### The Contumacious Man.

New York *World*:

We have all of us met with the bore who remarks:

"Your pardon! I beg leave to differ."
No matter what topic upon one embarks—
"Your pardon! I beg leave to differ."
Though simple and plain is the truth you convey,
He's sure to dispute you, though strive as you may;
He is never so happy as when he can say:
"Your pardon! I beg leave to differ."

With things which you always have fancied were true,
He graciously begs leave to differ.
And were you to say that twice one equal two
He'd certainly beg leave to differ.
And when at the last, as they stand at his bed,
The doctor or preacher shall say: "He is dead!"
I'm sure he'll remark, as he raises his head:
"Your pardon! I beg leave to differ."

# WON BY AN ENGLISHMAN

## A LOVE STORY.

I chuckled with delight, and indeed my joy was so great that I was in mental fear lest this last remark of Diane's might be too pointed, and would reveal the drift of our alliance; but fortunately for us, and somewhat oddly, considering the exceptional intelligence of our hearers, our observations and mirth excited no apparent surprise; and Diane's parents, while warming to the conversation, which became general at this time, seemed to consider me of no account whatsoever, while they relaxed their fixed attention on their daughter's movements.

"I know too well the hold which propriety has over French people of all classes and all ages to exhibit even to the girl I so passionately loved, and whose love I now felt authorized to win for myself, any other sign or token of my admiration than those which words allowed or the play of the countenance revealed; but with a girl like Diane, whose heart laid bare the warm feelings of her soul, and whose soul was so pure that it could not hide the truth of what she felt, words and looks were ample to convey all I wished; and I can never forget how singularly beautiful was the reception of those messages of love from one young heart to another, and with what rapture I marked in Diane's eyes her appreciation of the love she had resolved to accept and to return.

By the end of dinner we were one in heart, soul, mind, and purpose, without having said one syllable which any one could take up; without on my part having made any formal declaration, or obliged her to give a single expressed answer to any specified request.

But for all that, the electric spark which prepared the storm had been struck; and strong in one another's love, young and inexperienced though we were, we had made up our minds to fight for one another, and to bear cheerfully the evils that would ensue, certain of a heavenly peace on earth when the strong will of our earnest natures had successfully weathered the tempest about to rage upon our devoted heads.

As we rose from dinner, and all returned to the drawing-room in the order in which we had come into dinner, we gave each other but one look—a look so full of deep, passionate love that any one who could have seen it would have required no other sign of our determination to settle matters ourselves, and at the same time so infinitely tender that it amply compensated for the absence of those more usual, but in France less customary, pressures of the hand and arm, which, if they are only natural and excusable, are less respectful to the loved object before the words have been pronounced which consecrate the engagement.

Soon after the coffee had been served the marquise's carriage was announced, and she took her leave with Diane. Happily, M. de Breteuille remained; so I had the satisfaction of seeing Diane to her carriage, while the count gave his arm to her mother. I then told her I should call on her father next day early, if indeed I had not the opportunity of seeing him that very evening; that I trusted she knew for what motives; and that, had I by any misfortune mistaken her sanction to this proceeding, I implored of her to say so.

She smiled one of those maddening smiles which simply sent all my senses reeling with intoxicated pleasure, and merely said in her ordinary voice, as if she wished her mother to hear,

Do not forget my roses before you leave for England. Mademoiselle Garoux would be furious if you did not admire them. She is certain there is nothing in the world like them, and I hope you will subscribe to that sentiment."

"I shall certainly call with your mother's permission," I replied, "though I am already of Mademoiselle Garoux's opinion."

"Mother," said Diane to Mademoiselle de Breteuille, "at what time did you say M. de Maupert's family are coming to see you to-morrow?"

"At about three, I believe," replied the marquise, while her cloak was being put on.

"Then at what time can Mr. Vere come and bid us good-bye?"

"Will 5 o'clock suit him?"

"It is too late for him, mamma," said Daine, "if he has to leave in the evening."

"Would Monsieur prefer 2 o'clock?"

"Could he not come to breakfast at half past eleven."

"Daine," said Madame de Breteuille, "what a child you are! Mr. Vere knows you are a *fiancee*."

"So I am!" exclaimed Diane, laughing, and looking at me. "Comme c'est drole!" she replied.

"How the part suits you!" I remarked.

"I suppose," she said, "that dinner must have some influence on these things; because, curiously enough, I do feel a *fiancee* now and I did not before.

"Does a *fiancee* write?" I asked as her mother stepped into the carriage.

"By the governess's post sometimes," she replied, smiling; and then, shaking hands with me, entered the brougham laughing.

As soon as she had disappeared, Raymond de Chantalis who was really an intimate friend of mine—so much so that we called each other by our Christian names—said,

"You could have married that girl if you had been clever."

"I shall marry her, though I am not," I replied.

He looked at me a moment.

"That's well said," he remarked, "but difficult of accomplishment."

"Why?"

"Parbleu! because another man has forestalled you."

"Yes—with the father."

"And maybe with the girl."

"I don't think so."

"Certainly with her mother."

"That may be."

"Two parents against you is too much."

"I must bear that evil."

"Come and have a cigar before you commit suicide."

"How?"

"By marrying or by attempting to defeat a French marriage by English ways."

"I shall be happy to die in either cause."

"Surely your English blood is calmer than that phrase would imply?"

"Its calmness lies in its determination."

"And its determination is to ruin the happiness of a young and beautiful girl, in order to prove that her parents, who loved her and have sought her happiness only, may be shown to be in the wrong, because an agreeable young man of twenty-five years of age has chosen to fall in love with their only child."

"My dear Raymond, you quite mistake me. Had I not the knowledge that M. de Maupert was positively distasteful to Mademoiselle Diane, I would never have allowed my own feelings to be known or perceived."

"But," said the count, "surely you must be aware that there is nothing new in a girl disliking the husband chosen for her. Our French girls are no exception to the rule of humanity, that we all prefer what we select ourselves to what others consider best in our interest; but they get over it in time, and end by wondering how it is they ever opposed their parents' wish."

"I quite understand what you say, but characters differ; and Diane's nature is not that of an ordinary French girl, and will no submit to that despotic rule which may answer in a few cases, seldom proves fortunate in most, and results in terrible misery in one out of ten marriages thus constructed."

"My dear friend," replied the count, "believe me, my niece, of whose character you evidently know more than I do, but for whose beauty I can quite appreciate your admiration, for I never saw her look so well as this evening, comes from too French a family not to be doomed to the traditional fate of French girls. Make your mind easy; and though a short while since I was regretting the necessity of your departure, I rejoice over it now, as it will cure you of a passing and hopeless fancy. You are too young to come against the position and influence of M. de Maupert, and though I have no doubt the future is bright which looms before you, dismiss my neice from any share in it. Indeed, as your friend, I would recommend your not thinking of marriage at all. Remember the old proverb,

"'Mariens nous, marions nous,
Mettons sous la coude un cou.'"

"But, Raymond," I said, "I am decided and if I could feel that you were the friend you always were, I would tell you that your niece is quite as decided as I am."

"Has she told you so?"

"Not in so many words."

"Then how do you know?"

"By a thousand and one tokens."

"Mon cher!" he exclaimed, "that is very vague, and, to tell you the truth, not quite complimentary to my niece, for it would seem to imply that she is either a coquette or is deceitful."

"Deceitful!" I screamed—"she deceitful? Why, of all the French girls I have ever known she is the only one that I can absolutely call truthful, loyal and straightforward."

"Not very kind to our girls," remarked Raymond, in an amused rather than a severe tone.

"And as to the coquette," I went on, "if a desire to stand true to her love, and a wish to do so without offending the parents she respects, is coquetry, then she need not fear the appellation, for it does her honor."

"Allons!" said the count, good-humoredly, "I see she has a champion, and I wish him success, though I fear Don Quixote has a representative in your person; but go to Madame de Chantelis; she understands these matters better than I do, and will relish having a hand in this romantic business; our union was a very prosaic affair, and our lives have lost nothing by being unpoetical at the commencement."

"You were not forty-two, and she sixteen at the outset," I said.

"That is the only sensible remark you have yet made," replied the count, as he opened the door of his smoking-room.

Hearing us going in M. de Breteuille and Madame de Chantalis joined us. As they did so I went up to the former, and asked whether he would allow me to see him on a private matter the next morning. He replied that he would be much honored by my visit, and would be at my "orders at any hour I pleased to name."

"I have promised to call and take leave of the marquise at 2 o'clock; perhaps you would allow me to see you immediately after."

I did this because, as I anticipated his possible answer, I feared I would not be alowed to see Diane again after receiving it, and this prospect was too painful to contemplate; but in a manner which had much softened since dinner he had made no objection, but on the contrary told me I would find him in his study among a heap of stuffed animals and papers, engaged in compiling a dictionary of zoology which he thought might be completed if he lived to a hundred, but had little chance of enlightening his generation if he were not accorded a longer life than most men.

"Il faut bien passer le temps," he remarked, "and that is how I spend my time when I am not at the club."

"You will miss Diane," said the countess, who, I thought, might have spared me the sad reflection the remark entailed.

"Not at all, because she will never leave home," replied the marquise. "No one who marries my daughter can do so on any other condition."

This I thought was directed to me, but I listened without making any remark.

"Nor," continued the marquise, "do I think that Diane would care to leave her old father."

"Not so old," remarked Raymond.

"A father always seems old to his child," said the marquise. "Besides, Diane has many tastes; she is an extraordinary girl. Her fancies are not those of other girls, and her tenacity is perfectly surprising. If she helps me in any of my researches, and I feel inclined to give up a task I sometimes find too wearisome, so as to devote another time to it when I can bring a mind fresher and more lucid to its discovery, Daine will continue it in my absence and greet me at dinner with an 'I have found it, papa,' which puts me to shame and impresses me deeply."

How I drank in these words, and how I gloried in having found favor with such a character!

"De Maupert," continued the count, "did not like her to dine out this evening, and I told her so. She asked me whether there was anything wrong in it. I could not say there was. Her mind was made up, and all the entreaties of her mother were absolutely futile. As I could not back up her mother's arguments she has had her way, but" (turning to me) "you must believe, monsieur, that my fatherly weakness alone is the cause of this breach of the rules which guide the conduct of an engaged young person in France."

It was clear that this simple-minded and excellent man was no schemer; it was equally plain that he adored his daughter, and that she could rule him as she pleased. These were important points to note; but I was no less surprised by his talking thus openly before me—as if he wished to convey information sor my guidance—than by the apparent ignorance he either affected or entertained of my sentiments for his daughter.

I did not reflect that until I addressed him directedly on the subject he would, as a matter of course, appear wholly ignorant, and would treat me as the most unconcerned being he might casually come across; but for all that, he was slowly turning into that lightning conductor which Daine had so wistily asked him at dinner whether he would care to be in order to protect us both from the impending storm.

Looking casually at his watch, the marquis found it later than he thought, got up, and respectfully kissing his daughter's hand, wishing me "un revoir a demain," and shaking hands with Raymond took his departure.

I got up also to say good-bye, when the countess made me sit down, and opened out as to the proceedings of Diane and myself that evening.

Addressing her husband, she said to him, "My dear, we have to stand by these two lovers; for in the whole course of my life I never saw such open love-making on both sides."

(To be continued)

### Why We Buy and Sell.

*Popular Science Monthly*: What is the object of exchange? How few people ever ask themselves that question! If each one of us did not save himself by exchange from some part of the necessary work required to sustain life, there would be no exchange; each one of us, and every other man, would live and work for himself alone. All this is elementary. It becomes perfectly clear when considered as between man and man. Does not the same rule govern the commerce of nations? What is the commerce of nations, except the sum of the exchanges between man and man? Unless each nation gains by the exchange, does not the trade stop? If both gain by the exchange, does it not hurt both to stop it by legislation? By obstructing exchange, we may make work where we might save it; but that nation loses most from such obstructions in which the greatest abundance of product is attained at the least cost of labor and at the highest rates of wages. If there were such a thing in the world as pauper labor, that nation which exchanged the greatest amount of the product of skilled labor for the greatest amount of the product of pauper labor would save itself the most work. Daniel Webster once said, when in his prime, "The people of this country can not afford to do for themselves what they can hire foreign paupers to do as well for them." This is true not only in respect to the price of labor, but to the kind and quality of the work which is to be done.

### Anti-Students Club.

The young ladies of Bethlehem, in this State, have organized and anti-students' club, the object of which is to discountenance the attentions of students, on the ground that they are gay deceivers and delight in breaking feminine hearts and blasting matrimonial hopes. That the study of the classics and of mathematics should conduce to such fickleness is a matter of surprise; and the subject is entitled to the serious consideration of the friends of higher education. It may be, however, that the girls themselves are partly responsible for this condition of affairs. A cap and a gown sometimes attract silly little moths, just as a naval or military uniform does; and in the consciousness of power wings are sure to be singed. There are doubtless good young men in Bethlehem inside as well as outside of college. Give them a chance, girls. —*Philadelphia Record.*

### Must Blame Himself.

New York *Herald*: Mr. Stiploby—Well, madam, you made a fool of me when I married you; that's dead sure.

Mrs. Stiploby—Why, Nicodemus, long before we were married you always boasted that you were a self-made man. So don't blame me.

So great is the prosperity of the First Presbyterian Church at Cleveland, O., that it employs three hard-working clergymen.

### A NEW GOLIATH.

**The Strong Man from Westphalia and Stories of Lord Arthur Cecil.**

Herr Sandow, who, it will be remembered, defeated Sampson in a conquest at the Aquarium, has unearthed in Westphalia, and brought to London for exhibition purposes, a gentleman who is henceforth to be known as "Goliath." This prodigy is said to possess the following peculiarities: One of his hands will easily cover a shoulder of mutton; the ring he wears on his forefinger is in circumference the size of a half-crown; he can span a foot from thumb to third finger; he can easily lift 800 pounds at once; he has never been defeated as a wrestler; and, finally, he is stated to have, in a contest with a mad bear, easily turned it on its back and held it there.

"With reference to the statement that the new Westphalian strong man, 'Goliath,' once laid a cow upon its back by its horns, it may interest our readers," writes a correspondent, "to know that Lord Arthur Cecil, a half-brother of Lord Salisbury, once told me a similar incident in connection with himself. Lord Arthur, though a short man, is of giant physique and enormous strength. He was one day walking through a field on his farm at Innerleithen, when a young bull rushed at him. Instead of turning tail, Lord Arthur coolly seized the animal by his horns and pushed him back, wriggling and struggling, inch by inch, till he got him into his stall, where he left him cowering and trembling all over."

It was Lord Arthur, who on one occasion, when traveling by rail, bade his new man-servant get the tickets, which the man did, procuring two first-class tickets, and seating himself in the same carriage with the master. Lord Arthur said nothing at the moment, but the next time he bought the tickets himself, one first-class, one third; giving the man the first class tickets, he traveled third himself. On the next occasion the servant, being entrusted with the task, took two third-class tickets. *Pall Mall Budget.*

### Why the Elixir Didn't Cure.

A fakir in medicine had just opened out in St. Thomas, when a sturdy young farmer pushed his way into the crowd and said:

"See here, mister man, you were over at Clifton in June?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were selling this same stuff?"

"I was."

"Warranted to cure rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, ague, bad liver, indigestion and about forty other things?"

"Yes, sir. I guaranteed it."

"I had a torpid liver. Went to three different doctors and all of them said she was torpid. I paid you $1 for a bottle."

"Well?"

"Well, she didn't cure. Didn't have no more effect than water. I want my money back."

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed the fakir, as he looked around on the crowd, "you have heard what this man says. He calls my South American elixir a 'fraud' because it didn't cure his liver trouble."

"No; it didn't!" shouted the farmer.

"Then let us see why. Did you eat pork?"

"No, sir."

"Sleep on a feather bed?"

"No, sir."

"Drink tea or coffee?"

"No, sir."

"Take plenty of exercise?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have a bath once or twice a week?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go to bed early?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now then, my friend, answer me one more question. What was the state of your mind while taking my elixir?"

"P—urty fair."

"Weren't you engaged to a girl?"

"Y—es, sir."

"And didn't she give you the shake? Speak right up now."

"She—she married another man," stammered the farmer, as he tried to get out of the crowd.

"Ah! I knew it! Gentlemen, behold the conspirator—the assassin—the Shylock! He is in love. His liver is torpid. He buys a bottle of my elixir. It is warranted to straighten the kinks out of a torpid liver at the rate of forty kinks an hour; but does he give it a fair show? No, gentlemen! This fiend in human form pursues his fair victim. He off—er her his heart, and she won't have it. He persists. She still refuses. He finally loses her. Emotion bangs his liver from port to starboard—adds to the number of kinks—wobbles all over Ontario, and then he calls me a swindler because I haven't cured him. Gentlemen, who is the swindler—the arch fiend?"

The crowd cheered him again and again, while the farmer made all haste to get out of sight, and after peace had been restored the fakir held up one of the bottles and said:

"Now, then, who takes the first bottle? Compounded by a South American hermit from herbs and roots grown in a mysterious valley and I'll give $100 for any complaint it won't cure. This my twenty-third farewell tour and the sales have been 40,000,000 bottles. Patented in every country on earth and the recipient of sixty-four royal decorations. Only a dollar a bottle and who takes the first?"—*New York Sun.*

### A Trifle Pessimistic.

Early in the century there lived in Edinburgh, says the New York *Ledger*, a well-known grumbler named Sandy Black, whose oft-recurring fits of spleen or indigestion produced some amusing scenes of sense-less irritability which were highly relished by all except the fellow's good, patient little wife. One morning Sandy rose bent on a quarrel. The haddies and the eggs were excellent, done to a turn, and had been ordered by himself the previous evening; but breakfast passed without the looked-for compliment.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" asked Mrs. Black.

"A chicken, madam," said the husband.

"Roasted or boiled?"

"Confound it! madam, if you had been a good and considerate wife you would have known before this what I like!" Sandy growled out as, slamming the door, he left the house. It was in the spring, and a friend who was present heard his little wife say:

"Sandy's bent on a disturbance to-day. I shall not please him, do what I will."

The dinner time came and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner. The fish was eaten in silence, and on raising the cover of the dish before him in a towering passion the former called out;

"Boiled chicken! That's it, madam! A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled!" Immediately the cover was raised from another chicken roasted to a turn—"Madam, I won't eat roast chicken!" roared Sandy. "You know very well how it should have been cooked. In an instant a broiled chicken with mushrooms was placed on the table. "Without green peas!" roared the grumbler.

"Here they are, my dear!" said his wife.

"How dare you spend my money in this manner?"

"They were a present," said his wife.

Rising from his chair Sandy clenched his fist and shouted:

"How dare you receive presents without my leave?"

### How a Little Princess Passes the Day.

The tenth birthday of Princess Wilhelmina, the Dutch heir apparent, has just been celebrated. The Princess' governess is an English lady. The Princess can express herself very well both in French and English. She has not learned German, the language of her mother. She has a pretty garden of her own, with chalet and pigeon-croft. The Princess rises at 7 and goes to her mother's rooms. Then she goes to her father and gives him a morning kiss. At 8 the royal family take breakfast, the Princess being present, as at all meals. After breakfast she receives lessons till 11 o'clock. She then goes to the Queen's rooms, where (says an Amsterdam correspondent) the time is spent in conversation, or Her Majesty reads and explains a chapter of the Bible. Before lunch, which is served at 12.30, the Princess takes a drive in her pony carriage or amuses herself in a boat on the large pond of Loo. After lunch she has more lessons, plays with her toys, and takes a drive with the Queen. At 6 dinner is served and a few hours afterward she royal family retire to their apartments.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A lamentable accident occurred yesterday at Austin, Man. A young farmer named Daniel Livingstone, 25 years of age, was engaged in stacking grain, when he lost his balance and fell off the stack. He came in contact with a pitchfork when falling, and it ran through his body. He taken home, where he lies in a precarious condition.

### ON A GRAVE SUBJECT.

**Some Queer and Quaint Efforts of Obituary Poets.**

Buffalo *News*: Simple scriptural quotations were once not considered sufficient for inscriptions, and graveyard poetry was of more importance than at present. Following are a few which were evidently "original":

Here lies the body of Debora Dent;
She kicked up her heels and away she went.

A most indecorous proceeding on the part of the woman with the demure name.

Another equally flippant inscription is:

Here lies the body of Mary Gray;
She would if she could, but she could not stay.
She had two beaux, one a foolish sought;
Her legs it was that carried her off.

After all, most people are carried off by their legs, though not precisely in that way.

A really clever inscription is that found on a photographer's tombstone:

Here I lie—taken from life.

Another bright and concise bit is found upon the tomb of a husband and wife in a French cemetery:

I am anxiously expecting you.—A.D. 1827.
Here I am!—A.D. 1831.

A reprehensible play upon names is:

Here lies the body of Solomon Podd,
Who shelled out his soul and went up to God.

Even more irreverent is the following:

Here lies the body of old Cregler,
Who had a mouth from ear to ear.
Stranger! step lightly o'er the sod,
For if he yawns you're gone—by—!

Here lies the Smith—to wit—Tam Gouk,
His father, and his mither,
W' Tam and Jock, and Joan and Nool,
And a' the Goups thegither.
When on the yird Tam and his wife
'Greed desperate ill wi' ither,
But without e'en din or strife
They take their nap thegither.

The above suggests the discord that only died out with the strain of life.

Here lies John Meadow,
Who passed away like a shadow.

N. B.—His name was Field, but it would not rhyme.

This was intended to be solemn, but some way it isn't. Wield, shield or yield would have rhymed with Field, but evidently the poet was "stuck" on shadow.

Here rests in silent clay
Miss Arabella Young,
Who on the 21st of May
Began to hold her tongue.

Arabella should rise and haunt this poet.

Here lies Margaret Sexton,
Who never did aught to vex one;
Not like the woman under the next stone.

Margaret must have fixed this up before she died.

The "ruling passion" is apparent in the following:

1809.
Alexander Mefien,
Chief Constable, Stirling.
Our life is but a winter day,
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay
And are full fed.
The oldest man but sups
And goes to bed.
Large is his debt
That lingers out the day.
He that goes soonest
Has the least to pay.

### Budget of Scotch News.

Mr. Peter McGlashan, a well-known Scotch reporter, was run over by a train and killed near Perth on the 20th ult.

The Cameron Highlanders celebrated the anniversary of Tel-el-Kebir at Edinburgh Castle on Saturday, the 18th ult.

At a special meeting of the Town Council of Glasgow on the 19th ult., it was resolved to confer the freedom of the city upon Lord Rosebery.

The Rev. John M'Neill, of Regent Square Church, London, preached to about 3,500 people in the Grand Hall of the Edinburgh Exhibition on the 14th ult.

A stained glass window has been placed in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, to the memory of the late Mrs. Cameron Lees. The subject is the Christian virtues.

Mr. Thomas Nelson, of Friars' Carse, Dumfries, died there on the 19th ult. in his 84th year. Mr. Nelson had a successful business career in Carlisle, where he owned large marble works, and was for several years Mayor of the city.

The late Rev. Dr. Robert Stevenson, Dalry, Ayrshire, bequeathed £2,500 towards the endowment of West Church there; £2 500 to the funds of Kereland Barony Church and school; and £2,000 to the University of Glasgow, besides smaller bequests.

The death is announced of Mr. George Cousin, formerly one of the Magistrates of Edinburgh, which took place on the 17th ult. at his residence, 5 Grantsfield Terrace. Mr. Cousin was born in Leith in 1807, and had just entered upon his 84th year.

Patrick Allan-Fraser, of Hospitalfield, near Arbroath, died on the 17th ult after a long illness. He for many years took a prominent part in public business in the county of Forfar, and was known as an artist and a patron of art. He was a native of Arbroath, and was born in 1813.

In Dundee Mr. W. E. Baxter's will has been published. Mrs. Baxter gets the interest of £50,000, the contents of the mansion houses of Kinnaldrum, Inveresk, Kilmaron or Asholl, and possession of Invererity or Asholl. The heritable property goes to the sons, and there are legacies to the daughters and several servants.

Readers will regret to hear of the death on the 18th ult., at Edinburgh, of the Rev. Charles Rogers, D. D., LL. D., who in his patriotic labors to perpetuate the memories of Scottish heroes had made himself known to all Scotchmen both at home and abroad. Thus he had constituted his life mission, and in connection with it he about twelve years ago spent several months in this country and Canada. He was a son of the Rev. James Rogers, and was born in April, 1825, at Dunmo, Fifeshire.

### Some Fast Telegraphing.

Buffalo *News*: During the Birchall trial at Woodstock there was some remarkably expert telegraphic work done. John Hall, manager of the local office of G. N. W. Telegraph Company, made a request to headquarters for the swiftest men in the employ of the company. He was given Archie Peden, Dan Urquhart, W. Graham, Thomas Allen, C W. McCall and Fred. McClellan, who proved themselves thoroughly capable of meeting a great emergency. To Manager Hall and his excellent staff the *News* is indebted for very prompt and efficient service, and it is a pleasure to hereby give them public credit for their speedy and accurate work. On Monday, the last and greatest day, these men sent out 115,000 words between 10 in the morning and a little after midnight. This would make about eighty solid columns of the *News*. On the same day the C. P. R. branch at Woodstock sent out 80,000 words, and the wire at the depot was also kept at work, making over 200,000 words wired from Woodstock on Monday, or about 150 columns of the *News*. It was great telegraphic work. Dunlap's cable alone on Monday took to England over 30,000 words of the speeches. The Toronto morning papers and others not too far away were enabled to save telegraphic tolls up to 5 o'clock in the evening, sending copy by express, or the number of words wired would have been much greater.

### A Pressing Invitation.

He—I see you are fond of autumn leaves, Miss Breezy.

She—Yes; there is a world of romance to me in the colored leaf.

He—Can we not share the romance between us?

She—Yes, Mr. Freshly; I should be delighted. Come around this evening and sit on the family bible.—*Judge.*

—Long haired children are not as ubiquitous as formerly. Tangled curls and crimped tresses have come to be regarded among the luxuries and vanities that hamper comfort and convenience.

THERE are police who entertain the foolish notion that the best way to catch a criminal is to hide the fact that a crime has been committed from the newspaper reporters, and it must be confessed that some of them show more ingenuity in their efforts to deceive the reporters than they do in ferreting out the culprit. This, of course, does not apply to the Hamilton police. Detective Murray, who hunted up Birchall, however, has a different opinion. One of the first things he did after taking the case in hand was to ask the Toronto reporters to meet him and discuss the matter. Without the publicity of the press Benwell's identity would never have been discovered.

—Hair is worn lower.

At her debut in Oporto a woman bullfighter, Clotilde Mejstaik, killed two bulls, and a week later, in Lisbon, she killed two more.

—Success invariably makes a man philosophical.

The banana plant has been found to contain a greater quantity of pure fibre than any of the other numerous vegetable products used for paper making.

### A YALE AND HARVARD GAME.

**How a Baseball Match Was Unexpectedly Won.**

Of all games in which I have played, the most remarkable for a sudden revulsion of feeling was one between Harvard and Yale played upon Jarvis Field, in June of 1862.

Yale went first to the bat but failed to score. Harvard followed suit. In the second inning, a muff by the Harvard first-base man followed by the Yale catcher's making a "two-bagger" hit gave Yale a run. Our happiness was short-lived, however, for in the third inning Harvard made two runs, followed by another in the fifth. Yale scored one in the seventh, but Harvard matched it with one in the eighth, so that we began the ninth with Harvard four to Yale's two. I think we had not the least hope of winning.

I remember feeling, as we came in for the ninth inning, that this defeat would settle our chances of the championship, and thinking how the crowd of boys who, as I know, were sitting on the Yale fence awaiting the news, would hear it and dwindle away in silence to their rooms. Our first man at the bat in the ninth inning went out quickly; and our catcher followed, with the same result. Wilcox, the last man on our batting list, came to the bat. Two men put two runs to reach even a tie, and three to win! I noticed that the crowd was leaving the field, and that the young rascal who had charge of our bats was putting them into the bag.

Here, you! stop that!" cried I, for we all were superstitious about packing up the bats before the last man was out. Besides, I was the next batter, if Wilcox should by any chance reach his base, and I wanted my bat. "Two strikes," I heard the umpire call, and then at the next ball, to my great joy, "Take your base," and Wilcox trotted away to first. I remember thinking how much I would give for a home-run, and then there come a good ball just off my shoulder, and I hit it with all my power. It went between third and short-stop on a swift drive, but bounded high, as I afterward learned, for I was meanwhile running at my best speed towards first. When I was fifteen feet from that base, I saw the baseman give a tremendous jump up into the air and I knew somebody had made an overthrow. How I ran then!—for every base I passed I knew was one nearer to tying the score. As I came dashing past third-base, I saw Wilcox just ahead of me, and we crossed the home-plate within three feet of each other. Our next batter took his base on poor pitching and stole second; the next followed with a base-hit past second which brought the first runner home with the winning run. We then went into the field, put three Harvard men out and won the game—when probably half the seven thousand spectators were already on their way home with a victory for Harvard in their minds.

—*Walter Camp, in St. Nicholas for October.*

### Execution at Glasgow.

On Tuesday, Sept. 24th, Henry Devlin was executed in Glasgow prison for having murdered his wife in Shotts in June. He beat her to death with a pair of tongs. The prisoner was much excited on Monday night, but paid great attention to the ministrations of Father Clifford, who was with him till 10 o'clock. After that the felon could not sleep. He paced up and down his cell, and if he dozed at all it was only for a quarter of an hour. Father Clifford and Mr. Alston, the governor, saw the condemned man at 6 o'clock Tuesday morning. At 7 o'clock Father Clifford said mass, an altar having been erected in the lonely cell, and while the prison bell tolled, his reverence administered the sacrament. Devlin refused breakfast. He submitted quietly to the pinioning and walked firmly to the scaffold. He was pale. Asked by Baillie Graham if he had any request to make, he said "None." Death was instantaneous. In fact, he had hardly touched the platform when the lever was drawn, and he was launched into eternity. Reporters saw the body immediately after the execution.

### A Cabman's Opinion of Women.

Said an old cabman: "I have been standing in Forty-second street here since 1867, and never once I had an extra ten cent piece from a woman. They are all alike and their name is close. I never drive one that she doesn't want to go like an engineer, and if I demand extra pay for the time made over the road she will hold back and fight with her mouth every time. They all want their money's worth. If they agree to travel at mile rates and doubt my estimate of the distance I have to wait while they go into a drug store or telegraph office for points, and then I lose more time than the difference amounts to. If they hire me by the hour they will hold the cab till the full hour is up. I never knew one of them to cheat in the time, and never met one who paid for a fraction over. A man will allow me half an hour or half a dollar occasionally to get back to the stand, but a woman never pays for anything she doesn't get. Unless she is with a man I don't care much about carrying her."—*New York World.*

### Eat Before Going to Bed.

Most students and women who are troubled with insomnia are dyspeptic, and they should therefore eat before going to bed, having put aside work at least an hour before. If they are not hungry they should simply be instructed to eat, and if they are hungry they should eat whatever they want. A glass of milk and a biscuit is sometimes all that can be taken at first or mashed potato buttered. If possible, the night meal should be taken in another room than the sleeping apartment, and for men in the city it will be found advantageous to go out to a restaurant. Before eating, however, a bath should be taken, preferably cold or cool, which should be given with a sponge or stiff brush, and the body thoroughly rubbed off with a coarse towel afterward.—*Somerville Journal.*

### A Salvation Reform Scheme.

Gen. Booth's new scheme of social reform is being matured and the general will soon furnish the public with full details in a book called: "In Darkest England and the Way Out." Having reformed the drunken, the vicious, and the starving and degraded poor, the general proposes to draft them out of the slums to home colonies. When they are transformed into honest citizens they will be shipped to salvation colonies beyond the seas, where the only tax will be one on land, as Henry George proposes. In this scheme of social regeneration the religious part of salvation is optional. The general has many new ideas to follow. His very latest scheme is a salvation matrimonial agency.—*London Star.*

### How to Eat Peaches.

"The art of eating a peach" is, it appears, one of the questions of the day. According to one authority on the etiquette of the dinner table a peach should be picked with the fork, quartered, peeled and eaten piecemeal. But as so much manipulation would evidently leave all the juice of the fruit on the plate, this method, so be palatable, requires the courage of the young lady in the story who, at her first appearance at a dinner party, raised her dessert plate with her two hands and calmly drank the sweet juice of the nectarine. The French rule of eating peaches will, therefore, be accepted with much favor, and that rule is, "D'y mordre a pleines dents."—*Pall Mall Budget.*

### A Fool at Large.

The following letter, dated St. Paul, has been received at the *Free Press* office, Winnipeg:

"ST. PAUL, October, 1890.—Dear Sir, I have heard about Winnipeg, and I am going to be there on October 16th. I am well known as Jack-the-Ripper, and I am going to do some work there. I am going to kill three women and one man. Look out for me, and don't forget October 16th. JACK THE RIPPER. Good bye until you see me."

### It Stands Much Murdering.

"Do you know what the dead languages are, Willie?" asked the minister.

"Yep. Latin, Greek and English."

"English?"

"Yep. English is dead, too. Pa said you murdered it in your sermon last Sunday."

### An Absurd Query.

Burlington *Free Press*: He (reading)—Then their lips met, and——

She (interrupting)—Was it a protracted meeting, I wonder?

The oldest man in England, who has just died at Elgin, attributed his good health and longevity to oatmeal, whiskey, tobacco and fresh air.

Justice McMahon opened the Bruce Assizes at Walkerton yesterday. A girl of 17, named McDonald, brought an action for seduction against a married man named Williamson and secured a verdict with $500 damages. The parties reside in Southampton.

### THE LATE CANON LIDDON.

**His Extraordinary Gifts as a Preacher and a Story-Teller.**

In his early days the late Canon Liddon was vehement in his style of preaching, and he depended very little upon his manuscript, speaking extemporaneously, with an impressive action. He came, however, gradually to write more and more, although he had all the special gifts of a speaker, his speeches being at times as striking as his sermons. He had the power of becoming more epigrammatic the more impassioned he was. He was keen and incisive in his language, and possessed a wonderful power of irony and humor, which showed itself more in his talk than in his sermons. In the latter the sarcasm and humor were very carefully subdued, but they were there all the same. He would never talk about his own sermons; hardly ever referred to them. He regarded them with great humility, and had a special dislike to any praise being bestowed upon them. He was quite conscious of the limitations that a sermon has. He would say to himself that it was only a net to catch souls, the means of getting nearer to men; and he had strong belief in the work to be done behind preaching. He had himself a good deal of personal contact with his hearers, and a great mass of confidential letter-writing with people on spiritual subjects. Although vehement in his gestures in his younger days, he contented himself later on with a very quick glance round on his audience as it watching the effect of his words, a throw-back of his head, and an expressive shake of his right hand. His most dramatic effect was obtained with his voice, which took a very high note.

The canon was a brilliant story-teller, one of the very best I have ever known, says a personal friend quoted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Indeed, he had a special gift in that direction, and would dramatize in a most brilliant way. He was extremely sensitive to his company, and if there was one present with whom he was out of sympathy he would be restrained directly, and people who met him thus might think him almost formal and dull; but among his intimate friends he would bubble over. He was sarcastic, but most of all humorous. His humor was a most refreshing, sparkling, surprising thing. It never paused, especially in the evenings. If he could not sleep, and got you out in the "quad," at Christ Church, he would ramble about till midnight pouring out his stories. He had an exceedingly keen sense of comic situations and a happy knack of coining epithets that made you jump with laughter. This humor so flooded his talk that you could not imagine how he kept it out of his sermons to the extent he did.

Liddon's great gifts were a brilliant imagination and a quick, keen eye for principles and the issues of things. He always saw the end of things directly, and had the disposition to classify—perhaps too quickly—to pigeon-hole them at once. He did not like indefinite things, and had a suspicion of anything that was not decisive and not clear in outline. As was said of him by J. B. Mozley, he would shy like a horse at anything suspicious. He had extraordinary quick and strong affections, and was easily moved on that side, although quite immovable on the intellectual side when once he had taken up a position. He had a very strong temper, well kept under, but he could be roused, and I have seen him in the old days become so heated that the conversation had to come to a dead stop. There was a curious contrast between his fixed intellectual beliefs and his very warm personal feelings, the latter to some extent modifying the former. When he once came into contact with a person he was exceedingly elastic.

### They Drowned the Conversation.

Brooklyn *Eagle*: The cable the other day told a story to the effect that Joseph Hatton, the well-known newspaper man and novelist, turned on a person who sat behind him and who persisted in talking during the performance of "The Master of Ravenswood," by Henry Irving, and hit him in the face. There is a better way. Endure the talker's talking for one act. Then, when the curtain comes down for a wait, turn to him and say: "Sir, did you ever know such rude people as those on the stage?" He will naturally ask: "Why do you think them rude?" Answer him thus: "Because they persisted in talking so continuously during the entire act that I was unable clearly to hear much that you were saying, although myself and all around me were extremely interested in your conversation. If they repeat the offence in the next act, I shall surely try to hiss them off the stage, and I hope that you will join me in the effort." That experiment has been tried with success in the United States and might serve well in England. It is better than a blow in the face, for it hits the offender right in the centre of that vibrating imbecility which he calls his mind.

### Took Eight Men To Lift Her.

One of the largest women on record has died in Paris. She was known as the "phenomenal female," her real name being Victorie Tautin and her age only 19. Mlle. Tautin was not a giantess in height, but her girth was enormous and it took eight strong men to lift her out of her chair when she used to be conveyed for exhibition to a music hall. The individual who engaged her found that she did not pay her expenses owing to the cost entailed by her transit to and from the cafe concert, so Victorie retired from public life and lived quietly with her parents. Lately she had an attack of erysipelas, to which she succumbed. Her funeral was the event of the day in the suburban locality wherein she resided and great interest was manifested by the neighbors in watching the lugubrious preparations for the burial of the poor "phenomenon," whose remains were carried to the hearse and afterward to the grave on the shoulders of 10 of the most robust men in the employ of the company of metropolitan undertakers.

### A Queen Distributes Candy.

Gondal is a lilliputian Hindoo state in the Bombay presidency. Its area is about eight times that of London; it has 140,000 inhabitants, and rejoices in an army of 600 sepoys, with sixteen cannon and a squad or two of cavalry. The ranee, or queen of this state, may, possibly enough, have asked whether the maharance, or great Queen of England, distribut