[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

as if everyone had changed towards her, except Sally and her cousin Jack, who beamed in smiles and good nature as of old, whose round faces warmed her heart by their sympathy and approval, like the shining of the sun and the moon. She saw Mr. Feversham every day for a little while, and Jack also came very often, and having so many other visitors, the first week of her engagement passed rapidly, but not happily. She was nervous and by no means sure that she was doing right. The church service on Sunday morning calmed her a little, but the instant it was over, Mr. Jackson upset her equanimity by the earnestness of his congratulations.

"Clara, my dear," he said, in a loud whisper, "I am sincerely and heartily glad to hear it, for though he is not all I could wish for your husband, still at your age, my love, it is time to get settled, and any husband is better than none. You were quite right to take him."

CHAPTER IX.

"For praise, too dearly loved or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast."
—GOLDSMITH.

"Mr. Feversham," said Clara, on Monday morning, "will you go to Hamilton for a week to please me, and not even write to me while you are away?"

"Does it please you to banish me?" was the answer, "have I been so unhappy as to offend you?"

"No, indeed, but I want to understand my own heart; I want to see if I shall miss you; I am so fearfully afraid that I am doing wrong in this engagement, and—and I am sure all my friends think so, to judge by their behavior. If you go away, I shall have time to think. I will be 'not at home' to everyone that comes, and just live quietly and see if I can live without you; see if you fill my thoughts, or if I forget you."

"My dear, you are cruel to me if you do not let me write, doubly cruel."

"Not a word, not a line, sir; it's only a week, remember."

He went, and the days passed slowly with Clara; if last week had rushed by unpleasantly, this week crawled along with slow, unhappy tread, each hour a dull mimic of its fellow. She thought it odd that Mr. Feversham did not break his word and write; there are promises better broken than kept; she missed him, no doubt of that, even felt a little nervous sometimes lest something should have happened him; but was this love? She asked herself the question fifty times a day?

Morning came but no Feversham. Clara grew extremely restless, what had become of th boy? The week had passed and he had not returned, it was very neglectful and wrong of him after such monstrous professions of love she was saying to herself, when Sally entered bearing a beautiful monthly rose in full blossom, a rose of the purest white, "and I don't think less of it Miss," said Sally with a broad grin, "because it's his'n. Billy brought it and Mr. Feversham will be down in an hour, if it's agreeable, and hopes you're well."

"I am very well," said Clara hiding a brilliant blush among the white roses, "and shall be glad to see him, tell Billy, with my compliments and thanks for the rose."

Mr. Feversham felt a little chilled by the "compliments," but he could not mistake her face of welcome, and asked eagerly "well, did you miss me—did you once think of me—are you sorry to have me back."

"Sometimes I thought of you—I think I like you a—a very little bit," and she did not rebuke him for holding her hand so long, and if he had kissed her blooming cheek she would have forgiven him; but he restrained himself and did not take that liberty for fear of giving offense.

The next morning as Mr. Feversham sat on the balcony, enjoying a cigar and listening to the click of the mason's hammers, for they were busy adding wings, to the mansion of the late Mulrooney, while two carpenters were engaged on the inside of the house—some letters of importance were brought to him. One came from the village post office in the pocket of his servant Billy, the other was brought by Sally Briggs. It was from Miss Montgomery—thus it ran.

DEAR MR. FEVERSHAM:

"I feel very much troubled by the enclosed letter which my aunt received this morning; will you please to explain it; and forgive me for saying that I cannot help feeling that if you marry me, you will, I fear, be disappointed in me, and be sorry some day for what you have done. Though you are now foolishly fond of me, I know, you will perhaps see with clearer eyes by-and-bye and regret it. You belong to a noble family, and I could not bear to lead you into an undesirable connection, and for life. I don't think I am in love with you, but I have grown far too fond of you ever to be happy if I thought I did you an injustice. It would be a dreadful thing to take such a step and regret it afterwards, as thousands do, I am told. Dear Mr. Feversham, you must be reasonable for once, and make up your mind I am not much of a loss, and break off the engagement, for, indeed, it does not stop peoples' mouths, as you thought, and only makes me more undecided and miserable. Will you come down for a few minutes to-night, and comfort me by saying it is all at an end between us, for I am sure we would both be happier if we broke off an engagement, which all our friends disapprove. I am, dear sir,

Yours very sincerely, C. M."

Mr. Feversham put the note to his lips by way of comment, and opened the letter enclosed in the same envelope, which was addressed to Mrs. Montgomery. He recognized he hand writing, and his eyes widened rather with surprise than pleasure as he read:

DEAR MADAM: I received your letter, and am much obliged for acquainting me with my nephew's conduct. He is not free to make an engagement or marry in Canada, as his family have entirely other views for him. I shall be in Glanford in a fortnight, if possible; till then, with many thanks for your information, I am, dear madam, yours very truly,

GEORGE FRANCIS AUGUSTUS FEVERSHAM.

Our young gentleman shrugged his shoulder, and taking out his pencil endorsed his uncle's note with the slang cabalist letters U. B. D., muttering "not free to marry in Canada—we'll see," then he opened the letter which came from the post. It was written in the same hand but hastily and badly, as if the writer did not wish his nephew to understand more than half.

DEAR JACK: I think of coming to see you shortly, for a day or so, can you give me a shake down in bachelor's hall?" (Here followed a line so blurred and indistinct that not a word was legible.) "Letter from your mother—hunting expedition—have your gun in order—good bye, dear fellow," was all he could make out.

"I hope I shall have better company than yours, old boy," was the comment on this letter as he tossed it into the empty fire place, and picked up his hat, determined at once to answer Clara's note in person. While he was walking down the hill, Mrs. Montgomery was consulting with her lawyer in Hamilton, and this is what Mr. Martineau was saying to her:

"You must excuse me for speaking so plainly, but for a sensible woman you have acted very foolishly in giving that letter to your neice, if she shows it to Mr. Feversham and asks an explanation, it is all over with us. You should have consulted me first, and I would have recommended a mysterious hint to Miss Clara that there was something morally wrong with her lover and left it to work, and then have written your plain dislike of the match to the elder Feversham, who clearly objects to it, and awaited his arrival. We shall soon know if she has shown the letter to her lover, for if she has, he will surely try to hurry on the match and be married at once. All our heads together might has fashioned something to put a stop to it, but for this; however, we must hope for the best. Get the letter back to-night as you go home, and if she has not told Mr. Feversham, try and get a promise from her not to do so. It will spoil all if you are rude or dilatorial in making the request, Mrs. Montgomery. If you are afraid to trust yourself send Mr. Jack."

Mrs. Montgomery was not afraid to trust herself, and as she drove up to the house at ten at night, congratulated herself that Clara was yet up, as there was a light in the parlor, and her niece's fingers were making sweet music which floated out into the sultry air. The hall door stood wide open and she marched in without knocking, and thereby came upon one of the prettiest but most undesirable of tableaux vivant. Clara playing, and Mr. Feversham with a fan in his hand leaning over her and turning the leaves, while at the same time he kept the mosquitos from the fair performer. Clara started at the sight of the burly little lady and exclaimed, "Oh! Aunt!" and Mr. Feversham having risen to his full height and made use of his eye-glass, bowed languidly, and drawled forth "It's very wa—a—am"; then he handed the new comer a chair and gave her a fan and resumed his operation of gently fanning Clara, as she sat on the music stool.

"Why aunty how did you get here?" asked Clara, as the flush died on her cheek, "it's very late to pay a visit—nothing is wrong I hope?"

"I have been to Hamilton on business and seeing a light I came in. I think it's very late for you young people to be up. You ought to be in bed," said this virtuous person severely though she herself could play whist till four in the morning at any season of the year.

"Bed!" repeated Mr. Feversham in languid amazement, as if he had never heard of such an institution, and lifting his eyeglass with a click, he once more surveyed Mrs. Montgomery, a proceeding which made Clara very nervous.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MISCHIEVOUS MIDDY'S JOKE.

Dr. Foord Clark, a young sea going surgeon and an enthusiastic savant, arrived in this port a short time since as the surgeon of the British ship John o' Gaunt. The ship was from Calcutta. The voyage was long and, as it was so monotonous as not to furnish to the active intellect of the young surgeon all the phenomena that the savant could crave, one of the midshipmen determined to improvise some phenomena for him. At first he contemplated a sea serpent, but as sea serpents are becoming very common and are a good deal of trouble, he finally determined on the electric light occasionally seen by unusually tough shellbacks aloft in the rigging of ships at sea, and which is known as St. Elmo's fire He got the mate's bull's-eye lantern, and on a very dark night he climbed aloft, lit it and made it fast at the masthead. Descending, he rushed into the cabin and announced to the doctor a remarkably well developed case of St. Elmo's light. The doctor bounded on deck, examined the light, made a sketch of it, and finally the midshipman boldly volunteered to go up and interview it. He went up, blew the light out, and, descending, told the doctor he had touched the flame with his finger, whereupon he received a tremendous electric shock, and St. Elmo's light disappeared. Dr. Clark found the depraved young man's pulse at 102, so he put the young midshipman's arm in a sling, put a whisky-sling into the midshipman and both slings in the sick bay, and thereafter, during the rest of the cruise, and as a premium innocently paid to a case of very atrocious wickedness, he prescribed to the young hero who had blown St. Elmo's fire out of the mate's bull's eye lantern daily rations of tobacco and grog. Upon the arrival in this port of the John 'o Gaunt, Dr. Clark wrote a very abstruse account of the matter, which was published in an evening contemporary, and he also forwarded to the London *Graphic* a much more detailed account of the phenomenon, together with water color sketches of it which he had made. The doctor having subsequently sailed from this port as surgeon o the Zealandia, Thomas Y. Powles, commander of the John o' Gaunt, to whose knowledge the perpetration of the joke had come, also in a communication to the evening contemporary, "gives the whole business away," not to raise a guffaw at the expense of a young gentleman whose acquirements as a physician and as a scientist are admitted by both bodies, but that the joke that the tedium of a long voyage and the excellence of its own inception and execution made pardonable may not serve as a false beacon for other scientists.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

NAUTICAL INSTRUCTIONS.

A Washington paper says the following nautical instructions were found among the documents of an old man from Indiana, now in the employ of Monsieur de Lesseps. They have been forwarded to the Secretary of the Navy, Hunt:

"The custom of sailing before the wind should be avoided whenever it is possible, as experience has demonstrated that it is much better to wait for the breeze and carry it along, if not too heavy.

"Commanders of sailing ships of war, I have observed, are addicted to the practice of 'staggering under all they can carry.' This matter will receive early attention, as the necessity for reform in this direction would eem imperative.

"When dirty weather is threatened, or when there is reason to suspect breakers ahead, the captain should heave two, or three, but never more than four.

"In taking on board ammunition, powder and shot, and shells, and caps, etc., the fore, main and mizen trucks should be utilized in connection with the animals belonging to the horse marines.

"It is deemed best to abolish dog watches. This practice is believed to encourage idleness among the sailors, and necessitates the keeping on board a number of beasts who are useless for everything but breeding fleas.

"While beating to windward, care should be taken to have a sufficient quantity of starboard tacks on board, in case of running into the wind's eye, which cannot at all times be avoided.

"In the interests of economy the allowance for captains' gigs should be withdrawn. It is plain that they are of no real utility on ship board, and that they are at all times in the way. When on shore the captains can avail themselves of the street railway or of the facilities afforded by the livery stables or the Herdics.

"All anchors should be accurately weighed before being taken on board, and the weight plainly marked on each, thereby saving time and avoiding trouble when a ship is about to take her departure.

"All 'splicing' should be done by the chaplain, as he is the person upon whom the performance of that ceremony most properly devolves.

"When sailing in tropical seas the breeches of the guns should be removed and carefully stowed away, to be replaced when again entering colder latitudes and longitudes.

"Should a seaman inadvertently lose his watch below and fail to find it on his return, the captain will provide him with another from one of the ship's stores.

"The practice of carrying logs, merely for the purpose of 'heaving' them, is of questionable propriety, and will form a subject for future inquiry."

LOVE WITHOUT NONSENSE.

About two months ago a young woman entered an office in Justice Alley and took a seat without speaking to any one, and it was only after two long hours had dragged away that his Honor inquired what he could do for her.

"I came here to get married," was her prompt reply.

"To whom?"

"To the fellow who has been waiting on me."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know. He agreed to be here long ago, but I shan't wait any longer. We'll come in some time during the week."

In about ten days she appeared with a white haired William on her arm and said they were ready to be married, but just then a fire alarm was turned in and away went the lover at the top of his pace to see the fun. As he did not return in the course of an hour the girl said she guessed they'd postpone the marriage to another day. On the fourth day after, the pair once more entered the office but a law suit was in progress. They sat together, hands clasped and eyes full of love, while the lawyers abused each other, but after the case had hung out until dusk they got discouraged and went out, the girl saying to his Honor:

"Never mind—some other day will do as well."

"But won't you get discouraged?"

"Oh, no. We simply thought we'd get married, but there is no cause for any rush about it."

Three days elapsed, and his Honor sat looking into the bowl of his pipe when the pair opened the door, walked in and removed their hats, and the woman said:

"If you haven't got anything to do just now you may marry us, and I'll get back to my sweeping and dusting."

The ceremony was speedily begun and concluded, and the bride turned to resume her hat and shawl with the remark:

"William, I'll pay the fee, and you can hand it to me sometime during the month," as she took out a wallet.

"All right, Mary. I'll be over and see you the last of the week."

"Very well—go 'long, William."

She paid the fee, waited for a certificate, and went out with the remark:

"Excuse the bother, sir, but we did think it best to marry, and I'm sure we're quite obliged to you in addition."—*Detroit Free Press.*

TOOK A SNEEZE TOGETHER.

Somebody put pepper in Mr. Grouty's cologne bottle, and when he took a smell at it he got about two spoonfuls up his nose, and the way he sneezed was a circumstance. About the time he had been at it for ten minutes, and was shedding tears copiously, and felt sure that he should loosen his hair at the roots, and perhaps his teeth would come out, a friend entered. "Is anything the matter?" asked the friend. "N-n-a-ca-chor-ooo-ooo—no!" answered Grouty, and then, when he finally got a little quiet, he gave the bottle to his friend and said: "Smell of this." And while the friend was tearing himself all to pieces, Grouty asked: "Is there anything the matter, or are you just doing it to kill time?" They are foes now.

FOR THE LADIES.

A PEN PICTURE OF CALYLE'S WIFE.

Mrs. Carlyle, whose maiden name was Jane Walsh, was well born, and "as a child she was remarkable for her large black eyes, with their long curved lashes. As a girl she was extremely pretty—a graceful and beautifully formed figure—upright and supple—a delicate complexion of creamy white, with a pale rose tint in the cheeks, lovely eyes full of fire and softness, and with great depths of meaning. She danced with much grace, and she was a good musician. She was ingenious in all works that required dexterity of hand; she could draw and paint, and she was a good carpenter. She could do anything well to which she chose to give herself."

A BROOM DRILL.

A new idea in amusements this, and its inventors were some Yankee girls in Lowell, Mass. Twelve young ladies, commanded by a captain, gave a public drill of their proficiency in handling the broom. The girls were uniformed in red, white and blue. The brooms were decorated with colored ribbons, and as the young women marched with the streamers behind them, they looked very martial, and were warmly applauded. A young lady, dressed in the national colors, was the "drummer boy" of the broom corps. A fan drill is performed in somewhat the same fashion, only the fan can be used more gracefully and effectively than the broom. But, after all, perhaps the best broom drill is the one that takes place in the kitchen where there is only one broom and no streamers.

PARISIAN ABSURDITIES.

Some ingenious novelties have recently been introduced into this country from Paris, though at present they are very little known. A lady, for instance, will wear a carved and gilded bird in her hair, with outspread wings and moveable bill, which keep up a constant motion of exact imitation of a real bird. Or a scarf pin made after the same idea with birds that roll their eyes and chatter mechanically. In each instance the trinket is connected with a small electrical battery, which in case of the scarf pin, is carried in the best pocket, and of the bird, concealed in the folds of the hair.

CHEAP DINNERS.

The New Century Cooking club of Philadelphia has provided a nine cent dinner for twenty-five persons. There were really thirty two guests, which reduced the cost to seven cents a head, and there was plenty of food for all. The bill of fare included pea soup, Irish stew, rolls, butter, potatoes, pork and beans, veal croquettes, cold slaw, maccaroni, rice pudding, apple dumplings and coffee. This was the bare cost of the eatables, nothing being charged for the fuel or labor.

WOMEN IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE.

In America women are employed in nearly all services under the Government, for which their mental and physical qualities fit them—at the desk as book-keepers, copyists, telegraph operators, postoffice clerks, in all of the departments at Washington and at nearly all State offices. In Switzerland the administration employs women only in the postal and telegraph departments. In Italy ladies are employed in the telegraphic galleries, but are not allowed to retain the position after marriage. Austria employs them both in the post office and telegraphic departments, allowing them to marry and retain their positions; but if absent from their duties they must hire a substitute. Russia employs them, as in Italy, only in the telegraphic departments. They must be well educated and well versed in four languages. In Germany the employment of women is not found to be successful, they being too fond of domestic pursuits to enjoy public life. They are employed as clerks in the Netherlands and in the capacity of substitutes. The Belgian Government employs them in the same pursuits. The French Government employs women in various departments of the State. They are employed in the banks, as superintendents of schools, in post offices, as accountants and in registration. Women employed by the French Government may marry, but if they do so while filling official positions they must notify the officers of the Government of their intention. Inquiries are instituted as to the character and circumstances of the intended husband, and the requisite permission is only granted if the information proves satisfactory. England has followed many of America's ideas in regard to woman's advancement.

A GOOD SNAKE STORY.

Snake stories are so vastly exaggerated in the public prints of the day that it is no wonder the truth of them is often questioned by the credulous, but the one herein related comes from the old German settlement of Augusta in St. Charles county, now being authenticated by Fritz Hosenmeier and August Bosgruben, two reputable farmers of that section, admits of no doubt.

Henry Voght, a neighbor of theirs, lately purchased an old field, with a well upon it, where a house once stood, but was destroyed by fire many years ago, and the surroundings were allowed to grow up in weeds with the abandonment of the premises.

Mr. Voght's first job toward improving the place was to reclaim the old well, which had long since become partly filled up. The work progressed without incident worthy of note until the bottom was nearly reached, when a den of snakes, all sorts and sizes, from a foot to four feet long, commenced darting about and twisting around each other in their subterranean retreat as the terror stricken well digger clung by his hands to the rope's end above them, and halloed to be hauled out of the hole, which he said made him "think of hell" until he got to the top, where a council of war was held to kill the serpents. They were so numerous that no man could be found who was not afraid to combat with them in such close quarters. So Mr. Voght hit upon the novel plan of scalding them to death. Several large iron kettles were procured from the neighbors and a big log fire shortly heated about three barrels of water to a scalding temperature, and it was poured into the well, killing every one of the snakes and half cooking a good many of the smaller reptiles. When the water was taken out the following day ninety seven snakes, great and small were found dead.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

THOUGHT HE WAS ENGAGED.

Talking of conductors and organists being successful, I am reminded of a curious story which reached me the other day all the way from a remote town on the Continent: A young gentleman from Glasgow, at present on a prolonged tour, is in the habit of offering his services as organist and choirmaster wherever he happens to be staying at the time. These services are generally accepted with gratitude, as in some places the church music greatly wanted some such aid. It was almost always possible to raise a fair choir, but in one town, to the surprise and annoyance of our young friend, the chorus consisted entirely of men. Not a single lady put in appearance, and the vocal harmony was thus incomplete. He expressed his astonishment at this failure, which was a novel and disagreeable experience that he could not account for. The mystery was solved some days afterwards, when a young lady, to whom he detailed his grievances, pointedly inquired: "Why do you wear a ring on the third finger of your left hand?" "Because it happened to fit on that finger," said he. "No other reason?" inquired the damsel. "None whatever," replied the bewildered youth. "Dear me," said the lady, "then we have been the victims of mistake. In this district a ring upon the third finger indicates betrothal, and we all thought you were engaged!" Next Sunday his choir was quite full.—*Glasgow News.*

WOMEN'S DISABILITIES.

The question is often asked, why cannot women be Free Masons? A Nevada orator recently undertook to answer it as follows:

Women sometimes complain that they are not permitted to enter the lodge and work with the craft in their labors, and learn all there is to be learned in this institution. We will explain the reason. We learn that before the Almighty had finished His work He was in doubt about creating Eve. The creation of the living and creeping things had been accomplished, and the Almighty had made Adam, who was the first Mason, and created for him the finest lodge in the world, and called it Paradise No. 1. He then called all the beasts of the field and fowls of the air to pass before Adam, for him to name them, which was a piece of work he had to do alone that no confusion might thereafter arise from Eve, who he knew would make trouble if she was allowed to participate in it, if he created her beforehand. Adam being fatigued with his first task fell asleep, and when he awoke found Eve in the lodge with him. Adam being senior warden, placed Eve as the pillar of beauty in the south, and they received their instructions from the grand master in the east, and when finished, she immediately called the craft from labor to refreshment. Instead of attending to the duties of her office as she ought, she left her station, violated her obligation, and let in an expelled Mason, who had no business there, and went around with him, leaving Adam to look after the jewels. This fellow had been expelled from the grand lodge, with several others, some time before. Finding that Eve was no longer trustworthy, and that she had caused Adam to neglect his duty, and had let one in whom he had expelled, the grand master closed the lodge and turned them out, setting a faithful tiler to guard the door with a flaming sword. Adam repented of his folly, went to work like a man and a good Mason, in order to get reinstated again. Not so with Eve! She got angry about it, and commenced raising Cain. Adam, on account of his reformation, was permitted to establish lodges and work in the degrees, and while Eve was allowed to join him in his works of charity on the outside, she was never again permitted to assist in the regular work of the craft. Hence the reason why a woman cannot become an inside Mason.

FEEDING A GIANT.

Chang, the Big Chinaman, Making a Restau rant Keeper Look Blue.

A restaurateur of Brooklyn lately had for a guest Chang, the Chinese giant.

A *Sun* reporter happened to dine at the restaurant several evenings ago, and had Chang for a neighbor. A little natural curiosity led him to note the bill of fare of the giant. First Chang ordered oysters, raw, on the shell; next, steamed oysters on toast; then green turtle and printaniere soups, and, after that, fish, including broiled shad, filet de sole, sauce tartare, and broiled salmon with lobster sauce.

The reporter thought Chang would stop there, but the giant politely signified to the attendant that he was waiting for the next article on his written bill. So he had for his entrees Turkey wings, jardinere and chicken coquettes and tomato sauce. Then he attacked with gusto roast ribs of beef and half a chicken stuffed, accompanied by fried parsnips, sugar corn, and boiled onions. He appeared to weary at this point, and mildly asked for a small plate of plum pudding, a piece of apple pie, and a little ice cream, to which he subsequently added a small cup of cafe noir.

The proprietor was noticed ruminating in a quiet corner and apparantly speculating as to the advisability of an early assignment for the benefit of his creditors. To a question by the reporter as to Chang's wonderful appetite, he replied with an earnest sigh:

"Don't speak of it; my gracious! I never have had such an experience. When Capt Bates, Barnum's giant, was here I was astonished to see how little food he required to sustain his immense frame; but this Chines giant has the stomach of an ostrich and the appetite of a goat. Mind you these dishes are not of the order received by old diners out many of whom have gone through with a much longer list, but they are what we in the business call 'full portions,' that is, any one of the dishes eaten by him this evening would satisfy the hunger of an ordinary man. I don't want any more giants if they are blessed with the appetite of Chang. Why, I contracted to entertain him at the rate of $4 a day! Just cast your eye over the bill of fare and see what I would receive for the same meal from my regular customers."

The reporter did so, and found that he would be compelled to pay exactly $5.95 for a similar repast.

The restauranteur continued:

"Now, you figure it up. There is $5.95 for one meal. Well, he has three other table exercises during the day, and one or two 'bites,' as he calls them. Then he goes to the bar room, and to the enquiries of his manager and others as to his health, replies:

"'I don't feel velly well; lost appetite.'"

LINES UNTO SPRING.

The guileless spring, gentle Annie, is just over the back yard fence. It floppeth up and down at the instigation of weather Vennor, now blowing like a ward politician, next smiling as the festive clerk in the dry goods store; but old Sol will shortly catch her by the arm, just above her vaccination, and yank her on this side of the enclosure, there to remain until she smiles on the dandelions and the old lady in the poke bonnet gathering the same for greens, the lambkins sporting on the hills and flip flopping their ungainly tails for joy and milk, and the small boy gathering up old junk in the bottom of the canal, wetting his feet to his knees and giving the aforesaid youngster an awful opportunity to put his angel plumage on.

Hail Spring! Hail to the robins and blue birds thou bringest to warble to us at 4.30 a. m., when we are awakened by the neighbor's boy stealing our horse-radish roots. Bring thou layest bare much unseemliness, old dame; the back kitchen window presenteth a sight which would baffle a secretary of a Sunday school picnic to name, and in the fence corner low lyeth the feline of 1880, embowered in the hoopity skirt and garnished with the tomato can.

Now prance forth Aunt Melissa after dock roots for the purifying of the grease and flapjack saturated family; the young man also goeth out in pursuit of a tailor with a non committal memory; the gay girl perambulteth for openings, and the bill collector walketh out armed and equipped with legal power as the law directs, and endeavoreth to find the debtor who is never in.

Once more hail! Soda water now squirteth vanilla for one and sour mash for another, and still there is room; the house-holder taketh down the stove and catcheth cold, in unison with the entire family the next day. Moving and house cleaning make numerous candidates for the asylum; the baby swalloweth carpet tacks, and the M. D. shaketh his head as he sayeth "the babe has malaria." But with all the desolation thou bringest to the young man whose girl looketh lovingly on the "cream," thou also carrieth in thy breath fragrant breezes, and thou watereth the furrow with thy tears; and the vernal grass, and the catfish, and green garden truck, and bleating calves, and dry goods, and May flowers, and Canada thistles, and the bold jimson weed, cometh up and crieth in unison. Hail! all hail! earth and air, and the ten acre lot, and the fat man, are full of thy glory!

THE HONEY MAKERS.

Almost Entire Destruction of Bees.

This winter has been most disastrous to bees in the neighborhood of Binbrook, as in most others. Winter closed in exceptionally early, frost coming on during the first part of November, and since then the bees have been confined to the hives, there being little sun and no warm weather. A good fly occasionally through the winter is indispensable to the health of bees; and since they have been deprived of this, most of them have become diseased, or in other ways damaged. One prominent bee keeper in the township, who began the winter with fifty skips, sets the death rate at from sixty to eighty per cent. Another keeper out of twenty good, thrifty hives, has at present only eight, all of which may not survive the present month. Those that have succumbed to the weather have not died of starvation, as most of them have left sufficient honey to last a healthy skip until the honey season sets in again. Reports of the annihilation of bees in the Western States were read here with incredulity until some of those who had bees began to examine their skips, when it was found as stated that most were diseased beyond remedy. It is expected that bees and their produce will command a higher price during the ensuing season than has been known for some time. Those who have bees at present for sale are advised to retain them, as the prices will inevitably rise as the season advances.

A PARIS THIEF'S DEVICE.

Young widows are not generally adverse to theater going, neither was Madame D., of Paris, when, the other day, the postman brought her an envelope with two stall tickets—one for her, the other for her little son—for the representation of a new and fashionable piece at a well known play house. Upon the paper, stamped with a Count's coronet, she found the mysterious words: "Be punctual. My seat is just behind yours." Was there any one of the visitors of the building more punctual for the opening accords of the overture than she? Not even her generous anonymous had learnt the art of punctuality as well as she—the seat behind her was empty, and remained so. There she sat, waiting for the interesting acquaintance she had hoped to meet. Many a time the door of the stall opened, but the seat behind her's continued unoccupied for a long, long time. At last Madame D. lost patience, and, considering herself neglected most outrageously, left the theater. She drove home directly, and—oh, horror!—found the door of her dwelling open her presses and safes forced open and emptied of every object worth carrying off.

—The second Mary Anderson, who sprung a full fledged tragedienne from Kentucky soil a few weeks ago, has become leading lady of a "Humpty Dumpty" troupe.

—A sheriff's posse went to capture a desperate thief at Pine Bluff, Arkansas. They surrounded his house and fired in through the windows. Then he dashed out and ran for the woods, while they gave chase. One of the pursuers outstripped the rest, and his companions, mistaking him for the fugitive, shot him

OUR SPECIAL BUDGET.

A Coventry Bible, sold at the sale of the late Lord Hampton's library, brought $1,425.

The Empress of Austria, the most accomplished horsewoman in the world, is staying at Combermere Abbey, Cheshire, England, enjoying fox hunting. She has a retinue of nearly a hundred persons.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria has adopted the use of the tricycle for the Princesses. The costume worn by ladies using the tricycle is something between the Turkish and the Bloomer dress.

A man named Clegg, a resident of London, England, has five wives, all living.

A volume of poems with the title I Shall Not Tell has appeared in Brooklyn from the pen of Mr. J. R. Ramsay. We wonder if the author is not an old Hamiltonian, who many years ago published a small volume of poems under the title of The Canadian Lyre. His new venture is not well received. His favorite poems are called Reminiscent Jingle and Nothing More.

An incomplete novel by George Sand, and which is to be finished by Madame Ratazzi, will appear in the *New Review.*

A history of the eighteenth century is being written by Mr. Lecky, the famous English historian. A correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says: "I understand that in his account of the American War of Independence he will make a new departure in his estimate of Washington, and one which will not be particularly pleasing to many American readers."

Now that researches in the Arctic Seas are engaging so much attention, a work on the subject from one who did so much to solve the problem of a northwest passage will be heartily welcomed. The author is Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, the well known explorer. It is to be comprised in three volumes, the first of which has just appeared.

The works of that clever writer on sporting subjects, Frank Forester, but otherwise Henry William Herbert, an eccentric Englishman, who taught classics, followed sporting, and finally committed suicide, have just been issued in Philadelphia. Herbert was the grandson of an earl, but renounced his aristocratic connections and resided for many years in New York. His works are highly interesting, and the new issue is said to meet with much favor.

The late Sir Richard Musgrave represented one of the oldest families in Cumberland, the Musgraves having existed ever since the founder came in with William the Norman. His little son, who succeeds to the title, is only nine years of age.

Fashions change, it is true, and there is constantly something turning up. The latest thing in England is the banishment of widows' cloaks and caps.

There was sold in London recently the oldest printed Bible known to be in existence, and the first ever printed on movable type. It is called the "Biblia Sancta Latina," and was printed by John Gutenberg in 1452 It contains the Old Testament only, and was sold some years since for $14 450. At the recent sale it brought $3 800.

The Princess Louise has led the fashion in mourning dresses. Her mourning for the Duchess of Westminster is serge, trimmed with broad cream colored braid.

Col. Forney tells this story: "I was much amused at the experience of a gentleman who took a trip out West. When he went away he boasted of a fine mustache, which was his pride, but he came back lamb like and shorn. He had been induced to try a new dye, and it had been his ruin. Of course he had to tell all about it. 'Didn't it dye it,' he was asked. 'Yes, sir, it did dye it, dyed it magnificently. When I got up in the morning I would have served to go it with the decorations at Washington on the 4th of March, for I am blessed if my mustache wasn't red, white and blue.'"

Apropos of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts recently married It is well known that she is fond of distributing tracts, and when a Belgian brigade visited London, she invited them to her residence, where every man was presented with a tract and a cigar. "How kind of ze lady," remarked one of the brave Belgians, "Not only to geef us ze smoke, but to provide also ze papaire for to lide ze cigar vid."

Miss Ketrell having been appointed a clerk in the Nevada Legislature, Judge Hawley in swearing her in adjured her to support the constitution and laws, and not to bear arms against her country. He assured her that she was not eligible as a servant of the state if she had, since the adoption of the constitution of Nevada, fought a duel, acted as a second at a duel or carried challeng to fight a duel. The lady was eligible, nevertheless.

Mrs. S. C. Hall recently died at the age of eighty two years. She was an industrious writer, but did not hold high rank as an authoress, her works not being of a high order. She was pleasing rather than learned, and was the delight of the rising generation. She was of the stamp of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Mitford. Her husband who still lives, has retired from active literary life, having founded and edited up to within a short time past, the London *Art Journal.*

A lady in Louisville, having purchased a shawl, returned it accompanied by a polite note with this conclusion: "And *entre nous,* the cloak does not suit me." The clerk was terribly put out, but he interpreted it thus: "Oh, yes," he said, "I know now. It means that she's sorry to trouble me, but it don't suit."

Tennyson's new departure has been a complete surprise. His first trial in the way of play writing was not a success, and his Queen Mary was not destined to live on the stage. His Cup, however, in spite of its unattractive titile, has proved wonderfully successful, and is the admiration of the critics.

Miss Isabella Bird, who traveled through Japan, and published her impressions in a book recently, is about to be married to Dr Bishop, an Edinburgh physician. The lady is frail looking, and very small. The wonder is that she had courage enough to explore the inhospitable regions of a country like Japan

A correspondent speaking of Victor Hugo says he "is the greatest poet of his time, but in public affairs he is the veriest wind bag known to European parties of every shade of opinion."

It is said of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, that she would have been married long before she was if it had not been for the influence of Mrs. Brown, her companion, but now deceased. Mr. Bartlett would not then have been the happy man. A correspondent adds: "Once there was a rumor that the Duke of Wellington was going to marry her. It arose out of his grace saying to some one she ought to be made a Duchess. Reported to Miss Burdett-Coutts, (not then elevated to the peerage,) she remarked: 'Tell the Duke *he* cannot make me a Duchess.'"

Sir Algernon Bothwick is said to have derived an income of $50,000 a year from the London *Morning Post*, and has sold it to the Duke of Sutherland for $110,000. The *Standard*, formerly the organ of the Conservatives, has been so much "Liberalized" that it is better informed on Ministerial subjects than any other paper. It is not a little singular that the *Telegraph* left the Liberals and became the organ of the Beaconsfield government, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* which supported the Conservatives is now a strong Liberal or Gladstone paper.

Miss Marianne North, a pretty English artist, is making a tour of the world to paint the distinctive wild flowers of each country.

The old poet, Whittier, is always happy in his expressions. What could be better than these lines in the prelude to his new volume of poems just published:

The favor, asked too oft before
From your indulgent ears, once more
I crave, and, if belated lays
To slower, feebler measures move
The silent sympathy of love
To me is dearer now than praise.
And ye, O younger friends, for whom
My hearth and heart keep open room,
Come smiling through the shadows long,
Be with me while the sun goes down,
And with your cheerful voices drown
The minor of my even song.

IRELAND'S HAPPY FUTURE.

A kind friend has sent us a humorous *brocure*, with an illustration, representing two laborers in friendly converse about the future of Ireland, when she will be free from "the curse of landlordism"—and the responsibility of paying debts. Ridiculous as the following *reductio ad absurdum* is, thousands of our thoughtless and confiding people entertain a dreamy notion, that some similar result—stripped a little of its poetry—will spring from the present agitation:

"I tell ye, Tim, as sure as that spade's in my fist, every mother's son of us 'il be rale gintlemen, and we'll never co another stroke of work fcr ourselves nor for any body else; the conthry 'il be all our own to do as we like with it. We'll have no more judges, or juries, or lawyers, or 'turneys, or magisthrates, or bailiffs; and, whisper Tim—I'm a feard to spake aloud—maybe—it's just maybe—av the country goes on improvin', in a little time we might be able to do without their Riverinces too, and let them go over to convart the people in England and Scotland, and other hay-hen nations * * * * * We'll allow no taxes, no poorhouses, no jails, and no laws of any kind whatsoever, nor any of them sort of things that are a shame and disgrace to any free counthry. One man will be as good as another, and a deal betther, too. We'll have as much land as we like, and no rint to pay for it. We may say what we like, and do what we like, and no one dar say a word to us. No Saxon will iver agin show his nose in our beautiful counthry, and av he does, he'll go away without it. Not a bit of our good beef, nor mutton, nor pork, nor butther they'll ever taste agin. We'll starve them. We'll 'Bycott' every man and woman of them from the Queen down, and they deserve it. Oh, Tim, won't those be glorious times? Then ye may sarch Ireland from one end to the other for a landlord or agent and not catch as much as one hidin' in a hole that we could ut into a museum for a curiosity. We'll be the contintedest, the happiest, the richest, the grandest people undher the sun, and the envy and the wondher of the world."

FARM AND GARDEN.

Preparing for Gardening.

(Country Gentleman.)

A large portion of the vegetables cultivated in gardens depend for successful growth on a very rich soil. Hence the importance of providing plenty of manure and applying it properly. Old or rotten manure is always recommended as best by gardeners and is generally pronounced indispensable. But fresh manure, if not mixed with litter, and if well pulverized and thoroughly diffused through the soil, will answer an excellent purpose. Thrown on the ground carelessly and left in lumps, it is worthless. A good growth of fine vegetables has been made where it has been thoroughly ground into the soil, finely intermixed with it, and the surface kept clean and mellow through the season. And yet so many do all the work by halves that it may not be best to recommend it, unless for autumn application, when it will be well dissolved during the several months before it is drawn upon by the growing plants. It may also answer well for crops that are not set out or sown until approaching midsummer, such as winter cabbages or turnips, if applied previously, and thoroughly broken and worked in with harrow and rake in good season. Land which is made rich by successive manurings every year, will of course be best, and manure should not be applied for gardening, especially if in large quantities, without thorough pulverization and intermixture. The more completely these two requisites are attended to, the larger may be the application. Its effect will be greatly increased by frequent and perfect stirring of the soil through the season.

Farmers' gardens will not get sufficient cultivation if not laid out so as to be chiefly dressed by horse labor. If the spade and hoe are expected to do the work, nine-tenths of such gardens will not be cleaned once a month, and the soil will become crusted and weedy. The remedy is to plant every crop which will admit it, in drills or rows for the horse to pass between as often as once a week through the entire season. This will accomplish as much work in half an hour as a whole day or more with the hand hoe, and do it better and break the soil finer. Before you begin spring work, lay out your garden so far as may be practicable, for this horse dressing. Some crops may be planted in drills two feet apart, and still be cultivated by using a steady horse; and if the cultivator is not of the kind to contract, take out the outside teeth. When you wish to go deep, use but few teeth; when mellow and superficial treatment is wanted, use a larger number.

To secure early and good vegetables, it is of vital importance to have perfect drainage. A wet soil may be unfit to work for weeks, and then give you a hard, or crusted, or lumpy surface Well drained land may be worked at once, and be warm and mellow. If the ground needs it, put in pipe-tile a rod apart and three feet deep. It will make the season a month earlier than with a water-soaked soil, and be equivalent to three degrees further south in latitude.

To sum up then. Provide in season plenty of manure. Let it be thoroughly intermixed with the soil. Arrange for all the horse cultivation practicable. Avoid the common mistake of occupying more ground than you can keep in perfect condition. Have complete natural or artificial drainage. If all these requisites are attended to, your vegetable garden will be found to be the most profitable part of your farm; or, in other words, its products will give you supplies for the table at cheaper rates than anything else you consume; and then, if this truth is properly appreciated, you will give the earliest and best attention to it in arranging your labors for the season, instead of falling into the error of leaving the garden to take the last chance of being dressed on some spare occasion when eu have nothing else to do, and so become lled with weeds.

Agricultural Notes.

No man can afford to have his milch cows driven by a dog unless the dog knows as much as the owner should know.

There are 6,000,000 square inches to an acre: in a bushel of timothy seed there are 40,000,000 seeds, or nearly seven seeds to a square inch.

Nine-tenths of all the fixed capital of all the civilized people in the world is embarked in agriculture, which employs 200,000,000 of men.

The raising of sheep is of the greatest benefit to the land, because wherever they feed new and sweet grasses grow and flourish, and the weeds are destroyed. Farmers should raise turnips and feed them to sheep.

The average yield of Indian corn per acre throughout the United States is 20.2 bushels, of an average value per bushel of 32 1 2 cents, yet New Hampshire raises 32½ bushels to the acre, selling the corn at 78 cents per bushel.

Milk cools more rapidly in metal pans than in porcelain; but iron pans rust. Zinc is acted upon by sugar of milk and lactic acid Copper produces verdigris. Tin costs too much, and so tin plate is used as the safest and at the same time least expensive.

Many farmers injure their farm implements more by exposure to the weather than by the use on the farm. An implement which, with good care, would last twenty years, will, when exposed to the weather, become useless in five years or even less. A farm cart, which, with good usage, would last almost a lifetime, will last only a few years when exposed to the weather.

Unless seed corn has been selected with care, it is useless to look for large yields. It is not a very costly matter for each farmer to procure half a dozen varieties of corn which in other places he knows have yielded heavily. These may be planted on small plots 33x33 feet square (one-fortieth of an acre), on different parts of the farm, and the most prolific kinds thus determined for future guidance.

AN INCREDULOUS JOSH WHITCOMB.

The Hartford correspondent of the *Berkshie Courier* was looking at a fruit piece in the window of a picture store, when he was joined by a bluff old countryman, and a dialogue ensued, which is best told in the words of one of the actors:

"What is the picture worth, Cap?" said the rural critic. "Probably $25," I answered; "may be more," "Twenty-five dollars! Sho!" said the old man. "I got a barn full of the rale genuine fruit, which I'll sell for seventy five cents a bar'l." "Possibly," I said, "but there are plenty of people in Hartford who would not think $25 an exorbitant price for that piece. Indeed, there are several men of this city who own picture galleries which have cost them fortunes. Gov. Jewell has I believe, a gallery of paintings which are valued at something like $75,000 and probably worth more," I replied. The old man looked hard at me, evidently thinking I was giving him "taffy" of the most extravagant kind. Then he laid his big hand upon my arm and said: "Son, this morning I was in a grocery store, and a little bell struck, and a clerk grabbed a handle and hollered 'Hello!' in it, and talked in it, too. When I asked him what he done that for, he said that he was talking to another man in a store half a mile away. I went out and bought my goods of a man I could trust. Now you're fillin' me up with a dodratted yarn about pictures. Hartford has got the alfiredest lot of natural born liars of any town in these diggin's, and don't you forget it."

BEECHER ON THE SABBATH.

Mr. Beecher, in a sermon on the text "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," said: "Every father is best qualified to tell how Sunday should be kept. It ought to be the pleasantest day to your children. It was not to me when I was a child. I was a mirthful boy, but I was carried to church after having had my face washed—and it needed it—(laughter)—and I was walked down the street and not allowed to play with any stray dog I met. (Laughter). In church, if I went to sleep, I was snapped on the head, while the deacon near me was allowed to slumber. Then I was taken home and allowed the privilege of learning my catechism. (Laughter).

—The Atlanta cotton fair, in October, will draw, it is estimated, 50,000 strangers to that town.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—There was quite a revival of old time carnival gayety in Rome this year.

—France and Spain have forbidden the republic of Andorra to start a fashionable gambling hell.

—A Rock Island pastor has resigned because some of the members of his church persist in dancing.

—Ten cows stood in a row in a stable at Platville, Wis., with their heads fastened in the usual way between stanchions. The floor gave way in the night, and in the morning they were found hanging dead.

—The Cincinnati *Commercial* insists that the stage of that town is the best in the country for bringing out an opera or oratorio, despite the satirical comments indulged in by Eastern newspapers in referring to the Paris of America.

—The eucalyptus tree has been found very effective in banishing malaria from many fever-plagued regions of southern Italy, Corsica and Algeria, where the atmosphere before tracts of the trees were planted was pestilential.

—One of the half-dozen actors who are to star in Shakespeare next season does not in his advertisements promise so much for his acting as for his costumes, which he says will be the handsomest and costliest ever worn on the stage.

—Barry Sullivan had scarcely uttered the words, "Dogs bark at me as I halt by them." from Richard III., at the Cork Theater, lately, when he was disconcerted by the yelping of a cur, which, with its mistress, had to be removed from the theater.

—Some of the professional beggars met with at every street corner cannot be so badly off, unless one of them made a mistake yesterday in asking for charity. It was 4 in the afternoon. "Have pity," he said, "on a poor fellow who has not eaten a morsel since noon."

—White lying is pronounced generally sinful by the *Methodist*, but it adds: "The puzzle of moralists has been to either justify or entirely condemn a class of such mendacities. For example, what shall we do with the hopeful word of a physician who has no hope?"

—The members of the committee of the society which has been formed for the purpose of making Bruges once more a seaport have been received by the King of the Belgians, who expressed his great interest in the project, and said that Flanders ought to be the vegetable garden of London.

—A Second Advent congregation at Greenwood, Kan., have lost confidence in their pastor because, while publicly avowing a belief that the world would come to an end in 1881, he secretly took a note for five years on a loan of $1,000, and demanded twelve per cent. interest with ample security

—Wendell Phillips said in a public address a few days before the assassination of the Czar: "I look at Russia, 4,000 miles away, and see what incubus is resting on her people. I only hope that somebody will lift it off their shoulders. If nothing will do it but the dagger, then welcome the dagger."

—Three Judges have been removed from office in Massachusetts since the Revolution, one for physical disability, one for bribery and corruption, and one for violating State laws in a fugitive slave case. Charges are now being considered against a fourth Judge, who is accused of corruption and tyranny.

—The wedding gift of the province of Prussia to Prince William on his recent marriage consisted of six blooded Wallachian coach horses of choicest lineage and beauty, chestnut in color, and perfectly matched. It is said that this was the finest of all the wedding gifts, and well worthy of the occasion.

—An astonishing verdict was that which sends the Derrance brothers, of New Orleans, to prison for manslaughter instead of to the scaffold for murder. The three prisoners sought out Edwin C. Mix with the avowed purpose of killing him, and took his life, because he had spoken insultingly to their sister.

—Provincial papers of Germany tell of a hearty country bride in the village of Neckermunde who has been literally danced to death. Each of the young men at the wedding wished to have a dance with her. They took turns, and so wearied her that she soon afterwards became ill, had to take to her bed, and after lingering for a short time, died.

—An unmarried woman thinks it unbecoming for a married woman to flirt, while a married woman cannot abide flirtation on the part of giddy girls. A man takes higher ground. He is willing that women, both married and unmarried women, shall flirt—so long as they flirt with him. This practice only becomes shameful when indulged in along with other men.—*Buffalo Courier.*

—The weavers of Bohemia are in great destitution. In upper Silesia, Prussia, there is no improvement in the impoverished condition of the peasantry. Their situation is summed up thus: "No grain, no potatoes, no food for cattle, no seed for swine. Snow and cold without, hunger and sickness within." Soup houses and public kitchens have been started in seventeen villages.

—Among the presents sent to the bride of Prince William of Germany from the royal family of England were several dresses of Irish poplin. One of them, green and gold, with shamrocks woven in the stuff, is said to be something so marvelous in its effect that it was sent round for inspection to all the royal ladies within reach of Osborne. The lace with which this dress is to be profusely adorned is of the Irish manufacture likewise

—When it was discovered that the young women who were engaged in the Louisville Female High School, in the publication of a school paper, were making personal solicitations among business men for advertisements and subscriptions, and were not only offering prizes of jewelry as an inducement for patronage, but were also bestowing kisses where kisses would win a customer, the authorities of the school put their veto upon the project.

—The statement has been made that the use of postal cards has decreased the sale of writing paper in the United States, $12,000,000 annually. In the first place, according to figures given by the Springfield *Republican,* the sale of writing paper has not decreased at all; and in the second place, the amount now manufactured in a year is not worth $10,000,000 including that used for blank books, envelopes and other purposes requiring sized paper. Last year the Government sold 293,000,000 postal cards.

—Among the various estates which are advertised for sale in England is Stoke Park, Buckinghamshire, the chief house in Stoke Pogis, where Thomas Gray lived and lies buried. The park itself, in which the poet used to stroll in early manhood, commands that distant view of Eton College which he has immortalized in his ode beginning "Ye distant spires, ye antique towers." In the park still stand the remains of the ancient manor house of Stoke, which was the scene of Gray's Long Story, and where, if the poet is to be believed,

—It seems not to be known, even in foreign journals, that Mr. J. C. Mathew, who has just been raised to the English bench, is a nephew of the apostle of temperance, Father Mathew. He is the son of Mr. Charles Mathew, of Lehena, in the county of Cork, who was Father Mathew's brother. He was a very able mercantile lawyer, and is the second English Judge raised to the bench without having taken the rank of Queen's Counsel. He is the second Roman Catholic also raised to the bench since the Reformation. The first was the late Sergeant Shee.

—The Connecticut Legislature, in attempting to pass laws restraining the practice of medicine by persons not properly qualified, finds itself placed in an awkward dilemma by the spiritualists of the State, who openly announce that they will get even at the next elections, if their clairvoyant doctors are interfered with. This appears to be by no means an idle threat. The spiritualists claim that they can rely upon three thousand votes, and if that is true, as it may be, it means that they hold the balance of power, and can defeat the dominant party in the State.

—Victor Hugo's eightieth birthday is to be observed in Paris with much ceremony. He is to receive a golden wreath from his admirers, bearing on its leaves the titles of his works. Deputations from the provinces, musicians, artists, and others, will pass in procession by his house and strew flowers before it, and there will be groups costumed to represent the notable personages of his dramas All the theaters will perform his plays, and to wind up the day a bronze medal will be struck in commemoration of it.

—The British embassy at Rome is magnificent It was built by Cardinal Costagreti, and subsequently became the property of Torlonias, the banker. The garden is as large as that of the Quirinal, and full of fine shrubs and flowers and beautiful specimens of the peculiar umbrella pine, but the grand feature is an avenue of ancient evergreen oaks, of weird and picturesque aspect. This fine avenue is doomed to be built over, as it stands on land only leased to the British Government, which owns the house and half of the garden, and perhaps may buy the other moiety.

—The Union Mutual is a Boston life insurance company though chartered in Maine. The directors thought a salary of $10,000 a year was too much for the President, John E. Dewitt, and a proposition to reduce it was under consideration. At the meeting, when action on the question was to be taken, each director was handed as he entered a copy of a law just passed by the Maine Legislature, requiring that a majority of the directors of any insurance company incorporated in that State must live there. As all of the Union Mutual's Board except the President were Boston men, the effectiveness of his retaliation may be readily imagined.

—A prohibitory temperance law was narrowly defeated in the Wisconsin Legislature. The importance of the beer brewing industry in that State may be seen from the brewers of Milwaukee, which last year paid $700,000 to the Federal Government in revenue taxes, $50,000 for city, county and school tax, $336,000 to transportation companies for freight, and $192,000 for cutting and storing ice, besides buying 1,750,000 bushels of barley and 1,000,000 pounds of hops. They support 9,000 of Milwaukee's population, and by their consumption of barley and hops furnish a valuable market to the farmers of the State.

—Not long ago the daughter of a well-known city magnate of London was married, and the hostess arranged to entertain the bridesmaids and groomsmen in the evening by taking them to the theater. The boxes were engaged, and a check sent in payment of them; but previous to the evening the hostess wrote a letter to the manageress informing her that, as the party would consist of ladies dressed in delicately colored fabrics, she would be obliged were directions given that the private boxes should be well dusted. The manageress replied, in a polite letter, that the boxes, as, indeed, the whole of the theater, were always kept perfectly clean, and at the same time returned the check to the hostess.

—The oil painting of John Milton, which Lamb's brother bought for a few shillings, and which subsequently passed into the hands of Charles Lamb, was sold the other day in London at auction for £350. This is the picture of which Mr. Lamb writes to Wordsworth: "It is the genuine Milton, and an object of quiet gaze for the half hour at a time. Yet, though I am confident there is no better one of him, the face does not quite answer to Milton. There is a tinge of *petit* (or *petite*, how do you spell it?) querulousness about it; yet, hang it! now I remember better, there is not; it is calm, melancholy and poetical." Mr. Bernard Queritch, the London bookseller, was the purchaser.

—Dickens used to tell a story about a dinner held at Proctor's, where were present, among others, Carlyle and the well known editor of a review. The editor had enunciated some weighty opinion on the subject under discussion, "treating it in the usual —— Review manner, wrapping it up in a small parcel and laying it by on a shelf as done with forever"—and a dead silence ensued. This silence was, to the astonishment of all, broken by Carlyle, who, seated immediately opposite the editor, looking across at him in a dreamy way, said, as though to himself, but in audible tones: "Eh, but you're a puir creetur, a puir, wretched, meeserable creetur!" Then, with a sigh, he relapsed into silence.

—The action brought by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan against the Comedy Opera company of London for a breach of the agreement under which "H.M.S. Pinafore" was produced was decided on March 2. The defendants had acquired the right of performing the piece for the usual run; and when the Opera Comique theater was closed for decoration they continued the opera at another house. The plaintiffs contended that the closing of the theater ended the run, and a large number of dramatic writers and theatrical managers supported their position. The Judge took the same view, and therefore gave judgment for the plaintiffs. As the latter had not asked for an account of the profits or for substantial damages, he gave them one shilling damages.

—The earliest specimens of the liturgical drama of mediæval times sprang out of the antiphonal of the choir in the celebration of Catholic worship. As early as the tenth century the adoration of the shepherds was presented in the church just before the Introit. "Quem quæritis in præsæpe pastores? dicite" (whom are you seeking, shepherds in the manger? tell us) asked a portion of the choir. To this the other portion responded: "Salvatorem Christum dominus" (the Saviour Christ the Lord). Here is an unmistakeable commencement of the liturgical drama which in the following centuries took possession of the church. It is precisely the same rudimentary shape which was witnessed in Greece.

—A great sensation has been produced by the new Spanish Government having determined to check the gambling now carried on in every town in the kingdom. The authorities have been instructed to close any club or casino where games prohibited by the penal law are played; and Count Xiquena, the Governor of Madrid, has not only admonished the highest clubs and the casino itself, but on a recent occasion he summarily dismissed every inspector who had charge of the districts in which these haunts of roulette and rouge et noir are found. In six hours twenty six houses were surprised and closed, and all the persons found on the premises were sent to jail to be dealt with by the tribunals of police. The gambling in clubs, which has been kept up to very late hours, will also be controlled.

—Lord Odo Russell, who has been created Lord Ampthill, is only the fourth professional diplomatist upon whom Victoria, during the forty three years of her reign, has conferred a peerage. Lord Melbourne's brother, Sir Frederick Lamb, Ambassador at Vienna, was made Lord Beauvale in 1839; Sir Stratford Canning, Ambassador at Constantinople, was made Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe in 1852; and Sir Henry Bulwer, also Ambassador at Constantinople, was made Lord Dalling and Bulwer in 1871. These three peerages are now extinct. In this respect peerages which have been originally created as rewards for diplomatic services have been singularly unfortunate. A number of them have, of course, come into existence from time to time, but not above fourteen or fifteen have survived to the present day.

—That the Mississippi may deservedly be called the "Father of Waters" the following data will show: The quantity of water discharged by the river annually, 14,880,360,636,-880 cubic feet, quantity of sediment discharged annually, 28,188 083 892 cubic feet; area of the delta of the river, according to Lyell's estimate, 13,000 square miles, and depth of the same, as calculated by Prof. Riddell, 1,056 feet. The delta, consequently, as appears from these figures, contains 400,378,-429,440,000 cubic feet, or 2,720 cubic miles; and it would require for the formation, therefore, of one cubic mile of delta five years and eighty-one days — for the formation of one square mile, of the depth of 1,056 feet, one year sixteen and one-fifth days, and for the formation of the whole 14,208 45-years.

—The project of a railway between the north and south of Australasia is now fairly under way, and will reduce the time between England and Sydney by thirty days. The principal section of the northern part is already completed. It is 312 miles long, and runs between Brisbane and Rome Between the latter point and the Bay of Carpentaria there are yet 837 miles to construct. The line will connect with that between Rockhampton and Emeraldtown. There are still gaps to fill between Brisbane and Sydney, and Sydney and Adelaide. The road will link together the principal cities and most peopled regions of the great island, with the exception of those in the west. A syndicate has been empowered by the Legislature of Queensland to construct all the road within its domains, and will receive 4,000 acres of public land for each kilometer or three eighths of a mile built.

—The Italian correspondent of the *Republique Francaise* gives an interesting account of the present condition of democratic opinion in Italy. The influence of Mazzini is on the wane, but it is still strongly felt. There are hundreds of republican clubs throughout the land, and these owe their existence and organization mainly to him. A short time ago, however, Garibaldi established a democratic league which succeeded in embracing all these clubs, and thus gave an impetus to republicanism which it had never before possessed. For some time the Mazzinians, who, like their master, are uncompromising opponents of the existing state of things, struggled hard to gain the upper hand in the league; but victory did not declare on their side, the Garibaldian opportunists being numerically the strongest. A new party is now therefore at work which has for its object to secure the rights of the people and to establish a pure democracy; but it is contented for the present to work by constitutional forms, and to wait for better days. The Mazzinians, however, and the Socialists are very strong, and will constantly be urging their less ardent brethren to more emphatic modes of action For the present the league will content itself with the demand for universal suffrage.

—Matt Lightfoot and Joseph Demott "belonged to two of the best families of Kentucky," yet they were quarrelsome drunkards, and, getting into a brawl at Licking, went recklessly into the street to fight a duel. Demott was killed and Lightfoot wounded. A Judge acted as second for both.