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Fashionable Style.
MADE CLOTHING,
(HOME MADE).
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H. DUNLOP.

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EMPEROR AND PEOPLE.

What Lord Loftus Says of the Nihilists in Russia.

(Interview in N. Y. Herald.)

"Will you be good enough to favor me with your views of the so called Nihilist movement, as it seems to be little understood here?"

"I have known the Imperial family intimately, and I would prefer not to express opinions that might be misunderstood. However, I will say that the so-called Nihilist movement is very much exaggerated. It is certainly misunderstood so far as it regards dynasty. The Nihilist party, if it be permissable to use such a figure of speech, can be almost counted on the fingers of one's hand."

"Is the army loyal?"

"So long as the Emperor can depend on his army he is master of the situation. I doubt if the Guards are in any way tainted with feelings of disloyalty, but the case may be different with the line regiments. Those which have been down in Turkey have had a certain amount of liberty, and they have come back with feelings of discontent."

"Who are the Nihilists?"

"They are but an infinitesimal part of the population. The peasants are not among them. These latter are intensely loyal to the Emperor. The Nihilists are what you may call the *literati*. They are the writers, students and other classes possessed of a fair degree of education. These people are opposed to the present system of government. There are also a great many persons of all the other classes who are dissatisfied with the present system of bribery and corruption which exists in the Government. While these persons are not Nihilists they would not be sorry if Nihilism would bring about a change of system. The importance attached to the Nihilists as a party is very much exaggerated. What gives rise to the party at all is the system of corruption and peculation that exists in all the branches of the Government, including the army. The Nihilists are audacious. They are vindictive, and will stop at nothing, not even assassination. There is a double engine moving—first, that of terrorism; second, that of retribution.

"Some people talk of insurrection. But that is impossible so long as the army remains loyal. The Nihilists exercise a system of terrorism, and in that very fact they show their weakness. They hold to Russian affairs about the same attitude that the communists held to the French Empire. If they were greater in numbers they would doubtless not and make a demonstration of strength. Not doing so, but exercising a system of terrorism instead, is a palpable exhibition of weakness. Their purpose, on opportunity, is secret assassination."

THE EMPEROR'S FEAR.

"When I was at Odessa," interposed Lord Loftus' eldest son at this point, "the troops were fairly compelled to barricade themselves to save the Emperor from the rage of the excited populace. I was looking out of a window at the Emperor as he passed. He was as pale as a sheet and trembled perceptibly."

"And I," speculated the younger son "saw pretty much the same condition of affairs at Moscow."

"And this is the same Emperor," said Lord Augustus, resuming the thread of his interrupted conversation, in a musing manner, "whom I have often seen pass my house in St. Petersburg unattended and followed only by his carriage. Now it is as much as his life is worth to go abroad. Personally the Emperor is kind hearted. He is, however, under warm impulses and very frequently under bad advisement. If the Emperor was to give the people a limited representation in the Government, so far as the disbursement of its finances is concerned, for instance, it would keep social disturbances in abeyance, as it were. I understand that the Emperor approves of such a policy, but the Court fear to bring it forward at present, for fear of its being accepted as a confession of weakness."

"Can you foresee an early end of the trouble?"

"No. For every execution that takes place there is an assertion of the spirit of vengeance and retribution. Therefore it is impossible for any one to foresee the end of the trouble. Russia is now in a state of siege. There is an absence of temporized justice. Trials by court martial are the rule. Hundreds of persons are sent to Siberia by what is called the *police administratif*, a sort of irresponsible tribunal. It is a name that is used for a shield. Banishing these people in this way is much like suspending the operations of the writ of *habeas corpus*. It is such things as these which increase the feeling of discontent.

A SCANDAL.

A Young Girl Swindled and Betrayed—Despicable Conduct of a Married Man—He is Arrested on a Charge of Larceny.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.—One of the worst scandals ever exposed in this city has just come to light in the Police Court by the preliminary examination of Wm. C. Brennan, a prominent boot and shoe dealer, on the charge of stealing wearing apparel valued at $100, belonging to a young woman named Emma Porter, of Kentville. The evidence so far shows that Brennan induced Miss Porter to come to this city, and when some time afterwards she learned that he was a married man and had a family, he told her that he had good grounds for getting a divorce from his wife, that he would do so and would marry her. He supplied her with clothes and money and paid her the greatest attentions, gave her a gold watch and chain, a diamond ring and numerous other articles. Some three weeks before his failure in November he entrusted her with his watch and chain and a box which he said contained between $3,000 and $4,000. He said he would convert everything he could into cash and go to Boston, marry her and settle down. She packed her clothes and left them with him to express with his. They went to Boston under assumed names, but after being there a few days he ran away and left her. She followed him to Halifax and insisted on getting her clothes. He agreed to have them expressed to her at Boston. The trucks were delivered to the International Express Company, but after she had left he got the trunk back from the express files and substituted a trunk containing bricks, bottles and empty paper shoe boxes. On receipt of this she again came back to Halifax and had him arrested. He was liberated on bail and he has tried to compromise the matter, but failing in this threatened to murder her. Brennan's conduct has produced an intense feeling against him.

The London *World* says: "Imperialism has just received a severe check in Canada, and the colonists are beginning to indulge in the heretical belief that a Marquis, albeit a Viceroy, is after all only a man. This calamity befel at a cricket match just played at Ottawa between the local elite and a parliamentary team. The Marquis played for Ottawa. In the first inning he made a duck's egg, his balls flying at the second ball. In the second he was out for three runs. In the present critical relations between the colony and the Crown this is a most unfortunate circumstance. I think Lord Dufferin would have carried out his bat.

Yesterday morning there visited the office of the Clerk of the Crown at Montreal four pensioners who had served in the war of 1812. There were Angus Brodeur, who will be a hundred years old if he lives a few months longer; Bte. Richard, aged 88 years; Antoine Jaragon, 88, and Louis Jouret, 83. They all walked to the Courthouse to draw their pensions, $20 each.

AN EYE TO BOTH WORLDS.—An enterprising sewing machine maker in Chicago recently placed a number of fans in the pews of a church just before the service commenced. When the fans were opened, it was seen that the interior of each was adorned with an advertisement of the sewing machine manufacturer's business.

A LITTLE MIXED.—A widow in one of the Western States of America, intending to succeed her husband in the management of an hotel, advertised that "the hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

The Spanish Government has ordered the prosecution of energetic measures to obtain satisfaction from San Domingo for the outrage to the Spanish flag, in the arrest last winter and subsequent surrender of two insurgent Generals who had taken refuge on a Spanish vessel in Puerto Platte.

Philip Sones, of Scranton, Pa., temporarily insane, yesterday afternoon cut his throat with a razor. His then rushed into an adjoining room and attempted to seize one of his children, it is supposed with the intention of killing it but just as he reached the child he fell dead.

The wooden in the railway suspension bridge across Niagara River is to be replaced, with the exception of the flooring and the railway ties, by steel, at a cost of $60,000. The change will lessen the weight of the bridge by some 200 tons.

The cure for Russian Nihilism—Annihilation.

"Cleaveth to the Dust."

BY CANON BELL, D.D.

"My soul cleaveth to the dust; quicken thou me according to thy word."

My soul fast cleaveth to the dust;
My heart within is dead and cold;
I'm blown about by every gust,
No certain anchorage I hold.
I fain would lift mine eyes on high,
But, all unpraised, they cannot see
I feel like one about to die—
Have mercy, Jesu, quicken me!

My life is like the untilled land,
On which no flower or fruitage grows;
'Tis like a waste of arid sand,
A wintry landscape clothed with snows.
All empty are the vanished years;
Shall like the past the future be?
'Gainst this I plead with prayers and tears;
Have mercy, Jesu, quicken me!

My life is like to plants that creep,
Plants that droop and touch the ground;
And I sow, no harvest reap,
A barren as the months go round.
Upon me, then, and plant again;
I would be fruitful unto thee;
Prune, cleanse me, Lord; I'll scorn the pain
Have mercy, Jesu, quicken me!

—*Sunday Magazine.*

THE CHURCH.

The American Wesleyans will hold their quadrennial General Conference in October, at Pittsford, Mich.

The China Inland Mission has now stations in eight provinces of the empire and in Bhamo, Burmah, as a basis for working in the Yunnan province.

At Eversley, near London, where Charles Kingsley labored so long and well, a chapel for Methodist worship has recently been opened.

Under the Ohio Sunday law, ferrymen, emigrants, toll-gate keepers, Seventh-Day Baptists and Jews are exempted from the observance of the Christian Sabbath.

Arthur North, the foreman of a gang of section hands on a railroad in Michigan, and who formerly travelled with a circus, was recently converted, and now nearly every Sunday he finds an audience somewhere along the railroad and preaches the Gospel as he has learned to know it.

A society for the Promotion of Scriptural Instruction among the Irish speaking population of Ireland had an income last year of $26,140. At its recent annual meeting, the Chairman, Lord Plunkett, Bishop of Meath, said there were still 800,000 persons in the country who spoke Irish, and 168,000 who could not speak English.

The New Orleans *Christian Advocate* notices the great success which the Methodist Episcopal Church has had among people of color in the Southern States since the war. More than 200,000 have been gathered into the communion, and more than 1,000 churches have been built. Upwards of 3,000 colored young men and women are in the schools of the Freedmen's Aid Society.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has suffered a decrease of $15,000 in its gross income from that of last year. It has employed during the past year 567 missionaries in its various fields of labor in Asia, Africa, Australia and the Pacific, America and the West Indies and Europe, with about 1,200 catechists and lay teachers, mostly natives in heathen countries, and has about 250 students in colleges abroad.

The Scottish Reformation Society thinks that the outlook in Scotland is very dark. In its annual report it says: "It shall be written for the generations to come that one of the darkest years which Scotland has ever passed through has been the year when her reformation from Popery was formally reversed by the re-establishment of the old Popish hierarchy in her land."

Protestant Churches continue to make headway among the Mormons of Utah. The Presbytery of Utah now has ten ministers, against two less than four years ago, and 800 churches, and in its Sunday Schools 900 scholars. The ministers say they could use old religious papers and pamphlets to good advantage. They could be sent to the Rev. J. S. McMillan, Manti, Utah.

In the Russian Church there are no less than 100,000 persons in holy orders, and, as might be expected, very many of them are in a condition of beggary. The receipts of the Synod are about 26,000,000 roubles a year, of which 10,000,000 roubles come from the State; but a little of the large amount goes to the rural clergy. In the way of church accommodation, there are 420 cathedrals, 33,302 churches, and 12,408 chapels.

There are 305 Protestant missionaries in China at the present time. The whole number of Protestant converts in China is 13,035. The Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson says of them: "I have never met in any Christian lands Christian men and women of a higher type than some I met in China. I have never met in any land Christian men and women of higher spiritual experience or tone of life."

The religious statistics of the Australian Colony of Victoria show that the Wesleyan Methodists lead all the other Churches in the items of the number of churches, church accommodation, average attendance and Sunday School scholars, while they exceed by the Presbyterians and the Church of England in the number of registered clergymen. They also lead in the increase of church attendants from 1876 to 1877, while the number attending Roman Catholic services decreased 3,702.

The *Illustrated Christian Weekly* relates an interesting incident. It says: "Prince Galizin, a young Russian nobleman, converted by a Bible given him at the Paris Exhibition, proposes to build thirty Bible kiosks and fit up seven Bible carriages. He intends to travel for seven months in Russia with Mr. Clough, of Paris, whom he has engaged to have charge of these carriages, saying, 'Since Christ has laid down His precious life for me, I will give my whole life and time and fortune to His service.'"

The Bishop of Manchester seems to have some sympathizers in respect of the abuse. The Church of England, in Cardiff, seems to have begun in earnest to patronize the drama. The Vicar of St. John lately had a "benefit" for the religious wants of Cathays. Has not the theatre been tried for two thousand years and condemned for its associations and its immoral tendencies by the best and wisest of men? Theatre-going and spiritual religion cannot co-exist, and I deeply deplore the tendency which I observe. Is there not godliness enough in Cardiff to make the Vicar of St. John's ashamed?

The Methodist Free Church missions report a small increase of funds, and an increase of 237 members on the foreign stations, making the whole number of members 7,100, or one-tenth of the entire denomination. The total receipts were $89,300. The missions are, in Australia, 1,092 members; China, 143 members; East Africa, 24 members; Jamaica, 2,389 members; New Zealand, 655 members; West Africa, 2,807 members. The Rev. Thos. Wakefield, of East Africa, was at the anniversary, and told of the three languages—Kishawahili, Kingika and Galla—of the people with whom he labored, and how parts of the Scriptures and other works had been published in each of them, most of which were printed at the station, and that "the people were intelligently reading, in their own tongues, the wonderful works of God."

The English Wesleyan papers say that "recent advices from the Rev. Matthew Godman, of Sierra Leone, speak of a journey undertaken by himself and one of his colleagues seventy miles into the interior. They report that they penetrated beyond the swamps and found a healthier climate. They report themselves also to have discovered an unsuspected, if rather rude, civilization, for they found a people who understand how to smelt iron, which they manufacture into spear-heads and other weapons and implements. The people are said to be comparatively few, inoffensive, with no particular ideas about religion, but quite willing to receive Christian teachers. Mr. Godman preached several times, and at almost every service the head man of the tribe was present."

Mrs. James McDougal committed suicide by shooting herself at Little Saskatchewan on Wednesday last, while *en route* with her husband to her new home. The rash act was committed in the morning while her husband was outside washing himself. She was twenty years of age, and had been only married a month. An inquest was held and a verdict of temporary insanity returned. It is believed to have been the result of home sickness.

GARRISON'S RIDE FOR LIFE.

His Escape on the Night of the Pennsylvania Hall Riot in Philadelphia in 1838.

Perhaps the most exciting experience Mr. Garrison ever had in this city was that attendant to his escape on the night of the Pennsylvania Hall riot. Shortly before that time the Legislature of the State of Georgia had enacted a law authorizing the payment of $5,000 for the head of Mr. Garrison, the object being understood to be to incite some one to take his life. By the way, it may be mentioned that the law is still on the statute book of the State, and never has been repealed. Whether any sordid feelings animated the riot or not it is impossible, of course, to say, but there is scarcely any doubt that some of the people engaged in it had that $5,000 in their mind, and there is no doubt whatever that Mr. Garrison was the principal object of the attack.

Fortunately he was not recognized at the hall. He stood face to face with a man who breathed threats and profanity against the abolitionists, railled at him, and called him a foolish enthusiast. Had there been an identification Mr. Garrison would have swung from a lamp post as certain as fate. His friends were much frightened for his safety, and under the guidance of a little negro boy he was led by back streets and obscure alleys to Twelfth and Race, and subsequently by Broad to Lombard and thence to Forten's house. When once he was in, the street was guarded in different directions, in order that if the mob got on the trail he could escape. Then preparations were made for a hasty midnight ride. Railroads were not of those days, and stage coaches were used for travelling. But stages were not for Mr. Garrison. He was a marked man. Everybody's hand seemed to be against him, even as he was against slavery. He dare not travel by stage for it would have been putting his life in the hands of people who wanted it very much, indeed. Hastily James Forten ordered his horse hitched up, and calling to him his son, Robert Forten, and Robert Purvis, who afterward became his son-in-law, he said, "You have four hours to drive Mr. Garrison to Trenton. Start at once." It was in vain that the great abolitionist protested that he would not steal away like a thief. His friends had measured the depth of the hatred that was entertained for him, and knew better than he that the danger was imminent. It was only by threats that he was finally induced to step into the carriage. Robert Forten seized the reins, a hasty "God bless you, good-by," and the carriage disappeared around the corner, turning northward. Ten minutes later Mr. Garrison, leaning out to look at a crowd on the corner, heard a man abusing him with oaths and appellatives the reverse of complimentary. He leaned out further and called the man to him. "Do you know Mr. Garrison?" he asked. "No I never saw the ——." "Well," said the abolitionist, courting danger by making himself prominent on the street, "are you not ashamed to abuse so much an honest man you don't know?"

The carriage drove on. Mr. Garrison looked at the faces of all his colored escort, and broke out in loud laughter. They were so much affected that the pallor of fear gave way to the blushes of shame. Twenty years ago the incident would have cost a duel, but the law of honor was not the law of God, and Mr. Garrison was a Christian. Before they left the city Mr. Forten called Robert aside and admonished him to push on for dear life and reach Trenton as early as possible. The lad obeyed the instructions to the letter. They heard the midnight bell striking as they dashed through Bristol, leaving behind them the echoes of the horse's hoofs and the rolling of the carriage wheels. The night coach to New York was caught up with and passed so fast that the guard is understood to have always afterward believed in ghosts. The clock struck one as the editor of the *Liberator* set his foot on Jersey soil, in the streets of Trenton—the sturdy little horse had made the distance, 30 miles, and drawn three persons in three hours. It was not until the next day that the howling mob found it had been cheated of its prey, and they took characteristic revenge, making the negroes the object of their wrath.—*Philadelphia Times.*

CORPUS CHRISTI.

An Unfortunate Collision Between Catholics and Protestants.

MONTREAL, Quebec.—An unfortunate occurrence on Corpus Christi Day took place in St. Louis de Lonsequa, on the occasion of the last celebration of the day, last Sunday. It appears that the English-speaking farmers in the fourth range of that parish were driving to the Canada Presbyterian Church, when several of their teams were stopped *en route*, before arriving at a cross road along which the procession had passed, by over a hundred men, apparently deputed by the processionists to stop them. As they felt they had been delayed so long that they would be late for church, they started to drive on as soon as the procession had gone by, when two or three men seized each a horse by the head, and Mr. Hugh Symons, an old man of seventy years of age, who came out of his buggy and asserted his right to proceed, was struck in the mouth by one, and then on the brow by another of the bigoted fellows who opposed his course. The blood flowed freely from the old gentleman's mouth after the assault. Mr. John Hunter's horse was seized in a similar manner, and his mother and little girl were nearly thrown out of the carriage by the plunging of the terrified animal. Mr. Hunter got them out, and then used his whip freely on those who had seized his horse until he got control of it again. A rumor is being circulated that Mr. Hunter displayed a revolver, but this is denied. Mr. Symon's horse they took out of the shafts altogether. That gentleman is in the city to-day with the object of taking proceedings against those who assaulted him. The affair has excited much feeling.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Information wanted of that distinguished "Professaw" Fanning, of court etiquette notoriety, teacher of dancing to Their Royal Highnesses Lord and the Countess of Dufferin, the Marquis of Hartington, etc., etc., and author of that little volume on "Etiquette," so much admired by the London *Advertiser* man, and by the young man of the Toronto *Telegram*. The aforesaid Professor seems to have "glided" out of public notice—no doubt according to the aforesaid rules of etiquette—and his numerous friends in town desirous of knowing of his whereabouts. Aware of the fact that the "Professaw" is in the habit of visiting his many distinguished and titled friends across the ocean when not in attendance on the court at Ottawa, his numerous admirers in this town sincerely hops that he has not been "rocked away" in the "cradle of the deep," more particularly as he has failed to carry out certain engagements entered into here last winter, and for which he insisted—according to the rules of etiquette, no doubt—on being paid in advance. For these and sundry reasons, any one giving "such information as will lead to his recovery will be suitably rewarded," etc.—*Galt Reformer.*

VENNOR AGAIN.—Vennor's predictions, so far as the early part of June is concerned, have certainly been pretty generally correct. Here is the latest: "Judging from the movements of the spring birds, I feel certain we are going to experience a wet summer, with frequent cold relapses and severe frosts; the same conditions extend through a large portion, also, of the United States. The winter of 1879 80 will be again severe, with heavy snow falls."

The cost of many British railways, with their extensive equipment, reaches sums that seem enormous. Thus we find that the total capital account of the Midland Railway, June 30, 1878, was £83,118,708. This on the then mileage of 1,091 miles, means no less than £57,854, or $299,270—nearly three hundred thousand dollars—per mile.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Municipality, attention was called to a Catholic edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," copies of which had been distributed as prizes even in a secular school, containing notes, according to which slavery is not contrary to natural order, and some laborers would be happier if slaves. Protestants are also violently denounced.

At a recent drawing-room in London Mrs. Hector Vandelear wore a dress entirely trimmed with large sunflowers.

The Mowing.

The clock has struck six,
And the morning is fair,
While the east in red splendor is glowing;
There's a dew on the grass, and a song in the air—
Let us up and be off to the mowing.

Wouldst know why I wait
Ere the sunlight has crept
O'er the fields where the daisies are growing?
Why all night I have wept
Tears of grief—yes, my pillow, her sleep?
'Tis to-day is the day of the mowing.

This day and this hour
Maud has promised to tell
What the blush on her cheek was half showing
If she would love me, I know full well
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Maud's mother has said,
And I'll never deny,
That a girl's heart there can be no knowing.
Oh, I care not to live, and I rather would die,
If Maud does not come to the mowing.

What is it I see?
'Tis a sheen of brown hair
In the lane where the poppies are blowing.
Thank God! it is Maud, she is waiting me there,
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Six years have passed by,
And I feel, I declare
That I scarcely have motioned their going;
Several times my wife, with her sheen of brown hair,
And we had a good time at the mowing.

Harper's Magazine.

IN A LEATHER BAG.

"I will not wait another day," said Miss Norfolk-Stanley, a stout, middle-aged lady, with a rubicund countenance, a juvenile straw hat perched on the bridge of her nose, and many onyx beads wound about her throat.

"Know wou," responded her little dog Bijou. Nephew Dick, presumptive heir of the lady, had failed to meet her at Turin, as agreed, and she had been forced to wait twenty-four hours, without result. Bijou was deeply incensed, as became a British spinster with a neat property in Derbyshire, and funds in Turkish and Indian loans.

The bag was produced by the maid. It was a large bag of black leather. Bijou eyed it apprehensively, yet with resignation. The tiny terrier, with eyes like shining beads, an inquisitive nose, and black body, with a patch of soft velvet brown on his breast and paws, jumped then he that the danger was imminent. It was only by threats that he was finally induced to step into the carriage. Robert Forten seized the reins, a hasty "God bless you, good-by," and the carriage disappeared around the corner, turning northward. Ten minutes later Mr. Garrison, leaning out to look at a crowd on the corner, heard a man abusing him with oaths and appellatives the reverse of complimentary. He leaned out further and called the man to him. "Do you know Mr. Garrison?" he asked. "No I never saw the ——." "Well," said the abolitionist, courting danger by making himself prominent on the street, "are you not ashamed to abuse so much an honest man you don't know?"

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MONTREAL, Quebec.—An unfortunate occurrence on Corpus Christi Day took place in St. Louis de Lonsequa, on the occasion of the last celebration of the day, last Sunday. It appears that the English-speaking farmers in the fourth range of that parish were driving to the Canada Presbyterian Church, when several of their teams were stopped *en route*, before arriving at a cross road along which the procession had passed, by over a hundred men, apparently deputed by the processionists to stop them. As they felt they had been delayed so long that they would be late for church, they started to drive on as soon as the procession had gone by, when two or three men seized each a horse by the head, and Mr. Hugh Symons, an old man of seventy years of age, who came out of his buggy and asserted his right to proceed, was struck in the mouth by one, and then on the brow by another of the bigoted fellows who opposed his course. The blood flowed freely from the old gentleman's mouth after the assault. Mr. John Hunter's horse was seized in a similar manner, and his mother and little girl were nearly thrown out of the carriage by the plunging of the terrified animal. Mr. Hunter got them out, and then used his whip freely on those who had seized his horse until he got control of it again. A rumor is being circulated that Mr. Hunter displayed a revolver, but this is denied. Mr. Symon's horse they took out of the shafts altogether. That gentleman is in the city to-day with the object of taking proceedings against those who assaulted him. The affair has excited much feeling.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Information wanted of that distinguished "Professaw" Fanning, of court etiquette notoriety, teacher of dancing to Their Royal Highnesses Lord and the Countess of Dufferin, the Marquis of Hartington, etc., etc., and author of that little volume on "Etiquette," so much admired by the London *Advertiser* man, and by the young man of the Toronto *Telegram*. The aforesaid Professor seems to have "glided" out of public notice—no doubt according to the aforesaid rules of etiquette—and his numerous friends in town desirous of knowing of his whereabouts. Aware of the fact that the "Professaw" is in the habit of visiting his many distinguished and titled friends across the ocean when not in attendance on the court at Ottawa, his numerous admirers in this town sincerely hops that he has not been "rocked away" in the "cradle of the deep," more particularly as he has failed to carry out certain engagements entered into here last winter, and for which he insisted—according to the rules of etiquette, no doubt—on being paid in advance. For these and sundry reasons, any one giving "such information as will lead to his recovery will be suitably rewarded," etc.—*Galt Reformer.*

VENNOR AGAIN.—Vennor's predictions, so far as the early part of June is concerned, have certainly been pretty generally correct. Here is the latest: "Judging from the movements of the spring birds, I feel certain we are going to experience a wet summer, with frequent cold relapses and severe frosts; the same conditions extend through a large portion, also, of the United States. The winter of 1879 80 will be again severe, with heavy snow falls."

The cost of many British railways, with their extensive equipment, reaches sums that seem enormous. Thus we find that the total capital account of the Midland Railway, June 30, 1878, was £83,118,708. This on the then mileage of 1,091 miles, means no less than £57,854, or $299,270—nearly three hundred thousand dollars—per mile.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Municipality, attention was called to a Catholic edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," copies of which had been distributed as prizes even in a secular school, containing notes, according to which slavery is not contrary to natural order, and some laborers would be happier if slaves. Protestants are also violently denounced.

At a recent drawing-room in London Mrs. Hector Vandelear wore a dress entirely trimmed with large sunflowers.

on his hind legs with great apparent enjoyment, ate a biscuit, and was refreshed with water from the cup of his own tiny travelling flask.

The train wended its way towards the Alps; one by one snow peaks detached themselves from the mountain rampart dividing France and Italy and stood out boldly against the blue sky; the atmosphere grew keen. Down in the valleys weather-beaten little hamlets were huddled together in a cluster of steep roofs; the river foamed in silvery ripples; the peasants worked in the blooming fields. Within the railway carriage Miss Norfolk-Stanley indulged in her own meditations and Bijou capered about at pleasure. The lady made her plans with slightly-compressed lips. She would go to Paris and thence to London. Nephew Dick might well look to himself!

The train paused. Hi, Bijou! Miss Norfolk-Stanley had scarcely time to restore her pet to the bag pocket when the opposite door flew open and the surly guard thrust in his head. Her heart failed her. If the surly guard had seen Bijou, he had the right to carry the dog off in triumph to the baggage van and impose on herself the ignominy of a fine. Instead, he explained that two ladies must be admitted, as the cigar smoke of their carriage made them ill. Again that long, yellow hand groped upward for the door handle, and the two women in cloaks invaded Miss Norfolk Stanley's territory. She resigned herself with a sigh, to the inevitable. After all, these ladies were only a trifle peculiar and foreign-looking, mere harmless fellow-creatures, and Bijou had already enjoyed two hours of freedom. Miss Norfolk-Stanley's first impulse was to throw herself on their mercy to the extent of releasing her dog. In travel she had never yet encountered another woman who did not assist in smuggling Bijou with the delight in contraband warfare of any kind peculiar to the sex. A second glance at those veiled and muffled figures deterred her. The strangers, with a murmured apology in French for the intrusion, sank into their places at the other extremity of the carriage, and remained as silent as statues. They carried no bags or parcels of any kind. The yellow hand produced a smelling-bottle of cut steel, and a pungent odor diffused itself gradually, as the windows were closed to exclude the smoke.

Now the tunnels were gained which form the threshold of Mont Cenis on the Italian side, and which are immeasurably more black and oppressive.

A rush of steam, a shriek of the locomotive, and the train was engulfed in the first of the three long tunnels. The gas burned in a tiny star in the roof of the carriage. Horrible darkness and dense smoke, like an opaque wall against the window sash! Bijou's mistress unfastened her collar and seized her fan. At the other end of the carriage the yellow hand was deftly opening the owner's cloak, while a pair of glittering eyes were turned on the unconscious Miss Norfolk-Stanley from the folds of the veil. The smelling-bottle of cut-steel had vanished.

A rush of steam, a shriek of the locomotive, and the train plunged into the second tunnel. Behold the companion of the traveller with yellow hands quietly unfastening her cloak, and producing her smelling-bottle, this one a slender vial of colorless glass, which she retained between her fingers instead of using.

A rush of steam, a shriek of the locomotive and the train passed into the third tunnel. Silence reigned in the ladies' carriage.

After this there was a pause, and Miss Norfolk-Stanley opened her window to inhale the pure mountain air, while each link of the train was heard before the trial of the great tunnel. Then Mont Cenis opened that great mouth, and received the human freight, the feeble atoms of an hour, into its rocky heart. Thirty minutes! Miss Norfolk-Stanley opened her watch. Much may happen in thirty minutes. She had turned to the window, which had been again closed, when her head was seized, a nervous hand was pressed over her mouth, she was forced to inhale chloroform, and a heavy cloak enveloped her, effectually stifling the faint cry, scarcely more than a sigh, which escaped her. The victim speedily lost consciousness, and the leather bag rolled from her lap to the floor.

Bijou fell on his head. Astonished at such treatment, he crept out of his pocket—of which that strap had not been refastened—when the surly guard brought the other occupants of the carriage so unexpectedly—and hid beneath the folds of his mistress' dress. Mark the wisdom of this little dog, and explain it by any the most exalted reason, actual presence of mind, if you can. He was afraid, and concealed himself, trembling in every limb. He knew something dreadful had happened.

The two women, divested of their cloaks, stood over Miss Norfolk Stanley. Much can be done in thirty minutes of outer darkness, lost in the heart of Mont Cenis.

"Do not kill her. Discovery would be awkward," whispered the elder, a keen yellow face appearing out of the veil which had previously concealed it.

Her accomplice removed the bottle from the nostrils of Miss Norfolk-Stanley and lifted the cloak from her face. The latter did not move. Then the yellow claws took the watch and chain rings, probed every pocket, nimbly sifted the contents of the rack above for valuables and raised the leather bag, Bijou's house, in hopes of its containing a jewel box.

"Now open the other window. The carriage must not smell of chloroform when we reach Modane. I will give her another dose before throwing away the bottle."

"It was such a rare chance! Only if we should be detected at the frontier!" murmured the younger woman.

"Attend, ma chere; I have planned all," retorted the elder, with an evil smile. "She will recover, be stupid when we arrive at the French custom house, and wait for her maid. Roll together the cloaks and veils in this canvas cover; our dresses and hats have not been seen on the train. When we descend I join Adolphe and lean on his arm; you go with the boys, and speak German. We no longer know each other. You take the second train and join Adolphe at Modane. There is plenty of time. Here, put back her purse, containing a little silver."

Daylight at last! Bijou thrust out his nose from the edge of his mistress' robe. The light re-assured him. Such a volley of sharp, piercing barks became audible in the ladies' carriage as could only emanate from the throat of an irate terrier. The two women were confused. At first they supposed the dog was barking in an adjacent carriage. How could a living creature of any sort be concealed in their own, when every article of Miss Norfolk-Stanley's had been searched? Bijou barked with frantic zeal, and sprang toward the open window, redoubling his clamor. Then the older woman saw him, darted forward and seized him. The terrible yellow hand closed about Bijou's neck; she lifted and prepared to fling him out of the window. Bijou's silky body landed on the ledge of the sash just as the surly guard appeared, who was walking about the outer railing or platform, in response to that shrill volley of barks. What! a dog in the ladies' carriage, after all? Ahs! one must see about it! The surly guard caught Bijou in his hands. Heads appeared at the neighboring windows. The poor little beast whimpered, licked the guard's face in a propitiatory manner, and looked at him with the most agonized canine intelligence.

A dog in the ladies' carriage! Moreover, flung out of the window by a vengeful hand! One glance from his point of vantage of the step revealed the truth to the surly guard. Miss Norfolk-Stanley reposed in her corner in rigid insensibility, the cloak still about her; bags and cases were scattered on the floor; a faint scent of chloroform lingered. A very well arranged plan, hinging on the train's not pausing again until Modane was reached, when all traces of disorder would have been removed, but for frustration by a vigilant little dog, so tiny as to be stowed away in the pockets of a leather bag.

A group of those highly ornamental gens-d'armes in cocked hats and brilliant uniforms who pose so gracefully at French and Italian railway stations were given employment in arresting the thieves. Miss Norfolk-Stanley came to a condition of confused consciousness and was removed to a hotel under the guidance of her frightened maid. The surly guard actually kept Bijou in his arms, and caressed the little dog, instead of demanding his ticket.

Next evening Nephew Dick appeared at Modane in response to the maid's telegram sent back to Turin. He had been delayed by reason of a robbery, in which he had lost both watch and pocket-book, on a night journey between Rome and Florence. He was disposed to suspect two gentlemen who had stayed in the same hotel at Rome.

In the year 1876 a band of thieves waged war on the continent, their connection extending from Stockholm to Naples. They appeared as ladies and gentlemen at leading hotels, and pursued their vocations in different branches of the profession. Doubtless Miss Norfolk-Stanley and Nephew Dick were both their victims. The latter was speedily reinstated in his aunt's favor by his ability displayed during the trial and conviction of the miserable women.

Bijou has gone into honorable retirement in the country. His prejudices are respected. If he sees a railway and a moving train, he howls and runs away, in remembrance of the awful day when a cruel yellow hand seized and hurled him from the window as the ladies' carriage emerged from the Mont Cenis tunnel.

AN AFGHAN PENTHESILEA.

A District Ruled by an Amazon Queen, who Killed her Cowardly Husband.

London Globe.)

Dr. Leitner, the eminent linguist and philologist, has just communicated to the *Civil and Military Gazette* of India a translation of a narrative of travel given to him by a native of Kafiristan. This man was a body servant of the late Ameer for many years, including the time when Sher Ali had yet to win the throne of Afghanistan, and it was during the eventful period that the Kafir came across a modern edition of Queen Penthesilea. Having been ordered by his master to fetch a supply of dates from Bagi, a town some sixteen miles distant from Herat, the messenger came across a district ruled over by a woman, whose name was never allowed to be mentioned. Curiosity prompted the inquisitive stood. The Kafir was at first in consequence of his claimed direct descent from the hero Rustam, nor did she show much degeneracy from her reputed ancestry. For on one occasion Gen. Feramorz Khan, himself a Kafir and the uncle of Dr. Leitner's informant, paid her a visit, with the view of impressing camels for the service of Shere Ali. Jumping on her horse and carrying a trusty spear in her hand, the Amazon queen rode out to meet the general, whom she informed that she was ready to fight over the whole of his master's forces, or the Ameer himself in single combat should he prefer that alternative. Feramorz Khan was so scared by her warlike demeanor that he took himself off without seizing a single camel, and the plucky queen was left untroubled for the future. Perhaps it was just as lucky for Sher Ali that he did not accept the challenge to personal combat, for the dauntless lady was no mean proficient in warlike arts, being accustomed to take a prominent part at tent pegging and polo among the nobles of her land. When the Kafir was staying at her fort she was a widow, having put her husband to death by reason of his being deficient in physical courage. It was understood, however, that she would be quite willing to change her condition, and several of the neighboring chiefs had made her offers of marriage. But, to one and all,