Much has lately been said regarding the troops furnished by British India, and many doubte sepressed of their efficiency as soldiers, especially when so far from their own country; but those who have campaigned with a Sikh or a Ghoorka regiment can have but one opinion of its fighting power. "Give them good officers," says one who has had a long experience of them, "and they'll go any where and do anything." The only defeat suffered by the English in India—that of Chillianwallah—was inflicted by the Sikhs; and their courage and loyalty during the creation of the mutiny a Sikh, seeing a blow flalling from behind upon his officer s head, rushed forward, unarmed as he was, caught the sword in his open hand, and felled the assailant with the other. The brave man is still living, "with one sound hand," as he says, "at the service of the Ranee of Inglistan," (Queen of England.)

On another occasion three or four dozen Sikh and a few English subalterns held a small house fur forty-one days, against two regiments of Sepoys, till rescued by the advance of the British forces.

The same qualities are exhibited in a still higher degree by the Ghoourka mountaineers of Nepaul, the especial terror of the mutinous Sepoys, who found their bayonets atterly overmatched by the hugh curved knives and superhuman activity of their dwarfish enemies. Indeed, it would be difficult to find more perfect specimens of the "born fighter" than these dark, sinewy, black-eyed little savages, fierce and untring as the wild beasts of their native hills.

Of the reckless hardihood for which they are proverbial, two instances will suffice: A native Prince, noting some signs of incredulity among a group of English fiftees and laid open fins skull with a second, the whole affair being over in less than a minute. During aside from the monster's rush, hamstrung him with oper slash of the heavy knife, and laid open fins skull with a second, the whole afford be british recyclitions into Nepaul, a detatchment was struggling along a narrow ing when suddenl

# Birds of a Feather.

Birds of a Feather.

"You remember," said Sothern, "that in one act I had a byplay on my fingers, on which I count from one to ten, and then reversing, begin with the right thumb and count, ten, mne, eight, seven, six and five are eleven. This has frequently been demounced by critice as utterly out of place in the character, but I took the incident from actual life, having seen a notoriously elever man on the English turf, as quisk as hightning in calculating odds, completely puzzled by this ridiculous problem. My distortion of the old aphorisms has likewise been frepuently cavilled at as too nonsensical for an educated man. Now see how easily this thought was suggested. A number of us some years ago were taking supper in Halifax after a performance, when a gentleman, who has now retired from the stage, but who is living in New York, saddenly entered the room and said. 'Oh, yes, I see birds of a feather, etc. The thought instantly struck me on the weak side, and winking at my brother actors and assuming utter ignorance, I said, 'What do you mean by birds of a feather?' He looked rather staggered and replied, 'What, have you never heard of the old English proverb, 'Birds of a feather flock together.' Every one shook his head. He then said 'I never met such a lot of ignoramuses in my life.' That was my cue, and I began to turn the proverb inside out. I said to him, 'There never could have been such a proverb, 'Birds of a feather.' The idea of a whole flock of birds having only one feather! The thing is utterly riduculous. Besides the poor bird that had that feather must have flown on one side; consequently, as the other birds couldn't fly at all, they couldn't flock together. But even accepting the absurdity, if they flocked at all they must flock together as no bird could possibly be such a damned fool as to go into a corner and try and flock by himself.' Our visitor began to see the point of the logic, and was greeted with roars of laughter.' I made a memorandum of the incident, and years afterward elaborated t



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ment at Richmond, who had been her earliest patren, to inquire about some drawing-master whose charges should be within her slander means. As a supplement to his teaching it was her purpose to attend the classes at South Kensington.

Having got over the first and worst difficulty—that of wrenching herself from her generous friends—Nelly felt some what more composed in mind; but the need of solitude after so much mental struggle was imperative. For the second time that day she took a walk alone. On this occasion-she wentinland, as being the less likely route on which to meet peopie, and especially Mr. Milburn: she chose a footpath through the fields that led to the high downland above the village, and on the down she walked for miles with untiring feet, in a clear wind that blue the sea-gulla about the skies, and the weariness and worry out of her brain. In youth nature will do this for us, though in old age the sunshine and the breeze fall but as rain upon a stony soil.

On her way down she saw a female figure coming up the path; by the daintiness with which she crossed the stiles and picked her way she knew it was Misa Milburn, and would gladly have avoided the rencontre. There was a little wood between them, through which were two paths, one direct, and the other leading to a small farm, and so by a circuit to the same point of egress. Nelly took the longer route, calculating that this lady would take the other, but when she emerged there was her friend seated on the stile, and dinting the soft ground with the point of her parasol.

"My dear Miss Conway, I am so glad to have found you," cried she, with enthusiasm. "Indeed, I came out on purpose. I felt that I should never have sat down to dinner, or have met you in any cold or formal way, as usual, without expressing to you what I felt, without telling you how a lamirably, how nobly, you have behaved!"
"I am glad to hear I have earned your cool opinion, Miss Milburn," said Nelly coldly; "but I am at a loss to know what I have done to deserve it."

"You speak

of any line of conduct in the presence of a great advantage, is given to so very few people."

"You speak in riddles," answered Nelly; her tones were ice; her face was stone.

"Ah. there again you are so judicious; you are quite right to keep dear Herbert's secret as though it were your own: only, as it happens, he has told me everything."

"Everything!" repeated Nelly slowly. He surely, surely, could never have told this woman that sacred secret which she had hidden from every eye but his, and only revealed to him in merciful kindness.

"Oh, yes: how you refused him, though he actually offered to make you mistress of the old Hall. It was a most imprudent impulse, but, there! you had the good sense to see it in its right light. Most fortunately—as I told him—you were a girl of independent spirit, and who understood the litness of things. He will understand it himself if he has time for thought, and is let alone. Then, what a comfort it will be to you to reflect that you acted as you have done. My dear Miss Conway, it may seem a liberty, but if you knew how gratified I feel for your conduct to dear Herbert—might I kiss you!"

"I really don't see any reason why you should," said Nelly, drawing herself back from the threatened embrace.

"Well, at all events you may count upon me to be your friend for life."

"You are very good, but I am afraid there will be few opportunities of our meeting in future. Our ways will lie far apart. It will be my lot to earn my own living—if, indeed, I am able to succeed in that—while you—""

"One moment!" interrupted Miss Milburn sprightilly; "never mind about me, for I'm nobody in this matter; I am only thinking of dear Herbert. You have often talked, you know, about earning your own living, but in the meantime, you continue to remain here with Mr. and Mrs. Wardlaw."

"What I was about to say, is a little em.

her mind from the pain of parting with her loving friends, which had wrung her very heart-strings, and seemed at the last moment to be greater than she could hear. The letter from Richmond was as follows:

In replyto your inquiry, I have the honour to tell you that I think I know of a teacher who wll suit your purpose. He is not perhaps a first-rate artist, but he draws and ''you seem' disturbed "said Mr. Pearson" ("You seem disturbed "said Mr. Pearson" ("You seem disturbed "said Mr. Pearson").

ing her mind from the pan of pating wing her bright friends in a semed at the last memoral to be greater than she could bear. The letter from Richmond was as follows: In reptyto your inquiry, I have the bound to fire the part of the patient of th CHAPTER XLIII.

As honour cannot heal a wound, though it may help us to get one, so determination cannot make soft the bed which it has compelled us to lie on. It can only enable us to endure hardness. Very bare and melanchost looked the old lodging-house in Gower Street to poor Nelly's eyes, when she reentered it as her own mistress; only and the had taken were not those which her mother and herself had tenanted of yore. Her bedroom looked now to the front, and the parlour, which was to be her studio, to the back, where a long strip of desolate garden ground ran out, and was terminated by a dead wall. Mrs. Hansel, the landlady, was indeed profuse in her welcome, and even didactic also—it was a credit both to landlady and lady, she said, when a "party" came back to their old quarters as in this case—but Nelly missed Mrs. Wardlaw's loving looks, and the kind and cheerful aspect of her honest spouse. Upon the whole, she had not felt so miserable since her father's death; for at her mother's there were hopes for her said, though she had tried to persuade herself otherwise. But now there was no hope that a young girl could call such. The knowledge that she had given sorrow to two noble natures, as she believed those of Raymond and Mr. Milburn to be, was no slight addition to her sense of woe, which was indeed almost overwhelming.

There had been young and delicately nurtured women before the delica

hes hese to my father, just to say our this intention of bringing Captain Conway's case before the notice of Parliament has seached your ears, and that it has your thorough approbation.

"I remain, dearest Nelly,
"Yours faithfully,
"RAYMOND PENNICUICK."
"I have heard something of this," said Mr. Pearson gravely, as he folded up the letter. "The young gentleman's arguments are specious enough, but we must remember that he is an interested person.

The Three Views of the Origin of Species.

So it is, gentlemen, with many vexed questions of origin of species. There are three possible views in regard to the origin of species. The first asserts Divine agency; the second asserts evolution, process. So, also, are there three corresponding views in regard to the origin of ing views in regard to the origin of species. The first asserts Divine agency by evolution, process, but denies Divine agency by evolution, but they so closely trench upon other applications which will immediately found the process. The second asserts evolution, process, but denies Divine agency by evolution of the little innocent, when the process of evolution. Do you not observe, then, that in the matter of the origin of the process of evolution. Do you not observe, then, that in the matter of the origin of the process of evolution. Do you not observe, then, that in the process. On the othe The state of the s

CLCCKS WHICH WILL TALK.

Thoughts for Quiet Minutes.

was dictated, &c.

The advantage of such an innovation upon the present slow, telious, and costly methods are too numerous, and too readily suggest themselves, to warrant their enumeration, while there are no disadvantages which will not disappear coincident with the general introduction of the new method.

Diotation.—All kinds and manner of dictation, which will permit of the application of the mouth of the speaker to the mouth-piece of the phonograph as in the case of letters. If the matter is for the printer, he would much prefer, in setting it up in type, to use his ears in lieu of his eyes. He has other use for them. It would be even worth while to compel witnesses in court to apeak directly into the phonograph, in order to thus obtain an unimpeachable record of their testimony.

The increased delicacy of the phonograph, which is in the near future, will enlarge this field rapidly. It may then include all the sayings of not only the witness, but the judge and the counsel. It will then also comprehend the utterances of public speakers.

Books.—Books may be read by the chari-

Invocation. How Labours may to Thot make to Boach, Higgs and Cyr.—All invocation the New Princeports, Dill movements to the Wey Princeports. Dill movements to the Wey Princeports and the second of the Commanded and the Princeports and the Second of the Commanded and the Princeports and the Commanded and the Princeports and the Commanded and the Command Mrs. Key, wife of the Postmaster-General, is the most elegant graceful woman in her movements it has ever been my fortune to meet. She is tall and fully formed, and she crosses a room with the easy, undulating movement of an Andalusian. Her face is perfectly immobile, pleasant and kindly in expression, but lacking fire. I have never seen it lit up with a flash or spirit of merriment. Her hair is dark, and worn with its natural waves drawn back from her face. She strikes me as a trifle difficient. She dresses with almost Quaker simplicity, her ordinary calling costume being a combination of olive-green silk and camel's hair coth, with bonnet of velvet to match. She enters and leaves a carriage more el-gantly than any woman I ever met. Mrs. Tyner, wife of the First Assistant Postmaster-Geneal, is small, fair-haired, with milk white skin and light blue eyes, her face redeemed from blonde insipidity by her bright smile, fine white teeth and beautiful dimples. Mrs. Thompson, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, is a delicate-looking elderly woman, and avoids anything like over-exertion. She frequently cannot receive half a dozen guests without sitting through the remainer of the afternoon. Her face is quiet and pleasant, without the slightest traces of beauty; her her toeth are quite deficient, and she dresses with great simplicity, never seen without her old lady's cap of lace or tarlatan. Mrs. McCrary is tiny in stature, but not in the least pretty. She seems a kindly, sprightly little body, with something of the down the supplier of the promounication and use of idioms quite familiar to the Western prairies. She has one son at a military college near Chicago, I believe, and little George, a bright, self-possessed urchin of five or six, besides a daughter not yet out.