Listowel Standard.

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TO MY HUSBAND.

A single, wee geranium leaf,
A sprig of mignonette,
A silken thread that twines the sheaf
And clasps a violet.

'Twas this I found on looking o'er
A packet of valentines
And billet-doux of long ago—
A score of years and more.

The leaf is bronzed, the mignon gold,
The violet gold and blue;
The forms unchanged. just as of old
It came to me from you!

Years five and twenty now have past
Since first I held the token—
Years five and twenty still hold fast
Our vows of love unbroken!

While Time his chimes and changes rings
From clime to clime, from youth to age,
How blest are we! who still can sing
The songs we loved on golden page
Of youth and truth so long ago!
Thank Heaven that He hath blest us so!

MAHRUD, Oct. 3, 1880.

He Couldn't Help It.

There was another case yesterday of a boy who couldn't help it. A prominent and dignified citizen was looking through the third story window of a block on Jefferson avenue, which he had thoughts of renting, when the idea suddenly struck him to look into the alley in the rear. He raised the sash of a window and peered out upon ash boxes, coal-scuttles and barrels of straw without number, and was about to close his observations when the sash came down with a thud and struck him behind the shoulders. In his fright he fell to his knees, and while the solid part of his body was all right, the lighter was over the window-sill. In addition to the weight of the sash any movement of the body was accompanied by pain. The sash could not be reached with his hands freely enough to lift it, and it soon occurred to the prominent citizen that he ought to have help. He could not expect it from behind for he was alone in the store, but as he looked down into the alley a boy came stumping along to find something worth lugging away.

"Hello! boy, hello!" called the citizen.

"Hello yourself," replied the boy as he looked up.

"Say, boy, come under the window here; I want to speak to you."

"Not much, yer don't," chuckled the gamin. "You can't drop no coal-scuttles on my head."

"But I don't mean to."

"Mebbe not, but you've got a bad face on you for all that. When did you get out of the jug?"

"Boy, I want your help."

"So does your aunt. Don't get me to stand in with no such duffer as you are."

"I am caught in this window and want to get out."

"So would I. Been prospecting for old junk, eh! You'll get six months for that."

"If you'll come up stairs and help me out I'll give you a dollar!"

"A dollar! You can't play no dollar store on me, old man! If you make up another face like that at me I'll hit you in the eye with this old lemon. I don't look starched up, but I don't let any man insult me all the same."

"Don't you know who I am?" softly asked the citizen.

"Naw, I don't, but I'll bet the perleece do! You've got one of the hardest mugs on you I ever saw, and I've a good mind to give you one just for luck! Look out, now!"

He made as if hs would throw, and the citizen dodged. This was such fun for the boy, that he kept it up for three or four minutes, and an offer of two dollars had no effect on him. Then he gathered six or eight old lemons and oranges together and said:

"I believe you are the boss hyena who knocked dad down at the caucus, and I'm going to drive your nose back exactly an inch!"

"If you throw at me I'll call the police!" exclaimed the citizen.

"The sooner ye call, the sooner ye'll be jugged! Here's to hit you square on the nose."

The opening of the back door of a store and the appearance of a man disconcerted the lad's aim and the lemon struck the citizen's hat instead of his nose. His yells brought a climax, but the air was full of tropical fruit even as the boy dusted down the alley and turned a corner.

The boy could'nt help acting that way. He was born so. It would'nt have been a bit like a boy to run up stairs and release the man. He did'nt have a fair show with his spoiled lemons, but boys soon get over disappointments.

INDIANS SHOPPING.

In her book on Manitoba Miss Fitzgibbon says: "I watched some Indians shopping, and was astonished to see how invariably they waved aside inferior goods and chose such materials as merinoes at $1.50 to $2 (7s 6d to 10s) a yard. One of the merchants told me it was useless to offer them anything but the best. An Indian, who could not speak English nor French, and wanted five things, divided his money according to hi idea of their relative cost in little piles on the counter, and, going through a pantomime descriptive of his wants, was handed first some silk handkerchiefs. Taking one up, he felt it, held it up to the light, and, throwing it aside, shook his head vigorously, uttering an "Ugh!" of disgust. When shown a better one, he was doubtful; but upon a much superior article being produced, he took it, and willingly handed over one pile for it. This, however, was too much, and when given the change he put it on one of the other piles, and proceeded in the same way to make the rest of his purchases. "How easily they could be cheated," I said to the clerk after the Indian had left. "No," he replied, "not so easily as would appear." They generally come in from their camps in great numbers once a year, to sell furs and make purchases. They go to different shops, and on their return compare notes as to the cost and quality of their goods. Then, if one has paid more than another, or has been cheated in quality, he will never enter the shop again; and the firm that gives the greatest bargains is most patronized on their return."

A TRAVELING TYPO.

A Scotch printer without a penny in his pocket arrived in Detroit one day last week, after a four years' journey around the world. He sailed from San Francisco as steward on a ship bound for Tokio, but in consequence of a quarrel with the officers was compelled to go ashore at the Sandwich Islands. After setting type in the office of the *Honolulu Gazette* he was engaged as hostler to help take care of a stable of thirty horses that were being shipped to Melbourne. His stay in Australia lasted nearly a year, during which he walked through the various provinces and visited the bush, until in the fall of 1877 he shipped on a coasting vessel at Hobart Town, and for several months was knocked about the West Indies. Shipwrecked, he was picked up by a merchantman, and was taken to the Suez Canal. From Egypt he traveled as servant to English travelers, and, as a vagabond, through the Holy Land, and at last brought up at Constantinople. In this way he went up the Danube, and during the summer of 1878 was a sailor before the mast on the Baltic Sea. In the fall he traveled on foot to Geneva and Rome, whence he sailed to Genoa, made his way to Madrid and at last arrived in Paris in March, 1879. After working as a printer in job offices several weeks, he earned enough money to pay his passage to London, and in July sailed from Liverpool to Havana and Charleston, S. C., where he arrived about a year ago. Since that time he has tramped through most of the Eastern States and is now on his way to San Francisco.

—Sara Bernhardt is back in Paris, after fulfilling a brief engagement at Copenhagen. She gave great delight to the Danes, who can appreciate good acting as well as any people in Europe, and brought home considerable cash with her. Sara has not yet paid the damages to the Comedie Francaise judicially awarded against her. The sum is 100,000 francs, and she has just asked the society to receive it in four annual payments. Probably at their next meeting they will accept the proposition. The great actress is thinner than ever, and eats at the buffets in a most singular manner, keeping her mouth wide open. She wears an immense hat, and appears excessively imperious to the lady with her whenever her requirements are not immediately attended to.

—The mother who brings up her boy to run rather than fight will turn out a man who can be bluffed when he knows he has a sure thing. A tree never shaken by a storm does not root deep

—A loafer in Sacramento was put to good use the other day, when he stopped a bullet meant for three-dollar dog.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

THE WEDDING TROUSSEAU.

The richest bridal dresses worn recently have been made of white satin or brocade trimmed with lace, or Surale silk embroidered in bouquets and vides. They are are in the Princess style; the overdress of lace, or lace arranged as scarfs, forms the entire drapery. The garniture consists of flounces in masses and trailing fringes of pearl or chenille. Some of the brocades are white or pale gold, white or lilac, on delicate blue, and on white, and one is in shaded colors on an ivory-tinted ground. A handsome wedding robe recently seen was cut in the classic style with heavy graceful drapery at the back. The entire front was of silk corded with gold, edged with white lace and embroidered with blush roses, gold buds and pansies. The flowing sleeves were short, edged with lace and lined with the embroidered silk. A cashmere dress of the same outfit was of the palest blue. The skirt of the costume was short, and kilted the entire length. The Jersey bodice was nearly covered with an embroidery of daisies and violets. A similar toilet of mauve was rendered more elaborate by the addition of paniers of lace, thus making it suitable for ordinary dinner dress. Another elegant robe for a bride was of brocade and white satin trimmed with Languedoc lace. The skirt had a long train, short front,' which was massed in crimped silk, chenille fringe and lace. Lavender, mauve, pearl-color and the pinkish lilac tints are worn as the principal evening dress, next after the wedding dress—in a bride's outfits. These shades have always been the first choice for the dress in which a mother accompanies her daughter to the altar.

BRIDESMAIDS' COSTUMES.

They adopt the English fashion of wearing large quaint hats or bonnets. At a recent wedding the bridesmaids wore princess dresses of pale pink, a combination of pink and brocade, and large hats of the Gainesborough shape, trimmed with Breton lace and immense crushed roses. At another the bridesmaids wore dresses of cream-colored Indian crape, striped with satin; in front a deep fluting of crape fell over another of blue satin. A tunic of the crape was looped up with bows of cream-colored and pale blue satin. The bodice was in the shape of a coat and of striped pale blue satin. A Louis Quinze hat, cream color, was lined with pale blue satin and trimmed with cream-colored feathers. Plenty of creamy lace was about the neck and wrists, and silver ornaments. The bridesmaids at a fashionable New York wedding wore Watteau dresses of white dotted muslin, garnitured with lace and decorated with bright flowers; and they carried baskets of wild flowers—one of buttercups, one of violets, one of roses and one of coxcombs.

NOVELTIES IN LINGERIE.

In London it is the fashion to muffle the throat. Parisians, however, are wearing broad turn-over collars of linen and lace, with the wide, flowing Medici collars of velvet or brocaded satin worn with them. The collars of linen are simply fastened with a stud or brooch and no bow or tie is worn. A new style in neckerchiefs is laced down the front by a cord, which is twisted about little pegs like those in laced gloves and is fastened behind under a ribbon bow. It is trimmed on the edge with lace and is pretty and gay looking. A novel cravat, shaped exactly like a gentleman's, is intended to be worn with a habit shirt. It is of silk, embroidered on the inner piece and crossing pieces with floss silk in a design representing grapes and their tendrils. Another of similar form in old gold satin is embroidered with holly berries without leaves. French mulle handkerchiefs are trimmed with fine lace. Drawn work or "tied work" is a novelty in decoration, while the monogram is small and worked in floss silk. Cravats come in all the brilliant colors of brocaded silk, and also in the graver hues of Japanese and Chinese fabrics. Necklaces of Parisian twilled silk in varied designs are also worn. They are very broad and are sometimes worn with a slide or scarf pin. They are called the De Joinvillette scarfs. The delicate fisherman's green, palest blue and Parisian mauve colors in floriated patterns are worn by blondes, and peach blossoms and frou-frou-buff by brunettes. Directoire collars of black velvet are richly embroidered and trimmed with gold lace; they are also made of garnet, purple, wine, or dark myrtle green velvet, or brocaded satin de Lyon and edged with a frill of creamy Languedoc lace.

CLOAKS AND SURTOUTS.

The long cloaks worn last winter are not likely to be in favor this season as they cover up and destroy the beauty of rich walking suits. There are, however, pelisses of black woolen goods or gros grain silk, which are lined with bright colored satins, such as red, sapphire, blue and old gold. These are trimmed with black lace and are tight in the back. At the neck is a large bow with a falling loops. The same garment will be trimmed for winter wear with fur and passementerie. Fur lined wraps are worn for carriage and outside wraps at opera, but they are cold and cumbersome for walking. For dolmans the trimming usually consists of jet fringe or passementerie, with silk or velvet bands. They have either square or pointed sleeve while the plain coat sleeve is considered the style for a regular cloak. English jackets of light-colored cloths, with large plush collars, cuffs and pockets, are worn with street costumes. The large buttons and the pretty linings of heliotrope, old gold, pink, pale blue or cardina Surale, are marked features of these jaunty jackets. Bands are used on black silk and satin de Lyon mantelettes, and are of the satin fringe and jet. Passementeries are heavily embroidered in jet, and are alike remarkable for their beauty and expense. Among the furs are seal dolmans, heavily trimmed with black fox and lined with quilted satin of old gold, scarlet, blue and elegantly embroidered on the sleeves and border. Other seal dolmans and sacques are lined with ermine. Another style is a long ulster, splendidly lined and embroidered, having large revers and pockets of black fox. Very elegant circulars, lined with astrachan, are also seen. Stylish collars and muffs, made of the plumage of rare birds, of mixed grave and brilliant colors, are costly novelties. Muffs are about the same size as of last season.

THE LATEST IN CHAPEAUX.

In small head coverings there are pretty, soft-crowned turbans of black velvet, with bands of jetted cock's feathers and black plumes, and very little bonnets of white plush, with white ostrich feathers clinging closely to them and falling over their brims, and trimmed with a colored ribbon laid over the crown and forming the strings. Caps are worn of silvered plush, fitting the head closely, and ornamented on the left side by two shaded feathers, exactly matching the plush, and having a plume or tiger's claw fastened a little to the left of the front. Black bears' claws are used for the black and white plush caps. The new ornaments for these hats are gilt beetles, grasshoppers, garnet, jet and gold-stone beetles, cornelian cornucopias, mounted in silver and gold, bands and crowns of jet, jet in beads and in strings. Birds' wings, feathers, breasts and heads; in fact, birds entire or divided are used on hats and toques. Few owls' heads are worn this season. Wide-brimmed, soft beaver hats are considered very stylish, their only trimming consisting of plumes and wings or birds' heads. The long nap beavers come in colors to correspond with the new dress goods—wine color, sapphire and ciel blue. The Tam o' Shanter hats are caps of black velvet, with two feathers drooping from the back and a bird's head pressed closely against the side. Some of them have bands of plain ribbon finishing the edge, with flat rosettes of the plaid on the crown. These are particularly becoming to a bright young face.

CHIT-CHAT.

An art decorator has carried out a new idea and has enriched the walls of a chamber with wood-carving, instead of hanging pictures upon them.

Says an Eastern paper: "To the male mind, nothing that a woman can do for herself, short of lopping off her nose or her ears would be more disfiguring than the arrangement of her hair in plastered curls upon her forehead. Why a respectable woman ever consents to make herself hideous in such a fashion is an impenetrable mystery."

At a New York lunch party presents were given to the guests at the beginning of each of the eight courses. If this fashion is universally adopted one will have to be a millionaire or else be considered inhospitable by not giving any parties at all.

Among the new floral designs are those of the bow and arrow, star, column, ox-yoke an antique vase, pitcher, embroidery in its frame, an anchor, an altar and a marriage bell, a crescent and star, a shoe, a fan, a pipe of peace, gypsy kettle, and a gun and target.

As the tight-fitting close dresses do not admit of pockets the bag or reticule is almost a necessary of the toilet. These are made of silk or satin, macrame lace, leather and seal, and are neither hand painted or embroidered, though the heavier ones sometimes have the monogram of the wearer.

All manner of ornaments for the table or dressing-case are displayed in great numbers. Card receivers of French gilt are studded with rubies and turquoise; enameled candlesticks, watch stands, paper weights and inkstands. Jewelry boxes in two or more shades on a satin ground, and lined with satin, make dainty receptacles for rings and other jewels.

Among the novelties are salt and pepper boxes of hammered or beaten gold and silver, in imitation of the old Pompeiian styles. They are very quaint and antique in appearance and shape. Match boxes for gentlemen are made of frosted silver, with fern and grasses engraved so as to bring the two shades of silver into contrast. Card cases are also made in the same way and of oxidized silver.

France is borrowing her fashions from England in regard to her visiting cards. They show the name in gold letters on a black, blue, or other novel ground, and the coat of arms is added in one corner. They make the suggestion that elegantes who are not so fortunate as to have inherited armorial bearings from their forefathers can easily substitute for them some distinguishing emblem that will pass muster with that large section of society which is not acquainted with the science of heraldry.

FIGURE OF THE EARTH.

Physical Forces Which Produce the Present Shape.

The *Comptes Rendus* of the French Academy contains a remarkable paper by M. Faye on the physical forces which have produced the present figure of the earth. After remarking on the use of the pendulum in determining the figures of the earth from series of measurements of the intensity and direction of gravitation force at different parts of the earth's surface, he draws attention to the very curious fact that while the direction and intensity of gravity are affected perceptibly by the presence of hills such as Schichallion and Arthur's Seat, or even by masses as small as the great pyramid of Gizeh, gigantic mountains such as Himalayas, do not affect the pendulum indications in any sensible manner, except in certain cases where upon elevated continents there appears to be a veritable defeat of attraction instead of the excess which might be expected. Indeed, the observations are sufficiently striking to seem to point to the supposition that not only under the whole of every large continent there were enormous cavities. More than this, the attractions at the surface of all the great oceans appear too great to agree with the distribution presumed by Clairant's formula, which is exact enough for most purposes.

Sir G. Airy's suggestion that the base of the Himalaya range reaches down into the denser liquid interior, and there displaces a certain amount of that liquid, so that the exterior attraction is thereby lessened, is one which, inherently improbable, fails to have any application in explaining why the attraction above the seas should be greater than over the continents. M. Faye propounds the following solution to the difficulty: Under the oceans the globe cools more rapidly and to a greater depth than beneath the surface of the continents. At a depth of 4,000 meters (13,000 feet) the ocean will still have a temperature not remote from 0° C., while at a similar depth beneath the earth's crust the temperature would not be far from 150° C. (allowing 108 feet in depth down for an increase of 2° in the internal temperature). If the earth had been but one uniform rate of cooling all over it, it would be reasonable to assume that the solidified crust would have the same thickness and the same average density all over it. It is therefore argued that below the primitive oceans the earth's crust assumed a definite solid thickness before the continents, and that in contracting, these thicker portions exercised a pressure upon the fluid nucleus tending to elevate still further the continents. The hypothesis, M. Faye thinks, will, moreover, explain the unequal distribution of land and sea around the two poles, the general rise and fall of continents being determined by the excess of density of the crust below the oceans, and by the lines or points of less resistance to internal pressure being at the middle of continents or at the margin of oceans.

AN INDIAN FIGHT.

American and Canadian Indians Engage in Combat Near the Border—Fears of an Extensive Rising.

(By telegraph to the New York Herald.)

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, Oct. 6th, 1880.

Word has just reached here giving some particulars relative to a fight on the Montana frontier between American and Canadian Indians. The written dispatch is dated from Fort Quappelle, and states that a serious fight has recently occurred on the Coteau Hills, between Canadian and American Indians. It appears that the former, who were from Oceanman's and White Bear's bands, left their reserves at Moose Mountain, some seventy miles northwest of Fort Ellice, about the beginning of September in the pursuit of buffalo. They soon reached the Missouri Coteau range of hills extending from the international boundary in a northwestern direction toward Old Wire's Lake. Camping on the edge of the Coteau Hills, one morning just as they were breaking camp they observed a body of Indians riding toward them over the hills. As it was evident from the appearance of the riders that they were on the war path the Canadian Indians immediately corralled their carts and threw their tents over them. When the riders came up Oceanman's brother jumped out of the corral and asked what they were. The rider replied, "Indians and Grosventres," and asked who the Canadians were. No sooner had the reply "Stoneys and Ojibways" been given than the Americans, who were armed with Winchester repeating rifles and well supplied with ammunition, opened fire. Oceanman's brother retreated to the corral, in which he and his companions kept up a brisk fire on the attacking party. Though only armed with flint arms the Canadians resisted so desperately that the fight was kept up all day, all the male Canadian Indians being killed, as well as a number of women and children. Three women succeeded in escaping.

A TIMELY ARRIVAL.

An Ojibway from Fort Ellice, who was following in the track of the Canadian Indians, heard the firing in the evening and concluded that they had found buffalo, and pushed on rapidly to overtake them. When he got near he noticed the American Indians, of whom there were between twenty and thirty; in full retreat, as they evidently thought that he and his two companions were the advance guard of a large party. On reaching the corral the Ojibway entered it, and found the bodies of eight dead Indians, besides women and children. Among the dead were the brother of the Stoneys' chief, Oceanman, and his head man. Near the corral was the body of an American Indian, which he scalped. There were also three Winchester rifles left on the ground, which justifies the belief that the American Indians carried off some of their dead. The Ojibway took the scalp to Fort Ellice, where the scalp dance was kept up for several days. The scalp has been divided up and sent to various friendly bands, in the hope that they may be induced to make common cause against the Americans. Oceanman, who is much roused by the loss of his tribe, has communicated with the Indian Commissioners, stating that when the treaty was made he believed that war was to be at an end and that the Indians were to live in peace. He is now poor and ill supplied with ammunition, and expects the government to defend him and his from the American Indians who may cross the line to the Canadian hunting grounds. If something is not done he threatens to go on the war path next year.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—A bootblack at Hot Spring, Ark., shot and killed the man who intimated that he was a liar.

—Twin street, at Piper City, Ill., was so named because six pairs of twins were born in it within a few years.

—John Hicks goes to the penitentiary for two years, at Jeffersonville, Ind., at the age of 80. He has spent fifty years of his life in prisons.

—The London, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells and Brighton coach horses, eighty in number, were sold by Messrs. Tattersall, on Sept. 20, and realized $18,500.

—At a recent police trial in London tow ndividuals swore, under cross-examination, that "they got their living by buying cheap violins and doctoring them up to represent old ones, and selling them as such.

—The English Bank of San Francisco, with a capital of three millions, has returned one million to its shareholders. The great falling off in business does not afford profitable employment for their former capital.

—"The Armada of Coercion."—(From the Sultan's point of view)—Sultan: "Oh. That is the naval demonstration! Very nice! Highly creditable to the Powers, I'm sure, Wonder if they'll give us any fire works?" —*Funny Folks.*

—Two and a half millions of tropical oranges were received in the past six months at San Francisco from the French Islands of Tahiti. They have come in equal numbers every month from March to September, showing that the trees are in perpetual bearing.

—The following notice was posted by the President of the Wooster (Ohio) University: "No female student is expected to receive more than one male visitor per week, and he must not stay later than 9 o'clock." An indignation meeting was held by the girls, and rebellion resolutions passed.

—George S. Walker is being prosecuted in Philadelphia for marrying his niece. The Pennsylvania law on the subject says that "no woman shall marry her mother's brother," and Walker's lawyer argues that it does not forbid the brother to marry the niece. A decision has not been reached.

—An aged miser was found murdered in his house, at Niles, Mich., and $500 of his hoard was missing. For months the mystery of the crime was not penetrated. At length a quiet fourteen-year-old boy of the neighborhood began to spend money freely. Being accused of the murder he confessed his guilt.

—Of the last lots of Mormons embarking from Liverpool and Glasgow for Utah, 1,500 have been Welsh miners. It is a striking fact that the Mormons have never yet got a recruit in Ireland, and have hardly yet got one anywhere who was a member of the Protestant Episcopal or Roman Catholic churches.

—According to recent statistics, taking 1,000 well-to-do persons and 1,000 poor persons after five years there remained alive of the prosperous 943, of the poor only 655. After fifty years there remained of the prosperous 557, of the poor 283; at seventy years of age there remained 235 of the prosperous and of the poor 65.

—Elisha Bliss, Jr., who lately died at Hartford, Conn., made a fortune by discovering the fun of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" while the work was in manuscript. Twain had tried in vain to secure a publisher, and was about to throw the matter aside in despair when a journalist friend sent him to Bliss, who was the President of a subscription book company.

—The Czar's recent trip to Livadia was guarded by forty thousand men stationed along the line. He is more afraid of assassination than ever. The programme of his proceedings is made public and then altered. He does not sleep twice in succession in the same chamber, and takes his meals at different places and hours from those expected.

—Under the auspices of the British Goat Society, a kid dinner was given on the third day of the goat show, at Alexandra Palace. The viands consisted solely of the flesh of the kid at different ages, dress in various ways to represent fowl, mutton, lamb, veal and fawn. The object was to bring this article of food into more general consumption.

—Mrs. Mack is on trial for murder at Jefferson, Wis. A large bouquet, conspicuously inscribed, "From one who believes you innocent," was sent to her in the court room. Her counsel was about to place it on a table in front of the jury, when the presiding judge said: "Those flowers must not be displayed. Take them away." The lawyer made a speech on the subject, but the court was obdurate, and the flowers were carried out.

—Marshal Bazaine writes to the Paris *Gaulois* from Madrid to inform his friends, if he still has any, in his misfortunes, that during the six years of his residence in Spain he has never suffered from the slightest indisposition He does not know why people are making him die by anticipation. But, adds the Marshal: "I have so often risked my life during my long and arduous career, that obituary notices have little effect upon me."

—Among the items of Australian news, weather of unusual severity is reported, and especially in New South Wales. Heavy snow had fallen on the 29th of July in the Braidwood District, lying at least two feet deep on the roads, and causing great destruction to flocks. In the Coema District one squatter lost 500 sheep. In South Australia the cold is reported to be intense, and the fall of snow in some parts the heaviest experienced for the last twenty years.

—Two marble busts of the Prince Imperial have lately been finished by Mr. Best, the sculptor, one for Queen Victoria, representing the cadet at Chislehurst, and the other for Gen. Simmons, which is to be presented to the Royal Military Academy, at which the ill-fated youth studied. It is said that the Empress will have the bodies of her husband and son brought to wherever she may pitch upon for her residence, and placed in a mausoleum there. She is in very delicate health.

—Bull Run Russell, in his army journal gives a statement of a recent march of a Russian force which throws into the shade the fifteen or sixteen miles a day of the Candahar march. The Russian column accomplished one thousand miles from Taskend to Kuldja in sixty days. Inclusive of halts, it may be assumed that the Russians covered the ground at the rate of eighteen miles a day, as they generally give a day's rest out of every seven. In one day the Russians made a march of thirty-six miles.

—There are several hundred physicians practising under diplomas granted by the New England University of Arts and Sciences. These documents are dated at Boston, but the institution was unknown there, and the police could not find it at all. A newspaper reporter, however, discovered it in the suburban residence of Dr. Harry C. Stickney. It consisted simply of a stock of blank diplomas, handsomely engraved, which Stickney filled out and sold for almost any price that an applicant would pay.

—Mrs. Partington returns from the seaside.—"Yes, I've been to a seaside resort. I have had my summer extortion, and I must confess my anticipations surpassed my expectations. To people in indignant circumstances the recommendations might be satisfactory; but it is beyond my reprehension how people of effulgence—people who have lugubrious homes, surmounted by all that embezzles civilized life—can put up such caverns. They must have invested tastes."

—Gambetta, the virtual ruler of France now, has somewhat modified his views on the education question, and now desires to rally round him a party of radical and republican priests. As he has cunningly rallied a portion army to him, he is now trying a similar success with the clergy. He has gone to mass at the chapter near his country villa for some Sundays past. His chief pastime there is fishing for frogs and then having them cooked by his famous *chef de cuisine*.

—A couple whose family occupy a high social position in England were actually at the altar of the chappel in Accrington when the clergyman discovered that the requisite notice had not been given, and the ceremony had to be postponed to next day. The would-be bride and bridegroom consoled themselves in a very sensible and philosophical manner by returning home to consume the "breakfast," after which they drove out to spend the afternoon at a picturesque spot in the region.

—A London undertaker has, within the last few weeks, driven through the city as an advertisement an enormous coffin, mounted on a base and drawn by five horses. This final receptacle is got up in the most gaudy colors, ornamented with the name and address of the purveyor on the outside, and lined with white satin or some other comfortable and pleasant-looking material. A live corpse, with a sheet about him, did duty in this luxurious tenement, just to let the public see what a fine time one would have of it who should be lucky enough to obtain possession of the lodgment in perpetuity.

—Johnny Mullens was an industrious highwayman in Nevada. He saved up $8,000 from his booty, and retired from business. Going to Colorado, where he was unknown, he married Elenora Perkins, the daughter of a farmer, and settled down for a quiet life. His only fear was that his wife would learn what he had been, and leave him in disgust. The fact was that she had known the source of the fortune, and had married him for the sole purpose of getting it. Having attained this object, she lately hired a man to murder him. Such, at least, is the charge on which she has been put in jail.

—Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe vehemently denounces the passion play at Ober-Ammergau. "At best," he says in the *Independent*, "what is it but a fearful materializing of what we are to behold by faith? Is it conceivable that St. Paul would have acted in such a scheme as that of Ober-Ammergau? Over the awful scene itself the Almighty drew down a veil. Three hours did Mercy hide the suffering Redeemer from those who crucified him. For those who rend that veil and gaze upon the mimic spectacle let me say heartily: 'They know not what they do.'"

—Sir Charles Dilke, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in England, has a pretty little Provencal home to which he always retires when the session is over. There he receives little or no company, keeps very regular hours, is a strict teetotaler, and divides his time between gardening and study. His grapes have won medals, and some excellent wine has been made on the estate, though the lord thereof never tastes of it. He has been employed for the last six years or so on a history of Europe during the nineteenth century, a book very much wanted if only the author will limit himself to twenty octavos at the most.

—The champagne vintage of 1874 was one of the finest on record, both in quality and quantity, and the viticulturists of the Marne unhesitatingly pronounced it the *vin anglais par excellence.* Just such another wine in point of quality now on the eve of being vintaged on the declivities of the mountain of Rheims, and on the sunny slopes overlooking the river Marne. Unfortunately, however, the yield will be the smallest that has been known for many years past. Such condition of things seldom presents itself, for in the champagne quality and quantity usually go together.

—The red deer of the Scotch forests is a animal of surprising strength, swiftness, courage, and sagacity, and of such size that in some instances stags have been killed weighing not less than twenty-six stone. In his native fastnesses the red deer is altogether another quadruped from the tame specimens of his majestic race which are occasionally to be seen in English parks, as at Blenheim, Oxfordshire and Charlecote, near Stratford-on-Avon. But even in the English parks the red deer prefer the least frequented and most inaccessible spots, and are dangerous of approach.

—Considerable devastation has been wrought, during the last three years, in several agricultural districts of central Germany, by the hamster, or marmot. In the district of Aschersleben, two years ago, nearly 80,000 marmots were caught and killed on the municipal estates alone, comprising some 20,000 morgen of land under cultivation. Last autumn the trappers succeeded in capturing 83,000 odd, but the nuisance has reappeared in greater force than ever this autumn, and it is feared that nothing short of wholesale cremation, inflicted upon the surface of the municipal domains, will rid them of the pest.

—A way to bet with perfect safety on the election has been devised. A says to B: "I'll bet you $5 that I can name twenty-five States that will go for Garfield;" or he may make the same offer on Hancock. B accepts the offer, of course. A then says: "I'll bet $15 I can name four other States that will go for Garfield." B thinks this more absurd than the previous proposition, and takes it up promptly. Then A names twenty-five States, leaving out four that are sure to be carried by Garfield, and these four he names as the "four others." Thus he loses $5 on the first but gets $15 on the second.

—The experiments begun ten or twelve years ago for naturalizing in certain parts of India the best varieties of the cinchona or Peruvian bark tree have been attended with the most remarkable success, and there are now in various stages of growth probably millions of cinchona plants already yielding the Peruvian bark so plentifully and so perfectly that the price of quinine has fallen considerably in Ceylon and other parts. There is every probability that in six or seven years the Indian production of quinine will be so large and the price so low that it will become a considerable article of export.

—An English physician stationed in Formosa says: "The Chinese make, on the whole, very good patients. Occasionally some of them try our patience not a little. One takes a four days' supply of medicine away with him, the receipt bearing on it, 'a spoonful three times daily after each meal.' He comes back next morning for more, thinking to flatter you by stating that he drank the former quantity at one dose. Another has his arm carefully put up in splints, and on his next visit he brings his dressings in a separate parcel. They are great believers in internal administration, and, although he have only a cut finger, it is difficult for a Chinaman to see why he should not get some medicine to 'eat.'"

—Here is the last discovery in photography. A Frenchman takes one negative of a sitter with open eyes. Then he makes the sitter shut his eyes and remain exactly in the same position while another negative is taken. The two negatives are printed on the same paper, one on each side, exactly coinciding. When this double-faced picture is held in proper position before a lamp, and the lamp is rapidly moved or caused to flicker, the curious effect is produced of long-continued winking. It is not claimed that a person looks more beautiful when he keeps winking, but it cannot be denied that it gives a person a very interesting appearance.

—The prosecution for high treason commenced in February, 1876, against the former German Ambassador in Paris, Count von Arnim, ended, as is well known, in the Count being sentenced by the Kammergericht in Berlin to five years' penal servitude. This severe sentence Count von Arnim escaped by withdrawing into Italy. For some time past the Count has been addressing himself to the Public Prosecutor in the hope of obtaining a suspension of his sentence, in which case he would return to Germany and submit himself to a new trial. His appeal, however, was refused by the Public Prosecutor, and has also been rejected by the courts.

—Howth Castle, which the traveler through Ireland to or from England sees looking over the beautiful bay of Dublin, is one of the oldest houses in Ireland, with a very full complement of historical and picturesque legends attached to it. Veritable antiquity is stamped on the low ceilings, marvelously thick walls, and dark oak woodwork. The present Earl of Howth is a bachelor, and before coming to the earldom was, as Lord St. Lawrence, for several years M. P. for Galway. In the present possessor's youth, Roger Tichborne was a constant guest at the castle. His autograph is to be found in the house book, with his weight appended thereto.

—The Italian Minister of the Interior Signor Depretis, lately issued a circular to all the prefects of the kingdom, calling their attention to the extraordinary number of arrests made by the police which were not followed by a conviction. The Minister says that this fact cannot but injure the prestige of justice and the dignity of the authorities. The criminal statistics show that, on an average, a thousand persons are arrested daily, which means 365,000 criminals in the year. But the judicial authorities deny that these criminals really exist, as of the 365,000 persons arrested 240,000, or two-thirds, are released at the first interrogatory. Thus every day 660 innocent persons are imprisoned through caprice, abuse, or on an empty pretext.

—That peculiar Boston savings bank, the Ladies' Deposit, has not yet come to disaster, and the operations remain a mystery. It is run by Sarah E. Howe, who was formerly a clairvoyant, and has been imprisoned twice on charges of swindling. Professedly, the Ladies' Desosit is a charity for the encouragement and help of provident women. Deposits are taken only from unmarried women who work for a living, and on these interest is paid at the rate of four per cent. per month. When asked to explain how she can afford to do that, she replies vaguely that she has a fund contributed for the purpose by some benevolent Quakers. No trace of any investment by her can be found, except the purchase of a $50,000 house in her own name. Interest has been paid promptly for about two years, and most of the depositors have confidence in the concern. The newspapers, however, denounce it as a fraud.

—Not every criminal who incurs the penalty of banishment to Siberia is on that account to be compassionated. Mr. Juchanzeff, known throughout Russia by the significant sobriquet of "The Stealer of Millions," travelled to Krasnojarsk, the town selected for his penal residence by the imperial authorities, in princely style, attened by a suite of servants, carriages and horses, and it would appear that he has become the leader of fashion in that Siberian city. Tailors, perfumers and tobacconists advertise their wares under his name; he has been elected a member of the leading club, and is about to contract an alliance with a young lady belonging to one of the first families of Krasnojarsk. His dinner parties are attended by the chief official personages and local notabilities; ladies of the best society flock to his evening receptions, and accept the splendid presents with which he courts their favor and social countenance.

—The Presbyterian congregation at Brussels, Ohio, made up a purse of $100 for their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, to meet the expenses of his vacation. The reverend gentleman decided to spend the time and money in St. Louis, where an industrial fair was in progress. He had not been in that city an hour before he met an affable young man, who knew all about him and the folks at Brussels, and who brought him to a room where a game of chance was going on. The manager permitted the clergyman to draw several times without charge, and then informed him that there was $700 to his credit. The gambler proposed to pay this with as "good as gold" check for $800, which he professed to have just won from a solid merchant, taking the $100 difference in money. The pastor fell into the trap, and parted with his $100, receiving a worthless check. At the police station he was asked if he had never read newspaper accounts of such swindles. "I only read the religious journals," he replied, "and never pay much attention to the secular press."

—The *Celestial Empire*, commenting on a statement in an American paper that a number of applications from ex-officers of the United States army and navy had been sent to the Chinese Government, requesting service under the imperial dragon flag in the event of war between that country and Russia, says: "Of the foreigners now holding commissions in the Chinese land forces there are two Frenchmen in Kansu, one German at Chefoo, one at Tientsin, and one at Shanghai, one Englishman at Taiwan, and one at Hankow. There are also a number of foreign ex-military officers in the 'Imperial Maritime Customs Service,' whose Chinese military record extends back to the Taiping rebellion, some of them having served during the Japanese campaign in the Island of Formosa. These will no doubt be called upon to again volunteer, on account of their adaptability for the field, as they nearly all possess a sufficient knowledge of the Chinese language for drilling and evolutionary purposes. It may be of interest to American military men who may entertain hopes of preferment not to raise them too high, as the German infantry and English artillery systems are the favorite standards of both Li Hungchang and Tso Tsung-t'ang, the two great Chinese military leaders."

—A passion play, entitled "The Passion and Death of Our Lord Jesus Christ," was lately produced in Havana by a Spanish theatrical company. Leopoldo Buron, an actor of considerable ability, personated Christ. The piece was largely spectacular, tableaux of Christ blessing little children, the entry into Jerusalem, the betrayal, the last supper, and the crucifixion being highly artistic. The prayer of Christ on the mountain was introduced with mechanical effects, an angel descending from a silver chalice, and floating away after he had drunk. Ida Williams, describing the play in a letter to the Fishkill *Standard*, says: "Then was to follow the crucifixion. I had been wrought up to a religious frenzy. The man whom I had seen scourged had become divine in my eyes. Our box commanded a perfect view of the stage, and from the adjoining ante-room we could see behind the scenes. I hoped to get a nearer view of Buron, and looking over saw the three crosses—with Buron and the two with him—waiting to raise the curtain till my hero, the man I had almost deified, had finished his cigar. No more grotesque sight can be imagined—the three in flesh-colored silk tights, wound about the loins with linen, the Christ painted to look the sorrowing pained martyr upon the cross—smoking a cigar! I returned to the box again. Buron was a man, after all, a very human one."

—Poor Lord Mountmorres was very "small potatoes" as compared with the last noble victim of "the wild justice of revenge." Lord Leitrim had tens of thousands of acres, and left over $1,000,000 personalty, while Lord Montmorres's whole property would only have formed a moderate-sized farm. His residence, rather ambitiously described as Ebor Hall, stood in a wild section of Galway, between Loughs Mark and Corrib, and not far from the romantically situated town of Cong, famous for its underground rivers. Three Irish peers have been murdered during the present century—the Earls of Norbury and Leitrim, and now Viscount Montmorres. Lord Norbury's death was always supposed to have been due to his having removed some corpses from a graveyard, for it is a curious circumstance that, while pigs are permitted in many parts of Ireland to root up human bones unmolested, it would cost a man dear to remove those bones reverently and place them in another place. One of the evils attending an agrarian murder is that the family of the victim thenceforward usually cease to reside in the country where it took place. The Norbury family, since the killing of the second Earl, have had no residence in Ireland. Again, since the murder of the late Major Mahon, Strokestown, a fine seat, with one of the few deer parks in the country, has been deserted. Even if a land-owner is himself willing to brave it out, the women of his family become so miserable that he gives way.

— The eccentric King of Bavaria has come again to study at Versailles all that bears the stamp of the fourteenth Louis. When last there King Ludwig had in attendance on him gentlemen provided with old maps, plans and engravings of the palace and gardens, which he consulted frequently. He wanted to get well into his head the exact physiognomy which they presented in the seventeenth century, and so reproduce it in a *schlou* which he is building. The gallant side of royal life at Versailles is not understood or even perceived by the Bavarian copyist. The reverend fathers who were his tutors imparted to him the theological view of the sex of which their foe, Lola Montes, was an ornament. His education was strait and strict, and he had to put away boyish things in childhood. The body grew in grace and beauty, thanks to the drill sergeant and riding master, but the mind was distorted and unhinged. Its balance was not naturally true, but there were capacities of no mean order, and some fine feeling. The King had been so often warned against the wiles of Eve's daughters, and his mind was crammed with texts from the Fathers against them, that he came to the throne a misogynist, and has remained one. Some years ago, when visiting Paris, he abode at the German embassy. To put him at his ease, Prince Hohenlone, before his arrival, sent away the Princess and her daughter, with every female servant.

BRO. GARDNER'S LIME KILN CLUB.

"Informashun has reached me in a roundabout way," began the old man, as the meeting was called to order, "dat a sartin member of dis club am a reg'lar caller at one of de policy shops in dis city. I know fur a fack dat his wife would hev to'w'ar de same dress at a funeral dat she does to wash in, an' de little black toes of his chill'em peep frew de holes in deir ole shoes. Now, gem'len, I've bin right dar. In de y'ars gone by I knew as much about 'gigs,' 'saddles,' 'blinds' and 'straddles' as any black in dis kentry will eber get frew his wool. I played high an' low. I played till I couldn't rest. I played out all de money I could airn or borry, an' I neber cum widin fo' hundred miles of makin' a strike. It's a mighty enticin' bizness. Put a black man in one eand of Michigan an' de policy shop in de odder an' de two would find each odder by de shortest route. Yet, as I said befo', it's a losin' game an' it's mean bizness. I want to say to de member spoken of dat we hope he will hereafter avoid sich places. If he can't do it he must avoid dis club. De Lime Kiln Club can't work in harmony wid a policy shop, an' de man who runs riot an' lets his wife an' chill'en suffer can't take no part in our deliberashuns. We will now induce de reg'lar programe of business."

HE DID.

"Induce? Induce? Did I understand' de cha'r to say induce?" queried the Rev. Penstock as he rose up in a hurry.

"You did, sah."

"You used de word induce, did you?"

"I did."

Penstock's jaw fell and he moved about uneasily, but before he could frame a speech the old man leaned forward and said:

"I 'spect de word induce war' bein' used long 'nuff befo' Brudder Penstock took his fust dinner on airth, an' it won't cease to be used when he dies. He will greatly congregate to de susceptibility of dis occashun by prohibiting his seat."

PETITIONS.

Petitions for membership are now estimated by the nail keg full instead of any other way. The most prominent petitioner this week was the Hon. Articulate Vesuvius, of Halifax, who is the author of the following standard publications:

"Articulate Veusvius on the Origin and Growth of the Clothes Line."

"Articulate Vesuvius on the Anatomy of the Dog, showing that the canine race can feel kicks and blows."

"Articulate Vesuvius on the Glacial Period, with suggestions as to the care of poultry."

ELECTION.

Sir Isaac Walpole had a sweet and tender expression around his mouth as he shook up the bean-box and made his rounds, and the result was the election of the following candidates: Andrew Shun, Tidings Smith, Happy Brown, Declare Davis, Colonel Hatch, Esquire Tramway, Elder Snicks, Hon. Warfoot Doeglass and Sir Ebenezer Clay.

UNDER CONSIDERATION.

The Secretary announced that a proposition had been received from the Electric Light Company offering to illuminate Paradise Hall each night for the sum of $3.

Giveadam Jones, Pottsville Smith, Cauliflower Davis and others instantly moved that the proposition be accepted, and Biscay Fitzjohn Lukens, who had just returned from a trip to New York said:

"When de cull'd folks down dar axed me how Paradise Hall was lighted, an' I tole 'em wid six kerosene lamps an' a taller dip, dey laffed at us. To be in keepin' wid de sige we has got to get out from under dis gloom. If we had got de 'lectric light in heah I could see ebery wrinkle in Elder Toots' face cl'ar across de hall. A three-cent piece on de floo' would look as big as a dime. Nobody would fall ober Samuel Shin's feet. In case of a dog fight down by de lower doah ebery pusson up dis way could see who's canine was on top."

Bro. Gardner took the matter very quietly, remarking that the offer would be taken into consideration for one week and that he would have something to say and some figures to present at the next meeting.

WHICH?

The following communication was then read in a voice which was plainly heard in the grocery below:

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 24th, 1880.

To the Honorable Secretary Lime-Ciln Club, Detroit:

DEAR SIR,—Please give us the opinion of the members of the Lime-Kiln Club, with any statistics you may possess, on a subject which has been agitating society here, and especially the gentlemen, namely: Which have been most fortunate as weapons of defence, white or black handled razors, and in what part of the clothing should they be carried in order that they may be most readily brought into position in case of sudden attack?

Respectfully and fraternally,
CHANDELIER GLIBERSON.

Secretary Colored Five cent Barbers' League, of Philadelphia.

"It am no use denyin' de fack," said Bro. Gardner, after a long silence, "dat de razor am de blackman's favorite weepin'. Up to de time dis club was organized ebery cull'd man in dis town was in de habit of walkin' round wid a razor on his 'pusson, but dat custom am daon away wid now. I can't say dat de color of de handle eber made any difference, an' it was mostly de same whether the weepin' was car'd in de boot leg or de pocket. For one, I have foun' all sich things uncalled fur. If I am tackled on my way home an' can't make de man believe dat I am not de pusson he am lookin' fur, I sot down upon him wid all my might. In two minits' time he am either used up or I am on my way home at the rate of sixty miles an hour, an' der am no cuts to bind up an' no scars to gin me away."

NOT UP IN BOTANY.

A second communication read as follows:

CLARKSBURGH, W. VA.

DEAR BROTHER GARDNER.—As Secretary of the Grand Order "E. Clampus Vitus," I am instructed to open up correspondence with the Lime Kiln Club upon the subject of "Liver Pads." Our community has been shaken up on the subject during the past few days by Sam S. Sanford, who has been holding night meetings on the public square. We have noticed your committee on this subject is away from Detroit. What we want to know is, what relation does the liver pad bear to the liver? Is the pad expected to relieve the liver or does the liver relieve the pad? We have determined not to give our decision to the world unless it concurs with that of the Lime Kiln Club.

Very respectfully,
EPHRAIM BENSON,
"Great Si Clos."

The query was given to the club for general debate, and the members were about evenly divided. Pickles Smith thought a liver pad helped to sustain a sudden strain on the suspenders; Waydown Beebe had known a case where they had cured a stiff knee; Whalebone Howker had tried one and found that it helped his credit at the grocery. But these were wandering opinions. When all had finished the old man said: "It may be sot down as de opinyun of dis club dat sich pussons as hev livers hev use for liver pads. It's a matter dat doan't consarn de cull'd race at all, an' we will now close an' adjourn."

—Since 1821 the public and private contributions to the building fund of Cologne Cathedral have amounted to $4,500,000. Adding the contributions of past centuries, notably the money expended on the colossal foundations, a German paper finds that as it now stands the cathedral represents about $10,000,000.

—Men who smoke much are liable to become absent minded. Think of this when you are asked for the loan of five dollars.

PARSON CAMPBELL'S CIRCUS.

A "Grand Ecclesiastical Combination" that Came to Grief.

For some time Parson Campbell, "Greasy Pars," as the boys call him, has been attempting to conduct a revival at his church near Little Rock. For some reason unknown to "Greasy Pars" the work lagged. The meeting had been in progress a week, and none of the Deacons had been present. "Greasy Pars" went around and asked the members concerning their laxity.

"Oh, I'se too busy ur pickin' cotton," said one. "Yes can't speck a man ter drop his business ebery time yer toot yer horn? Pars,' yer'll hab ter hab a leetle 'sistency hangin aroun' 'bout your garments."

"De Lord's business is more pressin' den yourn," replied Greasy Pars.

"Yas, but de Lord's got Abraham an' Isaac, an' Jacob, and Paul, an' Peter, an' a whole paissel ob udders to help him, an' I haint got nobody but Jim, 'Tilda an' ole Emma's son Phil."

"Go ahead," said Greasy Pars, "Go on, but when de final horn toots doan yer sen' fur me. De debil is snappin' de nail grabs ob hell at yer dis bery minute, an' de smell ob sulphur is gettin' so streng dat I'll hab ter leave the neighborhood."

The preacher was thus "put off" by each of his deacons, and, disgusted, he closed the meeting and ordered the doors to be nailed. Several days later, while Greasy Pars was sitting in front of his house, his deacons, one by one, passed. Finally the one with whom he had had the above conversation came along.

"Whar yer gwine, deacon?"

"I'se a gwine ter de show."

"Thought dat yer had to pick cotton all de time, an' couldn't come ter church?"

"Wall, parsin, hits dis way: A man kin go ter church any time, but I'll be dinged ef I doan hab ter take de circus on de fly. Now, since yer had mentioned hit, Pars, lemme tell yer: De people is tired ob yer ole fashioned noshuns. Da wants suthin' new. De white folks has a big organ an de boss singers. Yer haint got nuthin' but yerself and de ole hymn book. Get up suthin' 'tractive. Gin de boys suthin' new den da'll all come. I'se gwine ter de circus, an' whenebber yer gits up yer meetin' house in a 'tractive shape I'll come ter church an' not afore."

Greasy Pars saw the necessity of a change. He studied all night and finally adopted a course which he thought would strike the taste of his congregation. Next week the people were startled by seeing flaming advertisements posted around. The preacher was a man of means, and had certainly done his work at enormous cost. The bills read: "Come to Dogwood church next Sunday; grandest ecclesiastical combination ever known before. A large collection of religious animals have been purchased and will positively be exhibited in my own and only ministerial show. Phil, the young circus rider will astonish the congregation by his bare-back riding, and Jim, the clown, will get off the most side-splitting jokes on the sinner. Don't forget the date. Admission, twenty-five cents. Hundreds of curiosities not advertised will be exhibited."

No one could understand it. The white people and colored alike were astonished. Greasy Pars was asked, but merely remarked, "fur further particulars see de small bill."

Saturday night a large tent was erected near the Dogwood church, and early Sunday morning a hand-organ began operations. People flocked from every direction, and when the doors were opened there was a rush. Every seat was occupied, and everybody wanted to see what would result from such a mysterious arrangement. Around on one side of the tent were rude cages containing a double headed dog, a one-eyed calf, a three-horned goat, a large black snake, a crow, several chickens and a razor-back hog. A band had been employed, and played with peculiar enthusiasm. Finally Greasy Pars, dressed in red tights, made his appearance and announced the advent of Phil, the circuit rider. Phil came out, and in musical proportion to a galop played by the band, flew around the ring. Then Jim, the clown, came out and began joking the sinners. He called himself "old religious stick in the mud," and applied many other original circus jokes. The parson sang a hymn and at its conclusion said: "Ef any one wishes ter buy dis song, I'll jist state dat a boy will be sent roun' 'mung de congregation."

The bare-back rider made his appearance again and was so ecclesiastical in his circuit riding that several of the decons threw him large pieces of tobacco. The parson again came forward and began a sermon. He arranged a spring-board and invited mourners to come and kneel around the altar. He stated that the grand ministerial combination performance was by no means over, but that he would take the opportunity of saying that at the conclusion of the grand combination a laughable "clurgical" concert would take place. Just then the sheriff entered and arrested the parson for failing to pay his license. The parson attempted to explain, but the sheriff hurried the wicked innovator to Little Rock and imprisoned him.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A MODEL LOCAL ITEM.

Some reporters—there are none of this kind in Hamilton, of course—have a remarkable faculty for "padding" a marvelously thin skeleton of a two-line item into half a colum of circumstantial, although totally irrelevant, detail. Something after this fashion:

ALMOST AN ACCIDENT.—Early on Monday morning last, about 5:24 (exactness of time is this reporter's great hold), Mr. Erastus Johnston, who resides on the north half of the south half (exactness again) of lot 249, in the 26th concession of the township of Barton in the county of Wentworth, about three quarters of a mile and seven inches and a-half from the city limits (more exactness), got up and proceeded to dress himself. He put on his hat first, then his boots, then his pantaloons, then his vest, and finally worked himself into his coat. For breakfast he ate a quantity of ham and eggs, together with potatoes and ome et ceteras. He saddled his horse, Duke of Bengal, sired by Tom Sayers out of a nameless bay mare by Tippoo Jingo. It appears ("It appears" is one of this reporter's strong cards) that it had been raining during the night, and the roads were more moist than would have been the case had the rain not fallen. The saddle by some neens ("By some means" is another strong card) was put upon the horse wrong end before; but Mr. Johnston noticing this just in the nick of time had the necessary nerve and presence of mind to turn it around. Mounting his horse Mr. Johnston rode down the lane, dismounted at the gate, opened and closed the same, and re-mounted, riding down the concession line on the north side of the road. Just after he had passed the big forked elm Mr. Johnston met Mr. John Smith, (this reporter puts in the "Mr." lest some of his unsophisticated readers might imagine that John was a woman) who bade him the time of day and passed on. Mr. Johnston continued riding down the road until he came to a large boulder which lies in a fence corner opposite the finely cultivated farm of Mr. Thomas Brown. (You will observe that Tom is not a woman either.) It will be remembered by readers of the *Daily Stuffer* that Mr. Peter Jones' white mare shied at sight of this stone some years ago. Had Mr. Johnston's horse shied on this occasion he might possibly have been thrown off, and might have hurt his left leg, just below the knee, severely.

JERUSALEM AS A PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

Jerusalem seems to be growing in favor as a place of residence for foreigners who find their native countries uncomfortable. The foreign Jewish population has, according to Consul Moore, increased considerably of late years. That community is now estimated at 15,000, including native Jews, against 10,000 in 1873. The right of holding real property in Turkey, conceded to foreign subjects by the Portocol in 1868, probably accounts for the increased immigration. The German colony at Jerusalem now numbers nearly 400 persons; that at Jaffa about 300. There is a third German settlement at Coiffa of about equal number with the last mentioned. The settlers are mechanics, artificers, carriers and agriculturists, and are fairly prosperous.

No public works have been executed; yet a harbor at Jaffa, a good carriage road or tramway from that town to Jerusalem, and good roads all over the district are urgently needed. A railway would not, in Consul Moore's opinion, be, under present conditions, remunerative unless as part of a system of railways for Syria and Palestine.

—Most actors forget about as readily as they learn, and a few days will often suffice to destroy their perfect memory of a role. On a recent voyage from Europe, John McCullough and Rose Coghlan were aboard, and the passengers, on getting up an entertainment, put them down for a scene from "Macbeth." Although *Macbeth* is one of McCullough's star parts, and Miss Coghlan had not long before acted *Lady Macbeth*, they were unable to recall the language with anything like accuracy, and, as there wasn't a copy of the play on the steamer, the performance had to be omitted.