The Gleaner.

INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE

Paragraphs Selected for the Readers of the "Gleaner."

Some Funny Bits for Those Who Like Them.

Pyne in His Strongly Fortified Castle.

Mr. Pyne in His Fortress.

One of the most remarkable features of these curious and exciting times in Ireland is the resistance of Mr. Douglas Pyne, M. P., to the attempt to arrest him. Mr. Pyne, M. P., who is one of the members for the County Waterford, has been summoned under the Coercion Act for one of his speeches. Having utterly disregarded the summons, a warrant has been issued for his arrest. Mr. Pyne is the possessor of an old baronial strong-hold, in an excellent state of preservation, which is known as Lidberg Castle. It stands on a commanding eminence in its grounds, and the walls are nineteen feet thick. This Mr. Pyne has notified and entrenched that he believes it is now impregnable except to the assaults of artillery. He is determined to stand a siege. He will do his best, he says, to hold his castle until parliament again assembles. Until that time he prefers, if he is to be in prison, to be in prison in his own castle, where he can defend himself. He has laid in three months' stock of provisions, and the only thing he at all fears he may run short of is water; as it is he has a gallon a day for a hundred days, and if the supply fails him, he expects the roof to supply him with rainwater. He has tinned meats, which will afford him about a day for a hundred days, and other necessaries in like measure. Altogether he finds the abode very comfortable. He adds that it is more pleasant there than in gaol wearing the prison clothes and living on wretched prison fare.

Good for Ireland as We'l.

CAMDEN, N. J., Nov. 28.—A remarkable scene occurred to-night at a meeting which was got up in the interest of the four members of the British Parliament who are advocating the peace arbitration idea. Before the meeting had proceeded far it was very apparent that two-thirds of those present were Irish sympathizers, and when the usual resolutions were read the following was offered as an additional resolution and adopted along with the others : "Resolved, that we earnestly urge that the principle of arbitration be adopted by England in the settlement of the difficulties between that country and down-trodden Ireland, believing as we do that the method will result in a speedy correction of the shameful abuses that are being heaped upon defenceless Irish tenants under cover of the iniquitous Coercion law."

A Leopardess and Her Cub.

Battled On an.

One of the leopards at Barnum's winter quarters in Bridgeport gave birth to a cub some time ago. It was taken away from the mother a few days and then returned to her. She licked it all over with much apparent affection, and a few minute after undertook to eat it up, beginning with the tail, which she devoured before the keepers realized what was going on. The process stopped there for the time, and the future fate of the cub is in doubt.

Four Burglars Attack a Priest.

WINDSOR, Nov. 28.—At four o'clock this morning four masked men visited the house of Rev. Father O'Connor, of Maidstone Cross. They pounded on the door, and Father O'Connor going to investigate was confronted by four men, who prevented revolvers at his head and ordered him to surrender. The priest making a move as if to shut the door, was fired at by one of the men, two balls whizzing past his head and being buried in the wall. The priest shut the door to their heels. The priest alarmed the neighborhood and a party turned out to search for the men. At daylight four strange men were encountered in a copse on the outskirts of the town. The searching party advanced upon them and the men ran and all but one escaped. He was taken to the lockup and refused to talk. The motive for the attack was supposed to be robbery. Another account from Maidstone says that the men did ransack the house and carried out everything of value.

Tobogganing Made Easy.

New Haven Register.

Among the features at Parlor Rock this winter will be two huge toboggan slides. Besides the exhilarating exercise of sliding down hill, tobogganers can experience the sensation of sliding up again. A hydraulic belt, or chain, running continually, will be used to attach to the ascending toboggans and slowly draw them and their occupants up to the top of the slides. The water power of the lake will be used to run the elevators as well as to run the dynamo machines for electric lighting.

An Octogenarian Breaks the Record.

There who attended the cycling gathering at Coventry, England, on Saturday, Oct. 29, must have received a slight shock when they saw Major Knox Holmes, aged 80 years, engaged along with another gentleman on a tandem tricycle in the difficult task of reducing the thirty mile record. Singular to say they succeeded, the gallant Major and his companion, Mr. Buckingham, finishing the quarter of a mile in forty-nine seconds. The breaking of a record in tricycling at 80 years of age is a feat worthy of chronicling alongside the brave of grouse for every year of his life killed by the late Capt. Horatio Ross every author after he had reached the age of three score and ten.

His Excellency's Tale.

Lord Lansdowne Says he Will Complete his Term of Office.

OTTAWA, Nov. 30.—The statement cabled from London that Lord Stanley will succeed Lord Lansdowne as Governor-General of Canada before the full term of the present incumbent has expired, is discredited in official circles here, and, in fact, is ridiculed at Government house. Lord Lansdowne is of known to stating that he will serve his full term, says he has not the remotest idea as to who his successor will be, and thinks that had the British government decided the point, or that were there are any official grounds for the statement, he would have some intimation.

Yet He Loves Her.

Man finds any amount of fault with a woman, yet works tooth and nail to get her. He calls her extravagant, yet yearns to pay her bills. She's senseless but he devotes months to tiring the spot where that heart should be. She's fickle, yet he struggles for a place in her affections. She's timid, but he, noble creature, has courage for two. She's a fraud but a darling. She's a goose, but a duck. She's snippy and sweet. In fact, she's a chameleon, in the very latest style of open and dots and feathers and fixings. She's false and graceful and changeable as the wind. Yet she's a most desirable article of household furnishing, and there are mighty few men who want to get along without her, chameleon—in a bustle—though she be.—San Francisco Report.

The Last Flop.

The proudest, futest turkey-cock, Of all the fowls most freely fed—
Was proud of the barn-yard flock—
Was first of all to loose his head.

The farmer struck the cruel blow
And toured him, bleeding, on the ground,
All careless of the life laid low,
Or how his victim flopped around.

All stood as silent as the grave ;
Then something "but somewhere on the cross-drop—drop—
When suddenly the turkey gave
His energetic final flop.

There Once Before !

Three are some men who have the faculty of being slurred and chipper, no matter what circumstances they are in. An Augusta clergyman had a call from such a man a few days ago. A young lady was on his arm, and he wished to be married to her. They were invited to wait in the parlor, and in due ceremony was about to proceed the minister requested them to stand up.

A Sensation.

In the course of a reading lesson the word "sensation" crept up, and the teacher asked what it meant. Receiving no satisfactory response, he attempted to elicit the answer by saying:—

A Pitiful Plight.

Tapley.—"Coming down to the club tonight, Chuzzlewit?"
Chuzzlewit.—"Can't my boy. Wife's sick."

Two of a Kind.

Papa—Why so pensive, my daughter?
Elsie—Jack Buffington has just returned all my notes, and everything between us is ended. Papa—Quite a coincidence, my dear. One of his was returned to me this morning—protested.

What He Received.

Rev. Joseph Parker and His Trip to America.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London, has finally made public the exact figure he received for his eulogy of Henry Ward Beecher, about which the good people of Brooklyn have been so much excited. The following special dispatch from the English clergyman; dated from Chicago, was received by the Herald yesterday afternoon: "To deliver the eulogy at Brooklyn I paid for six thousand miles of travel, suspended my usual work in London for five weeks, paid for the supply of my pulpit during the period of five Sundays, and for the whole time, work and expense I received neither more nor less than $700.—Joseph Parker."

A War of Words.

Sullivan and Mitchell Say Ugly Things to Each other and Come Near Settling their Difficulty at Once.

The New York Herald prints an account of the meeting in London Tuesday night, in which a fight between Sullivan and Mitchell was arranged. The backers of both pugilists were present, and the following war of words transpired:

Phillips asked : "What do you propose to fight for, Mr Mitchell?"

Mitchell—Five hundred pounds a side.
Here Sullivan interposed, saying: "Make it more if you like, Mitchell."

Mitchell—No that is enough. What I principally want is the satisfaction which I have been seeking from you for the last three years.

Sullivan—You can have all you want, Mitchell; perhaps you'll get more than you want.

Phillips—What size ring do you propose to fight in, Mitchell?

Mitchell—Why, to fight under the new prize-ring rules, under which all prize fights are fought.—24 foot ring.

Sullivan—I want to fight in a 16 foot ring.

Mitchell—Twenty four foot.
Sullivan—Sixteen foot.

This was repeated by both several times and a squabble ensued, at the end of which Sullivan said:
"If you want to fight me in a week, I will fight in a 16 foot ring, or if you will will until my engagements are over, I'll fight you off ban I anywhere you like."

Mitchell—Why have you allowed me to run all over America twice after you if you think you can fight me here?

Sullivan—He wants to take an advantage of me and interfere with me in my business as well as advertise himself.

Mitchell—Interfere with you? What can be made of you?

Sullivan—You don't want to fight me.

Mitchell—I want to arrange nothing else but a fight, and I hope that is the object of all concerned this so.

Sullivan—Goss and Mace fought in a 16-foot ring and I want a 16-foot and nothing else.

Mitchell—Then I'll not agree to anything of the kind.

Sullivan—This amounts to nothing. You don't want to fight.

Mitchell—Don't I? I have told you that in my errand here this evening.

Sullivan—We have conceded everything. You want to break up my business.

Mitchell—You have a good job, too. You have made no poor boxes for poor people. You never boxed for any charitable institutions. I have.

Sullivan—When?

Mitchell—For the starving miners in America; when you, after promising, failed to put in an appearance, and you know it.

Sullivan—It's a lie. I'm a gentleman.

Mitchell—You are no such.

Sullivan—I want a 16 foot ring. If you do not agree to that then I'll fight you in a 20 foot ring for as much as you can find, when I have finished my negro pounds.

Mitchell—You said you were coming over for two reasons—revenge and money.

Sullivan—I never challenged you in my life.

Mitchell—I am ready to back my statement.

Sullivan—You roasted poor Jake Kilrain on the stage as St. James' Hall.

Mitchell—You publicly said: "I hope Smith will beat him," and wished the Englishman good luck, and yet you are a fellow-countryman.

Sullivan—I never said anything of the kind. I wished Kilrain success.

Mitchell—That's a lie. I knew Kilrain to look after. I hope he will knock the stuffing out of Smith. I have to see after Jack's interests, and if I die at the ring side I mean him to get fair play. I want to fight for satisfaction. You can do no no harm."

"Sullivan—I was brought up in a better school and am a gentleman.

Mitchell—(sarcastically)—I knew Dickens. You are a looking-glass fighter and never tackled a good man in your life.

Sullivan—Don't you insult me, or you'll get the worst of it. I never forget my manners.

Mitchell—You never had any?

Sullivan—What do you say, you—Goose out in a back room and I'll fight you now.

Mitchell (rising)—I'm your man. Come on.

Eckter Atkinson begged both men to desist and settle down quietly to business. Finally they did so, and Sullivan, saying he would leave Mr. Phillips to act on his behalf, left the room.

Chopped Out.

Somerville Journal.

People who do not believe that perpetual motion is possible never saw a Maine girl in blissful conjunction with a piece of spruce gum.

Commercial Union.

The New York Chamber of Commerce in Favor of the Movement.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—At a meeting of the chamber of commerce today, the special committee appointed to consider the subject of Commercial Union with Canada, submitted a resolution expressing their earnest desire that all differences between the United States and Canada should be peaceably and speedily adjusted on a basis of mutual interests; that American fishing vessels be accorded the same privileges in Canadian ports, that Canadian vessels are accorded in American ports, that the chamber will welcome any arrangement for reciprocal commercial relations between Canada and the United States, which shall tend to the two contracting parties fair and just, and which may contribute to the settlement of the question now under consideration. That any difference of opinion touching the rights under existing treaties of public law, which may not be decided on by friendly arbitration after the example of the Geneva conference, both parties agreeing to be bound by the decision. The resolutions were adopted and a copy sent to the President of the United States.