

POOR DOCUMENT

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Musical Legends.

The horn of Roland is heroic and superb when the *preux chevalier*, in distress in the ravines of Roncesvalles, blows in it with such a furious blast that the blood spurts from his mouth and his temples split. His cry of despair pierces the rocks; it is like a death-rattle clearing the air; at a distance of thirty leagues it strikes the ear of Charlemagne, who feels the hero's soul passing in it. The horn of Oberon is mocking, comic and fantastic as it is fitting that the instrument of the king of the elves should be; all who hear it are obliged to dance. In Weiland's ballad, the Chevalier Huon, surprised by the califf at the feet of his daughter, the beautiful Rozia, is compelled to the stake together with his lady-love. But at the moment when the fagots are lighted—Huon puts his lips to the magic horn that Oberon gave him. At the first blast the whole town is seized with vertigo; agas, imams, mufis, and sachis and dervishes, with their pointed bonnets, begin to turn furiously and form an immense farandole around the pyre.

In Norway, the genius Fossegrin teaches the violin, in the night of Holy Thursday, to any person who sacrifices to him a white goat and throws it into a cascade flowing northward, taking care to turn away his head. The genius then seizes the right hand of his pupil and moves it over the strings of the fiddle until the blood comes out under the nails. The apprentice is thenceforth a master, and his enchanted violin will make trees dance and stay rivers in their course.

The reader will remember the magic power of the flute in the legend of the piper of Hamelin, so charmingly related by Robert Browning.

The drum, too, plays a great role in magical music. The drum of the Thesalian witches brought the moon down from the sky. The drum of the sorcerers of Lapland summons the soul out of the body, as out of a tent, and sends it promiscuously in strange lands on the winged feet of dreams.

According to the Christian tradition, bells exercise evil geniuses, who cordially detest them. A quaint German legend relates that a Kobold, furious at seeing a spire rising in the village where he lived gave a letter to a peasant and begged him to place it in the parson's box of the church. The peasant examined the letter curiously as he went along, and suddenly noticed some drops of water fall from it. The letter gradually opened, and from it there fell first heavy rain and then cascades and a cataract, so that the peasant could scarcely save his life by swimming. The evil spirit had enclosed a whole lake in his letter in order to submerge the church. This lake covered an immense tract of land and may still be seen near Kuml. Sorcerers and demons also abate bells, which they call *barcking dops* (Bells to Humble). At their midnight meetings they use only little bells to parody the ceremony of a mass.

But the most wonderful instrument of the magical orchestra is described in a Hessian legend, recorded by the brothers Grimm. A man kills his brother while they are out hunting, and buries the corpse under the arch of a bridge. Years pass. One day a shepherd, crossing the bridge with his flock, sees below a little white boat, shining like ivory. He goes down, picks it up and carries it into a mousetrap for his bagpipes. When he began to play, the mousetrap, to his horror, began to sing of its own accord: "Oh, my dear shepherd! you are playing on one of my bones; my brother assassinated me and buried me under the bridge." The king ordered all his subjects to try in turn the bagpipes. From mouth to mouth the instrument passed to that of the fratricide, and then it sang, "Oh, my dear brother! you are playing on one of my bones; it was you who assassinated me" and the king caused the murderer to be executed.

A SKEPTICAL YOUNG collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. Said the Quaker:

"Does this believe in France?"

"Yes; for though I have not seen it, I have seen others that have. Besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist."

"Then there will not believe anything else or others have not seen?"

"No; to be sure I won't."

"Did they ever see their own brains?"

"No."

"Ever see anybody that did?"

"No."

"Does this believe thee has any?"

"Cant," says Emerson, "is useful to prove common sense." It is also useful with an apologetic, when a doubtful friend asks you to lend him \$5.

The new Irish Secretary.

The newly appointed Irish Secretary is Mr. George Otto Trevelyan, M. P. for the Warwick district of burghs in Scotland, and Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty. Mr. Trevelyan may be called a born politician. His father is Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, Bart., K. C. B., a scion of the Trevelyans of Nettlecombe, Somersetshire, and son of the late Ven. George Trevelyan, Archdeacon of Tamton. The family were originally Cornish, taking their name from Trevelyan in the parish of St. Veep, Cornwall. The first baronet, Sir George Trevelyan, was son of George Trevelyan, Esq., who suffered greatly for his fidelity to the cause of Charles I., during the civil war. The second and fourth baronets both represented Somersetshire in Parliament, their predilections being strongly Tory, as are those of the seventh baronet and head of the house, Sir Walter Calverly Trevelyan. Sir Charles Trevelyan, the father of Mr. Charles Otto Trevelyan, spent the greater part of his early life in the Indian Civil Service and occupied several high official posts under the government. From 1859 to 1860 he was Governor of Malacca, and from 1862 to 1863 he was a financial member of the Governor-General's Council at Calcutta. In 1864 he married into the Whig family of Macaulay, his wife being Hannah More, daughter of the late Zachary Macaulay, Esq., father of the famous historian and essayist, Thomas Babington, afterwards Lord Macaulay. From her he was born in 1838, the new Chief Secretary and two daughters, each of whom married into families of note, politically or otherwise, one becoming Lady Holland, wife of Sir Henry Holland, K. C. M. G., and the other William Stratford Dugdale, Esq., of Merevale Hall, Atherton, an immediate descendant of the author of "Monasticon." Mr. Trevelyan was sent to Harrow School, where he was distinguished for his eccentricities as for his abilities. Thence he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where in 1861 he graduated B. A. In classical honors, his position being second in the first-class of the Classical Tripos. He proceeded to M. A. in 1864. Like his father, he entered by competition the Indian Civil Service, a position which he resigned in order to throw himself into English politics. From 1865-8 he sat as member for Lymeouth in the Liberal interest, but was afterwards elected for the Warwick burghs, a seat which he has held ever since. His first official position was in the Admiralty, of which he was a Junior Lord from December, 1868, to June, 1870. He resigned his post in consequence of his not being able to coincide with the views of the Government (Gladstone) in regard to religious instruction in Board Schools. In November, 1880, he was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, from which post he has been translated to his present arduous position. In politics Mr. Trevelyan is an official Radical, opposed to sudden changes, but an advocate of most sweeping reforms. He has even supported the re-modelling of the army on a less expensive and more effective basis; his effort is in a great measure the abolition of the iniquitous system of purchasing commissions. He would extend the franchise in the counties by equalizing the qualification; would permit woman suffrage, disestablish the Church, and do away with the necessity for agnostics and others to take oaths in civil or criminal cases. His naval reforms have been radical, though not as extensive as he would have liked had he been unhampered by the red tape and old fogies which still reign at the Admiralty. His views with regard to Ireland were first moulded by his father, whose work on the "Irish Crisis," published in the famous years, was considered revolutionary to a degree. They would now be looked on as altogether behind the age. Mr. Trevelyan has always had the oversight of his opinions, and though his father's interest as a landholder in Northumberland may have had a little to do with his return first for a Northumbrian and then for a border constituency, there is no doubt that the boldness of his opinions and his personal abilities have done more for him than being the son of his father has effected.—*Exchange.*

One of Prince Leopold's gifts to his bride was a fan of delicate workmanship and design. The sticks are of goldfish pearl, inlaid with gold, which grows galler in tint as the tapering points are approached. The material of the fan itself is lace, and on which the designs of the galleons on the sticks are repeated, the blossoms chosen being Marguerites. Between each daisy wreath roses, the petals of which are detached and form a fluttering shower with the slightest movement of the fan.

William Henderson has been arrested in Utah for a desperate assault upon a Mormon. William seems to be a sort of anti-polygamy Bill.

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked a Dutch justice of a prisoner. "Not guilty." "Den w t oyo want here? Go about your business."

When was P. E. Island separated from the Mainland.

Nine blue miles of Strait now separate us from the rest of the continent. It was not always so. Time was when the bed of that Strait was firm, dry land, and forests of pine and pines spread their shadows where now the deep waves roll. The separation has been caused by a recent subsidence of the land, which is still going on. On many low-lying sheltered parts of our coast straits of trees may be seen still firmly rooted in the soil where they grew, but sunk several feet below the tide level. From these, an similar appearances elsewhere, it is known that the land of this part of America is sinking at the rate of two feet in a century. In the Cumberland Basin, remains of pine and beach trees, which have been protected from destruction by the growth of the marsh, are found in the soil where they grew, sixty feet below the present tide level. These show that the downward movement of the land has extended to at least that depth. Three thousand years ago the land stood so much higher than at present that the western part of the Northumberland Strait was dry land, and at a somewhat earlier period the entire length of that great depression was above the sea waves, and knew no sound but the murmur of woodland streams beneath the dark forest shadows. We have a monument of this old time in the narrow passage of the Strait of Canso. Did you ever observe what a strange, narrow inlet of the sea it is? As the ocean steampship leaves the Atlantic and enters its narrow, sea seems to be ascending the course of some river. And the lower part of a great river it has been which drained that old valley of the Northumberland Strait, but whose upper reaches are now sunk beneath the waters of the Gulf. A still more interesting monument exists in the peculiar character of our Island fauna and flora, which are found to be slightly more boreal than those of the adjoining Provinces, though our climate is equally favorable. A number of southern species have been added to theirs since our separation, and these have never been able to cross the Strait in order to reach us. The history of the past is written on the notes that thrill our wood land choir, and on the rainbow-tinted crown of our summer's bloom. Three thousand years has the land been sinking. Three thousand years have the Gulf waves been quarrying at its red-ruffed shores to effect its present isolation of our Island Province. We may be inclined to think sometimes that the situation is in convenience, but it has let the "silver sea" all round our border—the "blue highway" for commerce. We should never complain that the gleam of its buoyant arms stretch into the very midst of our homes and burdened fields. Its breath, too, counteracts the poisoned fogs of late spring, and freshens the summer gales, and it wraps the gentle halo of Indian summer days round the autumns of autumn.—*Charlottetown Examiner.*

Another Good Boy.

A Detroit grocer was the other day hungrily waiting for his clerks to return from dinner and give him a chance at his own noonday meal, says the *Free Press*, when a boy came into the store with a basket in his hand, and said:

"I need a good grab up this 'ere basket from the floor and run, and I ran after him and made him give it up."

"My lad, you are an honest boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And you look like a good boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And good boys should always be encouraged." In a box in the back room there are eight dozen eggs. You may take them home to your mother and keep the basket."

The grocer had been saving those eggs for days and weeks to reward some one. Inwardly a good boy he also got eight dozen laid eggs carried out of the neighborhood free of cost, and he checked a little chuck as he walked homeward.

The afternoon waned, night came and went, and once more the grocer went to his dinner. When he returned he was picking his teeth and wearing a complacent smile. His eye caught a basket of eight dozen eggs as he entered the store, and he muttered:

"Been buying some eggs?"

"Yes; got hold of those from a farmer's boy," replied the clerk.

"I have boy with a blue cap on?"

"Yes."

"Two front teeth out?"

"Yes."

The grocer sat down and examined the eggs. The shells had been washed clean, but they were the same eggs that good boy had lugged home the day before.

One Methodist clergyman in Cleveland said that the newspapers of to-day are a powerful ally of Christianity. Another said that it would not be long to talk a reporter who had been a Christian and found he could not continue in the business.

The New Primer.

What is this pretty looking Object? It is a Chew of Tobacco. Oh, how naughty the teeth black and spoils the parlor carpet. Go quick and Throw the horrid Stuff away. Put it in the Ice Cream Freezer or in the Coffee Pot, where nobody can see it. Little girls, you should never chew Tobacco.

Why is the little girl crying? Because Mamma will not let her put Feathers and Mollages in the Baby's face. What a bad Mamma. The little girl who never had any Mamma must enjoy herself. Papa is nicer than Mamma. No little Girls ever marries a man, and perhaps that Why Mamma says so Bad to little Girls. Never mind; when Mamma goes out of the Room, slap the horrid Baby, and if it cries, you can tell your Mamma it Has the Colic.

See the Wind Mill. It is a Pretty Sight. It has Sails that go Round and Round and Make a Noise like the Whirring of a bird's wing. The Wind Mill Looks Sad. It has Hard Luck. It used to be a politician and a Furnish Enthusiasm for Annapolis County Campaigns, and the Wind Mill lost its Job. And now it Stands out on a bleak Prairie and Hauls water out of the Cold, hard Earth for a living. Any kind of Honest Labor is awful rough on a politician, but Having Anything to Do with the Water breaks him All-Up.

What a Nice Bird this is. It is a Parrot. See it Stand on its Perch by its Beak while its Legs kind of hang around Loose in the Air. Will the Parrot Swear? Just pull his Tail and See. Oh, what a Brave Bird. The Lady should not Teach her Parrot to Swear, because he will Feel Bad about it. Would you Like a Wax Finger? Then put your Hand in the Parrot's Mouth and let him Fondle it Awfully. The Doctor will see you Later.

Those are Mamma's Scissors. They do not seem to be in good Health. Well they are a little aged. They have considerable Work to Do. Mamma uses them to Chop Kindling, cut Store Pipe, pull Tacks, drive Nails and cut the Children's Hair. Why doesn't Papa get Mamma a new Pair of Scissors? You should not ask such a Naughty question. Papa cannot Afford to Play Billiards and Indulge his Extravagant Family in the Luxuries of Toys.

A GERMAN IMMIGRANT WITH HORNS.—One of the immigrant passengers who landed at Castle Garden recently made a sensation when he took his hat off. His name is Leopold Daen; he is a German peasant, a gardener by trade, and is 43 years old. He came with his wife and child in the steamer of the "Wassland," from Antwerp, and until he exposed his head in removing his hat, he looked like scores of other stolid and swarthy sons of the Fatherland among the others who rowed led the rotunda. Mr. Daen is gifted with two incipient and unmistakable horns, one over each side of his forehead, just where the growth of hair stops at the temples. The horns are hard and bony and about an inch long. The skin that covers them is unlike that upon the forehead, in that it seems to be tough and callous. The horns are not sufficiently developed to come to a point, being round at a knotty. The owner of these appendages seemed to be very proud of the attention he attracted, and occasionally lowered his head and made a point to rush upon the crowd that surrounded him, like a playful billygoat. The horned man said he did not know whether or not his ornaments were worn or whence they came. The protuberances began to appear when he was eight years old, and reached their present development when he was fifteen; since then they have not perceptibly grown. Mr. Daen was plainly in doubt whether to "go West," in pursuit of his calling as a gardener, or yield to the solicitations of his friends in an attempt to make the long attraction of a prime museum. He was hesitating between the two horns of the dilemma when the reporter left.

RECIPE FOR MAKING FATTENERS.—Take a handful of the weed called Run-about the same quantity of root called Nimblett, (either before or after to-day's) a table-spoonful of Don't-You-Get-it, six drachms of Mallico, a few drops of Envy, which can be purchased in any quantity at the shops of Miss Tabitha Teatable and Miss Nancy Night-walker. Stir them well together, and simmer them for half an hour over the fire of discontent, killed with a little Jealousy, then strain it through the rag of Misconception, and cork it up in the bottle of Malvolence and hang upon it a skein of Street Yarn; shake it occasionally for a few days, and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, and the subject will be enabled to speak all manner of evil and that continually.

IS THERE A CANADIAN EXODUS?—The Bureau of Statistics at Washington and the Canadian Department of Agriculture entertain widely divergent views on the question of immigration from the New Dominion to the United States. According to the Washington authorities a large body of immigrants—the exact figures are one hundred and twenty-five thousand—crossed to our shores last year. The gentlemen who have charge of this department of the public service in Canada deny the accuracy of these estimates and declare they are mere guess work. The report of an official investigation on the subject, which has been made public in Canada, contains this serious charge against the government. It should be properly met and refuted, if refutation is possible. If the inhabitants of Canada are fleeing from it at the rate of more than one million in every ten years it is a very important and economic fact; but if, as the Canadian authorities assert, no such exodus is taking place, it is extremely reprehensible in the Bureau of Statistics at Washington to officially circulate such a statement. On which side of the border line is the truth?—*N. Y. Herald.*

A LEAF YEAR INCIDENT.—Not a hundred miles from Thornhill a young lady had been spending the day with a bachelor minister and his sister. The young lady, whose name was Miss Hope, had been very gratified by the kindly treatment at the good old Scottish manse, and on leaving expressed her thanks for the kindness of the minister, making at the same time the remark, "That she had not yet heard him in the pulpit; but," she continued, "it will be over on Sunday to hear you."

"I shall be very glad to see you, Miss Hope, and under the circumstances you might suggest a 'text' for the occasion, and I will do all the justice to it I can."

"I will do that," replied the lady. How would this one do—Lay hold of the Hope set before you?"

Guitau's Week.

WASHINGTON, May 9.—Arguments upon the defendant's bill of exceptions in the case of Guitau began this morning before the supreme court of the district of banc. Corkhill and Davidge appeared for the government, and Reed for the defendant. The prisoner was absent.

Reed discussed the question of jurisdiction of the court below, arguing that the crime was not indictable in this district because the offence was not completed there, death having occurred in New Jersey.

Chief Justice Carter suggested that the act of felony was completed when the murderer was finished with his victim. Reed admitted that Guitau might be indicted and (if found sane) convicted in this district of assault with intent to kill, but held that he could not be tried for murder. He said congress has not provided a mode of punishment in just such cases as these.

Carter—then your defendant cannot be punished.

Reed—If such is law, then I am satisfied. I am only giving the law as it is. He argued the sentence of death is void because the day fixed for execution is not authorized by law. Under a proper construction of the district execution should have been fixed some day within thirty days after the fourth Monday of October. He then passed to a general review of a hundred or more exceptions contained in the bill, and before he concluded the court recess till tomorrow.

This problem how to popularize the *Hansard* reports of the Senate continues to occupy the attention of thoughtful minds. It is obviously a waste of time, talent, and public money to have these weighty deliberations accurately reported and a large number of copies issued if the public continue to display the culpable indifference towards these stores of garnered wisdom which has so far characterized them. Among additional suggestions made with a few to securing an extensive circulation are the following:—Run a continued sensation novel through them. Offer a prize to whoever can commit to memory the greatest number of pages. Have them distributed among the inmates of the jails, penitentiaries, lunatic asylums, desert islands, etc., who can get no other reading. Have the leading speeches put into verse by Mr. Plumb and set to popular airs, so that they can be sung at concerts and Tory campaign meetings. Instruct the reporters to give the speeches just as delivered, with all the repetitions, grammatical errors, and slips of the tongue, so as to make them amusing. Sundry some of these methods might be adopted in order to utilize the wasted brain power of the Senatorial orators, to say nothing of the *Hansard* appropriations. So long as we have a Senate, the national interest that their proceedings excite no reproach must not be suffered to continue.

—*Toronto Globe.*

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The "Great" Beau.

It is a terrible thing to be an excessively large man; and yet large men are sometimes men of genius. Witness Lablache, for instance, both in size and music—how immense may be gathered from the following anecdote told by an old associate. Lablache died at Naples on Jan'y 23rd, 1858, and at the age of sixty-three, in the villa now inhabited by his son-in-law, Thalberg. We shall never see his like again. The Jove-like head planted on a colossal body, seemed the incarnation of every priestly attribute, when the grand old Druid Orpheus trod the stage. Who that ever saw or heard him can forget the majesty of his look and the thunder of his voice? *Rossini*, writing an account of the *Parthena* in Paris, to a friend in the *Boulogne*, naively declared it was quite unnecessary for him to say anything about the dust "because in *Trouba*," between Lablache and Thalberg, for *pepas* quite sure it was heard all over the country. These never was, and probably never will be again in our time, such a marvellously toned bass voice as that of Lablache. In private life Lablache was a most delightful companion, full of anecdote and repartee. His power of facial expression was remarkable. I have seen him portray a coming storm, every phase of a tempest, and the return of fine weather, by the mere changes of his countenance. Grief sitting opposite to the different phenomena. His traveling about was always a serious matter. No ordinary vehicle was safe to hold him. His enormous weight rendered it necessary for his servants to take about a chair and bed for his special use. It was difficult to find a carriage the doors of which were large enough for him to pass. On one occasion the rehearsal at Her Majesty's theatre terminating sooner than was expected, and before his brougham had come to fetch him, a street cab was ordered.

The cabman looked alarmed when his horn issued from the stage door and showed the test which the vehicle had to undergo. "He'll never get in, sir," said he, despairingly to me as I was shaking hands with Lablache, who seemed also to have his doubts about the question. We approached the vehicle; the door was opened wide. Sideways, frontways, backwards, the prize basko tried to effect an entrance; but in vain. Without assistance it was impossible. Two men went to the opposite side and dragged with all their force, while two others did their utmost to lift him in. "It's no go," cried the cabman; "he'll ruin my cab!" One more effort. A long pull, a strong push—a pull and a push together—the point was gained—Lablache inside, puffing an old blowing from the exertion. But the difficulty was not yet come to an end. Washing to change his position (he had inadvertently sat down with his back to the horses) he rose—the whole of his prodigious weight was upon a few slender boards, forming the bottom of the cab. Imagine the horror of the coachman, astonishment of Lablache, and the surprise of a large crowd which had been attracted by the terrible struggle that had been going on, when the boards gave way, and his feet and legs were seen standing on the road. The driver swore—Lablache grinned—the crowd roared. No scene in a pantomime was ever more ludicrous. Fortunately Lablache sustained no injury. Had the horses moved, the consequences of the accident would have been serious.

BURST AN EYE-BALL IN SNEEZING.—Miss Mary Handreth met with a sin ul accident the day before yesterday. While riding on a street car she was seized with a sudden fit of sneezing, and burst one of her eye-balls, from which she has been suffering the most intense pain. Her physician says that such an occurrence is very uncommon, especially when, as in the present case, there was apparently no ulceration of the eye or disease of the organ sufficient to cause it to burst. He says that probably the sneezing was so rapid that the eye-lid remained open, and this would have greatly increased the effect of the sudden strain. Of course the young woman lost the use of the injured eye.—*Indianapolis Times.*

SANITARY ITEM.—"You are look'n bad," remarked Snowberger to Colonel Perry Berger. "What's the matter?"

"The doctor says my lungs are affected and that I must not take more than three drinks a day."

"I would try some other doctor."

"I did, and he said the same thing."

"Well, then if each one of them said you could take three drinks a day, that makes six drinks."

"I never thought of that before. I'll see the rest of the doctors in Austin, and if they all say I can take three drinks a day, that will make six but sixty drinks a day, and that is a good deal better than six."

"A very curious thing has come to pass. said the ticket agent when the double-headed woman went in free.