Listowel Standard.

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SPECIAL COLUM.

Mr. R. H. Stoddard has contributed to the "Encyclopedia Britannica" the paper on Hawthorne, the famous American writer.

Mr. Swinburne is not a success as a critic. His forte is poetry of the gushing order.

The July number of the *Nineteenth Century* magazine is a more than usually good number, "The Future of Liberalism," by Matthew Arnold being the most attractive paper in it.

Vanbury, the great traveller, speaks twelve languages with the greatest ease.

Think of Tennyson, the poet Laureate, being paid $1,500 for his poem "De Profundis," which some time since appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*. It only comprised sixty-five lines.

The play of "A Gentleman from Nevada" was written by Mr. George W. Jessup, a native of Dublin, Ireland.

Mrs. Cross—"George Eliot"—is said to have realized $250,000 by her pen. She now resides, a close neighbor to Carlyle, at Chelsea.

Miss Barlee's life of the Prince Imperial of France has excited the opposition of the critical journals in England, and the book is spoken of as fulsome. Of course that comes of the writer praising the Prince as a warrior, and we rather think the true story of his heroic death will confirm Miss Barlee's eulogy. It is clear that he was no coward. His father was said to be rash rather than brave, or he never would have been a prisoner in the fortress of Ham. Be that as it may, the *Academy* and other literary English journals might have spared their sneers if not their censure.

Now Goldwin Smith comes in for a rap from the *Saturday Review*, that journal taking upon itself to say that his critical powers are "dull and poor." Whatever may be said of the Professor's singularities, it cannot be denied that he is a man of remarkable ability.

To show that Americans who write well are appreciated abroad rather than wrongly denounced, as some American papers would have us believe, the *Athenæum* speaks in terms of the highest praise of Mr. John Russell Young's "Tour Around the World with General Grant."

The leading *prima donna* in England now is Madame Sembrich, from Dresden. She is highly praised for her singing. Her *debut* on the English stage was made in the Covent Garden Theatre some weeks since in "Lucia."

Mr. Mathew Arnold, the leading English critic, has edited, or rather written, an introduction to "Selections from the English Poets," of which two volumes have been issued. Besides the general introduction, each poet has a special critic. Mr. Patterson deals with Milton, Mr. Gosse with Herrick, while Mr. Long makes the selections from the ballads, and Mrs. Ward introduces Sidney.

The London *Athenæum* praises Mr. Alpheus Todd's work on "Parliamentary Government." Mr. Todd is fortunate in having secured English appreciation of this and his previous work. As a Canadian writer it is not a little flattering to our vanity as a people that he should have succeeded so well.

The first newspaper in Kingston was started in 1810. It was called the *Gazette*. Then followed the *Herald*. The *Chronicle* took the place of the *Gazette*. In 1833 the *Spectator* was issued, but it did not last long. Out of the *Chronicle* grew the *News*, and in 1834 Dr. Barker started the *British Whig*, which in 1849 became a daily issue, making it the first daily journal published in Canada.

The Paris journal *Le Temps* hits off Mr. Gladstone thus: "Endowed with more ardour than breadth of mind, with more vigour than sense of discrimination, he supports all his opinions with the same uncompromising thoroughness, raises every one of those opinions to the height of a principle, and thus confounds the welfare of his country with the triumph of his ideas, and the triumph of his ideas with the reign of God on earth."

A fac-simile reprint of a rare book has just appeared in Edinburgh. It bears this title: "The Catechisme, That is to say, ane commone and catholik Instructions of the Christin People in materis of our Catholik Faith and Religioun, quilk na gud Christin man or woman suld misknaw: Set furth be ye maist reverend father in God Johne Archbishop of sanct Androus, Legatnait and primat of the kirk of Scotland, in his provincial counsale haldin at Edinburgh the xxvi. day of Januarie the zeir of our Lord 1551, with the advise and counsale of the bischoippis and othir prelatis with doctours of Theologie and Canon law of the said realme of Scotland present for the tyme. Prentit at sanct Androus ......the xxix. day of August 1552."

"Mervyn O'Connor" is the title of a novel by Earl Desart, the scenes of which are laid in Ireland and Canada. The book is no great thing, we believe.

Sir John Lubbock has contributed a remarkable paper on ants to the Linnean Society. He gives this curious account of an experiment he made:

A dead bluebottle fly was pinned down, and after vain efforts at removal the selected ant hied home and emerged with friends, who slowly, and evidently incredulously, followed their guide. The latter, starting off at a great pace, distanced them, and they returned, only, however, to be again informed, come out, and at length be coaxed to the prey. Several experiments, made with different species of ants and under varied circumstances, seem to indicate the possession of something approaching language. It is impossible to doubt that the friends were brought out by the first ant, and, as she returned empty-handed to the nest, the others cannot have been induced to follow merely by observing her proceedings. Hence the conclusion that they possess the power of requesting their friends to come and help them.

A writer in a New York paper gives this as authentic:

Here is another incident connected with the work of the Relief Committee in Ireland. They supplied themselves with a quantity of Liebig's extract, to be given to those who needed something more nourishing than a potato, and more tasty than a plate of Indian meal stirabout. One day a poor fellow brought his daughter to the committee, saying that she had a great pain in her chest. The sick girl was in the last stage of consumption, and well she might have a pain in her chest. A pot of Liebig was given to the old peasant, with very careful directions as to its use, which directions, as it proved, were fearfully and wonderfully misunderstood. He brought the girl the next day, and said, with an offended air, "Your Honor, that salve has done my daughter no good, at all, at all." "Then, James," was the reply, "you didn't follow the directions." "Oh, yes, your Honor, I did that exactly. I did precisely what ye told me. I'll show ye. Bridget, come here." The girl came timidly forward, when the father opened her dress and showed her chest, entirely covered with Liebig, which had been thickly plastered all over her person.

TAKE A REST.

A Bookkeeper's Healthful Holiday Trip.

"Well, Mr. Jones, you see I'm back," was the greeting which a Toronto merchant gave his bookkeeper the other morning.

"Yes, sir; and how have you enjoyed yourself?" queried the pale-faced individual who was turning over the leaves of a well-thumbed ledger on the desk before him.

"I must say I've had a good time this trip. Just away a month, you know; made good time to New York and went straight to the seaside. Fashionable society there, you know. Soon as I got there I felt myself improving in health; and my appetite was so good after a couple of dips in the briny, you know, that the number of dishes I called for quite startled the waiter. I tell you sea-bathing is the thing to give you fresh life and energy; and then the fresh sea breezes, whew! There is nothing in the world like sitting on the beach on a fine evening, imbibing the ozone, listening to the music and watching the people bathe by electric light. It invigorates you, you know, and when you go to bed you sleep so soundly that a burglar could step in and take the bed from under you without disturbing you."

"I never slept so soundly as that," interrupted Mr. Jones.

"I suppose not," continued the merchant. "Then breakfast is a great meal. Why, when I'm at home I can't manage a great big breakfast; but, bless you, at the seaside I ate like a horse. I bathed in the sea sometimes twice a day, that is, morning and evening, and if I'm not in better health than ever I was, I'm a Dutchman. You know, in my opinion, there's no place for a man to go in the summer equal to the seaside."

"Yes, sir, I think a change of air really does one good."

"Of course it does; and on your return from the country you feel as if you could do twice the work you did before. I think, Jones, you should have a little relaxation."

"Yes, sir, I want a rest. For five years I haven't been away from the desk."

"Yes; well see if you can get through what you are doing now by one o'clock, and then run over to the island for the afternoon. A change of air 'll do you good, you know." The book-keeper looked sad.—*Mail*.

—If you have a bone of contention with anybody throw it to the dogs.

GEN. LE DUC ON TEA CULTURE.

He Relates His Efforts at Cultivating the Plant in This Country.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

Gen. Le Duc of Minnesota, the Commissioner of Agriculture, arrived at Philadelphia recently, and a reporter interviewed him at the Continental Hotel, on the subject of tea culture, the introduction of which into this country has been one of his pet hobbies. "The tea plant," said the General, "had been grown and distributed by the Department of Agriculture for some years, more as a matter of curiosity, than with the effort to make a tea garden or to establish its growth as a business, although some few persons had obtained seed from China and elsewhere, and had made efforts to raise and manufacture tea, although with but little practical result in any case. Probably the largest number of plants collected by any one person are those collected by a Dr. Jones in Liberty County, Ga., near Savannah, who some time before the Rebellion undertook to raise a number of plants with a view of making tea. His plantation was practically abandoned, and after the war his daughter, Mrs. Scraven, prepared tea in a rude way from leaves picked from the old trees, of which there were at the beginning of this year 300 or 400 growing wild in the edge of a forest, the seeds falling from which, scattered through the brush, had grown into quite an extended thicket, from which Mrs. Scraven was in the habit of selling plants and seed to those persons who wished to purchase. When, as Commissioner of Agriculture, I wished to promote the cultivation and manufacture of tea in this country, with a view of supplying our people with home-raised tea, and thus decreasing the importation of the article. I purchased from Mrs. Scraven plants and seeds for distribution, and I scattered these throughout the South, and we are now reaping the reward of this effort by learning from the growth and condition of these plants the soils and climates best fitted for the production of this necessary article.

"I have but a short time since returned from an examination, assisted by Mr. Jackson, of a large area of South Carolina, in which are found many locations in which the soil and climate were pronounced by Mr. Jackson as exceedingly favorable for the production of the tea plant. This preliminary examination showed more land suitable for tea culture in the belt of country about forty or fifty miles back from the coast, the best land being mostly situated in that portion which is regarded as unhealthy for white people during the summer months, but not particularly unhealthy for the negro, who seems to live and thrive unharmed by the malarial atmosphere of the rich lands of that section. Mr. Jackson assures me that there is no better soil for the plant in those parts of India with which he is familiar, and which has proved so great a source of profit to the English and Scotch tea companies."

"Has any tea been manufactured as a commercial article, and is the quality equal to that of imported tea?"

"For a number of years persons throughout the South owning one or more tea plants have made tea as best they knew how, but in a very crude fashion, bruising the leaves and drying them in a Dutch oven or even in the sun, and storing them away as a family supply of the fragrant herb, which they pronounced better than any they could purchase at the stores. Notably, this has been done in the last two years, or since the publication and circulation by the department of a little treatise upon tea culture and manufacture. But no tea has been made of a commercial character until Mr. Jackson this spring commenced to manufacture tea in proper form, and send it to the department as an evidence of what could be done, even with the old and neglected plants he had purchased with the Jones plantation."

"Are the profits of this cultivation likely to be great enough to attract capital in this direction?"

"It is, I believe, commonly understood that there is abundance of money in our own country now seeking profitable investment. When Government bonds can be floated at four per cent., and tea offers a profit which will be indicated by the difference between the cost of cultivation and the wholesale price, the cost, according to the testimony of Mr. Jackson, will be from fiften to twenty cents per pound, and the wholesale price offered in New York is forty to fifty cents, and in London fifty to seventy cents per pound."

"Do the plants in this country only afford the English breakfast variety of tea?"

"By no means. The leaf of the tea plant is manufactured in different ways to secure the different brands of tea for the markets in which it is put. The difference lies in the manipulation of the leaf. Green teas are made without fermentation, whereas the English breakfast class of teas are all fermented in different degrees according to the quality desired."

SEVEN TIMES A WIDOW AT FORTY

(Vienna Correspondence, London Globe.)

For the benefit of that venturesome class of people who, like those possessed of an irresistible desire to risk their lives among savage African tribes, would—the sad shipwreck of so many of their friends notwithstanding—venture on the treacherous sea of matrimony; for their benefit, I repeat, it becomes an imperative duty for me to make known a unique chance of connubial bliss which has lately come to my notice. It is of Catharina Chasna, of Verbo, in Upper Hungary, that I speak, and let him that would secure a prize in the marriage market hasten to the land of pomade and paprika, and without a moment's delay make her his own. For time is pressing; she has often been snapped up, and will in all probability be very soon snapped up again. A wife who thoroughly understands her social duties, and who is perfect in her paces, is, I take it, universally acknowledged to be a "desideratum"; and if the lady I have now the honor to introduce to public notice does not fulfil this condition, then nobody ever will. For, like her sister in Holy Writ, she has had seven husbands, and the last one has just died. Here, however, the simile comes to an end; for instead of the sevenfold widow following her lords and masters, Katharina Chasna is as sound as a bell, and if what is generally said be true, has but one anxiety in life, and that is to get married—"sobald als mogiich!" Our heroine—surely she must be a heroine—first married at seventeen. She began her crusade against the opposite sex modestly enough, for she selected a shoemaker, who, however, succumbed to consumption at the end of fifteen months; he hardly lasted as long as one of his own pairs of shoes—best quality. No. 2 was a much tougher customer. He entered the list at the ripe age of eighty-seven, held out thirteen years, and died a fortnight after his one hundredth birthday; how long he would have lasted under favorable conditions is an interesting but now bootless speculation. This affair so preyed on good Katharina's mind that she was fain to marry within the month for consolation, and this time it was a widower, who, however, came to a watery grave, for he died of dropsy after four years of bliss. All this ill luck was beginning to tell on Katharina's spirits, and she determined now to invest in something "warranted to last." She lent a modest ear to the burning tale of a stalwart farmer of twenty-eight; but, alas! he succumbed to an "accident" almost before the expiration of the honeymoon (whether he committed suicide is not clear). I will spare you the next three husbands, the last of whom died on Wednesday. Suffice it that a fate seemed to pursue them all and bustled them one after the other into the "great unknown." If Katharina does not marry soon it will be her own fault, for several suitors are after her. Although between forty and forty-five, she is still strikingly handsome, has a splendid figure, abundant black hair, and does not look a day over thirty-five. But, ah, well a day! she has cast her flashing eyes on a youth of twenty-one, who is himself over head and years in love with some one else. The mayor of the neighboring town, a rich widower of seventy-seven, is said to have become quite childish on the subject of Katharina, and humbly mumbles his suit. She will doubtless take him out of "pique."

—The difference between oilymargerine and old butter can be told by the smell. One smells worse than the other.

CANDAHAR.

Description of the City and Fortress—An Historical Review.

Candahar is a large and populous city. Its form is that of a square or oblong; and as it was built at once on a fixed plan, it has the advantage of great regularity. All the four great streets or bazaars in the city meet in a central point, where there is a circular space of about forty or fifty yards in diameter, covered with a dome. This place is called the Ghaursoo. It is surrounded with shops, and may be considered the public market place, where proclamations are made, and where the bodies of criminals are exposed to the view of the populace. The four streets are each about fifty yards broad. The sides consist of shops of the same size and plan, all one story in height, with the lofty houses of the town overlooking them from behind; and in front runs a uniform veranda, along the whole length of the street. There are gates at the entrance of the streets, with the exception of the northern one, where stands the King's palace, facing the Ghaursoo. All the other streets run from these four; and though they are narrow they are all straight, and cross each other at right angles. This city, however, though it is more regular in its plan than most of the cities of Asia, has but a mean appearance, being built, for the most part, of brick, often with no other cement than mud. It is divided into various quarters, which are attached to the respective tribes and nations which form the inhabitants of the city. Almost all the great nobles of the Dooraunee tribe have houses in Candahar, and some of them are said to be large and elegant. Among the common people, the Hindus have the best houses, which they are in the habit of building very high. There are many caravanserais and mosques; but of the latter one only near the palace is said to be handsome. The palace is not remarkable, but it contains several courts, many buildings, and a private garden. Near the palace stands the tomb of Ahmed Shah, which is not a large building, but has a handsome cupola, and is elegantly painted, gilded, and otherwise ornamented within. Twelve smaller tombs of the deceased Shah are ranged about the principal one, and many texts of the Koran strewed around afford solemn impressions to the Mohammedan visitors. An establishment of moolahs is attached to the tomb and one of their number constantly attends in the building. The city is well watered by two large canals from the river Urghundaub, which are crossed in different places by small bridges. From these canals small water courses run to almost every street in the town, which are in some parts underground. Candahar is a place of great resort; its principal business arises from the transit trade which brings a large number of foreigners in proportion to the resident population, hence there is a diversity of costume in the bazaars. The Turcoman merchants from Buckhara and Samarcand frequent the markets of Candahar, whence they transport into their own country a considerable quantity of Indigo and other commodities. Candahar so far differs from the other cities in Afghanistan, but the greater part of the inhabitants are Afghans and of these the greater number are of the Dooryaunee tribe. The other inhabitants are the same as those of the province, being an assemblage from the different nations of the East. Candahar is surrounded with gardens and orchards, and many places of worship, which are more frequently scenes of pleasure than of devotion. About two miles to the north of the city stands

THE FORTRESS OF CANDAHAR

on the top of a precipitous rock, which, before the introduction of cannon, was considered impregnable. This fortress was, in very early times, the residence of a Hindoo prince. In the beginning of the eleventh century it was in possession of the Afghan tribes, from whom it was taken by Sultan Mahmud of Ghuznee. It was afterwards captured by the troops of Ghenghis Khan in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and by those of Timour in the fourteenth. In 1507 it was taken by the Emperor Baber, but was soon afterwards recovered by the Afghans. In 1521 Baber again got possession of it after a long siege. Homayon, the son of Baber, when he was expelled from the throne of Hindustan, agreed to make over the fort and district of Candahar to the Persian monarch, in return for the aid which he gave them. But repenting of his promise, he again got possession of the fortress, which, by its strength, defied all the efforts of the Persians to reduce it. It remained an appendage of Hindustan until the year 1625, when it was taken by Shah Abbas the Great, and being surrendered by treachery, was recovered in 1692 and was successfully defended against Aurungzebe with an army of 50,000 men. Three years after, he was again compelled to retreat from it with disgrace. It remained in possession of Persia till 1709, when it was taken by an Afghan tribe. It was retaken by Madia Shah after a siege of two years, and on his assassination, it was taken in 1747 by Ahmed Shah, the chief of the Abdallies, who thereby laid the foundation of the Afghan power. Under Ahmed Shah Candahar was the seat of government, which was removed to Cabul by his successor. On the dismemberment of Afghanistan, subsequent to the expulsion of Shah Shooja, the brothers of Dost Mahomed established themselves in Candahar, and levied contributions over the neighboring districts. Their weak and pernicious rule was terminated by the occupation of their Capital by a British force in 1839. The army of occupation, notwithstanding the frequent and desperate attacks of the natives, made good the defence, until the autumn of 1842, when it finally evacuated the place, and commenced its triumphant march on Ghuznee and Cabul.

M. P'S AT WORK ON SUNDAY.

A Scene in the House of Commons—Sitting into Sunday Morning.

The House of Commons, ever ready to correct bad manners in others, would seem to be in some danger of falling into bad manners itself. For some time past serious endeavors have been made in Parliament to obtain a better observance of the Sabbath by interdicting all sorts of work on the seventh day, but here we have the House of Commons working with a will, not only up to midnight on Saturday last, but for half an hour into Sunday morning, and then with such an earnest and unflagging spirit as to give rise to an idea that, if the Government had insisted upon going on with the measure under discussion, the Opposition were ready too. One hon. member, just as Sunday was approaching, called attention to the fact, and observed that "if hon. gentlemen meant to go to church in the morning, they ought to go to bed now;" but Mr. Forster, being equal to the occasion, cheerily declared that he should go to bed with a clearer conscience if he finished his work first." At this juncture, according to the report, an hon member, overcome by excessive fatigue, uttered a terrific yawn, equal in volume of sound to that of a combined cheer. Big Ben had sounded the hour of twelve, and Saturday night passed into Sunday morning, but still the House sat on. The subject was the Irish Distress Relief Bill, to which a variety of amendments had been proposed, on some of which Government had come to a compromise with the Opposition, but the hoped-for peace was not accomplished thereby. A kindly feeling was shown when Mr. Forster accepted the amendment proposed by Mr. Parnell, empowering the Irish Local Government Boards to make grants in aid for out-door relief from the Irish Church Fund not exceeding £200,000, but it was only a transient semblance of peace, and the gratifying exchange of smiles became succeeded by as active an antagonism as ever. Mr. Synan moved to reduce the rate of interest paid by Boards of Guardians on loans to 1 per cent., but this could not be accepted; many members were heard for and against it without accelerating the business, until towards five o'clock up rose Mr. Forster, with as much good humor as could be felt by a member of the Government in charge of a measure of importance, and kindly appealed to the Irish members, who would have liked to have their own way on the occasion, to expedite the discussion; at the same time assuring them that if the debate on the Bill were not finished that day, he could not see when it could be brought on again. The Irish members had of course the desire at their hearts that the needful relief to their poor and distressed countrymen should be had quickly, but it was on their conscience that a more extensive relief ought to be given. So the debate went on again; Mr. Synan's amendment was negatived, but there were more to come.

The Irish members expatiated largely, and vehemently upon the wants of the peasantry of Ireland, and touchingly alluded to the funds whence the existing distress should, in their way of thinking, be relieved. The proposition that the relief loans should be charged upon Imperial funds occasioned dissatisfaction among the representatives of other parts of the kingdom; and although the concession was agreed to for giving an extension of time to repay the last amounts advanced to Irish farmers for seed, the attempt to saddle the common purse with all the burdens was resisted; so that Mr. Forster was led to say he had not the key of the Treasury, and if he had, the money did not belong to him to do as he pleased with. Still the strife went on; gradually the hands of the clock made progress, though the business did not. About the hour of seven a motion was made to report progress, the proposer suggesting that hon. members wanted to dine. In the contention of hunger and patriotism, the latter prevailed. "At one period it seemed," observes a reporter, "as if hunger and fatigue combined would have caused the Irish to yield; but they succeeded in conquering their appetites." Nearly six hours after the House met, an hon. member "expressed himself as not only willing to go on into the Sabbath morning, but for a week." And on they went.

Mr. Forster whilst admitting that he "should be pleased to get some rest and food, was nevertheless prepared to sit an indefinite length of time." Famishing and exhausted members might have mentally asked themselves how long that was likely to be. Mr. Forster is not a weak man; he is mentally and physically strong. Another member said, "if the Government would keep a House for a week the Irish would stick to it. They should do without their dinner." Then came a voice suggesting that Government should allow them to adjourn for a couple of hours, promising that they would come back refreshed and ready to go on to any hour the next day. The Secretary for Ireland, however, was not sure if once he let them go they would return, so he put the proposal aside with a smile, remarking that it would not look well in Ireland if the debate were adjourned to enable members to get their dinner. "With a voice full of pathos," it is observed, one representative of Ireland informed the Government that "he had partaken of no food since breakfast time." But the Minister was inexorable. Then the pain of hunger seemed to pass away with the dinner hour; considerable cheerfulness succeeded, and Ireland triumphed half an hour after midnight, Mr. Forster then consenting that the House should be adjourned.

A greater degree of moral force than has yet been displayed by Government in the new Parliament is needful for the satisfactory progress of business. The deficiency of resolution is as evident as the excessive length to which the debates are carried. The genius of Mr. Gladstone, which enables him to orate upon any subject for any length of time has stimulated others who have not the same ability. It is not only loquacious Irishmen who stop the way, for indeed the Irishmen possess the happy art of saying their sharpest and best things in few words. It is the long speech men who require to be kept down, or the Saturday sittings which are becoming frequent will deprive hon. members of their dinners on that day, and prevent them from joining in public devotion at church on Sundays.—*London News of the World.*

THE WATERSPOUT ON CAPE COD.

Further particulars of the hailstorm and waterspout on Cape Cod, on Thursday, show it to have been the most remarkable visitation of the kind in this part of the country since the terrible besom of destruction which passed over Cambridge thirty years ago. An eye-witness describes to us the progress of the waterspout, which seemed to form over the waters of Buzzard's Bay, back of the Monument Beach islands. Taking a southerly course, it struck the land at the mouth of the Pocasset River, near the scene of the Freeman tragedy a year ago. A large dory upon the beach was picked up as if it had been a wisp of hay, and carried into the air to the height of fifty feet. It hung suspended for a moment, spinning round like a top in mid-air, and then dropped to the ground, being dashed to pieces by the fall. The waterspout thence took a serpentine course in a general southerly direction, uprooting all vegetation, and even ploughing into the ground as it moved along. On the land of Captain Beckerman it encountered a substantial stone wall, and so tremendous was its power that for thirty feet the heavy stones were scattered in all directions. As it approached the village of Pocasset, the phenomenal visitor passed through a pasture owned by Phineas Gibbs, in which there was a cow grazing. The animal was greatly alarmed at the approach of the strange visitor and turning tail attempted to flee. But the waterspout was too quick for her, and, playfully picking her up, whirled her around just above the ground, as a kitten would chase her tail about the floor. The animal's astonishment and terror were expressed in a series of terrific bellows, but the waterspout soon dropped her, almost unharmed, and kept on its course toward the village. It was at this point that it appeared to spectators in its most wonderful and terrible form. From a mere point upon the ground it rose to the clouds in a long conical line, which twisted about in a great variety of serpentine contortions, ending in a perfectly white field, against the black background of the heaviest cloud ever seen in that region. It seemed to select its course with a special view to avoid the houses of the village, and twisted in and out among them without touching a building. Just before reaching the centre of the village it suddenly burst, and was gone in the twinkling of an eye. Not a breath of wind accompanied the whole storm. Hail fell in unprecedented quantities, covering the ground to a depth of three inches in many places at Cohasset Narrows. The stones were most of them of the size of the old-fashioned ounce musket ball. They were all perfect spheres and as hard as flint. Great alarm was, of course, felt among the summer visitors and others at the village, and the escape of some was truly wonderful. Had a house been struck by the waterspout, it would have been torn to kindling wood in an instant. Several citizens resorted to the sailors' expedient of firing guns, any atmospheric shock being sufficient to burst the waterspout, and the disappearance of the phenomenon may have been due to this cause. The damage to the crops is of course great, every green thing being stripped to the ground by the hail. The hailstorm upon the water presented a wonderful sight. The large stones falling faster than rain drops in a thunder shower, caused the spray to fly into the air whenever they struck to the height of about eighteen inches. The water being perfectly calm, the effect was that of myriads of icicles standing vertically above the surface.—*Journal*, July 29.

SUICIDE OF A HORSE.

A Wytheville, Va., dispatch says: A horse owned by Mr. Thomas R. Campbell, a prominent citizen of Page county, deliberately committed suicide on Wednesday by drowning himself in the Hawskill river, a stream running near the house of his owner. A son of Mr. Campbell drove the horse to the river to water him, and while in the stream the animal laid down and permitted himself to be drowned, although strong and apparently well. The animal resisted every effort to rescue him, and as fast as he was driven out of the river he would return, till he was finally permitted to end his days in the manner he seemed to desire. The owner of the steed says that for some time he had suffered from a form of indigestion, which, in a human being, would probably have been designated as dyspepsia. Whether this affected the animal and finally led him to take his own life is not, of course, known. The case altogether is a very remarkable one.

—A handsome dress recently worn at a ball was of dark green satin with a gardem of white lillies on each side of the skirt.

THE FAR WEST.

Major Walsh Interviewed at Winnipeg—What He Says of Sitting Bull, the Mounted Police and Indian Affairs Generally.

[Winnipeg Free Press, July 30.]

Major Walsh, who has been in command of the Mounted Police at Wood Mountain, Northwest Territory, since the establisment of the post, arrived in town last night, on his way east on leave of absence. A reporter of the *Free Press* interviewed him this morning, with the following results:

Reporter—What about Sitting Bull and his band, Major?

Major Walsh—Sitting Bull and his people are as anxious for peace as we are, and have no desire to give any trouble. Before I left Wood Mountain I had an interview with Sitting Bull, when he assured me that he would give no trouble. A year ago on the 19th of this month General Miles had a fight with hostile Sioux at Milk River, and at that time there were 540 lodges of Sioux on Canadian territory, but when I left this number had been reduced to somewhere between 200 and 240, the balance having surrendered themselves. Those who have not surrendered have also crossed the line, but only for hunting purposes, and intend to return. Some of the Indians surrendered themselves to the agent at Poplar River, others at Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies, while the greater portion have gone to Fort Keogh to give themselves up to General Miles. The first detachment left in November, when twenty-five lodges started for Spotted Tail Agency. I gave them a letter to the agent, who received them, but for some reason I received a reply to the effect that the United States Government had informed him that no more could be received. This, however, did not stop me in my endeavors to persuade them to return to the States, nor did it prevent them going back. In February of this year Minnekosu, a man whom I had specially selected to work on, gave himself up at Yankton Agency, and was received, as were also between sixty and seventy other lodges. In May the United States Government informed the agent that the Indians had to surrender to the military authorities. A few days after the communication was received, nearly 100 lodges offered to surrender at Poplar River, but of course they could not be accepted. They were advised to give themselves up to the military authorities at Fort Keogh, and they consented. Since then a few more lodges have followed their example. When I left Poplar River, which was on the 27th of June, the Indians were at Keogh waiting for the arrival of Gen. Miles, the last detachment having left Poplar River for the latter place the previous day. About 100 lodges of those with Sitting Bull also wish to give themselves up, but they are under chiefs who do not want an unconditional surrender. They want to impose a few slight conditions, which should be accepted. This would leave Sitting Bull and Spotted Eagle with a very small following, which can be still more reduced if the proper course be pursued, and with this the hostile element would cease to exist.

Q. Does Sitting Bull wish to return to the United States?

A. No; he wants a home on Canadian territory, as he does not like to return to the United States. He has, however, given up the feeling of great hatred which he used to bear to the Americans, and is quite willing to meet them and shake hands, but he says he would like to become a British subject. He says he would like the privilege of hunting with the British Indians on the Milk River and down to the Missouri, without fear of molestation. These Indians have been clamorous for peace for the past eighteen months or two years; in fact, I never saw people more anxious to be at peace with every one. They have complied with the law in every respect, although we have had one or two little difficulties. The Indians are very excitable, and when they are excited the savage nature asserts itself, but I do not hold an excited Indian any more accountable for his actions than I would a man who was crazed with drink. The white man's government and law is simply wonderful to them. They cannot comprehend why we should be so particular; yet they have been very obedient. There are some bad young men among them, I admit, who will steal horses, but when this is stated to the chiefs, they make every exertion to remedy the evil.

Q. How about the Blackfeet?

A. When I left the Blackfeet were south of the line in the Little Rockies, between the Milk and Missouri Rivers, after the buffalo, which were reported to be in that neighborhood in thousands, and heading northwards. I do not, however, expect them to get any further north than the Milk River, as they will be headed there by the Teton Sioux and half-breeds. This line of settlement prevents the passage of the buffalo to the north, and they turn back again to the Missouri. A few Blackfeet, I understand, are farming at Fort Macleod, but I do not know how they are getting along.

Q. How do the Blackfeet and Sioux agree!

A. The Blackfeet and Sioux have always been at war since they were nations, and whenever two parties meet the weaker one comes to grief. There has not been any trouble lately, however, between the Tetons (Sitting Bull's Band) and the Blackfeet; in fact, they have met quite recently and are very friendly. The trouble is generally between the Blackfeet and the Yankton Sioux. The former endeavored to make a lasting peace with the Tetons, but unsuccessfully, as they were afraid they might be expected to join against the Yanktonnais, which would be impossible and unnatural, both bands belonging to the same tribe. It is a difficult matter to tell a Yankton Sioux from a Teton. Some of the latter have been recently killed by Blackfeet, but I do not think that any Blackfeet have been killed by them, but that any who were murdered met their death at the hands of the Yanktonnais. Some Blackfeet were also killed at Milk River by the Crees. I was told by the Tetons, just before I left Wood Mountain, about three weeks ago, that the bodies of four of their young men they found, belonging to a party of five, about two miles north of the boundary line, and about twenty-five miles from my post. The attacking party had left their gun-covers on the ground, and from the bead-work the Sioux were of the opinion that they were either Crees or North Assiniboines. I was also informed at Qu'Appelle, by the Crees, that the Tetons had killed several of their number, but I do not believe it. My reason for doubting the statement is that I saw a Cree scalp in the Yankton camp, which was offered me by the chief, but I refused it. Sitting Bull is anxious to make a peace with all the Indians—not an offensive and defensive alliance—but a friendly peace. He desires to remain neutral, as he does not think his position would justify him in forming an offensive and defensive alliance.

Q. It was rumored here this spring that you were bringing in Sitting Bull to exhibit him. Is there any truth in the statement?

A. No. He wants very badly to go to Ottawa to see the Governor-General, and to Washington to see the President. That rumor, doubtless, arose from the fact that a trader named Allen wanted to bring him in for exhibition purposes, but he could not get Sitting Bull's consent. I never had anything to do with it. Allen never mentioned the exhibiting to "Bull," as he knew that would spoil the whole thing. Sitting Bull is thinking of more serious matters at present than of making a show of himself.

Q. What does he think of the way his people are leaving him?

A. He promised me that he would place no obstacle in my way if I endeavored to induce them to return to the States, and he has kept his word to the very letter. I pointed out to him the necessity of returning, owing to the scarcity of the buffalo, and he immediately withdrew all opposition.

Q. Is there any truth in the statement that the Mounted Police are on the verge of mutiny, on account of the reduction of their pay?

A. There is not the slightest foundation for the rumor. There is not a man in the force whose conditions of service are not being strictly carried out. The reduction is only made with a few men, and they understand fully before they enlist what their pay is to be.

Q. There have been several changes in the command, I believe?

A. Yes; there has been a general change all round. Superintendent Jarvis has been changed from Fort Saskatchewan to Fort Macleod; Superintendent Winder, of Macleod, and Walker, of Battleford, go to Walsh; Superintendent Crozier goes from Walsh to Wood Mountain; Superintendent Herchimer, of Shoal Lake, succeeds Walker at Battleford, and I take command of the eastern division with headquarters at Qu'Appelle, and the force at Shoal Lake has been reduced to a non-commissioned officer and three men. Mr. Dewdney, of the Indian Department, will in future make his headquarters at Shoal Lake, the Department having taken over the barracks.

Q. So you think there is no danger of Indian troubles?

A. You need feel no uneasiness on that score at all. The Indians cannot afford to make war. You see, they have no paid army, but each family supplies its fighting man, and if he should be killed somebody's breadfinder is taken away, and his loss is felt. The scarcity of food did create a little "friction" among the Blackfeet, but that danger is past. The Indian nature is a queer one, and easily disturbed.

Q. How are they progressing on their farms?

A. I do not know. I think the Government should not stand on a little expense. They should lay out a little money in ploughing the land for them, and should even go to the extent of sowing and reaping the crop, and if necessary put down the next year's crop, too, at the same time trying to get them to take an interest in the undertaking. This will prove the cheapest way in the end, and inside of five years will save more than double the present cost.

Q. How do you think they will succeed as farmers?

A. I have an idea of my own on that head. I do not believe the present generation will ever learn or care to farm. What the Government should do is to teach the women and children how to work the farms, if necessary, furnishing all the labor in the meantime, and by the time the boys grow up to be young men of 18 or 20 they will be able to handle the farms themselves. The present men were born and bred hunters, and can't be made anything else.

Q. I hear that Col. McLeod is about to leave the force; is that the case?

A. I am sorry to say I believe it is. I have been told that the Government have declined to separate the offices of Commissioner of Police and Stipendiary Magistrate for the Southern Division, and the Colonel has decided to retain the latter office. This step will be regretted by all, as he was very popular with the police, the Indians, and the settlers alike.

After a short conversation, our reporter withdrew. The Major leaves to morrow for the East, going first to Ottawa.

KALLOCH AND HIS FLOCK.

San Francisco Letter to Washington Star.

On Sunday night we went to hear Kalloch. In Brooklyn one has only to follow the crowd to find the way to Beecher's church, and judging by the numbers heading our way, the same rule applies here in regard to Kalloch's stamping ground, the Metropolitan Temple. The theatres of San Francisco were in full blast Sunday night, but Kalloch seems to draw better than any of them. The Temple holding perhaps two thousand people, was speedily filled, though there was an admission fee of ten cents, (in lieu of a collection it was stated), and later arrivals occupied chairs in the aisles. A church paper, called *The Metropolitan Banner* was distributed at the entrance. It was a curious medley of religious exhortations to a higher and holier life, and paragraphs giving secular "jesse" to the opponents of the Rev. I. S. Kalloch. The sheet was peppered with such squibs as these:

"Glass Houses.—How would Uncle Hewes like a little racket over the chicken, sea-moss, and plagiarism business, to say nothing about pre-California scandals? There are lively times a head for some scalawags we know of if they elect to have them."

"The ministers may 'try' Dr. Kalloch as much as they please, but they had better dispense with the services of a certain seedy, curbstone stock shark who ought to be in the penitentiary for his swindling operations, and will be if he doesn't look out."

"Everybody in California except the 'wet dogs' understands the cause of the Eastern religious antagonism to Dr. Kalloch," etc.

Kalloch's Temple not only claims to be the largest "religious edifice" in the city, but to have the biggest organ and a choir to match. The choir composed largely of ladies, sit around the preacher on the platform. There was considerable of the variety show business about the whole performance. Some twenty or more pretty and gaily-dressed young lady singers came meandering picturesquely down upon the platform like the general's daughter in the "Pirates of Penzance." Then the male singers came in, and there was a medley performance of secular and sacred music by way of prelude to the lecture, in which there seemed to be a considerable rivalry between two of the lady soloists for applause. Kalloch's lecture rather agreeably disappointed me both in matter and delivery. It was a glorification of muscular Christianity of the Kalloch stripe, to be sure, but the imagery was rather good, and there was an absence of rant and florid gesticulation for which I was not prepared. Kalloch is over six feet high and has the neck and chest of a prize-fighter; while there is a certain bulbousness of fore head that when he is erect gives him a look of intellectual force, but when sitting deep in his chair, with his eyes half-closed and on a level with the spectator, the enormous width of his head in proportion to its height is manifested, and his features assume the repulsiveness of some flat headed reptile.

GROWTH OF ENGLISH CITIES.

The opinion, quite generally entertained, that London is one of the few large British cities which grow rapidly, is very erroneous as the figures plainly show. It is nearly eight years since the last census, and the Registrar-General consequently supplies various estimates annually of the population of the principal towns, founded on the ratio of increase between 1861 and 1871, in order to form a basis for calculation of yearly rates. From this it appears that London now contains 3,620,868, an increase since 1871 of 366,608; Liverpool, 538,338, an increase of 44,933; Manchester, 361,819, an increase of 10,630; Leeds, 311,860, an increase of 52,648; Sheffield, 297,138, an increase of 57,192; Bristol, 209,947, an increase of 27,395; Bradford, 191,046, an increase of 45,216; Hull, 146,847, an increase of 24,445; Salford, 177,649, an increase of 53,048; Newcastle 146,948, an increase of 18,505; Portsmouth 131,821, an increase of 18,262; Leicester, 125,622, an increase of 30,402; Sunderland, 114,575, an increase of 26,333; Oldham, 111,318, an increase of 28,689. London is equal to 18 of the largest cities; Liverpool and Glasgow are very near one another in population, the latter having 39.818 more people than the former. The density of population varies greatly in the leading towns. For example, it is 11.4 in Norwich; Newcastle, 27.4; Sunderland, 41.4; London, 48.9; Manchester, 84.3; and Liverpool, 103.3 per acre. Many of the small uncommercial towns of Great Britain are stationary, others slowly decline.

—There is nothing half so sweet in life as love's ice-cream—in a country bake shop.

—Here is a good story of a little one. She was a four-year-old blonde, generally quiet and tractable, but mamma had provoked her. "I don't love you any more, mamma!" "Very well, dear, you needn't" "Well, I don't love you." "All right, dearie, mamma will try to get along." "Well, I do love you; but I don't feel just like it now."

—Burlington *Hawkeye*: We have endured with commendable patience, the appalling phantom of the young man who wears two watches; with Christian resignation and patience we have borne with the young man who wears his watch in the outside pocket of his coat, but when we meet the elegant youth who wears his silk embroidered socks outside his slippers to show the monogram on the toes, there is going to be bloodshed, and don't you forget to remember it.

WITNESSES.

Mr. Justice Hawkins had occasion the other day to repress a loquacious gentleman with the remark that he "never allowed a witness to make a speech on his own account." The type of witness to whom this observation is applicable is one which is very well known to barristers, and most fully recognized by them as one of the most troublesome with which they have to deal. This talkative witness is, in the first place, by no means a first rate ally even to the side which he appears to support. Running on in his own fluent style, he gives his examiner no little difficulty in keeping him under control, and guiding his steps along the path which he has been led to expect the man will follow. His answers, when they are to the point, which is far from being invariably the case, are obscured and clogged with a quantity of irrelevant and useless matter, so that it is difficult to sort out the useful and valuable information from the verbiage by which it is surrounded. The jury, called upon to listen to his long-winded replies, constantly miss the point of them, and are wearied and annoyed into the bargain by the loss of time and attention caused by the talker. Add to this that the mere fact of gossiping in the witness-box creates a bad impression as to the common sense of the speaker, and diminishes the weight of his evidence even when it is delivered with the most distinctness. It is, however, when the cross-examination begins that the loquacious witness does the most ruinous damage to his own side. The case which he comes to support is almost certain, like other cases to have its weak points somewhere or other; and while it is the object of the skilful examiner to avoid these matters, it is often exceedingly difficult for the adversary to know where to look for them to find them. But the witness who is fond of the sound of his own voice has no idea of all this. He cannot believe that anything which he says will do harm to the cause, and he is almost, if not quite, as willing to be communicative to the hostile counsel as he is to his own friends. The former will, therefore, be drawing him out, obtain a capital insight into the enemy's camp, and will very frequently, in discoursing affably with the loquacious one, hit upon that very defect or flaw which he would never have discovered in any other way. This species of witness resembles the edge tool, which it is proverbially dangerous to play with; and a wise suitor will be disposed almost to dispense with his services rather than give him the chance of rushing in to spoil the play by disporting himself after the fashion of a bull in a china shop.

Witnesses have been divided by philosophic lawyers and observers of human nature into different categories; and are often scientifically dealt with in court by the counsel on each side in accordance with their respective characters, which may be either ascertained beforehand by the solicitor, or gathered from their appearance and first remarks. Next to the loquacious witness in point of injuriousness to his own side come the forgetful witness and the undecided witness. The former is almost always afflicted with an idea that his memory is good, and he makes positive statements in perfect good faith, which he is afterward happy if he can retract in time to save his reputation for honesty; while in many cases this opportunity is cunningl withheld from him, and he is denounced to the jury as a person whose deliberate statements are disproved by the clearest proofs. Both this variety and the undecided witness are thoroughly untrustworthy in court, and will contradict upon oath the evidence which they gave most clearly in consultation and deny the essential fact upon which their legal adviser has built up his whole case. To hesitate and pause while answering a question is almost as fatal to a man's character for veracity with the jury as to confess entire ignorance; and the opposing barrister is pretty sure to observe the weak spot, and by a rigorous cross-examination increase the bad effect already created in the jurors' minds. If only such witnesses would admit their own weakness, and stick to what they really know and remember, while refusing to depose to what they have forgotten, it would be a great deal better for the interests of justice and of all parties concerned.

The witness who is troubled with vanity is an excellent subject for the cross-examiner, if only the latter can affect with success to be impressed with his importance and talents. To keep up the reputation which his interlocutor seems to be willing to make for him, he will go almost any length, and swallow baits, which, if offered to him in any other shape, would not be looked at for a moment. Very similar is the course to be adopted with the "knowing" witness, who is determined to fence with his wigged persecutor, and is resolved that in the mental and verbal conflict he will get the best of it. If he is allowed an apparent victory, and even indulged with the chance of making a telling repartee, he will become elated, and in the full flush of his triumph launch forth into confidences that nothing but flattery could extort.

Of all other categories of witnesses — and they have not yet been nearly exhausted—the most curious in some respects is the lying witness. Contrary to what might be expected, this variety is one whom his adversaries fear very little. It is pretty well recognized at the Common Law Bar that a false witness can, with any tolerable exercise of skill, invariably be unmasked. It is so difficult to invent and keep up a consistent tale which is devoid of all truth that only one man in a thousand can achieve the task with success when opposed to a clever barrister. A much more difficult task presents itself, it is true, when there is a large substratum of truth, and the lie consists merely of a single addition or perversion introduced by the witness and his friends. To defeat this sort of evidence traps must be laid with extreme skill and care, and the character of a speaker must be exposed to the jury in as clear a light as possible. For the habits of truth and falsehood impress themselves in some mysterious way on the features and on the whole language and deportment of men; and it is this very fact which makes the written report of a man's evidence so insecure a guide to the impression produced by it upon a jury.—*London, (Eng.,) Globe.*

THE BOY PREACHER'S VICTIM.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

A case of insanity is just now attracting considerable attention in Brooklyn. A bright and promising young lady attended several weeks ago the exciting revival meetings of an evangelist known as "the boy preacher." This person is a tolerably old boy, being about thirty years of age; yet he is somewhat boyish in appearance and is possessed of youthful alacrity in his movements. He is withal somewhat dramatic in action and is capable of exercising a strange magnetic influence over his audience. When in this city, several month ago, this "Boy Preacher" was the means of adding about five hundred persons to the roll of one of the Methodist churches with which he labored for some weeks. His recent Brooklyn campaign resulted in the gathering in of over six hundred converts. His manner is eccentric and his methods are the subject of frequent and severe criticism even from those who approve the end he has in view and who believe in his kind of revivals. His habit is to stand up and down the aisles of a crowded meeting-house and with shouting gesticulation warn sinners that if they do not at once repent they will be sent to hell. His picturings of hell are in vivid colors and redolent of brimstone. On the excited imagination of a young woman given to hysteria and kindred mental and nervous ailments such an evangelizing cannot but have a pernicious effect. The girl who is now a raving maniac was evidently crazed by the evangelist's terrible appeals. Her mind is no longer under her control and her physical faculties are quite as uncontrollable. Several times she has attempted to take her own life, as well as to do violence to her relations. Admit that such cases are rare; the existence of even this one ought to be a hint to this evangelist and to all others who are in the same line of effort. The blood-and-thunder, brimstone and pyrotechnic style of appeal to the unconverted will easily scare a certain class of people into sudden flights from the wrath to come. In proportion to the mechanical energy of style and the vapidity of matter is the number of backsliders from the so-called conversions resulting from this sort of labor. Possibly this high-pressure method of making converts has its advantages, but it is difficult for thoughtful people to say what they are. The churches which work industriously and earnestly for steady growth will grow larger and better and more healthy, and with more salutary effects on the outside world, than those which work on the passions and imaginations and fears of the weak and nervous.

ONE OF THE "JINERS."

Experience of a Woman Whose Husband took Orders.

(Quincy Modern Argo.)

She was about forty-five years old, well dressed, and black hair, rather thin and tinged with gray, and eyes in which gleamed the fires of a determination not easily balked. She walked into Major Huse's office in Patten's Block, and requested a private interview, and having obtained it and satisfied herself that the law students were not listening at the keyhole, said slowly, solemnly and impressively:

"I want a divorce."

"What for? I supposed you had one of the best of husbands," said the Major.

"I s'pose that's what everybody thinks; but if they knew what I've suffered in ten years they'd wonder I hadn't scalded him long ago. I ought to, but for the sake of the young ones I've borne it and said nothing about it. I've told him, though, what he might depend on, and now the time's come. I won't stand it, young ones or no young ones; I want a divorce, and if the neighbors want to blab themselves hoarse about it they can, for I won't stand it another day."

"But what's the matter? Don't your husband provide for you? Don't he treat you kindly?" pursued the lawyer.

"We get vi'tuals enough, and I don't know but he's as true and kind as men in general, and he never knocked none of us down. I wish he had, then I'd get him into jail and know where he was nights," retorted the woman.

"Then what's your complaint against him?"

"Well, if you must know, he's one of them plaguey jiners."

"A what?"

"A jiner—one of them pesky fools that always jining something. There can't nothing come along that's dark, and sly and hidden but he'll jine it. If anybody should get up a society to burn his house down, he'd jine it just as soon as he could get in; and if he had to pay for it he'd jine it all the suddener. We hadn't been married more'n two months before he had joined the Know Nothin's. We lev'd on a farm then, and every Saturday night he'd come terin' in before supper, grab a fist full of nut cakes, and go off gnawin' 'em, and that's the last I'd see of him till morning. And every other night he'd roll and tumble in his bed, and holler in his sleep: "Put none but Americans on guard — George Washington;" and rainy days he would go out in the corn barn and jab at a picture of the Pope with an old bag net that was there. I ought to put my foot down then, but he fooled me so with his lies about the Pope coming to make Yankee girls marry Irishmen, and to eat up all the babies that warn't born with a cross on their foreheads, that I let him go on and encouraged him in it.

"Then he jined the Masons. P'raps you know what them be, but I don't 'cept they think they are the same kind of critters that built Solomon's Temple and took care of his concubines; and of all the darned nonsense and gab about worshipful masters and square and compasses and such like that we had in that house for the next six months, you never see the beat. And he's never outgrowed it nuther. What do you think of a man, 'Squire, that'll dress hisself in a white bib 'bout big enough for a monkey's bib, and go marching up and down, and making motions, and talking foolish lingo at a picture of George Washington in a green jacket, and a truss on his stomach? Ain't he a loonytick? Well, that's my Sam, and I've stood it as long as I'm agoin to.

"The next lounge the old fool made was into the Odd Fellows. I made it warm for him when he came home and told me he'd jined them, but he kinder pacified me by telling me they had a sort of branch show that took in women, and he'd get me in as soon as he found out how to do it. Well, one night he came home and said I'd been proposed, and somebody had blackballed me. Did it hisself, of course. Didn't want me around knowing to his goings on. Of course he didn't, and I told him so.

"Then he jined the Sons of Malter. Didn't say nothing to me about it, but sneaked off one night, pretendin' he'd got to sit up with a sick Odd Feller, and I'd never found it out only he came home lookin' like a man that had been through the thrashing machine, and I wouldn't do a thing for him till he owned up. And so it's gone from bad to wuss, and from wuss to wusser, jining this and that and t'other, till he's Worship Minister of the Masons, and Godess of Hope of the Odd Fellows, and Sword Swallower of the Finegans, and Virgin Cerus of the Grange, and Grand Mogul of the Sons of Indolence, and Two Edged Tomahawk of the United order of Black Men, Talebearer of the Merciful Manikins and Skipper of the Guild Caratrine Columbus and Big Wizard of the Arabian Knights, and Pledge Passer of the Reform Club, and Chief Bugler of the Irish Mechanics, and Purse Keeper of the Order of the Canadian Conscious, and Double Barreled Dictator of the Brass Circles, and Standard Bearer of the Royal Archangels, and Sublime Porte of Union League, and Chambermaid of the Celestial Cherubs, and Puissant Potentate of the Petrified Pig Stickers, and Lord only knows what else. I've borne it and borne it, hopin' he'd get 'em all jined after a while, but 'taint no use, and when he'd got into a new one, and been made Grand Guide of the Knights of Horror, I told him I'd quit, and I will."

Here the Major interrupted, saying:

"Well, your husband is pretty well initiated, that's a fact; but the court will hardly call that a good cause for divorce. The most of those societies you mention are composed of honorable men and have excellent reputations. Many of them, though called lodges, are relief associations and mutual insurance companies, which, if your husband should die, would take care of you and not see you suffer if you were sick."

"See me suffer when I'm sick! Take care of me when he's dead! Well, I guess not; I can take care of myself when he's dead, and if I can't I can get another. There's plenty of 'em. And they needn't bother themselves when I'm sick, either. If I want to be sick and suffer, it's none of their business! especially after all the suffering I've had when I ain't sick because of their carryin's on. And you needn't try to make me believe it's all right, either. I know what it is to live with a man that jines so many lodges that he don't never lodge at home, and signs his name, yours truly, Sam Smith, M. M., I. O. O. F., K. O. B., K. of P., C. of H., R. A. H., I. I. P., K. of X., N. P. L. E. I., H. E. R., R. I. P., X. Y. Z., etc."

"Oh, that's harmless amusement," remarked Mr. Huse.

She looked at him square in the eye, and said:

"I believe you are a jiner yourself."

He admitted that he was to a certain extent, and she arose and said: "I wouldn't have thought it of you. A man like you, Chairman of a Sabbath School and Superintendent of the Republicans! It's enough to make a woman take pison. But I don't want anything of you. I want a lawyer that don't belong to nothing nor nobody," and she bolted out of the office and inquired where Captain Patten kept.

AN INDUCEMENT TO MEMBERSHIP.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

During last winter a revival was in progress in one of the country churches near San Francisco. Among the regular attendants on the meeting was a beautiful and estimable but rather unsophisticated young lady, whose friends were very anxious to have her united with the church. She seemed, however, reluctant to do so, and the minister in question was requested to "talk to her." This he did several times, on one ocasion saying, in a jocular manner. "Miss M., if you will join the church I'll marry you," meaning he would perform the ceremony. The girl seemed pleased with the proposition, and a few evenings after walked up to the altar and united with the church.

Some weeks after this the minister preached at the church and after services met the young lady. "Brother—," said she. "you know you promised to marry me if I'd join the church. Are you going to do so? I don't want to wait any longer."

The minister saw his dilemma and attempted to explain. "I meant I would perform the ceremony" he said, "that's all. I can't marry you myself, for I am already married, and love my wife too much to desire to swap her off for another."

The young lady became indignant, declaring that she "never did have much faith in these town preachers." Our ministerial friend declares that he will never again use any other than plain Scriptural argument to induce a young lady to join the church.