Listowel Standard.

VOL III.—NO. 10. LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH. APRIL 2, 1880. A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

AROUND THE WORLD

—England paid $12,500,000 for foreign eggs in 1878.

—Bishop Hare, of the Episcopal Church, confirmed 130 Indians last year; 73 others were baptized.

—The Russian Mennonites, hitherto exempt from military service, will this year furnish a contingent to the army.

—There is great suffering in northern Scotland, but the Scotch, like the Ulster Irish, try to conceal their woe.

—The negro physicians of Tennessee have organized a State Medical Society, of which Dr. J. M. Jameson is President.

—According to the latest returns, Copenhagen has a population of 235,000. In 1850 it contained 129,000; in 1860, 150,000; and in 1870, 181,000.

—Although kept flat on his back by rheumatism for several months, Garifaldi is now able to take a daily walk on crutches in the open air at Caprera.

—Three million acres of fall wheat have been sown in California, the early and abundant rains enabling farmers to put in a full crop, which is said to be a very unusual thing.

—The shipbuilders and iron workers in the Mediterranean shipyards have recently been compelled to discharge their employees owing to an absolute lack of orders for new vessels.

—After a spiritual seance in Boston, there was found in the hall a curious iron harness. This was by unbelievers associated with a certain materialized form that had been shown floating in the air.

—Owing to the difficulty in obtaining a loan, the Russian Government is contemplating a reduction of pensions, and a stipulation that forty years' service must be given before a pension can be granted.

—There are great complaints as to the increase of drunkenness in Italy, where for three years there has practically been free trade in public houses, and the revival of former restrictions is demanded.

—In Burlington, Vt., the other day, a pair of horses attached to a carriage containing five persons ran off a bridge, and fell nearly forty feet without seriously injuring the occupants of the carriage or the horses.

—The new Marquis of Anglesey is chiefly known to fame as a man, in 1875, on the occasion of an attorney's clerk going to serve a writ on him, first threw the minion of the hat in the street, and then the minion after it.

—Hereafter we shall decline all invitations to take breakfast with Mr. Alexander, Czar of Russia. We never could enjoy a meal when the dining table is being blown through the roof by a party of alleged humorists, as it were.

—Three young anglers of Genoa were preparing dynamite torpedoes for fish, in a tavern at Cornigliano, when the dynamite exploded. Two of them were killed and the third seriously injured, and the house was knocked to pieces.

—The Chicago *Saturday Evening Herald* says: "Confiscation is the very crime of which England stands accused by Parnell, and yet he travels 4,000 miles to inform the people of Chicago that he will, if necessary, cure the ills of Ireland by confiscation."

—The *North German Gazette* says that the French papers, which have said so much about the increase of the German army, entirely ignore the fact that while in 1870 the French army estimates barely reaches $100,000,000, they are now nearly double that sum.

—Eleven Masonic lodges of the Scottish Rite in France, in consequence of a disagreement with the Supreme Council, have formed themselves into a separate organization, headed by a Scottish Symbolic Grand Lodge. There were previously but two Masonic bodies, viz, the Supreme Council and the Grand Orient.

—The Bishop of Manchester was present lately at the examination of the latin class in a ladies college where the new mode of pronunciation is in vogue, when one of the scholars pronounced vicissim we-kiss-im. "What's that word?" "We-kiss-im, my Lord—by turns." "Oh, you do, do you? I begin to comprehend now the popularity of the new pronunciation."

—The Duke of Wellington was once refused admission into the Commander-in-Chief's office by a soldier new in London; while Queen Victoria's predecessor, William the Fourth, was kept waiting outside a certain part of Windsor Castle through an official's ignorance of the royal identity. "You can't pass, old un," said he, "nobody's allowed to pass here after dark except the King and the lamplighter."

—According to a letter to the *Univers* from Cracow, Nihilism has found its way to Galicia, where there are at present thirty five young men, mostly from the Polish provinces of Russia, accused of conspiracy. The chief of the propaganda is an ex-professor of Kief, who has settled down in Geneva, a number of whose letters to his disciples in Geneva have been placed as evidence before the law courts.

—Ohio wants a law passed providing that when a Judge sentences an offender to the penitentiary it shall be ascertained if he has a family depending upon him for support. The fact shall be certified to the warden, who shall keep a record of the convicts's earnings and, after deducting twenty-five cents a day for his food and clothing, shall pass the balance to his credit, and apply it to the support of his legal dependents.

—That gold crosses are often hollow is wel enough known, but perhaps few persons have discovered what a French writer has—the use to which this vacant space is put by English ladies. It is filled, he says, with cordial, or sherry, or brandy, for sipping in public places; and thus the religious symbol is made to administer to creature comfort. "This custom can be observed nightly at the opera where a charming young English lady is in the habit of pressing to her lips at the most pathetic passages an enormous gold cross." If this story is an invention it is at least ingenious.

—A telemeter, which will for many purposes far surpass any range finder yet suggested, has been invented by a professor of mechanics at the high school at Begrade. The instrument, it is stated, will show with unvarying precision the exact distance of an enemy. The rapidity with which sound travels is the basis of the measurement of distances, the distance required to be known being shown upon the face of the instrument in less than a minute. The telemeter itself is only about the size of a watch, and can therefore be easily carried in the pocket, while the error in the measurement of any range from 500 up to 20,000 yards, does not exceed one and a half yards, and does not increase with the distance. The cost is only about $10.

—George Koehler was believed to have murdered a man at Cairo, Ill., but there was not a scrap of evidence against him, and for some time he was not even arrested. It was at length decided to entice him into inculpating himself. He was put into jail, in the same cell with a detective, who pretended to be a criminal and confessed many imaginary crimes to his companion under a solemn pledge of secrecy. He argued that almost any crime could be concealed, and thus gave the impression that he was wonderfully shrewd. Koehler fell into the trap, asked his advice, and gave him a circumstantial account of the murder. The missing body was found where he said he had buried it, and it seems certain that he will be hanged on the evidence that he has himself furnished.

—Mr. Fawcett, the eminent blind member of Parliament, told his brother blind lately that when, at 25 (by a gun accident of his father's) he was deprived of sight, friends said: "You will have to lead a life of contemplation;" but he soon resolved to live precisely as he had lived, so far as was possible. He is not the skilled angler that he has been represented, but he can say that no one enjoys the sport more than he, and he appreciates as much as any one a gallop with with a friend over the turf, and the health-giving vigor of a row from Oxford to London; and during the recent frost, there was no one who more enjoyed a fifty or sixty-mile skate. A blind person, he said, could do scarcely anything without the assistance of a friend, and, to his mind, the silver lining of the dark cloud was the inexhaustible kindness there was in this world, and the ready and cordial willingness with which such kindness as the blind needed was offered.

—The Brown family lived near Indianapolis. One of their hands, named Hunter, had $300 of savings in his trunk when he left the place, but no trace of that or himself was ever found afterward. He had no friends, and nobody took the trouble to make any particular inquiry. The Browns said he had gone West, and about that time they ploughed their garden for no apparent purpose. A miner from Colorado came into the neighborhood, wearing $600 in a belt. He boarded with the Browns a while, and then, they said, departed for the East, and the Browns' garden was ploughed again. A physician, who was known to carry a considerable amount of money in his pocket was missed from the neighborhood. He had been seen going toward the Browns' house, but never coming away, and the garden was ploughed once more. The idea has at last struck the neighbors that the three men have been murdered and ploughed under, and the garden is to be searched.

—The punishment of death, it is often asserted, has but little terror for the hardened criminal who usually prefers ending his life on the gallows to a lingering existence within the walls of a prison. By criminals, however, who are not hardened, hanging is viewed with repugnance; and some striking evidence on this point is afforded by a scene which took place recently in the Sheriff Court at Dundee, Scotland. A deaf and dumb man was charged with an assault on his aunt, whom he slightly wounded in the neck with a knife that he snatched from a table in a fit of passion. The substance of the evidence having been interpreted to him, he admitted its truth, but would not plead guilty. His doggedness in persisting in his innocence arose, it was ascertained, from the fact that he labored under the impression that he was being tried for murder, and was sure to be hanged. The Sheriff found the charge proven, and passed a sentence of thirty days' imprisonment. On the sentence being communicated to the prisoner by means of the finger alphabet, he could not at first realize the fact that he was not going to be hanged after all; but on being assured by the interpreter that his life would be spared, his joy knew no bounds. Leaping to his feet, his face radiant with delight, he danced a *pas seul* in the dock, kissed his hand several times in rapid succession to the Sheriff, insisted on shaking hands with the interpreter, and was led out cutting the most grotesque capers as an expression of his intense happiness.

—According to the London *Medical Press*, those timid beings who are haunted by apprehensions of being buried alive, and who make testamentary provisions against such a contingency, may now take courage, for science has supplied an infallible means of determining whether or not the vital spark has quitted the mortal frame. Electricity enables us to determine with absolute certainty between life and death, for two or three hours after the stoppage of the heart the whole of the muscles of the body have completely lost their electric excitability. When stimulated by electricity they no longer contract. If, then, when Faradism, as the treatment with induced currents of electricity for remedial purposes is called, is applied to the muscles of the limbs and trunk, say five or six hours after supposed death, there be no contractile response, it may be certified with certainty that death has occurred, for no faint, nor trance, nor coma, however deep, can prevent the manifestation of electric muscular contractility. Here there is no possibility of mistake, as there certainly was when the old tests were employed.

—The Detroit *Free Press* says the Sweet Singer of Michigan makes "bandoline" and "thrashing machine" rhyme together. That's nothing to what Amos Pitt, the Sweet Singer of Hamilton, is capable of. He can make lager-beer rhyme with buck-saw.

TELEGRAPHIC VAGARIES.

(From Chamber's Journal.)

When the news came of the revolution in Turkey and the deposition of Abdul Aziz, Queen Victoria, it is said lost no time in intervening in his behalf by telegraphing to Constantinople and expressing her hope that the ex-Sultan would not be subjected to any violence or ill-treatment. "Soignez le bien" (take good care of him) said her majesty; but the cruel telegraph made her say "Saignez le bien" (bleed him well); and how they bled him all the world knows. The story is not impossible.

In his last annual report the Postmaster-General owns that a poor woman, telegraphing to a relative, "Mary is bad," had her message rendered "Mary is dead"; and that a pleasure party wishing to advise their friends at home of their safety by the assurance that they had "arrived all right," scandalized the anxious ones with the announcement, "We have arrived all tight." But many jokes are perpetrated by the wire without receiving official recognition.

A noble lord, as proud and fond as a man should be of his beautiful young wife, was just about rising to speak in a debate, when a telegram was put into his hands. He read it, left the house, jumped into a cab, drove to Charing Cross, and took the train for Dover. Next day he returned home, rushed into his wife's room, and finding her there, upbraided the astonished lady in no measured terms. She protested her ignorance of having done anything to offend him.

"Then what did you mean by your telegram?" he asked.

"Mean? What I said of course. What are you talking about?"

"Read it for yourself," said he.

She read: "I flee with Mr.——to Dover straight. Pray for me."

For the moment words would not come; then after a merry fit of laughter, the suspected wife, quietly remarked, "O those dreadful telegraph people! No wonder you are out of your mind, dear. I telegraphed simply, 'I tea with Mrs.——in Dover-st. Stay for me.'"

King John of Saxony was prone to dropping in upon officials when they least expected him. One day he appeared at the telegraph office of a small station. The clerk apprised his colleague at the next station. The clerk apprised his colleague at the next station of the unwelcome visit, and before an acknowledgment of the warning came was called upon to enlighten the inquiring monarch respecting the business of his office. Presently a message came along the wires, and his Majesty desired to be acquainted with its purport. He was told it was unimportant; but was not to be put off, and insisted upon the message being repeated to him; so the stammering clerk had no choice but to regale the royal ears with the German equivalent for: "The King pokes his nose into everything." If King John was annoyed by the impertinence, he had to thank himself for it.

Such was hardly the case with the late Earl Russell. One evening, when he was the Minister in attendance at Balmoral, a little old man, buried in a great coat, handed a telegram, addressed to one of the Ministers in London, to the telegraph clerk in one of the stations on the Deeside Railway. The clerk, after glancing at the message, threw it contemptuously back with, "Put your name to it. It's a pity your master does not know how to send a telegram." The name was added. "Why, you can't write!" exclaimed the clerk, after vainly trying to make something of the signature. "What's your name?"

"My name?" said the messenger—"my name is John Russell."

That clerk was transferred to another office before many days passed.

Writing of the difficulty English engineers experienced in making educated Persians understand the working of the electric telegraph, Mr. Mounsey says: "Much of the time of one of our officers was occupied during several weeks in attempting to enlighten the mind of a provincial governor, who had got it into his head that the wires were hollow tubes, and that messages were transmitted through them as in the pneumatic post. In vain was the whole apparatus shown to his Highness; in vain even all it parts explained and re-explained—he stuck to his idea; and it was only by the suggestion of the following simile that he was at last induced to relinquish it, and declare himself satisfied. 'Imagine,' said the officer, 'a dog whose tail is here at Teheran, and his muzzle in London; tread on his tail here, and he will bark there.'"

A droll mistake was made by an imaginative old dame who, having permitted a telegraph pole to be placed on the top of her house, waited upon the chief of the telegraph company concerned to complain that she could get no sleep at night, being kept awake by the noise made by the messages passing over her head. "I don't think, sir," said she, "you can be aware of all that's said along them wires. There's a deal that hadn't ought to be. I can assure, you, sir, that very much that's said there, that I have to lie and listen to, is such as no decent woman ought to hear; and I hope you will put a stop to it." The amused gentleman was hardly able to meet the accusation with due gravity; but he did contrive to keep his countenance while he informed the old lady that the young men who had hitherto worked the wires were under notice of dismissal; and that in future only young women of great respectadility would be employed, so there would be no danger of her propriety being shocked any longer.

A SLAVE'S PRAYER.

Its Wonderful Efficacy in Changing the Lives of His Master and Mistress.

(From the St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.)

Not long since an old gentleman of Harrison county, Ky., was gathered to his fathers after having attained the age of 75 years. A notice of the old gentleman's death was mailed to some old friends in this city, and they, of course, had a great deal to say of the life and character of their deceased friend. The circumstances of the old man's death recalled to their minds a very remarkable incident in his career, and we have been fortunate enough to obtain the particulars connected therewith. The truth of the story we can heartily vouch for, because it comes from a source perfectly reliable. We give it to show how it sometimes happens that the current of a man's life is changed almost in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, and to illustrate the efficacy of prayer.

The circumstance occurred when the gentleman referred to was comparatively a young man and completely worldly in the truest sense of the word. Neither himself nor his wife were members of any church, and up to the time mentioned had never given the subject of religion any serious thought. He was a prosperous farmer, and, as civil war had not desolated the land and changed the condition of the "peculiar institution," of course owned a number of slaves. Amongst the number was a colored man named Jacob, who was known to be a very pious man and whose mind dwelt a great deal on the great truths revealed in the Bible, but he had to conform to the discipline which all slaves were subjected to in those days, and his master was a man of violent temper and unreasonable prejudices. One evening Jacob came in from work, and his master, being in a very ugly frame of mind, objected to something he had done and chastised him severely for it. Jacob received the chastisement meekly and went away without a word of complaint, and attended to his usual duties. The next morning he got up looking very solemn and troubled in mind, and refused to eat his breakfast. It was such an unusual thing for him to refuse to eat, his master concluded that he was "sulking," and expressed the opinion to his wife that he had not been severe enough with him the night before. He therefore concluded to watch Jacob, and if he saw more signs of "sulkiness," as he called it, he would chastise him again. He ate his breakfast and walked out to see what Jacob was doing, but at first could not find him. Finally he went near the corn-crib, intending to throw a few ears of corn to some calves in the lot, and just as he started to open the door he heard a voice, and paused to listen. Then he discovered that it was Jacob's voice, and being curious to know what the former had to say, remained motionless. After listening to the voice a few moments he was seized with amazement, for Jacob was praying, and for the master who had such a short time before wrongfully punished him. It was a pathetic appeal, full of humble simplicity and grand unselfishness. The burden of it was that the good Lord would pardon the high-tempered master for the wrong he had done his slave, and that He would fill his heart with a love for the true, the beautiful and the good. "Do not judge my poor, sinful master for his wrong to me," said this lowly slave, "but teach him the error of his ways and bring him to Thy feet, and save him from himself." "If Thou wilt but teach him," he continued, "to feel as I do whenever I hear the story of the sufferings of Thy son on Calvary's cross, I will not complain of his treatment of me."

Then he prayed for his mistress, and asked God to forgive her and show her the joys of an humble Christain life. Not one word did he utter for himself, but the end of his prayer was, "forgive them, forgive them."

Subsequently events proved that Jacob's lowly prayer ascended straight to the throne of Almighty God, for both his master and his mistress became changed beings from that time until their death. As soon as the prayer was finished, the master slipped away and wandered over his farm for hours, his heart being disturbed by emotions it had never felt before. In the afternoon he repaired to the house, and his wife was thunderstruck by the wonderful change in his appearance and his actions; that haughty, overbearing look, peculiar to himself, was gone, and was replaced by one of humble resignation.

His wife could only ask, "William, what on earth has come over you?"

His reply was, "Mary, I have inhumanly chastised an angel, for Jacob is surely one of them." Then he told her all, and she became almost as much affected as her husband. The result was they connected themselves with the Baptist church, and became noted for their Christian virtues. Wherever they were known their upright walk in life and their noble charities were subjects of general remark, and they were always pointed to as living evidences of the wonderful power of God's redeeming grace.

It is hardly necessary for us to say that Jacob was never chastised again. His master often remarked afterwards that he would almost as soon think of striking the Almighty himself as Jacob.

There was never another misunderstanding between Jacob and his master and mistress. He would not receive his freedom, for he said he wished to live and die on the old homestead.

THE TRAGEDY AT SLOAN'S.

"Do I understand, Mrs. Sloan," said the magistrate, "that you make a charge of attempted infanticide against your husband?"

"Well, not exactly that," replied Mrs. Sloan. "You see, I—"

"One minute—permit me to explain," exclaimed Mr. Sloan. "Your honor, the situation is this: We have one baby a year and a half old, and then we also have twins just two months old. Little cherubs, both of them. Their mother's turnip nose, perhaps, but my eyes and my aminable expression."

"His hair, too, your honor," said Mrs. Sloan, "his hair—red!"

"Before we were married, may it please the Court," said Mr. Sloan, "she was fond of alluding to it as auburn. But no matter. She went yesterday to a woman-suffrage convention. I stayed at home with the children—three of them, your honor! I have only two arms. When two of the little folks cried I would set down a silent one and carry those that screamed. Then the one I put down would begin, and I'd have to pick him up and lay down another, and then it would scream. I tried to carry the odd one pig-a-back, but it was no use, he would slip down and bump his nose on the floor. Imagine the situation. It was hard. I was nearly wild. Only two nursing bottles, too, and the third baby yelling like a Crow Indian, while the twins were feeding."

"Couldn't he suck his thumb?" asked the magistrate.

"Mrs. Sloan won't let him. She closed the gate of joy, so to speak, against her own offspring! Absolutely prohibited the child from sucking its own thumb! Nero, in his worst days, never went that far, I imagine."

"The historicans forget to mention it if he did," said the justice.

"Precisely. Well, I got along as well as I could, when in comes a boy with a note from Mrs. Sloan saying that Mrs. Gibbs, the vice president of the convention, wanted her baby out of the way while she was conferring with the select committee on ways and means, so in comes the sergeant-at-arms with Mrs. Gibbs's baby for me to take care of. That made four. Your honor, if Mrs. Gibbs's baby grows up and becomes a missionary, he can preach to heathen in Africa without leaving home. He has a voice like a fog horn. So he turned in and cried, and the other babies cried for sympathy."

"It was hard," said the magistrate.

"Hard! Well, I'm an accommodating man, so I put one twin in one cradle and rocked it with my right foot, and I put the other in another cradle and rocked it with my left foot; then I sat Gibb's baby on one knee and Johnny on the other, and by a peculiar action of my legs kept all four in motion at once. You understand? Well, sir, just as calmness began to prevail, in comes the sergeant-at-arms again with the secretary's baby. Said Mrs. Sloan had sent it while the secretary wrote up her minutes, and wouldn't I look after it for awhile?"

"Was it asleep?"

"Well, no. Now I don't want to exaggerate, your honor. I am under oath, and I shall try to state the facts mildly. But I am sadly mistaken if you couldn't blow a church organ with the secretary's baby's left lung! It whooped and hallooed in such a manner as to alarm me. Then Gibb's baby joined in and they gave a duet. Pretty soon our three tuned up for a chorus, and—well, suppose a whole orphan asylum should suddenly have a spasm of stomachache, and you can form idea of the racket."

"Couldn't you quiet them by singing to them?"

"No, sir; you couldn't have heard a bass drum in that room."

"What did you do?"

"I gave the family Bible to one twin, and put Webster's Unabridged Dictionary on th lap of the other, merely to play with. thought I'd go down stairs and get some mil for the whole crowd. I did. When I came up, as I had only two nursing bottles, I emptied a bottle of hair renovator, which Mrs. Sloan uses—"

"I don't!" exclaimed Mrs. Sloan.

"And a castor-oil bottle. I put the milk in these and in an old paregoric bottle, punched holes through the corks, and handed them around. When I came to the twins, they had the Bible and dictionary lying right on their bosoms, and they were blue in the face; too heavy, your honor! So I had to pick them up and souse them a couple of times in the bath tub to bring them to; and when I got back into the room with them I found Gibbs's baby in spasms from the taste of the hair restorer; and the secretary's baby had swallowed the cork, and the other child looked as if the castor-oil bottle somehow had not agreed with it. A minute later in come Mrs. Sloan and the secretary and Mrs. Gibbs, and they hustled me out. I don't know what happened after that, but I believe it was old Gibbs put Mrs Sloan up to charging me with murder."

"The case is dismissed," said the justice, and the Sloans withdrew. Mrs. Sloan has hired a nurse.—*Max Adeler.*

THE TRIFLING TRAVELER.

Scenes at the Examination of C Eugene Davis, the Polygamist Drummer.

At the examination of C. Eugene Davis, the widely wedded wanderer, in Chicago, the other day, after the attorneys on both sides had indulged in considerable sparring, Justice Wilson, according to the Chicago *Times*, spoke as follows:

The Court—Let the papers for committal be made out. I fix the bail at the original amount of $8,000, for the appearance of the prisoner for trial in the Criminal Court of Cook county.

The scene which followed is described by the *Times*, as appended:

Davis made a rush toward the railing and talked eagerly to the Justice, stating his honesty and so forth, but the court refused to alter his mind and the bigamist was removed to jail by Detective Shea.

The different women interested in Davis appeared rather apathetic about his fate. Mr. Cleveland, father of Carrie Lynch, said his daughter was as much determined to have vengeance now as any of them. The young lady herself was questioned on the subject, but promptly lost her temper and said she was not a candidate for public sympathy. For one of her gentle appearance Miss Lynch can use very vigorous English when she is properly stirred up. It is a pity that Davis did not have a longer time in which to test the sweetness of her eloquence.

Mr. Cleveland said she would pursue her studies on her return to Quincy, as if nothing had happened. The old gentleman seemed much relieved at the turn things had taken. His wife also appeared to be delighted at the prospect in store for her daughter's entrapper.

It is believed that the case will be one of the first taken up in the Criminal Court, and that Davis will soon be enjoying the sweet solace of a cell in Joliet.

Mr. Van Buren, it is said, intends to apply for a change of venue from Cook county on the ground of prejudice.

Letter after letter continues to be received by the Chief of Police, all charging up new victims to Davis. Here follows the latest implication:

TIFT HOUSE, BUFFALO, March 14.

Mr. O'Donnell:

DEAR SIR,—I am in this city on business. Have seen the Chicago papers giving an account of Davis. I find that he at one time traveled for a tea house on Duane street, in New York city. The Davis known in Saugerties travelled for a tea house, and was a small-sized man. His wife, Miss E. Van Hosen, is now living in Cincinnati. By telegraphing to her uncle, Capt. Peter Bell, of Malden, Ulster county, N. Y., or to her father, Garrett Van Hosen, Knickerbocker Ice Company, New York, you will be able to get her address. Van Hosen has sworn vengeance on him if he ever meets him. I will leave for Saugerties to-morrow.

G. A. DAVIDSON.

A COMICAL CAT.

One of the Tricks of Trade Played by a Designing Dog.

(From the N. Y. Times.)

* * * There are many interesting anecdotes illustrating the wonderful intelligence of the cat, and among them we can find striking evidence of the cat's complete lack of humor. There was a large Maltese cat, the property of a prominent washermoman of Chicago, who contrived a scheme of supplying his table with choice mice without personal exertion. He made the acquaintance of an active and intelligent terrier, and employed the latter to catch mice for him, paying for them in bones. The cat collected a large stock of bones, which he kept in the hollow of a tree, out of reach of the dog, and never produced until a bargain was consummated. A large flat stone served as a counter, and on this the dog would deposit a mouse, when offering it for sale. The cat would examine the mouse closely, and would always affect to disparage it. The dog would insist that it was a remarkably fine spring mouse, and, rejecting with disdain the cat's first offer, would pick up the mouse and pretend to carry it away. Then the cat would call him back, and after a long discussion and much sharp bargaining an agreement would be reached. The cat would then climb up to his bone-safe and bring down the amount of bones agreed upon, after which the dog would retire, leaving the mouse in the cat's possession. The cat was far from liberal in his dealings, and the ruling rates for a good average-sized mouse were one chicken-leg bone or two wing-bones, carefully denuded of meat. It is evident that he must have made a profit of at least 100 per cent. on these transactions, especially as he stole his entire capital of bones; but such is ever the way in which the cunning and unscrupulous impose upon the honest and hard working.

One day the dog brought for sale a particularly attractive mouse. He claimed that he had caught it in a menagerie, and that it was an imported, short-tailed mouse of immense value. The cat was evidently taken with the appearance of the mouse, but at first refused to offer more than the regular price. At length, after much sharp language and profanity, a bargain was struck and the cat paid an entire rib of roast beef, with a quarter of a pound of good meat adhering to it. No sooner had the dog obtained his pay than he broke into wild barks of delight and turned somersaults all over the yard. Startled by this unexpected conduct, the cat carefully investigated his new purchase, and to his great disgust found that the imported, short-tailed mouse was merely an imitation mouse, made of flannel, and grossly adulterated with sewing silk.

Now the dog was completely carried away with a sense of the enormous joke he had played on the penurious cat, but the cat could not see a trace of anything humorous in the proceding. He swore freely and was so enraged that he attempted to assault the dog, who promptly thrashed him and drove him into a tree. Even then the cat failed to be amused, and there is no reason to believe that to this day he has ever understood why the dog laughed.

This is a conspicuous instance of the cat's lack of any perception of the humorous, and a thousand equally truthful anecdotes can be told by any inquisitive zoologist, if it is made an object to him.

THE GHOST OF A CHANCE.

A Strange Story.

The whole affair sounds like the wildest romance. Granted. It is not for me to go into the question of its probability; I simply record certain facts which have come under my notice.

Here is a young fellow, like scores of others, with just enough property to live on and to deprive him of the spur to exertion. A barrister, quite briefless, dabbling in art, literature and music, and doing nothing with either. Amongst other tastes he has one for quaint jewelry—not for his own adornment, but he collects it and possesses many curious specimens, ancient and modern. I know him very well, and he has often shown me these treasures. One day I call on him, after a long vacation, and find him throwing off slip after slip of manuscript.

"Excuse me five minutes," he says, "and I shall have finished. I have made a wonderful addition to my collection, and in the oddest manner. I am writing a story about it, and—there—that's the end of the first part." He has been scribbling away while speaking, and now lays down his pen. "You shall read for yourself," he goes on, gathering up his manuscript, "how it came about, and you will understand why I am rather excited at recalling this, the narrow escape and the strangest adventure I ever had in my life." Then, lighting a cigar, and giving me another, he settles me in an easy-chair by the fire, and begins pacing the room, while I read as follows:

I left King's Cross by the night mail on the 16th of last August. I was out of health, tired, and wanted to sleep; so, settling my traps on the seat to my satisfaction, I suddenly remembered that I had nothing to read, and I called the guard to the window that he might get me a book. Returning in a minute, he put into my hands Bulwer's "Strange Story"; and as I gave him the money, he said, "Now we're off in a minute, sir; I hope you'll like my choice." Leisurely turning over the leaves by the light of the carriage lamp, I very soon found that the work my friend had selected was utterly distasteful to me, and I regretted having wasted my money upon it. It was a story, as most people know, treating of spiritual influences, a subject on which I was thoroughly sceptical. I soon got tired of it; but it served its purpose, and sent me to sleep, and sound asleep I remained till the train stopped at Peterborough.

Only partly awake, I remember letting down the window, and that several persons in the crowd on the platform tried to get into the carriage; one fellow, just as we were starting, thrust his head so far in that I thought he was going to make a harlequin's leap for it. Drowsily congratulating myself on having had the door locked, I was dropping off to sleep again when I suddenly discovered I was not alone. Who was that seated in the opposite corner of the carriage? A young lady, assuredly. The dim light from the lamp enabled me to discern that she was in evening dress, with the hood of her opera-cloak over her head. She appeared to be busy fastening her earring into her left ear.

"How odd," I thought, "that I should not have seen her get in!" Here were my legs still stretched across the seat with my rug over them, and surely I must have known if she had passed me; and the other had certainly never been opened. Very angry and puzzled, I determined to remonstrate with the guard at the next station. What an odd costume, too, for traveling, I thought; I couldn't make it out. The young lady was very quiet and still, and, as she appeared not to notice me, I hardly liked to begin any conversation, so I sat watching her till sleep again overtook me.

All at once the slackening of speed and the shrill, horrible, hollow danger whistle of the engine again disturbed my comfortable nap, and, lazily looking out, I found to me surprise we were not stopping at any station, and that outside nothing could be seen. A darkness that might be felt was all that met the eye when turned to the open window, whilst the fresh damp air announced that we were in the midst of country, and the sighing of the night breeze told of woods not far off. Neither station lights nor dwellings were to be discerned in the utter gloom. The furtive glance across the carriage showed the young lady still quietly sitting there fidgeting with her earring and not the least alarmed at this interruption to our journey. I called to the guard as he ran by the moment we stopped, and, putting my head out of the window, inquired what was the matter.

"Nothing, sir," he said cheerily; "no danger; only the line's blocked, and we are waiting till they signal us to go on. I expect it's a goods that's being shunted. It'll be all right, sir, in a few minutes." I then said, in a low tone, "What possessed you to place this young lady in my carriage, when I so especially enjoined you to keep it empty?" "I never let anybody in," protested the man, with surprise. "A young lady, do you say?" Springing on the step as I drew my head back, he looked into the carriage, and exclaimed, "Why, there's no lady there, sir!"

I turned, and imagine my confusion—she was gone! "This passes my understanding," said I, "for though I'll swear she was there before I spoke to you, there is certainly nobody there now; she must have got out." I crossed to the further door, and tried it; it was locked sure enough. I let down the glass and looked out, but in the darkness, of course, could see nothing. "Why, you've been dreaming, sir," said the guard, as I, looking somewhat small, resumed my seat.

"Don't tell me," cried I, indignantly, and disgusted at the absurdity of the position; "I'm perfectly convinced that she was in the carriage! Why, here is positive proof," I went on, as I perceived, and immediately picked up, a gold earring from the floor beneath her seat and mine. Amazement, mingled with doubt and distrust, was plainly depicted on the guard's handsome countenance, as, regarding me with a puzzled, half comical expression, he said, after a minute, "Well, sir, if you really believe you saw her, I should advise your changing your carriage."

"Why so?" I demanded, in surprise. "Because it's well to be on the safe side, sir, for I've heard something of this kind before. Young ladies are dangerous customers in trains sometimes, sir," he added, with the twinkle coming into the eye again. As I drew myself up somewhat indignantly he continued: "They say an accident is almost certain to occur when an apparition has been seen."

So, opening the door, he began to collect my bags and traps, while I, perplexed, and not without some feeling of alarm, alighted, and followed him hastily along the side of the line. "You might have seen some ladies and gentleman, all dressed for a party, get into the compartment in front of yours at Peterborough," resumed the man, as he steered me by the light of his lantern over the rough ground; "and fine and merry they were; they were going to a ball at Grantham. I fancy you must have been dreaming, sir, for certainly none of them got into your carriage, though one did try; and as to apparitions, well—" He did not finish the sentence, for just then we found an empty compartment at the rear of the train; and the engine's whistle at the same moment announcing the line clear, with but few more words I was very soon again locked in and left to myself.

My first act when the train was once more in motion was to examine carefully the earring so unaccountably found. The shape struck me as curious. It was a wheel suspended from a bird's claw, which turned when touched. Surely, as I told the guard, this trinket was a proof that I had not been deceived or dreaming; at least, this was not the apparition of an earring, at any rate. What could it mean? The more I thought of it, the more I was perplexed; and finally I put it away in my portemonnaie; and, with a mind wearied with puzzling over the strange occurrence, I at length fell asleep once more—but not for long. Suddenly I was rudely awakened by a terrific crash and a shock which threw me violently forward, while the carriage lurched over and nearly capsized.

I knew at once an accident had happened—the accident half prophesied by the guard. As soon as I could collect my scattered senses and found myself unhurt, I clambered out of the carriage and ran down the line to the front of the train to ascertain the extent of the catastrophe. It was difficult to make one's way in the darkness and confusion; but what were my feelings of horror and amazement, joined to intense thankfulness, when I discovered, after some light had been obtained from a hastily kindled bonfire, that the carriage I had previously occupied was lying a complete wreck! I knew it by its color and the number, which I had remarked, still visible on the battered panel. Then I learned that several passengers in the other compartments of it had suffered fearfully, and I was so overcome that I felt quite dizzy.

Here was a wonderful and miraculous escape indeed. All the events of the last half-hour rushed through my troubled brain. On that smashed and splintered seat I had sat, and but for the presence of my mysterious companion, there I should be lying—crushed, maimed, perhaps dead! Horrible! The bead broke out on my brow as I thought of it. When my nerves had recovered a little, I sought out the guard, who, pale and grave, was endeavoring to reassure the frightened passengers assembled on the bank. He was comforting them with the intelligence that a special train would arrive shortly from Grantham, and take them from the scene of the disaster.

"My good fellow," said I, "you must explain to me what you meant respecting that young lady—the apparition, I mean, as you choose to call it. You said an accident—" "Lord bless you, sir," he interrupted sadly, "'twas only my chaff. I never heard anything about a young lady; but I thought as you seemed a bit scared it would make your mind easier like, and that's why I shifted you. I can't give any reason why such a fancy came into my head; but it's well it did, sir, for it just saved your life, saved it by 'the ghost of a chance,' as one may say"; and there was a faint return of the old humorous twinkle in the man's eye as he thus aptly made a play upon the words. "It was the carriage you were in that suffered most." "Well, there's many a true word spoken in jest," returned I. "Are there many hurt.

"About seven, I fear, sir, and four more killed. We don't know the cause at present, sir; 'twasan't a collision, and don't appear to have anything to do with the stopping of the train awhile ago. These things do turn one up more than a bit, sir," added the man, as he was called away. The lamps of the special train were now sighted and we, the unscathed, were speedily in our places, and arrived at our destination without further hurt or hindrance. But what perplexed ideas whirled in rapid succession through my mind as we were hurried along.

Here was I, saved from dreadful and untimely death by—what? Not a dream, certainly; but whatever it was, by a most marvellous interposition, or, perhaps, as the guard said, "by the ghost of a chance." How could I call it a dream or entertain the notion of ghostly influence, when the earring picked up by my own hand was now safe in my pocket? Was it safe? I looked. Yes, safe enough, the wheel suspended from the bird's claw. A wheel of fortune it had indeed proved to me.

"And do you mean to tell me this is a fact?" I asked ironically, as I finished my friend's manuscript. "Every word of it, as I am a living man," he answered. "See, here is the earring," and he handed me the trinket. "Well," I continued, after examining it, "What are you going to do? How are you going to finish your story?" "Oh, I don't know. Can you give me a notion?" He knows I have an eye for dramatic situations. "Not I, indeed; you will have to invent that, I suspect." And we talked a good deal more, of course, about the strange affair before I left him; and equally of course, at the end of two years the story was not finished. My friend is only a dabbler, and seldom brings any of his efforts in art or literature to a fruitful issue. I little thought that it would devolve on me to take up the thread of this one, and finished it for him.

Before parting, however, I asked, "Did you see the girl's face?" "Not very clearly. The light was dim. I could not distinguish her features precisely, nor the color of her eyes, nor the details exactly, you understand; yet there was a look"—he went on after a pause—"which reminded me of somebody, or I thought it did, I could not tell whom, that I had seen before. It was a mere impression, quite unformed, vague to a degree. I had forgotten, even, that anything of the kind crossed my mind until you asked the question." "Would you know her again?"

"Humph!"—he hesitated—"I hardly know. I think I should if she were similarly dressed and posed." Then he said good-bye; and for two years I do not think we have mentioned the subject above twice; once, when I inquired if he had finished the story; and once later on, when if I did not clear it up, I at least threw a weird light upon the mystery; the light by which I am enabled to make a sort of second part to the first which I found him writing.

My friend's rooms again; looking much as usual, save that he is at his easel instead of at his desk. Again, as usual, keen for the time being upon what he is doing, he does not rise when I enter, and I stand talking to him for awhile behind his chair. We have not seen each other lately, and he rallies me good-humoredly about dropping the acquaintance of careless bachelors like himself since my marriage—for the momentous event has happened within the last six months. He was abroad at the time, and does not know my wife yet. Soon we passed from this interesting topic, and I said something about the water-color drawing he was working at, as I still stood watching its progress over his shoulder. It was a small study, done the previous evening at a life-school, as he told me, from what artists called the draped model—a rustic figure of a girl seated on a stile.

"But stay," he cried, "you should see it under a white mount. I have one here cut out to the size. Wait, let me get it." He rose and went to the other end of the room. An idea struck me; and taking from my pocket a certain cabinet sized photograph, which I had brought to show him, I stood it on the easel in front of his picture, which it exactly covered. Returning with the mount, and talking volubly about what he was going to do in painting, he automatically put the hollow centre of the white cardboard just over the photograph, but without, for a moment, noticing the change I had made. Suddenly he saw it, and, with an exclamation of wonder, started back.

"How came that here?" he went on, pale and agitated, as he looked inquiringly from the picture to me. "Did you put it there? Do you know the lady?" "You recognize it?" "Yes, certainly. I haven't seen her for some years now; but I should know that likeness anywhere." He bit his lip and paused, and then added, "I didn't know you knew her." "I don't," I answered; "and I never knew that such a person had ever lived till yesterday." "Then how came you by her portrait? and why do you bring it to me?" "To ascertain if it really was the same person." "Same person as who?—what? I don't understand!"

"Why, whether, by any strange coincidence, this lady—my wife's old friend and schoolfellow—might happen to be the lady you once—well, shall I say once knew under very peculiar circumstances?" He looked at me now somewhat angrily as he said: "See here, old fellow, there are matters sometimes in a man's life that he doesn't care about having raked up again. I tell you honestly this is one of them, and I don't quite like this kind of joke." "No joke, on my word," I continued; "and if I am touching on anything unpleasant, please forgive me; as I have no purpose. Not that I imagined you were so sensitive on the subject, especially as you contemplated turning it to literary account."

"I?—literary account? What do you mean?" he asked indignantly. "I should as lief think of turning cannibal as of turning anything connected with that young lady to account, as you call it." I was a little puzzled now; "so I said: "Well, but who do you say the young lady is?" "Her name—if you mean that—was Miss Naughton, Rose Naughton when I knew her; but I confess I don't see that because she happens to be a friend of your wife's you are warranted in referring thus abruptly to my acquaintance with her." "My dear fellow," I cried, "I had no idea of this, believe me. I hadn't a notion that you knew her name, and we are evidently a little at cross-purposes. But bear with me a minute longer. Admitting that this is a portrait of the Miss Rose Naughton whom you seem to have known, though I never could have guessed that, just look at it carefully again, and see if it does not remind you of some one else—some one whom you once saw, I repeat, under very peculiar circumstances."

He bends forward to examine the photograph, and presently says, "No." Then I say, "Will this help your memory?" and while he is still looking at the portrait, I put down on the ledge of the easel, just under his eyes, an earring. "Good God!" he cries, "what are you up to? What have you taken this out of the cabinet for?" "I have not been near the cabinet, if you mean the place where you keep your jewels." "Then what on earth—" He hesitates, and, taking up the ear-ring, walks with it across the room to his treasure store. I cannot help, with my dramatic instincts, watching him eagerly; and it is as good as a play to see his surprise and wonder when, opening the cabinet, he takes forth the ear-ring he picked up in the railway carriage, and finds that he has the fellow to it in his other hand.

"Yes; there they are, clearly the pair—two birds' claws, each holding a revolving wheel. "Now look at the portrait again," I say, when he had stood for a minute regarding me with blank amazement. "I don't say that you will, because it is mere speculation, but do you not see in the portrait of Miss Naughton something to remind you of the young lady, your mysterious travelling companion?" He is examining the photograph again. "Well, it is very absurd, but really, now you put it to me, there might be something of the same look in it, and—" He ponders. "Was it she, then—Rose—after all, that I in a measure was reminded of that night? On my honor I seem to think it must have been." Then, turning to me, he asks: "But what is the meaning of all this? Why do you want to know whether I can see any resemblance in this photograph to that girl, and where, above all, did you get this other ear-ring from? Explain yourself, for God's sake!"

"Because, as I say," I replied, "it seems to me just possible that, if there be such a thing as ghostly influence, or spiritualism, or clairvoyance, or whatever one may choose to call such mysteries—because, I say, if such things exist, you may have the warning to leave your seat as you did through the mysterious influence of Miss Naughton herself, for she was in that railway train that same night, and those earrings belonged to her." Again the wonder in his face would have been amusing had it not been mingled with an expression of pain. "Incredible, preposterous!" he said at length. "You say that Miss Naughton is a friend of your wife's?"

"Yes; and I will explain how I came upon the fact forthwith. Yesterday, as my wife was dressing, she asked me to fetch her a brooch from the drawer in her dressing-case. On opening it, the first thing which caught my eye, amongst a lot of little trinkets, was that earring and a moments examination showed it to be the counterpart of the one you had so myteriously come by. The device was not easily to be forgotten. You may judge of my surprise, and how it led to my telling her about your strange adventure. Then we went into the matter, and she on her part told me how the earring had belonged to a schoolfellow of hers, Rose Naughton by name, who had lately gone abroad; and how, two years ago, she had been in a fearful railway accident one evening, while on her way from Peterborough to a ball at Grantham—how two of her party had been killed while setting beside her; how she escaped, by a miracle, uninjured; and how, amongst the the trifling events connected with the terrible circumstance, she had lost on of her earrings—one of a pair which had been given to her that night by the man to whom she was engaged, and who was himself killed."

My friend's face, with a strange perversity, seemed for a moment to lose its pained expression as I uttered these last words. I resumed: "When Miss Naughton went abroad she gave my wife her photograph—that on the easel—and amongst other souvenirs that odd earring; for it appears the tragical accident brought about one good result for her—it cut short an engagement entirely distasteful to her, and into which she had been forced—well, I didn't hear exactly how; at any rate, she never loved the man—disliked him in fact, my wife says, and so had no compunction about giving the ear-ring to my wife, who was struck with the quaintness of the device. You will readily understand how this story instantly associated itself with you in my mind. A comparison of dates and other circumstances left no doubt. I was bound to come and tell you; and I hope, my dear fellow, you will acquit me now of an idle intrusion upon your affairs. I assure you I hadn't the faintest idea that you knew Miss Naughton by name. I thought you might have seen her, as I believed you did; for assuredly her presence—either in the flesh or in the spirit, whichever it was—saved your life." My friend, full of amazement, held out his hand, and, in shaking mine warmly, evinced more feeling than I had ever given him credit for.

"Of course, of course, old man," he said, "I know you didn't mean anything; only I was taken by surprise, as well I might be, for I was tremendously fond of Rose Naughton once—am so still, for the matter of that—and the sight of her face rather took me aback. We were half engaged once, only her old mother broke it off; and I was angry and hasty, and—and I dropped them, and have been sorry ever since; and then I was too proud, and in short, have made an ass of myself. Do you know where she is now? Do you know where she is gone?"

"No; but I can find out." "I wish you would; for after all you tell me, I have a strong inclination to follow her, and try my luck again—try if fortune will turn her wheel for my benefit." "Most certainly do so; you would be flying in her face if you did not; for really this is the most astounding thing, on the whole, that ever happened to a fellow. There must have been some mysterious agency at work when you were thrown so close together that night without either of you knowing it. Say that the appearance was but a vapor of the brain, partly due to ill health and uneasy sleep, still its aspect and nature are clearly traceable to Miss Naughton's presence hard by; and mere coincidence is not sufficient to account for all that happened."

"Very marvellous, truly," said he; "and we can only call it, as the guard did, 'the ghost of chance.' Still, whatever it was, it hardly accounts for the earring being of my compartment; that as I originally wrote, was not the ghost of an earring; how do we get over that?" "Ah," I answered, "we are as far off in the solution as ever. Never mind; be thankful that things are as they are. I will ascertain from my wife Miss Naughton's present address, and do you go and see if she can explain the mystery."

He followed my advice, and he finally married Rose Naughton, of course; but still it was a long time before any light was thrown on the earring side of the mystery. This eventually came, however, thuswise: In the course of the whirligig of society in which my friend and wife move, there has turned up a young man, who was one of the ball party on that fatal night, and he thus explains the enigma: He says he was late, and was hurrying along the platform at Peterborough when Miss Naughton and her friends were trying to find seats. They were a little ahead of him, and in the confusion she must have dropped one of her ear-rings, for he picked it up, and fearing to be left behind—for the whistle was sounding—he made a dash at the nearest carriage.

The window was open, but the door was locked; and on precipitately thrusting his head to see if there was room, his elbow struck against the edge of the door, and the blow jerked the trinket out of his hand to the further side of the carriage, and across the legs of a recumbent passenger half asleep. There was no time to arouse the passenger or call the guard, the train being actually in motion; and it was only by jumping into the next compartment that he managed to save himself from being left behind. Of course he concluded that he should recover the earring when they stopped at Grantham; but then came the accident, and the loss of the earring was held of little account—albeit it was a potent factor in saving my friend's life.—*Time.*

—The Chicago *Tribune* has a streak of typographical economy, thus:

Rev. Douglas got inebri-
But denies he was intoxic-
And wants to be renomin-
By way of being vindic- } ated.

USE Edison's Belts for Female weakness. They assist nature to overcome disease.

HOW TO SAVE ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR.

[From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, Dec. 27, 1879.]

Allusion has been made frequently of late in this journal to various schemes undertaken in different parts of the country for the cultivation of the sugar beet and the manufacture of beet-sugar. But the matter has received comparatively little attention from the press generally; and outside of a narrow circle of thoughtful persons no great amount of interest in the matter has been manifested by the public. But we venture to make the assertion that this indifference will not long endure; that it will give way, before many years elapse, to full appreciation of the fact that the experiments of beet culture in Delaware, Maryland and other States, are the first steps in a movement of the highest importance, which will at a not far distant day revolutionize the sugar business. There are two great facts connected with this subject which ought deeply to impress the mind of every American. One is that we pay nearly one hundred millions of dollars every year to foreigners for sugar; for we import more of that article than of any other one thing. The other is that we have the capacity to raise at home enough sugar of the best quality to supply not only our own demand, but that of the whole civilized world.

As for the former fact, there can be no doubt at all that any device that will operate fairly to keep in the country the money that is spent abroad will be of very huge advantage to the nation. It will give to our own people, to expend at home for the enrichment of other Americans, the whole of the profit which now goes into the pockets of foreign planters and their laborers. It will increase that diversity of industry which is an essential of the prosperity of every country; giving new forms of employment to the population, and helping to use up whatever of surplus labor may be going to waste among us. It will be very profitable to farmers, and especially to Eastern farmers, by giving the soil relief, by increasing the possibility of rotation of crops, and by enabling those who find little profit in cultivating the cereals to devote their attention to other products. It is not difficult to believe that we may be approaching the time when, with the Western States more closely populated, we shall grow grain in such quantities that it can hardly be disposed of. First-rate harvests all over Europe, with a good harvest at home, might produce such an unpleasant complication at any time; and even under ordinary circumstances small farmers, East and West, find that the prices of their grain are unpleasantly depressed by the competition of the huge farms of the far West, operated by large capital, improved machinery, and reckless use of an unfertilized soil. It really seems almost like idiocy for such a state of things to be permitted to threaten us while we can raise at home, upon farms that are now nearly profitless, a sugar crop for which we are paying one hundred millions annually to planters in the tropics.

The possibility of growing beet-sugar here under profitable conditions can no longer be regarded as problematical. It has been grown in such a manner upon a small scale in a dozen different States, and there is nothing needed now to have the business conducted upon a large scale but the stimulus which may be applied to the farmers by capitalists who will agree to take their crops of beets at a fair price. The free-traders would class such an attempt under the head of artificial industries; but beet culture is no more foreign to us than it was to the French peasants sixty years ago, and now France has sugar enough for export to enable her to supply England with forty per cent. of the sugar consumed by that country. Sugar-beet culture has been introduced into Germany, Australia, Belgium, Holland and Russia precisely as we wish to have it introduced here, and in each of these countries it has been followed by results of the most satisfactory kind. It is, indeed, a very odd circumstance that the enlightened, energetic and enterprising farmers of the United States should have been so long and so far surpassed by men of the same class in the Old World. We cannot doubt that they will eagerly embrace the opportunity to engage in the industry as soon as proof shall be given, by the large success of a single one of the sugar factories recently started in this country, of the fact that there is a chance of making money in the business.

The principal difficulty in the introduction of new processes upon a farm of course is the want of knowledge by the farmer of the best methods of conducting them. He does not like to take the risks of losing time and labor upon an experiment in which he will have nothing to guide him but wild guesswork. There has been up to this time no literature upon the subject, of any importance, in the English language; but we are glad to perceive that Messrs. Henry Carey Baird & Co., of this city, are about to issue a volume upon the practical cultivation of the sugar beet, from the pen of Mr. Lewis S. Ware, a gentleman who has studied the subject carefully abroad, and who has made successful experiments of his own in this country. The appearance of this book just at this time is of itself a sure indication of the growth of an intelligent public interest in the matter. We may hope, also, that the agricultural newspapers, many of which are remarkable for nothing so much as for phenomenal stupidity and for tedious reiteration of ancient twaddle about ancient facts, may be persuaded to examine this subject, and to give the farmers the benefit of conclusions carefully formed. Beet-culture is not difficult. Beets can be raised on almost any ground that will grow good wheat; the cultivation is not any more laborious than that of Indian corn; and the pulp fed to stock after saccharine juices have been extracted, is said to produce excellent results for the dairy, the butcher and the compost heap.

SOMETHING ABOUT CHAMPAGNE.

(N. Y. Times.)

Americans drink so much champagne—it is told that they consume nearly half of the whole vintage, not to speak of the many imitations which go by that name—that it may almost be called the national drink, at least of the well-to-do classes. As not a few of us may never have tasted the genuine wine, it may be of interest to know something about it historically. As nearly as the end of the fifth century, St. Remi, reputed to be the first Christian king of France, owned large vineyards at Rheims and Laon. Towards the middle of the ninth century, Bishop Pardulus, of Laon, is mentioned as advising Archbishop Hinemar to take the wine of Epernay for digestion. Nobles and princes quaffed the juice of the grape raised in the province of Champagne for generations, but it was more like Burgundy, having no sparkle, than the champagne of to-day. Indeed, the wine proper was not created until the latter part of the seventeenth century. Dom Perignon was the first person who is indentified—it was in 1688—with champagne of any kind. He was a jolly monk, and the abbey over which he presided depended for revenue upon the tithes awarded by the vine-growers of the district.

He made the earliest experiments, and finally discovered the effervescing liquid which he relished greatly. Marquis de Sillery improved upon the monk's achievements, and introduced the delicious wine at many feasts where it was poured out by handsome young women, attired as bacchanals. At Rheims, near where Dom Perignon was inspired to make the delicious drink, is the largest champagne establishment in France. In one vast sub-cellar are deposited 1,000,000 bottles of raw wine, and in another part of the town are some three million bottles. The wine is treated most delicately, and, thousands of men, women and children, very carefully trained, are employed in the process, to complete which requires three years. The French and English think that champagne grows better with age, even though it may lose its sparkle and brilliancy; but we Americans have another opinion—that the fresher it is, the more delicious. The cellars in which the wine is stored are cut out of the calcareous rock. Any quantity of spurious wine is sold in France by charging other light wines with carbonic acid gas, and the Germans have recently succeeded so well in preparing Rhenish, Main, Neckar, Meissner and Mauburg, after the manner of champagne that it may deceive even connoisseurs.

—Division of labor—Aunt Mary: "Well, Tommy, shall I carry your bat and cricket stumps for you?" Tommy: "No, aunty, tanks. Me tarry bat and 'tumps. 'Oo tarry me."

—He told her that he loved her,
In tones so soft and mellow;
But she said she couldn't marry him,
For she asked another fellow.
(This is leap year.)

—The Czar shoes his horse with silver.—*Baltimore News.* And the farmer's wife shoos her chickens with an old apron.

—The best newpaper men, it is said, boil down their matter, which probably accounts for their work being so well done.

—Massachusetts has only 7,500 divorces for 250,000 marriages. No one could go into any speculation and make fewer mistakes.

EDISON'S Absorbent Belt will cure Biliousness. (See pamphlet).