Only a Word.

Only a word, and it was I who said it,
And on it rests upon my one to-day;
Only a word, a careless word I said it,
And—well, it had its way.

I have not seen him since that black December,
When tears were gathered thickly in his eyes;
I have never seen, and I can remember
That start of painful surprise.

His heart was true and sturdy to the core,
No doubt, if wakened say word he spoke;
He trusted me as one who should forever
Be staunch for loving's sake.

The sea is fierce between us, winds are blowing,
And grief has come into his heart to-day;
While from my eyes the bitter tears are flowing,
I am so far away.

I will cross over, tell him I repented,
Ere night had come, the little word I cry
And well I know that he will be contented
If I the silence break.

Yes! sure I am that I have been forgiven
Even from the first, so trusty is his heart;
No word of mine can make my cleaner shriven,
Nor better grace impart.

So I will go, lest death should come between us
And look upon his tender face again,
Where skies of deeper blue shall overlean us,
And time and distance wane.

That little word—ah, God! 'twas I who said it;
How mighty has its power grown to be
Through it was only jealous pain that bred it,
It parted him from me.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

(From the Bombay Gazette.)

Within the last half-century or more, old gossips have delighted in telling thrilling stories of the Parsi dead occasionally returning in their own bodies and flesh among the living after their last remains had been consigned to the Towers of Silence. An instance is related in which a male member of an old Parsi family, known in Bombay as the Dhunna Patell family, reappeared before a female member of it several years after his death and claimed her as his own sister. Not many months ago an emphatic were made in the local Gujarati journals of a corpse bearer who was suspected of having, with a large iron shovel like those kept in the Towers of Silence, brained a man who, having come to life some hours after being laid in the tower, was seen sitting up on the stone slab whereon his dead body had been placed. It was stated that had not the man been killed mercilessly he might have sealed the tower wall, and, escaping with his life, might have been restored to his family and friends. Disguise is said to have been a necessary precaution for persons "come from the dead," for a deep-rooted superstition associates their presence among the living with a sure sign of an impending public calamity or an epidemic. Such stories of visits from the dead do not, however, find general credence among the Parsis of Bombay. In the Mofussil towns, where the walls of the Tower of Silence are low, and therefore easily scaled, where the towers themselves are situated at considerable distances from the habitations of men, and favor the escape of any one who might come to life after being laid among the dead, old gossips find a free scope for their tongues in the narration of stories similar to those mentioned above. We now hear of a case the particulars of which might be sufficient for a writer of the "sensational school" to weave a chapter of blood-curdling romance. Eleven years ago Shapurjee Cahanieshba was a well-to-do resident of Dehegaum, a village situated at a short distance from Gandevi. A faithful, obedient wife managed his household affairs and the "even tenor of their way." was cultivated by the presence of two promising sons. In the course of time the sons were betrothed and married, and their circle of relations widened. While on a visit to Gandevi on business, Shapurjee was attacked with fever and died suddenly, after an illness of two days. His wife and relations were present at his death-bed, the proper religious ceremonies were hurriedly gone through and his last remains were, in the manner of Zoroastrians, consigned to a Tower of Silence. His relatives mourned their loss and went to their own village. Some hours after being laid in the tower Shapurjee is said to have recovered from a comatose state. He saw the awful position assigned him among the dead bones of his ancestors. Being a man of ready resource, he looked through a small hole usually kept in the wall of a Tower of Silence, and saw some village people passing at a distance. He raised a cry of distress, which drew the men nearer to him. Understanding what he said, they assisted him in scaling the walls of the tower. They went their way and contived at his escape from an awful doom. He procured a disguise and wandered from village to village as though pursued by a terrible foe. By turns he became a beggar, a hakim, *i. e.*, a quack. Wandering far and wide, he has at present turned up in Bombay in the disguise of a bairagheo, *i. e.*, a religious beggar, and dispenses native drugs and nostrums. He has recognised, or pretends to recognize, certain Parsis residing at Maragon, and claims kinship with them. His family and relatives at Dehegaum have been apprised of his reappearance in the land of the living, and are probably on their way to Bombay in the hope of again greeting one long lost and deeply mourned. Truth and falsehood will soon be seen in their own colors.

The Montreal *Witness*, in referring to the proposal to have beanslors taxed who persistently refuse to add to the happiness (or misery) of the opposite sex, rather takes to the proposition, adding:

> The astonishing productiveness of the French-Canadian race, although doubtless now sustained by the extreme frugality and simplicity of their mode of living, enabling them to live where others would starve, is doubtless due in no origin to the paternal solicitudes of the early French governors, which granted a bonus in aid of large families, and placed disabilities on the unmarried.

Heroism of the rail there certainly is. There is living in France an enginedriver who wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, conferred on him for a deed as doughty as ever soldier or sailor has been called on to perform. Turning a sharp curve, he saw in front of him a waggon and team of horses standing across the line. In a moment he perceived that there was not sufficient space in which to pull up, so, sticking to his engine and putting on full steam, he dashed at the obstacle, cut through it, killed a couple of horses, smashed the waggon and saved the lives of a hundred passengers. Here, surely, is a subject as worthy the honors of stirring verse as any narrative of rescue from a wreck at sea.

A terrible story comes from New York. It probably gives sounder idea of how long a man can live without food or water. On Tuesday morning, when the cargo of the steamship England was about to be unloaded, a man was found leaning against a crate who faintly gasped out, "Water!" He was terribly emaciated and weak. He was asked if he had been all these days while the ship was at sea without food or drink, and he nodded once, shuddered and died. The England left Liverpool on Oct. 15th, so that the stowaway—who had left nothing to lead to his identification—must have been thirteen days without food or water.

CHARACTER OF NORTHERN ONTARIO.—A gentleman who has travelled much north of the height of land in Northern and Northwestern Ontario, and has traversed the whole country between Lake Superior and James Bay, says that the climate there in winter is about the same as that in the vicinity of Montreal, and infinitely preferable to that of many parts of Quebec. In summer the climate is pleasant and mild. In Algoma, for many years supposed to be a non-wheat growing country, the growth of that cereal is second to that of no other country in the world.

THE PLANETS.—Just at present our evening sky is unusually interesting, the great planets Jupiter and Saturn and our next neighbor, Mars, being all in sight at once, together with the moon. If Venus were still blazing in the west, as during the summer months, we should have all the conspicuous planets together, Mercury being the only one of all the rest ever visible to the naked eye by moonlight, and Mercury even never comes out of the twilight. At midnight Jupiter has passed the meridian and moves slowly toward his setting.

Chief Justice Wilson, in his charge to the Grand Jury at the opening of the Peel Assizes in Brampton on Wednesday, referred to the prosperity boom which has set in the world over. He said there was no doubt that after a long period of depression, there was a return of prosperity, and that for sometime to come there would be a considerable degree of prosperity. As there was no criminal business before the Court, His Lordship was presented with the customary white glover.

It is curious to note how a flaming new silk handkerchief will struggle up from the deepest breast pocket into the light of day and linger there, while the soiled cotton one shrinks to the bottom, making only, now and then, a hasty rally into the open air.

Astronomers have lately noticed a remarkably large red spot on the planet Jupiter. It is surrounded by brilliant, white faculæ, and the director of the Moscow Observatory has made drawings.

When General Grant was on board the Richmond a consul one day asked him whether the firing of the guns disturbed him. Said he, "Not half so much as a piano does."

IRISH COLUMN.

Miss Sullivan, of Rockhill, Waterford, has given £500 towards the erection of a pulpit in the Catholic Church, Tramore.

Rev. M. J. O'Hare, of Belfast, is publishing through Messrs. Gill, an historical and critical account of "The Prophecies of St. Malachy."

Rev. P. J. Murphy, C. S. A., of Waterford, of late sometime stationed in Dublin, and in Hoxton Square, London, has been appointed to succeed Very Rev. Father Dunlooe in Dungarvan, he latter going to Rome.

A conference of the clergy of the Listowel Deanery determined on the public meeting in Listowel for the purpose of appealing to the intolerants to reduce the rents and to call upon the electors of the county to insure the return of two Home Rule candidates.

There is at present residing on a farm in the parish of Glyn, at a distance of about three miles from Lerne, and convenient to the Blackhill, an old man, named Randal Waddell, who has well nigh completed his 105th year. Until within the past three or four years Waddell enjoyed excellent health.

In confirmation of the statement that the agricultural classes in Ireland have learned to drink more tea, it may be mentioned that the Board of Trade returns show a large increase in the consumption of tea, coffee and cocoa. On the other hand, the consumption of spirits and beer has considerably decreased; although it did not decrease, but rather increased largely, during the famine years, 1845, 1846 and 1847.

Mr. J. D. McMahon, who recently died in Cork, has left some handsome bequests for religious purposes. He bequeathed £2,000 to the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Sundayswell; £1,000 to St. Patrick's Insurable Hospital; £1,000 to St. Patrick's Male Orphanage; £1,000 to the Incurable Hospital, and £2,000 to the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The latter was very much in need of funds. He also bequeathed £2,000 in aid of a church building in the City of Limerick.

It is strange how Irishmen get on in all other countries save their own. Three Irishmen were at the same time Governors-General of England's greatest dependencies—the Earl of Mayo of India, Lord Lisgar of Australia, and Viscount Monck of Canada—besides others of smaller colonies. Gavan Duffy and O'Shaughnessy have been Premiers in Australia, and now Sir George Grey, Governor-General of New Zealand, congratulates its Legislature, in his message, upon having elected for Speaker the Hon. George O'Rorke, a Galway man, "who possessed a knowledge of Parliamentary law, a courtesy and ability which could not be found elsewhere."

A correspondent of the *Daily Express* writes: "As an instance of the distress which at present exists in some parts of the Queen's Country, I have been told to-day by a policeman that he recently went into the house of a small farmer some three or four miles from the Town of Maryborough to seek the amount of a trifling warrant for road trespass which was against him. It was about half past eleven or twelve o'clock in the day, and the visitor was much surprised and shocked to find the poor man and his family at that late hour for the purpose, trying to make a miserable breakfast on what he described as "Indian meal porridge, for it could not be even called stirabout." The man could but make out a portion of even the small claim against him, and so touched was the policeman by the evident hardship which he witnessed in the place that he said 'Never mind,' and determined to pay the remainder himself."

The Marquis of Sligo, whose agents have lately been assailed, is about the largest proprietor in point of acreage in Northwestern Ireland, but a large proportion of his estates are bog and morass, and his net receipts are probably not over $75,000 a year. His seat, Westport House, is close beside a pretty town of that name and his charming grounds are free to all comers. The present Marquis is an easy tempered, kindly and most agreeable man of about fifty-five, who has been singularly unlucky in marriage, having lost two charming wives within a year or two of marriage. He last year married a third. In politics he is a Liberal. His father was Dr Quincy's friend, to whom the latter refers in his interesting account of a visit to Ireland in his youth, when he spent several weeks at Westport. In the event of the present Marquis of Clanricarde having no heir, Lord Sligo succeeds to the ancient Earldom of that ilk in right of his mother. The Sligo family have never been absentees.

The *Dublin Freeman* is responsible for the following: "It is stated that the presence in London of Corydon, the Fenian informer, has been discovered in a very curious way. Some nights ago a society of Friendly Brothers, composed of Irishmen, were holding their monthly meeting in Red Lion street, Holborn, when Corydon appeared at the doorway of the room intoxicated, and holding a revolver in each hand. In this posture he announced himself, and, abusing the meeting as traitors and rebels, dared them to touch him. Serious consequences would have resulted but that the two detectives in constant attendance on him arrived and got him away. Application for a summons against him was refused. He has dyed his hair black and has grown stout. Corydon receives £300 a year and is constantly drunk. He is to be seen generally at the police stations or Scotland Yard, and is so reckless in exposing his life at night in quarters where it is thought to be in danger that the police, who only attend him on his own application, are satisfied he will meet a violent death."

Lord William Beresford, who was decorated by the Queen in person with the Victoria Cross for gallantry in Ulundi, has now gone back to resume his duties as aide de camp to the Viceroy of India. He is a brother of the Marquis of Waterford. The Beresfords are a dashing set. Lord Charles, distinguished for the number of persons he has rescued from drowning, is commander of the royal yacht now appropriated to the Prince of Wales, with whom he is a great favorite. The mother of these young men was sister to Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, whose daughter, Lady Sykes, recently attracted so much notice in New York. Their father was a clergyman, and succeeded to the title and estates when his brother, the renowned practical joker, was killed by a fall from his horse. The present Marquis some years ago eloped with a married lady considerably his senior, whom society condemned as much the most to blame. He married her, but she did not long survive, and then he married a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, and has turned into a reputable country gentleman, almost always resident in his princely estate, Curraghmore, which, in point of its "demesne," is the finest thing in Ireland. He has great physical power. The Beresfords, although still possessing political influence, do not dominate in Irish politics as they once did. The present head of the house has evinced no political ability.

Corn crops are submerged and hay cocks floating near Graigue. From Athy to Vicarstown scarcely anything appears in the course but the tops of trees. At Drumcondrath eight families had to leave their houses and the surrounding country became temporarily a lake. At Ballyhoe a second inundation has sealed the farmers' fate. Wexford and Wicklow present similar reports, with some mitigations. At Ballinasloe houses are occupied where the floors are partially submerged and the rain beats through the broken roofs. The low lands about Carrick-on-Shannon are a sea, three feet of water around the hay cocks. There are fifty to sixty thousand acres of oats in the Counties Armagh and Monaghan, each. The promise of half an average yield is gone, and doubt of the remaining moiety intensifies daily. The next crop in extent is meadow. Its promise was luxuriant. Now it is all floating. Near Portadown the people rail over their fields in flat-bottomed boats trying to save something. Near Ballybay an auction of hay cocks was advertised, and on the day of sale nothing of them was to be seen but their upper halves, which were irregularly truncated conical islands. A great rain at Tralee recently stopped traffic, overflowing the river and flooding the streets. Two years ago, a farmer in Limerick County possessed of land held on a long lease at $7.50 an acre, refused to sell it. Now he wishes to sell, but the most he has been offered is less than one-tenth of what he could have got two years ago. A letter from Waterford says that a horrible and deadly scourge is threatened. Some of the farmers are sinking in the grasp of creditors, and, no matter what reduction, it will be an impossibility for a very great many to pay the landlord. Butter, cattle, and crops will be scarce enough for the raisers.

Mrs. Lounsbury, who killed her husband, the Rev. Dexter L. Lounsbury, of West Stratford, Conn., has been indicted for murder in the first degree, notwithstanding the prevalent notion that she is not mentally responsible for the deed. Mrs. Lounsbury shot her husband with a pistol while he was in bed at night. She has not denied her guilt, but has averred that she was utterly unconscious of what she was about. She has also stated that she saw a vision of an angel, with dazzling white wings, before she committed the act. The Grand Jury took no evidence as to her sanity, apparently leaving that question to be decided on the trial.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

An English clergyman recently committed suicide on the Isle of Wight by sliding down a cliff 600 feet high.

Lord Beaconsfield heard his first Christian sermon when, a lad of twelve years, he went to Hackney Church one day with the post House.

Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, of an "Independent" Baptist Church in Brooklyn, accepts a nomination for the State Senate tendered by some of his admiring friends.

Most of us live so far away from heaven that we are inclined to regard the stories about it as fables; others live so near to it that they know them to be all true.

All English Churchmen have their foibles—Archdeacon Denison's is railway novelist the Bishop of Bath and Wells', tennis; the Bishop of Gloucester's, billiards.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has met with a misfortune in the loss of $50,000 by the failure of its English bankers. It has also a debt of $62,000 besides this.

Rev. Henry Morgan of Boston, has formally warned Archbishop Williams that prosecution at law will follow if lotteries are permitted at a coming Roman Catholic church fair.

Rev. Thomas B. McLeod, of Hudson, N. Y., has accepted the call of Dr. Budington's Church, in Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, at a salary of $6,000 a year. He is a relative of the Rev. Norman McLeod.

At Cesarea, in Cappadocia, a new mission church has recently been erected. It is the first church edifice built for the evangelical Christians of this portion of Asia Minor. Its pastor is Rev. Kerope Yakoblan.

According to an official report 160 Turkish mosques and holy schools were destroyed in Roumelia and Bulgaria during the Russian occupation of those provinces; and about the same number of mosques and schools have been destroyed since the Russians left.

Next year will be the jubilee year of the Primitive Methodist Church in Canada, the first class having been organized in 1830. Of those who formed that class nearly all have passed away. There are now 8,000 in the membership of the denomination in Canada.

The English Episcopal Bishop of Lahore, India, appeals for aid to build a cathedral at the capital of the British Province of the Punjaub. Mr. Gilbert Scott has designed a building to cost £30,000. It is expected that the Government of India will subscribe one-sixth of this amount.

The Chinese are doing religious missionary work in a way that must make Christians feel uncomfortable. The people of the Chinese province of Yunan are in part Mohammedan. An imperial decree offers freedom from taxation to every Mohammedan who renounces his faith and swears by Confucius. Beautiful new Lieis are also to be given as rewards for proselytes.

The Roman Catholics of Australia are waging an unpopular and unsuccessful warfare against the public schools, because their priests, by the terms of the law, are allowed access only to children of Catholic parents in giving religious instruction. Their denunciation of the schools has had little effect. The congregation walked out of one of the cathedrals while the bishop was reading his lamentation.

London *Echo*: "The last but one of the twelve apostles is dead. Nearly half a century ago the Catholic and Apostolic Church constituted the Order, and on Thursday, the eleventh, the Rev. Nicholas Armstrong, died, leaving only one solitary survivor. It was expected in the Catholic and Apostolic Church that the second advent would take place before the last of the apostles was removed by death."

It is wonderful to what an extent the custom of hiring ministers prevails at the West. For example, in the Presbytery of Nebraska City, out of nearly forty churches only two have settled pastors, and in the entire State there are hardly more than half a dozen in the same situation. All the rest employ their ministers, as they do their hired hands, and consider that there is no more sacredness in the one contract than in any of the others.

It was a favorite idea of Norman Macleod's that it might be possible to lay the foundations of a National Christian Church in India that should be neither distinctively Presbyterian, nor Episcopal, nor Congregational, nor Methodist, nor Baptist; yet one that should comprehend them all. Was Dr. Macleod dreaming about the millennium? If such a Church were possible in India, why not in Canada and in all the world as well? —*Presbyterian Record.*

The Mennonites, as is well known, hold to close communion. Their reasons for so doing are given in their organ, the *Herald of Truth*. They believe that those who commune together should be of one mind and one faith. Their objections to communing with members of other denominations are: 1. They uphold war. 2. They indulge in the pride and fashion of the world. 3. They swear oaths. 4. They belong to secret societies. 5. They defend infant baptism.

The Duke of Argyll, in a recent address in a Presbyterian church in Scotland, remarked that a movement had been set on foot for the greater liberty of worship in the Presbyterian churches. Thirty years ago he proposed to build a book in which he stated that, without giving up extempore prayer, he would like to have a short liturgy in addition. He held that opinion still, if possible more strongly than ever, believing that the service in Presbyterian churches should be improved and rendered more attractive as possible.

Haynes set himself up for a religious leader in Texas, even claiming to be a divinity, sent to earth to take charge of all spiritual affairs. He said that he was physically invulnerable, and that it was impossible for anybody or anything to hurt him. His converts, of whom there were hundreds, believed his pretensions and it was said that a bullet fired at his breast had dropped harmlessly at his feet. But there were scoffers at Corsicana, and they rode Haynes on a rail. His miraculous power failed him in this emergency.

If all the books of every kind written against the Bible were sent to the bottom of the ocean the world would lose nothing of any importance; but if the Bible and the books which it has inspired, and the books built upon it, explaining, advocating, sympathizing with it, were destroyed, how great, how sad, how irreparable a loss it would be! They who believe in the Bible are endowed with a rejoicing hope, which is never confounded nor put to shame. Is any such hope afforded by anything else in this world? To destroy the Bible is to destroy the only sure hope the world has ever had.

A new Roman Catholic cemetery having been established at Evansville, Ind., Bishop Chatard ordered the transfer of the 1,600 bodies from the old one. Only 600 were voluntarily removed by relatives or friends. The Bishop then employed men at the church's expense to complete the job. Thereupon a number of persons, whose dead were in the old cemetery, objected to any disturbance of the graves. The Bishop explained that the project was highly desirable in various ways, and declared that it would be carried out. But a court has granted a temporary injunction stopping the work.

In a sermon the other day at Halifax, Yorkshire, the Bishop of Manchester vehemently condemned the degrading of the Church into a mere political weapon. Politics, he said, so the word was understood to-day, was a poor, puny question of partizanship. It was not the great idea which filled Greek statesman's minds in the days of old. The Church, except so far as it must desire to see peace and good order, and the moral well-being of the people, knew no politics and had no politics. Individual churchmen might be for either political party, but the Church itself was not tainted with political partizanship.

At yesterday's Conference of the Evangelical Alliance at Edinburgh, Rev. Dr. White, N. Y., gave an interesting account of what is being done in the Southern States among freedmen to prepare them for Christian work. It is expected, he said, that in a few years they will be able to provide such a supply of missionaries as would do more to Christianize Africa than could be done by any European agency with white men. They had already eight colleges and eleven normal and eighteen initiatory schools, with 7,000 emancipated slaves in them, ranging from twenty to forty years of age. They have eleven missionaries in the field. Rev. T. Lafleur, President of the Evangelical Alliance of Canada, addressed the Conference on the work now carried on by Protestant missionaries among French Roman Catholics there.

Rev. Dr. Rigg, President of the British Wesleyan Conference, has written a book about John Wesley's churchmanship. Dr. Rigg shows the great founder of Methodism to have been a ritualist of the most extravagant type in his early ministerial life. Even when he visited the State of Georgia he refused to recognize the baptism of any person who had not been baptized by an Episcopally ordained clergyman; he insisted on rebaptizing children who had been otherwise baptized; he refused the Lord's Supper to one of the most devoted of his hearers there because he had been otherwise baptized. He was an ascetic; he tired out the colonists with his three public services (especially with the Prayer Book) every day; he would baptize children only by immersion; he even denied the burial service to the dead who had not received what he considered orthodox baptism; he slept on the ground rather than a bed; he declined all food except bread and water, and went barefoot for the encouragement of the poor boys of his school. In fact, the greatest ritualists in England (if the last century (excepting the Roman Catholics) were the little band of Methodists at Oxford. They received the eucharist every Sunday; they fasted twice every week; they went in a sect of pietists to St. Mary's Church amid the jeers of their fellow-students. But in his later years Wesley tended toward the other extreme, and there is no candid student of his life and writings who will not admit that, of all things in Christendom, excepting Popery itself, there is nothing that he would not more positively disown than the ceremonialism and sacraments of modern "High Churchmanship." "Churchmen" should cease to claim him. From their own standpoint he was utterly unworthy of them, but with a worthiness which Christendom generally will recognize with increasing applause till the end of time. —*Exchange.*

Cavagnari's Successor.

The Government of India has picked out from among all its competent servants an Irish surgeon to accompany General Roberts as political agent to Cabul, and will, in all probability, make him the next envoy to the Afghan Court, with full control over our relations with the country. That is, says the *Spectator*, a curious fact, even in a time when surgeons have once or twice played great parts, and would deserve record, if only as an event in the history of the Empire which a surgeon may be said to have founded. The political agent, moreover, with an expedition in his rear, has most important work before him, and so much will depend on this one that it may be worth while to occupy a page in explaining who he is and what his political opinions are. Mr. Bellew—or as he is styled by an inveterate Anglo-Indian habit, Dr. Bellew—is, even in India, whose surgeons are so habituated, a very remarkable person. The son of Brevet-Major Bellew, who lost his life in the disastrous retreat from Cabul in 1842, he displayed in boyhood an unusual devotion to scientific pursuits, more especially geology and botany. After a course of study at St. George's Hospital in 1855, and when scarcely twenty-one years of age, he received his surgeon's diploma and an appointment in the East Indian Company's medical service, then a close corporation. He was, however, so exceptionally young that he could not legally take up his commission, and went out to Scutari to the military hospital, there to pass the needful interval as medical volunteer. At Scutari he made himself so useful, and received such testimonials from the surgeons in command, that on his arrival in India, in 1858, Lord Canning placed him in his hands the medical charge of the Guides, then, as now, the crack corps of the Irregular service. While acting in this capacity, in 1857, Sir H. Lumsden, who had raised the Guides, took him with him on his mission to Candahar. There he spent two years, doing much more than a lad, set up a dispensary and acquired the reputation, which still adheres to him throughout Afghanistan and the frontier, of being the greatest among the English hakims, the one whom a great native could most advantageously consult. He was seized by a fit of painful disease, and the Ameer, in return, actively assisted him with books and access to ancient MSS. in the studies of Afghan history and dialects to which he devoted himself, and in which he acquired an extraordinary range of knowledge. He is probably the second best Pushtoo scholar alive, and when, in 1872, he was selected to accompany Sir R. Pollock to Seistan to settle boundaries, he in six months acquired and reduced to a systematic grammar a previously unwritten language of the province, so fast declared by the *Saturday Review*, if we remember aright to be previously unexampled. This mission, a second mission to Yarkund with Sir Douglas Forsyth and his special reputation as a hakim who could understand any man's tongue, in which, on his return to India, brought chiefs over the mountains to him as on a pilgrimage, gave him an unusual acquaintance with the leading men both of the frontier and Afghanistan, and when a few weeks since Lord Lytton selected him, still a practising surgeon, for political diplomatic appointment in Afghanistan, no one in the northwest was either surprised or envious. Service etiquettes are apt to give way to India when work is to be done, and the Viceroy had selected the best informed man and most experienced envoy he could find among the men who hold opinions favorable to the policy of advancing the Empire beyond the Sulaiman.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone blasting the dead that gives us this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked your last time upon some scene you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street where you know you will never stand again. The actor, playing his part for the last time; the singer, whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who after this one will never stand before the eyes of upturned faces, disputing the plaudits with the fresher voices and fairer forms; the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words, "never again." How they come to us on our birthdays as we grow older. Never again young—always nearer and nearer to the very last, the end which is universal, "the last thing which shall follow all last things, and turn them, let us hope, from pains to joys." We put away our boyish toys with an odd heartache; we are too old to walk any longer on our stilts, too tall to play marbles on the sidewalks. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry thoughts for the last time and life's serious grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do not want the lost toys back; life has other and larger playthings for us. May it not be these, too, shall seem in the light of some far-off days as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the new land of promise?

MALARIAL POISON.

Until recently science failed to discover the immediate cause of intermittent fever, march fever, malarial fever, fever and ague, "chills" —synonymous terms. It is believed that the poison which causes this disease has at length been discovered. In the present year some experiments have been made at Rome which appear to be more fruitful than any hitherto recorded; and, in the words of the report read to the Academy of Rome, "the investigation was rewarded with complete success." These experiments were conducted by Signor Tommasi, of Rome, and Prof. Klebs, of Prague. They together spent some weeks in the Agro Romano and made repeated examinations of the lower strata of the atmosphere, of the soil and of stagnant waters, and succeeded in isolating a microscopic fungus, specimens of which being placed under the skin of healthy dogs caused distinct and regular paroxysms of intermittent fever and produced in them symptoms of the peculiar cachetic condition which is a recognized part of the pathology of this disease. In the medical world this achievement must be regarded as an important one. To people at large it may not seem a great affair to have ascertained precisely the part of the elements of a poisonous soil it is to which its poisonous nature is due; but it must not be too hastily judged that this knowledge will not involve an important advance in the capacity to deal with this obnoxious product of the earth.

The Captive Zulu King.

Cetewayo is enjoying himself. At last accounts he was at Cape Town, whither he went by water. When just out of sight of land he held up his hands in astonishment, but, like all savages, expressed no word of surprise. He has left off his bear clothing, from reformatory reasons, but because he finds he likes gin better. He prepares his appetite for beef by devouring a pot and a half of jam. He sticks to his dignity and exhibits it by keeping the photographer waiting several hours. The smiling face he put on showed that he knew what a photograph ought to be. His wives giggled till he spoke to them, and then they stopped in a way to prove that they had not forgotten the temper that ruled them in Zululand. He declined sitting again, because he said he did not want to make a fool of himself twice the same day. When asked to sit with his wives he advised the photographer to cut out his picture and put it in the middle of theirs. He measures sixty inches around his waist, is very tall, not ungainly, good-natured, sociable, struts about with a black "tile," is learning to write, is subject to sulks, and is very dignified.

Sir George Elliot, member of Parliament, has announced his intention to dedicate a piece of land on his estate at Whitby to the public and erect upon it a monument to Capt. Cook. It was from Whitby that the celebrated navigator sailed on some of his famous explorations.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A Budget of Special Interest to the Good Ladies.

(Compiled by Anne Kate)

WHERE SHALL I KEEP MY FRUIT?

I do not think the cellar always a proper place for storing canned fruits and jellies. Some are too warm, others too damp, while it is too often the practice to place it upon a suspended shelf in the cellar used for other purposes, which, being fastened to the floors of the floor above, gets a motion from every foot of the family. This constant jarring soon causes the syrup to ferment, especially should there be a cover that does not fit perfectly. Light also is bad. So select for your place a cool, dark closet, away off in an upstairs room, where the frosts of winter will not reach and the temperature will be even. If such a place you can spare you will have no sour fruit or moldy jellies to open when the time comes for their use. I remember, when a child, of being sent away off up stairs to a dark closet, in a remote part of the house, for a tumbler of jelly for a sick friend, and wondered at that time why my mother should have chosen that place for it; but the wise and prudent ways of our mothers and grandmothers are not to be discarded although ignored and called "whims" by many in these days, yet to others, as practical women and housekeepers, they come up before us as the true precepts of life.

BAKING TOO MUCH.

The expression is often heard, by people who understand very little about it, that "we all eat too much." This is very rarely the case—it should rather be expressed, "we eat too much of one thing or of the same kind of food, because cooks and housewives are so very ignorant." It is perfectly impossible for a human being to exist healthy without it underfed. There never was a strong man with a strong brain who could keep up the physical and mental drain without an ample supply of food. When people, then, do not feed well, there is something wrong either with their heads or their stomachs.

FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

Kid gloves are not usually made from kid skins, but of lamb or sheep skins. At present many of them are made of rat skins.

Prussian blue does not come from Prussia, but it is the precipitate of the salt of protoxide of iron with prussiate of potash.

Boiling wax is not wax at all, nor does it contain a single particle of wax. It is made of shellac, Venice turpentine and cinnabar. Cinnabar gives it the deep red color and the turpentine renders the shellac soft and less brittle.

Whale bone is not bone at all, nor does it possess any of the properties of bone. It is a substance attached to the upper jaw of the whale, and serves to strain the water which she ejectors take up in large mouthfuls.

ADVICE FOR THE YOUNG LADIES.

Young ladies who serve in the kitchen as well as entertain in the parlor may be interested in these practical suggestions:

Dry buckwheat, plentifully and faithfully applied will take oil off carpets or woollen goods; never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind.

To take fresh paint off a woollen garment, rub the spot with stale bread until removed.

To remove iron mould from linen, wash the spots in a strong solution of cream of tartar and water; repeat, if necessary, and dry in the sun.

To take out tea stains, put the linen in a kettle of cold water; rub the stains well with common castile soap, put the kettle on the side of the stove, to let the water get gradually warm; wash it thoroughly in warm soap suds, then rub the stain again with soap, and boil, then rinse.

To remove the lids of tin cans, place a shovelful of live coals on the top, which will speedily unsolder them; they can then be removed by the aid of an old case knife; care must be taken, or the side seams will also open.

To take out fruit stains, rub the part on each side with yellow soap; then tie up a piece of pearl ash in a muslin rag, and soak it in hot water, or boil afterwards; expose the stained parts to the sun and air until removed.

To remove ink spots on floors, rub with sand wet in oil of vitriol and water; when the ink is removed, rinse with pearl ash water.

To clean tinware, dampen a cloth and dip in common soda, and rub the ware briskly, after which wipe dry; any blackened ware can be made to look as good as new.

SLEEP.

In a recent work on "Sleep," Dr. Mortimer Granville objects, without reserve, to the use of narcotics in order to produce it. They produce not sleep, but a counterpart of it. When a man says I will take a sleeping draught in order to get a quiet night, he speaks in parables. What he really says is, I will poison myself a little, just enough to make me unconscious, or slightly paralyze my nerve centres, not enough to kill. He declares that if people troubled with sleeplessness would resolutely set themselves to forming the habit of going to sleep at a particular time, in a particular way, they will do more to procure regular sleep than by any other artifice. It is not so much matter what a person does to produce sleep, but he should do precisely the same thing, in the same way, at the same time, and under, nearly as possible, the same conditions, night after night, for a considerable period, say three or four weeks at least.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Women have certain rights which are inalienable. Every woman has a right to be of any age she pleases; if she were to tell her real age no one would believe her. Every woman who makes pudding has a right to believe that she can make a better pudding than any other woman in the world. Every woman has a right to think her child the prettiest in the world; and it would be folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is at her side to catch her. And, finally, every woman has a right to gossip a little whenever she pleases.

USEFUL RECIPES.

To Cleanse Bottles.—Dissolve one ounce of chloride of lime in one quart of water and fill the bottles with the liquid; set them aside for several days, and rinse them well with water. The water of chloride of lime can be used several times; but bottles which are not very dirty use one part of muriatic acid diluted with three parts of water. Sawdust put into bottles and some water added will clean well, especially such bottles as have contained oil.

Spiced Citron Pickles.—Prepare the citrons as for preserves. To four pounds of fruit take two of light brown sugar, two pints of whole cloves, stick cinnamon and one pint of vinegar. Boil sugar, spices and vinegar together; put spices in a muslin bag. Skim well, and when no scum rises pour over the melon boiling hot. Let it stand two days. Drain off the whole, put the jar in boiler over, and steam while the syrup again boiled and skimmed. Turn it over the fruit, sealing at once. It will be ready for use in about a month, and will be found delicious.

Sweet Pickled Pears.—Boil 3 pounds of sugar and 1 quart of best vinegar together, skimming well. Tie one tablespoonful of cloves, 1 of whole allspice, 1 of broken cinnamon stick in a cloth, and add to the vinegar and sugar. Put in a little fruit at a time and boil slowly till it looks clear.

Boston Brown Bread.—Mix together three pints each of corn meal and Graham or coarse flour, pour on to it nearly three pints of boiling water and stir together, then add cold water sufficient to work with the hands, also one teaspoful of yeast; let it rise until it commences to crack open (I frequently rise mine over night and place in the oven the first thing in the morning); when light add one-half pint of meat and flour mixed; sweeten to your taste; one pint to the loaf. Place the dough in a six quart pan, grease and place over it a tin cover, no matter if it rests on the dough. Bake four hours or more if the oven is not very hot.

THE WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

Dark red is a fashionable color.

A new hat is called the "phonograph."

Ancient necklaces and jewelled collars have been revived.

Some ladies wear little gold coins dangling from finger rings.

A young lady of New York was married the other day in the wedding gown of her grandmother, made seventy years ago, without any alteration, and so similar were the styles no one knew but it was a new one, "made for the occasion."

A startling novelty is an owl's head as a trimming for misses' round hats. The demand for owls' heads exceeds the supply. A prettier novelty is a pigeon's-head hat trimming. The head is turned slightly on one side, rising from the iridescent neck and breast, and showing one ruby-colored eye with its black pupil.

The short costume is usually made with two skirts fastened on, one over the other; the first kilted round the bottom, the second folded bias fashion and bridled in front and looped up behind. As a rule, skirts are much less tight now than they were and pull-backs are quite done away with. Will, however, the tablier, or front width of the skirt, should with gauze, fardes the steps together upon the instep. Bizzy pebbles are used for the same purpose. Cloth shoes with kid tips are fashionable. In fall dress the shoe, or slipper, is made of the same material as the costume. On such occasions silken hose, with lace insertion up the front, are worn.

Very pretty caps as well as collarettes and jabots are now made of the new *point d'esprit* lace, and it will undoubtedly be used in very large quantities for the trimming of ball and evening dresses. Plaitings of lace are now printed in proportion to the fineness of the plaiting and the number of folds which are massed together. Bashing is tripled and quadrupled in the same way, the widths being graduated so that the edges fall one below the other.

The new corsage bouquet is a large single flower of any kind with its foliage. It is worn high on the left side.

The designs in new satin brocades are very large. The larger the flower, the more expensive the material.

FEMININE.

She might have known it in the earlier spring—
That all my heart with vague desire was stirred,
And, ere the summer winds had taken wing,
I told her; but she smiled and said no word.

The autumn's eager hand his red gold grasped,
And she was silent; till from skies grown drear
Fell soft one fine, first snow-flake, and she
Sighed and said:

My neck and cried: "Love, we have lost a year!"

The jaunty Derby hats for ladies are exactly like those worn by gentlemen.

Some fall bonnets have five or six Brazilian humming birds clustered together as if in a nest, their heads and long bills as if pushing each other from the nest, and thus showing their upturned throats with their beautiful plumage.

Newspaper Borrowers.

An exchange recently published a letter from a lady subscriber, in which she complained bitterly of the annoyance she experienced from the habit her female neighbors had of constantly borrowing her paper. The exchange failed to advise her on the subject, and as the matter is a serious one we have ourselves looked about for some method of relief, and now we think we can offer the sufferers and all others similarly situated an adequate means of succor. Here is our plan—Let the lady immediately upon receiving the paper carefully cut from it some item—it makes no particular difference what it is—most any item will do, only let it be neatly and carefully removed from the paper. Then the following proceeding will be sure to ensue—In a few moments the neighbor's boy will come after the paper—he will take it home—within three minutes he will emerge from the house—he will scoot down street and shortly return with a folded newspaper of the same date as the one just borrowed. By the time the clipped paper has circled round among all the female borrowers the