Listowel Standard.

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GENERAL.

"ON TRAMP."—First Sawney—"Faar are ye ga'in the day, Sandy?" Second do.—"I am ga'in in the len'th of Kintore." First do.—"Winna ye tak the train?" Second do.—"Na, I'm in a bit o' a hurry the day; I'm ga'in to traivel."

THE population of Spain and the adjacent islands is 16,625,860, including 40,741 foreigners. This is an increase of 952,324 since 1860, civil war and emigration having prevented a larger increase. 94,000 Spaniards inhabit Algeria, and 62,000 other countries.

TELL'S chapel by the Lake of Lucerne has been demolished, the frescoes have been removed with tolerable success, and the new building will be begun. The bell bears the date 1590, and has on it figures of the three confederates swearing with raised right hands.

UNDER a new law, the Massachusetts State prisons are under the control of two men and a woman, called Supervisors, who are to receive no pay except for expenses. Their power is unrestricted as to regulating discipline, choosing officials, and the general government of the institutions.

LARGE numbers of the police in Moscow have been transported to Siberia for supposed complicity in conspiracies. In many of the chief cities the police force is being continually changed, to prevent any tampering with these officials, who in Russia are peculiarly open to the temptation of a bribe.

IN a primary school, not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "Bird's-nest," and, pointing to the hyphen, asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause, a young son of the Emerald Isle piped out, "Please, ma'am, for the bird to roosht on!"

GEORGE RIX and Tom Hartigan played poker at Rockland Station, Tenn., without any understanding as to whether straights were to be counted. They quarrelled when the question was brought up in the progress of the game, and Hartigan shot Rix. Then Rix's wife took a revolver out of her dead husband's pocket, and mortally wounded Hartigan.

UMKWE CANTABA is the sonorous name of a Zulu prince, a cousin of King Cetywayo. By the labours of a Swedish missionary he has been led to embrace Christianity, and recently visited Sweden with this missionary. On his arrival at Helsingborg, a town of about three thousand inhabitants, one of his first remarks was "I never knew before that there were so many white men in the world. From their war with my cousin I thought that they were rather a small tribe."

A BICYCLE tour through Western England is projected by a party of twenty Americans this autumn. Leaving Boston in July, they will start per bicycle from Liverpool, and ride at the rate of about thirty miles daily, first to London, thence to Portsmouth and Southampton, back to London, next to Bath, Gloucester, and Shrewsbury, and once more to London, going home at the beginning of September. The bicyclists reckon that their tour will cover about 680 miles.

THE cheapest freighting in the United States is said to be that of coal from Pittsburg to points on the Ohio River. Barges capable of carrying 24,000 bushels are built for $500 each, and kept loaded in readiness for a freshet in the river. When the desired rush of high water comes, from eight to twelve of these boats are strung together and started down stream, with a steamer in front to guide them and increase the speed. The boats are sold to be broken up on arriving at their destination.

A RIVAL to the Edison electric pen has lately been introduced in England by Messrs Newton, Wilson & Co., under the name of the "horograph." Its action is precisely like that of the Edison pen, but instead of being moved by electricity, it acts by clockwork. The needle point is driven by gear, and works by a main-spring, which is wound up by a key in the ordinary manner. It is said to do its work equally well with the electric pen, and to have some advantages in comparison.

ALTHOUGH the Malay can live inexpensively upon fish, a large snook of 5 lb. or 6 lb. weight, the common article of their diet, costing only a penny, or at most twopence, they have many expenses to meet. Every man who is above the extremest poverty indulges in the luxury of at least two wives, each of whom keeps her own establishment. These wives enjoy their holidays, are very fond of dress, and frequently insist upon picnic parties, which entail the necessity of hiring carriages for the country trip.

IT is a curious fact that the least maritime of the more important European countries should possess the greatest port on the Continent, equally important in a military and commercial sense. According to the statistics recently compiled by Col. Weaver, United States Consul at Antwerp, the maritime movements of that port are inferior only to those of London and Liverpool. Next in importance come successively Marseilles, Hamburg, Havre, Hull, Amsterdam, Bremen, Southampton, Bordeaux, and Glasgow.

A SAN FRANCISCO woman married a coachman unwittingly, believing him to be a Mexican nobleman. He was deceived, too, for he supposed her wealthy, whereas she was really poor. They parted after an unpleasant honeymoon of a week. "Had I known that I would only get morning breezes for breakfast, trade winds for dinner, and fog for supper," she wrote, "I would have told you that my constitution couldn't stand it. I trust that, if you ever marry again, you will prepare to prove do your wife with a bill of fare instead of a bill of a r."

RUSSIAN life can scarcely be pleasant nowadays. A few weeks ago, as a young nobleman was entertaining a few friends at his home, the door suddenly opened, a handsome young lady came in, politely saluted the visitors, and then, drawing a pistol from her pocket, shot the host through the head. The fair assassin made no attempt to escape, and was, of course, arrested. It is said that the victim had two days previously received a threatening letter from the Executive Committee of the Revolutionary Society, which he had given to the police.

A YOUNG man from the country went to have a tooth plugged. The dentist advised him to have the tooth out, and assured him that he would feel no pain if he inhaled laughing-gas. "But what is the effect of the gas?" asked the youth. "It simply makes you totally insensible," answered the dentist; "you don't know anything that takes place." The rustic assented; but, just previous to the gas being administered he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out his money. "Oh, don't trouble about that now," said the dentist, thinking that he was going to be paid his fee. "Not at all," remarked the patient; "I was simply going to see how much I had, before the gas took effect."

IN 1871 the London Common Council offered a prize for the best invention to rid the streets of snow. One was selected out of seventeen plans, and has since been in yearly operation. It consists of a sloping plate of iron placed beneath a manhole in the streets leading to the sewers. Under the plates are immense gas burners, which render it very hot. The snow is carted from the proximate thoroughfares and thrown upon the plate. It is quickly reduced to water, and flows into the sewer. The consumption of gas is moderate, and, as the manholes are numerous, a great economy is effected over the old system of carting the snow long distances to the Thames, Lea, and Serpentine Rivers.

IT appears that feminine intrigue is at the root of the dreadful doings in Burmah of late. The late king named as his successor Nyoung Yan; but the daughter of the chief queen was engaged to be married to Theebau, now only about 21, and the queen, resolving that her son-in-law should succeed, bought over the Ministers. The king's death was, through her means, kept secret until a strong following had been secured to Theebau, who, soon after he ascended the throne (his brothers and their families were thrown into prison), took to drinking, and showed signs of hereditary madness. Fear of British interference prevented his killing his brothers, but as soon as news arrived of the reverses in Zulu, he thought his opportunity for fratricide on a large scale had come, and went to work. At first the massacre was on the old Burmese plan, head tied to ankles and a heavy blow on the back; but when Thongzai was brought to do reverence to the King, his younger brother, and professed an utter scorn for what could be done to him, he was promptly flogged to death. Mouny Oke, formerly Governor of Rangoon, had his nose and mouth filled with gunpowder, a match applied, and then he was flung into a trench to be stifled by the bodies of the succeeding victims. The daughter, aged 16, of Nyoung Yan (who ought to have been king) was handed over to the guard, to be subsequently pitched insensible into the trench with the others. About ninety were killed altogether.

In Memoriam.

(MAJOR STEUART SMITH.)

BY F. H. DOYLE.

I.

There sweeps across the ocean foam
A chill blast, heavy with despair,
And many a broken English home
Is shuddering into silent prayer;
Unlooked for, and undreamt of, strike
Those words of evil, wounding deep,
To rouse us wild with terror, like
The stab that murders sleep.

II.

Yet in the ruin, death and shame,
In the dark rush of howling crowds,
(Like a star evermore the same
Above all tempest-shaken clouds,)
Shines forth a brave soul, to be known
Through the long ages as they run;
He who of England thought alone,
And surely spiked the gun.

III.

When that strange earthquake of defeat,
That storm of horrible surprise,
Upon our weary soldiers beat,
He would not even lift his eyes;
Through all the slaughter raging wide,
He saw a duty to be done,
With time to do it, ere he died,—
And so he spiked the gun.

IV

Happier than his brave comrades then,
He kept a clear unwavering will;
They could but fight and fall like men,
But he worked hard for England still;
His last sad strokes rang firm and true,
And his whole heart was filled with one
Proud thought to sweeten death—*he knew*
That he had spiked the gun.

V.

Luxurious weaklings murmur low,
Because they think the road is rough:
"Are lives worth having—aye or no?"
We find this answer good enough:
Yes, it is well that we should live,
Though limpless be man's path and dim,
If life at honour's call can give
A strength to die like him.

VI

For him, at least, Death crowns. We send
Two men to do the work of five;
Then, if they fail us, turn and rend
The one who may be left alive.
Nay, if both fall, at both we chafe,
In our mean anger sparing none:
Still, he from evil tongues is safe—
The man who spiked the gun.

VII.

Let loose your sorrow without fear,
Ye who now proudly mourn the dead;
No wind of bitterness can sear
The oakleaves* round that sacred head
A wave on glory's living sea,
Till Fate's cold grip hath quenched the sun—
Arrayed in light the name shall be
Of him who spiked the gun.

* The civic crown—*ob cives servatos*.

CAPTAIN COLE'S PASSENGER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Every one who uses the great steam ferry between Liverpool and New York knows Captain Cole of the Cunard line. I don't say anything of his seamanship, because I know nothing about it; but he is said to be the very best of the commanders of that company, which boasts of never having lost a ship—nor a passenger—during the many years it has ploughed the Atlantic. My own acquaintance with him has been solely on shore; because when at sea I am never in a condition to make acquaintance with anybody. There are some folks that tell you that sea-sickness "goes off" after a certain number of days. I can only say that I should like to know the number. It has never "gone off" with me during even the longest voyage between this country and the United States or *vice versa*. Perhaps it would "go off" if I extended my travels to South America, but my impression is that I should go off first. Nature herself seems to have set bounds, in my case, to the wish to range. If I had been born on the Continent, I might have been a great traveller; but being insular, no desire for foreign travel ever stirs within me. My bark is on the shore, and never goes beyond it, if I can help it. I can sit on a pier (if it is not one of those chain piers which swing), and watch the ripple of the wave with much satisfaction; but not all the blandishments of all the boatmen in Great Britain would induce me to embark upon it for pleasure.

Of all poems, Bryon's "Address to the Ocean" is my favourite, because (under pretence of friendship) he shows what a monster it is. "The wrecks are all thy deed" —a strongish express on to use, at a time when French ships of battle were sunk by scores by the English guns, but I like him all the better for it. "A thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain," which, though not quite a correct statement, is eminently true as regards sea-sickness. You may try any number of vessels, and all kinds of them but to that complexion (of sea-green, with black about the eyes) you come at last, with which you started.

I hate the sea. For certain reasons, however, I am compelled periodically to cross the Atlantic, and on the first occasion I had a letter of introduction to good Captain Cole. We shook hands; the screw began to move, and I rushed to my cabin, where I remained throughout the voyage. I believe he came to see me very often in my misery. "Visiting the sick" at sea is a much more unpleasant thing than on shore, remember, but I didn't know and I didn't care. I saw him—to know him again—at New York; and in short, though on board his ship he might have been its rudder, for all I saw of him, we met on shore both in the New and Old World pretty frequently. He knew Charles Dickens, and, being himself a genial fellow, was personally much attached to him, but he could never forgive him what he has written of the dangers (from fire) of a steamer's chimney at sea. It was the only part of the great novelist's writings that seemed to have come under his notice (indeed, the gallant captain never read anything but his own log and the points of the compass), and this caused him to form an unfavourable view of him as an author. "No, sir," he would say, when I would endeavour to combat this idea; "he was a great man, a noble, generous, fine-hearted creature, but as a writer he was nowhere—like what you are," he would say, with a wink of the eye and a roll of his head, "when you're aboard ship." In spite of which disagreement of literary opinion, the Captain and I grew to be fast friends.

He entertained a colossal contempt for the land and all belonging to it (except his fellow-creatures) which amused me vastly; but especially for its modes of locomotion. Cabs, coaches, and omnibuses were all in his eyes senseless and dangerous; and as to getting astride a horse, I don't believe any sum would have induced him to attempt it. He had a certain respect, however, for an express train, or rather for the engine of it, which, flying through storm and sleet from starting-point to terminus, reminded him perhaps of his own gallant ship.

As we had hardly a thought or topic in common, it was natural that our social intercourse took a narrative shape. I told him stories (which, as he had never read anything, had the merit of novelty), and he reciprocated with yarns. I was foolish enough at first to suggest a channel for his recollections—shipwrecks, of the records of which, as a thoroughgoing landsman, I was naturally fond. "Sir," he said, drawing himself up, and getting very red in the face, "you forget you are talking to a Cunarder! What the—[here he inserted a sea-term] do we know about shipwrecks? However," he added, more benignly, "there was one occasion when I confess I thought the spell of our Company's good fortune was about to be broken, and that I should be the critter to do it."

"It was six years ago or so, and in the summer time, that the ship was making her voyage out, and a very good voyage. The whole way the sea had been like a duck-pond."

Here I shook my head incredulously. I had seen the Atlantic in the condition referred to—and felt it.

"Well, I should not perhaps have said 'the whole way,'" he admitted with a smile, "for when we were about 100 miles from land we met with a breeze of wind."

The Captain always talked of "a breeze of wind" just as some shore folks talk (though with less tautology, for sherry is not always wine) of "a glass of sherry wine."

"I remember the breeze, because we picked up a little sailing boat with only one man in her, very short of provisions, who had been blown out to sea, and whom we took on board. About half an hour after that incident I was informed that one of the passengers wished to speak with me in private upon a very important matter. Accordingly he came to me in my cabin, a little thin wizened man looking like a tailor, whom I had hardly noticed as being on board; indeed, he was insignificant enough in every way save for the expression of his face, which certainly exhibited the most intense anxiety and distress of mind. Of course I thought he had been drinking, and in fact was on the verge of "the jumps," which is what the Yankees term *delirium tremens*.

"'Well, my man, what is it?' said I severely; 'we shall soon sight land; I have no time to throw away.'

"'That is very true, Captain,' he answered, in a thin quavering voice, and with a strong American accent, 'but your time will be even shorter than you imagine unless you listen to what I have got to say to you. You will never see land, and much more make it, if you are not prepared to act at once on the information I am about to give you. Neglect it, and your ship will be at the bottom of the sea in'—he looked at his watch—'yes, in exactly an hour and a half.

"'All right, my man,' said I, 'you may go. I'll send the ship's doctor to look at you;' for of course I thought he was wandering in his wits.

"Then what had seemed like anxiety in his face became mortal fear—genuine abject terror such as no actor could have imitated. He threw himself upon his knees, and, clasping his hands together, besought me not to treat his words with incredulity.

"'Then why, sir,' I replied, 'do you talk such damned nonsense about my ship?'

"'Because it's true, Captain,' he groaned. 'There's dynamite on board, and clockwork machinery connected with it. As I am a living man, if the thing is not at once looked to, the ship and all on board of her will be blown to atoms within the time I have mentioned.'

'At this I confess I felt a cold shudder down the nape of my neck, for not three months before the very catastrophe at which he hinted had taken place at (I think) Bremerhaven, and had struck terror into all ships' captains like myself. Some infamous villain had insured a steamer very heavily, and had taken means for its destruction on its voyage in this very manner, only the infernal machine had burst on the quay, killing scores of people, and its inventor with it.

"'Good heavens, man! tell me all,' I cried, 'and quickly.'

"'Nay, but I daren't, and I can't,' he pleaded, 'unless I have your solemn promise that you will never betray me. I know that you are a man of your word, and that will suffice for me. You must promise, whatever may happen, never to allude to the conversation that we are now having, or to make use of it in any way to the disadvantage of myself or others.'

"'Well,' said I, 'I promise. Now, where is this cursed dynamite?'

"'One moment, Captain. There is still time and to spare, now, since you have listened to reason, and I must prove to you that, though I once hearkened to the voice of the devil, I repented, and would have undone the mischief if I could. This ship is insured in London—never mind where and how—for a huge sum, and I have been employed to sink her. I brought the machinery, set to this very day (for you have made the voyage quicker than was thought possible), down to Liverpool, in a small portmanteau which was sent on board the night before she sailed. It was a stipulation that I should sail with you to see that nothing interfered with the execution of the plan. But I swear to you, no sooner did I touch the deck than I repented. I wanted the package placed in my own cabin—ask your men if it was not so—in order that I might have some opportunity of getting it thrown overboard in the course of the voyage. They had already, however, put it below—where, indeed, it was intended to go—with the other baggage. It's a small portmanteau of bullock's-hide, and they might as well have let me have it in my cabin.'

"The dread had passed away from the man's voice directly I had given my promise that no harm should happen to him. He had doubtless every confidence in the clockwork machinery, but that of course was not my case.

"'Come up on deck, you scoundrel,' cried I, 'and identify this infernal thing.'

"I set twenty men to work at once to bring up the luggage on the deck, which, since we had not yet even sighted land, astonished them not a little.

"'Quick, quick, my good fellows; there will be extra grog for you,' I said, 'if you turn the things out within the hour.'

"The passengers who had not been across the water before, thought it a natural thing enough perhaps, but my officers imagined I had gone demented. There I stood with this Yankee tailor (as he looked like) by my side, who, though he affected to be quite unconcerned, kept a sharp eye on everything that came up, and was to let me know by a nod when we got to the dratted thing. The luggage of a Cunarder is no joke in point of quantity, but in quality it varies more perhaps than any similar collection to be found anywhere else. There were arks belonging to fine ladies, large enough to go to sea in; chests that contained clothes and tools of emigrants, dapper portmanteaus of gentlemen touring for pleasure; bags of carpet-baggers that had no other luggage nor property on earth; hampers full of English fare to astound the natives of New York; and photograph cases smelling of nasty stuff for twenty feet round 'em.

"I won golden opinions from the ladies, through my being so very particular, and calling out 'Gently, gently; handle 'em smart, my men, but be careful not to shake 'em,' which of course was put down to my carefulness of their precious possessions, whereas I was thinking of the dangers of dynamite, which explodes, you know, by concussion. That blessed portmanteau, as it happened, was at the very bottom of all—a mangy, ill-looking thing enough, and, though small, as heavy as lead. 'Now, just throw that overboard, my fine fellows,' said I, 'will you, and be careful not to hit it against the bulwarks.'

"Nobody, of course, questions the orders of a ship's captain when at sea—and over it went with a splash; but I saw the first mate look at the second with an expression that conveyed 'he's mad,' as clearly as if he had given words to it. It was this circumstance, combined with the sense of complete security from the awful peril that had threatened us, that for the first time put it into my mind that I had been made the victim of a hoax. If it had been so, I verily believe I should have thrown the little tailor after his portmanteau; but when I called to mind the face of the fellow when he first came into my cabin, I could not quite believe that. However, I took an opportunity of speaking to him once more alone. 'Look here,' said I, 'you unmitigated thief and villain; there's one point in your story that wants clearing up. Your life is not very valuable, it is true, but I dare say you yourself put a fancy price upon it, and, that being so, how could you take personal charge of a machine that, according to your own account, was to blow us all to splinters?—how comes it, I mean, that you were on board with it yourself?'

"'Well, Captain,' he replied, 'you see, I'm a poor man, and the money was a good round sum; and, as I told you, my employer insisted on my seeing the thing was going right with my own eyes; there was a risk, of course, but the fact is, arrangements had been made for meeting me in this very latitude. The man in the boat, whom we took on board, was on the look-out for me, and it was agreed should take me off the ship.'

"'What! did *he* know about the dynamite, too?' I broke out; 'is it possible that there was a third villain, besides you and your employer?'

"'Well, yes, Captain, I'm afraid there was; but you can't touch him, you know, without touching me, and you have passed your word that I shall not be harmed. Besides, you must remember that I might have got off and clean away, leaving you all to bust up, if it had not been for the extreme delicacy of my conscience.'

"There was a sly smile about the fellow's mouth for which I could have wrung his neck, but for the safe-conduct I had given him; his whole manner, as well as the expression of his face, had changed, now he had got his way; and instead of a villain who had repeated of a great crime, he looked more like a successful schemer.

"However, the dynamite was overboard, thank heaven; we were nearing land, and I had other things to think about.

"When we were still some way from harbour we were met by a police boat, the chief officer of which demanded to be taken on board, to speak with me.

"'Hullo!' I said, when we were in the cabin together; 'no extradition business, I hope? There is no murdering Englishman among my passengers, is there?'

"'Well, no,' he answered; "but I've reason to believe there's a citizen of the United States who would neither stick at murder nor anything else.'

"Then I thought of the dynamite, of course, and rejoiced that the villain had been discovered without any betrayal of his secret on my part.

"'You have a warrant for his apprehension, I conclude?'

"'Well, no, Captain, that's just my difficulty, for I don't know which man it is; but I've an order to search the luggage. Information has come by wire that a whole plant for forging American banknotes is being imported by your ship; it will not be down below, of course, but in the man's personal luggage in his cabin.'

"I smelt a rat at once, and I dare say looked pretty blank and bamboozled.

"'No one has left the ship since you started, has he?' inquired the officer anxiously; "there has been a small boat hanging off and on the harbour, and we have reason to believe that this man's confederate may have had a hint by telegram——"

"'No, no,' interrupted I, 'everybody is on board that sailed with us;' and I might have added 'and one more,' but I thought he might just as well find that out for himself. I didn't want more people than was necessary to know that I had been made such a fool of.

"'According to my instructions,' continued the officer, 'the plant is contained in a portmanteau of bullock's-hide, with brass nails round the rim, and therefore easily recognizable.'

"I nodded, for indeed I myself recognized the thing from his description very readily. Had I not told them to be very careful with it, and not to knock it against the bulwarks, and seen it dropped overboard with my own eyes?—thus making myself an accomplice in the escape from justice of a Yankee forger?

"Of course the officer didn't find that portmanteau among the 'personal luggage,' though I am bound to say he looked for it very carefully, and scandalised some of my saloon passengers not a little by his unwelcome attentions; nor was it among the larger articles, though they all lay exposed on the deck, as if for his especial behoof and convenience. His impression was, he said, that his 'information,' as he called it, had been incorrect, and that that bullock-hide portmanteau must be coming over in the next ship; which I said was possible—because everything is possible, you know—though, I own, I did not think it very probable.

"As to the owner of the article in question, he kept out of my way, and slipped out of the ship on the first opportunity. His story was so far true that he had intended to keep the thing in his cabin to get quietly on shore, only the steward had objected and caused it to be taken below. That information had been telegraphed from England to the New York police was known to his confederate, who had come out to warn him, and they would no doubt have saved me all trouble by dropping the portmanteau overboard themselves, only it was among the other luggage. How to get it out and dispose of it without discovery was the problem they had to solve; which they accomplished by means of the dynamite story. I don't know which of them made it up, or whether they composed it together, like those two Frenchmen you were speaking to me about the other day" [I think the captain's reference was to MM. Erckmann-Chatrian], "but I must say it was a real good story, and that's why I told it to you."

Curious Aversions.

Eccentricities of the Senses and Peculiarities of the Digestive Organs.

The secretary of Francis I. used to stop up his nostrils with bread if he saw a dish of apples, to prevent an otherwise inevitable bleeding of the nose. A Polish king had an antipathy to both the smell and sight of this wholesome fruit, and a family of Aquitaine had hereditary hatred of it. A Flemish damsel was sadly troubled by an uncomfortable aversion to the smell of bread. Cheese, mutton, musk and ambergris have been so repugnant to some nasal organs as to send their owners into convulsions.

Gretry, the composer, could not endure the scent of the rose, neither could Anne of Austria. The mere sight of the queen of flowers was too much for Lady Henneage bedchamber woman to Queen Bess; indeed, Kenelm Digby records that her cheek became blistered when some one laid a white rose upon it as she slept. Her ladyship's antipathy was almost as strong as that of the dame who fainted when her lover approached her wearing an artificial rose in his buttonhole. A violet was a thing of horror to the eyes of the Princess de Lambelle, tansy was abominable to an earl of Barrymore, Scaliger grew pale before the water cress, and a soldier who would have scorned to turn his back on a foe fled without shame from a sprig of rue.

A poor Neapolitan was always seized with a fit upon attempting to swallow a morsel of flesh meat of any kind, and nature thus condemned him to vegetarianism, a sorer infliction than that suffered by Guianerius, whose heart palpitated violently if he indulged in a pork dinner, or by the lady who could not taste udder of beer without her lips swelling to uncomfortable dimensions. Dr. Prout had a patient who declared honest mutton was as bad as poison to him. Thinking this was all fancy, the doctor administered the obnoxious meat under various disguises but every experiment ended in a severe vomiting fit.

Another unlucky individual always had a fit of the gout a few hours after eating fish, and a Count d'Armstadt never failed to go off in a faint if he knowingly or unknowingly partook of any dish containing the slightest modicum of olive oil. A still worse penalty attached to lobster salad in the case of a lady who if she chanced to taste it at a dancing party, her neck, before she returned to the ball-room, would be covered with ugly blotches, and her peace of mind destroyed for that evening.

According to Burton, a melancholy duke of Muscovy fell instantly ill if he but looked upon a woman, and another authority was seized with a cold palsy under similar provocation. Weinrichur tells of a nobleman who drew the line at old ladies, which did not prevent him losing his life in consequence of his strange prejudice; for, being called from the supper table by some mischievous friends to speak to an old woman, he fell down directly he beheld her, and died then and there. What an old woman did for this old hater, an eclipse did for Charles d'Escaro, bishop of Langres. It was his inconvenient custom to faint at the commencement of a lunar eclipse, and remain insensible as long as it lasted. When he was very old and very infirm an eclipse took place. The good bishop went off as usual and never came to again. Old John Langley, who settled in Ireland in 1651, cherished an antipathy quite as obstinately, but had no idea of dying of it. By his last will and testament he ordered his corpse to be waked by fifty Irishmen, for each of whom two quarts of aqua vitæ were to be provided in the hope that, getting drunk, they would take to killing one another, and do something towards lessening the breed.

M. LALLEMAND, architect, who died recently at Lyons, has bequeathed 10,000 francs to the Conservatoire, towards founding a prize for singing.

A Lady's Economy Club.

An excellent idea hails from Philadelphia. A number of good housewives there have formed a "Family Economy Club," with the object of gathering, for the benefit of all the members, the experience of each in keeping down domestic expenses. The Quaker City matrons, like their sisters everywhere in these times, find it necessary to use all the wits they have in this direction. The idea of clubbing their acquirements in the art of economical management is in itself an excellent one, and if rightly acted upon many a household will be the gainer by it. The experiences of no two housewives are identical. Each has a different material on which to exercise her skill; each has to adapt her contrivances to the likes and dislikes and needs of a group of her own, unlike any other group, and so can hardly miss having a few original and unique methods of saving expense. To make common stock of their several experiences can hardly fail to be a benefit all round. Even if the devices tried and reported upon are suited only to the circumstances of the individual who brings them under the cognizance of her sisters, a spirit of emulation will be kindled and kept ablaze, and the rest will be urged to go and do *likewise*, if they cannot do *like*.

Husbands are not admitted to the meetings of the club; perhaps it is as well that, in the infancy of the "institution," they should be thus excluded; afte a while it may be advantageous to relax the rule, and admit married men occasionally. It would do most husbands a world of good to learn how much thinking and contriving their wives have to do, and how much self-denial they have to practise to maintain the respectability of the family on scanty means. The head of the house would eye his threadbare business coat with diminished discontent if he could trace in retrospect the history of the rag carpet or the duster. It might not add to the relish of his favourite dishes if he were suddenly initiated into the *arcana* of the kitchen, but he would certainly have a fairer appreciation of the economy of that important department of the household. Many a man who now honestly wonders where all the money he gives his wife goes to would then begin to marvel that so little goes so far.

There are extravagant women, as everyone knows, but as a rule the female mind inclines towards economy. The average man's only way of making ends meet when his circumstances are straitened is to do without things he would otherwise buy; he strikes off this or that indulgence, and wears his clothes as long as they are wearable, or until some kind friend gently intimates that his make-up is disreputable. A woman's idea is not to do altogether without what she wants, but out of what she has to find a substitute—a make-shift—for it. In outward appearance a man, when he is "hard up," runs down twice as fast and twice as far as a woman does, because the latter's ingenuity enables her, at small cost, to patch, re-fashion and trim, and get all the "wearableness" out of a garment before she reluctantly lays it aside. So in everything else. A skilful housewife will find a use for scores of things which her husband, with his blunter sense of possibilities would throw into the sink or the dust-bin. Her very daintiest dishes are compounded of what he would consider refuse.

One who was present at a meeting of the club reports that the conference was entirely free from constraint. No one seemed afraid to let it be known how she was trying to keep down the expenses of her family, but rather to take pride in unfolding her methods. We should hardly have expected such frankness, having been told so often that we has come to take it for granted that women are rather disposed to exaggerate than to minify their personal and domestic outlays. Perhaps men are wide of the mark in this as they are in most of their notions of womankind, and have drawn a conclusion disparaging to the whole sex from the folly of a few vain and thoughtless individuals. Certainly it is more to a woman's credit to be able to outvie her sisters in saving than in squandering, and we believe that most women have enough good sense to see it to be so. A thoughtful wife will surely take more pleasure in telling others how, by re-shaping and re-trimming an old dress, she has made it "almost as good as new," than in trying—with very scant hope of success—to get them to believe that in making her purchases she paid considerably more than she really did.

Among the risks attending such an organization two are specially apparent. One is that encouragement may be given to carry economy too far. The applause of the club may be a premium upon parsimony, unless the promotion of the comforts of home be very clearly recognized as the main object of the club, and not the mere paring down of expenses. What money a man hands over to his helpmeet to defray the charges of the house he certainly supposes she will spend, not hoard; and the only thing he expects from her is that she will lay it out to the best advantage. He has no idea of receiving any of it back, except in the shape of household stuff. If such organizations should tend to induce stinginess, and a lower ideal of home comfort, they will not deserve the favour which we are at present disposed to extend them.

Another very obvious danger is that of their becoming centres of scandal and tittle tattle. The temptation will always be present to descant on the thoughtlessness, extravagance and other shortcomings of the absent husbands, and to make comparisons anything but flattering to the subjects of them. The husband who cannot drive a nail straight, who would as soon flog a deserter as a drugget, who abhors hash in all in all its multitudinous forms, who cannot be induced to dig the kitchen garden, or change his coat when he comes home, or mind the baby, and so save the expense of a hired girl, are all liable to animadversion in conclave of thrifty wives. Almost every suggestion will recall some masculine infirmity making its adoption in this or that household impracticable. It would be necessary, we opine, for a club of this sort to have as a standing order that no member should, on pain of fine or expulsion, ever mention her husband's shortcomings, or, worse still, should ever refer to the fact that she has a husband.

Until we hear more of the working of the Family Economy Club in the Quaker City, we shall hesitate about strongly urging the establishment of such societies among ourselves; but we are inclined to think that they may be made very useful, especially to young and inexperienced wives, if the dangers we have pointed out can be avoided.

Care for the Eyes.

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of the eyesight, reading small print and doing fine sewing. In doing these things it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:—

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never read by twilight or on a very cloudy day.

Never sleep so that on waking the eyes shall open on the light of the window.

Do not use the eyes by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light of a window or door.

It is best to have light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Too much light creates a glare and pain, and confuses the sight. The moment that you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment stop and talk, walk or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth is green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge, the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment that you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

SI STOUGHTON, though a heavy drinker, was a kind husband and father; but Si was dead now. Shortly after that sad event the widow was visited by a spiritualistic friend, who had come to tell the bereaved one that she had seen his spirit. She was sure it was he. "Oh, no, it is impossible," sighed the widow sadly; "it wasn't Si's spirit; he didn't leave any."

PERSONAL.

HERR ALBERT DIETRICH has completed an opera, entitled "Robin Hood."

REV. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL, having reared all her children, is about to reenter the ministry. She was the first woman ever ordained in America.

EMULATING the luxurious tastes of railway magnates in the United States, the Rothschilds have had a magnificent railway carriage built which is to run between Paris and Vienna for the especial convenience of members of the great banking firm in each city.

HERBERT JOHNSON of the London *Graphic*, who illustrated the tour of the Prince of Wales in India, has finished his large painting (eight feet by five feet) depicting the passage of the Sarda river in Nepaul. The Prince of Wales and all his staff, in hunting dress, Sir Jung Bahadoor and the officers of the Nepaul suite, and 700 elephants appear on the canvas.

THE present heads of the houses of Norfolk and Sutherland have, for the first time in their history, abandoned the Liberal party and joined the standard of the Earl of Beaconsfield. The Duke of Norfolk owes his liberty to sit in the House of Peers to the Liberal party, and the Duke of Sutherland received both his marquisate and dukedom from them.

THE Rev. J. G. Wood, the well-known English naturalist, in a lecture the other day said that there was literally nothing of which he (the lecturer) was so fond as rat pie. This was a dish which frequently made its appearance on his table, and was enjoyed by all his family. He had several friends, too, who, as he had, had overcome their prejudice, and thoroughly enjoyed a good helping of rat pie.

ADELINA PATTI sang "*Miss* Lucia di Lamermoor," as it was put in the programme, at the opera-house, Florence. She was called before the curtain twenty times, and received a bouquet of such gigantic size that it concealed from view the man who had to be called to the front to carry it away. Patti's diamonds were magnificent, but not more so than those which blazed on many an Italian arm or neck of the Florentine noblesse.

MRS. JOHN HORINE, of Washington, Ky., gave birth to five children a few nights since. At her first confinement she became the mother of twins. Eighteen months after she surprised her neighbours by giving birth to three living children, and the other day she became the mother of five additional children,, only half an hour intervening between the birth of each. Her husband is nearly distracted, and has been advised to apply to the Kentucky Legislature instead of the courts for relief. All the children are doing well.

BARON ALBERT GRANT has squared matters with his creditors by an agreement to devote one-third of his future earnings to payment of their claims. The proceedings in bankruptcy have been dropped, and the estate is to be settled by liquidation of this voluntary kind. He has dragged down with him in his failure, so a London correspondent reports, the extremely enterprising London firm of contractors and engineers who were his associates in the Lisbon tramway business, Messrs. Clark and Punchard. Their liabilities are stated at $750,000,000.

PRINCESS MARIE CHRISTINE, sister of Mercedes, late Queen of Spain, died at Seville on April 28. This event leaves the Duc de Montpensier with only two children living, one the Countess of Paris, the other Prince Antoine Louis Philippe, who is only about thirteen years old. It had been conjectured that, had the Princess lived, she might have become the second wife of King Alfonso. This arrangement would undoubtedly have been in accordance with the ambitious plans of the Duke her father. The remains of Princess Christine will be placed near those of Queen Mercedes in the Escurial.

SILVER weddings are always interesting events; and it is not strange that the silver wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Austria awakened a good deal of enthusiasm in Vienna. Three days' festivities, including religious and civic ceremonies of various kinds, gave expression to the loyalty of the Emperor's subjects. A romantic story is connected with the marriage of this imperial couple. Princess Elizabeth lived a sort of pastoral life on the borders of Lake Traun. One summer evening Francis Joseph made his appearance at the residence of her father, Prince Maximilian. It was twilight when he reached the chateau, and he lingered on the lawn talking with the four elder daughters of the Prince, from whom it was expected he might select a bride. Presently a slender and beautiful girl of fifteen came from the adjacent forest, and advanced towards the group. A splendid hound accompanied her, and as the girl approached, her soft light drapery floating around her, and her luxuriant hair falling over her shoulders, the Emperor was charmed by the pretty picture she made. Further acquaintance deepened into love on both sides. Twenty-five years have wrought changes, but the Empress is regarded as one of the handsomest matrons of her age in Europe. She is a splendid horsewoman, and, better still, has been a good wife and loving mother.

EDMOUND YATES, in a recent number of the London *World*, relates the following amusing "personal," current in Parisian circles, of M. Turquet, Minister of Fine Arts, who married an Englishwoman, Miss Gregory. The day Queen Victoria arrived in Paris, *en route* to Italy, he was informed that possibly Princess Beatrice might like to see the Louvre, in which case the visit would be very early, and was to be strictly *incognita*. M. Turquet determined, out of deference to the nation which had given him his wife, to do the honours of the museum himself, and was at his post betimes; but not much too soon, however, as a private carriage soon drove up and an elderly lady and two young ones stepped out, evidently the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and a lady in waiting. M. Turquet gave his arm, and conducted the illustrious visitors through the various galleries, principally the naval museum, as being more interesting to the sovereign of a maritime Power. All went merry as a marriage bell; the ladies left the Louvre, thanking M. Turquet for his kind attention; he was delighted with the affability and condescension of the visitors, and felt rather shaken in his republican opinions. Not until the evening papers came out did he learn that the Queen had not gone out, and that the Princess Beatrice had visited the Invalides and not the Louvre. Later still he found out that the ladies he had accompanied were the daughters of M. de Montebello, the secretary of legation at the French embassy in London, and that the lady to whom he had given his arm was their English governess.

What Teetotalism Did for a Canadian Boy.

A very strong proof in favour of teetotalism for giving strength and muscle to young men is the fact that a young Quebec lad has just taken the highest prize for gymnastic and athletic exercises at Malvern College, England, a large and popular college where over two hundred young men attend and exercise in all that makes the young Englishman so famous. The contest was a very severe one and lasted for two days; the hall and galleries were crowded, and many were the ringing cheers which resounded as some daring feat was successfully performed. The competitors were numerous, and young men older and stronger in build than he who gained the prize. The head master on presenting the oak and silver cup made many complimentary remarks, and ended by saying the contest was the best ever held. The lad himself in writing to Canada about it says, "Teteotal is much the best system; I do believe that is the reason I won the gymnastic first prize. All the fellows trained on a certain amount of bitter