

DON'T.

Don't hang up the horse-shoe on your door; To keep the witches out; In it there is no virtue, Not a single witch will rout.

SACKVILLE'S DISCHARGE.

THE INCIDENT BROUGHT UP IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS—ALL THE PAPERS MADE PUBLIC.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—Parliament re-assembled to-day. There was a very full attendance in the House of Commons in expectation of a communication about the Sackville affair, but none was made and all were disappointed.

THE ENGLISH SIDE OF THE CASE.

The papers in the Sackville case were made public this evening. The first is a letter from Lord Salisbury to Lord Sackville, and dated October 27. It is as follows:—"Mr. Phelps, who is staying at my house, informs me that Mr. Bayard's request for your recall is not based upon the letter to Murchison, but upon a newspaper interview. I replied that I was glad it was not true that the request was due to the writing of the letter, which was made public only by a betrayal of confidence, and it was hardly practicable to lay down the principle that a diplomatic representative should be prohibited from expressing even privately any opinion upon events passing in the country to which he is accredited. The language of an interview is different. You must be taken as having intended it for publication. Before admitting the need for a recall I was bound, in justice to you, to know exactly what the alleged objectionable language was, I, therefore, asked Mr. Phelps for a copy of the interview in order to ascertain from you whether you had been accurately reported, and I told him I would then bring the matter before my colleagues. Mr. Phelps replied that he had not received the text of the interview, but would take steps to procure it. It was consequently understood that until the copy was received there should be no answer to the request for your recall."

LORD SACKVILLE'S APOLOGY.

On October 28 Lord Sackville sent the following communication to Lord Salisbury:—"The letter was a political Republican plot. I have mailed an explanation. The plot was due to the approaching election. If my call is demanded I beg to express deep regret at what has occurred."

THE REAL MURCHISON.

NEW LOS ANGELES, Cal., Nov. 5.—The Evening Express of this city publishes a statement this afternoon that the real name of the author of the Murchison letter is Francis G. Haley, and that he is a farmer living two miles from Pomona, Cal. The article declares that Mr. Haley is a native of New York and of Irish descent, and that he moved to Pomona from Ohio four years ago. It is also stated that Haley wrote the letter upon his own responsibility, and without consulting any other person.

SACKVILLE SELLING OUT.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5.—A modest advertisement in this morning's paper announces that the British Minister offers for sale his horses, carriages, sleighs, saddles, whips and the entire contents of the legation stables. This is the first evidence Lord Sackville has given of preparations for his departure.

LIFE'S STRUGGLE.

CONTRASTING THE TWO METHODS OF SPENDING OUR TIME. The way in life is for many a road hard to travel. The few who are successful in all that the world implies, are they who take advantage of everything that God places within their reach and who do not spurn good advice, nor trample under foot the many graces which they receive. It does not take long for the child to grow up. Childhood's years are few, for the age in which we live is fast, and time passes on fleeting wings. The boy is perhaps obliged to go to work long before he is physically strong enough to do what will be required of him, and ere he realizes that time has made any progress at all, he is an old man, prematurely so. He has an old father and mother to provide for, and because he is a good young man he toils that they may not want. If a girl, a trade is learned, and the steady hum of the machine or the work of the hand, stitch wears on muscle and nerve, until the years of teens are scarcely spent, when, branded as an old maid, her lot in life is doubly hard. They can save but little because what they earn is consumed in paying for the necessities of life for those to whom they owe all. But if the lot of those who toil and wear themselves out in honest labor is hard, much harder is the lot of him or her who squanders money and time and ruins health in the many means of dissipation that are everywhere to be found in large cities. Thousands go down to premature and unhonored graves, suicides in the real sense of the word. There are not in every case children of the poor, nor are they the unlettered, uneducated boys and girls of the lower grade of society. They are young men and women to whom much had been left, but who had not the good sense to make a proper use of what had been left to them. For this class of young people there can be but little sympathy. If they find convenient quarters in some County House, all the better perhaps for them in their declining years. But the young who have had to plod their way through life alone, and perhaps from years of infancy, without guidance of father or mother, and who have made a woman worthy of any are men and women to every danger and above all to danger of loss of Faith. As and above all they had few friends, and if orphan they had to find shelter in some asylum, they were there only long enough to learn what was absolutely necessary to get along with. They above all others can tell what a battle life is and how discouraging is the con-



Mrs. Dart's Triplets.

President Cleveland's Prize for the three best babies at the Aurora County Fair, in 1887, was given to these triplets, Mollie, Ida, and Ray, children of Mrs. A. K. Dart, Humboldt, N. Y. She writes: "Last August the little ones became very sick, and I could get no other food that would agree with them. I commenced the use of Lactated Food. It helped them immediately, and they were soon as well as ever, and I consider it very good for the Food that they are now so well. Lactated Food is the best Food for bottle-bred infants. It keeps them well, and is better than medicine when they are sick. Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1.00. All druggists. Cabinet photo of these triplets sent free to the mother of any baby born this year. Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., MONTREAL, P. Q."

test when carried on alone. But from the oracles to the grave the story is the same, and every man's experience is most valuable, especially when the useful lesson which it teaches is not thrown away or forgotten.—Lake Shore Visitor.

THOSE UNHAPPY PERSONS who suffer from nervousness and dyspepsia should use Carter's Little Nerve Pills which are made expressly for sleepless nervous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25 cents.

RUSSIAN OIL.

A Russian writer, who is reputed to be well informed on the subject, predicts the downfall of the Standard Oil Company, the huge monopoly that has hitherto controlled the price of that article. He contends that the oil produced from Russian wells at Baku is quite the equal in average quality of American oil and vastly superior in quantity. It is claimed that there is a larger flow of oil at this one point than at all the American wells combined, and that in consequence of this concentration of the business the facilities for getting the oil to market are vastly superior to what they are in the States, and much less costly. Another great advantage of the Russian wells is the extraordinary persistency of the flow. American wells, after yielding abundantly for a time, dry up, and the result is a large waste of the capital expended in developing them, while in the case of the wells at Baku, the yield keeps on with out apparent diminution. "At the present time not half the natural flow is utilized, but it goes steadily on year after year, and this without the aid of pumping machinery." The only thing that has protected the monopolists in the States hitherto has been the failure of the people controlling the Russian wells to take advantage of their opportunities. With the adoption of American methods it is believed that they will be able to effect a revolution in the oil market and to inflict a competition on the Standard Company that will cut its profits down to a fine point.

TO DESTROY HOUSEHOLD PESTS.

Salt scattered freely over the floors of a house, swept into the cracks and allowed to remain there, will exterminate bed-bugs; a bedstead thoroughly washed in strong brine and every crevice filled with salt, and salt freely scattered under every slat, the slats well soaked in brine, will surely put an end to them. This receipt has been tested in a hotel in Oregon that was literally alive with them. The salt was scattered over the floors, and for a few days, while the atmosphere was dry, appeared to have no effect on them; then came a drizzling rain for two or three days, the dampness melted the salt, and all the bugs in the house swarmed to the outside and remained there in rows close to the battens. I believe there were twenty thousand of them of all shades and sizes. Immediately a brine was made strong enough to bear up an egg and used profusely on beds and furniture, and not a bedbug was seen inside the house for the three years the narrator remained there. Those that were driven to the outside of the house remained stationary in rows and finally dropped to the ground dead. My mother, an old New England house-keeper, says: "No insect that crawls on live under the application of hot alum water. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, crawling pests which infest our houses during the heated term. Take two ounces of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water, let it stand on the stove until the alum is all melted, then apply it with a brush while nearly boiling hot to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves and the like; brush the cracks in the floor and the crevices in the skirting or mop boards if you suspect that they harbor vermin."

FREE: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Miles' Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cure. Treatise sent free to all who send 2c. to Dr. E. C. Rice, 231 Ave. St., Phila., Pa.

LORD ROSEBERRY ON IRELAND.

MANLY STATEMENT OF THE LIBERAL POSITION REGARDING THE ISLAND. Lord Roseberry, addressing a great gathering of electors at Leeds the other day, said: "If our policy is simple, the principle that underlies the policy is simpler still. We believe, to put it as shortly as I can, that governments are made for the people, and not the people for governments. (Cheers.) The people are not even made for treaties of union. Treaties of union are made for the people. All Governments and all treaties are only arrangements for the popular good, and when they fail to satisfy that requirement they are doomed. (Cheers.) If you view the Government of Ireland according to that standard it stands condemned. (Cheers.) It has never existed, it has never even pretended to exist, for the good of the people. It has been conducted on behalf of a class, of a party and a sect. It works, and has worked, continual misery and shame. (Cheers.) No one has denounced the (heated) situation of affairs with more vigor and with more eloquence than those two members for Birmingham who now employ so much vigorous rhetoric in denouncing their old friends who have attempted to redress that wrong. (Hear, hear.) I believe that that wrong, so patent and so obvious that Her Majesty's present advisers see it themselves. I firmly believe that the Parliament of 1886 will not pass a natural death without Her Majesty's Government endeavoring to offer the Irish people that measure of local government which they denounce us for offering. (Hear, hear.) But whether their hearts be turned to the good of the people or not, sure I am of this—that the democracy of England and of Scotland have embraced the cause of the people of Ireland.—(hear, hear)—that they are determined that this iniquitous farce of administration shall cease.—(hear, hear)—that they have determined that a Leas-

Legislature shall be set up in Ireland for the determination of distinctly Irish affairs so long as the Imperial supremacy is safeguarded. (Hear, hear.) They have determined that the Irish government shall no longer be a happy hunting ground for the Tory principles—(cheers)—or the mere machinery for keeping the discordant army of the Unionists in order, but that it shall be administered for the benefit, and for the whole benefit, of the Irish people. (Cheers.) To that compact Yorkshire has set her hand—(cheers)—to that compact Leeds, the constituency of the Gladstones—(loud cheers)—who chose the son and who chose the father—(cheers), and "And will do again"—and who would fain have kept the father only we held tight on to him—(laughter)—I say that Leeds, the constituency of the Gladstones, and Yorkshire have set their hands to that solemn attempt. I do not doubt their success, because, more than Leeds or even Yorkshire, the Liberal party has taken up with determination—and the Liberal party has known adversity, has known reverses, has known calamity, but when it has once set its face to an object it has never known permanent defeat. (Loud cheers, amid which the noble Earl resumed his seat.)

CONSOLATION AT DEATH.

Trembling and wretched, rich yet poor, A grey-haired woman was nearing death's door: Troubled by sins she thought buried a score— Haunted by ghosts of the wicked past. 'Twas a moment's work—her deed of sin, 'Twas only a parchment rent in twain; And the knowledge was locked her heart within— That a sister held a brother's domain. Years had been born, and years had died, Friends and kindred had passed away; She had drifted out and in with the tide, And dying alone, she lay to day. Money in plenty, friends and ease, She gained by her sinful and selfish deed; But a brother wandered o'er distant seas, Far from home, through a sister's greed. Freedom from inward curse she found When life was young and friends were gay; At her dying bed sad thoughts abound, For conscience though drugged will wake some day. We may buy release with fashion's life, Sluffing the cries of our inward soul; But our body, wearied with constant strife, Will waken and lose when near life's goal. And the deeds of the past will come and creep, And close around, as we gasping lie; For money and pleasure can rock them to sleep, But they'll wake and haunt us before we die.

THE MARECHAL-NIEL ROSE.

ONE OF THE HITHERTO UNWRITTEN ROMANCES OF THE SECOND EMPIRE. The Marechal Niel is one of the loveliest roses of its kind, the noisette, and in its name and origin there is one of the hitherto unwritten romances of the court of France in the Second Empire. In 1859, when the French army was sent to help King Victor Emmanuel to drive the Austrians out of Italy, the Third Army Corps was commanded by General Niel. This officer, as his name implies, came of one of those Irish noble families who emigrated to France after the battle of the Boyne in 1690, as did the MacMahons, the Fitzjames and others, who are now Irish in nothing but their names. General Niel had commanded and fought with his corps with such eminent ability and distinguished courage, that when peace was made, with his countryman and friend, MacMahon, he was created a Marshal of France. It was well nigh autumn before General Niel was able to return to France. He had been terribly wounded, and suffered besides from the dreadful fever of the Italian marches. For months he was between life and death, with only his surgeon, who was his constant companion, and a soldier servant, who proved to be an admirable nurse in his illness and convalescence. One day a peasant woman brought him a basket of wild roses from the Campanian region. General Niel had always been extremely fond of roses, and most of these were new to him, and thus served to amuse him until they were withered. He observed, however, that one particular shoot had not faded and died like the others, but had grown into a beautiful green plant of perhaps ten inches in length. When he looked to see why this one had grown and the others faded, he found that a bit of the root had been cut away with the flower, which was of a pallid, yellow hue. Scarcely knowing why, Niel determined to keep the shoot as curiously preserved. When he returned to Paris he placed the young shoot with an expert floriculturist, and next spring it bore four of the loveliest buds in the world, of a pale-lemon tinge. At that time General Niel was sent for to receive the highest military rank then known in France, the Grand Cross of the Legion, and his commission as Marshal of France, in presence of three Emperors and all the Kings in Europe were named. After the solemn ceremony was ended, and he were for the first time on that day the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, he went to the reception of the Empress—who was splendid in her perfection of beauty—and presented to her a curious yellowish rose of perfect form and perfume, but different from any she had ever seen, and told her its story. "And so you have proved the truth of what the old abbe used to say in his dreadfully tedious sermons at Pau, about casting the bread on the waters," said the Empress (who, like Queen Elizabeth of blessed memory, "loved a fine man"), to the handsomest and most dashing, as well as one of the ablest of the Marshals of the Second Empire. "Dear me, but he was tedious, that good abbe," continued her Majesty, with the softest look of retrospection in her lovely dark eyes. "Now, Monsieur le Marechal," said she, vivaciously, "I shall christen this rose for you." "Do so," said the Franco-Irish soldier, bowing very low, but flashing her a glance of profound admiration so warm that it deepened her colour a little as they stood alone,

THE TWO COMMANDERS OF PRAISE AND CENSURE.

The judicious use of praise is one of the most powerful means of gaining the affections of children. An encouraging smile, a word of commendation will often do wonders in the way of winning young hearts. Capt. Basil Hall thus describes the affects produced on board of ship by the different modes of government adopted by two commanders. "When one of these commanders came on deck," he says, "his constant habit was to cast his eye about him in order to find out what was wrong; to detect the smallest thing that was out of its place—in a word, to find as many grounds for censure as possible. This constituted in his opinion the best preventive to neglect on the part of those under his command; and the action of the other officer, on the contrary, appeared to be directed chiefly to those points which he could approve of. One of these captains would remark to the first lieutenant as he walked along, "How white and clean you have the decks to-day! I think you must have been working hard to get them in such fine order." The other, in similar circumstances, but always eager to find fault would say, even if the decks were as white as snow, "I wish you would teach your sweepers to clear away that bundle of shakings! (pointing to a bit of rope not an inch long) and to keep things in better order." It really seemed that nothing could be more annoying to one of these officers than to find things in such order that he could find no fault, while to the other, the necessity of censuring really appeared to be a punishment to himself. Under the one, we all worked with cheerfulness from a conviction that nothing we did in a proper manner would miss approbation. But our duty under the other being performed in fear, seldom went on with much spirit. We had no personal satisfaction in doing things correctly, from the certainty of getting no commendation. But the strangest thing of all was that these men were both as kind-hearted as could be, or if there was any difference, the fault-finder was the better natured, and in matters not professional, the more indulgent of the two. Let fault-finding teachers take the hint and they will have better order and more happiness and progress.

A LONG SPEECH.

AMOR DE COSMOS SPEAKS TWENTY-SIX HOURS WITHOUT A REST. The longest speech on record is probably the one made by Mr. DeCosmos, a member of the Legislature of British Columbia, some years ago. A bill was pending which, if passed, would deprive many settlers of their lands, and the temper of the majority made it certain that it would pass. The Legislature was within a day and a half of the hour of its final adjournment and the vote was about to be taken. The Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution says of DeCosmos's effort: "At this juncture DeCosmos rose to address the body. It was 10 o'clock in the morning, and the members thought he would finish in an hour or two. The clock struck 11, 12 and 1, but the speaker kept right on. How long would he speak! The members,

for though the great salon of the place was crowded, no one dared interrupt a tete-a-tete, which she herself had allowed, between the Empress and the handsomest General of his day. Lightly putting the roses to her lips, she said—"It is named the Marechal Niel, for the soldier sans peur et sans reproche, as gallant in the salon as he is on the battlefield." This gracious speech went straight to the great soldier's Irish heart. "You will wear it, to-night Your Majesty, will you not, and afterward give it to me to keep, this happy rose?" "Monsieur le Marechal!" said the Empress, with great dignity. "I pray your forgiveness," he answered. "No, no, I am not as angry as I ought to be," she replied; "but—but propitius might hear," and with a parting glance he departed.

Four days thereafter Colonel Lawal, then Niel's chief of staff, but not long since Minister of War for the French Republic, observed his chief take a surreptitious rosbud out of an envelope he had just received, and lock it up in a private drawer.—Leslie's Popular Monthly.

BOUQUET OF THOUGHTS

FLOWERS PLUCKED FROM THE WORLD'S FIELD OF LITERATURE.

It requires a clever surgeon to dress a wounded vanity.—Life. Never think that God's delays are denials. Hold on, hold fast; patience is genius. Nature is frank and will allow no man to abuse himself without giving him a hint of it. When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we regret, but our severity. Pharaoh demanded bricks without straw. Men who keep their minds producing continuously without replenishment are similar talk-masters. Every one tries to cultivate talents. Why not cultivate traits? To acquire fortitude, or cheerfulness, or gentleness, is as easy as to master music or become proficient in German. The divinest attribute in the heart of man is love; and the mightiest, because the most human, principle in the heart of man is faith. Love is heaven; faith is that which appropriates heaven. Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern. Ah! Vanitas Vanitatum! which of us is happy in this world? which of us has desire? or, having it, is satisfied?—Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out.—Thackeray. A St. Louis doctor has removed the brains from a dozen different frogs, and heated the wound and let them go. They went off as if nothing had happened out of the usual, and it was plain that they had lost nothing of value. A frog which depended on its brains instead of his legs would stand a night's journey in a muddle near a school house.—Detroit Free Press. Bernard Meyer, of Omaha, recently felt a slight pain under his left shoulder. The pain soon became intense and a doctor was sought. An examination of the spot revealed a hard substance, which, on being extracted, proved to be a needle in good condition. Meyer has no recollection of a needle having entered his body, but his mother says that it occurred when he was an infant, fifty-four years ago. Is not obedience also the shortest and quickest road to God? Is anything more pleasing to Him than the sacrifice of our will? Are there any means more secure of protecting us from illusion than to do the will of those who hold the place of God in our regard?—Life of Clara Vaughan. As a general thing I would not give a great deal for the fair words of a critic, if he is himself an author, over fifty years of age. At thirty years we are trying to cut our names in big letters on the wall of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it, or shut up our jack-knives. Then we are ready to help others, and are less to hinder any, because nobody's elbows are in our way.

A LAWYER BEATEN BY A CATECHISM.

A Chicago paper tells the story of an amusing scene in a court-room in that city. A little boy about eight years old was put on the stand as witness, when the opposing counsel objected on the ground that the child did not understand the nature of an oath. "Do you know what an oath is, Charley?" asked the judge. "Yes, sir," answered Charley; "it is to ask God to help you to tell the truth." "Where did you learn all this?" frowned the opposing counsel. "In the catechism," said Charley, not to be browed down by the biggest lawyer in the business. "In the catechism? What catechism?" "In the ten-cent catechism, sir." "Who told you to look in the catechism for the definition of an oath?" "My sister, she told me last night, and I got it and studied it." "Have you got your catechism with you?" "Yes, sir, here it is," taking the well-thumbed little book from his trousers' pocket. "You see the book has his documents," interrupted the judge, with a smile, and a quiet titter went round the court-room as it became evident that the lawyer was being beaten by the child. "H'm! Let me see the book. I wonder if you know anything more that is in it. Who made you?" "Why, God, of course," was the reply, as if the 1st pupil-poohed the idea of being asked such a simple question, and wanted "something hard." Several questions were asked and elicited ready replies. The lawyer saw that he was in for it, and accepted the defeat as gracefully as possible. Turning to the judge, he said: "Your honor, I guess we will accept this witness."

FOR SWOLLEN FEET.

Police-men, mail-carriers and others whose occupations keep them on their feet a great deal, are often troubled with chafed, sore and blistered feet, especially in extremely hot weather, no matter how comfortable their shoes may fit. A powder is used in the German army for fitting into the shoes and stockings of the foot soldier, called "Fuss-treupelver," and consists of 3 parts salicylic acid, 10 parts starch and 87 parts pulverized soapstone. It keeps the foot dry, prevents chafing and rapidly heals any spots. Finely pulverized soapstone alone is very good.

A PAYING IRISH INDUSTRY.

It is an encouraging sign for Irish domestic manufacturers that the Irish Woollen Manufacturing company, organized by Michael Davitt and others of the Irish National League, and, although yet in infancy, has declared a dividend of 7 per cent on its stock. The working portion of the company is made up of a number of small manufacturers engaged in the production of genuine Irish goods, which are sold through agents in Great Britain, the United States, Canada and on the Continent. They depend on the excellence of the goods to push them and open a still wider market, which they are steadily doing.

EVERY DAY TRIALS.

Great sacrifices are not always the hardest to bear. Always expecting them to confront us, we are often ready for them; their very magnitude gives to the believing soul a potent realization of the near presence of God; for we cannot help reflecting, and, in some respects feeling, as a fact, that we are called upon to bear a share in the grand scheme of suffering Christianity. But little, everyday trials, the inevitable ones we all carry, the hidden vexations and trifling frets that will not down be we ever so weary and weak-hearted, the contradictions of circumstances, the worries of daily life—these are the things that are hard to endure; these are the sacrifices that make saints, if borne with cheerfulness and resignation.

SARCASTIC WOMEN.

THE HABIT OF MAKING UNKIND REMARKS IS TO BE ENCOURAGED. To ridicule the oddities of our neighbors is one of the cheapest and easiest kind; and we can all be sarcastic if we give the reins to our ill-nature. The jest, so amusing to ourselves, may, however, inflict a deep wound upon some sensitive nature, while it seldom fails to bring a heavy retribution upon the author. Those gibes and jeers we are so proud of always result in strife and antagonism. From lips seemed so friendly and so kind, words are uttered so startling and painful to catch the accents of bitterness; however sweet a woman's repartee, we feel instinctively that she strikes some discordant note. These notes so often struck in a mood of carelessness. The error is rather from indifference than from any malicious intention. But she forgets what Coleridge says—"The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions, the little soon forgotten charities of a kiss or a smile, and the countless infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling." No less is the influence of jeers and jests, and these, indeed, are too long remembered. The scratch of a pin may cause more irritation than a bayonet wound.

A PEASANT WHO WOULDN'T BE BLUFFED.

When monarchs go amasking in the guise of ordinary mortals they invariably have the luck to fall in with some sturdy peasant who treats them with comic bluntness and independence. This peasant was part of the sport enjoyed by the Emperor of Austria and the King of Saxony in Styria the other day. They begged for a lift in his cart, and on parting from him revealed their true state and dignity. "Well, friends," he replied unabashed, "if you be the Emperor of Austria and the King of Saxony, I had better tell you who I am. My good fellows, I am his Holiness the Pope."

TO BE MADE A CARDINAL.

PARIS, November 1.—(Special.)—Monsignor Roselli, Papal Nuncio at Paris, will soon be recalled by the Pope, who will make him a cardinal.

In a spirit of fun, omitted to adjourn for dinner, but De Cosmos spoke on without a break. At six o'clock he was on the floor. He was forced by the Speaker to stick to the question, and was not allowed to pause except to take a drink of water. The majority decided to continue the session through the night, slipping out in small parties to eat and sleep. Still, without faltering, the orator poured forth his torrent of words. This was the situation at midnight, and also when the morning sun flooded the hall with the light of day. As the hour hand of the clock pointed to 12, the limit prescribed by law for the session had arrived, and the Legislature stood adjourned sine die. At the last stroke of 12 the brave De Cosmos stepped in the midst of a sentence and fell fainting in his seat. He had spoken, standing on his feet, twenty-six hours. His eyes were bleared and red, and his parched lips were cracked and roasting blood. He was nearly dead, but he had prevailed on the Bill from coming a law, and he saved the settlers their homes. De Cosmos may never be heard again as an orator, but this single speech is enough to make him famous.

Every one tries to cultivate talents. Why not cultivate traits? To acquire fortitude, or cheerfulness, or gentleness, is as easy as to master music or become proficient in German. The divinest attribute in the heart of man is love; and the mightiest, because the most human, principle in the heart of man is faith. Love is heaven; faith is that which appropriates heaven. Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern. Ah! Vanitas Vanitatum! which of us is happy in this world? which of us has desire? or, having it, is satisfied?—Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out.—Thackeray. A St. Louis doctor has removed the brains from a dozen different frogs, and heated the wound and let them go. They went off as if nothing had happened out of the usual, and it was plain that they had lost nothing of value. A frog which depended on its brains instead of his legs would stand a night's journey in a muddle near a school house.—Detroit Free Press. Bernard Meyer, of Omaha, recently felt a slight pain under his left shoulder. The pain soon became intense and a doctor was sought. An examination of the spot revealed a hard substance, which, on being extracted, proved to be a needle in good condition. Meyer has no recollection of a needle having entered his body, but his mother says that it occurred when he was an infant, fifty-four years ago. Is not obedience also the shortest and quickest road to God? Is anything more pleasing to Him than the sacrifice of our will? Are there any means more secure of protecting us from illusion than to do the will of those who hold the place of God in our regard?—Life of Clara Vaughan. As a general thing I would not give a great deal for the fair words of a critic, if he is himself an author, over fifty years of age. At thirty years we are trying to cut our names in big letters on the wall of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it, or shut up our jack-knives. Then we are ready to help others, and are less to hinder any, because nobody's elbows are in our way.

A LAWYER BEATEN BY A CATECHISM.

A Chicago paper tells the story of an amusing scene in a court-room in that city. A little boy about eight years old was put on the stand as witness, when the opposing counsel objected on the ground that the child did not understand the nature of an oath. "Do you know what an oath is, Charley?" asked the judge. "Yes, sir," answered Charley; "it is to ask God to help you to tell the truth." "Where did you learn all this?" frowned the opposing counsel. "In the catechism," said Charley, not to be browed down by the biggest lawyer in the business. "In the catechism? What catechism?" "In the ten-cent catechism, sir." "Who told you to look in the catechism for the definition of an oath?" "My sister, she told me last night, and I got it and studied it." "Have you got your catechism with you?" "Yes, sir, here it is," taking the well-thumbed little book from his trousers' pocket. "You see the book has his documents," interrupted the judge, with a smile, and a quiet titter went round the court-room as it became evident that the lawyer was being beaten by the child. "H'm! Let me see the book. I wonder if you know anything more that is in it. Who made you?" "Why, God, of course," was the reply, as if the 1st pupil-poohed the idea of being asked such a simple question, and wanted "something hard." Several questions were asked and elicited ready replies. The lawyer saw that he was in for it, and accepted the defeat as gracefully as possible. Turning to the judge, he said: "Your honor, I guess we will accept this witness."

FOR SWOLLEN FEET.

Police-men, mail-carriers and others whose occupations keep them on their feet a great deal, are often troubled with chafed, sore and blistered feet, especially in extremely hot weather, no matter how comfortable their shoes may fit. A powder is used in the German army for fitting into the shoes and stockings of the foot soldier, called "Fuss-treupelver," and consists of 3 parts salicylic acid, 10 parts starch and 87 parts pulverized soapstone. It keeps the foot dry, prevents chafing and rapidly heals any spots. Finely pulverized soapstone alone is very good.

A PAYING IRISH INDUSTRY.

It is an encouraging sign for Irish domestic manufacturers that the Irish Woollen Manufacturing company, organized by Michael Davitt and others of the Irish National League, and, although yet in infancy, has declared a dividend of 7 per cent on its stock. The working portion of the company is made up of a number of small manufacturers engaged in the production of genuine Irish goods, which are sold through agents in Great Britain, the United States, Canada and on the Continent. They depend on the excellence of the goods to push them and open a still wider market, which they are steadily doing.

EVERY DAY TRIALS.

Great sacrifices are not always the hardest to bear. Always expecting them to confront us, we are often ready for them; their very magnitude gives to the believing soul a potent realization of the near presence of God; for we cannot help reflecting, and, in some respects feeling, as a fact, that we are called upon to bear a share in the grand scheme of suffering Christianity. But little, everyday trials, the inevitable ones we all carry, the hidden vexations and trifling frets that will not down be we ever so weary and weak-hearted, the contradictions of circumstances, the worries of daily life—these are the things that are hard to endure; these are the sacrifices that make saints, if borne with cheerfulness and resignation.

SARCASTIC WOMEN.

THE HABIT OF MAKING UNKIND REMARKS IS TO BE ENCOURAGED. To ridicule the oddities of our neighbors is one of the cheapest and easiest kind; and we can all be sarcastic if we give the reins to our ill-nature. The jest, so amusing to ourselves, may, however, inflict a deep wound upon some sensitive nature, while it seldom fails to bring a heavy retribution upon the author. Those gibes and jeers we are so proud of always result in strife and antagonism. From lips seemed so friendly and so kind, words are uttered so startling and painful to catch the accents of bitterness; however sweet a woman's repartee, we feel instinctively that she strikes some discordant note. These notes so often struck in a mood of carelessness. The error is rather from indifference than from any malicious intention. But she forgets what Coleridge says—"The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions, the little soon forgotten charities of a kiss or a smile, and the countless infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling." No less is the influence of jeers and jests, and these, indeed, are too long remembered. The scratch of a pin may cause more irritation than a bayonet wound.

A PEASANT WHO WOULDN'T BE BLUFFED.

When monarchs go amasking in the guise of ordinary mortals they invariably have the luck to fall in with some sturdy peasant who treats them with comic bluntness and independence. This peasant was part of the sport enjoyed by the Emperor of Austria and the King of Saxony in Styria the other day. They begged for a lift in his cart, and on parting from him revealed their true state and dignity. "Well, friends," he replied unabashed, "if you be the Emperor of Austria and the King of Saxony, I had better tell you who I am. My good fellows, I am his Holiness the Pope."

TO BE MADE A CARDINAL.

PARIS, November 1.—(Special.)—Monsignor Roselli, Papal Nuncio at Paris, will soon be recalled by the Pope, who will make him a cardinal.