THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

They Ought to Join McGinty.

The world is greatly crowded now with pestiferous folk,
Who ought to join McGinty right away.
We meet them everywhere we go, both in and out of doors—
They ought to join McGinty right away.
The chap who always borrows, but was never known to lend,
Who, when he's broke, convinces you he'll always be your friend,
But when you ask a favor he has no favors to extend—
He ought to join McGinty right away.
The man who always loudly moves within the sleeping car,
He ought to join McGinty right away.
He will odiousness warp the doors and make the windows jar—
He ought to join McGinty right away.
And there's the chap who seems to know when all your time's employed;
He chooses just the instant when you cannot be annoyed,
And he talks and talks and talks you wish he were destroyed—
You wish he'd join McGinty right away.
The crank who has no intellect, but just a multitude of opinion—
He ought to join McGinty right away.
For while you may convince him holds his own opinion still—
He goes on just the same—
He's got to get an jiries where he'll hang them every time.
He has a monumental gall that really is sublime—
His strong opinions with the views of others never rhyme—
He ought to join McGinty right away.
And every man whose presence robs the world of happiness
Should join one McGinty right away.
The multitudes of cranks and bores should speedily be less—
They ought to join McGinty right away.
If this dreary world of ours so much pleasanter would be
If it rid itself of these nuisances could happily be free,
So let them take a journey to the bottom of the sea,
And go and join McGinty right away.

"MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

Why It Points North So Persistently.

The compass needle points north because practically the earth is a magnet, not differing essentially in its magnetic properties from a bar of magnetized steel, says *American Notes and Queries*. It has two poles of great intensity, and like most large steel magnets, there are several supplemental poles of lesser intensity. Just as the pole of one bar magnet attracts the end of another, so the magnet poles of the earth behave toward poles of the compass needle, similar poles attracting, and like poles repelling each other.

It is well to modify the statement that the needle points north and south; as a matter of fact there are but few localities on the earth where it does point due north and south, and these are constantly changing. An irregular line drawn from the mouth of the Orinoco river through the east coast of Hayti, Charleston, South Carolina and Detroit, Michigan, represents very nearly the line in which there is no variation at the present time. In all places east of this line the north end of the needle swings slightly to the westward; in all places west of it to the eastward. At the mouth of the Columbia river the variation of the compass is about 22 degrees east; in Alaska it is from 40 to 60 degrees east; midway between New York and Liverpool it is about 35 degrees west.

The reason is that the compass needle points not to the geographical, but to the magnetic poles, and these do not coincide in position. The magnetic north pole is at present on or near the north shore of Boothia peninsula, in the northern part of North America. Its position is constantly changing, and in the last six hundred years it has moved about half the distance round the geographical pole. During a period of 300 years, in which observations have been carefully made at the magnetic observatory in Paris, the variations have changed from 11 degrees, 20 minutes, east of north to 22 degrees, 10 minutes west. In the United States the rate of the change in variation differs much in different parts of the country. In Washington State it changes at the rate of about seven minutes a year; in Arizona and New Mexico it is stationary; in the New England States it is from one to three minutes per year.

TO UTILIZE NIAGARA FALLS.

A Chicago Man's Clever Device for Making Use of the Great Cataract.

Mr. M. Maginn, a mechanical engineer living a[illegible] Wabash avenue, Chicago, has bee[illegible] d a gold medal for the [illegible]

HINTS FOR THE LADIES.

Physical Health, Beauty and Cleanliness Go Together.

WOMEN WITH WASP WAISTS.

Child Management, Baby Kissing, Pretty Homes and Homely Girls.

Washing the Skin.

Taking for his theme physical health as the chief means of obtaining beauty, a New York *Sun* writer has this to say of cleanliness as related to health:

Now, since you never have been really clean since your mother stopped giving you your daily bath, suppose you begin with a course of Turkish baths and get clean. If you have the leisure, and your skin is very bad, try one each day for a week, then one each week for six months, and your skin will begin to have enough life to help you to keep clean. Probably twice each month after that will keep you in nice condition in addition to your own ablutions. The only thing detrimental in Turkish baths is that the craving for these continually increases like the alcohol or chewing-gum habit, and you squander a great deal of money on them, perhaps even learn to go without your allowance of confectionery and ice-cream to waste your substance in what might be called riotous bathing.

Strong women find a warm bath at night, with a Turkish bath brush and plenty of pure castile soap, and a cold sponge-off in the morning, a refreshing way of bathing, while more delicate women are unable to endure the cold water without getting pallid faces, red noses, blue rings under their eyes, and a general chill which is extremely unpleasant as well as undesirable. Such women would be more comfortable to take the thorough bath in the morning and the quick wash in tepid water at night, but in either case the one good bath a day is essential to actual cleanliness, and on woman who values her complexion should ever go to sleep at night without carefully removing from her face the dust of the day any more than she would go to breakfast without brushing her teeth.

Very careful thought must be given to the quality, not the quantity, of soap used in bathing the face. In some of the Turkish baths fine imported castile soap is preferred, which is made from olive oil, is warranted by chemists to be pure, and is sanctioned by surgeons, who use it in the cleansing of wounds. The perfumed soaps bearing the signed testimonials of artists and actresses may be harmless, but the castile has been proven beneficial. Some skins are so very inactive and torpid that only a brisk rubbing with coarse flannel or the hands can wake them up and get them ready for the day's duties. To a complexion which a course of thorough baths has rendered clear this flannel rubbing lends a velvety glow that quite takes the place of the coat of powder with which so many ladies whiten over the really unclean skin beneath.

Managing a Child.

Observing parents have also often noted that their children are affected by their own moods. The mother who gets out of bed "the wrong foot first," as the saying is, may repress the expression of her inner fretfulness, but one nevertheless usually finds that she has an unruly child to dress and feed. How many times does one hear the speech: "I believe this child just chooses the time to be most troublesome when I am worn out and as nervous as a witch."

Poor little fellow! he does not choose his opportunity, but it is forced upon him. He feels through every fibre of his sensitive being the disturbance of mental and physical equilibrium from which his mother is suffering. And then when he, not having yet learned to keep back the manifestations of discomfort and ill-temper, gives way to a fit of childish naughtiness he is promptly punished for it.

The more a woman studies the effect of her moods upon her children, the more deeply impressed she will be by the truth of this theory. She learns that if she reproves or punishes a child when she herself is in a fretful mood, she usually succeeds in provoking the suffering him so sullen [illegible] as easy to manage if she [illegible] self-command.—*Christ[illegible]ch.*

[illegible] for the Baby.

[illegible] body kiss the baby! Some [illegible]nk that they have a per[illegible] over child they take a [illegible] Dora Harvey Vrooman in *Press*. In the first place [illegible] carried by kissing so on [illegible]st to be careful. And in [illegible] babies have preferences as [illegible]ple. We wouldn't like to [illegible] everybody who took a [illegible]d neither do they. [illegible]thing to a child like [illegible] he falls and hurts [illegible]amma, so that she [illegible]ke it better. If [illegible] taken up in [illegible]ressed [illegible]

THIS ARTICLE REMOVED

Physical Culture.

Dullness is always highly respectable.

Prosperity makes men spend and women save.

Much that you do now will haunt you next year.

The present national flour is buckwheat.

Any man can talk all right, but not every man can act all right.

It is the man on the outside of the walk who aggravates the dog.

All the philosophy in the world never stopped a runaway horse.

You hardly ever find a fool who does not think he knows it all.

Most people have friends they are afraid of the same as enemies.

When things get serious women stop talking and men begin.

There are no laws against the fools, because fools make the laws.

It would be better to go thirsty than to ask your Lazarus for a drink.

When a man confesses to being a liar it is safe to doubt him in everything.

No man needs proof of a man's guilt; no one wants proof of his innocence.

The delicate woman is going out of style and the delicate man is coming in.

Everybody has to have something; a woman has cold feet and a man dandruff.

A man never forgives his wife for having kin unless they are rich or distinguished.

The things a man likes to eat the best are the things that always make him sick.

As soon as some people know each other real well they are ready for a quarrel.

The most reliable good man in the world is the man who has tired of wickedness.

People forgive a man for having sinned only as long as he does not forget his sin.

No man ever believed that a crying baby belonged as much to him as to its mother.

The easiest way to commit suicide is to put yourself in the hands of a faith doctor.

Mean thoughts come into your mind unbidden; good thoughts have to be coaxed.

A man has need to exaggerate the amount he earns, but the amount he spends exaggerates itself.

A great many people don't cry who want to. It is the man who doesn't cry whose heart hurts worst.

A woman's happiness is in danger when she begins to compare her husband with other men.

[illegible] a woman cries she is learning [illegible]ing that she will forget the next she laughs.

[illegible]he money you intend to make does not [illegible] in with the regularity of the man who [illegible]our note.—*Atchison Globe.*

Life in Russia in 1889.

[illegible]e E. Stone, founder and former [illegible] the Chicago *News*, has returned [illegible]ong trip abroad improved in health. [illegible]ng are a few lines from what he says [illegible]ussia: "In St. Petersburg, in fact [illegible]ugh Russia, there is a hush in the [illegible]ir. There's a dread of something, a [illegible]f the Government. One day I saw [illegible]riage containing a gendarme and [illegible]ther person. I asked our guide who it [illegible]s and he said it was a politicalprisoner. I [illegible]ed him what would become of him. 'Oh, [illegible] never be heard of again We don't [illegible] any bother about juries and trials. [illegible] papers won't take up the matter, and [illegible]riends won't attempt to do anything [illegible] him.' 'But if he were your brother, [illegible]ldn't you try to do something for him?' [illegible]sked. 'No sir. If I went to the officers [illegible] said I wanted to know what they were [illegible]g to do with him, they would say: [illegible]me right in. You can have the cell next [illegible]is and go with him to Siberia to see [illegible]at becomes of him.' When they want a [illegible]an in Russia they make no fuss about it. [illegible] officer goes to the man's house or shop, [illegible]nd, beckoning to him, says: 'I want [illegible]on.' The man doesn't ask what is [illegible]anted or why he is wanted. He goes. [illegible]side stands a carriage with a gendarme in it. He is motioned into the carriage, gets in, and that's the last that is heard of him."

As She Is Writ.

In Vienna they know how to write English. The Viennese are going to have an agricultural exhibition, or, as they call it in the English programme which has just been published, a "General Rural and Forest Exposition in the year 1890." The following are some of the exhibits as set forth in the programme: 1. Produce of agriculture and forest culture, of garden fruit, vine, and hopculture, of chase and fishery, also of fowl, bees and silk breed, etc. 2. Beasts as: breed marj nas, and luxury beasts—viz.: horses, oxen, sheep, swine, fowl, dogs, game, fishes. The exhibitions of beasts, of garden and fruit culture take place in several series, those of the latter being made knowe more lately. For all sorts of objects of exhibition prices of about v. A. flor. 66,000 mill be given, consisting in medals of honour, distributed honor prices, medals, in money and honorable acknowledgments. For special accomplishments of collaborators of the exposers special prices will be given.—*St. James' Gazette.*

In the Court of Session, Edinburgh, on the 10th inst., Lord Trayner closed the record in an action for divorce raised by Baron Torphichen against Lady Torphichen, his wife. His Lordship allege that she defender committed adultery in August last by living in London with an army lieutenant. He also avers that Lady Torphichen has made a written confession of misconduct. The defender denies the charge. Proof was fixed for January [illegible] 1890.

[illegible] Wolseley wants to command the [illegible] army in India upon the retirement [illegible] Frederick Roberts.

EDINBURGH ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION.

Particulars and Dimensions of the Exhibition Building for 1890.

In its general appearance, says *Engineering*, the building somewhat resembles the structures now associated with exhibitions, and yet there are one or two distinctive features indicated in the perspective view. The characteristics of Moorish design are borrowed to give it a light and attractive decorative appearance, particularly in the case of two towers, which form a prominent feature in the elevation, as they flank the principal entrances, and in the series of domes with turrets at either end of the building. The Union Canal passes between the public road and the exhibition grounds, and the main building is built parallel with the canal. From the main road a steel girder bridge carries the entrance way over the canal, and this way, which, like the bridge, is covered in with a light awning, diverges in circular lines in two directions to the main entrances. The main building, which is 170 ft. from the canal, is 700 ft. long and 200 ft. in width. Running across the centre of the building at the entrance is the principal court, with a high arched roof, and on either side of the ceremonial entrance are to be reception rooms. The general courts right and left of this principal one are 50 ft. wide. The total floor area is 177,000 square feet. There is to be a large

CONCERT HALL

200 ft. long and 100 ft. wide, which will have the distinct advantage of being separated from the general exhibition courts. There will, of course, be the usual dining and refreshment saloons. At the west end of the building there is to be a promenade with veranda, from which a fine view of the grounds will be had. The suburban railway intersects the grounds, and is to be bridged by a strong timber structure 30 ft. in width. On the side of the railway opposite to the main building is to be the general machinery hall, 700 ft long and 150 feet wide, having a floor area of 99,600 square feet, and in close proximity there will be a boiler shed. Throughout the buildings there will be the usual structures. When the plans were before the Dean of Guild Court at Edinburgh, the Lord Dean of Guild complimented the civil engineer and stated that he thought the plans were admirable. It may be added that the executive are trying to arrange that several typical American locomotives will be exhibited alongside engines of British build, and that if possible several runs will be made between Edinburgh and London with these locomotives, to test the relative efficiency of British and American engines on English railroads. The results will doubtless be very interesting. This shows the desire of the executive to produce something distinctly new. Mr. W. A. Bryson, a member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers, has been appointed engineer and electrician, and his connection with the Glasgow and other exhibitions gives a guarantee that, so far as his efforts are concerned, the exhibition will be a success. Arrangements have been made for forwarding to Edinburgh exhibits at the Paris exposition from Russia, Austria, China, and the East Indies.

PETTING A SICK CHILD.

It is Almost Sure to Develop Unenviable Traits of Character.

The mother at the sick-bed of her young child is a being quite often as difficult to manage as her child. All the instinctive maternity is roused in arms. Deep in the heart of many mothers there is an unconfessed and half-smothered sense of wrath at the attack which sickness has made on her dear one. Then nothing is too much to give; no sacrifice of herself or others too great to grant or demand. The irritability and feeble peevishness of convalescence make claims upon her love of self-sacrifice, and her prodigality of tenderness as positive, and yet more baneful. That in most cases she may and does go too far, and loose for her child what is hard to recover in health, is a thing likely enough, yet to talk to her at such a time of the wrong she does the child is almost to insult her. Nevertheless the unwisdom of a course of reckless yielding to a child's whims is plain enough, for if the little one be long ill or weak it is humored with and swifteen to exact more and more, and to yield less and less, so that it becomes increasingly hard to do for it the many little unpleasant things which sickness demands. Character may strongly out in the maladies of the child, as it does even less distinctly in the sickness of the adult. The spoiled, overindulged child is a doubly unmanageable invalid, and when in illness the foolish petting of the mother continues, the doctor, at least, is to be pitied.—*From "Doctor and Patient," by S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D.*

Terms Used by Dressmakers.

Some of the phrases used in dressmaking are perfect Greek to be unknowing, so I add a short list of the words and their meanings. An apron is any sort of a draped skirt front; a tablier is a flat undraped skirt front; a full back means a straight back to the skirt gathered in two or more rows at the top; a panel is a straight piece for the front or sides, set in between a trimming of some kind to convey the idea of an inlay; a Spanish flounce is one reaching from the knees down and gathered to form an erect ruffle. Knife pleats are very narrow side pleats, and accordion pleats are still narrower and pressed in shape by machinery; kilt pleats are those turned one way, and box pleats have a fold to the right side and one to the left; double and triple box pleats have two or three folds on either side; a "kilt" means a skirt entirely of kilt pleats. A "drop" skirt is one of the dress material made up independent of the lining, and then hung or dropped over it from the same belt. A border is any trimming put on the edge or just above it. Armure silk has a bird's eye or diaper weave; faille Francaise has a soft cord, moire has water waves over its surface, tricotrine is sometimes called armure surah from its lines of bird's eye weaving; surah has almost invisible cords and is very soft.—*December Ladies' Home Journal.*

Obtained Her Liberty at Last.

The following almost incredible story comes from Kansas City: The Probate Court of Cooper county on Wednesday decided the case of a colored woman who had just discovered that she is free and not a slave, and who sued her late master's estate for wages. At the commencement of the war Joseph Hickman, the wealthiest and most influential farmer in the county, bought a negress slave in the market and took her to the farm as a sewing maid. Since that time she has never been allowed to go beyond the bounds of the farm, and in her petition she alleged she had been permitted to hold converse with none of her race, and none of the family was ever permitted to tell her the results of the war. When her old master died three weeks ago she ran away to Boonville, and while there learned she was free. She told her story to a lawyer, and he brought suit to recover $1,500 wages (at $5 a month for twenty-five years) from Hickman's estate. The Court decided for the plaintiff yesterday, and allowed one-half the amount claimed.

Cleanliness a Modern Virtue.

The English upper classes are clean, but cleanliness of any high degree is a very modern virtue among them. It is an invention of the nineteenth century. Men and women born at the close of the eighteenth century did as the French people do to-day; they took a warm bath occasionally for cleanliness, and they took shower baths when they were prescribed by the physician for health, and they bathed in summer seas for pleasure, but they did not wash themselves all over every morning. However the new custom took deep root in England, because it became one of the signs of class. It was adopted as one of the habits of a gentleman.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

Overheard in the Kitchen.

"What did you wear last night?" asked the celery. "A lovely mayonnaise," replied the lettuce. "And you?"

"I never was so mortified in all my life; I wasn't dressed at all," said the celery; and the beet blushed.

Harry—Ethel, dear, will you be my little wife? Ethel—Why, Harry, y-yes. But this is so unexpected. Harry—I know it, Ethel. You were not expecting it this evening. I can see that. And now darling, if you will remove your gum. * * * One more, please.

—A certain Texas paper employs female type setters only. The bachelor editor is handsome, and all the printers set their caps for him.

Great regret has been caused in Caithness-shire by the death of Lady Sinclair of Ulbster, who was deservedly respected in that county, and especially by the poor, to whom she was not only invariably kind, but oftentimes evengenerous. Lady Sinclair's death took place at Wellesbourne House, Warwick.

FROM CRIME TO CRIME.

Arthur Jenkins' 2nd Story—More Than Half His Life Has Been Spent in Jail—Five Years for Breaking a Pane of Glass.

(Toronto Telegram.)

When Arthur S. Jenkins, convicted on four charges of larceny, was brought up for sentence at the Quarter Sessions to-day he asked the court to listen to his history, and the court consented on the understanding that it be made brief. "I was born in Wooverhampton, England," began the prisoner. "At the age of 9 was sent to the reformatory for five years for breaking a window. I suppose they thought that would be a lesson to me, but instead of being a lesson, I learned crimes that I would never have thought of, more than I can mention. Each boy as he came in was made to repeat his history, so that we all instead of learning good learnt bad. When I got out I was not yet 14. I tried to get work and couldn't. I had no home to go to; my mother had died and my brothers and sisters were scattered. Then I put the lessons into practice I had learned at the reformatory. I was soon caught and got five years more in another reformatory." The prisoner then went on to describe how when he came out no one would give work to a reformatory bird. To live he had to steal, and at this time he was again caught and sent to prison. When he was discharged he was turned into the streets without a cent, and started out as a tramp. Another theft and another term in prison followed. When he got out he went 100 miles away from his old home and joined the 95th Regiment as a bandsman. For five months he did well and was happy. One day a man from his native place enlisted, recognized him, and told his story. As soon as it reached the officer's ears he was discharged. He meandered from place to place, got into trouble again and was given another term. His liberation was followed by two years' police supervision. For failing to report one day he was arrested and given six weeks. He asked the chaplain to get him sent to America, and the chaplain kindly did so. He confided him and his story to a friend on the boat. During the voyage a lady lost her purse. He was suspected. The friend told the captain his story, and it became public. The captain threatened to have him arrested at Halifax if he didn't give up the purse. He couldn't because he hadn't it. The lady found her purse a day or two later, and the captain apologized and gave him £1 10s. When he got to point Levis everyone pointed to him as a branded thief. He could not get work, but was sent on to Toronto. Here he got employment, but was soon arrested for vagrancy, although working at the time. He was acquitted of vagrancy, but held on a charge of having a forged cheque in his possession. When he came to trial before Judge Falconbridge he was acquitted. He had lost his job and went around the country looking for work, but the reports of the Toronto police had preceded him and no one would give him employment. At Barrie he was forced to steal and got four months for it. After that he got work on the Chicora and made money. When winter came he went to the other side, but his record had been sent before him to Buffalo by the Toronto police. He could not get any work there, but managed to get a year in prison. When he got out he came back to Toronto and was immediately arrested for jail breaking in Berlin, a place he had never seen. In a day or so it was found he was the wrong man and he was released. "Since then" concluded Jenkins, "I have drifted from bad to worse until I came here. Now I would like to pass some remarks on the reformatory system."

The judge said it was unnecessary; the story if true was a very sad one. While the reformatory system was not perfect he could not see how the boys could be kept from speaking to each other. A perfect system had yet to be solved. He gave him credit for his manly history, and believed the best thing he (Judge Macdougall) could do would be to send him to Kingston penitentiary to learn a trade.

Prisoner—They teach a part of a trade there—never right through.

The judge however thought if he learned a trade and went where he was not known he could do better, and gave him three years at Kingston.

RUSSIAN BARBARITY IN SIBERIA.

Cruel Massacre of Defenceless Exiles.

Russia has now something to explain. The early and brief reports of the recent tragedy in Siberia are confirmed by a circumstantial account three columns long, with documents apparently authentic, published in the *Times*. A party of exiles came into collision with soldiers and police. The collision was due, in the first place, to a petition by the exiles against the new regulations of the vice-governor, M. Ostashine, respecting their journey to Eastern Siberia, which they regarded as equivalent to a sentence of death. The Governor considered the presence of the exiles in a body at the public office, to present the petition, as insubordination, and directed them to assemble at a specified house. The police then appeared and ordered them to repair to the Governor's office. They said that this was what the Governor had forbidden. The police, in anger, departed, and returned with troops. Firing began, apparently from both sides. Six exiles were killed and nine wounded, and one policeman was killed and three officials wounded. M. Ostashine ordered a court martial on the survivors, and hanged three—one of whom had to be carried to the gallows on a bed—and sentenced all the rest, except one, to long terms of penal servitude. The *Times* appeals to the Czar to bring M. Ostashine to justice, to reverse the sentences on the exiles, and to put an end once for all to the system of ferocious cruelty which disgraces his Government and his religion.

When You Are Ready to Go, Go.

A little maiden in one of Mrs. Whitney's stories objects to being sent on errands, offering as her excuse that, though she knows perfectly well how to get into a house, she never, never knows how to get out of it again. To all who share her difficulty we commend this advice:

When you are about to depart do so at once, gracefully and politely, and with no dallying.

Don't say, "It's about time I was going," and settle back and talk aimlessly for another ten minutes. Some people have just such a tiresome habit. They will even rise and stand about the room in various attitudes, keeping their hosts also standing, and then by an effort succeed in getting as far as the hall, when a new thought strikes them. They brighten up visibly, and stand for some minutes longer saying nothing of importance, but keeping everybody in a restless, nervous state. After the door is opened the prolonged leave-taking begins, and everybody in general and particular is invited to call. Very likely a last thought strikes the departing visitor, which his friend must risk a cold to hear to the end. What a relief when the door is finally closed! There is no need of being offensively abrupt, but when you are ready to go—go.

The Little Girls' Evening Dress.

Evening dresses for little girls are made high in the neck, and with long sleeves. China silk is the favorite material, in pale pink and green, or white honeycombed with yellow. They are made with several tucks, edged with a narrow, gathered flounce, and with short bodices and full sleeves. A broad, soft sash of China silk accompanies each little frock. The new Empire dresses for little girls are in embroidered muslin or white silk, and have the skirt gathered into a yoke from which it hangs in perfect simplicity.—*Sun.*

"He's All Right!"

Some papers in the west a few months ago gave particulars of the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Mr. C. E. Crickmore, a leading barrister from Sandwich, and the news which was copied into the Times created great uneasiness amongst the missing gentleman's relatives and friends hereabouts. The Times is now greatly pleased to be in the position to state that Mr Crickmore is all right. He is now with his brother, Mr. Benjamin Crickmore, in East Flamboro.

The Farmer Knew Better.

"What is that?" asked the farmer of the musician, pointing to his tuning instrument.

"That is a pitchfork," was the reply.

"You must take me for a jay," commented the farmer, as he took his departure.

—"Was Miss Yellowleaf's portrait a good likeness?" "It must have been; she refused to take it from the artist."

The king of Italy has sent to King Menelik a carved wooden throne twenty-four feet high.

There are a great many ups and downs in this world. The latter we know of and the former we hear of.

VICTIM OF A DIVE.

A Young Lad Dies From Fear of Hydrophobia.

Henry Daub, age 15, an apprentice in a piano factory, who lived at 88 First avenue, died a victim to fear and mental anxiety in the pavilion for the insane in Bellevue Hospital at 2 40 o'clock this morning. His insanity and illness developed after he had been bitten by a dog. Daub had never betrayed any symptoms of insanity until yesterday, when he suddenly became violent. About two weeks ago Henry was bitten on the hand by a small dog, and although the wound itself caused him no particular inconvenience, he became anxious and worried by the fear that hydrophobia would ensue, and to this overmastering fear is attributed the loss of his reason.

As the young man was getting ready to go to his work yesterday morning, he suddenly began to stare wildly about him, to shout and gesticulate, and soon he tried to throw himself from a window. His family and neighbors in the house caught hold of him, and a desperate struggle with the mad youth ensued. Two policemen were finally summoned, and it required the exercise of all their strength to bind and handcuff him. In this condition he was removed to Bellevue Hospital, and placed in care of House Surgeon Douglass. Throughout the day the lad continued violent and made repeated attempts to bruise and injure himself by throwing himself violently on the floor. Dr. Douglass told an *Evening World* reporter this morning that there had not been the slightest symptom of hydrophobia about the boy, but that the fear of that dreadful disease had without doubt unsettled his reason. Last night the lad's stomach became weak and he vomited freely. He rapidly grew weaker after that, and at 2.40 this morning he died without regaining reason for an instant. The young man's fear of hydrophobia had been greatly intensified by reading an account, last Tuesday of the death of Frank Phillips, aged 11 years, of 616 Kosciusko street, Brooklyn, who did have the dreaded malady in its worst form. Phillips was bitten in the lip six weeks ago by a mongrel cur he picked up in the street to save it from some boys who were worrying it. He dropped the dog after it bit him and had his wound cauterized. It healed nicely, and left a slight scar. The boy did not seem to mind it, but last Sunday night he grew melancholy and feverish, and on Monday morning his parents summoned physicians, who at once diagnosed his ailment as hydrophobia.

After suffering terribly for nearly forty-eight hours the lad died.—*New York World.*

MAGAZINE READERS.

What States are Most Represented on Subscription Books.

The subscription lists of the large magazines reveal some interesting facts, if one has the opportunity of studying them, and the composite impression one receives after glancing over four or five is a peculiar knowledge in itself, says the Philadelphia *Times*.

It convinces one in the first place that seven-eighths of the subscribers to the magazine literature of to-day are of the female sex. On the list of one magazine have been counted 180 names successively before coming to that of a man. Divide the lists into States and there is another surprise.

You will see, for example, that Iowa is the most productive of all the States for the magazine publisher—that is, there are more subscribers to magazines in Iowa, proportionately, than in any other single State in the Union.

The next is Connecticut, and then in order come New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania and so on.

The clergy also form a very large part of the subscription lists. Of famous men in public life, the names of Secretary Bayard, ex-President Hayes, Senator Edmunds and George W. Childs are most frequently encountered.

Mr. Gladstone's name appears on the lists of two American magazines, the reason for the preference of the American editions being his desire to follow the advertising pages as a guide to American industries and new ideas.

Foreign subscribers innumerable attest to the wonderful circulation of American magazines abroad, one periodical having regular paid subscribers in forty-six of the sixty nations of the civilized world.

McGinty's Ghost.

That McGinty should have become a man of national renown was not surprising. His misfortunes were pathetic—his end was tragic. McGinty at the bottom of the wall was a hero, for he had the courage to break every bone in his body rather than lose a bet. McGinty in the coal-hole was only the victim of an accident, but in the punishment that followed this misfortune he was the victim of judicial tyranny. Ten dollars or ten days would have been sufficient. McGinty, bereft of wife and child, stands a monument of domestic desolation. It is not wonder that the hearts of his fellow citizens, naturalized and native, are touched at his fate, and that their sympathies follow him to the bottom of the sea.

That the ghost of such a man should wander round the docks is the true outcome of a tale so full of pathos. Not even poor old Lear was so basely injured by his ungrateful daughters, for even Dan McGinty's shade is outraged by a flippant press. The New York *World* has the hardihood to say he was a hod-carrier in Harlem and that he jumped into the river at the Battery, a mile Castle Garden. There is no "river shore" at the Battery, and if Mr McGinty had been a New Yorker at all, it is certain he would have been an alderman. Not content with ripping Prince Eddie of England up the back, that audacious sheet prints all the gossip it can gather in regard to the alleged misdeeds of McGinty in the wicked Gotham.

That such reckless journalism should bear bitter fruit is already apparent. What could be more reprehensible than to bring the name of Dan McGinty into disrepute? Already this kind of thing has resulted in murder on Long Island. Reflections on McGinty's character are beginning to frenzy his friends and admirers. One man at Throgg's Neck—fatal name—actually killed another for asking if he had arrested McGinty. Is this kind of thing to go on? It will unless proper respect is paid to a ghost so respectable, so respectably dressed.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Questions of the Day.

The New York *Remedy* calls attention to the numerous questions that are more or less agitating the public mind at the present time:

"Organization," cries number one.

"Co-operation," shouts another.

"More greenbacks," says the third.

"Moral suasion," bellows the fourth.

"Prohibition," feebly cries the fifth.

"Too much population," wails the sixth.

"Eight hours," says the seventh.

"Ethical culture," says the eighth.

"Strike," hisses the ninth.

"Dynamite," whispers the tenth.

"Overproduction," shouts the capitalist.

"Trust in the Lord," moans the parson.

And "Protection," yells the greatest robber on earth.

And while all this hullabaloo is going on the land speculator quietly sits in his office wondering if the World's Fair is coming to New York to raise the price of real estate.

Had Enough of the Tune.

"Come over to our church and hear me preach this morning," said the pastor. "If you don't like the sermon you will the music; we are going to have some of the loveliest chants you ever listened to." "No, thanks," replied Mr. Badman, for it was he. "I took some in the grab bag, the fish pond, the rink cake and the prize doll at your fair last week, and I haven't a cent left for the contribution basket. Guess I'll stay out till my luck changes."—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Prosecution of the Press.

Editor Robert Cornell of the *Sunday Globe*, at Erie, Pa., has been invited to choose between his membership in the Presbyterian Church and the publication of his Sunday newspaper. One or the other will have to be abandoned.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails. 50 cents, by druggists.

At a fashionable cooking class where the young daughters of society meet to study domestic economy as well as plain cooking, special attention is given to the theory and practice of eating To England, glory is due for the best method, which is deliberate as well as dainty and consists in always taking the fork in the left hand and spoon in the right. The only time the fork is permitted in the right hand is for fish, when the knife is never touched.

"THE BLOODY SHIRT."

A Phrase That May Have Sprung from an Incident in Scottish History.

A short time ago my attention was attracted to an inquiry in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* as to the origin of the popular phrase "The Bloody Shirt." The answer given to the query ascribes it to the recent period of reconstruction. Contrary to the prevailing belief, this political weapon was forged and effectively used long before any differences had arisen between certain portions of our Union, and before, in fact, a union of States existed. The incident which gave the expression birth is to some extent legendary, and is related by Sir Walter Scott in the preface to his novel "Rob Roy," and briefly is as follows: The clan MacGregor possessed lands and flocks which excited the cupidity of their less fortunate neighbors, who, by force and other methods, gradually despoiled them of their property and drove them from their homes. The clan, thus empoverished, resisted the encroachment upon their rights, and in the frequent collisions that occurred used every temporary advantage they gained cruelly enough. Their conduct, which was perhaps not unnatural under the circumstances, was studiously represented at the capital as arising from an innate and notameable ferocity, for which the only remedy was extermination.

These suggestions resulted in the proscription of the clan by act of the privy council at Stirling, and premission was given certain powerful chieftains to pursue the MacGregors with fire and sword, and all persons were prohibited from affording them meat, drink or shelter. As might be expected, civilization progressed very slowly during this period, and the MacGregors, feeling all the severity of the law and none of its protection, became wilder and more lawless than ever. As the legend runs, two men of the clan MacGregor, overtaken by the night, asked shelter from a dependent of the Colquhouns, and, on being refused, retired to an outhouse, seized a wedder from the fold, and supped frugally off the carcass, for which they offered payment. The laird of Luss, hearing of this enforced hospitality, caused the offenders to be apprehended and summarily executed. To avenge this act the MacGregors assembled to the number of several hundred and marched toward Luss. Sir Humphrey Colquhoun received early notice of the raid, and assembled an army of superior numbers to meet them. A battle took place in the valley of Glenfruin (Glen of Sorrow), where, encouraged by the prophecy of a seer, and aided by a superior position and skilful generalship, the MacGregors were victorious, pursuing the enemy furiously, and mercilessly slaughtering all who were unable to escape. This battle and the fury of the proscribed clan were reported to King James VI. in a manner most unfavorable to that unfortunate clan, and, more strongly to impress that impressionable monarch, the widows of the slain, to the number of eleven score, dressed in mourning, riding on white palfreys, and each bearing her husband's bloody shirt upon the point of a spear, appeared before the King at Stirling and demanded vengeance upon those who had made their homes desolate. By Act of Privy Council, A.D. 1613, the old Acts against the clan were revived, and others of the greatest severity enacted. The bloody shirt had unquestionably accomplished its purpose.—*New York Tribune.*

WONDERFUL EYES.

England Has a Living Microscope.

John Thomas Heslop, of Birmingham, Eng., is a lad whose powers of vision are to be accounted among the marvellous. He is known as "the living microscope," on account of being able to see the most minute objects clearly defined. In 1878 or 1879 he was attacked with some baffling eye trouble and came very near losing his sight forever. After the disease had reached its worst there was an instant and startling change for the better, which resulted in a complete cure of all inflammation in an incredibly short time. It was not a cure, however, that brought back the old eyesight like that possessed by the average genius homo. When it returned it was with extraordinarily increased powers of vision. To John Thomas the most minute plant louse was as large as as a rabbit, and the mosquito's bill as large as an axe-handle. He could now describe distant minute objects with startling clearness and precision. He was amazingly shocked upon repairing to the well to get a cooling draught to see the immense number of hideous creatures that were floating, fighting and wriggling about in the water. From that day till this water has never passed the lips of John Thomas Heslop; his drinks consist wholly of coffee, tea and milk, thoroughly boiled. The doctors say that the entire organization of the eye has undergone a structural change; that the cornea has become abnormally enlarged and that the crystaline lens has divided into three different discs or circles, each circle surrounded by another of light blue. In the centre of each of these three circles appears an iris, greatly diminished in size, but an iris nevertheless. Medical reports have been made on the case by journals such as the *Lancet*, *Medical Times* and many others. The young man has been visited by all the greater and lesser lights of the British medical colleges, each of whom pronounce his case the most wonderful in the annals of optics.

A Corner in Guns.

Clerk in Kansas Hardware Store—I see that the authorities have ordered a county seat election.

Proprietor—Is that so? When does it come off?

"Two weeks from to-day."

"Great Scott! so soon as that? Look here, go right down and telegraph for a large order of guns and ammunition. Tell them to hustle them through double quick County seat elections don't come every day, and we must stir our stumps to clear a thousand dollars on this one."

He Woke Up Cheerful.

Pater (at breakfast table)—There was a fire in the house last night and you slept through it all.

Mater (alarmed)—Fire! where?

Pater—In the stove.

Hoyt & Thomas have cleared $10,000 thus far this season.

Life on a Farm.

Farmer Oatcake (in summer)—Come, boys, get up! It's 4 o'clock and there's a big day's work ahead of us.

Farmer Oatcake (in winter)—Come, boys, get up! It's 4 o'clock, and there ain't a dummed thing to do to-day.

INCIDENCE OF GREATNESS

It was a jovial banquet board,
Great guns were toasted free,
Great generals, great statesmen,
Great counsellors-at-law,
And so next day each great one lay
Within his own great bed,
And ran his fingers through his locks,
And groaned, Great head! Great head!

—Charles Mackay, the British poet, whose death was announced on Tuesday, was the author of the stirring poem, "Clear the Way," familiar to every school boy:

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing into gray,
Men of thought and men of action, clear the way.

—The ideal World's Fare—Three square meals.

—Don't growl at this world until you are sure of a better one.

—Live within your income, because it is very inconvenient to live without it.

—It seems singular, but we never hear of the ill-fated turkey getting in the soup.

—Lewis Morris is regarded in England as the heir apparent to the laureateship.

—We suppose it is the fall of the year that prevents it from living through the winter.

"How did you like me as a living statue?" asked Mrs. Schmidt of her husband, on their return from an entertainment at which she had figured conspicuously.

"To tell the truth, I was dumbfounded," he replied,

"At my statuesque appearance?"

"No, my dear, at your being able to keep your mouth shut so long."

Every man ought to be as good as his word. Nothing is expected of those who never have a good word for anybody.

Although the English fashion of starching napkins is generally abhorred, a decided preference is shown for their ample dimensions and the 7x9 fringed doylie of Yankee origin has given place to the 34x25 inch piece of fine linen.

—Misery may love company, but the company doesn't generally return the compliment.

SYDATID CYST OF THE LIVER.

New and Dangerous Operation Successfully Performed.

A rare and serious dis