Listowel Standard.

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THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"Doorin' de pas' week," said the President, as the dust settled down a little, "I have received scores of letters axin' me if I am de Gardner who has lately bin lected President of Liberia. I desire to say right heah dat I am not de pusson. It am simply a cueincidence of names.

"Cueincidence?" queried the Rev. Pen stock as the President paused.

"Yes, sah, cueincidence, sah!"

"I—I begs you pawdon, sah, but am——"

"Brudder Penstock," said the old man in very solemn tones, "de penalty fur interruptin' dis Cha'r when he am talkin' am a fine of six hundred dollars. You have bin guilty of his offense mo' dan twenty times, an' nuffin but my respect fur your cloth has prevented de enforcement of dat penalty."

"But I desired to k'rect de language of de Cha'r. De Cha'r said cueincidence."

"K'rect de language of dis Cha'r! What has language got to do with our purceedins heah? Sartinly I said it was a cueincidence of names. What am wrong about dat? Doan' cueincidences happen ebery day? Doan' we hear of dem in ebery ishue of de papers? Can't we fin' dem on ebery street co'ner!"

"Yes, sir; but——"

"Brudder Penstock, sot down—sot down wid all yer might! Do you 'spose de President of dis club has stood still an' let de world move away from him since he was 'lected? Not much, sah! I am free to acknowledge dat sich words as carnivorous an' capilli'ay stretched out a rod long in my eyes fo' y'ars ago, but whar' am dey now? Why, sah, I could sit down wid you in de mawnin' an' spend de hull day on sich words as contemporaneously, bituminously and authenticity an' not sweat a h'ar! Doan' emagine, sah, dat you has got all de eddicashun in de kentry. You' teef look white, an' you keep yer ha'r well iled, but de calamitous infringement artistically portrayed towards de indefatigable sequestration may have a carboniferous understanding!"

Penstock wilted. In twenty-one seconds he lost seven pounds of fat and all his confidence, and it will be a long time before he recovers from the avalanche. Cheers greeted the President's grand finis, and some one took advantage of the excitement to hit the sleeping Elder Toots full in the mouth with a musty banana.

A VOTE OF CONFIDENCE.

"Am Brudder Declaration Rundel in de hall?" queried the President, as he softly arose.

The brother was there, and he promptly stepped to the front.

"Brudder Rundell," continued the President, "I has bin informed dat your wife has had you tooken up by de pelice, an' dat you am charged wid refusin' to purvide fur her wants. Kin you gin de club any light on dis subjeck?"

"I shall be glad ob de chance," was the reply. "When I married dat woman, ten y'ars ago, she believed in dreams. If she dreamed of seein' a white hoss I had to get my own meals nex' day or go hungry. If she dreamed of rats she would go an' git drunk. If she dreamed of bein' on de water she would go ober to Canada an' stay for a hull week. I put up wid all dis, an' bimedy she got so dat she believed in fortin' tellin'. She had her fortin told whenever she could git a dollar, an' if I didn't han' ober de money she would pawn some ob de furnichur. A few days ago a fortin teller told her dat she was bo'n for a great lady, and when I got home she had traded off my Sunday coat for a dollar set of jewelry, and had gone out to take her first pianer lesson. I den made up my mind it was time to act, an' I left de house fur good."

Brother Gardner was seen to draw down his left eye in the direction of Pickles Smith, and that gentleman immediately arose and offered the following:

Resolved, Dat dis club not only has the fullest confidence in Brudder Declaration Rundel, but advises him to go home and smash de furniture an' let his wife roost on de fence while playin' grand lady.

The resolution was promptly adopted, and over three quarts of peanuts were bestowed upon the brother as further testimonials of confidence and esteem.

ANOTHER GARDNER.

The Secretary then announced the following:

GEORGETOWN, ILL., June 20, 1881.

DEAR BROTHER GARDNER—Recognizing the fact that the club of which you are President is perfectly kiln, and being a brother gardener myself, I write to you to learn the Christian name of Sister Gardner; also to inquire if she will make an appropriate appropriation in case I name a daughter for her. Being a very poor (excuse for a) man and unable to leave my children (as long as they support me) anything but a name and a few epidemics, I am anxious they shall have royal titles in the absence of other incentives to greatness. An early or sooner reply will greatly oblige

Your friend.

ASPARAGUS THOMPSON.

"De name of my ole woman, giben her sixty-one years ago," replied Brother Gardner, "am Claddelia Isabella Prairie Flower wid Gardner at de eand of it. I doan' s'pose she'd have de leas' objeckshuns to havin' a child named arter her, but I hope de writer of dat ether will wait a bit. On my street, rollin' ober in de dirt, I pass Bismarck, Peter Cooper, John Sherman, Ben Butler, Bob Ingersoll, Anna Dickinson, Susan Anthony, Lucy Stone an' Ida Lewis. Somehow de names an' de color doan' hitch. Dar' am a goneness dar' somewhar'. When I fink of my ole woman weighin' 182 pounds, wid a mouf like a flat-iron an' feet like row boats, an' remember dat her name am Claddelia Isabella Prairie Flower, I can't make de wheels fit de wagin. Names doan' put a man in jail or keep him out, but I fink de time has fully arrove when de cull'd people of dis kentry show some leetle originality in respect to cognomens. Let George Washington drap; have done wid Thomas Jefferseen; let Seward an' Sumner take a rest; give Lincoln de go-by. Sam am a good name fur a boy, an' dat will sot well on any gal. If I had fo'teen boys an' gals I'd neebber go higher dan Moses or Martha fur names."

THE WEATHER.

The Chairman of the Weather Bureau reported the following certainties for the coming week:

Sunday—Fine weather for base ball and street games.

Monday—Chickens act nervous and low spirited; indications of a cyclone; situation at Albany unchanged; snow not deep enough for good sleighing.

Tuesday—good day for moving old buildings through the streets.

Wednesday—Thunder, rain, wind, mud and other adjuncts of a picnic.

Thursday—Sun rises in the East and has a walk over.

Friday—Ice hardly strong enough for skating, but will get there if she has time.

Saturday—Huckleberries begin to turn black in the face; Board of Education still under suspicion; possible riot in Buffalo; saloon keepers lay wires to become Aldermen; Star Route Brady begins to weaken.

TOO LATE.

A communication from the Secretary of the Combined Whitewashers and Ash Haulers' Æsthetic Association of Pittsburg announced the discovery of a safe and specific remedy for chilblains, and offered the cure to the club for $50 in cash. The Secretary was instructed to return thanks for the offer, and add that out of 1,981 members of the club, all but half a dozen had passed the itching point and felt assured of a peaceful rest until another year.

SONG.

The glee club then broke out of jail as follows:

Do dey miss my face in de cotton field?
Do dey miss my step in de shady lane?
Do dey miss de song dat all day frew
Went from de midst of de sugar cane?
Kaze Ize long been gone, an' I run'd away,
An' Ize nebber gone back to work my row:
An' I ax myself at the break of morn:
Will dey miss de presence of poo' old Joe?"

I used to sing as the work went on—
De sun went down on a heart 'twas light:
I had no dread of de comin day
An kissed de chill'en an' called "good night!"—
slept to dream an' I waked to ask
If eber a voice inquar'd for me:
If dey speak my name by day or night
Or hark fur de songs dat used to be.

There being no further business before the meeting, Elder Toots awoke in time to sit on his hat until the rush was ever.—*M. Quad.*

THE LOOKOUT OF THE WORLD.

Mark Twain's Preparations for a Possible Encounter with the Comet.

HARTFORD, June 27.—Desiring to get the opinion of that celebrated amateur astronomer, Mr. Samuel Longhorne Clemens, on the new comet, I visited his house this morning just before daybreak. His passionate fondness for observing celestial phenomena is well known. I was confident that I should find him at his telescope in the turret that caps the northwest corner of his extraordinary mansion. A few well directed pebbles brought him to the window. "Hello!" said he. "Come up; but don't wake the baby. Mind the sixth stair of the second flight; it creaks a hades of a falsetto." So saying, he let down his door key at the end of a string.

When I reached the turret my friend was no longer inside. He was sitting in an open scuttle leading to the roof, smoking a cigar. With both hands he grasped a long pole. When it grew lighter I perceived that it was a boat hook. His face had a haggard look, and his long legs hung listlessly through the scuttleway. "You look tired, Mark," said I. "Have you been at it all night?"

"All night?" said he with a groan that consisted of a vowel and two consonant sounds. "All night?" This makes the fourth consecutive night that I haven't closed half an eye. It's wearing on me. This constant responsibility is undermining my constitution My sense of duty is as strong as the next man's, but sometimes I feel like letting go my grip, even if the condemned planet slides into the revised version of brimstone, All night? good night! Some other night!"

There was a degree of exasperation in his tone which the circumstances did not seem to warrant. "Well," said I, "there's no occasion for anger. Nobody compels you to sit up here in the malarious morning atmosphere and early dew."

He looked for a minute as if he was going to break out with a torrent of objurgation. Then he mastered his wrath and gazed down upon me with an expression of melancholy pity.

"The tail of that comet," said he, sadly waving the end of his pole toward the northern sky, "is, according to my calculations, a trifle over forty-two million miles long; yet it wouldn't reach more than a quarter way through the skulls of some people that I know. The reckless ignorance of mankind amazes me more and more the older I grow. Why don't I go to bed? Yes, it would be a perfectly easy and natural thing to go to bed, wouldn't it, now? Perhaps I had better go to bed." And he laughed derisively.

"What in the name of common sense are you driving at, Clemens?" I demanded.

"Oh, nothing at all," he replied with a sardonic wave of his pole. "Nothing except that while the mad revelry of the world goes on below, and the multitude pursues its wonted avocations precisely as though a universal catastrophe was not imminent, one solitary watcher sits up here in his lonely tower, braving danger and incurring great fatigue for the sake of his ungrateful fellow beings. There have been examples of such devotion to duty in history, but they are rare, and it has always been left to posterity to recognize them. At the present moment I fill the post of lookout of the planet, young man. You'll find set down in the census the exact number of fellow citizens whose existence depends upon my vigilance. That's all I'm driving at!"

I saw now pretty well how things were with my friend. So to humor him I gravely remarked: "I always knew your philantrophy, Mark; yet I must say that this last undertaking surprises me."

He immediately became affable and even confidential. "There is a good deal of the true Christian spirit of self denial in it, isn't there now? You see, they are all wrong about the tail. I've ciphered on that tail until I understand every inch of it. It's absurd to suppose that the tail isn't solid, and pretty tough, too. Do you imagine that this comet could go bulging through space at the rate of two hundred miles a minute without knocking spots out of a tail that was vapor? Tie a fog bank on the rear end of the New York and Boston 4 o'clock express and, start her off at even four miles an hour, and see how long your fog bank will travel in company with your locomotive. Yet they ask us to swallow this infernal nonsense about the comet's tail. My observations of this fellow, and also of Coggia's comet, seven years ago, have convinced me that comets' tails are fastened on tight, and are of a fibrous and durable nature, like Hartford beefsteak."

"And what do you propose to do with your pole?" I asked.

"Great Cæsar!" he exclaimed, with a tail forty two million miles thick, and tough as whip leather, whisking about in the wake of that particular craft every time she tacks overhead, don't you see the necessity of keeping a cool headed and muscular man on deck here to fend off, in case the cussed thing whisks this way.

A WOMAN'S QUICK WIT.

The part of Tennessee through which I have been knocked about is full of reminiscences of the war, but there is none of its bitterness left. In war time the people were greatly divided in their sentiments, and no man could tell t'other from which. This remark reminds me of a story I heard yesterday, about an estimable woman of 70 odd, who died two or three years ago, here on the mountains. One day, during the war, when the country was fairly alive with guerrillas, she had occasion to take some valuable goods with her on a trip she was making, and put them on her horse, back of her. When she had gone some distance in the woods she heard a squad of guerrillas approaching, and, knowing her goods would not be safe for a moment, she straddled her horse, man fashion, and throwing her long skirt over the package behind her, completely concealed it. When the guerrillas rode up she was unable to guess whether they belonged to the North or South—their uniform being no solution whatever. She determined, if questioned, to play a bluff game with them, and she soon had a chance to exercise her wit. "Hello!" called out one of the guerrillas. "Hello!" she returned. "What side are you on?" he challenged. She laughed a good laugh at him as she replied, kicking out her feet; "On both sides, of course; can't you see?" This brought a roar from the whole squad, and they began to banter her in her own fashion. "Which side is your old man on?" asked one of them. "He's on neither side," she laughed; "he's on his back, and has been for years." Such wit saved her, and they let her pass on unmolested.

THE BURIAL OF A BIRD.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich, June 14.—While strolling through the woods at Goguac lake yesterday afternoon, I suddenly came across half a dozen birds of the variety known as brown thrush or mocking bird. They were all busy working at some object on the ground, and did not notice my intruding till I was upon them, when, with a shrill cry, they flew off a short distance, perched on the trees to watch my movements. Having my curiosity aroused, I found the dead body of a female thrush, which had been killed by a shot from some hunter's gun, and had fallen where it lay. The birds which I noticed about it had been covering it over with leaves, sticks, little tufts of grass, etc., until only its feet stuck out.

Immediately the story of the Babes in the Woods, covered with leaves by robins, came to my mind, and all seemed real as the time when in childhood I read the story and believed it to be true.

Anxious to see what the birds would do, I stepped back of a large tree at a little distance and watched them. Slowly the birds came back one by one, and continued the work of burying the dead bird. While engaged hopping about after leaves and grass they would chirp in a low, melancholy key what I took to be the dirge notes of the little bird's funeral. I did not have it in my heart to disturb them at their labors for a full half hour, at the end of which time the dead bird was completely buried.

ENTERPRISING BOOK AGENT.

An enterprising Boston book agent, returning from New York the other day, with some elegantly London bound and costly copies of the revised New Testament, soon found his way into the directors' room of one of our State street banks and saw the cashier, who, as soon as he learned his business, ordered him out. The book agent, quietly remarking: "I meet with so many gentlemen in the course of a week that I can afford to meet with a snob occasionally," walked out. Next day he called at the bank again and wished to open an account. He was again shown into the directors' room, gave very satisfactory reasons for opening the account, and deposited $3,000. The cashier could hardly do less than apologize for his rudeness the day preceding, ordered an expensive copy of the work and allowed access to the teller, book keeper and clerks—several of whom did the same. Two days afterward every cent was drawn out. —*Boston Star.*

—It's all right to use coloring matter, etc., to bring oleomargarine up to look like butter, but when it comes to mixing in red cow hair to make it look natural it is carrying the joke a little too far.

A RATTLESNAKE'S SPRING.

Narrow Escape in the Blue Ridge—Going to Bed with a Rattler in a Mountaineer's Cabin.

"You may talk about your Catskill," said a man on the hotel piazza last night, "but did you ever in your life see anything more beautiful than that?" and he pointed to the billowy ranges of the Blue Ridge mountains, whose tops were losing themselves in the soft, misty hue of twilight. "I tell you," he continued, "there are no more beautiful mountains in this country than these Virginia peaks. There is only one thing I got against them—they are jam full of snakes."

"So I have heard, but it has never been my fortune to meet with any face to face."

"You can thank your lucky stars, then," said the man who was a drummer for a Baltimore firm. "I met one face to face in the most unpleasant manner a few nights ago. I had occasion to take quite a trip on horseback—you know everybody rides on horseback in these parts—and after trotting along for two or three hours, I struck up into the mountain. The sun was slowly sinking, casting its beautiful lights and shades, with all their delicate witchery, over the surrounding landscapes. It was beautiful, and I gazed, enchanted, upon a scene which I cannot describe. Arousing myself from my reverie, I was warned by the deepening shadows to hasten on. I had chosen a path that was little more than a bridle path, and at each step the way was becoming more rough and rudged. Over broken rocks and fallen trees I pursued my way with great difficulty. As the shadows deepened and objects became less discernible my horse began to manifest unmistakeable signs of fear and uneasiness, shying at times so violently as to almost throw me from the saddle.

"At last, to my great satisfaction, I distinguished the sound of human voices. Pushing on in the direction from which they proceeded, I came upon a group of men standing in front of a rude log cabin. They were rough mountaineers, and made a living by distilling whiskey. Riding up, I inquired the distance to my destination. It was several miles further on. I was not acquainted with the way. It would have been dangerous for me to have kept on, and I asked if I could be accommodated for the night. 'Get down, stranger; get down,' was the ready response. 'We haven't much in this wild country, but what we have is at your service.'

"I was pretty stiff before my long ride, and gladly dismounted. As I jumped from my horse I saw upon the ground at their feet what, upon examination proved to be a large snake. It was a moccasin, six feet long, and an ugly-looking customer. My exclamation of alarm drew from one of the men the remark that the snake had been dispatched but a few moments before my arrival. "We had a pretty hard job of it," he said, "but we fixed him at last. We don't care much for them, but the fact is, when we do spot a big snake close by, we don't exactly like to have him loafing about the place too familiarly, you know, for he might snap up some one of us when we were not thinking of it so we settle him at once."

"How do you do it?" I asked.

"Well, when he is a fine old rattler we try to secure him without breaking his hide. We draw his attention by putting something on the end of a pole on which is also a snare, and when the old fellow pops up his head from behind the log we just drop the snare over him, and one of us runs up, catches him by the neck and puts a spike through his head. That is, when we catch them to stuff for your museums. Oh, there are lots of them about here, lots of them. We have several fine old fellows on hand now."

"I listened in silence. Not a very inviting prospect for a night's lodging, I thought as I stood debating in my mind the advisability of moving on in spite of the darkness and rough roads. A summons to the cabin to supper decided me, however. The cool mountain air had proved a keen appetizer, and I thoroughly enjoyed the plain but substantial meal of corn bread and bacon. Supper over we repaired again to the front of the cabin. A feeling of exhilaration came over me—a feeling which a man can only experience by going down into the very heart of the mountain. The moon had risen, and round and above me the trees nodded in a flood of light. Picturesque and beautiful beyond description was the scene, banishing from my mind all disagreeable or unpleasant thoughts. Each rock, crag and bush seemed under the mystical light to become transformed into something lovely and fairylike.

"But even the loveliness of the night could not dispel the weariness which was gradually stealing over me nor tempt me longer to remain; so accompanied by my host, I was shown my quarters. It was a little low room, seeming to be off from the main building. Through the chinks in the logs came the moonlight in little patches. The window, a small port hole concern, was built right up against the mountain, and beneath it huge clumps of rock and underbrush. As I stood in the dismal, comfortless room, I confess to a feeling of great nervousness. I did not like the looks of things at all. Back to my mind flashed the stories of the evening. I was conscious for the first time in my life of being actually afraid. I set about my preparations for the night with as good a stock of courage as I could summon to my aid, making a careful survey of the room and filling up the chinks as best I could. Hardly had I finished ere my candle flickered, sputtered and went out. I sought my straw bed, placed my revolver under my coat and settled myself to try and sleep. But sleep I could not.

"After passing what seemed hours of wakefulness, extreme weariness and the low wind soughing through the pines threw me at last into a restless, uneasy slumber, in which my dreams were filled with frightful visions. From one more horrible than the rest, I awoke with a start. From the foot of the bed came a harsh, grating sound. What could it be? I tried to assure myself that the sound held no significance for me, but instinctively I felt a horrible sensation of something near—dangerously near. I raised myself up, only to sink back with a low cry of horror. The moonlight, streaming into my window, revealed to me my situation.

"There, at the side of my bed, slowly coiling itself for a spring, was a huge snake. I quickly felt for my revolver. It was gone. The agony of the moment was beyond all words. I tried to jump to my feet. At that moment the snake sprang toward me, just grazing my shoulder and falling with a heavy thud on the other side of me. With one bound I reached the door, and with a wild cry of alarm aroused the inmates. Almost instantly all hands were on the spot. They found his snakeship just retiring through one of the holes between the logs. He was soon disposed of, and proved to be a rattler, seven feet long, with thirteen rattles. A search was made for my revolver. It was found to have slipped from beneath my coat to the floor, probably while I was asleep. Sleep came to my eyes no more that night. No sooner had the gray dawn appeared than I mounted my horse and left the cabin with a feeling of relief."—*Fort Royal Correspondent Philadelphia Press.*

A LIGHTNING ROD SUIT.

A "lightning-rod man" has brought suit in Kentucky for the value of his goods placed upon Mrs. Volmer's house under false pretenses, as she declared. One of his workmen testified that he had not positively been told to put up the rod, but he knew a good chance when he saw one, and never threw it away. He told the lady he had put a lightning-rod upon the house of Mrs. Hopkins, in Jeffersonville; but he had not done so; he told her so in order to get the job, and he never knew a lightning-rod man that would not lie to get a job. The lady herself testified that he told her he had put one up on Mrs. Hopkins' house, but it turned out that he had not, and the rod he put up on her own was lighter and poorer than the sample he showed her. Mr. Hopkins, the lady's adviser and business man, then testified as follows:

The lightning rod agent came to me and said he wanted to put a rod on the house. I told him I did not believe in lightning rods. He asked me if I was related to Mrs. Hopkins in Jeffersonville. I said she was my mother. "Well," he replied, "I put up a rod upon her house." I said I knew there had been none put up on her house. He offered to go over with me right away, and show it to me. I told him he was a liar, and if he put a rod up on Mrs. Volmer's house I would tear it down. He then went down, and somehow or other got Mrs. Volmer to let him put it up. I went over to my mother's soon after and there had never been a rod put upon her house. Mr. Hopkins continuing, said the lightning-rod agent also went to the carpenter who had charge of the building of Mrs. Volmer's house. The carpenter told him that he was given charge of the house, and that he would shoot the first man who tried to put a lightning-rod upon it. The agent said he would put one up if he had to get a squad of police to protect him. He then went to work and put the rod up, the carpenter supposing he was authorized to do so. When Mr. Hopkins found out he had lied about the matter he refused to pay for the rod. When explaining how the agent approached him Mr. Hopkins grew very excited and said: "He just tried to bully me down, and contended with all of us that he had put a rod upon my mother's house, and said if we let him put up on Mrs. Volmer's he would pull it down and not charge for it if we found out there was not one on my mother's house."

Notwithstanding this testimony the Justice of the Peace decided in favor of the lightning-rod man, and the case will be taken to a higher court.

CURIOUS FACTS.

—A lot of sunfish fell in a recent rain storm at Louisville, Ky.

—Among the Gauls cutting off the hair was inflicted as a punishment.

—Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it like cows in a meadow.

—Aconite is said to be named from Acone, a place in the Crimea, famous for its poisonous herbs.

—In China there is a fish that crosses the meadows at its pleasure from one creek to another, often a mile apart.

—Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of living creatures swarming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

—Merry in Merry England does not mean mirthful, but is corrupted from an old Teutonic word, signifying famous or renowned.

—In a recent sun disturbance a protuberance was thrown up from the surface, which was 235,000 miles long, but in a few hours it subsided to only 18,000 miles.

—For a healthy adult man the average quantity of food required during 24 hours is sixteen ounces of bread, three and one half ounces of butter, and fifty-two fluid ounces of water.

—The Romans attached great significance to the color of the hair. Auburn or light hair was considered most desirable, and long before the time of Judas red hair was regarded with great disfavor.

—Scarcely could there be a cleverer stroke at wigs than that delivered by Clemens at Alexandria. He informed the wearers that when they knels at church to receive the benediction, they must remember that the blessing remained on the wig and did not pass through to the head beneath.

—A Washington girl has highly interesting hair. Its color used to be a light blonde. Dr. D. W. Prentiss reports to the Smithsonian Institution that he gave jaborandi, a Brazilian plant, as a cure for blood poisoning. Her hair soon began to darken, and, in four months was almost black.

A BALD-HEADED MAN BUYING DRUGS.

There are two mad men in Milwaukee. One is a bald-headed man and the other is a druggist. The bald man told a doctor that his hair was falling out, and asked him if he didn't know something that would stop it. The doctor said he would fix him, so he wrote out a prescription, which was as follows: Chloride of sodium, 1 ounce; aqua pura, eight ounces. Shake well and rub on the scalp every morning.

The bald man went to a druggist and had the prescription made up, paying $1 for it. He asked the druggist if he wasn't a little high, but felt ashamed when the druggist asked him if he knew how much aqua pura cost a gallon. He said he didn't, but supposed it came high. The druggist told him aqua pura was one of the most penetrating drugs in the store, and as for chloride of sodium, there was nothing like it, and the war in Peru had sent it up kiting. He said if the trouble in Chili kept on there was no knowing how high it would be. The bald man used the medicine, and felt as though it was doing him good. His wife noticed little new hairs coming out and he felt good, so when the stuff was gone he took the bottle to the store and had it filled again.

The chap who filled it this time was another chap, and when the bald-headed man threw down a dollar the druggist said: "Oh, never mind; we won't charge you anything for that." The bald man asked how that was, when the druggist said: "Why, it's only salt and water, anyway. The salt is only two cents a pound, and the water is pretty cheap this year." The bald man gave one gasp and said: "I paid $1 for filling that bottle before, and I want my money back. It's a bald headed swindle. I thought that Peruvian story didn't look plausible." The druggist gave the man a box of cigars to keep still about it.

A LIEN ON A CHILD FOR BOARD.

Judge Moran, of the Circuit Court at Chicago, Thursday heard the habeas corpus case of Laura Bennett, brought to recover possession of an infant son. She is a resident of New York City. She stated that her husband had deserted her. She had to work for a living, and gave her child to a Mrs. Nathaniel Dahl who had advertised as a wet nurse, paying her $10 a month. This stipend was paid regularly to the end of March last, when the Dahls left New York and came to Chicago, bringing the child with them. The mother, with the aid of the police, discovered them living on Larrabee street. The Dahls stated on the stand that they had taken the child away because there was a month's board due, and expressed their willingness to give up the child if paid up to date.

Judge Moran said that there could be no such thing as a lien on a child for its board, and that the child's liberty was here represented by its mother. The question of indebtedness was one apart from the custody of the child. The court accordingly ordered a bailiff to deliver the child to the mother. Before she left the court a number of the lawyers present made up a purse of some $20 for her.

THE PLUG HAT.

The plug hat is virtually a sort of social guarantee for the preservation of peace and order. He who puts one on has given a hostage to the community for his good behavior. The wearer of a plug hat must move with a certain sedateness and propriety. He cannot run, or jump, or romp, or get into a fight except at the peril of his head gear. All the hidden influences of the beaver tend toward respectability. He who wears one is obliged to keep the rest of his body in decent trim that there may be no incongruity between head and body. He is apt to become thoughtful through the necessity of watching the sky whenever he goes out. The chances are that he will buy an umbrella, which is another guarantee of good behavior, and the care of hat and umbrella—perpetual and exacting as it must ever be—adds to the sweetness of his character. The man who wears a plug hat naturally takes to the society of women, with all its elevating tendencies. He cannot go hunting or fishing without abandoning his beloved hat, but in the moderate enjoyment of croquet and lawn tennis he may sport his beaver with impunity. In other words, the constant use of a plug hat makes a man composed in manner, quiet and gentlemanly in conduct, and a companion of the ladies. The inevitable result is prosperity, marriage and church membership.

—Dr. Russell, the journalist, is said to be the only member of the Duke of Sutherland's party who takes pains to be fashionable in attire. Journalists always lay away over dukes in those little things.

—A comet which travels a million and a half of miles per day must get tired towards night. Give the poor thing a rest.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—German waiteresses have been introduced in a cafe at Rome, and are very popular. They are called "Kellerine" in Italianized speech.

—An American lady now assists at the lectures of the celebrated physiologist, Prof Virchow, and is the first student of her sex ever entered at the University of Berlin.

—Only one telegraph line is in operation in China, from Shanghai to Woosung, twelve miles. An effort is now being made to extend the wires to Tientsin, but the native mandarins are opposed.

—An English company has just been formed to build a light road railway in Lombardy, which will connect the various towns and villages in that part of Italy. These road railways are said to have been a success.

—In a recent speech at Bordeaux Mlle. Louise Michel excited the laughter of her audience by stating that she had seen the fine bodies of the reaction put out the eyes of the expiring Communists with their parasols.

—King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands is making the tour of the world and proposes to do the job in something under eighty days, if possible. At last accounts he was in Asia on his way home via Paris and New York.

—A theatrical manager has bought a large number of pamphlet copies of the revised New Testament on the covers of which he intends to print advertisements of his play for the next season. The testament is to be gratuitously circulated.

—Sisters of Mercy have hitherto done the principal work of nursing at the Paris hospitals. Acting on the repugnance which a large section of the community have shown towards the monastic system, a proposal has now been made to substitute lay nurses for the sisterhood.

—The following from Upper Silesia three months ago throws light upon the enormous arrivals at Castle Garden: "No grain, no potatoes, no food for cattle, no seed for sowing. Snow and cold without, hunger and sickness within." Soup houses and public kitchens have been started in seventeen villages.

—Henry E. Abbey, on reassuming possession of the money which he put by in London, to be forfeited in case he did not fulfil his part of the contract with Sarah Bernhardt, was pleased to discover that the consols in which it was invested had so risen in price that he had made $2, 00 by the operation.

—A gardener at Naples holds out the hope that in the near future the camelia will rival the rose in fragrance as well as in beauty. After years of experiment he has succeeded in producing a camelia with a delicate perfume. It is of a pale rose color, and the gardener hopes to obtain before long fragrant white blossoms.

—The authorities of the Paris mint propose to substitute for the present bronze pieces a new coinage of a smaller and more elegant kind containing 20 per cent. of nickel, of the representative values of 5, 10, and 25 centimes. The die used is an old one, cut in 1793. The device is an allegorical head of the Republic, wearing a cap of liberty.

—The increase of population in the United States during the last decade was large, but that of Australia was proportionately greater, it being estimated at forty per cent. One colony, which is not supposed to be the most progressive, that of New South Wales, had in 1870 a population of 544,000, whilst in 1880 the figures had swollen to 750,000.

—The editors of all the principal Japanese newspapers have been fined for the publication of a document addressed by two of the Ministers to the Government depreciating official trading and too much paternal interference with trade. The paper was surreptitiously obtained by the leading metropolitan sheet, and almost universally copied by the other papers.

—Hobart Pasha said the other day that England's friendship was as important to Turkey as to herself. "The Sultan (he adds) was the head of the Mussulman religion, which extended to the very walls of China and throughout Hindostan. The Turks were a noble race, that with a little consideration would mount to its proper place and prove a good ally in time of need."

—The urgent representations of the Pope's physicians have caused the Cardinals to be consulted whether the Pope shall not leave Rome in the autumn. They replied that such a provisional change of residence would not imply a cessation of the imprisonment. The villa of Duke Grazioli at Frascati has been talked of for the Pope's temporary residence, but nothing has been decided.

—In consequence of the number of persons bearing foreign orders, especially those of Portugal, the two Sicilies, and Venezuela, who walk about the streets of Paris with red ribbons in their buttonholes resembling the Legion of Honor, the Government has decided that they must not wear the ribbon without the cross attached, which will show what their decoration really is.

—A San Francisco Chinese paper says that a Chinaman in that city seeing a sturgeon in the market was impressed with the idea that his mother's soul was in the fish. He paid $15 for the fish, got a wagon, carted it to the bay, hired a boat, towed the fish out into deep water and let it go. He could not endure the thought of his mother's soul being devoured by the barbarians of San Francisco.

—The remarkable sagacity and stratagem of a weasle was illustrated at Santa Barbara, Cal. Having become worsted in a fight with a mammoth rattlesnake, the latter darted through, and running round to the rear of its formidable adversary lodged in the hole, killed it and dragged it out in great triumph.

—A serious difference has arisen between Count Corti, the Italian Ambassador at Constantinople and the Porte, arising out of the disappearance of a young Italian lady, who is said to have entered a Turkish harem, and gone over to Islam. Count Corti has imperatively demanded her surrender, and has, it is stated, declared that if the Porte persists in his refusal, to order that she shall be restored he will break off all personal intercourse with Assim Pasha.

—Husbands are not as exact in their statements as they should be. One of them said that he suffered from cold feet, then, looking at his wife, he added, "but they are not mine," leaving the company to suppose that they were his wife's. Again a Rhode Island husband advertises that his wife has run away and left him, and adds, "caused by rum," but he doesn't say whether it was he or she who drank the rum.

—Max Strakosch says that the cities where the women dress the most, the show business is the worst. "Boston, which is the best show town in America, gives you an audience where the women wear their water-proofs and plain woolen dresses, and as they have not put their money into dress or carriages they can come once a week the year round to the theater, but where they rush into fine clothes they cannot afford to come but once a year." Everybody agreed that Boston was the best theater town in the country.

—One spoke of one wheel of nearly all the carriages shipped from New Haven, Conn., were found to have a knife nick in them, which spoiled them so that they had to be returned to the factory and a new spoke inserted. A detective watched through the hole of the roof at the steamboat wharf and discovered that the culprit was one of the steamboat company's employes. He said he had no idea why he did it. But then he could not have had many ideas of any kind.

—The competition in the lightning rod business must be very close and demoralizing. A man who was putting a rod on a twelve story building in New York found that the strap of the block and tackle by which he was to be let down from the roof had been cut on the underside, almost in two. Had he not discovered it he would have been dashed to pieces several hundred feet on the sidewalk below. It was believed to have been done by some rival in the business who lost the contract.

—The idea of putting up female candidates in the approaching general election in France is not likely to be carried out. Mlle. Maria Derisme, a lady who takes an active part in political affairs, was asked by some ultra-Radical electors to stand for Paris. She has declined on the ground that it would only be a waste of time and trouble, as her election would be sure to be quashed. She hopes, however, that the day will come when women's rights will have been sufficiently recognized by law to enable them to sit in Parliament.

—Mr. Suter, who was recently carried off by brigands in Greece, says that his captors made up for their lack of morality by their punctilious performance of ecclesiastical ceremonies. They used most profane and blasphemous language; but they were superstitious, and were strict in their religious observances. They fasted the whole of Lent, and celebrated Easter Day with great solemnity, their salutations including kisses, which were also bestowed upon the captive. They burned incense, chanted an Easter hymn, and also crossed themselves before and after meals.

—A Spaniard was on Wednesday accosted by a woman in broad daylight on Sixth avenue, New York. She threw her arms about him, kissed him, and while a man, who sprang from behind an ash barrel, held him, she robbed him of his watch, ring and money. These she handed to the man, who disappeared. The Spaniard called in Spanish for assistance. A policeman soon appeared, but he did not understand Spanish, and although the woman stood quietly upon the sidewalk, the officer did not arrest her, because he had no idea of what had happened, and the Spaniard in vain endeavored to explain that he had been robbed.

—The Paris *Voltaire* relates a fresh attempted assassinate the Czar. It states that a short time ago the Czar was about to step into his bath, when he thought that the water had a bluish tint, which could not be produced by the medicated salts and perfumes which are always thrown into it. Being surprised at this, he immediately sent for the servant who had prepared the bath, and questioned him about the unusual color of the water. The man was embarrassed for an answer, and when ordered to get into the bath himself he refused to do so. On this the Czar had him placed in it by force, the result being the death of the man a few hours later from the effects of the immersion. The analysis of the water proved that it contained the most pernicious ingredients.

—The *Osservatore Pomano* officially contradicts the report that Leo XIII. had, without imposing the usual conditions, granted a dispensation from the canonical impediments of consanguinity and mixed religion in the case of the marriage of the Princess Windischgratz and the Duke Paul Frederick of Mecklenburg Schwerin, who is a Protestant Lutheran. Dispensation was, indeed, asked for, but the Holy See replied that it could not be granted until, in the first place, the contracting parties had promised that all issue of the marriage, whether boys or girls, should be baptized and educated in the Roman Catholic faith. The Holy See could make no other answer for the reason that guarantees both for the maintenance of faith on the Catholic side and for the Catholic education of all issue are required by natural and Divine law.

—A lightning rod man drove up to a fine new house, out West, and told the man sitting in the door that he ought to have lightning rods on it. The man said he had not thought about it but had no objections. So the lightning rod man put a rod upon one corner, and asked the man who was still reading the newspaper, if he had any objections to his putting up rods on the other corners, and the man said no. When the job was done, the peddler presented his bill. "What's this?" said the man, yawning and folding up his paper. "Bill for the rods," explained the peddler. "Rods? I didn't order any rods!" "Why certainly you did." "Not at all. I only said I had no objection to your putting them up. And I hadn't. This is the County Court House. I don't even live in this house. Of course I had no actions."

—A young girl in Dortmund, Germany, robbed her lover of a valuable watch, which she pawned. The young man having missed the watch, notified the police, who traced the theft to the girl. When brought to trial she avowed her guilt with many tears and sobs, alleging that, unable to purchase her wedding dress, and being ashamed to confess her poverty to her future husband, she had purloined his watch with the object of realizing a sufficient amount by its hypothecation to equip herself decently. It is pleasant to know that this piteous confession was responded to in a gallant and magnanimous spirit by the despoiled bridegroom, who declared that "the prisoner was and ever would be his only love, and that he would marry her out of hand if the judge would consent to set her at liberty." Without a minute's delay, the tribunal annulled the arraignment, and the generous lover carried off his liberated larcenist in triumph.

—A Philadelphia park policeman sed to see a young man and a pretty young woman drive out there every day for several months. Then for a time the young woman rode out with an older man, not her father, but didn't look as pretty as she had done. One day the young fellow drove up to speak to the policeman just as the elderly gentleman rode by. He called the young fellow's attention to them. Their eyes met; she turned hers away and the young fellow drove off. He saw her only a few times afterward. She rode propped up with pillows, looking very pale. Finally the elderly gentleman came along and the policeman had a chat with him, saying that he missed the lady who used to come with him. "Yes, she died three weeks ago." The policeman thinks there is a fine story contained in this short one, but declines to aid the novelist by any further hints except to say that he believes that she died either from hating the elderly gentleman, or losing the other.

—A correspondent of a French paper, commenting on the number of mysterious disappearances constantly occurring, not only in France, but also in England, starts a curious theory. He maintains that death occasionally is actual dissolution. Persons attacked by this form of disease suffer no previous illness, have no warning of their approaching end, but suddenly cease to exist, and as immediately fade from sight. He asserts that some years ago he actually witnessed this phenomenon. He was out walking with a friend, with whom he was engaged in an interesting discussion on a political question of the day, when instantaneously his companion vanished and from that hour to the present time