

VARIETIES.

TRAMPS' PARADISE.—A tramp came into our office yesterday and thus expressed his opinion of the town: "A fellow don't have to do no rustlin' here, not even enough to get up an appetite. You tackle a house and tell a woman that you're hungry, and instead of running you off with a broom, unloosing a watch-dog or axing you to chop some wood, she jist seems to feel orful sorry for to think that anybody kin be hungry, and stuffs you full of the best kind of grub agoing. Why, I've had seven meals to-day jist for the axing, an' swear if I stay here too long I'll git too plump for the bisness."

WEATHER PROBABILITIES.—Vennor says:—It is my impression that there will be a pretty general snow-fall very early in the month of October. That following this there will be a brief but well marked "Indian Summer," which will again be followed by a prolonged wet spell. Unless I am greatly mistaken the setting in of the winter of 1878-79 will be as marked for its unusual earliness as was that of 1877-78 for its extreme lateness. Navigation will close early, and will not open until late, so that the winter will be a long one. There will in all probability be an abundance of snow during the fore and latter part of the season, but judging from the number and severity of our thunder storms this summer I look for a warm and singularly open term towards mid-winter. The woods are already full of our winter birds.

RARE WINES.—There are some wines which very few people drink, not only because they are scarce and dear, but because they have a smack that is not to the general taste. Lachryma Christi is sipped by travellers in Naples, but few flasks find their way far from their native slopes of Vesuvius. The white wine of Jurançon, sacred to the memory of the kings of Navarre, and always loved by Henry the Fourth of France, cannot be bought. Every drop is bespoken years before by far-sighted Legitimist consumers. It is hard, even at Vienna or Presburg, to buy one of those quaint bottles of white glass and bulbous shape that holds an imperial pint of imperial Tokay. It is dearer, bulk by bulk, than any wine in the world. It is almost as strong as French brandy, almost as substantial as syrup, and is, in fact, only a superior raisin wine, luscious and cloying. But it is a Porphyrogenite, born to grandeur. Those who grow the grapes are princes, whose Hungarian



ALFRED DESÈVE, VIOLIN SOLOIST TO H.M. ISABELLA II., EX-QUEEN OF SPAIN.

territories are administered by prefects and councils, and those who buy the wonderful wines are kings and kaisers, whose august demands leave only a handful of flasks to be scrambled for by the outside public. So, in a less degree, with Prince Metternich's Cabinet Johannisberg, monarch of Rhine wines, the best of which scorns to find purchasers not commemorated in the "Almanac de Gotha," but pseudo specimens of which, at about eight dollars a bottle, are to be had at Rhineland hotels and Paris restaurants, in quantities that would make a thoughtful man marvel at the fertility of the few stony acres of the historical vineyard.

A POLICEMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.—A policeman having been called upon to shoot a dog in a yard on Brush street yesterday, took a seat on a fence, drew up his legs out of danger, and remarked to himself as he took aim: "The seat of all vitality is the heart, and here goes." A cow in the lot beyond threw up her head and went galloping around, and the dog trotted over the yard as if perfectly at home. The officer got good and ready and observed:

"The fear of death is often as strongly exhibited in beasts as in man, and their dying agonies have been known to bring tears to the eyes of their executors." Bang! A woman who was working up an old knot in the alley flung down the axe, put her head over the fence and warned the policeman that she didn't want to be bothered any more, though she wouldn't object to his shooting up in the air if the police regulations required it.

"Natural history asserts that the average life of a canine is four years," resumed the officer as he brought the revolver down again, "and that they are subject to fourteen different diseases. I will now take that chap right behind the ear, penetrating skull and brain and causing death in from two to four minutes." The smoke had scarcely lifted when a melon peddler, whose horse was coming down the street at a slow pace, rose up in his waggon and called out: "If you boys don't stop shootin' beans at me I'll wollop the hull crowd, rich ones and all! That 'ere last one just tickled my nose!"

"Natural hist—" began the officer, when the dog discovered a hole under the fence and slipped into the street and made off. "Natural history," repeated the blue-coat as he dropped off the fence, "explicitly states that dogs must stand still when being shot at, and if I didn't hit him it's the fault of education."



THE ENCAMPMENT ON THE BEACH.—SEE "TRIP IN A BOAT FROM TORONTO TO KINGSTON."—PAGE 238.