Listowel Standard.

VOL. I.—NO. 24. LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH, JULY 12, 1878.

HAWKINS & KELLS, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Personalities.

Mrs. Brooks has packed her butter "Dreaming Iolanthe." Packed it off to the Paris Exhibition.

Hilton's Hotel should be in Brooklyn. They understand true inn-wardness there.

Charles Reade is a tall, slender, fine-looking man, with broad forehead and blue eyes.

The Shah of Persia is dead-heading at the Paris Exposition.

Mrs. Van Cott is trying her hand at converting the Omahogs.

Todleben is rough as a file, solid as granite and solemn as doom, says a correspondent.

Mr. Bryant was the richest of the poets. His estate is worth half a million.

Madame Pappenheim's last vocal flight was shaking (her creditors, on the high C. — [St. Louis Times.

Clara Louisa Kellogg lost money on railroad speculations.

Anna Dickinson will shortly appear in a new play of her own construction.

Stanley lost nearly everything in his African exploration, including his manners.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.

The German Socialists can make a big stroke by assassinating the members of the Peace Congress.

Miss Lockie Rankin, of Tennessee, goes as the first woman Methodist missionary to China.

Chas. Dudley Warner, author of "My Summer in a Garden," etc., is delivering lectures at college commencements.

The *Inter-Ocean* advises the Tiltons to make up. A jolly member of the Second Cavalry Band, Fort Custer, writes: "Let me add: Yes, and dry up." This closes the case for the plaintiff, and leaves nothing for the defence to say.

When John Ruskin complained of America because she had no old ruins, he hadn't heard of John Sherman and Stanley Matthews.—[Boston Post.

Joe Coburn, the prize-fighter, who is serving a term at Auburn, N. Y., is said to be in a pitiable condition of health, and it is thought will not live long.

The Pittsburg *Gazette* thinks Belknap will yet make his mark in this country. This country ought to make its mark on Belknap in the shape of striped clothing.

Matthews is innocent. Stanley sin a cent. Sherman skin a cent. John's sin is sent. Everybody is innocent. Innocence abroad—far abroad.—[Keokuk Constitution.

The Jersey City *Journal* says that if you want to pronounce Paul d'Tcheckanowski's name you should take a dose of snuff.

An Ohio man arrested for murder asserted his prerogative. Said his grandfather's brother had an uncle who was a United States Senator.—[Boston Post.

Huxley's daughter Madge has won the first prize for etching at the Slade School of Art. Her elder sister, Jessie Oriana, has married Frederick Waller, a promising young architect.

Childs, of Buffalo, was the first man to register at the Man's Hotel (late Woman's Hotel) and so Hilton's institution seems to have degenerated from a Woman's Hotel to a Child's Hotel.

Frank Leslie's real name is Henry Carter. He has been a Carter of other people's jokes ever since he began the business twenty-one years ago. No wonder he carted off his own name and said Leslie.

The Smith family has again been heard from. Betsey Smith, of Kennecunk, Me., has read her Bible through forty-one times.

Stanley Matthews is informed that he can get cremated in Pennsylvania for $13.50, travelling expenses only one way. —[New York Herald.

Thomas Winans, who died near Newport, was a railroad contractor for the Russian Government, from which he has received heavy royalties. He was also the inventor of Winans cigar-shaped boat, and is said to have been worth $25,000,000.

Lucius Early, a member of the legislature of Louisiana, in 1876, was accidently shot and killed recently, in West Feliciana. His death was caused by the discharge of a pistol which fell from a coat he was handing to another coloured man from a buggy.

Emma Bartlett, an English woman, who started in the harness business, in New York, some twenty years ago, on a capital of $1.75, and built up an enormous trade, employing at one time as many as a hundred men, died in that city the other day. When at her best she weighed but eighty-four pounds, and was commonly known as "little Miss Bartlett."

Of Mr. Herman Linde's dramatic performances the Philadelphia *Times* says he has more voice than he knows what to do with, and "throws it about with a prodigality that is at times ear-piercing and appalling."

AN INDEX EXPURGATORIUS.

Bryant's Antipathies.

Here is Mr. Bryant's list of prohibited words:—

Aspirant	Obituary, for "death."
Authoress	Partie, for "persons"
"Being" done, built, etc.	Posted, for "informed."
Bogus	Poetess
Bagging, for "capturing"	Portion, for "part"
Balance, for "remainder"	Predicate
Collided	Progressing
Commenced, for "begun"	Pants, for "pantaloons"
Couple, for "two"	Quite, prefixed to "good," "large," etc
Debut	Realized, for "obtained."
Donate and Donation	Reliable, for "trustworthy."
Employee	Repudiate, for "reject" or "disown."
"Esq."	Retire, for "withdraw"
Endorse, for "approve."	Role, for "part"
Gents, for "gentlemen."	Rowdies.
"Hon"	Roughs
Inaugurated, for "behegun"	States, for "says"
Initiated, for "begun."	Taboo
In our midst.	Transpire, for "occur."
Ignore	To progress.
Jeopardize.	Tapis.
Juvenile, for "boy."	Talented.
Jubilant, for "rejoicing"	The deceased.
Lady, for "wife."	Vicinity, for "neighbourhood."
Lengthy.	Wall street slang generally: "Bulls, bears, long, short, flat, corner, tight," etc.
Loater	
Loan or loaned, for "lend", or "lent."	
Located.	
Measurable, for "in a measure."	
Ovation.	

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Human Skeleton in a Horse.

A miner in the Black Hills, writing to a friend in this city, tells of a horrible reminder of the fearful snow storms of last winter, and of the perils of those who were caught out and lost their way on the plains. He says that recently, while he and two others were crossing the country, they came upon the skeleton of a horse, within which was the skeleton of a man, with the grinning skull looking out at them from between the ribs of the animal, like a prisoner peering through the bars of his cell. The two skeletons told the whole story. The man had killed his horse, cut him open, and crawled inside of him, thinking to thus escape perishing of cold, but the flesh of the animal froze solid, and the man was as much a prisoner as if he had been shut in by walls of iron. The wolves and carrion birds had stripped the greater part of the flesh from both skeletons. The miner concludes his description by saying: "It was a sight I shall never forget. I can see it now whenever I close my eyes."—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

Art Affectation.

It takes a strong stomach to stand all this modern babble about "Art,"—to see people of "culture" paying a thousand dollars for an imitation Japanese vase who would not pay ten cents for a photograph from Leonardo, or five dollars for a cast of one of Barye's lions. To-day it is "art" and "decoration;" yesterday it was the oil mania; the day before it was "Boston Unitarianism," whose "pale negations" Emerson, in his latest essay, treats with Emersonian scorn. It takes, we say, a strong stomach, to stand the art affectation of these days; and yet it is worth while to stand it, for it means, here and there and as by accident, opportunity for the genuine artist—and the greater his individual opportunity for the education and for the display of his genius, the stronger and wider will be the reaction upon the public of genuine appreciation and good taste."

At Warsaw, Wis., there is a lady's club wherein the rule is that no morning dress shall cost more than $25, no evening dress more than $50, and no bonnet more than $7.50. At each quarterly meeting each lady must declare that she owes neither a milliner nor a dressmaker.

A large quantity of Germans have settled in Texas, where they are putting in a farm of ninety thousand acres under one fence. The residences of the colonists are built together in a town plat as in Germany. They have with them doctors, merchants, blacksmiths, etc., and are perfectly independent.

The hardest trial of the heart is to attempt to bear a rival's failure without weak triumph.

SUMMER SONGS

BY W. C. BENNETT.

I.

Now cuckoo call,
And May is white,
And love thrill all
With warm delight.

Earth laughs and blooms
And glows with joy,
No winter gloums
Her soul annoy.

Her skies, her flowers,
Her larks above,
Bid joy be ours,
Bid ours be love.

II.

Rose, flush and glow,
Clasped by warm moon,
Blush glad to know
The passion of June.

Through grey hours soon
Sifts the white snow;
Now clasped by June,
Rose, flush and glow.

Heart, glow and thrill
In love's dear June,
Chill blasts will shrill,
Grey skies come soon.

With passion's noon
All thy life fill;
In love's dear June,
Heart, glow and thrill.

III.

Songs, song, blooms of my brain,
Blossom; on lawn and in lane,
Hawthorns the day
Whiten with may;
Flowers of my fancy then blossom again.

Songs, songs, sweetness unknown,
Fancy watches your fairness alone:
Roses are here,
With them appear;
Be, to the Summer, your beauties too shown.

Songs, songs, sisters of light,
Lilies, lilies, woo you to sight,
With them, the moon,
With them, sweet June,
Glad with new music and dreams and delight.

COUNT WALDEMAR.

I.—CONTINUED.

Merciful powers! three glasses of Eisabethen straight off the reel! And I who am allowed but two; and must walk about for twenty minutes after the first, and for an hour after the second, under peril of I know not what awful consequences! I took a couple of turns along the avenue beside Portoncs's bath-chair, and then concluded my walk in the company of some other fellow-sufferers; but I heard little of what they said, for I could not take my eyes off that young man. I watched him as the islanders watched St. Paul of old, waiting for tardy Nemesis to overtake him, and I was almost disappointed to see that he came out of the ordeal as scatheless as the apostle. My faith in my favourite spring received a blow that morning from which it has never fully recovered. Meanwhile the unconscious disturber of my peace was to all appearance getting on at a great pace with Mrs. Seymour. Their conversation did not seem to flag for a moment; and every now and then the sound of his laughter rose above the din of the band, the shuffling of footsteps, and the buzz of many voices. Such a jolly, joyous laugh as it was! No snigger, nor cackle, nor half-smothered outburst, but a fine, rich ho-ho-ho! as natural and irrepressive as the song of a bird, and, to my ears, nearly as musical. I declare that, if I had been a woman, I should have felt three-parts inclined to marry Count Waldemar for the mere sake of his laugh, knowing that it could only proceed from the most manly and honest of hearts.

He caught me up after I had set my face homewards, and clapped me on the shoulder with much warmth. "You are my very good friend," he was good enough to say. "I shall never forget wass you have done for me."

"You have nothing to thank me for. I should not have introduced you if you had not forced me into doing so," I said, candidly. "The truth is, there is no chance for you. I know my countrywomen better than you can do, and I assure you that, though Mrs. Seymour may find it amusing enough to hear you talk, she will no more think of accepting your offer (if you are foolish enough to make her one) than she would of drinking three glasses of mineral water highly charged with carbonic acid gas, because your lips had happened to touch the rim of the tumbler."

"Now, that we shall see," he rejoined in no way disconcerted.

"Setting aside the question of your nationality, and of her very slight acquaintance with you," I continued, "I must tell you that she is a woman of considerable fortune."

"*Ja—so?*" quoth he, quite imperturbably. "That is all the better; for I myself am a poor man. Money brings not happiness, but is no bad addition to happiness."

The perfect good faith with which this copybook maxim was enunciated was in its way inimitable. It was clearly absurd to waste more words upon one so ignorant of the first guiding principles of civilized society, so I went home to breakfast.

II.

I am one of those who look back with regret to the palmy old days of MM. Blanc and Benazet. I never could see that the interests of public morality required the suppression of the gaming-tables, nor, for that matter that it is the legitimate province of governments to look after the morals of law-abiding people at all. It has always seemed to me that if I had gambling propensities it would be far better to indulge them in public than in private. Those who stake against the bank play with an adversary who at least has no cards up his sleeve, who expects no "revenge" from a winner, who neither takes nor offers I O U's, who gains without unseemly exultation, and may be "broken" without being ruined. Of course I know all about the clerks who used to rob their master's tills, and the peasants whose hardly-earned wages used to disappear on Saturday night over the green cloth; but an obligatory deposit of twenty pounds or so, to be returned on the departure of the visitor, would have effectually excluded these simple folk; and really, if our rulers are to begin protecting us against ourselves, where are they stop? Why should we not be forbidden to back a horse, or to invest our money in South American securities, or to go out in wet weather without an umbrella and cork soles?

I feel the more free to say all this inasmuch as neither M. Blanc nor M. Benazet ever made a single thaler out of me, except in indirect ways. It is not from any love of *trente et quarante* or *roulette* in themselves that I would fain see a restoration of those merry monarchs, but because their little kingdoms which were once so joyous, are now left desolate, or nearly so. Their flower-gardens are growing less flowery every year; their well-mown lawns are well-mown no longer; their paths are grass-grown or strewed with falling leaves; their *prime donne* and Parisian actors find more lucrative summer engagements elsewhere; the very gilding on their palace walls is beginning to tarnish, and will, perhaps, not be renewed; for where is the money to come from?

Homburg, it is true, is more highly favoured than its neighbours, fashion having chosen to decree of late years that it should be the proper thing for the English great world to repair thither for a time at the close of the London season; and I must confess that now, when I do my annual three weeks of water-drinking, I mix in a more aristocratic as well as more respectable society than of yore. But then it is a considerably duller one. With the exception of lawn-tennis and dancing, neither of which relaxations are altogether suitable to the age of the majority of the *Curgaste*, Homburg is somewhat wanting in amusement in these latter days; and I suppose that is why everybody was so determined to be present at the steeplechases mentioned to me by Count Waldemar, that, on the appointed day there was not a carriage to be had in the town for love or money. I myself was glad enough to accept the offer of a box-seat from some friends; for, anxious though I was to see how my new friend would acquit himself in the saddle, I had no idea of trudging two or three miles under a blazing sun for that or any other purpose.

The improvised course was pleasantly situated upon a slope of the Taunus Mountains, commanding a wide view of the rolling plain on which Homburg stands, of yellow cornfields and waving woods, and the spires of Frankfort glittering in the distance. Mounted policemen in spiked helmets were galloping hither and thither without any ostensible object; flags were fluttering, a military band was in full blast; a large concourse of country people in holiday garb lined the hillside, and a triple row of carriages, displaying much quaint variety in build, was drawn up in the neigbourhood of the winning-post.

In one of the latter I soon made out Mrs. Seymour, of whom, after the exchange of a few commonplaces, I could not forbear from inquiring her opinion of Herr von Ravensburg. She laughed heartily, as at some diverting reminiscence.

"Charming!" she replied. "Thank you so very much for introducing him to me. I don't know when I have met anyone who has made me laugh so much."

I doubted whether this was exactly the impression the young gentleman had intended to produce, and I said so.

"He does not intend to produce any impression at all," answered Mrs. Seymour. "That is just what makes him so delightful. Instead of thinking about himself, as most Englishmen do, he thinks about the person he is talking to—and tells you what he thinks, too, in the most innocent manner."

"Did he tell you what he thought of you?" I asked.

"He did indeed. He said I wore false hair, and that that was very bad taste. Also he informed me that I ought not to go down to the springs in the morning alone."

"How very rude of him! Did he say nothing more than that?"

"Oh, yes, he paid me some compliments. He could hardly do less after being so plain-spoken. Ah, here he is. Now we shall have some fun."

The dialogue that ensued was funny enough in all conscience, but I doubt whether Mrs. Seymour fully appreciated the humour of it. To an onlooker nothing could have been more comical than the freak of fate which had brought together these two widely differing types of humanity, and had inspired each of them with a desire to penetrate beneath the outer crust of the other's individuality. By education, by habit, in thought and in mode of expression, they were as remote from one another as a Chinaman from a Choctaw; and I question whether they had a single quality in common, unless it were that of good-nature. Mrs. Seymour understood, no doubt, that this young German was greatly smitten with her—she must have been blind indeed to have ignored that—but I think that her comprehension of him began and ended there. As for him, he palpably could make nothing of the English lady whose charms had conquered his heart. It was easy to see that he was a little shocked, as well as fascinated by her freedom of manner. The idioms of her fashionable slang puzzled him, and he could not quite follow her quick repartees. More than once I caught him gazing at her with a look of troubled bewilderment in his infinitely little, he had remarked in her; he pronounced her to be too *emancipirt*, by which, I take it, he meant "fast," and feared that the poetical side of her nature had not been sufficiently developed. But these, after all, he concluded, stretching out his long legs, and blowing a cloud of smoke into the still evening air, were but trifles, which marriage, and a residence in the cultured society of Stuttgardt, would soon correct.

"Do you know," said I, "I think you are about the most conceited young man I ever came across?"

He opened his eyes in genuine amazement.

"Conceited?" he cried; "now that has never been said of me before. What for do you call me conceited?"

I pointed out to him that modest men do not, as a rule, expect ladies to fall in love with them at first sight.

"Ah, that is your English notion. You consider yourselves the first nation in the world, and yet it is rare that you will find an Englishman who does not affect to speak against his country. That you call modesty, but I think it's a great foolishness, for you do not mean wass you say. And so mit other things. I do not expect as every lady shall fall in love with me—no! But one—that is another thing. If it has happened to me to love her, why should she not love me? I am very sure that your wife has loved you before she has married you."

"An impartial study of Mrs. Clifford's character during some twenty years of married life would have sometimes led me to form a somewhat different conclusion," I answered; "but doubtless you know best. I can assure you, however, that I have never had the audacity to offer marriage to anybody within a week of my first meeting with her."

"Berhaps," he said gravely, "you have never met with the lady whom Gott has meant to be your wife. If you had, you would know that it is of no importance whether a man shall speak in two days or in two years. For me, I have no choice. I must join my regiment to-morrow, and so it is necessary that I declare myself to-night."

"And pray how are you going to find your opportunity?"

"Ah, for that I have had to employ a little diplomacy," he answered, pronouncing the word "diplomacee," with a strong emphasis upon the last syllable, and accompanying it with a look of profound cunning which I would not have missed for worlds. "I have arranched to meet these ladies at the band, and to show them the race-cup, which, as you know, is in the restaurant. Now, dies is my plan. I join them where they are already seated, and I say: 'One lady will be so kind and keep the chairs while I take the other in-doors.' I take Mrs. Seymour first, and then—you understand."

He went off presently to carry out this wily stratagem, having first promised to call at my hotel early the next morning, and let me hear the result of his attempt.

Somehow or other I could not help fancying that there might be a chance for him. Women like youth and good looks and proficiency in manly sports and a pretty uniform, and Mrs. Seymour was rich enough to indulge in a caprice. I had taken so strong a liking to the young fellow myself during the three days of our intimacy, that it did not seem to me an absolute impossibility that a lady should have fallen in love with him within as brief a period. I ought of course to have known better. I ought to have remembered that we do not live in an age of romantic marriages and love at first sight, and to have foreseen that Mrs. Seymour would receive the young German's declaration exactly as ninety-nine women out of any hundred would do; but I suppose Count Waldemar's self-confidence must have slightly disturbed the balance of my judgment; and besides, I am always more prone to look at the sentimental side of things after dark than during the daytime.

With the return of morning my common sense recovered its sway, and I was not surprised when my breakfast was interrupted by the entrance of Count Waldemar, with a rather long face and a confession of failure upon his lips. He was disappointed, but far from despairing, and assured me that he had no intention of accepting this check as a final defeat.

"I have been reflecting all night in my inside," he said; "and I perceive that I have been too hasty. No matt r—*aufgeschoben ist nicht aufgehoben*, as we say—to delay is not to break off. I shall meet her again, and then I shall know better how to act."

And so, with a hearty shake of the hand at parting, with a cordial invitation to beat up his quarters at Stuttgardt if ever my wanderings should lead me that way, he set off for the railway-station.

III.

Shortly afterwards I myself left Homburg having completed the period of my "cure;" and if at the end of a week I had not quite forgotten Count Waldemar and Mrs. Seymour, I had at all events ceased to think about them and their destinies. On one's way through the world one is forever catching glimpses of disconnected dramas—the opening of a farce, the second act of a comedy, the tail of a tragedy. Accident interests us for a time in the doings and sufferings of the actors, and accident hurries them out of sight and out of mind again, with their stories half told.

Accident it was—or destiny, I can't say which; certainly it was not inclination—that took me, in the autumn of the same year, to Hyères, in company with my wife, and Mrs. Seymour could give no more satisfactory explanation of her presence in that dull little winter station. I ran up against her, on the Place des Palmiers, a few days after my arrival; and if I had been Friday, and she Robinson Crusoe, she could not have hailed me with a greater show of delight.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.)

The Use of Perfumery.

BY MARY HAINES GILBERT.

Perfumery comes down to us from the most ancient days. Very early in the world's history, the practice arose of robbing the fragrant blossoms of the field of their sweets, and sweet-smelling woods and resins were employed in the earliest religious ceremonies of which there is any account. At Heliopolis, three times a day, the priests offered up incense to the God of the Sun—fragrant resins at daybreak, myrrh at noonday, and a mixture of sixteen ingredients at sunset. The Egyptians also used the most costly perfumes in embalming their dead. The Jews were passionately fond of perfumes, and penalties were decreed against those who perverted the consecrated perfumes to private uses. Ezekiel accuses the Levites of robbing the altar to scent their own garments. The Greeks employed perfumes largely, both in honour of the gods and in private life. Aromatics were used for scenting clothes, and the luxurious anointed themselves with unguents. Wines were also delicately perfumed, sometimes with spices and aromatics, but the wines stood highest in favour in which the odour of roses or violets or hyacinths had been infused.

Among the Romans, perfumes were at first employed only in religious and funeral rites, but during the Consulate perfumes came into general use, and as the march of luxury proceeded, the citizens of the Eternal City, having sadly degenerated from the simplicity of their fathers, applied powders and oils and essences lavishly, without regard to cost. Not only were perfumes rubbed on the skin, even on the soles of the feet, but the very walls were impregnated with odours, the bath, the furniture, the bedding, and of course the garments. Favorite dogs and horses also partook of the benefits to be derived from an application of fragrant grease.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, the Greeks continued to set an example of good taste, by causing fountains of fragrant water to play on festive occasions.

The barbarians of the north of Europe were for a long time without perfumes, except at first hand. When the flowers were buried under the snow, they contented themselves as best they could with the remembrance of them. Finally, however, pilgrims and knights on their return from the Holy Land brought with them the perfumes of the East, and the imprisoned balmy essences soon found worshippers in the cold climate of the North. In Queen Elizabeth's time, perfumed gloves were worn, and it was fashionable to hold balls of perfume in the hand to smell occasionally. Musk and civet were then in high repute, and civet was not only valued as a perfume, but miraculous medicinal virtues were ascribed to it. But musk and civet are now despised, except by the practical perfumer, who employs them to fortify delicate floral extracts too volatile to be successfully manufactured without some basis to give them permanence. In this form many admire musk and civet unconsciously, though none nowadays would say, "Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."

In the reign of Louis XV., the worship of perfumes came to a climax; the French court was named "the perfumed court," and each reception day had its own especial perfume, all the courtiers being redolent of one and the self-same extract.

The triumphs of art in bottling up nature's sweets are by no means to be derided, as some would have it, though a lavish use of perfumes seldom characterizes persons of innate refinement. There are, however, delicate perfumes that call up the most pleasant associations, and to which the most fastidious can not object. Every lady who is so fortunate as to have a flower-garden of her own, loves to strew her drawers with rose-leaves and lavender, and when delicate odours that never cloy are so successfully produced by the perfumer, there seems no good reason why the city lady should not take advantage of it.

But much of the perfume put up for sale is simply detestable, a strong scent and nothing more. Some persons delight in these overpowering perfumes with nothing of the garden about them, but for their neighbours' sakes, if not for their own, they should forbear to indulge in them. The first quality of a perfume should be its naturalness; without that, it is worse than useless—it is an offence.

American perfumery has until quite recently been below par, but some of the manufacturers now produce perfumes that can vie with the best imported ones.

The Heart of Mid-Lothian.

Some short time ago the workmen engaged in making excavations for laying a new water-pipe in the High Street, Edinburgh, came upon the foundations of the north wall of the old Tolbooth, which Sir Walter Scott has immortalised in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." This building, which was removed in 1817, was of a peculiar construction, and Chambers says it was "antique in form, gloomy and haggard in aspect, its black stanchioned windows opening through its dingy walls like the apertures of a hearse." The Tolbooth, which stood in the centre of the High Street, was a five-storied building, and it was composed of two parts, the oldest portion being that close to St. Giles', which appears at one time to have served as a hall for the National Parliament and a meeting-place for the supreme Courts of Scotland, as well as for some of the earliest Assemblies as the Church of Scotland. In later times it degenerated into the prison of the capital, when it received an addition by the erection of a wing to the west, containing four floors, which were appropriated to the use of debtors. In one of the apartments on the second floor of this portion of the prison was a door leading to the platforms on which criminals were executed. This platform formed the roof of a portion of the Tolbooth which was used as shops. Prior to 1787 the north side of the prison towards the High Street was used as shops, but in this year the Magistrates converted them into a guard-house for the use of the city guard; and it may be remarked that it is this portion of the walls of the Heart of Mid-Lothian which is being exposed by the labours of the excavators.

Two inseparable lady friends in a garrison town in the north of England, respectively named Blanche and Sybil, go by the familiar alias of "B. and S." It is untrue, however, that one of them is distantly related to Sir Wilfred Lawson, the temperance advocate.

ONLY THEIR WHEY.—The correspondent of a contemporary, writing from Asia Minor, describes the inhabitants of that part of the world in no very flattering terms, and declares that "the milk of human kindness is unknown among them." Yes, but he should recollect what a number of them are Kurds.

CURING HAMS.—"Do you know a good way of curing hams?" asked a man of his neighbour, "Oh yes," was the reply, "but the trouble with me is, I have no way of procuring them."

THE LAST PARODY.—A country paper truthfully and pathetically assures us that

"There is no town, however watched and tended,
But one dead bank is there;
There is no safe, however well defended,
But needs still greater care."

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

CURRANT JELLY.—I see a great many ways of making currant jelly, some of them very elaborate and useless. The following very simple mode will be found to be excellent and all that could be desired: Scald the currants, strain and measure. Boil the juice for ten to fifteen minutes; pour it while boiling over the sugar, and thence into the jelly glasses without being again boiled. Allow a pound of sugar to a pint of juice.

CANNING STRAWBERRIES.—These delicious berries I have canned successfully for several years in the following manner. Quart tin cans are best. Stem about two quarts of berries, sugar them as if for the table, say one large pint of sugar to this quantity of berries, put berries and sugar in a kettle over a moderate fire, as soon as they begin simmering around the edge bring a can to the stove and fill from the kettle without removing it from the fire; seal immediately. Proceed in this manner and you will find next winter that your canned berries have really the colour and flavour of strawberries.

I find a short broad-mouthed funnel of the greatest convenience in canning, as it fits in the neck of the can and prevents the juice from settling in the grove which receives the lid. If this grove is not perfectly dry, the sealing wax will not adhere, and spoiled musty fruit is the result.

Another way.—Fill glass cans with fresh, whole strawberries sprinkled with sugar in the proportion of one-half pound sugar to a quart of fruit; put on the tops and screw down at once as tightly as possible; fill a wash boiler with cold water, previously putting an old dish at the bottom—I have a perforated tin made to fit my boiler, which is a great improvement on old plates—and stand in the jars. The water should be within two inches of the tops; when the water boils, note the time and boil twenty minutes; draw to the back of stove; take out the cans and stand on piece of flannel; screw down again as the cans cool, causing contraction of the glass, turn down again and again till air tight.

BLACK CURRANT MARMALADE.—Take ripe black currants, and having stripped them off the stalks, stew them very gently, bruising them a little at first in the preserving pan to let the juice run out; turn them about frequently and in about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour they will be tender. About three parts of the juice should be poured off for jelly; the remainder is to be rubbed with the fruit through a sieve. Having weighed the pulp, let it boil rapidly for about quarter of an hour, or longer, according to the quantity; then add for every pound of pulp, half a pound of powdered loaf sugar, and stir it until entirely dissolved. Let the marmalade boil briskly for ten minutes, still stirring it frequently; pour it into small pans or pots; and, when cold, it ought to be cut out firm and solid.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—Choose a dry day for collecting the fruit, set it in an open vessel—one of those having a tap fitted to the side of it rather near the bottom—and pour over the fruit sufficient boiling water to cover it. Next let the blackberries be bruised thoroughly, cover the vessel, and let it stand three or four days, when it will be found that the pulp has formed into a crust on top. The fluid must then be drawn off into another vessel, and one pound of sugar added to each gallon, well mixed in, after which the whole is ready to be put into a cask to work for a week or ten days, during which time the cask should be kept well filled, more especially at first. When the working has ceased, let the wine be bunged down; at the end of six months it may be bottled, and if kept for four or five years the wine will be excellent.

The Fruit Season. Seasonable Recipes.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Weigh equal quantities of fruit and sugar; put the fruit into a preserving kettle; boil and mash it; let it boil very quickly, and stir constantly; add the sugar, and boil half an hour. Jam made in this way is of a finer colour than when the sugar is put in first.

GOOSEBERRY JAM.—Take as many as you require of ripe, red, rough gooseberries; put them into the preserving pan, and as they warm, stir and bruise them to bring out the juice. Let them boil for ten minutes, then add sugar in the proportion of three quarters of a pound to every pound of fruit, and place it on the fire again; let it boil slowly, and continue boiling two hours longer, stirring it all the time to prevent burning. When it thickens, and is jelly-like on a plate when cold, it is done enough. Put into pots, and allow it to remain a day or two before it is covered.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Put one pound of very fine raspberries in a bowl, bruise them well, and pour upon them one quart of the best cider vinegar; next day strain the liquor on a pound of fresh ripe raspberries; bruise them also, and on the following day do the same, but do not squeeze the fruit, or it will make it ferment—only drain the liquor as dry as you can from the fruit. The last time pass it through a canvas bag, previously wetted with vinegar to prevent waste. Put the juice into a stone jar with a pound of sugar to every pint of juice; stir it, and when melted, put the jar into a saucepan of water, let it simmer a little, skim and remove from the fire. When cool, bottle off.

For years past an invariable sequel to the closing of the spring term in American Universities, has been a lament on the part of the religious press over the falling off in the number of young men preparing for the Christian ministry. Each year the figures are more startling and the consequent lamentations more pitiful. The last figures may be tabulated as follows:

Yale (in early years) 70 per cent.—1878, 12 per cent.

Amherst (within a few years) decline of 50 per cent.

Bowdoin, " decline still greater.

Dartmouth, " decline from 47 to 15 per cent.

Harvard, " decline from 58 to 7 per cent.

Oberlin, (specially founded as a theological college) one-half what it was four years ago.

The figures are given on the authority of a religious journal—the *Christian Union*, and may therefore be taken as correct, apart from the fact that no secular paper, even "of the baser sort," would run the risk of so easy refutation and exposure as to manufacture statistics when the record is so accessible to all. Why, then, this immense and and continuously increasing falling off in the number of young men preparing in the chief institutions of learning for the work of the holy ministry? A secular journal, without resorting to the shallow and false conclusion to which even some eminent divines here come that Christianity is effete, alleges a variety of causes to account for it. The following are a few: College life now-a-days is not conducive to the development of piety, boating and ball playing have supplemented prayer-meetings; many college professors are not professors of religion—formerly it was a rule for trustees and professors to be ministers of religion; the college instead of being, as formerly, a cloister, is now a very gay place; the relative demand for ministers is decreasing, partly through the inflow from the country to the cities, when ministers "act like labor-saving machines in throwing persons out of employment," the fact that the great proportion of immigrants from Europe are free-thinkers; the lessened inducements of the missionary field. Some of these alleged causes may be fanciful, but that others are partly contributory to the existing state of things there can be no doubt. There must be causes, and it behoves the churches, sensible of and deploring the result, to find out what they are and remove a growing reproach on the faith they profess.

Liquid Shoe Polish.—The following is a German recipe:—Dissolve 3½ ozs, of shellac in half a pint of alcohol. Rub smooth 25 grains of lampblack with 6 drachms of coal oil, and mix. A few drops are to be applied to the leather with a sponge.

Field, River and Salon.

THE REIN.

The Long Branch races will begin June 29.

The Duke of Hamilton has purchased the 2-year-old Leghorn.

Charles Green's trotter Duke of Lexington died at his owner's stable, Babylon, L. I., last week. He was valued at $10,000.

The bay gelding, Jersey Boy, by Young Volunteer, dam by Gen. Taylor, record 2:27, has been purchased by a Philadelphian for $4,000.

W. Robinson, well known as a breeder of race horses, while exercising a horse the other day at Harsley hall, near Northallerton, England, was thrown and quite seriously injured.

Bonnie Scotland was bought by Lord Roseberry for £6,000 so near to the time of her running in the Derby that her jockey had actually weighed in under the colours of Mr. Peck, her former owner.

Hochstapler, at one time first favourite of the Derby in 1873, and subsequently an excellent performer on the German turf, recently injured himself to such an extent that it was deemed best to kill him.

The best drivers in London are discarding the bearing rein. When the Coaching Club paraded the other day it was noticed that at least half the teams were free from this piece of harness.

The ownership of the horse Dictator, formerly Huckleberry, has long been in dispute and the law has been playing shuttlecock and battledore with him. Edward Corrigan, of Kansas City, bought him. W. A. Paxton, of Omaha, claimed him and seized him last winter. Corrigan replevined him. This spring he went with him to Michigan, where he was making money in the circuit. Paxton put in an appearance at Grand Rapids on Monday, levied on the horse and put him on a special train for the West. Corrigan followed him and had Paxton arrested at Buffalo and slapped in jail, but the horse had gone on. At last accounts Corrigan was still in pursuit of the animal. He was valued at $10,000.

THE OAR.

A regatta takes place at Brockville on Monday, in which the most distinguished oarsmen of the day will participate — including our Hanlan, Luther, Plaisted, Morris, and others.

There has been some talk of objections against the Showaecamettes, entered for the Henley Regatta, but the crew themselves do not fear any protest. Comments on their style of rowing are unfavourable.

Capt. Matt Webb, the hero of the channel swim, proposes to attempt to swim for thirty-six hours unassisted in any way, if any one will stake £2,000 to £100.

It is not probable that Higgins, the champion of the upper Hudson, will enter in the Albany races on July 4, owing to his overtraining. He will take a rest for two months, and not keep in active training.

The famous Ward brothers — Gilbert and Ellis—have decided to row in the international regatta at Paris.

The Boston common council recenty appropriated $2,000 for the independence day regatta.

O'Neil and Doherty defeated Hyde and Mulligan in a three-mile double-scull working-boat race at Boston on Friday last. Time, 18 minutes.

The Showaecamette's crew has made application for entrance in the four-oared race for Steward's challenge cup, open to all amateurs, valued at eighty guineas; the columbia crew for Steward and Vauter's challenge cup. The value of the latter is sixty guineas. The Columbias are improving rapidly, especially in their swing.

THE BAT.

The proposed tournament, next month in Springfield, Mass., will be participated in by the Springfield, Holyoke, Pittsfield, and Troy Clubs, each contributing $100, the club winning the most games to take $300, and the second $100.

Rumour has it that wealthy gentlemen residing in San Francisco, Cal., guarantee a good round sum to the Athletics of Philadelphia, if they will make a trip there in September next.

Dennin, second-baseman of the Tecumsehs of '76 is engaged to play in the same position with the Rochesters during Crane's temporary retirement, owing to injuries.

Cummins and Hackett have been released from their engagement with the Hartfords.

The Crickets, of Binghampton, have secured the services of Tally, formerly of the Eries.

Fisler, the veteran Philadelphia player, has been engrged to play first base for the Lowells.

THE CUE.

It is said that George, king of Greece, is never happy except at a billiard table.

The first of the series of three games between Schaefer and Sexton will be played at Tammany Hall, New York city, on July 11.

It is rumoured that Yank Adams, accompanied by Frank Maguire, is to make a trip of the American watering places this summer, beginning with Saratoga.

THE TRIGGER.

English papers just received announce that the pigeon shooting match between Capt. Bogardus and Mr. Pennell will take place in London next Friday. The match is at 100 birds, thirty yards rise, from five traps, for £200 a side. It is also announced that Capt. Bogardus has another match under the same conditions with Mr. Corrington who, judged by his scores, is nearly as good a shot as Capt. Pennell, which is saying a great deal, as the latter won the grand prize at Monaco this season.

PEDESTRIANISM.

The one hundred-mile match between John Ennis, of Chicago, and W. E. Harding, of New York, for $250 a side, resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the latter. The walk began at four o'clock. After walking five miles Ennis took the lead, and continued to hold it with ease. After walking forty miles and one hundred and fifteen yards had been walked by Harding he gave up the contest, having taken eight hours and forty-one minutes to cover the distance. During which he rested forty-five minutes. Ennis kept on to the end of the fifty-third mile, when he was informed that he could stop whenever he liked, and he stopped at once. He was in good condition for the race, and did fifty-one miles without stopping. He made fifty-one miles in nine hours, fifty minutes, and fifteen seconds. Harding's feet were badly blistered.

Killed by the Shock.

The Harrisburg (Penn.) *Telegraph* has the following account of a recent sad occurrence in the vicinity of Lewisburg, York County, in that State: "A half-witted youth named Machlin one day last week went to Lancaster, and told the relatives of a farmer named Byers, who resides near Lewisburg, that he (Byers) was dead. The relatives made preparations and proceeded to Mr. Byers' residence to attend the funeral, but were surprised on reaching the house to find the reported dead man alive and well. They stated their errand, and the matter was greeted as a huge joke, the party meanwhile having gone into the house. Mr. Byers' wife has gone up stairs to make arrangements for the proper reception of her guests, when a sound as of something very heavy having fallen was heard. The family rushed up stairs, and were horrified to find Mrs. Byers lying dead on the floor of her room, a sudden stroke of apoplexy having caused her death. The gentleman who gave us the particulars says that the coming of the strangers to attend the funeral was regarded as an ill-omen by old Mr Byers, and that he prophesied some evil would come of it."

Few men have a life-plan, although many have a week, year, youth, or business plan.

Modesty in your discourse will give a lustre to truth, and an excuse to your error.

Theatrical.

The Evangeline Co. is playing at the Globe Theatre, Boston.

Things theatrical in San Francisco are in a bad way financially.

Lawrence Barrett proposes, it is said, to add Louis XI. to his repertory.

Mary Anderson is not married. The heroine of the reported marriage with General Fremont's son is a Washington lady of the same name.

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