# Listowel Standard.

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## THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"I was readin' a newspaper paragraph de odder day to de effeck dat de keepin' of so many dogs aroun' 'em would allus keep de cull'd race poo'," said the old man as the meeting came to order. "Let us analize dat statement a bit. It am estimated dat de cull'd people of dis kentry own an eben 2 000,000 dogs. To feed dese dogs requa's at least 1,000,000 pounds of crumbs, scraps, 'tater skins, apple cores, ole bones, an' sich, worth about two cents a poun'. In odder words, it costs about fifteen cents per week to feed a big dog, which am tied up an' can't forage on de nayburs. Now, what am de companionship of a big yaller dog wuth to a family? Would ten times fifteen cents per week offset dat? When de cold wind howls an' night shuts down, isn't it wuth a two dollar bill to see de chil'en gather clus aroun' de stove—to h'ar de teakettle sing—to watch de fish snap, an' to know dat de dog am takin' a sweet nap under de bed? Who created de dog? Why, de Lawd, of course. What fur? Why, to be a companion to man and purtect his pusson an' property. Would it look berry well to see a poo' cull'd man git up an' sniff at de handiwork of de Creator? Shall we refuse to accept de gifts created fur us? If de Lawd didn't know what He war 'bout when He made an anamile an' called it a dog, den advice from newspapers am all right. I have estimated dat de 2,000,000 dogs spoken of prevent 500,000 burglaries each year. Dey am de cause of 6,000,000 chickens not bein' stole; likewise half a million cords of wood; likewise ober 200,000 axes an' saws. I doan' believe in dog-worship, but I do believe dat it am our dooty to take de gifts of our Creator an' make de best possible use of dem. I keep a Scotch terrier to bite Scotch burglars; an Irish setter to sot down on Irishmen, an' I has one or two odders who pay dar way by killin' rats an' bitin' tramps. Nex' to de glorious sight of seein' a 200 pound man wheelin' a ten pound baby along de streets am dat of seein' a cullud man pacin' his way down town arter a codfish, wid five dogs follerin' clus at his heels in single file."

PETITIONS.

Among the eighteen petitions on the desk of the secretary was the following:

MOBILE, Feb. 28, 1881.

Hon Bro Gardner.

DEAR SIR: I am familiarly known in this region as the Great Southern Wizard. I cure corns by breathing on them. I can knock a wart higher than a kite inside of four days. My success with tape-worm has been immense. Bunions get up and travel when they see me coming, and ringworms disappear at my approach. Do you hold out any encouragement for me to locate in Detroit? Please add my name to the list of petitioners, and let it be understood that in case of my election I will cure any member of the club of fits free of cost.

Very truly,
ANTICOSTI M. SMITH,
T. G. S. Wizard.

The petition was referred to the usual committee, and the president said:

"We can't safely incouraige dat man. About ten y'ars ago I incouraiged a wizard to drap up heah from Virginny an' go to work. He doctored old Daddy Williams about six months fur tape-worm bef' he found out dat a broken rib had raised all de trouble, an' de way he breathed de co'ns off my old woman's feet laid her up fur fo'teen weeks an' cost me thirty dollars in cash."

ELECTION.

The following candidates were shaken out of the bean box in Sir Isaac's best style: Trustee Small, Thompson White, Col. Nero Smith, Rev. David Goodown, Elder Jason Brown, Captain Claudius Parsloe, J. Hicks Hastings and Two Shillings Bailey.

SQUELCHED.

Trustee Pullback, to whose care was intrusted the petition of the colored men of Michigan to the Legislature to amend the game laws of the State in certain points, arose with a very solemn expression of countenance and reported that he had been authentically informed that the petition had never been presented. In fact, it had been summarily sat down on and then used to stuff rat holes in the basement of the Capitol building.

There was dead silence for some time, and then Pickles Smith presented the following resolution:

"Resolved, Dat dis club has lost confidence in the Legislachur of de Stait of Michigan, an' dat it will have no mo' truck wid dat body from this time out."

The resolution was adopted without a dissenting vote, and the Secretary will forward notices to the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Secretary announced the following:

ELMIRA, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1881.

Bro. Gardner, President Lime-Kiln Club:

DEAR SIR: Noting with pleasure from week to week the words of wisdom uttered by you, the many thoughtful decisions of arbitrary questions, and the kind and soothing words of advice to those in trouble, as reported in the published proceedings of the Lime-Kiln Club, I take the liberty of asking the meaning of the word "transmogrified."

I heard the word at a colored church in this city by one of the trustees who, in a discussion with another of the officials, made use of this expression: "What's de use in habin' rules of de church if dey am all de time gwine to be transmogrified?"

I have searched the "almanac" all through and am unable to find the word. By giving this matter your attention you will confer a favor on your and the club's Well wisher,

AHOLIAB HOWE.

"What does 'transmogrified' mean?" mused Brother Gardner in reply, as he scratched his head and looked fixedly at the Bear-trap.

The Rev. Penstock was on his feet like a spring gun, and asked:

"Shall I inform de President what dat word means?"

The old man turned half around and gave the reverend a look which took the three top buttons off his vest. Then he slowly and deliberately said:

"Bruddder Penstock, I know you has bin as far east as Quebec, an' as fur west as Chicago, but it am impossible fur one man to collect all de knowledge of de kentry an' lock it up in his own head. I spect dat at least half de members of dis club know what transmogrified means, and I is now about to enlighten de other half. De only difference between transmogrified an' transformed am all in de spellin' I had occasion to look the word up a few days ago when some base man transmogrified my buck-saw an' fo' hens from my possession to his."

GENIUS INVOKED.

The Secretary of the Board of Trade of Milan, Ohio, forwarded a communication in which he asked whether a person suffering with chilblains could pull off his boots and scratch his heels in church or the theater without outraging public sentiment.

"Dat am a queshun which has giv me considerable thought," said the President. "Sometimes it seems as if he could, an' agin it seems as if he couldn't. De bizness of chilblains am to itch and be oneasy. De bizness of de owner am to pacify de oneasiness. You can't talk to a chilblain, nor argy wid it, nor scare it away wid threats. It takes mo' nerve to set still fer ten minits wid your feet ticklin' an' tinglin' an' itchin' dan it does to face a mad lion fur half an hour. It seems as if sunthin' had got to be did, but what to do am de queshun. I believe dat genius should be invoked. I believe genius can attach a nutmeg-grater to an iron rod, and fit de masheen inside de boot, so dat when de oneasiness begins a movement of de rod will agitate de grater along de sole of de foot an' bring on a peaceful calm. I believe we have de genius in dis club, an' fur de sake of bringin' him out I will hereby offer a reward of $25 from de treasury to de inventor of a successful chilblain scratcher."

Something of the sort will no doubt be brought out soon, and the successful genius may look for a large sale and big profits.

SONG.

The hour for closing having arrived, the Glee Club tuned up, as follows:

De gentle spring am almost here,
De sun am gittin high;
De snow am gently slidin' out,
De ice begins to fly.

In thirty days or dar' abouts
De grass will take its green,
An' all of us kin slosh aroun'
In April mud an' rain.

De robin will begin to rob,
De blue-bird will feel blue;
De crow will crow-bar on his way,
De buzzards buzz anew.

Now let us all feel proper glad,
An' lose no time, indeed,
In castin' 'round among our friends
To borry onion seed.

—A Methodist revival at Bellefontaine Ohio, is conducted in a vigorous manner The minister in one meeting got down on all fours, and capered up and down the aisle, to illustrate a dog simile; and on another occasion several of the sisters seized a young sinner of their own sex, and forcibly carried her to the chancel. She cried for help, and was rescued by her mother.

## AROUND THE WORLD.

—An ordinance against profanity is rigidly enforced at Avon, Ill. A simple d——n brings a fine of $3, and stronger swearing costs more.

—Pennsylvania farmers, in Washington county, are scattering sheaves of wheat along the hedges for the benefit of the suffering partridges.

—All the physicians at Hoosick Falls, N.Y., have agreed to respond to no calls from families who have unpaid bills more than three months old.

—Texas has a law, now about to be repealed, requiring every railroad train to stand still five minutes on arriving at the boundary line of the State.

—Bjornsen visited Albert Lea, Minn., during a religious revival among his countrymen. It is said that he talked infidelity to them, and, therefore was not warmly received.

—On the announcement that the "Bankrupt is about to be put upon the stage" the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* comments: "Hereabouts he generally goes in his own carriage."

—The St. Louis *Globe Democrat* calls for two new literary characters. It says Maggie May and Jennie June are already prominent, and that there is room yet for Aggie August and Sarah September.

—"It would save a good deal of trouble and endless mistake," says the London *World*, "if men had their names emblazoned on their shirt fronts and ladies theirs embroidered on the bosoms of their dresses."

—The Italian Minister of Public Instruction lately appointed an ex priest professor in the university at Pavia. In his first lecture the professor told his pupils that "belief in God and a future life was a myth." Though petitioned to revoke his commission, the Minister refuses to do so.

—Switzerland was visited, according to statistics collected by the Alpine club of Italy, by 1,400,000 tourists in 1879. Of these 700,000 came from Germany and Austria, 280,000 from England, 200,000 from France, and 60 000 from the United States. The foreign travel is estimated to pay the Swiss $40,000,000 annually.

—There is in London a Cinderella Dancing club. As the name indicates, all the dances break up at the hour of midnight. But to belong to this fraternity or sisterhood—for ladies are eligible—you must first establish your character as a proficient dancer by showing your ability to waltz up the ballroom, so as to never deviate from one plank. Then you have to perform the same feat "doing the reverse."

—Mrs. Armstrong, a young and charming widow with a fortune of $30,000, was received into the best society of Columbus, Ohio. She married Hermann Corzidlius, the Treasurer of the county. Two weeks after the wedding she was arrested for the murder of her first husband, whose father had for two years kept detectives at work on the case, and had at last discovered testimony clearly implicating her.

—There is a reaction from frivolity to seriousness in theatricals. A few years ago Booth was the only actor on the American stage appearing in Shakespearean parts, and some of his engagements were unprofitable. Next season, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, Frank Mayo, Thomas W. Keene, Daniel H. Harkins, Barry Sullivan and William E. Sheridan will be in the Shakespearean field.

—Some excavations, commenced at the distance of about a kilometre from the walls of Pompeii, with a view to ascertain the nature of the surroundings of the city, have led to the discovery, within an area of but a few square metres, of thirty skeletons, ten of which were huddled together in one room of a small suburban villa, and among and upon the bones we found bracelets, necklaces, earrings and other objects.

—A burlesque company was performing at Atlanta. The Mayor had sent a police captain and three men to arrest the actresses if they did anything outrageously improper. The silk tights worn by some "living statues" were so perfect in flesh color that the captain doubted if they were really tights at all, and he invaded the stage with his force, but an inspection showed that his suspicion was groundless, and the show was allowed to go on.

—The late Mr. Bell of Glasgow is known to have laid out £200,000 in pictures, and there was bitter lamentation when it was found that he had forgotten to sign the codicil by which he bequeathed his gallery to the city. It now seems questionable whether the collection would have been worth accepting, as the recent sale has realized just £28,000, or less than one eighth the amounted expended by the owner, whose "zeal" was decidedly "not according to knowledge."

—The London Society of Arts has decided to award three silver medals for as many London houses as may be found, on examination to be furnished with the best known sanitary appliances. The conditions include proper provisions against frost, infection, damp and other cognate evils. The comment of an English contemporary on this is that if the judges have to visit the metropolitan houses until they discover three worthy of the prizes the peripatetic labors of Diogenes will be trivial compared with their task.

—Colley's defeat and death will be a personal victory to Sir Garnet Wolseley, who was entirely opposed to Sir Bartle Frere's policy in the Transvaal, and who had in consequence incurred the displeasure of the Horse Guards. It is certain that Sir Garnet was on this account kept out of the Commandership in-chief in India. According to precedence, he was entitled on his return from South Africa to a step in rank which would have involved his promotion to the command. But he was set aside to make way for less brilliant but more prudent and circumspect officers. Now his time has come.

—This has been a hard winter indeed for settlers in the Northwest. The starvation and freezing of cattle in Montana have caused, it is said, a loss of about 20 per cent. Hay has not been obtainable off the main lines of travel at any cost, and the deep snow has made transportation and browsing alike impossible. Hay at $45 a ton in a country where fodder does not usually enter into the expense account of stock raising makes it sometimes cheaper to kill cattle than to save them. Dakota has also a fuel famine.

—Dr. Wm. Sharswood, of Philadelphia, in a recent lecture on sound, gave the vocal compass of a number of the artistes in the Mapleson opera company, now performing in this country. Miramon's compass is from C to F in alt; Gerster's from B to F sharp in alt.; Carey's from F to B flat. The present principal soprano (boy) of Trinity church has a compass from E to B, with a voice light and flexible; another from B flat to G, full and strong, though not flexible. A German boy of the same choir, seven years old, had a compass from C to D in alt., over two octaves, fairly even throughout, and strong. There is no difficulty in getting a good high A from the chorus sopranos of this choir.

—The value of the grape and wine product of California for 1880 is estimated at $3.500,000. The State furnished over 10,000,000 gallons of wine, 450 000 gallons of brandy, $100,000 worth of raisins, and grapes for preserving and table use to the value of $100,000 or $150,000 more. The new brandy is worth at wholesale $1.15 a gallon. The new vineyards that have been planted cover 8.000 to 10,000 acres. In Sonoma county alone 2 000 acres were planted in vines last year. In Napa county the wine product has increased from 297,670 gallons in 1870 to 2,460,000 last year. Land for wine growing may be had for $5 to $125 an acre, according to location and soil.

—A very unpleasant impression has been caused in Switzerland by the announcement that the Government of Schaffhausen are about to propose to the Great Council of the canton the sale of the famous Schaffhausen onyx, for which a rich collector has offered a very large sum. The onyx, being a part of the spoil of the battle of Grandson, is regarded as a national trophy. It is, moreover, a gem of great size and extraordinary beauty, superbly set, and of Greek or Roman origin. An energetic protest will be made against the proposal to dispose of so interesting a memento of Swiss history for the enrichment of a foreign museum.

—Whittier furnished as directions for a tableau of "Snowbound," at Cleveland, the following description of the kitchen of the old house at Haverhill: "The mantel-piece was at least 10 feet long, and fireplace wide enough to take in a five foot log. There was an oven with a wooden leg on one side of it. The andirons were tall, quaint and wide-legged. A brass warming pan shone like a setting moon against the wall of the kitchen. Nearly opposite the fireplace stood the great cupboard, with its pewter plates and platters. In one corner was the old desk with drawers and slanting cover let down to write upon. The old bull's-eye watch hung over the mantel."

—They have commenced black balling this season at the London clubs. Lord Rosebery, the most popular man in Scotland and one of the gentlest and most generous of men, was black balled at the Travelers simply because he beat the Duke of Buccleugh in his own shire and returned Mr. Gladstone, which has given him the title of Elector of Hanover. And now the young Earl of Durham is black balled at Brookes's because, although of the old Whig stock, his guardian and grand uncle, Earl Grey, has been writing, talking and voting lately against the party. Sheridan was black balled seven times and Sir James Macintosh three times at Brookes's, where one black ball excludes.

—"The great servant question," says the London *Truth*, "is becoming yet more complicated. A lady engaged a cook some time ago, and thought herself secure in having had a personal reference. She had called at the address of the woman's late mistress, and had seen the lady, who gave the cook an excellent character. A few days after her new employer discovered that the new cook was an infamous character. She turned her away at a moment's notice, and went, full of indignation, to remonstrate with the lady who had given the woman so good a character. On this occasion she saw a very different person, and, on reiterating her wish to see the lady of the house, she was answered: 'I am Mrs. ——,' and then the truth came out. It was the lady's maid who had impersonated her mistress, and given the character. The woman was sent away in disgrace."

—A Nevada sheriff had a judgment for $24,000 against the Central Pacific railroad for taxes due his county. He made the judgment good by seizing two trains belonging to the railroad company, and loaded with passengers and freight. The lawyers of the railroad kept up a fusilade of telegrams from San Francisco protesting against the seizure, and informing him that the rolling stock of the company was mortgaged and could not be attached, and they referred him to sections of the laws of the State; but he replied that, mortgage or no mortgage, he was going to seize everything belonging to the company that came along, and that he would put up a notice of sale of the attached property the following day. This brought the company to terms, and they at once paid the whole amount of the judgment.

—Under the doubled-headed eagle of Russia no slavery is permitted, and the hoisting of the Russian standard on the ruined ramparts of the Turkoman fortress was the signal for the emancipation of 79 wretched Persian captives. Half-naked, starving and covered with bruises, after being compelled to work all day, they were chained at night hand and foot to stakes and guarded by dogs. No words could describe the rapture of these unfortunate men when the Russians told them they were free to return to the province of Khorassan, whence most of them had been carried off by the Tekkes. Within the fortress the Russians found about 4,000 Turkoman families or about 18,000 individuals, whose astonishment knew no bounds when instead of being butchered or enslaved, they were treated with scrupulous kindness, and confided to the care of the Russian Red Cross Society.

—As a member of the French diplomatic body was recently traveling in Teheran to join his legation there, he was seized by a band of brigands, who put his uniform on their chief, and turned the fillings of his dressing bag (he was a great Parisian dandy) into useful and ornamental articles of various kinds, according as their fancy suggested. The only thing they could make nothing of was the pomade Hongroise. The unfortunate Frenchman, on being asked what it was could only reply in Persian, "Butter." The brigands at once tasted the compound, and, concluding a pratical joke had been intended, they forced the prisoner at the swords point to eat the whole of the six pots he had brought with him, and, having completely rifled his baggage and pockets left him to complete his journey more dead than alive.

—Rabbits are making their way again in Victoria, Australia. One district is reported to be completely overrun, and the farmers who are open to their depredations have to make common cause to keep them down. This they do, unfortunately, with very little success, for the rabbits breed conveniently in the low, impassable scrub, and then come out to feed on the farmer's crops in the neighborhood. The scrub, however, belongs to the Government, which is now called upon to put down this nuisance. Enthusiasts in acclimatization—like a gentleman in Devonshire who took a fancy to the Colorado potato bug and took some over—ought to be careful what tricks they play in the matter of transplantation. That philosopher who originally brought the rabbit into Australia will need no monument.

—In one of the bazars, says a letter from India, we saw some fakirs and devotees. One of these remarkable fellows had vowed to lie upon a bed of upright nails for twenty-six years, and of these he had accomplished sixteen when we saw him. His body was attenuated and full of sores resembling leprous spots. We asked him for one of the nails which pierced his miserable body. He took one from the foot of the bed, refusing in every instance to part with any of those which gave him the most exquisite pain. Another miserable devotee was holding a flower pot at arm's length. Judge of my surprise when he told me he had held it there for five years. Another stood with arm uplifted, and no power to lower it or move a muscle, the member being dried, stiff and dead, while the long finger nails, like bird's claws, penetrated the flesh on his wrist. All of these fellows looked mouldy and sad.

—Minnie Palmer is the star of a dramatic company now traveling in the West. Sadie Bigelow was until lately a member of the same organization. Both are pretty, talented and popular. The cause of Miss Bigelow's withdrawal is given by her as follows: "One night we were playing poker, Miss Palmer and myself, when I bet five cents, and she wanted to 'see' my hand. She said she had only a penny left, and I told her that if she wanted to 'call' me she must borrow four more. Thereupon she said I was a real mean thing, and we had a few words. Once after that she came into the room where I was playing, and said she would not join in the game if I continued in it. This I regarded as an insult, and I threw up my hand at once." Efforts at reconciliation were so far successful that the actresses kissed each other, but the quarrel broke out afresh, and Miss Bigelow, collecting her salary by the help of a sheriff, resigned

## MANITOBA LEGISLATURE.

WINNIPEG, March 3.—A special session of the Manitoba Legislature was opened by the Lieut.-Governor this afternoon at three o'clock. In his speech his Honor set forth that since December circumstances had necessitated an earlier meeting and the consequent prolongation of an adjourned session. It congratulates the Legislature on the success attending the recommendations to extend the boundaries of the province. It promises an act to amend the act passed last session providing for an extension of the boundaries, and also other measures calculated to build up the institutions of the province and to extend to those settlers in the territory to be incorporated within Manitoba the operation of such of our laws as may be deemed expedient. The public accounts of the past year and the estimates of public expenditure of the current year are to be brought down at an early day. The speech was passed and an address moved in reply. The Boundary bill was introduced and read a first time.

## THE ANTIQUITY OF GAELIC.

The following lines were written by a minister Perthshire who holds that Gaelic is the oldest language in the world:

Should Gaelic speech be e'er forgot
And never brought to min';
For she'll be spoke in paradise
In the days o' Auld Lang Syne!

When Eve, all fresh in beauty's charms,
First met fond Adam's view,
The first words that he'll spoke to her
Was "Cum ar ashun dhu."

And Adam, in his garden fair,
Whene'er the day did close,
The dish that he for supper teuk
Was always Athole brose.

When Adam, frae his leafy bower,
Cam' oot at break o' day,
He always for his mornin' teuk
A quaich o' usquebae.

And when wi' Eve he'll had a crack,
He'll teuk his sneeshin' horn,
And on the tap ye'll weel micht mark
A ponny braw Cairngorm.

The sneeshin' mull is fine, my frien's,
The sneeshin' mull is grand;
We'll teuk a hearty sneesh, my frien's,
And pass't frae hand to hand.

When man first fand the want o' claes,
The wind and cauld to fleg;
He twisted round about his waist
The tartan philabeg.

And music first on earth was heard
In Gaelic accents deep,
When Jubal in his oxter squeezed
The stomach o' a sheep.

## ABSOLUTELY HER OWN MISTRESS.

BY J. T. J.

**First Part.—Courtship.**

CHAPTER I.

"And round about the glow and glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but the dim remembered story
Of an old time entombed."
—EDGAR ALLEN POE

Many years ago there stood on the side of a gentle eminence between Hamilton and Caledonia a large, commodious, well-built clap board house, erected by a United Empire Loyalist nearly one hundred years before.

Oak was the only wood used in this building, which was a storey and a-half high, and contained ten rooms. A wide hall divided the house from back to front; at one end there was a great square open porch with a seat at each side, and at the other—the front—a broad veranda, nearly concealed by two locust trees of monstrous growth, the largest of the kind I have ever seen in all my wanderings, if not the largest in Canada. A gentleman who had visited Seville, that city of acacias, assured me there were none there to compare with these in size. When covered with blossoms and filled with millions of bees, it was worth a ten miles walk to see them.

The large garden at the back of this house was neatly laid out and beautifully kept. A pear tree, old and gnarled, but flourishing and green, stood exactly in the middle, with a rustic seat beneath it, and a crocus bed in the shape of a half-moon on either side. It was the only fruit tree on the farm and bore bushels of pears yearly. The garden opened into a green field at the back, where a pony and cow lived together as friendly neighbors, and this great field was flanked and backed by a forest of tall elm trees, framing the house, the paddock, the garden with its beautiful foliage six months of the year.

The farm of one hundred acres, to which this house belonged, was owned by an Englishman named Montgomery, and formed a striking contrast to many farms in that neighborhood, which then (as now), were only half cultivated, and foul with weeds and Canadian thistles.

Mr. Montgomery was, when I first knew him, an old man, and a widower, having but one child, a daughter. Half his farm stood in woods as the common phrase is, namely virgin forest untouched by the hand of man; the other half was in a high state of cultivation, but he did not live by farming, and never had, but by loaning money on mortgages I have heard, and believe, that he was the son of a London banker, but he was very uncommunicative about his private affairs.

In time, a number of other families, all distantly related to Mr. Montgomery, came and bought farms in the neighborhood, and settling about him, formed a little exclusive conservative set by themselves, outside the pale of the descendants of the Glandford United Empire loyalists, who are the most radical politicians in Canada, with the strongest latent leaning to the Yankees, the most fervent admiration for our neighbors across the Suspension Bridge, notwithstanding their forefathers' sturdy loyalty to the British crown.

There is a tendency in all cliques to grow narrow, and this is more especially the case with country cliques, and the little exclusive colony of Montgomeries, Dantons, Draytons, Jacksons, Thorntons and Browns was no exception to the general rule. They indulged in each others society, and all were universal in feeling that they were the most important set of people in Canada. They knew absolutely nothing of their less aristocratic neighbors, who bore them no love for their indifference and half contempt. They exchanged work and played together when it was over; payed the school tax, but ignored the public schools, and placed their children under private tuition in Hamilton or elsewhere, and knew less of the lives of their neighbors than they did of the lives of the Esquimaux. They hired Biddies and Pat's imported from a distance, and would at any time do their own dirty work in preference to sitting at the table with a servant, no matter how decent a body the servant might be. They all belonged to the English church and utterly dispised Papist's and Dissenters; they took off their hats to each other but never to a stranger; they paid cash for everything; any one of them would want before he would take credit. It was as difficult to get an introduction to this little colony as to penetrate into the interior of China, but if once the barriers were broken, and you were admitted to be almost their equal in birth, parentage, education and means, their houses were open to you for ever, after this fashion.

They forgave you for being a Canadian by birth, excused you for being Scotch or Irish by decent, thought it weak in you, but allowed that you could not help it, or doubtless it would have been otherwise; they were civil when they met you, and even sometimes invited you to dinner, you were hence forth treated with courtesy, though not with cordiality; you were tolerated and allowed to breathe the same air, but they were cautious, very cautious as to encouraging too great an intimacy. The broadest and most intelligent person in this colony was Mr. Montgomery, and next to him, his daughter Clara. Though a little reserved at first they were not suspicious, they did not despise foreigners and liked to hear of other lands. They opened not only their house but their hearts to a friend, even though he had the misfortune not to have been born in England.

Through them I gained a footing in the little colony and soon came to know each family intimately and was not a little amused at the monstrous importance of the people among whom I was so kindly tolerated, patronized and generally forgiven for not being English.

Some gently pitied me, others were inclined to be hostile and regarded it as inexcusable pig-headedness in any man, to prefer the country of his birth to England, but all were civil though distant.

Isaac Taylor in one of the pleasantries of his pleasant paper, has asserted that Robinson Crusoe and his dogs, cats and parrots were not a family, though living under the same roof in perfect harmony; on the same principle he refuses to admit that Sir Isaac Newton and his cats were a "family," but he is willing to allow that two human beings living together in perfect love and sympathy, cordially sharing each others joys and sorrows day by day, are—even if aliens by blood and nationality—a family. How much more then if these two are father and daughter?

There is something very touching in the sight of an only child, especially if the father or mother are widowed It is a single venture, all the wealths of the heart in one ship and woe to the unlucky owner if that should strike some cruel hidden rock and become a wreck.

The great sympathy between Mr. Montgomery and his daughter was beautiful to see; they were all and all to each other, and nearly always together.

If Clara went for a walk, her father met her as she returned. If she rode out on her pony, papa would be trotting by her side, staff in hand, before she reached home. They read the same authors and smiled, wept or laughed over them together. They talked about their neighbors, and reciprocated little funny confidences, and were by far the broadest and largest hearted people in their narrow circle. Mr. Montgomery taught his daughter Latin, and she taught him to knit a quilt; just as twenty years before he had taught her the alphabet and cat's cradle in return for fox and goose. They were intimate friends before she was out of long clothes and the confidence between them grew, broadened and strengthened, till death cut the cord which wound them together, and left Clara alone at the age of seven and twenty.

Never was a young girl more indulged than Clara Montgomery or less spoiled by indulgence. She had unlimited pocket money, and therefore unlimited floss silk, Berlin wool and card board. She made gorgeous smoking caps for her father who never smoked, slippers for his feet, purses for his pocket, cuffs for his wrists. She was lavish of pretty gifts to her friends; she bought wonderfully bright ribbons for the cap of Mrs. Briggs, the housekeeper, till the malicious public, seeing her so gay, asserted that she was setting that cap at her white haired old master. She knitted scarlet socks and mittens for little Sally Briggs, the housekeeper's daughter; she dressed her own handsome person in any pretty costume her fancy chose, and made every room in the old house sweet with flowers and bright with fancy work. Her work was play because her heart chose it and went with it, and each day was a holiday because full of occupation, amusement, interest. Each night brought sweet and refreshing sleep. She was a thoroughly country lady in all her tastes, and you had only to hear her exclaim, "Oh! the country forever, the country for me at all seasons—God made the country and man the town," to know she had never been that poor toilworn drudge and slave brought vividly to mind by the words, "a Canadian farmer's daughter." These alas! are the rule, but Clara Montgomery was a noble exception.

To work in gardening gloves before breakfast, and inhale the sweet health-giving morning air to study or practice on the piano, or sew till dinner time; to read papa to sleep after dinner, and have a canter on her pony after tea, and sing her evening hymn by moonlight before going to bed, was the usual programme for the long summer days for many a happy month and year. Long sleigh drives, music and especially books without limit, passed away the winter months very rapidly and pleasantly. April soon came with its swallows and snowdrops, and Clara would say, "what a short winter this has been, papa." "Yes, my dear. The seasons fly as we grow older. I remember wondering when your mother died, how I should live through all the dreary years appointed me, but the months dragged on somehow, and my little girl could walk, another year and her tongue began to wag very pleasantly; every year since has gone more rapidly, and now as I say the seasons fly. New interests succeed the old, we grow less selfish, less conceited—or we ought to—we feel our nothingness, that we are but atoms of a great whole; we lower our crest and become contented with our lot. Where self is the first thought, the seasons go slowly. When any one longs to grow up, or to get married, or to travel, or grow rich, or die, then it is all to-morrow. But I for one can afford to enjoy life and see what will turn up next in the world without much anxiety. So my girl is happy with the old man's company."

"I would not exchange him for a dozen young ones," replied his daughter, fondly running her hand through his white hair and making it stand up. "I have never seen a young man to compare with you."

Mr. Montgomery might have said truly in return that in his long life he had never seen a woman to compare with his daughter, but he didn't—no true father ever flatters or praises unduly—though his eyes followed her fondly, as softly singing, she moved to the window to watch a robin.

I never see a handsome, queenly-looking woman, without feeling that she ought to be noble in nature and royal in mind, above pettiness of any kind. I am told that this is far from being the case, and that many a Juno like lady will scold unmercifully in the kitchen, systematically beat down her grocer and draper, and spank the children till they roar again, before she goes to morning prayers and confesses herself a miserable sinner. But Clara Montgomery was not one of these. She was large in person, and mild and sweet in temper, very shy and retiring, and even a little awkward till she was twenty; but always willing to please, and easy to be pleased; having no hard pride or touchy dignity, but presenting a cheerful, happy presence wherever you met her. Her features were so very regular that had they served for the mask of an ordinary mind, they would have been insipid and uninteresting; but her bright, intelligent countenance rendered them absolutely beautiful. Her eyebrows were dark and slightly arched, her light brown hair with a rippling wave in it, crowned her head in a broad coronet, being smoothly parted on the white forehead, unmarred by the popular lunatic fringe. Her figure was very upright, but lithe and graceful, and her eyes turned upon you in a direct inquiring way, which often gave strangers the impression that she was a strong-minded, wilful young lady, and not to be trifled with—a very erroneous opinion, for beautiful Clara had more of the ivy in her nature than the oak, clung to her old father as something well nigh infallible, and never took a step without his advice. She had a great deal of self command, but was not self-reliant; a certain moral cowardice, a fearfulness of offending, a wish to stand well with everybody, to do exactly what was right and yet to please all might have made her in other circumstances a very miserable woman. She had great common sense and kindness of heart, yet would many a time have been led by those who had neither, but for the clear, light and strong hand of her father at her elbow. She was the only blue-eyed beauty I ever admired. Who, with a steel pen and a bit of paper, can describe a beautiful human eye? These were dark blue and very clear, but their brightness was soft and benignant, the habitual expression being tender and considerate, as if they would say "now what can I do to give you pleasure—to help you?" An expression we often see in a dog, and very seldom in a human being. Other expressions these blue eyes had, but this was the usual one. Clara Montgomery did not come to perfection till she was of an age when many women begin to fade. As there are winter pears, which are hard, woody and quite uneatable till the month of March, and autumn blossoms making gay and glorious the chill days of November—the japonica alba for instance—so there are human beings who blossom and ripen late in life. They are slow in coming to perfection, and slow to decay, consoling us for the

"Yes this war is a dreadful thing," said Mrs. Browne, who was in the bed room and had been reading the paper to him, "it will make silks and ribbons so dear."

He laughed at that quite heartily, and repeated it to Clara when she returned to the room and Miss Browne had gone, saying "the little lass is not heartless. She only lacks imagination to see things as they are. She cannot realize the suffering implied by the word war. She knows all about a beautiful ribbon, but nothing of wounded and dying men, or starving thousands."

Clara's eyes filled with tears. "I think more of my loss than theirs," she said "I am selfish, too, papa."

"It is natural my girl that you should shed tears for me, it would pain me if you did not grieve a little for the old father, but Bacon was right when he said, 'it is as natural to die as it is to be born,' and it's high time I was off. Not many men reach the age of eighty nine, as I have, and it may be that thousands of better fellows than I, are food for the sword in this war. Do not nurse your grief, my dear, and spoil your life by sorrow, but make the best of your passage through the desert, which has often for me blossomed like a rose. I hope you will not always be alone, but whatever troubles you have, or joys be good my child, be good; do not spoil your life by selfishness, for I should be lonely even in Paradise without you, I should grieve even at God's right hand if my child were excluded from Heaven. Think of yourself last and everybody else first and you will be happy.

This advice, like so much excellent advice, scattered daily and profusely through the lengths and breadths of the world, was worse than wasted because bestowed upon the wrong person. It was taken to heart, and coming from a dying father to a sensitive super-conscientious daughter had double weight. The last day of his life M. Montgomery made a sign that they should lift him and let him see his pet locusts once more as they swayed in the autumn wind. Life was ebbing fast when they raised him and when his head again touched the pillow he was dead. Thus ended a long harmless happy life and Clara a very unselfish woman was left with the command to renounce self and think only of others. If she had been a Roman Catholic she would have taken the veil, so much did the last expressed wish of her father haunt her, but being a Protestant she lived on in the old home and turning the matter over in her mind decided to give half her income yearly to charitable institutions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## JOHNNY SKAE'S BIG CHANCE.

### Worth $10,000,000 Two Years Ago, Today Working for a Good Living.

A little more than two years since Johnny Skae, whom everybody knows, would visit Carson several times a month and as he passed down the street from the railroad depot, with an independent swagger, and a more independent look in his eye, men would enviously gaze after him and express their convictions that he would soon outstrip any single member of the Bonanza firm in the possession of millions. This was when Sierra Nevada and Union were selling at from $250 to $300 per share, and Skae was supposed to hold 50,000 shares of the stock of those two mines. At that period he would have had no difficulty in realizing $10,000,000 in cool gold coin for his stock; but no, he was ambitious, and desired no longer to play second fiddle even to such a colossal financial power as the Bonanza firm. He fancied that the prospective dividends of the Sierra Nevada and Union Consolidated mines would be greater by tenfold than those paid by the California and Consolidated mines. Johnny was oversanguine; he imagined himself a 100 millionaire, whose millions were safely deposited in the bowels of the earth. Of that he felt certain. In the meantime he entertained his friends in regal style. He invited them from San Francisco to participate in princely fish and champagne banquets, which were spread near the reservoir of the Virginia and Gold Hill Water Works, from which the luscious trout were taken, and in various other ways extended his hospitality to friends in such a manner that they privately called him "Prince John" In the midst of this, however, he did one prudent thing and that was in settling $250,000 in bonds upon his wife. Believing that the stock of the mines of which he was so heavy a holder was sure to reach at least $1,000 per share, he hypothecated the same to the Nevada Bank, and purchased several thousand shares on a margin. Soon thereafter the market crashed, and it was not long before his stocks were quoted at $50 and $60 per share. Of course that nearly ruined Skae; but being a man of nerve and desirous of retrieving his lost opportunity, he kept on dabbling in stocks which at one time might have placed him in an enviable independent position, until he lost all that he had saved from the first blow; and it is even said that the $250,000 which he settled upon his wife went the way of the rest. Now Johnny Skae is in Arizona, in place of living in luxury and superlative elegance, seeking a bonanza which he probably will never find. It is only once in a lifetime that one man in a million is so enchantingly smiled upon by Fortune as Johnny Skae was two and a half years ago.—*Carson Appeal.*

## DIVORCED AT TWELVE.

### How a Little Erie Girl was Compelled by Her Grandmother to Marry Her Cousin.

(Erie Herald.

Among the petitions for the dissolution of matrimonial banns which were considered Monday by Judge Galbraith was that of Flora Grace a child 12 years of age. Said the court: "This divorce is decreed on the grounds of fraud and coercion. It is a most remarkable case. I never heard of a similar one." Said the child in her sworn statement: "I am twelve years and five months old; my father's name is John Grace; mother's name is Hannah; have lived in Erie several years; have lived with my grandmother, Mary Rose Grace; Luciana Grace lived with my grandmother, too; my grandmother, Mary Rose Grace, Mr. Salcer and wife and Luciana took me one evening to Ald. Woods' office; they told me when they started that they were going to a lawyer; they said that thay wanted me to get married to Luciana; I told them I did not want to, but my grandma and Mr. Salcer both said that I must do it; I did not understand what the meaning of getting married was; Luciana Grace and I stood up and Mr. Woods repeated some words to us; I did not want to marry him, but my grandma said I must marry him; Luciana is a second cousin of mine; my father came and tookme away from my grandmother's three days after I was married; after I was married, until my father came and took me away, my grandmother and I occupied the same room together; Luciana and I did not occupy the same room together and have not lived together; I go to public school No. 10; we went to another office the same night we went to Wood's office; it was Alderman Ferrier's office, but he would not marry us. We then went to Woods' office, and he married us." This is the simple story of the child not yet out of short dresses. Alderman Ferrier deposed that he remembered the visit referred to in the child's deposition; that he was asked by a woman, whom he afterwards learned was the child's grandmother, to marry the little girl and a young man who was present. Says he: "They told me the young girl was fourteen, but she looked like a mere child and I declined to marry them. The woman said they were not to live together until they grew up. When I asked the girl if she knew what getting married meant she shook her head. I then explained it to her, after which she said she did not want to get married. The old lady seemed determined that they should marry." The father's story was: "I came from the city of Horta, Island of Fayal, Portugal; I came to Erie four years ago; my wife is still living in Portugal; I support her by sending her money; will bring her here as soon as I am able; have four children, one Florinda; she married Luciana Grace in August last; she lived with her grandmother, Mary Rose Grace; I had no knowledge of my little girl's marriage at the time it occurred; my little girl does not comprehend the meaning of marriage; I live opposite Mrs. Grace; did not know she was married till three days after; my little girl is still a girl in her ways, manners and thoughts, I think they have not lived together since their marriage." The petition for divorce was accompanied by a sworn statement in Portugal of the cure of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception of the city of Horta, certifying that Florinda Grace, a child born May 31, 1868, was baptised by him June 14, of the same year. Lewis Grace, the defendant in the suit, denies that force and coercion were used, but that Flora Grace married him with her own free will, and insists that the marriage ceremony is legal and binding. In the petition to the court for divorce, it was set forth by Flora Grace that a marriage ceremony was performed by Samuel Woods, Esq., between the petitioner and Lewis Grace; that the petitioner was but 12 years of age, and was ignorant of the nature and character of the ceremony or act thus performed; that no contract of marriage was ever made between them, the petitioner and Lewis Grace; that she was induced to go before said man and submit to the ceremony by the influence, force and coercion of her grandmother, Mary Rose Grace; that by fraudulent representations made by the said grandmother and Lewis Grace, she was made to believe that it was right and proper to submit to the ceremony, which she did without receiving any explanation as to the nature, meaning or effect of the same, and she therefore prays that a decree be allowed freeing her from the bonds of matrimony, as if she had never been married.

## THE BOWIE KNIFE.

### Tragic Story of the First Weapon That Bore the Name.

(Philadelphia Times.)

A feud has existed for years between two parties of the parish of Rapides, Miss, on Red river. The principals were Dr. Maddox, Maj. Wright and the Blanchards on the one part, the Curreys, the Wellses and Bowies on the other. A challenge was passed between Dr. Maddox and Samuel Wells, and a meeting was arranged to take place near Natchez, Miss, in September, 1827. Hither the parties repaired with their friends. It was agreed that no parties should be present but the combatants, their seconds and surgeons. The place of meeting was a large sand bar, immediately below the upper bluff, near Natchez. The sand bar at low water is of considerable width, bordered above and below with forest growth; on the opposite side of this bar were stationed the friends of each party; one of these parties was something nearer the combatants than the other. Col. Crane was the second of Maddox. Between him and James Bowie and Gen. Currey there had long existed a deadly feud; and some months before this affair Gen. Currey shot Col. Crane with a shot-gun, on Bayou Rapids, disabling one of his arms.

The parties to the duel approached the spot selected for the combat from different directions. The preliminaries were soon arranged. The combatants took their positions and exchanged two shots without effect, and the difficulty was amicably adjusted.

Bowie was just in the edge of the woods with Gens. Wells and Currey, armed with pistols, Bowie carrying a huge knife. As the duelling party started to leave the grounds Bowie and party started to meet them. The friends of Maddox and Crane on the opposite of the sand bar seeing this and being furthest from the party started to run to meet them as soon as they should reach the retiring combatants. Gen. Currey was the first on the ground, closely followed by Bowie. Currey immediately advanced upon Col. Crane and remarked, "Col. Crane, this is a good time to settle our difficulty," and commenced drawing his pistol. Bowie did the same. Crane was armed with a brace of duelling pistols and standing awaited the attack of Currey. At this moment Currey was seized by his brother and begged to desist. Bowie and Crane fired at each other, it is said without effect. There were those who said Bowie was wounded. The latter statement I think most probable, for Bowie stopped, felt of his hip and then drawing his knife limped toward Crane, who was watching Gen. Currey. Released from the hold of his brother, Currey was advancing. At this moment Crane leaped across a small ravine cut through the sand by the rain water flowing from the acclivities above and, resting his pistol upon his crippled arm, fired at Currey, wounding him fatally. He fell.

Crane was now disarmed and Bowie advanced cautiously upon him. Clubbing his pistol he struck Bowie over the head, as he avoided the knife adroitly, and felled him to the ground. Crane retreated a step as his friend Major Wright advanced upon him, and with a long slender spear, drawn from a walking cane which he carried, attacked Bowie, who made a pass to parry the spear with his knife, in which he failed. The spear was of cold iron, and striking the breast bone bent and went round upon the rib. Bowie at this moment seized Wright and fell, pulling Wright down with him on top of him, and holding him strongly to his person. Wright was a slender and by no means a strong man and was powerless in the hands of Bowie, who coolly said to him: "Now, Major, you die!" and plunging the knife into his heart killed him instantly.

This knife was made by Resin P. Bowie out of a blacksmith's rasp or large file and was the original of the famous Bowie knife. When James Bowie received it from his brother he was told by him that it was "strong and of admirable temper. It is more trustworthy in the hands of a strong man than a pistol, for it will not snap. Crane and Wright are both your enemies; they are from Maryland, the birthplace of our ancestors, and are as brave as you are, but not so cool. They are both inferior in strength to yourself, and therefore not your equal in a close fight. They are both dangerous, but Wright the most so. Keep this knife always with you. It will be your friend in the last resort and may save you life." After this conflict Resin P. Bowie carried this knife to Philadelphia, when it was fashioned by a cutler into the form of a model made by him, and I presume the knife is yet in the possession of some member of the family.

There was no reconciliation between Crane and Bowie after the conflict, though Crane aided personally in carrying Bowie from the ground and Bowie thanked him and said: "Col. Crane, I do not think under the circumstances you ought to have shot me." Almost immediately upon the attack of Currey upon Crane the fight between their friends became general, in which there were several wounded, but Wright and Curry were the only persons killed. All the men engaged in this terrible affair were men of wealth and high social position, and the two parties included almost every man of fortune in the extensive and wealthy parish of Rapides. All are gone save Maddox and Wells, both very old and still residing in the same parish.

## A STRANGE PRAYER.

The following was sent to us by a lady reader with the request that it be published:

At Atchison, Kansas, the crusaders invaded a saloon during crusade time and tried by praying to induce the proprietor of the soloon to close his place. The proprietor invited the ladies to seats, and, himself, offered the following prayer:

"Almighty Creator in heaven! Thou who hast made the heavens and earth, and created man in Thine own image as ruler of the earth! Whilst animals are living on grass and water Thou didst teach Thy servant Noah to make wine, and Thou didst not punish him for making intemperate use of it.

"At the wedding of Cana, Thine only son, Jesus Christ, transformed water into wine, when the juice of the grape was exhausted, that the enjoyment of the guests might not be disturbed. The great reformer Martin Luther said: 'He who does not love wine, women and song, remains a fool all his life long.'

"Oh. Lord! we pray Thee have pity upon these women here who are not grateful for Thy gifts, who want to make Thy children like beasts of the field, and compel them to drink water like an ox, while they dress extravagantly and lead their husbands, by other extravagances not tending to our well-being, to bankruptcy, depriving them of all pleasure of this world, yea, even driving them to suicide. O Lord have mercy on these ladies, look upon them.

"They wear not even the color of the face which Thou has given them but they are sinning against Thee and are not content with nature, but paint their faces.

O Lord! Thou canst also perceive that their figures are not as Thou has made it, but they wear humps upon their backs like camels; Thou seest, O Lord that their head dress consists of false hair. O Lord, these women want men who will patiently accept all this without using the power Thou hast given to men that all women shall be subject to man. They will not bear the burdens of married life, and obey Thy commands to multiply and replenish the earth, but are too lazy to raise their children. O Lord! have mercy upon them and take them back into Thy bosom; take folly out of their hearts; give them common sense, that they may become good and worthy citizens of our beloved city of Atchison. O Lord! we thank Thee for all the blessings bestowed upon us, and ask Thee to deliver us from all evil, especially hypocritical women, and Thine shall be the praise forever and ever. Amen."

—William F. Cody was a poor and unknown scout on the plains a few years ago. A ten cent novel glorified him as Buffalo Bill, he went on the stage as a personator of himself in border plays, and part of the financial result is visible in a new block of fine buildings, including a public hall, at North Platte Nebraska.

## A LAUGHING FAMILY.

### The Malady Which Afflicts a Family Along the Delaware.

FRENCHTOWN, N. J., Feb. 26.—Straight across the Delaware from here and back among the hills which run parallel with the river for many miles lives a family concerning whom the strangest stories are told. The father and sons are farmers, and all live in a large, substantial house, a few yards from the road to Doylestown. They are all chronic laughers, having an affliction of the muscles of the mouth and throat which compels them to give vent to apparent merriment at stated intervals. The malady first appeared in the father about ten years ago. He was usually a very quiet man, enjoying fun, but manifesting his enjoyment without much noise. He was seated at the dinner table one day in the spring of the year, eating steadily and not engaged in any of the conversation which the other members of the family were carrying on. Suddenly, without any cause, he burst into a fit of laughter so extremely different from his accustomed laugh that all were attracted by it at once. When asked what was the reason for this sudden outburst he made no reply, but continued his merriment. Some of the boys thought he had the hysterics and pounded him on the back, but it did no good. After a few moments he made motions for pencil and paper and wrote that he was unable to control his risibles and asked them to send for a doctor.

The rural physician came, but could give no remedy that stopped the laughter. Peal after peal of what sounded like the heartiest kind of fun came from him, and nothing would avail to prevent it. The doctor ally came to the conclusion that he was the victim of a nervous attack, and, leaving a nervine, departed. The father continued laughing until about sundown, when he suddenly stopped and fell on the floor completely prostrated. He soon grew better, however, ate a hearty supper and spent the evening much as usual. No signs of a return of the odd trouble appearing, he went to bed and was soon fast asleep. Along about two o'clock in the morning, however, his wife was awakened by his laughter, and the same symptoms manifested themselves as on the afternoon previous. He kept it up until 7 o'clock, laughing loud and strong. At 7 o'clock the noise suddenly ceased and did not return again until dinner time. Thus it continued, recurring each day shortly after noon and in the night about 2 o'clock, and has ever since. As the weeks passed he grew so accustomed to the disease that he was caused very little inconvenience by it.

For eighteen months the father was the only one of the household afflicted with the malady, when Susie, the youngest child, suddenly burst into a similar fit during one of her father's attacks. From that time on she laughed at about the same hours her father does. One by one the remaining members fell victims to the strange complaint, until three years ago there was but one left free, and that was Charles, the oldest son. His long exemption led him to believe he would escape the contagion. But he was mistaken, and it is said he had his first attack while petitioning for the hand of a Harrisburg damsel. So frightened was the lady at the queer behavior of her suitor that she ran from the room, and it was weeks before the proper explanations could induce her to see him again. She is now one of the family here and, escaping the malady, never minds the hideous chorus of laughter which twice a day resounds through the house or grounds. It is regarded as rather strange that none of the neighbors have caught the infection, but such is the case although many of them mingle constantly with the family.

Everything possible has been done to alleviate or remove the malady, but without perceptible effect. People within a radius of a few miles are so accustomed to the thing that they do not mind it or mention it. People passing the house, especially in the summertime, have been filled with curiosity by what they saw and heard, and have carried accounts to distant places. These reports are very vague, for the passers-by have had no definite idea of the matter. They only know that it looked remarkably strange to see a father and his sons out in a field ploughing and sowing many rods apart, yet each one laughing as though he had heard the best joke in the world.

The years of incessant laughter have told somewhat on the faces of the family, but not so as to be very noticeable. There are scores of lines under the eyes and above the cheeks, caused by the drawing up of the skin. Then their mouths have become wider and they keep them closed with difficulty. The most marked result of the disease, however, is in the voice. The entire family talk in the same tone, resembling as nearly as anything the voice of an alto singer. Males and females have the same inflection and intonation. Most of them have more or less trouble with their eyes, several having become very near-sighted. The pupils have contracted and the entire eyeball is diminished in size. This is accounted for by the contraction of the eyes while laughing and the effort required in working or reading while undergoing an attack. Very little physical annoyance is caused the laughers. They read and write, sleep and work without any trouble. The only thing they seem unable to do, while attacked, is to eat. Several grandchildren have been born, and in all but one instance they were taken, soon after birth with stated attacks at the same hours as their parents. Of course they do not laugh as the older ones do, but they crow and express all signs of baby glee twice a day and never cry while in that state.

## A PERSIAN PUNISHMENT.

The most cruel Imperial government in the world is that of Persia, which, like every other government, has its local tribunal in Constantinople. In the last week of January five culprits condemned to flogging by this Persian Court received their punishment in the courtyard of the Persian Consulate-General. Travelers have recorded that in Persia it is customary for muleteers to beat their animals with a long leathern thong, having a piece of iron attached to the end where an ordinary whip is knotted. This is something like the "cat" or knout which the Persians are reported to have used at Constantinoples. It was composed, says a reporter, of five stout leather thongs, the extremity of the latter being tipped with lead. Each time the terrible instument came down on the backs of the culprits the flesh was torn in strips from their bodies. At the tenth blow human nature could stand no more. The culprits at this point lost consciousness and presented a shocking appearance, their eyes swelled up to an enormous size, being full of blood. This terrible punishment lasted twenty minutes, and as the criminals could evidently bear no more they were taken back to their cells in a horribly mutilated condition, and in a state of complete insensibility.

## A COLORED PATRIOT.

A citizen of Randolph street made a bargain with a colored man to take away a lot of ashes and other refuse yesterday morning, but got down town to find his man at the Soldiers' Monument with his Sunday clothes on.

"You are a nice man, you are!" began the citizen.

"Yes, sah. You refers to that pile of ashes no doubt."

"Yes and I refer to you, too! You agreed to be there early Tuesday morning."

"So I did, sah, but boaf of us neglected to reckolect dat to-day was Washington's birfday."

"Washington's nonsense! What in Texas has Washington's birthday got to do with you?"

"A heap, sah. Ize a patriot."

"Bosh! You don't want to work, and that's what ails you."

"Scuse me, sah, but if all de stores an' banks an' de Postoffis kin shet up a poo' man like me kin afford to lose his time. Ize a patriot, sah, besides bein' a friend of Washington's."

"Stuff! Don't you ever come to me again for a job. You lied to me square and fair, and I believe you are a loafer."

"No, sah—Ize a patriot."

"Patriot be hanged! What is a patriot?"

"A patriot, sah, am a man 'bout my size who kin lay a man 'bout your size on his back in de slush, an' here goes to do it!"

It was done in ten seconds, and well done, and when the enraged and bedraggled citizen got up the crowd hooted him out of sight.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The Scott acting editor of the Thorold *Post* alludes to editors as his "brothers of the pen and bar." People who have been suspecting him for some time will be glad to know that he has owned up so ingenuously.

—Out of a list of thirty eminent ecclesiastics whom England has produced, four are Londoners: twenty, including Jeremy Taylor (a native of Cambridge) and Wesley (a Lincolnshire man), are eastern, while six only are west of England. These latter, however, include Hooker, of Devonshire birth, and Whitfield, a native of Gloucestershire. But the fact of the superiority of the east is too plain to be disputed. Perhaps we may see in it some evidence of the piety and seriousness of the Teutonic race.