Listowel Standard.

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POPPING THE QUESTION.

Some Curious Precedents in Making Proposals.

(Chamber's Journal.)

Sir Arthur Helps believed that never since the world began did two lovers make love in exactly the same way as any other two lovers. Whether he was right is equally beyond proof or disproof. Certainly no question has been put in such a variety of ways as the momentous one a man can ask or a woman answer; how it is put depends upon time, place, circumstances, and the temperament of the individuals concerned.

A MARRIAGE WITH A GENEROUS MOTIVE.

A curious marriage proposal was made by a reverend bachelor who entered the matrimonial state on his death-bed. He called his housekeeper, and when she entered the room he made her sit down; and, after telling her how anxious and sorrowful he had been because he had no money to leave her, he continued:

"Of course you are aware that there is a ministers' widows' fund, so that if the husband dies his wife will have an annuity during her life. Now, supposing you marry me, although I am almost at death's door, you will be amply provided for in the future. Will you consent to this?"

"Master, dear, you must be doting! What would people say?"

"I was never more serious in my life, Mary; and I am sure people will say we have both acted wisely in this matter. Take till the evening to think it over, and bring me your answer."

In the evening Mary told him she would take him. So, ten days after they were married, and three days later the good old man died; but the widow still enjoyed her share of the widow's fund.

SHE CHANGED HER MIND.

A big, good natured doctor was desperately in love with, and had been twice refused by a fair haired woman. After the last refusal he told her that if she ever changed her mind to let him know, as his love for her was unchangeable, and he would be proud to be her husband. Some months later he was driving home from seeing a patient, when he saw his lady love riding in his direction. Supposing she would merely bow and pass on, as she had often done before, he did not pull up his horses. But the moment Miss Dixon came up to him she reined in her horses, stopped, and called out:

"Won't you stay, Dr. Hill?"

He raised his hat and replied:

"I shall be happy to do so," then waiting for her to speak.

"Dr. Hill. I have been closely watching you lately, and seeing nothing but goodness and noble mindedness in your character, and believing you will make an excellent husband, I am willing to marry you."

NO OBJECTIONS.

Mr. Smith, coming all the way from Australia on the lookout for a wife, saw a young governess on board a Glasgow steamer, whom, from her kindness and attention to some children under her charge, he fancied would suit him. So he went and introduced himself, and taking a seat beside her said:

"I am fifty years of age; have an income of a thousand a year; am a total abstainer from intoxicating drink; have a good house near Melbourne, and all I want is a good wife to complete my possessions. Would you mind taking me?"

"I have no objections."

And a few weeks later they were made one.

QUAINT AND LUDICROUS PROPOSALS.

When Lord Strangeford sat down to criticise a book of travels by Miss Beaufort, he little dreamed that before long he would write to the young authoress: "I was thinking the other day about that communication from the Emperor Akbar to the King of Portugal, which contained a request for copies of the holy book of the Christians, and in which the following sentence occurs: 'In the world of humanity, which is the mirror and reflection of the world of God, there is nothing equal to love or comparable to human affection.' For many years I have felt and known this, though I never said it till to day to any one. When you next write, please give me the possessive pronoun of the first person."

Surely never was a declaration made in quainter fashion, saving perhaps, by the Scotch beadle, who led the manse housemaid to the churchyard, and pointing with his finger stammered:

"My folk is there, Mary; wad ye like to lie there?" Or the lugubriously humorous Irish lover, who took his girl to see the family vault, and then and there asked her if she would like to lay her bones beside his bones.

Louise de Savoie popped the question to Bourbon, but had to take "No," for an answer, the constable courtly declaring that the disparity of years between them, and his own feeling, rendered the union impossible.

WOMEN FIND A WAY.

Cleverly cornered was the western man whose girl told him she was a mind reader; whereupon he naturally inquired if she could read what was in his mind, eliciting for reply:

"Oh, yes! You have it in your mind to ask me to be your wife; but you are just a little scared at the idea."

It is plain the notion did not scare her any more than it did the Galloway girl, who, when Jock, coming into the kitchen while she was preparing breakfast, said: "I think I'll marry ye, Jean!" Answered:

"I would be muckle obliged to ye if ye would!" and so concluded the bargain; not even stipulating like another ready lassie on accepting as sudden an offer.

"But ye maun gie me my dues o' courtin' for a' that, Jamie."

The right of courtship is one out of which no woman ought to allow herself to be defrauded.

PROPOSING BY PROXY.

Little as faint heartedness in a lover may be the liking of a fair lady, it is sufficiently flattering to be condoned; but where any Caleb in search of a wife chooses to sue by delegate, he assuredly deserves to fall ignominiously. Love is not to be won by an attorney, and oftentimes the attorney has thrown his client overboard and carried off the prize himself, as happened when William Grimm went courting in his brother's behalf. Hooker escaped that risk by leaving everything, even the selection of the lady, to Mrs. Churchman, who found him a wife and achieved a son in law herself at the same time. Proposing by proxy is the rule, not the exception, in Greenland. Time was when the Greenlanders won their wives by capture but since their conversion by Danish missionaries they have become the tamest of wooers. Now a candidate for the holy state goes to a missionary, and tells him he wants a wife.

A CANDLE PROPOSAL.

Dumb declarations are in vogue too among the Boers of South Africa. Mr. Anthony Trollope tells us that when a young Boer goes a quest of a wife he puts on his best clothes, sticks a feather in his cap, provides himself with a bottle of sugar plums and a candle—a wax one if possible—mounts his horse—rides to the house holding the young woman he would honor, hangs the reins on the gate, dismounts and enters. His smart gear, his fea ther, and his candle bespeak his errand. To make the point quite clear, however, he offers the candle to the daughter of the house. If she takes it, it is lighted; the mother sticks a pin in the candle to show how long the young people may stay together without interruption, and she and everybody else retire. Mr. Trollope says a little salt is sometimes put in by somebody to make the wick burn slowly, but when the flame reaches the pin mamma comes in, the "freying" is over, and a day or two afterwards the pair are made one.

THE TEXAS WAY.

They manage these things differently in Texas. This is how a fond couple came to an understanding, according to one who pretends to know. He sits on one side of the room in a big white rocking chair, she on the other side, in a little white oak rocking chair. A long eared deer hound is by his side, a basket of sewing by hers. Both the young people rock incessantly. He sighs heavily, and looks out of the west window at a myrtle tree; she sighs lightly and gazes out of the east window at the turnip patch. At last he remarks:—

"This is mighty good weather for cotton-picking."

"'Tis that," the lady responds "if we only had any to pick." The rocking continues.

"What's your dog's name?" asked she.

"Coony!" Another sigh-broken stillness.

"What's he good for?"

"What's who good fer?" says he, abstractedly.

"Your dog Coony."

"For ketching 'possums!"

Silence for half an hour.

"He looks like a deer hound?"

"Who looks like a deer hound?"

"Cooney."

"He is, but he's sort o' bellowed, an gettin' old an' slow, an' he ain't no'count on a cold trail."

In the quiet ten minutes that ensues she takes two stitches in her quilt, a gorgeous affair made after the pattern called Rose of Sharon.

"Your ma raising many chickens?"

"Forty odd."

Then more rocking, and somehow the big rocking chair and the little rocking chair are jammed side by side and rocking is impossible.

"Makin' quilts?" he observes.

"Yes," she replies, brightening up, for she is great on quilts. "I've just finished a gorgeous Eagle of Brazil, a Setting Sun, and a Nation's Pride. Have you ever saw the Yellow Rose of the Prairie?"

"No."

More silence. Then he says:

"Dou you love cabbage?"

"I do that."

Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers, of which she does not seem to be at all aware. Then he suddenly says:

"I've a great mind to bite you."

"Why would you bite me?"

"Kase you won't have me."

"Kase you ain't axed me."

"Well, now, I ax you."

"Then now I has you."

Cooney dreams he hears a sound of kissing, and the next day the young man goes after a marriage license.

VISIONS OF A BLIND GIRL.

She Sees the Form of the Virgin Mary in Her Sick Room.

PHILADELPHIA, August 1.—Mary Agnes Dunn is the blind daughter of A. J. Dunn, a respectable citizen of Irish parentage, who for the last twenty one years has kept a small grocery store and resided with his wife and children at No. 4058 Market street. She is 18 years old, and, with the exception of a severe attack of the scarlet fever when in her sixth year, which totally destroyed her sight, Mary's health has been of the best. She has always received the most tender care from her parents and the rest of the family, and she has retained their warm affection, not only in her amiable and intelligent disposition, but by her extremely devout nature and her intense love and devotion to the Virgin Mary, for the Dunn family are faithful Catholics.

Five weeks ago, says the Press of this city, sorrow cast its shadow on the Dunn household; Mary became ill with diphtheria. Dr. Daniel Hughes, of Chestnut street, son of the physician who attended the family for over twenty years, was called and treated her for a few days successfully, but inflammation of the spinal column ensued, and after several fits of strong convusions she remained for over a week in a trance like stupor, from which she was at intervals, with much difficulty, sufficiently aroused to partake of a little liquid food, generally milk or ice cream. At no time did she show any further consciousness beyond the act of swallowing and clapping her hands together, except on one particular occasion when Mr. Hughes was present. She was lying on her back, to all outward appearances in a complete state of insensibility, when she suddenly opened her mouth and sang a long hymn. The Doctor is perfectly convinced that she was thoroughly unconscious while singing, nor did he succeed in awakening her until some days afterward.

Mr. Dunn, Mary's father, stated yesterday that since then she has been in a very weak and prostrate condition, and constantly under the idea that she could see apparitions of the Virgin Mary. She told her parents three Sundays ago that there would be a visible manifestation on the evening, and shortly before midnight a crowd of neighbors assembled in the house to test the proof of Mary's assertion. They were all of the Catholic persuasion, and inclined to believe that the girl's sickness had filled her brain with hallucination, but as the hour of 12 approached Mary began to pray fervently, and presently, according to her father's story, a halo of light appeared about a foot high, and the form of a woman apparently clad in white garments and attended by two kneeling angels was clearly portrayed on the whitewashed wall. The crown of the head of the vision glittered with golden rays, and above was suspended a perfectly represented crucifix. Such is the statement vouched to as having been seen by a number of respectable people in the neighborhood of Dunn's house, and by the parents, sisters and brothers of the sick girl. Since that night Mary has had three or four similar visions which have been also witnessed by her family only, as the doctor directed that strangers should not be admitted to the girl's presence at such times, as the general excitement would be detrimental to her recovery.

The facts given above were repeated yesterday by both the father and mother of the girl, and on expressing a desire to see the invalid the reporter was at once shown up stairs to where the girl was lying. There were two small cell like apartments with whitewashed walls and a communicating doorway. In each room was a full sized bed, and in one an altar decked with flowers and adorned with vases, candlesticks and a brass crucifix. In these rooms Mary passes her present existence, being removed from one bed into the other to ease her restlessness. It is in the room with the altar that the apparitions are alleged to have been seen. A soft, sweet face is Mary's, shaded with nut brown hair, the cheeks being pale, but otherwise rounded and dimpled as though in perfect health. Pinned on her night dress was an emblem of the Sacred Heart and her fingers were busy with a rosary. She put out her hand to her visitor, and in her low voice spoke of the gratitude she felt in the favor shown her by the Blessed Virgin, and said that she expected another visitation at midnight. She then told the reporter that she was recovering her sight and could partly distinguish his form.

"I will tell you how that is, sir," said Mr. Dunn. "When Mary had the fever she completely lost her sight, and four or five years ago she accidentally knocked her left eye against the edge of a chair and burst the ball. Since then the lids have remained firmly closed, she having lost the power of moving them; but on the night of the first vision, to our astonishment, she opened her eyes and gazed at the wall where the apparition appeared, and as you can see for yourself, she has recovered full use of the eyelids. She also says that she now has glimmerings of sight, and there is no doubt she can see a little as she is able to describe some of our actions."

The reporter then motioned with his hat at the foot of the bed and asked:

"Can you see me?"

"A little," replied Mary. "You are waving your hat."

"Did you see the vision of the Blessed Virgin?" inquired the reporter.

"Yes," answered the girl in a confident voice, "and I hope to see it again to-night."

The visitor was about to ask another question when Mrs. Dunn interposed and said that the doctor had ordered Mary to keep perfectly quiet. The girl continued to say her rosary on her beads, and the reporter left. Both Dunn and his wife, who are thoroughly esteemed and respected in the neighborhood, are very earnest in their allegations, and appear to regard the visions and partial restoration of sight as miracles.

A GOSPEL GOLD MINE

In the 11th and 12th verses of the second chapter of Genesis will be found the following important information:

"The name of the first is Pison; that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold, and the gold of that land is good."

The Chicago Inter-Ocean states with apparent seriousness that company of London gentlemen who have neither followed Ingersoll nor the scientists into their loose Bible notions, have organized themselves into a company to test the truth of the above sacred assurance, and the stock of the "Havilah" gold mine has actually been placed on the London market, the proprietors announcing it to be the richest in the world, and the passage from Genesis is quoted as proof of it from an inspired source.

—Alphonse Carr, referring to food adulterations in France, once said: "If I poison my grocer I shall be sent to the penitentiary, but if he poisons me he gets off with $10 fine."

—"The gutter mud of to-day," says a medical writer, "with its deadly septic organisms, becomes the dust of to-morrow, and in respiration is deposited upon the mucous membrane of the respiratory passages of those who breathe it."

ALL SORTS.

—The new kiss invented by Emma Abbott opens in front.

—A big job in the hose line—the stocking of the Merrimac.

—A tragedian is a dangerous man—he takes life so cheerfully.

—Many students burn midnight oil, but do very little midnight toil.

—It is hard to grow a beard, because each particular hair is a stub born.

—A wife must be like roasted lamb—tender and nicely dressed. No sauce required.

—Bernhardt's future tomb, we learn from the New York Commercial, will be adorned with Sara phims.

—From the prices that some physicians charge, one can readily imagine that high heals are fashionable.

—Henry Watterson pronounces Talmage's sermon on water "delicious." Wonder what he would say to water itself.

—Gold ore and a deposit in the savings bank are very much the same, inasmuch as they are both money in a crude state.

—Rustic chairs are pretty objects, and as long as a man can resist the inclination to sit in them they are desirable to be about.

—Texas siftings asks: "Might we not have rain if all the politicians with clouds hanging over them were called together in convention?"

—The idea that nothing harder than diamonds could be made has been exploded, a St. Louis bride having baked a batch of biscuits.

—Here is another attempt to deprive woman of her rights. A male wretch has got up an invention to prevent the slamming of doors.

—Detroit is known as "the city of the Straits," and Chicago, bound to be different, very naturally takes the name of "the city of the crooks."

—"An' that's the Pillar of Hercules?" she said, adjusting her silver spectacles. "The land sakes! What's the rest of his bedclothes like, I wonder!"

—"Martha, why will you leave our sercice?" "Because, madam, you are a brunette and I am a blonde. I can't take any comfort wearing your dresses."

—Although we are not troubled as the ancients were in making bricks without straw, still a straw is a great aid to a fellow desiring to put a brick in his hat.

—A young lady bearing the aristocratic cognomen of Jardine recently deserted her lover, because in an impassioned sonnet he made her name rhyme with "sardine."

—The Cincinnati Gazette openly and badly advises the female sex to hang a limb on either side of the bicycle and ride to health and story. And its editor is a deacon at that!

—Dean Swift hearing of a carpenter's falling through a scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, remarked that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

—A Georgia editor says: "Gold in thirty-three counties in this State, copper in thirteen, iron in forty-three, diamonds in twenty-six, whiskey in all of them, and the last gets away with all the rest."

—The Boston Post mentions twenty-eight different diseases to which the human tongue is liable, and for the life of us we can't see how both parties manage to dodge through campaigns as they do.

—An old bachelor, who particularly hated literary women, asked an authoress if she could throw any light on kissing. "I could," said she, looking archly at him, "but I think it's better in the dark."

—There is nothing like a bicycle to put flesh on a man. A Marathon man has had one only about a week, and his left ankle is three inches larger around than it was when he first rode it.

—If Uncle Sam was mixed up in this Algerine question the name of the city of Sfax wouldn't stand fifteen minutes. He'd make sass'fax of it or get sas sfaxtion somehow or other for the trouble of sailing over there.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Some Chaps Who Had a Dollar or Two

Thousands of men have envied Astor, Stewart, Vanderbilt, Mackay, Keene, Gould, and the other fellows who can buy strawberries at $1 per box, but the richest of them are mere vagrants when compared to some of the ancients. There was Ninus, for instance. He was the son of Nimrod, the old hunter, who made lions scratch for holes and tigers take to ditches. Old Nim left his boy about £130,000,000 in cash, besides 120,000 cattle, a piece of land about as big as Arkansas, and 14,000 likely slaves. There were no lawyers in those days who made a specialty in breaking wills and gobbling estates, and young Ninus quickly took possession and cast about for some plan to keep himself out of the poor house. He was considered a poor young man, and had he been seen lugging his girl to an ice cream saloon or riding out in a livery rig, his friends would have said he would bring up in a garret. By a lucky capture of territory from the Assyrians, together with 20,000 slaves, 125,000 cattle, ten wagon loads of silver and jewels, and a few other trifles, Ninus walked up the social ladder until big bugs asked after his wife and babies and he could lose three games of billiards without wondering if the owner of the saloon would take a 'stand off.' He was worth £350 000,000 when he died, and yet for the last five years of his life he went without mutton because the price had raised to three cents per pound.

The heiress with a $50 000 bank account considers herself some pumpkins, but what a three cent piece she would have been alongside of Queen Semiramis. She not only had the lucre left by Ninus, but in ten years she had increased it four fold. Just multiply £350,000,000 by two and you have the amount of her bank balance, to say nothing of jewels and clothing and furniture and palaces and slaves and cattles. Had she sold out and cleaned up she could have drawn her little check for about £700,000,000. She didn't worry about where her spring bonnet came from, and when a new style of dress goods came out she didn't sit up nights for fear some neighbor would secure a pattern first. While she made it lively for her enemies she was soft on her friends. She gave her waiting maid half a million dollars in a lump, for dressing her hair in a new style, and she tossed the same amount to her dressmaker as a reward for the excellent fit of one particular dress. One day when she saw a poor old man traveling the highway on foot she presented him with 500 asses to ride on, and insisted on his accepting £50,000 to pay his toll and tavern bills.

Cyrus, King of Persia from the year 538 to 580, had some little change to begin with, and in ten years he could draw his check for £500,000,000. He didn't haggle over the price of a slave when a man came to buy, but presented him with 1,000. He at one time owned 30,000 horses, 40,000 cattle, 200,000 sheep, 15,000 asses and 25,000 slaves, and when he got tired of a palace costing £1,000,000 he gave it away to some poor washerwoman with seven children to support. He one day sat down to a dinner which had cost £30 000, and in the afternoon he went on a £50,000 drunk. The police didn't run him in, or he would doubtless have insisted on paying a fine of £20,000 and presenting his Honor with a corner house and lot in the toniest part of Babylon.

King Menes was another well heeled man. It was too much trouble to count his cash, and so he weighed it. One day when an old friend asked him for the loan of a few dollars until Saturday night he sent him a procession of sixty asses, each animal loaded with 150 pounds of gold coin. He paid £100,000 for a bird which could whistle, the same for a trick dog, and he had such a fondness for white oxen that he shelled out £25,000 apiece for them, and at one time he had a drove of 2,000. When he got out with the boys he made things lively. During one spree in his city of Memphis, he gave away £500,000, and didn't get dead drunk at that. At one time he had 600,000 gold chains, 1,000,000 finger rings, 100,000 costly swords, 300,000 daggers, and land only knows how many fish lines, jack knives, cork screws and tobacco boxes. His wife had £1,000,000 a year as pin money, and when his eldest son went up to Thebes to see the elephant, he was followed by 500 friends, 1,000 slaves, 2,000 horses and £500,000 for fare checks and beer money.

HOW NOT TO TAKE COLD

Dr. Beverly Robinson, in a paper on "Colds and their consequences," gives the following good practical suggestions:

If you start to walk home from a down town office, and carry your coat on your arm because the walking makes you feel warm, you are liable to take cold. Therefore, don't do it. If you should take the same walk after eating a hearty dinner, your full stomach would be a protection to you, but even then my advice would be, do not take the risk. A person properly clothed may walk in a strong wind for a long time without taking cold, but if he sits in a room where there is a slight draught, he may have a very severe cold in a few minutes. Therefore, do not sit where there is a draught.

Warm mufflers worn about the neck do not protect you against taking cold, but on the contrary render you extremely liable to take cold as soon as you take them off. They make the throat tender.

Ladies ought to wear warmer flannel under clothing than they do now, if one may judge from the articles one sees hanging in the windows of the shops. People take cold from inhaling cold air throug their mouth oftener, perhaps than by any other way. Ladies dress themselves up in heavy furs, go riding in their carriages, and when they get home they wonder where they got that cold. It was by taking in the cold open air, and thus exposing the mucous membranes of the throat. The best protection under the circumstances, is to keep the mouth shut. If people must keep their mouths open in a chilly atmosphere, they ought to wear fitter.

Above all, be careful of your feet in cold, damp weather. Have thick soles on your shoes, and if caught out in a rain which lasts so long as to wet through your shoes despite the thick soles, put on dry stockings as soon as you get home. But in cold wet slushy weather don't be caught out without over shoes. Rubbers are unhealthy, unless care is taken to remove them as soon as you get under shelter. They arrest all evaporation through the pores of the leather. Cork soles are a good invention.

When you go into your house or your office, after being out in the cold, don't go at once and stick yourself by the register, but take off your coat, walk up and down the room a little, and get warm gradually. Warming yourself up over a register just before going out in the cold is one of the worst things you can do. Never take a hot toddy to warm you up unless you are at home and don't expect to go out of the house again until the following morning. In short make some use of your common sense, and thus emulate the lower animals.

A LADY LAWYER'S RETORT.

Judge Tylor, of San Francisco, is well known to the bar of that city as a most formidable opponent, both forensically and physically, as many a learned counsel upon the other side has found out to his sorrow.

The Judge, who is so used to dominating his brethren of the bar, recently met his match in the lady lawyer of San Francisco, Clara S. Foltz, who clipped his wing in a manner that well nigh suffocated him. The story is too good to be lost.

The cause of Tyler v. The Hibernia Savings Bank was pending before one of the city courts, involving the right to a certain deposit of funds in said bank. Tyler was his own attorney, and Mrs. Foltz was attorney for the bank. It seems that Tyler had a little bit of sharp practice, was trying to ring in a cold deck in the shape of a default that had been erroneously dated, the admission of which by the Judge upon the bench would have sent the defendant out of court. Mrs. Foltz showed up the matter satisfactorily to the court and the default was promptly set aside. This nettled Judge Tyler considerably, and turning to the lady counsel he said sharply, in a manner intended to be intensely oppressive, that "counsel had better be engaged in other business," that "a woman's place was at home raising her children."

The words were scarcely uttered before Mrs. Foltz rose in her queenly way, and, flashing her blue eyes straight into the Judge's florid face, she quietly remarked: "A woman had better be engaged in almost any business than in raising such men as you are, sir."

The Court commanded order, but in a tone that seemed to appreciate the justice of the retort, while a number of lawyers in court, some of whose heads Judge Tyler has held in "chancery" on former occasions, came near exploding with suppressed laughter.

The counsel turned white with anger and groaned in spirit, but concluded that it was but to drop the subject then and there.—San Jose Mercury.

A SKYE TERRIER'S TERROR.

(New York Sun.)

Mr. E. H. Coffey, of No. 87 Wall street, has a little Skye terrier with a brown, silky fleece. While on his way to Jersey City on Wednesday afternoon, on the Brooklyn annex boat Erie, Mr. Coffey had his little dog with him. It frisked about the deck, and was petted by the ladies. As the boat was rounding the Battery the heavy thunder storm that came up drove the passengers into the saloon. Mr. Coffey missed his pet, and, hunting about for him, saw the little fellow dashing frantically about the deck out in the rain. Mr. Coffey was just about sallying out to pick it up when a sudden blast from the steam whistle seemed to drive the little animal wild with fear. Mr. Coffey shouted to a deck hand to catch him, but the man thought that the dog had gone mad, and got out of the way. Before Mr. Coffey could reach him, another blast from the whistle scared the little fellow so badly that he ran across the deck and plunged into river. A strong tide was running, and the little fluffy brown object was soon lost to the view of the crowd who sorrfully watched his struggles. About an hour afterward a deck hand on a Communipaw ferry boat, while off Bedloe's island, saw what he took to be the soft brown hair of an infant's head bobbing in the water. He raised the alarm, "Child overboard!" A boat was lowered, and the waif was rescued. It was nearly exhausted, and lay almost motionless while the passengers patted his little wet body. Yesterday the deck hand saw an advertisement from Mr. Coffey describing his loss. He took the dog to Mr. Coffey's office, where it was at once identified, and the deck hand received heartfelt thanks and a reward.

A TEMPERANCE DRINK.

Among the thirsty ones yesterday hunting up and down Woodward avenue for something to quench thirst was a man in rusty black, who entered a drug store and softly inquired:

"Have you a temperance drink?"

"Two or three of 'em. Will you take soda water or ginger ale?"

"Well, now, our society does not regard either of those as a strictly temperance drink. Both are associated with stronger liquors."

"Suspicious—suspicious," was the whispered reply.

"Ah! I've got it now!"

"Ah!"

"I can give you a straight temperance drink as cool as ice, but it comes high."

"How much?"

"Ten cents a glass."

"Very well," said the old man, as he put down his dime.

The druggist was absent only a minute and then returned and placed a glass of liquid before him. The old man drank half of it, smacked his lips and asked:

"May I ask what you call it?"

"Certainly; it is called water. I just drew it from the hydrant."

The excursionist set the glass down much harder than he needed to, buttoned his coat, and with a glance meant to reduce the druggist's weight to 120 pounds in five seconds marched out as stiff as a bean-pole, and crossed the street after a lemonade flavored with peppermint essence.—M. Quad.

—It took a drunk man just 16½ minutes, by the watch, to get up from the James street sidewalk, near Cannon, where he had fallen last evening. He had just managed to stand himself upright when a cop appeared and he was run-ned in.

CROP REPORT, 1881.

Province of Ontario.

WHITBY, ONT., August 1, 1881.

During the last few years, Canadian farmers generally have been paying more attention than formerly, to the fattening of cattle and to dairy products; hence, a large increase of meadow and pasture lands, and no considerable annual increase in the acreage devoted to grain crops.

The season of 1880 81 has been a peculiar one. The winter set in very early, and lasted very late, with severe cold weather. The month of April was unusually dry, with constant biting winds which threatened total destruction to the fall wheat and hay crops. Fortunately, owing to the heavy snow falls, the ground had been saturated to a great depth with a large amount of moisture, which kept the roots of the plants in a far more healthy state than the appearance on the ground indicated. In many parts of the Province a considerable portion of fall wheat was plowed up, and put into other grains, principally barley and peas. While the month of April was so unfavorable to fall wheat and hay, it was most propitious for sowing all kinds of spring grains, which were early, in splendid condition. Immediately after spring sowing was over, almost all parts of the Province were blessed with copious showers and genial weather, and the crops generally have progressed wonderfully, even fall wheat and hay turning out an average crop, and spring wheat, barley, oats, peas and the root crops affording promise of more than average yield.

HAY has been a very uneven crop. In some of the largest counties west of Hamilton the crop, especially on old meadows, has been very light; but, in counties bordering on Lake Ontario and River St. Lawrence, and north of them, the crop has been a large one in most places, and, in many counties, as large as ever was harvested. With a good deal of old hay still on hand, with a large average crop of new hay, and an immense growth of straw on fall and spring grains, there is an abundant supply of food and fodder for our horses and cattle, and, in many places, a large surplus of hay for export if a market offers for it.

FALL WHEAT.—This crop, like the hay crop, has proved very uneven. After making allowance for the proportion plowed up, this spring and last spring, there is found to be a considerable increase in the acreage for harvest this year over last. The general method of estimating the extent of a crop, by extracting an average from any given number of reports gathered from all kinds of quarters, irrespective of the importance of each report, is apt to prove very delusive; as a report from say five points in one section may be of more relative importance than five points in ten other sections, inasmuch as the acreage in the one seccion may equal or exceed the acreage in the other ten sections. In this report, due value will be attached, as nearly as may be, to the relative importance of each return.

From a careful review of the different reports I have seen, as to fall wheat, it appears that in the townships bordering on the lakes from Collingwood round to Windsor, the crop is deficient in yield as compared with last year; from Windsor to Port Burwell, both large acreage and good yield are reported; from Port Burwell to Wellandport, the acreage is above the average, but the yield very deficient. Through the counties of Lincoln, Welland, Wentworth, Halton, Peel, Cardwell, Dufferin, Middlesex, Oxford, Wellington, Waterloo and Brant, large acreage and good crops are reported. In the large counties of Perth and Grey, an average acreage and deficient yield are returned. In the important counties of York, Simcoe, Ontario, Peterborough and Victoria, there is a larger acreage and a better crop than in Northumberland, about same acreage as last year, with a better yield. East of Northumberland county, the quantity of fall wheat raised is not of sufficient importance to be taken into consideration. As has been already remarked, the fall wheat crop has been very uneven; in some of the largest fall wheat producing counties, the yield is reported very deficient from last year; in other equally important counties a large yield and fine quality are reported; in most of the other counties, both acreage and yield and quality are reported better than last year. The conclusion is that, on the whole, the product of this year will be considerably larger in bushels, and of a better quality, than in 1880.

SPRING WHEAT.—Owing to the general failure of this crop during the last few years, especially in some of the counties which formerly were large producers of this grain, there was a large general decrease in spring wheat acreage this year. At present the crop promises well for a large yield; but, the injury sustained from midge or from rust has yet to be ascertained.

Last year, about this time, this crop looked very promising; but the result was very disappointing, it having suffered from blight caused from excessive heat and from rust, and also from ravages of the midge. Taking into consideration all the surroundings connected with both fall and spring wheat—acreage, and yield so far as harvested and present appearance of spring wheat—it seems altogether probable that this year's crop will slightly exceed that of last year as to quantity, and that the general quality will be better.

BARLEY.—With very few exceptions, every county in the Province reports acreage fully equal to or considerably larger than last year. The exceptions are not important, as they have occurred only in a few counties where very little barley is raised. The weather during seeding time until the crop was nearly ready for harvesting was most favorable, the growth being if anything too luxuriant, leading to too much straw. The weather during the two last weeks has not been quite so favorable. During week before last, there were a few days of intense heat which caused some barley to ripen too quickly; at other points, heavy showers of rain caused this grain to lodge. A large part of the crop was cut from the 20th to 25th July, only a small portion of which was housed without rain. During the last ten days a great deal of barley has been lying in the fields, bound and unbound, exposed to almost daily showers of rain, which must have stained it to more or less extent; the amount of damage sustained in this way will not be ascertained until threshing discloses it. Probably half of the crop is still uncut. Taking the increased acreage into account, and the very favorable appearance of the crop up to maturity, it seems safe to conclude that the quantity of barley raised this year will exceed that of any former crop; that the bulk of it will be plump, heavy barley, and, if not exactly "bright" in color, it is not as yet badly stained, and, with a few days of good weather, will be all secured as good, sound malting barley.

OATS—The acreage this year does not vary materially from last year. The yield per acre promises to exceed the average.

PEAS—In some counties this crop has suffered so much of late years from bugs that the acreage has been gradually reduced, so that there are now very few peas raised. In other counties, especially where black-eye peas are raised, there has been a large increase in the acreage. The season has been very favorable, and there is a fair promise of a large crop and of fine quality.

ROOTS—Potatoes, turnips, and other root crops, promise splendidly.

ROBERT H. LAWDER.

TORN TO PIECES.

From the Silver Cliff, Col., Republican.

Mr. William Nues, who has been prospecting on the range near Humboldt gulch, was set upon by a bear last Friday and literally torn to pieces. The attack was made at noon, while Mr. Nues was engaged in preparing his dinner. It seems that he was stooping over the fire when he heard a muttering noise from behind, but before he could turn a monster she bear sprang upon him and a desperate struggle ensued. Nues fought as best he could, but being unarmed he was unable to make much defense and before the struggle had ended the bear had torn away nearly all the scalp, besides lacerating the flesh on his right arm into shreds and tearing away chunks of flesh from the left leg below the knee. After being so horribly wounded Mr. Nues walked three miles to the cabin of Mr. Sam Isabel in the valley. A messenger was at once dispatched for Dr. Shoemaker, who left immediately for Isabel's ranch. The doctor found the man in a terrible condition, being one mass of wounds from which the blood was flowing in streams.

The man was conscious and told the story of the awful struggle to the doctor while he prepared to bind up his wounds. No chloroform was administered, and during the operation, occupying nearly six hours, the man remained conscious and never complained by even a murmur. The doctor states that he took fifty-two stitches in the head and face alone, and never in all his experience did he witness such nerve and fortitude as was shown by this man during the sewing up of his wounds. This morning the patient was still alive, but Dr. Shoemaker states that he can hardly recover. Mr. Nues says that the old bear was accompanied by two cubs of about one month's growth. He stated that his pick was almost within reach, but he was unable to get to it before the bear had him in her clutches. Mr. Nues is a widower with two children, and lives on a ranche, the third one from the cheese factory toward the range.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF STOCK SPECULATION.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

The excitement with which stock speculation binds its votaries, and even those who participate in none of its losses or gains, but are merely parts of the machinery necessary to the conduct of the intoxicating game, is illustrated in the remark of a broker's clerk, who said the other day, "If my salary here was barely enough to pay my board and washing, and if by leaving the street I could get a position that would pay me $2,500 a year, I would stay where I am. There is a fascination about it which makes all other employments dull and tiresome." Mere lookers on, who never have had at one time, probably never will have, and scarcely hope to have money enough to buy out right a single share, also catch the fever and hang around the tape, watching the fluctuations; are depressed and elated by turns as stocks go up and down, curse the cliques and damn the railroads with as much earnestness and emphasis as though they had thousands at stake on the turn of a point, and they actually do come to feel that they have a substantial, not a mere sentimental interest in the struggle of giants and pigmies which is going on, but in which really they have no part or lot whatever. "What is the most approved system for operating in stocks to make money?" asked a novice of an old broker the other day.

"There is no system," replied the man of experience. "When you have figured out a system that will beat a faro bank you can return your inventive mind to the Stock Exchange. Go it blind. That is the only system that I am acquainted with."

"But if a fellow goes slow and keeps cool, can't he get rich in a few years?"

"Yes; but you can't go slow and keep cool. As soon as you begin to make money you go wild; that is, the average man does. You may make a fortune in a day and you may lose one. I saw a man make $35,000 the other day in a few hours and he has got it yet. If he concludes that he has got enough he will salt it down. If he makes up his mind to be a millionaire he may have a seat on the Houdon next year, or he may be in the almshouse."

It was a dull day and the broker entertained the little group of customers that were gathered in his back parlor by recounting some incidents that had taken place within his own knowledge since the boom began in 1879.

"There was," said the financier lighting a fresh cigar and handing around the box, which stood on the table, "a little Dutch shoemaker—no, you can hardly call him a shoemaker, he was a cobbler, mended old shoes and worked in a cellar—who had scraped together by years of hard labor and economy between three and four thousand dollars. He came down one day in his shirt sleeves, with his face smeared with lamp-black and his fingers stuck up with wax, put up his money, which he had in gold, on the table, and ordered him to buy a thousand shares of Wabash. He got it for 16. The little cobbler used to come down occasionally as the stock kept going up, still in his black face, stinky fingers, coatless and collarless. He would stand around awhile, look at the quotations and go away. When she reached 45 his broker begged him to sell and make sure of a snug little fortune. "No," replied Dutchy, "I never dot shtock till she goes to the bar." One day he came down cleaned up and dressed up. "Hello, shoemaker," said a gentleman to whom his face had become familiar.

"I am not a shoemaker any more, I dank you," replied the holder of Wabash, waving him off with mock contempt; I am a gapitalist.' His broker kept begging him to sell and finally a few months ago he closed out at something over 80." He put the money into real estate and hasn't been seen since."

Before the company had got through expressing their admiration and envy of the cobbler the broker began.

"One of the big Third street wholesale houses had a salesman in New York to whom they paid $2,500 a year. He was a relative of the Chief, had been a merchant himself, and had failed. He was a shrewd, quiet little fellow and an excellent salesman. But during 1879 the firm discovered that there was something wrong with their New York salesman. He was not making good sales nor many of them. So one of the firm went over to see what was the matter. His office was locked up and his neighbors said he was seldom at the office and only staid a minute or two when he did come. Finally they met and the employer took the employe to task.

"I'll tell you what I'll do' said the salesman; 'I'll throw off my last quarter's salary and will call it square.' This was satisfactory and they parted. The salesman has since retired with a million and a half in United States bonds. The story was briefly this: He had borrowed $5,000 and bought North west at 60. He sold it for 93. That was his first operation. When the great November break came he was out of the market, with $300,000 in the bank. When things steadied a little he bought for every cent he had, got out again on top; bought a beautiful place on the river, put a million and a half in governments and quit."

"Tell us about a disaster to counteract the effect of such a villainous story as that," said a lean man with a bald head.

"I could tell you of twenty; yes a hundred," said the broker; "but here is an order which I must attend to," and he stepped into the next room and began to talk in a low tone to a young man sitting at a telegraph instrument, and the company went away with anger and envy and hunger in their hearts.

DON'T MARRY FOR MONEY.

Uncle Pleasant Batkins is 60 and his wife 72. The other day a friend said: "Uncle Pleasant, why in the mischief did you marry a woman nearly old enough to be your mother?" "You see, boy," he replied, with a sigh, "I was wurkin' for Long John Freeman, in Hanover, when I was jest eighteen, and Mary Ann Russ, old Mrs. Russ's only daughter, was thirty if she was a day. At every quiltin' she used to chuse me for her partner, and everybody said it 'peared like she wur a courtin' me. She gimme four pair of cotton socks and a heap of things, but still I didn't have any notion of her. Well, one Christmas eve, I went to the old woman's, and had hardly set down before Sary Ann brought me some sweet potato pie, which she knowed I was monstrous fond of. While I was eatin' it, I heard the old woman up stairs a countin silver