Since the accession of Cardinal Pecci the pence have been coming in to the Vatican with the profusion of former years. For the semester of the present year terminating on June 30, the amount yielded exceeded by $180,000 the proceeds for the corresponding semester of 1878. The present Pope has cut down the expenses of his household from $4,000 a month to $300, and has effected important economies in other directions. His thrift has made an excellent impression upon the Catholic world.

—The London *Times* says public sympathy with the Rev. David Macrae has increased very much since his formal expulsion from the United Presbyterian Church. For this there are several reasons. In the first place, the opinions for which he has suffered are not generally supposed to be inconsistent with orthodoxy in matters essential to the faith. The doctrine of conditional immortality, to which he adheres, has long been held and publicly taught by men of the highest reputation for piety and earnestness in the leading Protestant Churches—by such men as the Rev. Prebendary Constable, the Rev. Samuel Minton, the Rev. Edward White, Professor Barlow, of Dublin, Professor Hudson, of Cambridge, (United States), the Rev. T. Davis, of Roundhay, and scores of incumbents of the Church of England. The truth is that the opposite doctrine—that of endless physical suffering—is much more characteristic of the darkest days of the Church of Rome than those of Protestant tenets and of modern times.

—Lord Chelmsford is probably the poorest peer of his realm. His private income scarcely do not exceed $10,000 a year, and he has no expectations. His second brother is a cavalry officer, married, and with children. The next is a Judge, with a salary of $25,000, and childless—the only affluent member of his family. The fourth son is one of the Lord Chancellor's secretaries. The late Lord Chelmsford had for over twenty years an income of $50,000 to $75,000 from his practice at the bar; then came the Lord Chancellor with a salary of $50,000, and a pension of $25,000 on retiring. Yet, although he lived to 86, he left but $250,000. He was a domestic man, and devoid of vices, but he had a wife who was resolved to vie in the fashionable world of London with persons having hereditary incomes of $250,000 and upward. Of three daughters, two married men with a few hundreds a year, and the third is single. The sons have not married women of fortune. A position about the court yielding perhaps $4,000 a year is all that Lord Chelmsford can probably now look forward to.

—Exploits in drinking lager beer are receiving the attention of the Cincinnati newspapers, and some of the stories are wonderful. A fireman drank twelve glasses of beer while the church clock was striking twelve, the time being about half a minute. Dr. Noeffler drank eight gallons in two hours, and his competitor in a trial of capacity was not left far behind. Noeffler is regarded as the Cincinnati champion, but there are several men in that city who have emptied an eight-gallon keg in three to five hours. An old employee of a brewery has drank fifty glasses every day for eighteen years. Brewers' men generally drink heavily. If one brewery they are allowed from six to fourteen glasses each per day, according to their age and work. Cards are placed behind a bar, and upon them the names of the employees are written. A man goes to the bar and asks for a glass of beer, which is given him, and a hole at the same time is punched in his card. When the number of holes corresponds to the number of drinks allowed him for the day, he can have no more, though the day may not yet be more than half spent.

—Some months ago a French lady, who gave the name of Comtesse Marie de Sarpigny went to Brussels from Rennes, in Brittany, and after remaining a short time at a hotel was admitted as a boarder in a convent of Sisters of Charity, and at the same time she hired a furnished room as for a cousin of hers. This cousin turned out to be her husband's coachman, with whom she had eloped. On Friday morning, M. de Sarpigny, who had just arrived and had discovered her address, followed her to the house in which the coachman lived, and on the staircase fired four shots from a revolver at her, and leaving her in an apparently dying state, went to give himself up to the police. The unfortunate husband, after undergoing a preliminary examination, was taken to the prison of the Petits Carmes, while his wife was removed to the hospital, where there seems some chance that she may recover. On being restored to consciousness she begged that the father of her four children should not be prosecuted. M. de Sparpigny is thirty-six years of age, was formerly a Lieutenant in the Fifth Dragoons and is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He is understood to have stated that he was compelled to commit the criminal attempt on his wife by a keen sense of the disgrace brought upon himself and his child by her ill-conduct.

AMERICAN CHEESE.

The extent to which American cheese is being imported into Ayrshire and retailed at prices greatly under the cost of the home product is beginning to tell in a way that was hardly anticipated by dairy farmers in the country. Many of those farmers, it appears, still find themselves in possession of the bulk of the cheese manufactured last season, with little prospect of getting it disposed of at anything like figures they have been in the habit of realizing. The result of this is that a few of them have been compelled to abandon the making of cheese for the present. This again has had the effect of increasing the supply of butter and milk in the country so enormously that these commodities are selling at prices unknown during the past decade. Last week fresh butter of the best quality was quoted in the market of the country at 8 1-2d per pound, or less than half the price for which it was sold at the corresponding date of last year. The reduction per gallon in the price of milk, resulting from the increased competition induced by the suspension of the cheese manufacture, would seem to be equally marked. For Glasgow and other large towns the supply available is at present far in excess of the demand, and farmers are said to be at their wits' end in regard to the disposal of their milk. At almost any hour of the day carts containing barrels of milk may be seen in some parts of Ayrshire in charge of persons endeavoring to secure purchasers, but who not unfrequently are obliged to take the article home unsold to be served out to pigs, which are this season being reared in larger numbers than is ordinarily the case in Ayrshire. Should this state of matters continue, the results can hardly fail to be serious, more particularly for such farmers (and these are said to be not a few) as have within the last year or two entered upon new leases at a considerable risk of rent. —*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

CHASTINE COX'S HEAD.

An Opinion that the Murderer has Few Good Qualities.

Prof. Graham, of phrenological notoriety, relieved himself of a few remarks on the bumps of Chastine Cox, the murderer, a few days ago at Science Hall, New York. The Professor picked up a pitcher of water and filled his mouth from the pitcher without the aid of a cup. The spectators applauded him roundly. Encouraged by this demonstration, the lecturer pushed his hair from his brow, and in a shrill voice gave himself free rein. He first enlightened his hearers on the recent examination of Cox's head by Messrs. Fowler and Wells at the Tombs, and attacked those gentlemen for blundering terribly and announcing to the world that the murderer was a pocket edition of a saint and an intellectual giant in embryo. "I went to the District Attorney's office myself," screamed the lecturer, "and got permission to measure Cox's head with my rule and callipers. Cox measured 4 inches from my location of caution to the orifice of the ear, which is extra large. A person built in that style wouldn't hesitate to kill. From caution to firmness Cox measures 1½ inches, and from comparison to benevolence 1 inch. That man has 1½ inches of moral brain against four inches of animalism. Now for Fowler to give him a character for morality is a great mistake. Fowler says Cox could have made a lawyer or civil engineer. Now the murderer has only 1½ inches of perceptive brain, and no man can think successfully with that amount of brain.

—A compound of lime-juice and whiskey is getting to be the favorite beverage among a certain class of the community. Generally speaking the proportions are a good deal of whiskey and a small quantity of lime-juice. Those addicted to it occasionally take a small quantity of lime-juice to a good deal of whiskey by way of varying the prescription.

A REMINISCENCE OF NIAGARA.

Terrible Experience in the Rapids.

I remember when I was but a boy that a man got into the rapids here, having been carried down in a boat, which was broken to pieces. He had the good fortune to be dashed on a rock to which he clung. It was at the height of the season—August—if I recollect rightly—and he clung there for fully thirty-six hours. Everybody streamed out of the hotels and the village; the banks of the river, particularly on this side, were thronged with people anxious to do something to save him. Dozens of plans were suggested; some attempted, but they all failed. Thousands of dollars were offered to anybody who would rescue him. The desperate situation of the man had been telegraphed over the country, and every train brought crowds of passengers hither to witness it with their own eyes. He was encouraged by shouts from the banks, but whether he could understand anything is doubtful.

The world is said to be sympathetic. It is, or appears to be unsympathetic, because the object for which sympathy is asked is abstract. When it is tengible, visible, all is changed. There was an exemplification. This poor wretch could be seen. He was an ordinary uneducated man; but he was a man, and the brotherhood and sisterhood of the race went out to him in pity and intense engerness to rescue him. Women of fashion, *blasé* club men, selfish worldings grew pale as they watched the unhappy wretch, so vivid was their sympathy.

Many persons sat up all night looking across the seething, roaring waters at the small dark figure still clinging to the rock. The morning came; renewed efforts were made, but they miscarried. The crowd had increased; it was immense. Everybody was excited. Tears were in women's eyes; pallor gleamed through the rouge of some of their cheeks. Can't something be done? Must the poor fellow perish before our faces? Is there no way to rescue him? Such questions were incessantly asked; but, alas! no reply could be given. The man had good enough courage and great strength. He clung to the rock with the desperation of a dying soul. To lose his hold was to be dashed over the cataract. Apparatus and contrivances arrived from Buffalo. New experiments and new failures. Hoarse shouts still rang across the rapids to hold on, to be of good heart. The strongest heart that ever throbbed could not grip that rock forever. It was wonderful how he had endured. A fresh idea had come in to the minds of half a dozen mechanics. They were laboring to throw out a hawser; every muscle was strained; every eye was bent upon their work.

Suddenly the man slipped away. He was exhausted; he threw up his arms; he dashed toward the cataract. A low groan as from one breast quaked through the throng; the thousands shivered with terror. A black object was seen for a moment longer in the hell of the waters, and then disappeared forever. There was an agony of relief. No one moved, no one spoke for a while. All looked in the direction where the figure had been swallowed up. It was the enchantment of terror; it was the chill of tragedy distinctly wrought which froze every one for the moment to the spot.

The old resident—he has lived here forty years—says that on the average about six persons are carried over the falls every year, and that four out of the six are wholly or partly intoxicated and lose their lives by carelessness or recklessness in rowing above the rapids, going beyond the line of danger. But for liquor, not more than two lives, he says, would be lost annually.—*Niagara Falls Letter to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

AN INTERESTING STORY.

The Young Girl Whose Face Appears on the American Silver Dollar.

An interesting story in connection with the new silver dollar has just come to light in Philadelphia. The secret has come out, through the *Record* newspaper, as to who the young lady was that sat to Mr. Morgan, the designer, as a model for the head which appears on the coin. The lady who has thus been raised to fame, and whose name will be chronicled in history, is Miss Anna W. Williams, residing with her widowed mother at 1023 Spring Garden street, in this city. In 1876, when Mr. Morgan was making designs for the coin, he was introduced to the lady by Mr. Thomas Eakins, a friend of the family. He desired to have a true representative of American beauty emblazoned upon the coin, and the profile of Miss Williams appeared to him as the best approach to it he had seen. The lady, who is of a very modest and retiring disposition, was induced to sit, and after four or five interviews, sufficient sketches had been secured to proceed with the work. The artist wrought up the face afterward to its present appearance, as it is shown upon the coin. It would be impossible to recognize in it any resemblance to Miss Williams. The Grecian nose and delicate lips had their foundation in her features, but the full rounded chin resembles more that of the wife of Mr. Morgan. Miss Williams is a blonde and considered quite pretty. She is a teacher in the girls' department of the House of Refuge, and about 18 years of age. This sets at rest the numerous stories which have been in circulation as to whom the face on the coin belongs to.

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM.

In the extract from Archibald Forbes' letter, mention was made of "Young James, of the Scots Greys, who, at the battle of Ulundi, was blazed at, point blank, by two men. The two turned on him. They missed. He ran the righthand man through. The man on the left dropped his musket and inflicted an assegai wound on James' bosom. The latter, extricating his sword, brought it round to the left with a swift swing and all but severed his antagonist's head." Referring to this incident the Whitehall *Review* says: "Do you remember a young British officer who, the very day before he sailed for the Cape to see active service for the first time, was engaged to the beautiful daughter of our great English artist, Millais? Then read Mr. Forbes' sketch of the battle of Ulundi in Monday's *Daily News*, and thank me for telling you that the hero who killed those two Zulus was Miss Millais' betrothed. It is a story which a novelist might have invented at the risk of being snubbed on the score of improbability. But the romance of truth is more startling than fiction. The same idea has been put in more epigrammatic phrase, but the illustration of it has never been more briefly or effectively set forth than it is in Forbes' simple dispatch."

A GIRL'S FREAK.

Publishing Notices of Her Own Death to Spite Her Rival.

(From the Boston Advertiser.)

City Marshall Stone and officer Mears of Lynn, arrested a young woman named Ida M. Eddy at one of the hotels at Nahant yesterday afternoon upon a charge of publishing her own death in the Lynn *Record* of Aug. 29, 1878, and the Lynn *Item* of June 6, 1879. The notices purported to be sent from Abington, Mass., in each case, and were accompanied by letters signed in the first instance by "Deacon Gilmore," and in the second by the "Rev. Samuel Lee." The first notice stated that Ida M. Eddy died in Abington, of heart disease, Aug. 26, 1878, at the age of 21 years; the second, that Ida M. Eddy died in Abington, June 4, 1879, at the age of 21 years and 10 months. The accompanying letters gave a detailed statement as to the sufferings of the deceased during her last illness. The notices were published in good faith each time by the papers to which they were sent. Immediately after the last publication in the *Item*, Miss Eddy herself called at the office of the paper and upbraided the editors in no measured terms for publishing the announcement of her death, when she was still in the land of the living. She, at the time, intimated that a Miss Jennie Bessom, a respectable young woman residing at Woodland, had caused the publication of the notices by forging the letters in which they were sent. The police took up the matter and soon learned that a young man had transferred his affections from Miss Eddy to Miss Bessom, and that the former has tried to win him back by composing malicious forged letters, written to herself, and purporting to come from the latter. These letters have been publicly exhibited, and so much feeling created in the locality against Miss Bessom, that when she was accused by Miss Eddy in the *Item* office of being the author of the fradulent notices, the City Marshall was notified. Miss Bessom however, soon proved her innocence, and it became apparent that Miss Eddy herself was the guilty party. A number of forged letters written to the young man are in the hands of the police, and circumstantial evidence points strongly to the Eddy girl as their author. The animus of the whole appears to have been a desire to destroy Miss Bessom's reputation. The Eddy girl will be arraigned on a complaint of publishing a fradulent death notice in a public journal, the penalty for which is $100 fine. She freely admitted her complicity in the matter.

HAD NO FEAR OF HIS DROWNING.

Charles Dickens, in his biography of Charles Mathews, tells a striking anecdote about Lady Blessington. He was a good-natured, lazy, fussy, selfish old man, who tried to while away his time with a dilettante devotion to the arts. On the expiration of Mathews' apprenticeship as an architect, Lord Blessington took him up and became his patron. Mathews behaved with so much tact that when the building whim was over he was invited to accompany his employer to Naples, where Lady Blessington was living, the centre of a fashionable artistic society, the members of which either painted, or wrote poetry or novels, or played the flute, or in some way or other were absorbed in the exercise of the nobles faculties of the soul. The genuine fun and good spirits of Mathews made him a most welcome addition to the house; and, although his position was not a very easy one, his good sense carried him through; he was not one of the sensitive people who are always looking their gift horses in the mouth. One day the party had gone to explore some ruins rising out of the sea. Mathews describes how, as he was leaping from stone to stone, "Lord Blessington called out more than once, to my great surprise, 'Take care! take care! For Heaven's sake mind what you are about! You'll be in to a certainty!'" After one or two repetitions of his alarm, Lady Blessington, losing patience, exclaimed, "Do let the boy alone, Blessington. If he does fall into the water what can it signify? you know he swims like a fish." "Yes, yes," said his lordship, "that's all very well, but I shall catch my death driving home with him in the carriage."

COULDN'T GAME HIM.

There was a strapping big young fellow from the interior at the foot of Woodward avenue yesterday, to see the shipping. Several boot-blacks tackled him for a job in vain, and they finally got together behind some bunches of shingles and went into conference of the whole to concoct a scheme for revenge. As the result, an innocent-looking shiner sidled up to the stranger and said:

"See here, Johnnie, I've made a bet with the boys."

"Wall, I don't keer," was the cold-hearted answer.

"I've made a bet that I kin shine one o' them shoes o' your'n in less'n four minits," continued the boy. "The bet is a quarter, and I know you'll gin me a chance to win it. Just stick out yer foot here, and the job won't cost ye a cent."

The stranger slowly consented, and held his watch to time the work. The lad worked fast, and he had a good polish on the shoe in about three minutes. When through he rose up packed away his brushes, and the stranger found himself in just the fix the boys had planned. They expected an offer to complete the job, but it did not come. After a moment devoted to thought the young man descended the steps to the Harbor-master's boat, reached out his leg for the water, and "souse" went the shiny shoe below the surface.

"I reckon," said the stranger as he pulled in his leg and let half a gallon of water run out of his shoe—"I reckon you boys think you're smart, but none of our family ever mistook salsaratas for salsody, and I didn't come to town to have my hair cut with a buzz-saw!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"WHO STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON?"

(From the Lockport Journal.)

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* believes Billy Patterson was sunstruck.—*Argus.*

Billy Patterson was struck in the old Eagle Hotel in this city—so says tradition that never lies and the oldest inhabitant. The convivial gentlemen accustomed to assemble there every night and make themselves merry around an old round table, talk politics, get up "drives" on some unfortunate victims, and tell fish stories between the drinks, on an evening when more than usually merry invited this same Billy Patterson to take a drink of brandy with the company. From some quarter unknown except to the perpetrator of the outrage, Billy would receive a blow in the ribs or back, when about to partake of the favorite beverage.

Billy would indignantly protest against this gross violation of confidence and propriety. Each gentleman in the company alike indignant, would demand who it was that "struck Billy Patterson."

Billy would become entirely satisfied that no offence or insult was intended. But scarcely would the precious cognac reach his lips when the blow would be repeated. A humorous attache of a periodical—the *Knickerbocker*, if we have been rightly informed—furnished for the journal he represented a very readable and laughable account of the whole affair. Although this narrative narrows the subject of inquiry down to a limited number of gentlemen, eliminating, as it does, "the rest of mankind" outside of the actors alluded to, yet the question, who was the particular individual that struck Billy Patterson remains a profound mystery.

A SMATTERING OF FRENCH.

(From Causeur in Paris Register.)

Very amusing are the affections of some of our Americans ladies, who come to Paris with a smattering of French, and address even English-speaking people in a sort of pigeon French, not very different from the tongue in which "John" tells you, "Me washee shirtee," "me like you muchee." It recalls to one the incident in the life of Mr. Potiphar so whimsically related to Mr. Curtis. When Mr. Potiphar came to Paris his wife attempted to teach him French. He got as far as "bong joor, Mongsheer," and was able to ask the servants the way to "numero kattery vang sank," but was ambitious to shine as a French scholar in public places. He used to go into the reading rooms at his bankers' and take up a paper. Then suddenly laying it down, he would observe to his next neighbor, "Bong joor, Mongsheer. But perhaps you do not speak French." He tried this once too often for one day, on saying it to a dignified gentlemen, the other promptly replied, "It is very evident that you do not," and refused to talk any more. It certainly is absurd for an American to address other Americans in French, unless they speak it so well as not to be a laughing-stock for Frenchmen who may be listening.

—Drinking songs are numerous enough to make, if collected, a volume of considerable size, but smoking songs are extremely rare. The best, says the Hartford *Courant*, is the one which begins:

"Floating away, like a fountain's spray,
Or the snow-white plume of a maiden,
The smoke-wreaths rise to the starlit skies
With blissful fragrance laden."

And of which the refrain is:

"Then smoke away till a golden ray
Lightens up the dawn of the morrow;
For a cheerful cigar, like a shield, will bar
The blows of care and sorrow."

—"It's a weary world, and full of—liquor," hiccoughed a philosophical inebriate one night as he staggered out of a saloon where he had been imbibing "old rye," and doing some thinking for a whole evening.

—A fortune-teller, known as "Metta," died recently in Vienna, leaving $40,000 and the business to her daughter.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

Thrilling Experience of a Family in a Forest Fire.

(Pottsville (Pa.) Miner.)

Between 8 and 9 o'clock one evening last week Robert C. Uffner, his wife and a daughter twelve years of age left Frackville for Shenandoah in an ordinary farm wagon drawn by two horses. After driving a short distance Mr. Uffner on looking ahead a half a mile saw that the woods were on fire on both sides of the road, but as the timber was small and the undergrowth light he thought he would be able to get through without much difficulty. When he entered the burning district the wind seemed to increase and the fire moved with such amazing rapidity that he could hardly keep pace with it. After driving through the fire three or four hundred yards the smoke became so dense that the travelers were almost suffocated and in a few seconds later were compelled to lie down on the bed of the wagon to prevent being smothered. The smoke so blinded Mr. Uffner that he could hardly see the road, and consequently he allowed the horses to go on pretty much as they pleased. A half mile was traversed in this way, when the smoke suddenly cleared away, and the flames on either side of the road increased in strength so rapidly that they almost roasted the now thoroughly frightened travelers. Seeing that if they did not escape very soon the entire party would be burned to death, Mr. Uffner tried to urge his horses to a gallop, but the poor animals were so frightened that they hardly moved, at last came to a standstill, and began backing off the road. Fearing that the wagon would be pushed into the fire, Mr. Uffner jumped out, and taking the bits, managed to quiet them until he found a good, stout stick. Then, ordering his wife to take the reins, he proceeded to belabor the horses until they struck a gallop and dashed along the road into the very heart of the fire. Uffner succeeded in clambering into the wagon as the horses ran, and, taking the lines from his wife, urged them on at the top of voice. This race was continued over the rough mountain road for several hundred yards, with the flames roaring on both sides and myriads of sparks falling in about the wagon. Mrs. Uffner's dress caught fire, and her husband dropped the reins to assist her in extinguishing it, when she fainted in his arms. While he was endeavoring to bring his wife back to consciousness the horses were tearing along at breakneck speed, and the wagon swerved, jolted and swung around in anything but a comfortable manner. Mrs. Uffner became conscious in a few seconds, however, and just then her husband saw a cloud of dense black smoke enveloping the road and knew that they had reached the outskirts of the fire, and were safe. The travellers were all slightly burned. Some idea of the terrible heat they passed through may be had when it is stated that the paint of the wagon was burned entirely off, and the horses' hair was scorched in hundreds of places by the clouds of sparks that fell on them.

YOU MAY SEE HER HOME.

Scene—A theatre. Seated in the orchestra, a lady and gentleman; the former enamored of the latter—in fact, desirous of winning him. The lady, however, has flirting tendencies and indulges them with a handsome party in the circle. The escort is not unobservant of this little by-play, and finally asks, smilingly: "Do you know the gentlemen with whom you are flirting?"

An embarrassed negative in the reply.

"Then excuse me a moment."

The escort immediately crosses the theatre and puts a similar question to the other conspirator:

"Sir, you are acquainted with the lady at whom you have been smiling this half hour?"

"No"

"Would you like to be?" pleasantly.

Very much surprised, "Certainly."

"Then come with me."

A moment after the escort introduces the not altogether comfortable pair. Then the mild expression leaves the insulted gentleman's countenance, and he says sternly:

"Now, sir, you may accompany this lady home."

With a bow he takes his leave, and the woman who loves him never hears his voice again.

SEX IN TRUNK-PACKING.

"The man who takes over ten minutes to pack a trunk is a doll!" said Mr. Bowerman, as he slammed down the lid and turned the key. Mrs. Bowerman had been at it just seven days and seven nights, and, when the husband went up stairs at 10 o'clock, she sat down before the open trunk with tears in her eyes. "You see how it is," she explained, as he looked down upon her in awful contempt. "I've got only part of my dresses in here, saying nothing of a thousand other things, and even now the lid won't shut down. I've got such a headache I can't look down for a few minutes." She went away to lop, and Mr. Bowerman sat down and mused: "Space is space. The use of space is in knowing how to use it." Removing everything, he began repacking. He found a silk dress could be rolled to the size of a quart jug. A freshly-starched lawn was made to take the place of a pair of slippers. Her brown buating fitted into the niche she had reserved for three handkerchiefs, and her best bonnet was turned bottom up in its box and packed full of underclothing. He sat there viewing sufficient empty space to pack in a whole bed when she returned, and said he was the only real good husband in this world, and she kissed him on the nose as he turned the key. "It's simply the difference between the sexes," was his patronizing reply as he went down stairs to turn on the burglar alarm. When that wife opened that trunk last night! But screams and shrieks would avail nothing.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

If all goes well, the next meeting of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain, held under the presidency of the Duke of Argyll, will be unusually interesting, for many claimants are coming forward to show that they have solved the long-propounded problem of the best mode of constructing a flying-machine. The experiments are to be shortly made, under due supervision, at the Crystal Palace. Mr. W. H. Simmens, the aeronaut, of Peckham Rye, has constructed a navigable balloon on the model of an eagle, with two great wings moved by a powerful level. The "air boat" is the name given by the inventor, Mr. Phillip Brandon, to another machine for navigating the air without the aid of gas, hydrogen, steam or hot air. Another competitor is Mr. Charles Spencer, long known as a practical gymnast-apparatus manufacturer, and who has bestowed twenty years of study to the development of his aerial machine, with which he has already made many successful experiments. Mr. Spencer's model exhibits a combination of the body of a flying fish and the wings of a dragon-fly, the tail bearing a resemblance to a boy's paper dart. The entire length is twenty feet, and the weight only twenty-five pounds. There are two rudders, one vertical and the other horizontal, the one for turning right or left, and the other for moving up or down.

Poison for Rats and Mice.—Carbonate of baryta has been found to be a most efficient poison for rats and similar vermin. Indeed, at a special series of trials at the Royal Agricultural College, Proskau, Germany, this substance was found to be more efficacious than any other. It occurs as a heavy white powder, devoid of taste or smell. In the Proskau experiments it was mixed with four times its weight of barley meal, and pellets of the paste were introduced into the holes of the rats, house-mice and field-mice. A small quantity proves fatal. It appears to cause immediate and complete paralysis of the hind extremities, so that it may be assumed that mice eating of it in their holes will die within them. It was found in practice that neither fowls nor pigeons would touch the paste, either in its soft state or when hardened by the sun; so that its employment is probably free from danger to the occupants of the poultry yards. Some rabbits, on the other hand, got access to the paste, ate heartily of it and paid the penalty with their lives. Next to the carbonate of baryta paste the ordinary phosphorus paste proved more destructive, and this, it was found by experiment, is more attractive to the mice in a soft form than when hardened into pills. But it is considerably dearer than the baryta preparation; an important factor in the calculations of the farmer who has to wage war against rodents on an extensive scale. Carbonate of baryta, sprinkled on fish, was long ago recommended by Kidd to get rid of vagrant cats.

FALLING ASLEEP TOGETHER.

(Syracuse Herald.)

About six years ago a certain prominent man died in a neighboring village, leaving as the only survivors of the highly respectable stock represented by his family, his mother aged about ninety and an invalid sister aged about forty years of age. The deceased left his mother, sister and wife comfortably well off in a nice home. This spring the wife turned the aged mother and invalid out of doors. "Mammy," as the old lady was familiarly known by the villagers, and "Libbie," the daughter, were both on the very verge of the grave, "Mammy" from old age and "Libbie" from the ravages of consumption. They were beloved by the villagers on account of their purity of heart and beautiful characters. The kind-hearted neighbours secured an upper room for them in a house near their old home and contributed articles of furniture, food, medicine and anything else which love could suggest to make as comfortable as possible the few remaining days which they might have on earth. Lying in separate beds in the same room the last days were passed by the mother and sister. The wish of each was that they might enter the dark valley together. Libbie could not be moved, but "Mammy" would insist on being taken over to Libbie's bed every little while to assure herself that her daughter was still alive. The conversations of the two were most affecting; they were of resignation, hope and mutual love. One night while "Mammy" was asleep Libbie breathed her last. When the old lady awoke her first question was concerning her daughter. When told she was dead she said, "I'm so glad she is out of pain. I wish now that I could go to sleep and not wake." And her wish was gratified, for, closing her eyes in a peaceful slumber, she soon passed into that sleep which knows no waking. A single funeral sermon was pronounced over mother and daughter.

HOW SHE MARRIED HIM.

The Summerside *Journal* tells the following story:—Miss Johanna Smith lived as a servant with Mr McDonald, Bedeque Point, and was industrious and saving. A fine-looking young fellow named William James McDougall was also hired, and in course of time managed to gain Miss Smith's affections, and then deserted her, and at a tea party took up with another girl. Miss Smith applied to a lawyer for redress, and McDougall was arrested under a bailable writ, for damages and breach of promise, and lodged in Summerside jail, and a stop for the time put to his courting. But although Miss Smith had her heart-less lover caged, she did not feel happy, and passed sleepless nights thinking about his hard fate, and to the jail she went to see him. Through the wicket they talked, and inside the prison doors he promises that if she sets him free he will marry her. Neither of them has the two dollars required for the license, but some generous friends go round with the hat and the money is gathered in, and a generous justice of the peace consents to perform the ceremony free gratis. But now comes a cruel disappointment and delay; the lawyer must have $12 dollars for his costs. The heart of the girl is like to break, but Love laughs at bolts and bars of iron, and she whispers through the wicket, "I've got a little cow, and I'll sell her to get you out." The cow was twelve miles away, and none will ever know the toils and hardships that dear girl endured in driving the cow through the woods and swamps before she got her sold, and the lawyer satisfied. Last week once more all was right, but not yet, the sheriff wanted $1.75. Fancy the anguish of the young girl. She had no other cow, had now nothing left in the world, and a silent prayer went up, and the heart of a stranger was touched, the sheriff paid and McDougall set free. A large gathering of the people of Summerside, with several of the leading barristers of the province, met in the court room. The bride, leading the bridegroom by the hand, and the Justice of the Peace, having on a lawyer's gown, ascended the desk, with the book of common prayer, and the Westminster Confession of Faith. The license was then read by one of the barristers, and the marriage ceremony duly performed by the justice, when the company separated, the brave girl and the husband that she caught and conquered receiving many congratulations.

THE MYSTERY OF THE LAKES.

There is a mystery about the American lakes. Lake Erie is only 60 to 70 feet deep, but Lake Ontario is 292 feet deep, 230 feet below the tide-level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf St. Lawrence; and the bottoms of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, although the surface is much higher, are all from their vast depths, on a level with the bottom of Ontario. Now, as the discharge through the river Detroit, after allowing for the probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior, by the Huron, to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is not impossible, and accounts for the singular fact that salmon and herring, are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but no others. As the Falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lakes without some subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.

RETURNED TO HER FIRST LOVE.

(Troy, N. Y., Press.)

Schoharie county has produced another curious elopement case. Last March John Casper, a married and well-to-do farmer, eloped from Cobleskill with the wife of a farmer named Earls, also well off in worldly goods and the father of interesting children. Casper took something like $2,