Listowel Standard.

VOL IV.—NO. 25. LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH, JUNE 24, 1881. { A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

"I hold heah in my han' a letter from New England, axin' me what institushun of l'arnin' I graduated at," began the old man, as the dogs were turned out and the doors locked. "De writer may have bin in airnest an' he may have meant to insult me, but I have only one reply. My school house was de cotton field; my teacher was de slave ober seer wid his whip; my text book war de hoe, de ax, de cotton gin and de auction block. For ober thirty y'ars I was an ox, to be whipped, starved, worked, shot, burned, sold or placed in a postishun to please de whims of a master. Dat was my college, and I kin look up an' down dis hall an' see de faces of a score of men who graduated wid me from de same institushun. Our school did not teach us to read or write; our teachers did not seek to inculcate principles of varchew, honesty an' integrity. No one could blame us fur bein' bad, an' yet, holding a second place as we do, off color an' ignorant, I will put de records of de ten old slaves in dis hall to-night again de records of any ten white men of de same age. Dar am not a drinker in de lot; no one of dem has bin accused of a crime. Ebery man has a good reputashun fur sobriety an' honesty, an' his word am taken as fur as a man's word kin go.

"I kin show you in Detroit 500 white men, all well educated, well taught, an' havin' a life time de start of us, who am poorer dan we ar'; who am tricky, dishonest an' widout a word, an' who dodge constables an' avoid creditors same as we look out fur mad dogs. It am not edicashun dat makes de man any mo' dan it am de harness dat makes de hoss. I daily meet enthusiasts on dis subjeck. I know white men who emagine dat a son's fucher am all serenely, settled as soon as he kin write fo' lines of Latin an' translate six lines of Greek. I know cull'd men who have worked night an' day an' worn old clothes an' libed on nuffin to cram deir boys full of educasnun. It am true dat de more educashun we have de less vice we have, but doan' go too fur. America stands to-day in de front rank of nashuns, an yit her leadin' men am not her college graduates. Take de men in Detroit who war educated de mos' an' you h'ar de leas' of dem. Dey am not at de head of our big factories, in our beg stores, or plannin' an' carryin' out big enterprises. Mo' dan five hundred college an' hizh school graduates am book-keepin' an' sto' clerkin' in dis werry city on salaries of less dan $20 a week. Fin' me a college graduate among de merchants. Fin' me one along de ribber front. Fin' me one among de shipowners. Fin' me one among de tobacconists. Does a college educashun direct de affairs of our big stove works, our locomotive works or our dozen railroads?

"I tell you, my friends, a boy wid hoss sense in his head to begin on, tempered up wid two or three y'ars of union school educashun, will make his way where graduates can't go. Our mos' successful business men am almost self educated. Men who nebber saw a college have invented our reapers, mowers, sewing machines an' labor savin' masheenery. Men wid deestrick school educashuns have built our biggest ships an' planned our grandest enterprises. Star gazin', poetry an' philosophy am well nuff, but it has been native genius an' bizness push which has made dis kentry what it am.

"Fust fel of your boys an' see if de Lawd gin 'em any hoss sense. If he did, it am your duty to develop an' direct it. If he didn't, de only way to present men from callin' dem fules and idiots am to pack 'em off to college an' stuff 'em so full of Greek, Latin, oratory, ancient history an' classical slop dat some of it will spill ober wheneber dey open deir moufs. We will now purceed wid our reg'lar purceedings."

ELECTION.

The following candidates came out of the bean box right end first: Uncle Thomas Owney, Rev. Keeler, Deacon York, Standby Clark, Underwood Berry, Calumniate Freeport, Col. Barker and Judge Ripon.

A WILTED BROTHER.

As soon as the result of the election was announced Kyann Jones offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, Dat in case of war wid Hindostan dis Lime Kiln Club will stan' ready to offer its services in a military sense to de Government of de United States."

During the profound silence which followed the reading of the resolution the fall of a big hunk of plastering in the ante room sounded like an earthquake and caused a general start of alarm.

"Brudder Jones, I fink I know what ails you," said the President as he carefully let the resolution fall into the waste basket. "If I war' you, I'd soak my feet on gwine to bed to night an' put a mustard plaster on my l ad. Sich cases as yours, if not taken in time, am apt to result in a sudden explosshun."

The brother sat down with a pressure equal to 240 pound to the square inch; and during the remainder of the session he seemed buried in profound thought.

THE WEATHER.

The Chairman of the Weather Bureau reported the following programme for the coming week:

Monday—Total eclipse of the sun, with a slight decline in the price of strawberries.

Tuesday—Indications of an earthquake.

Wednesday—Fair weather, unless it clouds up and rains.

Thursday—Mules wear an open countenance and lost pocketbooks are to be found on every corner.

Friday—Roscoe Conkling had an offer to go into the poultry business.

Saturday—Good day for trading knives unsight and unseen.

Sunday—It will depend on what bait you use.

WHAT WILL HE DO.

A letter from St. Louis, signed Merchant, desired information concerning the financial panic thought likely to follow this general boom of prosperity, and the old man replied:

"De prudent man am known by de locks on his doans. No burglar eber sought to enter my cabin, but I keeps locks on de doahs an' sticks ober de windows jist de same. No man kin say dat dis era of flashness will be followed by hard pan times, but I am gwine to git ready for it. I shall go slow an' be keerful. I shall whitewash de cabin one y'ar, shingle it de next, an' wait still anoder y'ar befo' havin' de front doah grained."

HE WON'T COME.

For the past week the daily arrival of J. Skidmore Copway, of North Carolina, has been looked for and expected, he being at present on a visit to friends in Oberlin, O. He had made arrangements to come here and deliver his lecture on Centralization, but at a late hour Saturday afternoon he telegraphed, at the expense of the club, that he could not possibly fill the date.

"It may be well to splain to you," said the President, "dat dis great orator wrote to me las' week dat when he reached heah he should expect to be received at de aepot by a string band, escorted up de avenue by de club, an' installed in de best room in a four story tavern. He made speshul menshun of his desire to borrow a buff vest an' white pants in which to deliver his lecture, an' he hinted dat de smell of onions allus frowed him into convulshuns. I drapped him a line in reply, an' it seems he has decided not to come."

THEY CAN.

The Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture made the following report:

"Dis committee war axed to investigate an' report on the query from Ohio: 'Kin wild cats be raised in Michigan?' Dey have investigated, an' de report am to de effeck dat wild cats kin not only be raised in Michigan, but dem same wild cats kin raise Michiganders arterwards. We also investigated the query from Boston: 'Kin peanuts be banished from de theater?' Our report am to de effeck dat dey kin. All dat am needed to put a stop to dis nuisance am to hire about fo' men to handle about fo' clubs fur about fo' weeks in de leadin' opera houses of the kentry."

The President then appointed a committee to examine the hall stove and see if it could be made to last through the hot weather, and the meeting adjourned with a rush for the jug in which Waydown Beebe was carrying home some soda water to his invalid wife.

REMARKABLE THEATRICAL CRITICISM

Hamlet must have been a remarkable man not to have gone mad in the midst of such characters as his aimless mother, the insipid and discordant Ophelia and the noisily empty Laertes, as they were presented on this stage. We confess to our secret satisfaction at the poisoning of the Queen, who, in rouging her cheeks got a double dose on the end of her nose, and we experienced a malicious joy in the unskillful stabbing of Laertes, who deserved death if for no other reason than for his unaccented lamentations over the demise of a horse-fiddle sister, whose departure should have been to him a source of joy. The grave-digger did well, not only to his professional work, but in effectually burying the ill dressed Ophelia. We never attended a funeral with more pleasure.—*Exchange.*

—Fifteen thousand dentists torture the native American.

IMPROMPTU REHERSALS

Told by a Man Who Forgot that Bernhardt Can't Speak English.

One of Sarah Bernhardt's most marked peculiarities is the manner in which she is constantly, almost unconsciously, experimenting with and studying her art, though even the most trivial and insignificant instances of daily life. Mrs. Siddons is said to have ordered a beefsteak with the air of a tragedy queen, but the Bernhardt avails herself of every chance remark or action to test her ideas of naturalness and vraisemblance, and to watch the effect of her acting on others. For illustration one night, while she was stopping at Mobile, the hotel servant who responded to her bell was astonished to behold the star start suddenly as he opened the door turn pale, clutch a chair for support, and whisper hoarsely, though in very broken English, of course: "Great heavens! It is he! Quick! Conceal yourself in this cabinet!" followed by the hasty closing of a closet door. If this had occurred at a hotel out here, the waiter would have discreetly withdrawn. In this instance, however, he reported the incident at the office, and the proprietors at once proceeded to enforce the proprieties. As the landlord entered the suspected apartments the star tripped smilingly towards him with the naive, fresh, girlish affection of a 16 year old daughter.

"Be seated, dear father," she said. "You must, indeed, be fatigued by your long walk from Rouen."

"W-h-a-t?" stammered the hotel keeper. The actress immediately changed her manner to that of a proud woman struggling with rage and jealousy.

"I have sent for you M. le Prefect, to denounce a thief. Yesterday I was robbed of a case of jewels, and the criminal is that woman?" and she actually seemed to dilate in size as, with glaring eyes and outstretched finger, she pointed to a dress lying upon the bed.

A woman!" gasped the host, who was now convinced that he was talking to a maniac. "I thought there was a man in here, but I see I was mis—"

"Sh-s-s-h!" whispered the star, with her finger on her lip and an expression of deathly horror, that made the listener's blood curdle. "Do you hear his blood still drip on the marble floor! He lies in the little cell yonder, Come, let us peep at him. Five stilettos in his breast. How Venice will shout in the morning," and she dragged the trembling man to the wardrobe.

"I don't see any—anything," he faltered, meditating how he could make a running start for the door.

"Ah!" she said, peering into his eyes with a searching glance. "Wouldst betray us then, hare heart? Then 'tis thou alone shall fire the palace. Quick; here's thy torch. I will guard the postern," and the facile Sarah handed the wretched man a match, and seizing a property dagger from the mantelpiece placed her back against the door.

"Now, if I yell out I suppose I'm a gone coon," said the landlord, the perspiration dripping from his forehead. "This crazy billiard cue will elice me all up." Just then his eye fell upon the electric fire alarm button.

"Certainly, I'll fire the palace," he said aloud, and lighting the match he held it under the indicator.

The result was that in a few seconds the door was burst open and a porter with a Babcock extinguisher dashed into the room and almost squirted the Bernhardt's head off. The landlord escaped in the confusion and was about sending for a commissioner in lunacy, when Manager Abbey appeared and explained matters. But up to the day the troupe left Mobile the landlord gave the tragedienne a wide berth, and never even heard her electric voice yelling over the bannisters for the chambermaid, or more towels, without shutting his eyes and shivering like a dog swallowing a bone.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

TEARING UP THE BIBLE.

Extraordinary Proposition of an Orthodox Protestant Clergyman.

(Rev. Dr. Swing in Chicago Alliance.)

It so happens that all modern difficulties of any moment, in one direction of the holy Scriptures, are not difficulties with a rendering, but with the subject matter, however interpreted. There should be in the new version elimination of whole chapters and whole books, on the ground that they make the sacred volume too large to be printed in good type and still be portable. A small Bible always means that the type is almost microscopic. A popular Bible should be at once portable and of fair, clear type, and to make this possible a large part of the old testament should be omitted from the editions of the future.

Not only are the laws of the Mosaic state repealed and dead, and therefore unworthy of a place in this guide of the public, but they are the laws of a semi-barbarous age, and cast no little of their imperfection over upon the fair pages of the new testament. The new testament has suffered much from thus being found in bad company. Those treatises are valuable as being a part of the history of the Jewish state, but not as being a part, much less a valuable part of Christianity. Many of the Hebrew laws were so unjust that their presence in the popular Bible makes it essential that each clergyman and each Sunday school teacher shall spend much time in explaining the relation of Mosaic things to Christian affairs—an explanation to be made easier by a withdrawal of the cause. The laws about women and slaves are particularly unjust, and their presence in the good book will always complicate the inquiry: "What is inspiration?" If, as almost all Christian scholars admit, those laws were the temporary statutes of a nation, temporary compromises between a horrid epoch and a kinder one in comparison, that legal literature should have lapsed into quietness along with the Hebrew, the Amorite, and Jebusite, and not be spread out to-day before our youth, as forming some part of the divine truths to be believed. Besides the savage injustice in some of these laws there is much that offends against the refinement of our more civilized times. No minister, no family, dares read aloud all of the old testament. It came from a far off time, and jars like a discord upon the modern heart. The Bible has already been so deeply injured by the timidity of its friends that now, since the rage for a new version has come, it is high time a demand was made that the best of all books be set free from some of the weights which so impede its progress.

Other leaders will come along after a time to make changes of a more radical nature and from their hands the Bible will come ready to be the hand book of the Christian of the next century. The Bible will always live and always lead men.

LONDON'S ÆSTHETIC YOUNG MEN

Very few know that the æsthetic young man embodied in Gilbert and Sullivan's Patience was taken from real life. He is an Irishman, poor, and forced his way into notice by sheer eccentricity. He let his hair grow, wore strange garments, fell into attitudes, talked in a high flown fashion, and carried lilies in his hands. He worshiped Mrs. Langtry, who used to be present at his dimly lit afternoon teas, where the light was subdued and rose colored, and the people stumbled about like pre-Raphaelite ghosts; he fell at the feet of Sara Burnhardt, and finally he flopped before Modjeska, where he still remains prostrate. He was followed by street Arabs, but scarcely to his discomposure. "I am glad," he calmly remarked, "to afford amusement to the lower classes." His sayings were quoted, and finally De Maurier took him up, hair, attitudes and all, and immortalized Maudle in the pages of *Punch*. The more people laughed at him the more he grew in request. New eccentricities of costume, such as top coats befrogged and trimmed with fur, were devised and worn by the glass of the æsthetic and the word of Maudles. Finally Beerbohm Tree reproduced him in Where's the Cat? and everybody who went to the Criterion exclaimed "Oscar Wilde!" And now he shines with a reflected luster through The Colonels and Patience, and people say what a particularly great young man this great young man must be who is caricatured in the pages of *Punch*, and upon the boards of no less than three London theaters.

—A law student of Cincinnati has been rendered deaf by smoking cigarettes and poisoning the ear passages with nicotine.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—Kangaroos are fashionable pets in Boston.

—The eyesight of Wilkie Collins has been injured by rheumatic gout.

—New York is sending carp to Ecuador to stock South American rivers.

—Dennis Kearney was recently hissed and hooted off a San Francisco platform.

—A Georgia papers calls one of its rivals "the repository of belated information."

—The least intelligent of guests, says a social writer, are often the sharpest of critics.

—Modjeska is scoring a new success at the Court Theater in London as Juana, a mad woman.

—A license at Bushnell, Ill., costs $1,000. As a consequence only three saloons have been opened.

—General Butler's income is said to be $200,000. Can Anna Dickinson withstand this charm.

—A writer in the *Welchman* tries to prove by quotations from Shakspeare's plays that he was a Free Mason.

—The official hangman of Germany advertised for an apprentice, and received 400 applications in 6 days.

—Pennsylvanians are going to erect a monument to the memory of Col. Drake, the discoverer of petroleum.

—Sixty-six missionaries from the Methodist and Presbyterian churches are working among the Mormons.

—It is reported that the two railway kings, Vanderbilt and Gould, have fallen out. Will the fall be a rise to the public?

—The New York *Post* says that a Boston theatrical manager has paid $300,000 for newspaper advertising—but it paid.

—The Japanese stage is made to revolve, and while one scene is before the public another is in process of arrangement.

—Prince Bismarck is said to give his whole life to business and politics, never attending the opera, theater or an art exhibition.

—The New York *Herald* complains that the people who keep their stores open in that city on Sunday make a parlor of their sidewalk.

—An American officer visiting Gibraltar says the coat of the English soldier is so tight that he cannot lift his rifle to his shoulder.

—The Paris Anti-tobacco Society has just appealed to ladies to combat the increasing pretentions of the smoking room in family life.

—The ugly crow is exterminating the singing birds in New England, and thereby worriting the New Englander's mind consider ably.

—Mayor Grace, of New York City, has presented two of the fire laddies with the Benett gold medal for their deeds of life saving at fires.

—Bronson Howard's new play, which he has written for the Salisbury Troubadors will be called The Amateur Actor or The Amateur's Benefit.

—George Augustus Sala is to write a serial romance for the new London journal called *Pan*. The Buffalo *Express* hopes it will pan out well.

—One man on the Pacific slope employed four weeks in writing 6,571 words on a postal card so that they can be read without the aid of a glass.

—There is an artist in New York whose specialty is to turn his patron's ruddy noses to a virgin whiteness. He is always rushed with business.

—It is estimated that 75,000 women in the city of New York support themselves—and many of them their families—by their own exertions.

—Blind Tom has a dangerous rival. He lives in St. Louis and is 17 years of age. He is an expert on any instrument, but prefers the piano.

—The Philadelphia *Record* wonders if it isn't time to discover trichinæ in American horses, now that an American colt has won the Derby.

—The girls wear false eyebrows in St. Louis, and at a late reception 200 pairs were seen adorning the brows of St. Louis belles—so says the *Post*.

—A poor fisherman of Tallahasse, Fla., while digging worms for bait the other day, struck a brass kettle that was found to contain $1,400 in cash.

—Two English ladies describe the pleasure that they had in tramping, with a donkey to carry their provisions, cooking utensils, waterproofs and a tent.

—A Boston paper says that Boston is worse than any other city in the Union in the habit that men have of sitting while ladies stand in cars and coaches.

—The Canada Temperance act is now in force in 22 counties and two cities in the Dominion, the Maritime Provinces containing 20 of the total number.

There is mourning in the house of Peking. The Empress Dowager of the East is dead; the second Dowager Princess is very ill, and the young Emperor has the measles.

—The art critic of the London *Times* does not know the difference between an oil painting and a water color drawing—so Mr. Whistler says in the London *World*.

—A California millionaire, who has rented one of the best cottages at a fashionable seaside resort, was only a few years ago a street car conductor in San Francisco.

—Mr. Finney, a London dentist, claims to have found a filled tooth in an Egyptian mummy. Dentistry was further advanced, 4,000 years ago in Egypt than is supposed.

—The extensive cultivation of flowers for perfumery purposes is about to be started in California. In Europe it is very remunerative; a good crop of lavender yielding $1,500.

—The English papers are lamenting that old hamlets and towns are passing out of existence, and the people are rapidly emigrating to the great centers of industry—the cities.

—Though the late Eli Perry, of Albany couldn't spell the word Baptist correctly, his valuable bequests to Baptist institutions were received with great pleasure by that denomination.

—Kate Field is very modest in her estimation of her own professional services. She only rates them at $20,000 per year, according to an interview reported in the New York *World*.

—The new Mayor of Cincinnati draws the reins more taut each day. Now he insists that Saturday night entertainments, including public balls, shall stop promptly on the stroke of 12.

—The known exports of oleomargarine from New York last year amounted to 11,000,000 pounds, of which Rotterdam took nearly 7,000,000 pounds and Glasgow 1,500,000 pounds.

—The new Kansas liquor law is not fully sustained by public opinion. A second trial for violation of its provisions in Topeka has just resulted in acquittal, in the face of law and evidence.

—An arbitrary rule excludes carriages from Mount Hope unless accompanying a funeral procession, and so the city people wait at the gates until the cortege comes along, then join it and pass in

—Siemens, the great European electrician, has cleared $20,000,000 from his inventions, and expects to make as much more from the electric railroad which he has just put in operation at Berlin.

—The two physicians of Maquoketa, Iowa, inconsiderately chose the same week for a spree, and their patients were dangerously neglected for several days until other medical help could be obtained.

—Once a year the London Company of Drapers have a funeral anniversary, and go to view the coffin of a man who left the corporation $150,000 a century and a half ago, with this condition attached.

—A gardener at Tampa, Fla., cut recently a bunch of bananas with ninety fingers. The stalk bearing the bunch was a year old, and grew in his yard. It was of the dwarf variety and about four feet high.

—The season of ocean travel is now at its height. Thousands of poor immigrants are flocking here to America to make fortunes, and thousands of rich immigrants are rushing off to Europe to spend them.

—M'me Gerster deserves to be chronicled as a heroine. She stood on deck and coolly faced the kisses that 200 pursuing women thrust upon her and her baby as she sailed from New York, en route for Bologna.

—John Archer, a vigorous farmer of 45, living at Randolph, N. Y., died early last week, in the opinion of his physician from poison, received into his system while spreading a prepared phosphate on a field.

—Virginia colored boys of ten and twelve years of age are set at work transferring cans of nitro-glycerine from storehouse to mine, and when a can drops and five men are atomized they take the boy out and switch him.

—The theatrical artists will soon be wending their way homeward. Edwin Booth, will return the last of this month, George Fawcett Rowe in July, John McCullough in August, and Genevieve Ward in September.

—The Baptists of California have at last succeeded in ousting Rev. I. S. Kalloch from the church. The State Convention had to be demolished and a new one organized by the secessionists to accomplish this result.

—Said a reverend doctor at a Baptist Missionary Union: "If the sharp practices of which I have heard a little are at all prevalent in the foreign mission fields, we shall very soon have to send missionaries to the missionaries."

—A young woman at Des Moinies, a member of the praying band, became infatuated with one of the convicts she was trying to convert, and attempted to secure his liberty by disguising him in the apparel of the band. She failed.

—A New York politician, in writing a letter of condolence to the widow of a Congressman who had been his friend, says: "I am pained to hear that W— has gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again."

—There are in Great Britain 23,000 females who are farming. These women enjoy all the rights and privileges of men with one exception; they can not vote for members of parliament, but they can vote on all municipal elections.

—An old gentleman, when asked after his health, replied: "I'm getting quite feeble, and exercise of any kind is almost too much for me; last year I could walk entirely round the square, but now I can only walk half way round and back again."

—The Springfield *Republican* says that one of the witnesses in a divorce suit before the Supreme court yesterday refused to take the oath, giving as the reason Christ's injunction: "Swear not at all, neither by Heaven nor by the earth." He finally affirmed.

—The medical faculty of Vienna have been studying a young man who wears his heart on his right side, his liver on his left, and in other respects has the small arrangement of the internal human organism completely reversed. He is strong and healthy.

—One of the churches in Patchogue, L. I., has made a novel addition to its music by introducing into the church two dozen canary birds in cages. They sing with and without the choir, and the music does not seem to disturb either the minister or congregation.

—It is related of Mr. Freeman, the historian, that in his love for the old English and Anglo-Norman period of history his children have been named after the manner of those times. Thus one is called Ælfred, another Eadward and a third Æthelburg.

—In the land of Wyoming lives Lee Chin and Eva Lee. She thinking she would like Chin added to her name, and he not being adverse to it, they went to Denver and were married. Sequel—Both have been arrested and are spending their honeymoon in prison.

—John G. Saxe, the poet, lost his only surviving daughter on Saturday last. His wife died last July, and he has buried his three daughters within seven years. Troubles crowd upon him, for he is a confirmed invalid and is living in straitened circumstances in Brooklyn.

—The Chicago *Journal* says that the wedded happiness of Mrs. Richard G. Haskell, nee Mary Beebe, once the favorite prima donna of the Ideal Opera company, did not last long. The parties have now separated and friends of both say the young lady was spoiled by going on the stage.

—The people are trying to remove a Roman Catholic school teacher from the public schools of Salem, though it is well known that she does not teach her religious principles in the school. The Boston *Transcript* thinks this sectarian pressure belongs back in the age of the witch persecution.

—A Washington man sent to a phrenologist one photo of himself dressed as a woman, another as an architect, a third as a professor. Three charts were sent back. The architect was advised to marry the woman, while the professor being of uncongenial temperament, was advised not to marry.

—Dr. J. B. Stewart, of Shelbyville, Ind., has a wife who regularly takes poison to frighten her husband and so keep him at home on nights, thereby neglecting his patients, as he must stay at home and resurrect her, and yet the cruel husband thinks this conduct is just cause for divorce.

—The little Massachusetts town of Salec has been running electrical lights with practical success and without bragging. The place has had six miles of street lamps fed by electricity ever since September, and reports a saving as compared with gas at the rate of over $2,000 a year.

—The Queen of the Sandwich Islands has her gowns made all in one piece in the native style. But they are of blue velvet striped with gold, of peach pink with white jet, and of blue satin with crimson crushed roses. Slippers for Her Majesty are made of the same material as the dresses.

—The man with a lawn mower who gets up at 4 a. m. and runs his old rattling lawn mower 3,000 times in as many different ways over his 7 x 9 patch of grass, should be compelled to listen to the remarks of his neighbors as they roll over in bed, fight flies, and stuff the coverlids in their ears.

—The two young Princes, sons of the Prince of Wales, who lately visited Cetewayo in South Africa, asked to see his wives. They were shown four women of the royal household, who have been in attendance on the exking during his captivity, none of his wives having been permitted to join him.

—The Hungarian women are described as very beautiful, with as fine figures as the Vienna ladies, but preserving their willowy lightness long after the Austrian has become fat and shapeless. They are dark skinned, with glorious eyes, and one can often find traces of the vagabond blood of the gypsy in their faces.

—The *Inter-Ocean* tells the story that two young men promised to give a ladies' sewing circle in Frankfort, Ky., $10 if its members would keep absolute silence at its meeting for the space of one hour. After they had expressed their opinions vigorously of the young men, they timed themselves, set to work and won the money.

—A young woman in Maine is about to be informed that her supposed father and mother are not her real ones. It is hoped that the blow from this sad intelligence will be softened by the fact that she is an heiress to her father's estate in Salem, Massachusetts, who was supposed to be a poor man until he died and left a large property.

—An interesting volume is being prepared by a J. R. Boyle of Hull, England—a bibliography of the literature relating to Swedenborg and the New Church, including also non-denominational writings by New Church authors and works written in criticism of its teachings. It will contain notices of nearly 6,000 works.

—A St. Petersburg correspondent of a German paper sends a lengthened account of the state of society in the Russian capital at the present crisis: "The lower classes," he says, "are true and loyal to the core. On the contrary, the middle and higher classes are thoroughly indolent, apathetic and rotten to the core."

—Haverly's new theater in Chicago is to have a peculiar feature, original with the master showman himself. There will be a fashion box on each side of the stage, built level with the floor, and so arranged that the ladies occupying them may display their entire outfit, from head to toe. From this arises the name "fashion boxes."

—A hot tempered woman always makes the spiciest dishes. You never knew a mild-tempered woman to make a rich and spicy pie. Her tea is always mild; her chicken is as tame on the table as it was in the coop. But a sharp-witted woman, with a tongue like a buzz-saw, will devil a crab, dress a cutlet, or serve a rum omelette to a turn.

—The Pottsville *Miners' Journal* reports that there is great deprivation in the families of the coal miners, on account of the reduced time which the coal combination has adopted. The men cannot earn enough to support their families, and many of them are beginning to suffer for the necessaries of life. Meat is becoming a delicacy which is seldom tasted.

—Sophia Marsden, 78 years old and blind, is contesting in Philadelphia the will of her late husband against her son. The contest involves $70,000, and turns on the genuineness or falsity of a piece of paper which Mrs. Marsden's daughter claims to have discovered, which purports to be a will of later date than that under which the son claims the property.

—While Tom Keene was playing Richard in San Francisco the other evening, with his daughter Agnes as Lady Anne, he seized her by the arm and roughly pulled her across the stage in accordance with the business of his part. His little son was in a box with Mrs. Keene, and springing on the railing, shouted: "Oh, papa, don't hurt Aggie!"

—In the Royal Theater at Munich bouquet throwing, wreath and harp giving, and other similar tributes are to be prohibited in the future except on rare and special occasions, such as the reappearance of an actor after a long illness or absence, or the occurrence of his benefit night or anniversary commemorations. Other theaters are advised to do likewise.

—The present value of vineyards in California is reputed by President Haraszting, of the State Board of Vinicultural Commissioners, to be about $35,000,000, the income from which amounted last year to $3,500,000. He is of the opinion that within three years the vineyards will be yielding to their owners $5,000,000 a year, or 10 per cent. on $50,000,000 valuation.

—One of the chaplains of the Illinois Legislature refused the pay of $3 a day which was voted him. He said he hadn't earned the money. He had prayed that the members of the House might have wisdom, honesty of purpose, patience and grace, but he did not think his prayers had availed anything. He ought to have his salary doubled as a reward for his honesty.

—A child strangled to death by getting its head wedged in a picket fence; man blown by a boiler across a river through a thicket, and buried head foremost under a log; bullock flung a man into the water, holding him there until he drowned; somebody unfastened the reins from a horse's bit and when the owner went to pull on them he fell back and fatally injured himself.

—A Chicago artist who, it is said, can earn $10,000 a year, has been an habitual drunkard for five or six years. His wife has sued a saloon keeper for $25,000 damages on the ground that his due to his influence that her husband squanders his money and neglects his work. He should have stuck to the water colors she thinks, and not have tinted his countenance as he has done.

—Among the personal effects of a departed school teacher in Omaha, who was the heroine of an elopement, that were sold at auction, was a motto, Love One Another, which brought ten cents; another, To the Cross I Cling, which sold for ten cents also; and two door-plates with the names of prominent citizens on them. Some of the et cetera offered for sale were purchased by several gentlemen as souvenirs.

—George Smith had killed several men at Brainard, Minn., and his success in that line convinced him that he was invincible. He got into a quarrel with Jack O'Neill in a saloon, and coolly said: "I'm sorry I ain't got a gun, but I'll go and get one and shoot you when I come back. You won't have to wait more'n five minutes." When Smith returned with his weapon he was easily shot from behind a door by O'Neill.

—A spirited and fastidious girl of Ottawa, Ill., declined to be married, though the guests were assembled and the bridegroom waiting, because the train of her dress did not hang properly. Expostulation was in vain. She said that she had put a great amount of thought and money into the garment and it would be a life long sorrow to her if she wore it when conscious that it was not a success. The wedding was postponed a week.

—The late additions to the Chicago stock yards bring the accommodations up to the following figures: Area of yards 345 acres; length of railroad and side tracks 40 miles; cattle pens 1,000; hog and sheep pens, 1,200; stable room for 1,500 horses; total accommodations of yards 20,000 cattle, 10,000 hogs and 5,000 sheep. With the present facilities for handling, 1,500 car loads of stock can be loaded and taken care of daily.

—The discomfort of traveling in India in hot weather is decreased on the line of the great Indian Peninsular Company by an ingenious device. The windows in every first class railway carriage are provided with screens made of fragrant khas-khas grass, which are kept constantly damp by the mechanism connected with the wheels. By this means the air is kept comparatively cool.

—One does not know anything more disgusting than the sight of a dozen men at a station near the grounds for playing athletic games rushing madly past two or three ladies so that the latter do not get the best seats. Men who enjoy the sight or the playing of sturdy games would hardly be thought of as trying to obtain the best seats in a car when there are ladies who might have had them.

—The authorities of the Paris Mint propose to substitute for the present bronze pieces a new coinage of a smaller and more elegant kind containing 20 per cent. of nickel. Specimen coins have been struck of the respective values of 5 centimes, 10 centimes and 25 centimes. The die used is an old one, cut in the troublous time of 1793. Its device is an allegorical head of the Republic wearing a cap of liberty.

—The *Colony and India* says that there can now be little doubt that within a few years the Australian colonies will be able to supply their own sugar, and that a considerable export trade will spring up along the shores of the Pacific. Fijian sugar brings almost as high a price in Melbourne as the best Mauritian produce. Forty-five tons of cane per acre, giving two tons of sugar, are an average yield.

—The Mayor of Quincy, Illinois, is very fond of fifteen ball pool; and his sister is trying to wean him from the game. She went to the billiard saloon where he was engaged in it, the other day, and gave him her opinion of him, of the game and of the company in which she found him, and, this proving ineffectual, she dropped upon her knees in prayer for her sinful brother, whereupon the Mayor fled through the back door. Even mayors are mortal.

—Bjornstjerne Bjornson hearing that King Oscar of Sweden had said "that Bjornson had sinned against all the Ten Commandments," wrote that he might have broken a good many, but he had killed no one, stolen nothing, or lied against nobody. The King paid no attention to the letter, and the two became enemies. The King probably thought that a man who owned up to breaking seven out of the Ten Commandments was not entitled to an apology.

—The pronunciation of Beaconsfied has been the subject of a good deal of dispute. The ordinary pronunciation among the natives is Beckonsfield; but among outsiders, and particularly the upper classes, the name is called Beekonsfield. It is believed to have been derived, like Oakfield, Ashfield, etc., from beechenfield, a field or clearing among the beeches, and has nothing to do with beacons. Unless it were on the seacoast there would likely to be no beacon in any ordinary field in the interior.

—The long debated question of the repeal of the prohibition of marriage with a deceased wife's sister is exciting much interest just now in some of the British colonies. In Australia such marriages have long been legalized and the acts of the colonial legislatures to this affect have been duly scrutinized and ratified by the Queen in council. Under these circumstances the denial of legal recognition to such marriages outside the limits of the colonies is complained of as a grievous hardship.

—Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, life time editor of Godey's Lady's Book, wrote Mary Had a Little Lamb. The origin of the poem is this: A daughter of Mrs. Hale's neighbor was taken very ill, and the doctor was asking the girl's mother what she had been eating. Mrs. Hale, who had just come over to the house, heard the mother say; "Mary had a little lamb, and Mary loves lambs, you know." These simple words touched Mrs. Hale so deeply that she went home and wrote the immortal poem.

—A fellow came into the room of the Art Loan Exhibition lately with a broken nosed plaster of Paris image in his hands, and laying it down, asked, "How much will you loan on this 'ere antique?" On learning that the Art Loan Exhibition was not a fancy name for a pawnbroker's shop, the police had to be called in order to get him out. He wanted to break up "the d—d swindle," but instead of that, his plaster head was broken up and a plaster adorned his own head where he had to be clubbed.

—The police in Rome have discovered a plot to assassinate the King of Italy. The suspected mandatory is an Italian who came to Rome some time since accompanied by a fellow countryman, known to the police as a member of the International. Simultaneously with the appearance of these suspicious characters a number of boxes containing explosive materials for the tunneling of the St. Gothard have been stolen from the Italo-Swiss society. Models of these boxes have been sent to all the police stations of the kingdom.

—The Adelaide *Observer* is of opinion that the average yield of the wheat harvest in nearly all the districts of South Australia for the season just closed will be a miserably small one, being no more than five bushels ten pounds to the acre, although there was a much larger quantity of land sown this year than last, the increase amounting to no less than 125,490 acres. The total area of land devoted to wheat-growing in Southern Australia this year was no less than 1,585,686 acres, and the total yield about 8,193,860 bushels.

—In the Hungarian village of Gycina a young girl has been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for a murder committed under peculiar circumstances. She had been abandoned by her lover, who had taken a fancy to another girl and had married her. On the wedding night the forsaken maid effected an entrance into the room occupied by the newly married couple, where a brisk fire was burning in a stove, and crammed the stove pipe full of rags. This caused the coal gas to fill the room, suffocating the bride and bridegroom.

—While Vienna was hurrahing over the recent Imperial marriage a poor tailor, the father of five children, all starving shut himself up with them in a room, butchered them and stabbed himself. Suspicion having been aroused, the door of the room was burst open, and the police found him just alive but covered with blood. He sat up for a moment, glanced at the five corpses, and then at a cage in which a canary was singing. "Give him to the janitor," he remarked "otherwise he will starve to death;" then he lay down and died.

—There is a curate in Warrington, England, who is liable to comic attacks at inconvenient moments. Last Sunday, having to christen a couple of pug nosed twins, he got one on each arm, and then burst out laughing, the congregation joined heartily in the twin laden curate's merriment. The mother of the twins objecting to her offspring being treated in this wild, farcical manner, snatched them indignantly from the curate, and the vicar hastened to explain that his curate is subject to attacks of hysteria, which often caused him to laugh in the wrong place.

—Wagner, the musical composer, is fit to edit a newspaper and read what his esteemed contemporaries say of him, or run for Congress during a heated campaign. He has just published a dictionary which he styles "A Wagner lexicon, or dictionary, of impoliteness, containing rude, mocking, hateful and slanderous expressions, which have been used against the master, Richard Wagner, his works and his adherents, by enemies and scorners—for delectation of the mind in leisure hours." This sounds as if Conkling might have written it.

—At one of the numerous May religious meetings held in London, it is reported that a reverend doctor said, amidst great laughter, that "the way in which the churches leaned upon the fleshy arm of the world struck him much in the same light as if St. Paul had requested Felix or Agrippa to preside at a meeting in order to secure a big audience, or had asked Simon Magus to perform a few tricks in order to increase the pay for a mission to the Romans." If there were truth in these cynical remarks, we do not see where the great laughter properly comes in.

—The domes of all the great Russian churches are plated with gold a quarter of an inch thick. The new church of the Saviour, just dedicated in Moscow, has a coat which cost $15,000,000, and the Isaac cathedral in St. Petersburg represent three times that amount. Although these churches offer to the starving peasantry such fine chances to plunder they are never touched. The wretches fear Divine vengeance and would starve rather than invoke it. What short work a Pacific bonanza king would make of them if he could get possession of them! It would not be a race so much as a steeple chase for the gold plate and the silver shrines.

—The Governor of the two Arabian Cities of Mecca and Medina was a terrible and blood thirsty tyrant, and so was the Caliph under whom he governed. Once the Governor was riding without his soldiers, and falling in with an Arab, asked him what he thought of the Governor. "He's an outrageous tyrant," said the Arab. "Have you complained of him to the Commander of the faithful?" asked the Governor. "No," said the Arab, "for he is even worse. Allah, curse them both!" At this juncture the soldiers came up, and the Arab, taking in the situation at a glance, winked at his questioner and cried: "Mind, Prince, that you disclose the secret which is between us to none but Allah!" The Governor laughed and dismissed the Arab with a gift.

—An Iowa justice was sent for in a great hurry by a young man who was at work in a neighboring field, and on arriving at the designated place found him sitting on a log in a grove. By his side was a young woman with torn and draggled dress, hair down her back, without a bonnet and almost breathless. The Judge began to palaver about the romance of the situation, when the young woman exclaimed: "Hurry up, 'squire, father's coming!" "Rush it, Judge!" said the young man. The judge looking up the road saw a party riding furiously down upon them. By great expedition, the justice got the young people married in as