News Links.

Gossip From Every Land Summarized for Busy Readers.

A LOCK of hair of Agnes Sorel, the mistress of King Charles VII. of France, a tawny blonde lock taken from her tomb at Loches, was sold in Paris recently for 140 francs.

M. BAILLOT, 104 years of age and, as he believes, the last survivor of the French soldiers that fought at Waterloo, was the guest of honor at the Waterloo banquet at Cherisey in the Department of the Yonne.

DEAN PIGOU, of Bristol, can endure having letters addressed to him as Dr. Pigue, Peiken, Pigon, Pagou, Pigour, Pickles, Peggue, and Puegon, but objects to being called the Rev. Dr. Pagan, after having been 40 years in orders.

AN ORCHARD of 75 trees, which have been bearing for more than 60 years, on the farm of Henry Davidson, near Whitesville, Ind., has for the last five years yielded a better quality of fruit and more of it than it did a score of years ago.

IN THE St. Thomas' Church choir at Ryde, Isle of Wight, a lady of 85 years of age is leader of the choir, of which she has been a member for 78 years. She walks to and from the church (from the almshouses, where she is one of the inmates) to the services regularly.

SUIT for breach of promise was brought against Frank Robinson, of Anderson, Ind., the day after his marriage to Malinda Personet, by his first wife, from whom he had been divorced a year before. She sued for $5,000, alleging that after the divorce he had woed and won her again.

THE Duke of Sutherland, who stands at the head of the 40,000 Scots who are petitioning the Queen to command the official use of the word "Britain" instead of "England," is one of the coheirs of Robert Bruce, being the heir-in-line of Bruce's second daughter.

THE oldest minister in any of the British Presbyterian churches is said to be the Rev. J. L. Muirhead, of Wooler, in Northumberland. He was ordained on May 22, 1833. The next oldest is Dr. Crystal, minister of the parish of Auchinleck, N. B., who was ordained on Sept. 19 of the same year.

THE lucky man of Arizona who found that some of his sheep which used a certain salt yielded on slaughter four ounces of gold should surely extend felicitations to a farmer living near Portland, Oregon, who raised a goose in the gizzard of which the cook found a dollar's worth of the yellow metal.

THE little village of Hertford, on the Perquimans River, in eastern North Carolina, boasts the possession of the only floating bridge, supported by air-tight whisky barrels, in the world. This bridge was the happy idea of an old inhabitant half a century ago, and its result still stands, a monument to his genius.

A NOVELTY in advertising is now on view in a Scotch church. The congregation could not pay their minister. To help them out of their dilemma a soap firm offered to pay $600 a year for five years, on condition that its advertisement be hung up in front of the gallery in the church. The offer was accepted.

A purple blue orchid of a color never seen before in England, discovered by M. Robelin in the Philippine Islands, 6,000 feet above sea level, has just been introduced to the British public under the name of Dendrobium Victoriae Reginae. Three hundred of the dried-up roots were sold in London at from $4 to $10 apiece.

DIPHTHERIA was distributed in a family of West Chester, Pa., the other day in a curious way, and one which points a lesson. One child came in contact with a school companion who had just been taken sick. Upon his return home he divided some gum he had in his mouth among his brothers and sisters. The entire family is now ill.

THE father of eleven children living near Birmingham, Mich., was so angry at a daughter's decision to marry against his wishes that, after a family row, he made his will, took laudanum, and lay down in his room. The family had seen him try to fool them before, and thought that he was shamming again, but he had taken too much of the opiate to recover.

PEOPLE get up early in the morning out in Nebraska, and from this habit some enterprising social leader has evolved an idea which has become a fad in the neighborhood of Grande Island, where "breakfast picnics" are in vogue. The guests start out at 5 o'clock, breakfast in the woods, and come home before the sun makes things too hot for comfort.

SAND is heaped on the tracks of the Dresden switch yard to check the speed of the cars. The trains are made up by gravity, the grade being 1 per cent—enough to keep the cars moving under ordinary circumstances. When the wind blows hard, however, they move too fast, and sand is used as a check, the quantity varying according to the weather predictions of the day.

REV. W. F. CREENY, a Church of England clergyman, who died recently at the age of 72 years, though a poor man, and never holding a living of more than $400 a year, succeeded in acquiring a high reputation as an archaeologist. On his slender means he managed to travel all over Europe, and to publish an authoritative work on "Monumental Brasses of the Continent of Europe," with many expensive illustrations, and later a book on "Monumental Slabs."

A NEW process for extracting the perfumes of flowers has been devised by M. J. Passy. He steeps the flowers in water, which is drawn off when charged with perfume and fresh water substituted. This keeps the flowers fresh for a long time, and their life is further prolonged by the use of a saline solution such as the tissues of the plants call for. The charged water is then evaporated by the use of ether. The process has proved successful with many flowers which previously refused to yield up their perfume, notably the lily of the valley.

THERE is not much drunkenness in St. Andrew's Scotland, as compared with other Scottish cities, but the caddies have many temptations to indulgence, and some of them succumb, especially as they have a good deal of leisure. Dr. Boyd tells a story of a caddie who reeled forward to his employer at the clubhouse. The gentleman reproved him for his conduct, and added: "Look what a bad example you are setting to your family!" "You're quite right, sir," replied the caddie, "but see what my example has dune! A' my sons are teetotalers."

ST. PIERRE DE MONTMARTRE, one of the oldest churches in Paris, built by King Louis le Gros, and with a choir dating from 1147, is threatened with destruction. The church has fallen into disuse since the erection of the great basilica of the Sacre Coeur near by. French architects and antiquarians are trying to have it preserved, and M. Rambaud, the minister of instruction and fine arts, has promised government aid if the city of Paris will undertake to provide a part of the cost of restoration. It is one of the three remaining churches that mark the transition between the Romanesque and Gothic styles.

AN interesting pen-portrait of the late Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, was given in last week's New Age. The writer says that the doctor was the most genial of men, and had a fund of good stories. Here is one: His old friend, Charles Vince, was going home one evening, when he came across a drunken man in the gutter. The kindly divine tried to raise the fallen man to his feet. But the drunkard looking up and seeing who it was that was taking so much trouble said: "Don't trouble, Mr. Vince, don't trouble. I don't b'long to you—I b'long to Dr. Dale." Hearty was the laugh as Dale told this story against himself.

A FRENCH scientist has a theory that music has an affect upon the growth of the hair; that various musical instruments have a tendency to increase the growth of the hair on the heads of players, while other instruments tend to make the musicians bald, which is held to account for the fact, if it be a fact, that pianists and violinists usually have hair in plenty, while those who play on brass horns are usually deficient in hirsute adornment. The Music Trade Review, commenting on the matter, observes that "music has long been known to have therapeutic qualities and is useful in many nervous diseases, and now it seems it may be useful as a hair tonic."

WARDEN WEYLER of the Maryland Penitentiary has discovered an ingenuous arrangement whereby some of his convicts were able to smoke. Tobacco and matches are forbidden in the institution, but, in spite of that, from time to time certain men have been seen smoking cigarettes. Nothing was said to them, as the officers wished to learn how they got the materials. A close watch, therefore, was kept, and it was discovered that the cigarettes were made of odd scraps of tobacco. Later it was found that the convicts had obtained two pieces of fine copper wire, and with these had made connections with the electric light lines in the prison. A lead pencil, to be used as a carbon, was placed between the ends of the wire and a spark was easily obtained.

THE town of Kilmarnock is coming in for its due share of recognition in the way of diamond jubilee gifts. A few weeks ago one of its natives intimated his willingness to erect and present to the town a handsome building at a cost of more than $40,000, to be used as a public library and museum in place of the present premises of Elmbank. This generous offer was, of course, very cordially accepted, and, with a remarkable degree of appropriateness, it has been followed by the gift from Dr. Hunter-Selkirk, of Braidwood, of his famous antiquarian and geological collection. The Braidwood museum is reputed to be one of the most unique and valuable extant. In the deed of conveyance Dr. Hunter-Selkirk nominates Mr. Robert Dunlop, Airdie, to take general supervision of the removal of the collection to the town. It is believed that the money value of the latter gift is not less than half a million dollars.

SOME time ago Lord Dufferin gave, in the St. James' Gazette, his reasons for disputing the accepted myth about Mrs. Norton selling to the Times the secret that the Peel Cabinet had decided to propose free trade. Mrs. Norton was supposed to have heard it from Sydney Herbert, and to have driven off at night to tell Mr. Delane. In "Diana of the Crossways," Mr. Geo. Meredith has woven the story into fiction, and the myth has become immortal. But history refutes it nevertheless. Lord Aberdeen told the secret to Mr. Delane himself, as Greville states in his "Memoirs," and as Mr. Henry Reeve, Lord Aberdeen's private secretary, and afterwards editor of the Edinburgh Review, has testified. The fact remains, however, that for half a century most people have believed the myth, and therefore we are not surprised that Lord Dufferin again denied it.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth went to St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday, the 24th day of November, 1558, she set Victoria an example for an open air service Tuesday, June 22, 1897. It was very curious that the present Queen has simply followed precedent in her jubilee thanksgiving. A contemporary chronicler writes of the original affair, "Our sovereign lady, Queen Elizabeth, rode with great solemnitie in her open chariot from Somerset House in the Strand to the Cathedral Church of S. Paul in London, where, at the west door, before her Majestie's entrance in, there was provided a rich Chaire of Estate, and the ground being spread likewise with tapits, her Majestie kneeled downe against a deske covered with very princely furniture and said the Lord's Prayer." Subsequently, "With the whole Quire singing before her, she proceeded up the chancell, where, within a travers she rested until the Procession and other divine anthems were sung." Elizabeth waited for Bishop Salisbury to preach the sermon, and, then, with the whole assembly she gave thanks for "that triumphant and ever memorable victory over the Spanish fleet proudly by them called invincible." History repeats itself; "Victoria the Good" and "Good Queen Bess" are as opposite in character as the poles, yet behold how they have acted alike.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

But This Time It Was a God-Send to Mr. John Brown, a G. A. R. Veteran, of 2446 Marshall Street, Philadelphia — Dodged Shot and Shell in the Interest of His Country, Only to Be Attacked by That Insidious Disease, Catarrh — But Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Cured and Permanently, Too —This Is What He Says:—

"By a mere accident, I came across Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. I was a great sufferer from that dread malady—catarrh. Today it gives me unbounded pleasure to state for suffering humanity's sake that this wonderful remedy effected a speedy and permanent cure in my case, and I have been so thankful for it that I am willing to spend the remainder of my days in spreading the good news to my fellow-sufferers."

Animal Curiosities

Remarkable Experience of a Man With Porpoises—Native Swimmers Who Brave Hungry Sharks — A Cat Which Catches Snakes for Playthings — The Generous Horse and His Language.

Chased by Hungry Porpoises.

A Tacoma, Wash., dispatch says: Olie Iverson, who owns a ranch on McNeil's Island, near the United States Penitentiary, had an experience last Thursday he is not likely to forget for many a long day, and, while it was undoubtedly a very serious affair for Iverson, it was an amusing episode to an Olympia excursion party that witnessed it.

The incident occurred to Iverson while he was crossing from the mainland to his island home. When in Tacoma the ranchman had purchased a quarter of a hog, intending to salt it down for future use.

Shortly after he left Steilacoom in his skiff he noticed a large school of porpoises following in his wake, and it never occurred to him that the carcass in the boat had any connection with the school of seapigs following his boat.

When he was about in mid-channel the school, which numbered about 150, began to close in on him, and two of the leaders began to work up alongside of his skiff. By this time the rancher was scared, and he bent all his energies to reach the island shore, but his efforts to pull away from his fishy pursuers proved futile, for he might just as well try to outrow a tornado as to attempt to escape from fleet-tailed seahogs.

As Iverson was nearing the shore, and when almost entirely opposite the United States penitentiary, the two large porpoises that for twenty minutes had been swimming so close to the boat that he had struck them several times with his oars, suddenly shot out of the water into the boat, knocking the rancher overboard with such force as to break one of his ribs and upset the skiff. For a short time the water about his boat had the appearance of a miniature maelstrom as the hungry seahogs fought and quarrelled for the carcass of the land pig.

Iverson swam to his skiff and clung to the gunwale. Will Jenkins, who lives near the Bosworth landing, hearing the racket, and seeing the latter part of the trouble, put off in his boat and rescued him from his extremely perilous position.

Dr. Macklinson, of Steilacoom, was sent for and dressed the man's wounds and prescribed for him. The doctor reports that his patient will be all right in a few days, but his patient says that he will sell his ranch cheap, for, he says, although he has been a meat eater all his life, yet so long as he has to live on the island he will never attempt to take meat over in a row boat. Anyway, he says that he has to take too many chances, or, as he expressed it: "I don't mind being held up on a street car or highway, but I do draw the line at being robbed in broad daylight of my ration of bacon by a measly lot of wild seahogs."

A Cat That Catches Snakes.

The boys that live on the Old Mill road in Great Neck, believe the nervi-est kitten in all Long Island, N. Y., is Smudge, a six-months old black pussy on the Brook farm. Smudge is a snake hunter and catcher besides being a ratter. It began catching snakes a few days ago, and has made a record of three snakes.

The first snake caught by Smudge as a little one of the garter variety. It was picked up on the side of the potato field and taken to the door yard alive and wriggling. The kitten played with the snake for a time, and then the boys killed it. The next day another and a larger snake was found in the cellar of the house. How it got there no one knew, the kitten was also found in the cellar and the outer door ajar. Peeping in the boys of the neighborhood who had been summoned saw the kitten spring from a dark corner upon the snake, and then jump back in a playful manner. After the kitten had made the snake unhappy its wriggling was stopped by a blow with a hoe.

On the day following the kitten caught its third snake in the rye stubble field. It was a garter snake, like the others, and thirty inches long—longer than the kitten from whiskers to the tip of tail. The kitten played with it for an hour, but showed no desire to kill or eat it. The snake was also killed.

Hawaiian Shark Killers.

The natives of Honolulu have small fear of these wolves and tigers of the sea, being more than a match for them if on their guard. When bitten it was attributed to having given offense to the shark god. The oath most feared was that sworn by the Mana, or shark, who never forgave the violator, but slew him the next time he entered the sea. Not long before the discovery of the islands a gay young prince of Maui had his hand bitten off while surf riding and died of the wound. He was said to have broken his oath. The common sharks are of moderate size and easily killed by an active diver who gets under them. They are, however, occasionally met by a larger class of sharks called Nuhi, which were objects of superstitious fear, and became also objects of the hunting prowess of famous chiefs, who baited them with human flesh.

I lately talked with an educated native, a prominent official, who narrated at length his experience when a boy in trapping sharks outside of the reef of Lahaina. His father was the chief operator. He would go out in his canoe with his boy and another man. When over the regular sleeping place of the sharks he would put his ear to the water and listen to their snoring. It seems that when asleep their gills emit the water with a strong vibration. Having located the shark the fisherman dove with a strong cord. Very carefully excavating the sand without disturbing the fish, he quietly passed the cord under the tail and noosed it. Then, rising to the surface, all hands would pull the unhappy shark to the canoe, stern first, and dispatch him. Some of our white friends were at first a little incredulous, but several intelligent natives present emphatically corroborated the truth.—Washington Star.

Generosity of a Horse.

The St. Louis Republic says: The horse is generally rated as one of the most intelligent of animals, and a pretty incident that was witnessed by a number of persons yesterday shows that generosity also enters into his character.

Two fine-looking horses attached to single buggies were hitched at the curb opposite the Chestnut street entrance to the Mechanics' Exchange. They were hitched several feet apart, but the hitching straps allowed them sufficient liberty of movement to get their heads together if they so desired. The owner of one of them had taken the opportunity of a prolonged stop to give the horse a feed of oats, which was placed on the edge of the sidewalk in a bag.

This horse was contentedly munching his oats, when his attention was attracted by the actions of the other horse. The other horse was evidently very hungry. He eyed the plentiful supply of oats wistfully and neighed in an insinuating manner. The horse with the feed pricked up his ears politely and replied with a neigh which must have been in horse language an invitation to the other fellow to help himself. Evidently he accepted it as such, for he moved along in the direction of the bag as far as his hitching strap would permit. But the strap was not long enough, and his hungry mouth fell about a yard short of the bag.

The other horse noticed, and seemed to appreciate this difficulty. Fortunately there was some leeway to his strap. So he moved slowly along the curb, pushing the bag with his nose, until the other horse was able to reach it. Then, after a friendly nose-rub of salutation, the two horses contentedly finished the oats together.

Insanity in Animals.

Insanity in the human subject is supposed by some to have no analogue in the lower animals, says Popular Science News. Yet many causes, according to Dr. Snelison, will lead to the permanent loss of self-control. Cattle driven from the country through a crowded town will often work themselves into a frenzy. Horses have gone mad on the battlefield. At Baiskiava an Arabian horse turned on its attendant as he was drawing water, seized him in his mouth, threw him down, and, kneeling on him, attacked him like an infuriated dog. He bit off another soldier's finger. An instance is related of a docile horse suddenly going mad on a hot day. Everything that came in its way it seized with its teeth and shook as a terrier does a rat. It raided the pigsties and threw the inmates one after another in the air, trampling on the bodies as they fell. Afterwards it almost killed its own master, after maiming for life the farrier who was called in. This must have been a case of insanity, the cause of which is often to be found in congenital malformations of the bones of the head. A scientist of authority even goes so far as to prove by what appears to be incontestable evidence that cats, dogs, and monkeys have been observed to have delusions very similar to those of insane people.

How a Maimed Canary Bird Sleeps.

With one leg hanging broken and helpless from its body and the other grasping firmly the swing of its cage a remarkable canary owned by Mrs. Joseph Printer, of Penn avenue and Thirty-fourth street, continues to swing while it sleeps. High up in its cage it lands on its perch at dusk, and slumbers while it rocks until daylight. It reaches the swing by a studied leap from the bottom of the cage. Confinement has long since removed the energy from its wings.

A clumsy grocer's assistant, led out of curiosity to gape at the bird, jostled its cage from the hook, broke the bird's leg, almost sent its owner, who prized it beyond a money value, into hysterics, and aroused the indignation of a sixteenth ward neighborhood. A physician kindly mended the fracture. He put it into splints, and his order to bring about a cure recommended that all the perches in the cage be removed, so that the canary would be unable to reach the swing until the broken limb took hold again.

The canary fooled the physician, however, and for over a week it has been sleeping on the swing all the time, while nursing a fractured limb. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

Alligator and Its Prey.

The Florida Times-Union says: The big 'gator in the waterworks lake hasn't had a square meal since he killed Lee MacDonell's Irish setter. The fact is, he found dog so succulent, that he now turns up his nose at ordinary beef. The old chap now spends his time scanning the horizon for dogs.

One jumped the fence surrounding the lake yesterday and stood on the shore lapping his fill of water, unsuspicious that danger lurked so near. The blinking eye of the crusty old saurian saw him, however, and saw him quickly. The 'gator sunk so silently that no ripple was disturbed, and made a bee line under the water for the canine; there was the flash of the 'gator's tail, a sheet of foam, a yawning mouth serrated with sharp ivory, but he missed the dog. The water was too shallow for him to draw near enough to deliver the coup de grace, but a worse frightened dog one never saw. He gave a startled yelp, leaped the fence, and crawled shivering from the spot, glancing back now and then with his big, scared eyes to see if that horrible apparition were following.

Just before the 'gator killed Lee MacDonell's dog he secured a victim in the shape of a large brindle cur, and swam around the pool holding him in his jaws for five or six hours, as if to show visitors his prowess. Finally he buried him in the mud, but the carcass, next day, floated to the surface. Fred Ellis sent Cass, one of the workmen, to pull it ashore. He got a boat, and securing the animal, dragged it ashore, and went to notify a cremator cart driver to call for it. By the time the cart got there the alligator had crawled out, got his property, and as he did so on the first day, swam around the pool with it for several hours, finally leaving it afloat.

Cass was sent again to pull the carcass out. He armed himself with a spiked pole, stabbed the dog and drew him in to the bank. The great sluggish 'gator was roused to fury in a moment, and came with a rush through the water for the dog, and there he and Cass had a pitched battle for five minutes, the 'gator finally retreating before the numerous spikings he had received with the staff pole. This time it was seen that he had eaten off the dog's head.

Joe Frazee, called "Alligator Joe," because of his alligator farm and his chase of the reptiles, out of which he makes an excellent living, says that when a 'gator sees its prey upon the bank it sinks, swims to the spot, and then, like a flash, springs into a curve, the tail striking the object and sending it into the mouth, open and expectant, with almost unerring aim.

Canada, My Country.

O, Canada! My country!
I tune my harp to thee!
Awake, my soul! Awake! and bring
Sweet mem'ries round me while I sing,
And let the woodland echoes ring
To footsteps bounding free.
The strings vibrate with dulcet tone
When swept for thee, my loved, mine own.

O, Canada! My country!
How vast is thy domain!
What wealth lies hidden in thy breast,
And 'neath thy mountains' lofty crest,
Thy valleys with what riches blest!
Thy lakes, what wondrous chain!
Thy prairie-lands and forests wild,
Where dwelt the red man—Nature's child.

O, Canada! My country!
How fair thy vernal scene!
When song-birds sing in noisy mirth
And wake the buds and flowers to birth,
When all the robes of mother earth
Are changed from white to green.
The sun's fond rays have kissed the sward,
And blossoms peep with sweet accord.

O, Canada! My country!
What words can paint thy May!
The apple-bloom by breezes fann'd
Have shed their sweetness o'er the land,
Like sheeted ghosts the plum trees stand,
Nor fear the light of day.
The sun rides high in fervid power,
And joy has crowned each shining hour.

O, Canada! My country!
In summer's beauty drest!
The cirrus clouds float overhead,
And sunset skies their luster shed
In brilliant tints of gold and red,
The splendor of the west;
And soft hearts beat to love atune,
When mortals drink the breath of June.

O, Canada! My country!
Thy summer's my delight!
Thy July days are ever warm,
And grand thy lurid thunderstorm;
Thy August with her beauteous form
Arrayed in mantle bright,
Of yellow grain-fields vast as seas,
All waving in the gentle breeze.

O, Canada! My country!
In autumn's glory drest!
What words can paint the landscape, spread
With pink and purple, brown and red,
As though some beauteous oriole shed
Its plumage on thy breast;
Where oft the crimson creeper twines
Among the dark green of thy pines.

O, Canada! My country!
When autumn leaves lie low,
And Indian summer fades away,
November rains no more hold sway,
And winter comes in fierce array
Of wind and sleet and snow;
And binds thee in his icy thrall
Till loosed when springtime raindrops fall.

O, Canada! My country!
My own! My heart's delight!
I love thy spring, when flow'rets blow;
I love thy summer's fervid glow,
Thy autumn glories lying low,
Thy winter cold and bright;
No other land my heart can share,
No other clime with thine compare.

Clara H. Mountcastle.
Clinton, Ont.

A Song of the Farm.

(President Harris, of the Maine State College at Orono, in an address before the state legislature, asked the question: "What are the farms fit for, if not for raising boys?" His words were at first misunderstood, but afterwards applauded.)

A word to the restless people—to the fast and feverish age:
A perfect manhood is better than any wealth or wage.
Some are for gold—some, glitter; but tell me, tell me, when
Will we stand for the farm and the college, that go for the making of men?

Yea, what is the old farm fit for? The word is wisely said;
There may be a stump in the pasture, and the house may be a shed;
But what of a Lincoln or Garfield be here in this boy of ten?
And what should the farm be fit for if not for the raising of men?

'Tis a scanty soil for the seeding, but here we win our bread,
And a stout heart may grow stronger where plow and harrow are sped;
Then break up the bleak, high hillside, and trench the swamp and fen—
For what should the farm be fit for, if not the raising of men?

The crop by the frost is blighted, a niggard the season seems;
Yet the ready hand finds duties, and the heart of youth has dreams.
The bar and the senate, tomorrow; tomorrow the sword or the pen;
For what should the farm be fit for, if not the raising of men?

And what if our lot be humble—if we on the farm abide?
There is room for noble living, and the realm of thought is wide;
A mind enriched is a fortune—and you will know it—when
You see that the farm is fit for the rearing of noble men.

We tread the hills that the Holy, that the Beautiful has trod;
We till the fields of the Infinite, we dress the gardens of God:
The seer, the sage, the poet—they utter the word again,
And ask what the farm is fit for, if not the rearing of men.

Picked Up in Passing.

An impressionist Paris banker, the owner of immense riches, died of grief on hearing that he lost everything in the world except 100,000 francs. His pauper brother, on inheriting that sum from him died of joy.

The Countess de Castellane, nee Anna Gould, of New York, has presented to the city of Paris $200,000 in memory of her mother, for the erection of a suitable building to be used for all kinds of charitable purposes.

A Windsor, England, cabman, who recently died, has bequeathed 50 guineas to a gentleman whom he was frequently in the habit of driving, to show his appreciation of the respect with which he was invariably treated by his fare.

Fair-haired people are becoming less numerous than formerly. The ancient Hebrews were a fair-haired race; now they are, with few exceptions, dark. So it is in a lesser degree with the Irish, among whom 150 years ago a dark-haired person was almost unknown.

Queen Victoria, it is said, is very much grieved that Sunday is now so much less carefully observed than in early Victorian days, and would gladly issue, were she able, a condemnation of Sunday dinner parties, and unsuitable amusements.

A German surgeon is now healing wounded hearts. He is Herr Relin, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and he told the surgical congress of Berlin that when a man stabbed through the heart was brought to his hospital not long ago, he laid bare the organ and checked the hemorrhage by means of a suture. The patient was then exhibited to the congress alive and well. It is the doctor's belief that many cases of a like nature can be successfully coped with.

How to Promote Congregational Singing.

The Musician.

1. The congregation should stand when they sing.
2. They should rise simultaneously and promptly when the organist has reached the beginning of the last line.
3. They should stand in the usual attitude of worship, facing the pulpit.
4. If the help of a choir of singers, well disposed toward congregational singing, can be secured, they may be of great service in leading the congregation. But if the congregation are not led by a choir, they should be led by a precentor.
5. The organ and the choir or precentor should be in front of the congregation, near the pulpit, and on the same level with the pews.
6. Children should be instructed in singing, at home and in the schools, and should be encouraged to sing with the congregation.
7. The greater part of the congregation, male and female, should sing upon the treble of the tunes; it is indispensable that there should be men's voices on this part.
8. Let the hymns and tunes that are used be made familiar by frequent rehearsals, both in public and in families.
9. Use any given hymn always with the same tune.
10. Use a book in which the hymn and tune are upon one page.
11. Let the singing be in steady, uniform time from the beginning to the end of the hymn, without any noticeable acceleration or slackening.
12. Let there be no forced pauses for the observance of punctuation, nor any needless delay at the end of the lines.
13. Let there be no labored effort after "expression," by means of frequent and sudden changes from soft to loud, and the reverse, or by the swelling and tapering of the voice, or by studied accentuation.
14. The connection of the hymn should not be broken by organ interludes, or needless, long pauses.
15. Use tunes that are strictly congregational in their structure. But, until these are learned, it may be advisable to use such choir tunes, judiciously selected, as are already familiar.

HUMPHREYS'
CURES
No. 1 Fever, Congestion
No. 2 Worms.
No. 3 Infants' Diseases.
No. 4 Diarrhea.
No. 7 Coughs & Colds.
No. 9 Headache.
No. 10 Dyspepsia, Indigestion.
No. 11 Delayed Periods.
No. 12 Leuchorrea.
No. 13 Croup.
No. 14 Skin Diseases.
No. 15 Rheumatism.
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