Ice Cream.

Is it the odorous breath of lilac blooms;
Is it the scent of roses, or remembrance merely,
Of the sweet smell of mignonette in evenings, long ago,
When Luna rode triumphant through high Heaven—
Long vanished evenings at the gate—
That brings this thought of sultry August night,
Of sleepless pillow, vainly sought repose?
Or is it but the buzz of tiny wings—
Persistent buzz of the unbidden guest
In the fine spacious parlours of the Tivoli?

He spoke of Rome, of Laocoon,
Of the "Last Supper" painted by Da Vinci;
But through the deep, melodious utterances of his voice,
Through the smooth-flowing rhythm of his words
Rose the faint minor music of that insect—
(Order Diptera, species Culicidæ.)
That troublesome mosquito at the Tivoli.

We drove upon the Appian Way, (in thought, I mean).
Or watched the doves that circled round the tower
Where burns the vestal light;
We visited the studio of sculptor and of painter,
Admired Murillo and Praxitiles;
And then anon—so swiftly thought can fly—
We saw Chicago rising Phœnix-like,
(This is original with me,)
Up-rising Phœnix-like,
And seen it down again with the Communists.

And yet through it all,
Can these things be in merrie month of May?
Came that mosquito; shall I say mosquitoes?
For still it duplicates and multiplies,
Till it seems many.

Alas! 'tis even thus. Poor creatures of the clay,
Burdened with earthly dross and little cares,
Though the soul fain would soar, these small vexations
Weigh it earthward; even as the insect—
Order Diptera, species Culicidæ—
Faithful mosquito of the Tivoli.

LAURA EARLE

Only a Doll.

Polly, my dolly! why don't you grow?
Are you a dwarf, my Polly?
I'm taller and taller every day;
How high the grass is!—do you see that?
The flowers are growing like weeds, they say;
The kitten is growing into a cat!
Why don't you grow, my dolly?

Here is a mark upon the wall,
Look for yourself, my Polly!
I made it a year ago, I think.
I've measured you very often, dear;
But, though you've plenty to eat and drink,
You haven't grown a bit for a year.
Why don't you grow, my dolly?

Are you never going to try to talk?
You're such a silent Polly!
Are you never going to say a word?
It isn't hard; and oh! don't you see
The parrot is only a little bird,
But he can chatter so easily?
You're quite a dunce, my dolly!

Let's go and play by the baby-house;
You are my dearest Polly!
There are other things that do not grow;
Kittens can't talk, and why should you?
You are the prettiest doll I know;
You are a darling—that is true!
Just as you are, my dolly!

A HORSE DETECTIVE.

BY J. E. JOHNSON.

Our hunting party had met with, for amateurs, uncommonly good luck during the day. There were but four of us, yet three fine bucks had fallen to our guns, in addition to fair bags of smaller game, and as we lay sprawling round the huge camp fire — our hunger satisfied—we smoked with calm content and chatted in the intermittent fashion usual with friends well pleased with one another and themselves.

Gradually the sentences lengthened into argument, which soon gave place to stories of adventure; every one of our congenial group dropped his tribute into the treasury. Picnics are invariably failures, but hunting parties seldom prove so, for, in addition to the longing for excitement which all young persons, whose individuality has not been crushed out by injudicious training have, there must be a kindredness of spirit to induce a number of young folks to bind themselves together in a holy alliance of good fellowship to go in search of pleasure by this thorny path.

Our party was well assorted. No two members of it were of the same social caste, no two had passed through experiences approximately similar, no two had special enthusiasms really harmonious, and no two had—frolicsomeness, geniality, a relish for discomfort, and a passion for the weed, excepted—a single trait in common.

So there we lounged, beneath the towering pines, whose cones reflected the ardent glow of our wood-fire like nuggets of virgin gold, while the balm laden breeze sang the lullaby to which — sweet as it was — there was no listening so long as a friendly voice had joke, song or story at command. There was Mahoney, when sleep was wooing us, with a tale of his own adventures in the Irish Constabulary; and no sooner had he finished than McFie struck in with a sectional view of his experience as a medical student in Edinboro' Town; long before he had done Joe Bond was uneasy to relate adventures in the China Seas, and there was another narrator in hot pursuit of him.

"Be the Mother," burst in Mahoney, toward the catastrophe of one of McFie's long-spun yarns, "does Joe intind us to perrish wi' cowld, I'd loike to know."

Joe humbly picked up an axe — he was so meek and tender-hearted a fellow that I have often wondered how he mustered up courage to hew into even a pine—and proceeded to cut a few "sticks" which for girth and height would anywhere but in the woods have passed muster as very respectable trees.

"While he's nibbling away there," says the fourth member of the group, "let us have a few moments of reflection. Sleep we can't, of course—it's out of all question now, and Joe's far away too good a fellow to be left out when good things are going the round."

"Thrue for you," ejaculated Mahoney, refilling his cutty.

"Besides he has not spun us a yarn yet, and he can talk a sight better than he can chop we all know."

The conversation then turned to horses, as it is certain to do when a number of spirited young fellows are together, and many strange instances of equine sagacity were given, but the conversation was all about the tame horse, Miles, shouldn't they?" asked the good woman as the day wore on.

"Well, they might—I could have done it, but, you know, they may have got a little mixed about the road. If they missed at the Forks, near the Falls—you know the place, old woman—they'd lose some time, but they'd come out all right if they followed the track up, though it's a roundabout way to M——"

"You're not anxious, are you, Miles?"

Anxious? Bless your soul alive! No.—Well I am just a little, about the team. I'd have liked Tim to get them in fresh and smart—for that means dollars in a bargain."

"Bother the beasts! I'm thinking of our boy—and Tim, of course."

But nothing could be seen in the direction in which the anxious couple turned their gaze but the waving boughs and broadening shadows of the forest through which a gathering gale was sending, as *avant courrier*, a dismal surge of sound.

The shadows deepened into gloom, then into utter darkness, but no sign offered of the missing ones. Still there was no very grave apprehension as to their safety. In a region like that, without roads, it was no rarity for a traveller to miss his way or be belated.

But when the next day had crawled by without their return, Miles and his wife became really concerned. Every means of accounting for their non-appearance was considered; the solution of each new canvass of chances was less hopeful than the last. At length the wife made a suggestion,—and did it with an energy which had often startled her easy-going husband and extricated him out of many a difficulty.

"Put the saddle on Jenny, Miles."

"Why, wife?" he asked.

"I'm going to find 'em, that's all."

"To find them," he exclaimed; "Why we don't know as yet that they're lost."

"Miles," she replied solemnly, "one is lost—I know it. You know I'm not a silly wench or a superstitious old wife. I *know* they're lost. Just you do as I say."

And Jennie was soon at the stoup saddled, with the energetic little woman on the back.

Miles scratched his head in wonderment as he saw her ride away. He was not of a philosophical turn of mind. Outside of farm matters he could never see the connection between any two facts. He had never reasoned much about a mother's love or tried to guage its intensity. He simply knew that his wife's habit was to act wisely, and that whatever her clear head determined must be, must. So he watched her ride away into the glades which bounded the view from the door with less of concern than of wonder as to what should next turn up.

She rode on bravely: motherly "love casteth out fear." With quick eye she noted the changing aspect of the sky, the shifting of the wind, the thousand indications which to the forester's eye are as legible as written character to the scholar. Suddenly Jenny stops—never was horse more docile, more obedient to the rein, but suddenly she stops. A sharp cut from the surprised rider has no effect. Not a step will the old mare budge—not an inch. But at an accidental twitch of the rein, she wheeled round with alacrity and before the good dame could recover from her surprise had safely carried her a good mile towards home.

"What, wife! I thought you would give up the chase," cried Miles, as he helped her down.

"I didn't; it was Jennie; I never knew her do the like before. But I tell you this—I intend to start again to-morrow."

There was not a word of enquiry as to whether the truants had returned. The mother knew full well that had they come home, her darling would have been waiting at the gate for her with moist eyes and contrition for the anxiety he had caused her.

"Yes, I go off again to-morrow."

And with hearts very heavy with grief the worthy pair retired for the night.

The next day Jrnny was again saddled.

The same result. The old mare stopped short within a yard of the spot where she halted before. There was no alternative but return.

Two days had gone by. The whole neighbourhood was aroused. There was no suspicion of foul play. It was one of the incidents of frontier life. But neighbourly sympathy, in such conditions of society generally takes the shape of real self-sacrificing help. On the third day the gate at the end of the lane swung open, and a troop of a score of young fellows with a fair sprinkle of older men rode up to Miles' door.

"We're going to look for your boy, Miles," called out a cheery stripling, well mounted.

"Thanks, a hundred thousand thanks. Missus is all but out of he mind, and she was just going off again alone. She'll stay at home now, I reckon."

"No."

"Now, wife, don't be foolish. You're worn out with what you've done already."

"Still I mean to go with them."

"Yes, do," said the first speaker, earnestly. "If a mother can't find her lost child who can hope to? Only take Jenny, ma'am."

"Not much question about that if she goes at all."

"In all but speed the troop, headed by Mrs. Brough on the wilful mare was more like a funeral procession than aught else. there was no neighbourly chit-chat, not a jest was uttered; every heart was weighted down with fear. Mile after mile through the grand arcade till they neared the spot beyond which Jenny had refused to go. Then each rein slackened and the gap between the mother and her escort widened. The same again. A dead halt on the self-same spot.

"My boy is here!" she cried, sliding from the saddle—the old mare moved away, and just where the forefeet of the sagacious animal had been planted three successive days,—the body of poor Bob was found.

Tim the tramp, had murdered him for the sake of the team.

This is a true story, and one on record in the early crime annals of Ontario.

That clock ought to be fixed up before the Exhibition. It is a sad thing to be dragged out of bed in the grey dawn by a fictitious a'arm of fire, only to learn when one reaches the door-step that the fire is a falsity, and the clock machinery alone has gone to blazes.

An interesting spectacle is an honest old farmer being purged of grease spots in the market-place by the soap-man, who, while the operation is in progress, yells to the crowd that his victim is the most shocking example he ever had to deal with. The man's face is a study, and the operator's lecture simply stunning.

Now's the time to give your pastor a purse and a holiday.

Tim was not long in getting a good footing in the family, and the neighbors all spoke well of him as an honest, hard-working lad. Bob clung to him with the tenacity of boyish affection. He had never had many companions for those of his own age among the neighbors had early to gird themselves for the struggle for existence, and till Tim's coming among them Bob had led in respect to friendships a solitary though happy life. But by the instinct which draws the frank confiding boy to the side of one a few years older than himself, whom he robes with all manly perfections, he had clung to Tim from the first, and during the three years which had passed they had seldom been long apart.

"Tim," said the father one bright May morning, as they sat at breakfast, "I was going to T—— but Meredith has been over here wanting me to give a hand in his barn raising. I can't find it in my heart to stay away for he's done me many a good turn of late."

"Ay, he's a good fellow, and one day is just as good as another for going to T——, I guess."

"No, that's just where the mess is. I must either go or send to T—— for there's some hitch or other about the title of this place of ours, and that plague of a lawyer wants some papers which will secure our claim."

"Can I go, do you think?"

"You don't know the road."

"Guess I could find it well enough. And you might let Bob go with me. Two of us aren't likely to get lost."

Bob's blue eyes glistened with delight.

"Catch me getting lost,—and if we were it would be just the kind of fun I'd strike for."

"Well, Tim," said Miles reflectively, "You might do as well as myself, for all I know. Yes, I think you can go, and — yes — you may as well take the bay team. Meiklejohn made me an offer for them when I was round there, and we can get on well enough with the three year olds. Don't make a trade, Tim; just let him see the beasts and say what he thinks of them."

So within an hour Tim had donned his best and Bob, likewise arrayed "for glory and for beauty" had packed a huge basket of victuals, and the team, two beautiful bays, were put to, the gate swung on its hinges, and, as the buggy swept out of sight the good wife with the remark that the day was "awful hot," passed her checked apron over her face, under pretense of wiping off the prespiration which did not appear, but really to catch the tear-drop which is the mother's farewell to her heart's pride and joy.

* * * * * * *

"They ought to be back by this time, Miles, shouldn't they?" asked the good woman as the day wore on.

"Well, they might—I could have done it, but, you know, they may have got a little mixed about the road. If they missed at the Forks, near the Falls—you know the place, old woman—they'd lose some time, but they'd come out all right if they followed the track up, though it's a roundabout way to M——"

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Ideas on Prohibition.

Practical Prohibition in Canada is something which, in the opinion of many whose opinions deserve consideration, an utter impossibility, and not to be thought of. But there appear to be a large number whose idea is the promotion of temperance in any way which may be suggested, never thinking that by encouraging any movement—be it in the direction of legislation or any other—which has in view that object, they are discouraging means which they conscientiously believe to be more effectual in their operation, and more in unison with human nature. For instance, many who voted for the Dunkin Act avowedly did so simply because they considered that anything having for its supposed object the promotion of temperance deserved encouragement. But these same people had no faith whatever in the Act itself. They were encouraging a movement with which they had little sympathy, and obstructing the way for the employment of more practical means. But there are men who are actually so blinded by prejudice, or we might say ignorant, and so unobserving of human nature, as to imagine that the drinking of a glass of ale or wine being made a crime people will therefore abstain from indulgence in it. Where there is a strong probability—in fact, an absolute certainty, of any of the laws in the country being universally set at defiance the sooner the repeal of such laws is secured the better, as by their continuance on the Statute Book the laws generally and the courts are thrown into open contempt. Take, for instance, the Crooks Act. It has reduced the number of licenses down to much less than half of what they used to be, and the rabid temperance declaimers are delighted with their apparent success, but if they were aware that there was fully as much if not more liquor sold and drunk now than there used to be under the old system, they might not feel so elated over it. Of course, they are not aware of it. But take the opinion of one who "knows the ropes," one who is in the habit of "going round," and he will at one tell you that there is more liquor sold now than there used to be. For what reason? Simply because unlicensed houses are obliged to be careful whom they let in, and the difficulty of obtaining entrance is so great that when once in they stay there and have a "time" with "the boys." And how is the time spent? In the cracking of coarse jokes, the relating of smutty yarns and the discussion of all the latest gossip. These are facts, and cannot be ignored, no matter how distasteful they may appear to us. Temperance agitators are entirely ignorant of the existence of such places, or at least of their number and the magnitude of their business, and it is not until these men are prepared to admit actual fact as positive proof that there can be any change in the present mode of warfare against the vices of intemperance. One of the greatest mistakes that Temperance agitators have fallen into is their desire to remove these evils from the *face* of society. Now it is contended and with no little show of reason that the evils which underlie the surface of society are much greater than those on the surface; for anything, especially such an evil as intemperance, which has the cloak of secresy thrown over it is in a position to accomplish much more actual damage than anything which is exposed to the eye of the public. This is common sense at any rate. Older countries have passed through the agitations which we are now having, and have learnt through the routine of actual experience that all efforts to stamp out this and kindred evils are futile. They have, therefore to take the next best thing, which is a proper regulation of the traffic and the thorough peotection of the public at large. But here their main object is to cast the evils under the surface where they can grow at the very heart of society. It would be a difficult task to convince a thinking man that drinking a glass of ale was a crime and punishable in the same way as theft and other similar offences, no matter how many statutes there are to that effect. Common sense teaches us differently. But this is is one of the great objects which the temperance men have in view, and until the general public are disposed to take a more liberal and common sense view of the question than is at present taken by a great many there is nothing to warrant our expectation of any actual improvement in the present state of affairs.

Formerly licensed houses may be closed up and the exterior of society may present an improved appearance; but it will have that within which will eat up the fruits of industry, and carry misery and desolation into many a happy home. Our remarks are intended for those whose ideas of Tempeaance are nothing short of Total Prohibition, which is one of two extremes and has no claim whatever to the former name. Let every man give the question his most serious consideration and see if some rational means cannot be taken for the uplifting of the fallen and the elevation of humanity in general. Let us seek to elevate, not degrade mankind.

Misfortunes of a Chinaman.

The night before last, on the occasion of the Turn Verein masquerade, a carriage called at a house in the southern part of the town. The driver rapped at the front door and said that he called for the young lady that was to go to the ball. He was told that he must have mistaken the house, but he insisted that he had not. He knew he was right, and wanted the lady to come out at once if she was ready. The master of the house is somewhat of a joker. He went to the kitchen and told his Chinaman that he must go to the ball and help about the supper; that a carriage was waiting to take him to the place, and if he did his work well he would get $5 for his night's work.

The eyes of the Celestial fairly sparkled with delight. He donned his best blue frock and rimless cap and left the house at once. When he approached the carriage the eyes of the driver expanded widely, but he opened the door and politely assisted the supposed masker into it, then drove off, thinking what a stunner he had made.

Presently the carriage stopped at another house and took in a "gorilly" and a "Piute squaw." The Chinaman was a good deal alarmed at the sight of this, and fired off a string of his native lingo, winding up with, "what for you come in here? You tink me fliaid? You no make me fliaid — dam foolee!"

The gorilla growled fiercly, and the Piute squaw said: "You one heap big Shinaman, me bet you! You talk em pooty good."

John fumed and fretted about having the queer creatures in the vehicle with him, frequently poking out his head, and calling upon the driver to stop and put them out, at all of which the gorilla growled and the squaw laughed heartily. "You bet your life," said the driver to himself, "she's the chief! If she don't carry off that gold watch then the fellows that give out the first prize are regular idiots!"

Finally Cooper's Hall was reached, and the Chinaman, being assisted to alight, followed the others into the hall. The driver was so much pleased with the manner in which this young lady played her part that he was determined to see more of her. He got a brother "whip" to look out for his team for a moment, and entered the hall with the new arrivals.

When they reached the Examining Committee the "gorilla" and "squaw" made it right at once by giving their names. When asked his name the Chinaman said: "Quen Sing."

"Yes, we know," said the committee; "but your right name. We must know the right name of every person we admit."

"What for you talkee name? Me tells you me name Quen Sing. Come, no foolee; me washee dish, fixee supper!"

"Really you must give us your true name. It is a rule we can't—"

"It's Miss——" whispered the driver to the doorkeeper, "and O, she's a good one! Let her in; she'll fool 'em all."

"Ar! oh!" said the doorkeeper, and John marched right along in.

Once he was inside the fearful things that met his gaze nearly frightened him out of his wits. Nothing but the hope of getting his $5 prevented his stampeding at once. His frightened looks soon began to attract attention as a fine piece of acting, and the "Fireman's Daughter," "Dundreary," and "Nan the good for nothing," wanted to see more of him, and started in to draw him out.

"Me wantee go kitchen cookee supper—fixee table."

"Here is the way to the kitchen!" shouted "Crazy Jane," and she gave John a whirl that nearly took him off his feet.

"This way," cried Little Bo Peep, "down here with the sheep."

John was pulled and hauled in all directions, even by the other Chinamen, who gabbled at him in language he did not understand. He clamored for the kitchen and called everybody "dam foolee," causing immense fun on account of his inimitable naturalness.

To please him and to have fun below, the "Queen of Spades," and the "Brewer's Daughter" escorted John to the lower hall, where the supper was being prepared. He caused roars of laughter by insisting upon being shown where he was to begin work, and by making frequent mention of the "fife dollar" he was to receive. The madder John got, the more fun he made.

Finally, to the surprise of all, he made a break for the door, knocking over the "Queen of Spades" in his flight, and sped away in the darkness, regardless of the doorkeeper's cry of "Cheeck, sir."

Those who witnessed John's departure supposed that he had only returned to the upper hall, and said, "such a make-up and such acting is astounding; I wonder how she manages to keep up the Chinese expression so well. And the color, too. It must be she has a rubber mask."

The wonderful Chinaman was much sought for when it came to awarding the prizes, but could nowhere be found. He had won the gold watch, but didn't know it, for he was down in Chinatown trying to get himself drunk by smoking opium, which he couldn't do on account of the great number and length of Mongolian oaths he was swearing. — *Virginia (Nev.,) Enterprise.*

A Very Tragical Tale.

The nature and origin of the female passion for closets ought long ago to have challenged the investigation of scientific men. The love of closets is a a distinguished characteristic of the sex. Man does not care for closets, and can live comfortably in a room without a single closet. A bureau, a trunk, or even two or three chairs are all that he needs. He keeps his shirts, collars, and other more obstruse garments in the bureau drawers or in the trunk, and throws his coat and trousers on the chairs. If an unmarried man has a closet, he rarely knows what to do with it, and, as a rule, uses it only as a place of deposit for boots, guns, and crumpled newspapers. The married man looks on the closet as a diabolical device for the concealment of his other coat and his new umbrella. Articles such as these constantly find their way to closets where they are concealed behind innumerable skirts, all of which must be thrown on the floor before the object of search can be found. In fact, it may truly be said that the male mind loths closets in every form, and there is no case on record of a solitary man building closets for his own use. Robinson Crusoe built chairs, but he never dreamed of making a closet.

On the other hand, woman's comfort, not to say her life, is wholly dependent upon closets. She refuses to use a trunk except when travelling, and she believes that a bureau-drawer is meant to hold nothing except pasteboard boxes, in each one of which she puts a piece of ribbon, an artificial flower, or a small lace collar. It is alleged, though of course there are difficulties in the way of proving it, that women do not object to placing their garments on chairs when preparing for bed, and we know nothing concerning it with certainty. There are stories to the effect that when midnight fires have occurred at large hotels, female garments have been found hanging over the backs of chairs, but these stories need authentication. However this may be, it is morally certain that no woman will use a chair as a permanent place of deposit for clothing. Not only is this true in regard to her own clothing, but she refuses to permit her husband's clothing to occupy chairs. Many a man who has left a coat temporarily on a chair has seen it snatched up by his wife, with the remark that she wished he would quit "cluttering up the whole room." Of course, one coat laid on one of half a dozen chairs cannot truthfully be said to "clutter up a whole room;" but of such is the veracity of woman.

So deeply rooted is this feminine passion for closets that it is doubtful if any woman can live when totally deprived of closets. There was an arrogant and brutal husband who once built a house without a single closet, merely in order, as he said, to convince his wife that closets are unnecessary. That unfortueate woman was well and strong when she moved into the house, but three days afterward she began to droop. She would walk aimlessly from room to room with a spare dress hanging on her arm, and would make futile efforts to hang it up on flies or casual spots on the wall. She grew rapidly worse, and at the end of the week a physician was called in, who soon discovered what was the matter, and informed the husband that his wife's system imperatively required closets. The cold-blooded monster explained that the house was finished and that it was too late to furnish it with closets. The physician felt the force of the argument, and thereupon recommended "wardrobes" or similar devices, not with the hope of curing the patient, but as palliatives. The brutal husband would not buy a single wardrobe, and unfeelingly said that his wife could put her things on chairs. Being a conscientious man the doctor at once threw up the case, and in a fortnight the woman died. There is not the slightest doubt as to her disease, and the doctor has always maintained that had her system been toned up with two or three large closets she would have recovered.

What is the origin of this intense devotion to closets on the part of women? It does not take any very close scrutiny to discover a religious element in this peculiar passion. Closets are worshipped, so to speak, by women, not because they are necessary — for man has demonstrated that trunks, bureaus, and chairs meet all the requirements of home life—but because they are the modern representatives of the ancient and forgotten shrines of the household divinities. The Roman matron had a closet, but she did not use it for skirts and corsets. It was sacred to her private god and goddess, whose statues it held, and was really a domestic temple. Heathenism died out, but the custom of building a closet in every house, exclusively for female use, survived. The name the meaning of the closet was forgotten, and it became a depository of female garments. The spirit of reverence, however, still lingered in the sex, and every woman felt instinctively that the closet was sacred. To-day no woman has the slightest idea of the true meaning of her love for closets, and would be surprised were she told that a superstitious reverence for the household temple, inherited from distant and heathen ancestors, still survives in her bosom.

War or Peace.

The Sultan has dismissed his incapable brother-in-law, Mahmoud Damad Pasha, from his post as Ministe of War, thereby avoiding, in all probability, a serious emeute on the part of the Army, with whom the ex-Minister was extremely unpopular. But the rumoured superseding of the Vizier, Mehemet Ruchdi, by Safvet Pasha, is a more questionable measure, three Premiers within little more than as many weeks being a startling phenomenon even for Turkey. It seems probable enough that the Sultan will end by doing what he has been repeatedly urged to do, and what he ought to have done long ago, viz., recalling Midhat Pasha, who has acquired a reputation for honesty as well as energy almost unique among Turkish statesmen, and commands the respect, if not the affection, of both parties alike. In St. Petersburg, the excitement caused by the first news of the Anglo-Russian agreement seems to have completely subsided, despite the continued outcries of the Panslavists against the "extravagant concessions" made by Russia. Indeed, the coming up of the Czar to St. Petersburg from his country palace of Tsarskoe-Selo (Czar's Tillage) last Tuesday, to hold a special consultation with Prince Gortchakoff, sufficiently shows how thoroughly the spirit of peace is in the ascendant. The prince, who is now well enough to travel, is as determined as ever to appear at the congress, whither he will be accompanied by Count Schouvaloff and by the Russian envoy at Berlin, Prince D'Oubril. The recent utterance of the *Agence Russe*, that "the spirit which seems to animate the various Cabinets gives hope that the Eastern question will be dealt with in a broad sense, with the object of reaching a common understanding and consolidating the peace of Europe," probably represents the present feeling of Russia fairly enough.

The Season.

Away to the seaside—off to the Exposition, packing up for a month's camping out. This is the sort of thing we hear everywhere. In Canada, be the times hard or otherwise, no one reckons among things possible the foregoing of the summer change. We have reproduced many old country customs, but we have not introduced the custom of staying at home and at work the whole round of the year. From Cape Breton to Vancouver it would be hard to find a human being who does not look on the summer trip as a matter of course. The Canadian regards it as he does measles, bankruptcy, municipal bonuses or any other earthly necessity. It is as natural for him to go to spots where mosquitoes are thickest, as it is for the tuneful insects to scarify him when he gets there. The European travels in summer from habit; the Canadian does it from instinct. It is useless to quarrle with even a bad instinct, and this certainly does not come within that category.

Lawrence Barrett refused to give a recitation for the benefit of a clergyman at Detroit His reason was that the profession, of which he was so humble member, owed nothing to the clergy.—*Baltimorean.*

The Derby Day.

(From the New York Sun.)

During the past three days a change has come over the appearance of London. At the railroad stations every incoming train disgorges troops of fashionably-attired young men, together with a considerable sprinkling of very clean-looking elderly gentlemen, having a slightly horsey air; and in addition to these a number of dapper-looking "cads," with shiny hats and light-colored overcoats. The clubs are crammed full, but are at a premium all over the town, and waiters are worked 20 hours out of the 24; for this morning is the ninety-eighth anniversary of the Derby, which is always run on the Wednesday before Whitsunday.

The Epsom races came into fame through a man whose name is very familiar to Americans—Gen. Burgoyne. He had been accustomed to stay at an inn called "The Oaks," when hunting and shooting in that then wild district, where it is likely enough that he retired when in disgrace on his return home from this country. Taking a fancy to the place, he bought it, and in a few years later sold it to his friend and patron, Lord Derby, great grandfather of the present Earl. Lord Derby a second wife was Miss Farren, a famous actress, to whose careful instruction the late Earl is said to have been indebted considerably for having become the first orator in the House of Commons, and on the occasion of her marriage Burgoyne composed a well-known poem, called "The Maid of the Oaks."

In 1779 Lord Derby, delighted with the racing facilities offered by the Downs, established "The Oaks Stakes," and in the following year "The Derby Stakes," so that the latter great race is within two years of its centenary. The Oaks, transformed by Lord Derby into a vast hunting establishment, with fifty bedchambers, long ago passed from the Stanleys. The present Earl cares for none of these things, doesn't enter his stables at Knowsley once in a month, and probably has neyer been on a race course thrice in his life; but his father was as notable on the turf as in the Senate, and yet, like his friend, Lord George Bentinck, the leading turfite of his time, was never destined to win a Derby.

The first winner of the Oaks (run on the Friday after the Derby) was Lord Derby's Bridget, and the first winner of the Derby was Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed. The most celebrated horse which ever ran at Epsom was Eclipse, entered when full five years old, for the maiden plate of £50. Eclipse was bred by the Culloden Duke of Cumberland, so named because foaled at the time of the great eclipse of 1764. He was bought when a yearling by a Mr. Wildman for seventy-five guineas. The history of the purchase is curious. Wildman had a friend in the Duke's stud who had given him a "tip," as to the extraordinary excellence of Eclipse. So, as soon as he heard that the Duke's stud was to be sold, he hurried to Windsor, but didn't arrive until his object had been knocked down for £70. He found, however, that the sale had begun before the hour named, and forthwith protested, and insisted that the lots be put up again. This was done, and Wildman got him for five guineas more.

In 1769 O'Kelly, an Irish adventurer, who had an extraordinary career, bought a half share of Eclipse for 950 guineas from Wildman, and subsequently completed the purchase for 1,100 guineas more. On the Duke of Bedford asking, in 1769, how much he would take for him, he is said to have replied, "By the mass, my lord, it's not all Bedford level"—a farm tract worth some £10,000 a year, and thrice that sum now—"could purchase him." In later days O'Kelly stated that he had made £25,000 by the horse. Nothing comparable to him has been known on the turf. He beat every competitor with the utmost ease. In twenty-three years his progeny earned for their owners £128,071.

In 1788 Eclipse was removed from his owner's house at Epsom to Cannons in a van, and died in the following February, aged 25. "Cakes and ale" were given at his funeral, and he lies buried in a picturesque spot on the grounds.

A good case of biter bit occurred at Epsom in old Lord Derby's day. A young foreigner, a great favorite with the hunting men of the district, was induced, after dinner, to back a horse of his which had been easily beaten in a former match by the mare of a noted stable keeper. The stable keeper fixed upon a servant of a gentleman present as his jockey; the foreigner selected his own groom. Two days, however, before the match the foreigner learned that his opponent had secretly engaged a regular jockey, and mentioned this to a "horsey" Yorkshire friend, addimg that of course his chance was now gone. The friend told him to go instantly to Newmarket, and hire Buckle, the first jockey of the day. When he reached Epsom, the foreigner found the innkeeper and his friends in high spirits, and betting heavily on the mare. The foreigner said that his man would arrive in a few minutes, and the horses were saddled. Just then a post chaise drove up, and Buckle, perfectly equipped, stepped out, was on the foreigner's horse in a trice, and by skilful riding brought him in the winner.

The apartments in the grand stand at Epsom, were originally, it is said, designed for gambling rooms. When gambling became illegal, a Mr. Dorling, whose "forte" was of the race was for years a feature of the course, took the stand for twenty-one years, and refused to allow any gambling, although once offered $1,000 for a corner wherein to carry it on. But if there is not gambling in the graud stand, there is plenty outside of it. The most notable wrecks of late years have been the late Marquis of Hastings, who was completely ruined, and Lord Courtenay, who passed through the bankruptcy court owing $3,500,000. In 1837 all London was horrified by the suicide of the Hon. Berkeley Craven, on the evening of the Derby day. He would have been a defaulter at Tattersall's to the tune of $40,000 through recklessly backing Lord Jersey's famous Bay Middleton.

Both at Epsom and Ascot there is always a Police Magistrate in attendance at the graud stand, and a regular court-room, clerk, &c., so that cases may be promptly dealt with, and time and trouble saved—a highly necessary course, now that railroads have practically made these resorts a suburb of the great metropolis.

Women's Quarters.

NEW YORK, MAY 31, 1878. — So the Women's Hotel is a first-class failure. Mrs. Stewart has reluctantly come to this conclusion, and so has Judge Hilton, and the fair women who had their trunks taken there a couple of months ago are to be turned out right off, and their rooms given to men. Well, no one is much surprised, anyway. The hotel project promised from the start to end in a fizzle. There are three causes for what has happened.

1. The price of board was altogether too high.

2. The rules governing admission were too strict, and seemed to make the hotel a sort of reformatory.

3. Women, even those who have reached the sere and yellow period do not like to be shut off from the other sex and deprived of the opportunities to catch beaux, and possibly husbands.

These are the chief reasons why the great Women's Hotel project has come to grief. There had always been some doubt as to success, but when the rules and regulations became known the doubts disappeared. Then it became perfectly clear that absolute failure was only a question of time.

Several years ago, about the time that Mr. Stewart began work on the Women's Hotel, and people were talking about his generosity in proposing to build a fine home for poor working girls, a home or house of that kind was already in operation. It was a large building on Elizabeth-street, near Canal, and it had a matron and several assistants, whose business it was to keep the house in order and make the girls behave themselves. Of course they did not succeed in the latter point, for the more you try to make girls behave themselves the more they won't do it.

The home got a number of notices gratis from the newspapers, and as the charges for board and lodging were moderate and the building was conveniently located for the class it was intended te benefit, the prospects of success seemed good. Everything went on nicely for a while, but by-and-by

THE GIRLS BEGAN TO "KICK"

against the rules, and at last they kicked them clean out of doors. Then they went out after them and did not return. Everything was turned topsey-turvey, and the Working Girls' Home no longer had a local habitation or a name. No wonder, said everybody; it was under the management of women, and of course women don't know how to manage anything. Just wait till the Stewart Home is finished and you will see what a man can do in such a case.

Well, we have seen.

Judge Hilton is a man, and a pretty smart one, too, but he can't manage a Woman's Hotel and make it pay. The thing borders too closely on the impossible. If Mr. Stewart had provided in his will that $900 a day should be taken out of his estate to pay the expenses of the hotel, then Judge Hilton would have succeeded to a certainty; but Stewart intended that the hotel should be self-supporting, and that was how the trouble came about.

The fifty women who had their trunks taken in and paid altogether about $400 a week for their living were actuated by the very best motives, no doubt, but when it cost about $600 a week more to support them than they paid, it was time for Judge Hilton to look around and see what was to be done.

He did, and the only thing he could see was that the experiment should be abandoned. Mrs. Stewart came to the same conclusion at the same time, and the order to shut up was issued. Some of the borders have already left, others are preparing to go, and in a week or so the hotel will be thrown open to the general public. Judge Hilton thinks it will succeed as a public hotel like the Metropolitan or the St. Nicholas, but that remains to be seen. As the building

COST NEARLY FOUR MILLIONS.

It is quite natural that Judge Hilton should desire to make it pay running expenses, at least. But it won't be an easy matter to do this under any circumstances. The interest account alone foots up over $250,000. The probabilities are that no matter how well the hotel is managed, this won't be paid. It is a larger sum than any other hotel in New York can clear. The net rent of the