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THE CAXIWAXIAN LOVER'S LAMENT.

The following beautiful poem is freely translated from the Caxiwaxian tongue; it shows, better than any essay can do, how far superior those rude people are to us in their appreciation, at once instinctive and spontaneous, of the superiority of the universality of sounds to the artificiality of sense. This poem combines the sweetness of Timothy Titcomb with the onomatopoean music of Owen Meredith. Let the sensitive reader remark the deep inscrutable meaning of such tone-words as Pazink:

Farewell, my lost love, no more shall we rove,
I am gone to Cassanca to die;
In the depths of the Purgam-Pernango Grove,
With the sladulous slitweeds I lie.

No more will I gaze on the Slan-Ira-Gund,
As it wails in the Chorchirum Green,
Or hear the sweet sounds of the Illustriund,
As it bathes in the blue Kerosene.

The gradulous crumpit has tuned its throat,
And the gripsack has warbled aloud,
But the love has gone out of their cocalum note
As they've lost all their polychrome proud.

The bliffstick is sad on the Hijli-Calew,
Where the poppynax waves in the breeze,
And the boxneck refuses to blow his bazoo
In the shades of the Snickeroo Sneeze.

O I think of the days with my own Davy dove,
And I think and I think and I think,
When they brought us those hours of canoodleum love,
And our hearts were brimful of pizink.

I fling myself down on a baraboo branch,
With the to-tle-tum deep in my heart,
And I see the red rays of my rigadoon rancho,
Where the pixwax and pollycum part.

O muddy-cum-dingus and silos and blear,
O boo hoo and wind-icum sigh,
I wet all your alpacca boughs with a tear,
As I crawl in my gig-rot to die.

Farewell to the coogam, I come, Clithereen,
The colos is waxin amain,
There's a snoot in the snorkey that soddens the green,
I am free from the pizzalum pain.

WORLD WIDE NEWS.

—The silver vase presented to Henry Clay by Whigs is offered for sale in Boston by his grandson.

—Up to July 1 forty-eight officers had fallen in Zululand; thirty-six by disease and exposure.

—The Warsaw banker, W. J. G. Bloch, recently purchased the town of Leutshny for $450,000.

—Charles Gambetta, who claimed to be the uncle of M. Gambetta, has just died in an alms-house at Milan, aged 81. He had squandered a considerable patrimony.

—The importation of American leather into Europe has increased one hundred per cent. since 1873. In that year Europe received 659,912 hides, and to judge by the exports from the United States thus far this year it will receive at the close over 1,500,000.

—From £120 to £130 is being offered for a single lecture by Dr. Talmage, all expenses paid. By the way, Dr. Talmage described the *Saturday Review's* article upon him as "comparable to nothing but a little dog baying the moon. It pleased the dog and did the moon no harm."

—The *Petite Republique Francaise* says that the jury acquitted M. Paul de Cassagnac "because it regarded the accused as unworthy of the rigors of justice." This theory would lead to but one logical result. None but honest folk, that is to say, non-guilty persons, would ever be condemned.

—More than twenty thousand objects were found during the Exhibition at the Champs-de-Mars and in the Trocadero Palace. Very few of them have been claimed. Notice is given that they will be kept at the Lost Property Office at the Prefecture of Police for another year and then sold by auction.

—It will be remembered that the cable announced that a great placard written in Flemish was found July 7 posted on the Palace of Justice in Brussels. It ran:—"The law of the schools is signed. Let us now stab the King for God and the Fatherland." This is the second time within a few weeks that the King has been threatened.

—A man with a child fell into the Bay the other day and was pulled out almost drowned. His teeth chattered and made more noise than a lumber wagon flying over cobble stones. "Give me a copy of the *Globe*," he said feebly as soon as he was able to articulate. "What for?" asked a bystander. "To wrap around me," he faintly murmured, "because it's so nice and dry."

—Sanitary authorities in Ireland are beginning to put the law in operation with the view of preventing the spread of infection caused by the custom of holding wakes. A man has been prosecuted by the Dublin Public Health Committee for holding a wake on the body of a child who died of smallpox. It was said that a person who attended the wake has since died of the same disease.

—It is said Commanger Cheyne is really persevering in the organization of his balloon trip to the Pole, and that people are actually volunteering for this aerial voyage, which, it is to be hoped, nevertheless, will not get sufficient preliminary puffing from the press to send up even one of the balloons. Seriously, the project seems mad enough to justify us in alluding to those who take part in it as balloonatics.

—A Philadelphia newsboy, seeing a locomotive start off by itself on a down grade of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and knowing that unless switched off at a certain point it would meet an express train, undertook to run it. He won the race, just in time to tell a switchman and prevent a disaster. Col. Scott rewarded him with a monopoly of the newspaper trade on one of the company's lines, and from it he derived a good income till he died, a few days ago.

—The *Lancet*, commenting on the near approach of the abolition of the "cat" in the army, recalls the fact that its founder, Mr. James Wakley, formerly M. P. for Finsbury, was the first who seriously questioned the practice in the celebrated Hounslow case. It should not be forgotten, however, that it was for denouncing the inhuman flogging of militiamen at Ely that William Cobbett, 1810, was condemned to two years' imprisonment in Newgate and a fine of £1,000.

—The return to life of a gentleman whose obituary has been published with double black lines and adjectives, ordinarily causes some embarrassment in a newspaper office. But it is not so in Texas. The *Waco Examiner* sternly remarks: "The death of 'High-toned' Brown is denied by the *Kaufman Times*. That makes no difference. Having written his obituary he is dead to all intents and purposes. We shall refuse to recognize his existence from now on."

—A poet actually soaring in the clouds is sight that would have made all Paris turn their faces heavenwards had they only been aware of the phenomon. However, on July 5, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Victor Hugo, accompanied by his family and suite of twenty-five friends and acquaintances, ascended in the captive baloon to the full extent of the cable. The illustrious poet will, of course, write stanza on the subject and probably a letter to the proprietor of the baloon.

—The report of Mr. Forrest, British Consul at Tientsin, that the deaths from starvation in China during the late famine reached a total of nine and a-half millions is confirmed by Mr. Hillier, also of the consular service, who, within six months, has visited the desolated provinces. Whole districts, once densely populated, are now almost uninhabited. The efforts of the Government to send aid frustrated by the bad roads and the fact that the people en route seized the pack horses and mules to devour them. No fiction can surpass in horror the scenes described by Mr. Forrest.

—The last notable application of *papier mache* was in the manufacture of a revolving dome for the astronomical observatory of the Polytechnic Institute, Troy. It only weighs a ton and three-quarters, and can be revolved without the assistance of an apparatus. The paper is on a light framing of wood, and is fully as hard and rigid. The dome has an internal diameter of twenty-nine feet, and, if constructed in the usual manner, would have weighed five or six tons, and required powerful machinery to move it.

—A freak of a tornado at Reno, Nev., is thus described by the *Gazette*: "Moorman Cutter started out with a half gallon of whiskey to take to his sick mother. He was found some hours afterward lying behind a fence on the hill. He said that he stopped around a corner to fix a cork in the jug, and while he was taking the measure of the orifice of the jug a tremendous wind came down on him. It sucked the liquor clean out of the jug, blew it down his throat, and turned the jug inside out. He could remember nothing more."

—Brazil does not offer extraordinary inducements to those who emigrate to that country. When the most thrifty people in the world go there and cannot make a living, it doesn't say much for the country. About a thousand Mennonites, who, to escape military service inconsistent with their religious convictions, emigrated from Russia to Brazil some three years ago, have returned to their former country. Amply provided with means when they left, they have lost in Brazil everything they possessed. A large number are at this moment encamped at Wirballen, on the Russo-Prussian frontier, having as yet received no permission to enter the Russian Empire.

—Feting the 100th representation of a play has become a subject on which imagination tries to overstep its bounds. Offenbach invented the supper, with its matutinal prolongations into the middle of the next day. People ran the supper for ten years, and then Offenbach introduced a *dejeuner*, with terpsichorean prolongation toward evening. Mr. Edouard Pailleron celebrated the 100th night of the "Age Ingrat" last week by hiring a steamboat and taking all the artistes and his friends down to Le Pecq, near St. Germain. Potel and Chabot served a lunch. The ladies thought of being seasick, and the weather turned out squally. In ordinary years, when July is a sunny month, the picnic would hav been very enjoyable.

—Considerable sensation has been caused at Bridgewater, England, by the appearance at a place of entertainment of six men who were advertised as Zulus, and announced to go through war-dance performances. An enormous crowd assembled, and the show manager, to meet rumors which had been current, invited any one to question the Zulus in their own language. The challenge was taken up by a seaman, who, after talking to the blacks, denounced them as impostors. A scene of great excitement ensued, much rough language and some blows being exchanged; but ultimately the performance proceeded.

—A singular case of homicide was lately tried at Spoleti, Italy. The accused was a rich farmer named Carlo Maronni, and his offence was shooting a doctor who had failed to cure his child. When the child, a boy of fourteen months, fell ill the farmer sent for the doctor, and told him that if his treatment was successful he would pay him 2,000 lire (about $400), but that if the child died he would kill him. The doctor undertook the case, but his medicines seemed to aggravate the disease, and death ensued. A few days after the funeral the farmer lay in wait for the unfortunate practitioner and shot him. The Court gave the lenient sentence of ten years' imprisonment and 25,000 lire fine.

—In the Donjezse district in Russia a new sect has arisen. About a year ago a peasant woman, named Xenia Ivanowana Kusmin, began to teach the country people a new doctrine. Its chief points were that its adherents should avoid the use of flesh meat, should not recognize marriage nor the authority of the clergy, and that when meeting one another they should avoid as a great sin holding out their hands to each other. She announced herself to be a prophetess divinely inspired, and assembled around her twelve "apostles," most of whom are among the chief persons of the locality, and her principal method of influencing her hearers is by singing hymns. She is about 25 years old, of imposing appearance, and is the possessor of a voice of rare power and beauty. At the religious assemblies of the new sect tea and sweet cakes are used as a corporal refreshment, while it is prescribed as an act of devotion that each person shall kiss every one else.

—A most laughable burlesque has been produced at the Folly Theatre, London. It is called "Another Drink," and is based, of course, on Mr. Charles Reade's adaptation of "L'Assommoir," now running at the Princess' Theatre. Mr. C. Warner's *delirium tremens* scene is the talk of the town, and the burlesque version of it by Mr. Anson at the Folly will no doubt be so too. The Coupeau of the burlesque, in his drink frenzy, sees beetles (hair brushes let down by strings). He sees also a cat—it is the cat-o'-nine-tails, about which there has been so much squabbling in the House of Commons in connection with flogging in the army. Mme. Dolaro is the Gervaise, and she and her rival, Virginie, are hung out to dry after the washtub scene. The burlesque is a real burlesque, with real fun and wit, and it has hit the fancy of the town. The authors are Saville Clark and Lewis Clifton, who describe their clever skit as "The Only Unauthorized Version of L'Assommoir."

—A German baron, who had been playing heavily at "makao," at the Pesth National Casino, and had, during a few months, won $40,000, was discovered cheating a few weeks ago in a very curious way. He always appeared anxious to "take the bank," by which means he, of course, always dealt. He kept down the pile of bank notes in front of him with his polished silver tobacco box. He dealt over this, and could thus see the cards he dealt his players reflected in the lid of his box! A certain general of the staff observed this, and begged for the loan of the box to roll a cigarette. This request he frequently repeated, and observed that when the box was away the baron had variable luck, like the others. The lucky gambler, a well known racing man and of excellent family, is to be prosecuted as a common swindler.

—French Republicans do not disguise their displeasure at the sympathy shown in England for the Prince Imperial and the sorrowing Empress. They regard the expression of these feelings as a political demonstration in favor of the Empire, and the arrangements for the Prince's funeral will strengthen this suspicion. "But," says the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, "a little reflection would show that Englishmen have been moved only by a sentiment of personal commiseration, and that, considering the circumstances of the case, they would have been deemed unfeeling had they not expressed a pity which is evinced, moreover, all over Europe. A friend who passed through Germany a few days ago tells me that he saw in a Berlin shop window a wax-work figure of the late Prince, and that from morning to night a sympathetic crowd collected before it. Certainly no one would suspect the Germans of a political sympathy for the Prince Imperial."

—About six months ago a young Brazilian, aged about twenty-eight, arrived in Paris from Rio Janeiro. He called himself Ferdinand Costales, and gave himself out as a doctor rich enough not to practice. Of a pleasing exterior, and provided with authentic papers and letters of credit and introduction, the young Brazulian penetrated the *salons* of the noble faubourg. He was an indefatigable dancer, an agreeable talker, and always welcome. After these soirees he used to go to the boulevard restaurants, and carry on the gayety through the night. The Brazilian always wore his hair pasted over his forehead and temples at all hours of the day and the night. Costales was supping in company with two girls and a fourth person at one of the boulevard restaurants. The fourth person, feigning drunkenness, put his fingers through the hair of Costales. The latter rose furious, and very soon left the room. The next morning he was arrested at his house. The fourth person was a detective, who suspected Costales to be a certain Morin, who had escaped from New Caledonia. The cicatrice discovered under the hair was conclusive. The noble faubourg has once more received a Vautrin into its bosom.

—Here is a hint for the superintendents of American madhouses. The innovation has been introduced recently in the great Vienna establishments. A lithographed newspaper, published in the institution, is contributed to by the inmates. Those patients for which this slight mental exertion can only be beneficial send articles and essays on the questions of the day, and it is only fair to say that it would be a comfort to readers if some of the matter published in the Vienna newspapers, by people generally considered sane, were as clever and well written as some of these letters. Those who are afflicted with any monomania may ventilate their delusions and support their convictions by argument and example in the columns of this extraordinary paper. The logic employed in an article in a recent number (says a correspondent) by one gentleman to disprove the belief of another that his beard was of heather and required constant watering, was so faultless and incisive as to have done credit to a Regius professor of moral philosophy. Alas! He himself firmly believed that his nose was made of sugar, and to prevent its getting wet, and consequently melting away, always drank through a straw. Had he only been able to apply his logic to himself he would have been cured.

—Gad's Hill Place, the famous residence of Charles Dickens, has at last found a purchaser. The historic house, near Rochester, is a gloomy old place, and it has been in the market for a long time. The new owner is Captain Austin Budden, of the Twelfth Kent Artillery.

—St Louis detectives telegraphed a description of a murderer far and wide, but did not search his own house, where he was accidentally discovered. He had a narrow escape.

CAUGHT BY A BLOODHOUND.

One of the Murderers of an Aged Couple Hunted Down—A Long Chase through Fields and Woods—The Dog Trails the Fugitive to a Straw Stack—The Negro Tells the Story of the Crime.

(From the Atlantic Constitution.)

Yesterday evening, as the streets were growing dark, a knot of police officers passed through the city in the direction of the jail, having securely guarded in their midst a burly, brutish negro, who stalked along not without some show of pain and weariness. The procession moved rapidly and quietly. The fact that Captain Bill Starnes appeared to lead the party, and that "Lee," Capt. Kries's bloodhound, followed close in the rear, indicated the facts.

"Is that the d—— who killed old man Defoor?"

"It is one of them," replied Capt. Starnes, with a smile, mending his pace to escape further inquiries.

The prisoner was soon inside of the barred doors of Fulton County Jail. He is a medium-sized, ginger-cake looking darkey, of wonderfully perfect muscular development, and with a face that might make a fitting portrait for the walls of hell itself.

Ever since the hour the news of the terrible murder of old Martin Defoor and his aged wife reached the city on Saturday morning the police have been hard at work. Aaron Burks, an old freedman living in the Adamsville district, on the Wilson place, told Capt. Starnes the following facts:

On Sunday afternoon a negro man had come to Burks's house and asked for lodging, stating that he was from Butts county, and that he was trying to keep away from the railroad and out of sight of any white man. He asked Burks:

"Have you heard of them people getting killed up here?"

Burks said he had not—which was not the exact state of his knowledge of the matter.

"Yes," said the fellow, "two old white people were killed up here by the river yesterday morning. Somebody chopped their heads off."

Burks gave no intimation of any previous knowledge of the affair, but, yesterday morning Burks told another negro, Doc Davis, to keep the strange negro until Burks could come to town. He did come to town.

Captain Starnes, George Kries, Officers Goodson and J. M. Wright at once took horse to capture the suspected negro. They went with Burks to his house, but the negro had gone. It was suggested by Burks that he had gone to Davis's house, and thither the four officers went at once, eager to give chase, and certain that old "Lee," the best bloodhound in the South, would never lose the trail when once he got upon it, but when the party reached Davis's house the bird had flown. Doc Davis attempted to throw his pursuers off the track. They knew by his conversation that he was trying to mislead them, and the knowledge served to make them redouble their efforts to strike the trail. Kries and Wright remained in the immediate neighborhood, circling the premises, while Starnes and Goodson went around to the Sandtown road. About this time the dog, a magnificent bloodhound belonging to Mr. George Kries, struck the scent. Starnes and Goodson at once hallooed to Kries, and Starnes said that he thought he caught a glimpse of a man going in the direction of Utoy Creek. The dog was now warming upon the trail, and when he reached the point at which Starnes had discovered the figure, he opened with full cry and ran down the creek the distance of three miles, the men following in hot pursuit, sometimes mounted, sometimes on foot, the ground being very uneven and in many places swampy.

Having run for three miles down Utoy Creek in this way, the dog suddenly changed its course and ran in the direction of Mr. John Lee's, who lives about nine miles from Atlanta, between the Sandtown and Green Ferry roads. For seven or eight miles the dog followed the new heat, the men being compelled to use their utmost speed to keep the animal in sight, until it arrived within about 100 yards of Mr. Lee's house, when it began to run in circles around a large pile of straw just outside a gin-house. Mr. Kries being satisfied that the negro was in the straw took the dog into the house. The dog ran at once to a small opening in the straw, and gave every indication that the game was there. Kries put his leg down into the straw, but did not touch the negro. Goodson put his hand down and seized the negro by the nose. Starnes and Wright were on the outside watching. The negro called out to them, saying. "Yous'e got the wrong man. I'm not the man." They pulled him out. The dog fastened its teeth savagely upon his neck. The negro fought furiously. A terrible scuffle ensued. Capt. Starnes knocked him down twice with a spade, and they finally conquered him. Young Lee came up and assisted them in taking the negro. Indeed, everybody on the place turned out and took great interest in the chase as soon as the dog came in sight.

After they had secured the negro, he asked what they wanted him for. They replied that he had been stealing watermelons. He said he was not the man who stole the watermelons; it was John Morgan. The four captors were careful not to make mention of the murder, and started with the prisoner to the city. They talked with him incessantly, and he continued to let slip expressions pointing to his guilt, until they were within five miles of Atlanta, when they met some one in the road who asked them if that was the man who had killed the old people. Then it was that the negro said, "I did not kill the people." Mr. Kries now said, "Don't tell us any more lies—tell us the truth about it." The negro confessed that he held the light. He said that he and a white man and another negro went to Defoor's on the day before the murder. He and the other negro secreted themselves behind the garden fence at the back of the house while the white man entered the house; that this was on Friday, at 6 o'clock in the evening. The white man remained in the house until late at night, when the old people had fallen into a deep sleep. Then he stole down stairs, opened the back door and whistled; and the prisoner and the black mate joined the white man in the yard, and there they plotted the murder. The three went together to the blacksmith shop, and having lighted the lamp brought from the house, the white man entered and secured the sledgehammer. They then went back to the house. They decided not to use the sledgehammer. The white man told the prisoner to go and get that axe. He refused. The white man and the other negro cursed him. He then went across the road and got the axe. The three entered the house. The white man took the axe and murdered the old people while the prisoner held the light. The other negro watched at the back door. After the killing the prisoner placed the lamp on the bed where it was found, but not with a purpose to burn the house. They got "lots of money," but they "throwed him off." The white man promised to divide, but didn't do it. He (the prisoner) was searching the bureau drawer. The white man whispered to him to get away; he was too slow. He took the boots, carried them to the woods behind the house and tried them on, but they were too small, and he left them where they were found. The white man and the other negro went off somewhere in the city.

The negro now in jail gives his name as Asa Morgan. He came from Albama, although born in Georgia. He was recognized last evening by a negro who had known him as a drayman in Mobile.

When caught, Capt. Starnes took from Asa's pocket a short piece of corn-cob, tied around with a string, and covered with dried blood.

HOW TO KEEP FROM BEING ROBBED.—"Another burglary on my square last night," said old Dr. Willis, while dining with his partner the other evening. "For my own part, I'm tired of paying taxes for the privilege of being robbed. I don't really see how the police can help arresting some thieves now and then, if only by accident, unless, indeed, the police are the burglars themselves. How is it that you are never robbed, Joe?" "Simplest thing in the world. All you need is a little knowledge of human nature. Now, I'll bet there are three or four policemen in this house at the present moment. Let's go and see." And Joe led the way down into the basement and the company peeped through the kitchen door. Sure enough, there sat four officers. One was fixing the fire, one was picking chickens, while the other two were shelling peas and singing a chorus from "Pinafore." "Well, I'm blessed!" said old Willis, "how do you manage it?" "Easy as rolling off a log. I keep a pretty servant-girl."—*London Court Circular.*

AN ENGLISH LADY'S SAD END.

She Runs Away with Her Betrayer, is Deserted, and Dies in New York.

(From the New York Times.)

Mrs. Mary Frances Hartley, of Birmingham, England, was buried in Green-Wood Cemetery yesterday, under circumstances peculiarly sad. A gentleman and lady came to this city on Saturday, July 19, by the steamship California, of the Anchor Line, and went to the Stevens House, on Lower Broadway. They engaged rooms there, and registered as Capt. and Mrs. Conyers, Birmingham, England. The gentleman said he was a captain in an English regiment, and was traveling with his wife in this country on leave of absence. The lady was about 24 years of age and of pleasing manners. She complained of illness that day, but nothing was thought of it, as it was supposed to be merely the effect of the long ocean voyage. She grew worse on Sunday, however, and by the next day she was in such a condition that it became necessary to send for a physician. Dr. F. G. Merrill was called in and he said she was suffering from a very severe attack of typhoid fever. Everything that could be done for her comfort was done at once, but she did not seem to improve. The next day, Tuesday, "Capt. Conyers" announced that he had some business to attend to in Philadelphia, and would have to go there that day. He promised to return on the following day, and then left the hotel. He failed to keep his promise, and has not been seen since. After waiting some time in vain for his appearnce, the proprietor of the Stevens House got anxious, and caused inquiries to be made concerning the movements of his foreign guest. It was discovered that, instead of going to Philadelphia, he had taken passage for Europe on a steamer which sailed on the day he left the hotel. In the meantime, the sick lady had sunk very low, and there was but little hope of her recovery. When the patient learned that she had been deserted and left with neither money nor friends in a strange city in a dying condition, she was naturally very much agitated. When she had recovered somewhat from the shock she said she desired to make a confession. "Capt. Conyers," she declared to be an assumed name of the man who had come with her to America, and she was not his wife. Her own name she gave as Mrs. Mary Frances Hartley. She refused to say anything about her family, but admitted that she was a married women, and deserted her husband to accompany the scoundrel who had just deserted her. "Captain Conyers'" true name, she said, was Rosenburg Harris, but she would tell nothing more about him, except that he came from Birmingham, as she also did. These facts were kept very quiet at the hotel, and very few knew the sick woman's history other than the physician and Mr. Broadhead, the proprietor. Dr. Merrill and the proprietor both sympathized deeply with the unfortunate woman, and were untiring in their attentions. But, despite all the doctor's care, she got no better. A Sister of Charity became interested in Mrs. Hartley and comforted her greatly, while every delicacy that would tempt the appetite of a sick person was provided by Mr. Broadhead.

After a consultation of physicians had been held on Monday last, it was decided that the best plan was to secure Mrs. Hartley's admission to St. John's Hospital, in Brooklyn. Arrangements were accordingly made, and an ambulance was sent to take her to the hospital. Mrs. Hartley was told of the arrangement, and seemed quite pleased with it. She grew more cheerful and appeared to be getting better. She remained in this condition only a few hours, however. Word was received on Monday evening that the request for an ambulance had been received at the hospital too late for one to be sent that night. When she heard this Mrs. Hartley seemed to lose all hope. She sank rapidly, and early Tuesday morning she breathed her last. To her dying hour she remained firm in her refusal to speak of her family or relatives, more than to reiterate her acknowledgment that she had run away from her husband with Harris. When Mrs. Hartley's sad story became known in the office of the Anchor Line the clerks there immediately made up a purse of $100 to cover the expense of giving the remains a decent burial, and the agents of the line informed Mr. Broadhead that they would be responsible for Mrs. Hartley's bill at the hotel. The body of the unfortunate woman was removed to Brooklyn on Tuesday, and yesterday it was deposited in a grave in Green-Wood.

FUTURE FARES.

A Time When Men Can Ride as Cheaply as Hogs.

(New York Letter to Chicago Tribune.)

The question of reducing the fare on the elevated railroad in New York from 10 cents to 5 cents has led to a discussion among railroad men of the question, "How cheaply can a passenger be carried by steam over any railroad?"

Yesterday, while in conversation with the president of one of the largest trunk lines, I asked him this question:

"How cheaply can you carry passengers on your road and make money, provided you have plenty of passengers?"

"Well," he said, "that depends; if there were enough passengers to carry, we could take passengers over our road and the Lake Shore to Chicago for $2 a head and make money."

"From New York to Chicago for $2 and make money! How could you do it?" I asked.

"Well, we could take them in good passenger cars, running at the rate of 20 miles an hour, and make money."

"How do you figure it?"

"Why, we can carry a man weighing 150 pounds as cheaply as we can carry a hog weighing 400 pounds, can't we?"

"Yes," I said, "I should think you could."

"Well, we would be glad of the chance to get $100 a car for carrying hogs. Sixty hogs fill a car, and weigh 12 tons. Now, if we can make money carrying 12 tons of hogs for $100 don't you think we could make money carrying 50 passengers, weighing four tons, for the same money? We often carry hogs from Chicago to New York at $1 apiece, and feed them on the way, too. Yes, we have to load hogs and unload them twice, and feed them and transport their keepers from Chicago to New York at $1 apiece. Now, men load and unload themselves. Fifty men can get into a car. So I tell you we can carry passengers from New York to Chicago at $2 apiece and make money; and for $1 apiece, provided we can carry a full train of twelve cars, 50 passengers to the car."

"Then the fare between Chicago and New York is 20 times too high, is it?" I asked.

"No, not so much as that; but within twenty years you will see passengers taken to Chicago for $5. All we want is sufficient passengers to fill a train. The elevated roads, which carry 100,000 persons a day, can carry them for three cents easily. Why, we carry passengers now from New York to Chicago at two cents per mile, with baggage, and small trains at that. The elevated roads can carry passengers at half a cent a mile, and get rich. Three cents is enough for a fare on the elevated railroad; and $5 from New York to Chicago is enough, if we could run larger and slower trains.

—Lord Lawrence's tomb in Westminste Abbey is close to the epitaph of Warren Hastings and the tombs of Admiral Watson and Sir Eyre Coote, two other Indian heroes. Both Lawrence and Warren Hastings were called "saviors of England," but the great Governor who daunted Tippo, the Nizam and the five Mahratta Princes, does not sleep in the Abbey, though Macaulay; "The dust of the illustrious accused should have mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers." Hastings lies in Dalesford parish churchyard.

WOMEN AND WORSHIP.

Ritualism as a Diversion and a Solace.

(From the London World.)

Fancy fairs, sensational murder trials, funeral pageants, and discussions in Convocation on the wearing of ecclesiastical vestments, duly reported in the columns of the daily press, have given lady newspaper-readers more of interest and entertainment than journalism usually affords. As regards the last of these topics, it is true that the divines in council assembled at Westminster have addressed themselves to other matters of essentially greater importance. But into the region of abstract theological controversy the feminine mind seldom cares to make an excursion. The symbol, not the belief symbolized, attracts; and the cut and color of the priestly robe appeal far more forcibly to the imagination of the *religieuse* of the period than a disquisition on the true meaning of the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed. To the larger portion of the wives and mothers of England the only religion known is that of Ritualism, and Ritualism is nothing if not an affair of bright hues, complicated postures, elaborate services, and well trained choirs. The ceremonial ordinances of Ritualism are part of their daily or weekly life, just as is the dinner-party or the ball. On the conduct of life the ball or the dinner-party has, in most cases, far the greater influence. Society represents a system, and religion a more or less highly organized group of sentiments. As is now generally understood, it does not imply conviction or conduct; it is a fashion, like charity; a taste, like nursing; or a crochet, like the patronage of women's employment associations, and of primary schools. So far as the polite world knows or cares anything about the matter, it is regarded as an institution primarily feminine, and closely analogous to the rites of 5 o'clock tea. There is nothing to prevent men from dropping in if they will; but the genius of the repast is that of the drawing-room and its queens. So is it with the Ritualistic churches of fashionable London. Men are not prohibited from entering and are, indeed, occasionally known to enter; but the proportions of male to female votaries is that of one to ten. Yet these are the shrines which are on the increase throughout the length and breadth of the land. As they increase, this disproportion between the attendance of the two sexes becomes the more conspicuous, and the conclusion is ever emphasized anew that the gulf between the manly intellect and the fashionable religious faith of England is being steadily widened.

Of whom do the fair and pious votaries for the greatest part consist? It would be found, were any returns of the composition published, that young unmarried women largely predominate. To them, churchgoing is often the chief business of existence—a distraction, a solace, a pursuit. The fact has something more than an ecclesiastical significance. When one is told that a young lady has taken to religion of the Ritualistic variety, and is seriously meditating an abandonment of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, one knows perfectly well what, as a rule, it means. It is no pious enthusiasm, no deep sense of reverential awe, no promptings of the spiritual nature, which can correctly be cited as the motive cause. It is not any sudden awakening to the consciousness of a mis-spent and trivolous life, or of precious opportunities flippantly frittered away. The Church is sought after simply as a relief to the unhappiness of home. There is no more intolerable incumbrance to the fashionable mother who fights against the advance of years than the grown-up daughter. The girl has been kept in the background as long as possible. But it has been necessary for her at last to come out and take her place in the running of the London season. To the fond parent the child becomes a rival and a spy, and there gradually commences a weary series of material persecutions, which render the life of their victim a burden. The oppressed maiden perhaps is delivered at once from the bondage of her virginity by some heaven-sent knight. Perhaps she attempts more dangerous steps with a view of making herself the instrument of her own relief. But this relief comes more frequently, indeed, in the share of the ornamental ministrations of the Church. Natural emotion, cruelly checked in one quarter, insists upon expending itself in another, and the appearance which an Anglo-Catholic shrine in a select district of the capital presents on any ecclesiastical festival is a painful commentary upon the standard of domestic happiness that obtains in polite society. Add to this element the number of austere matrons and spinners of a certain age, of enthusiasts who delight in the music, of ladies who believe in the respectability of church-going, and a tolerably exhaustive analysis will have been given of an ordinary high Anglican congregation.

A SUMMER IDYL.

He was a decidedly poetical looking chap, from head to foot. He wore eye-glasses and had curly hair. By gazing upon him you could almost tell the exact number of sonnets contained in his pocket. He had on a blue flannel suit and a pleasant smile. She was a country maiden, practical and innocent. They walked down a fragrant meadow and paused beneath a spreading oak. He was the first to break the silence."

"Isn't this lovely?"

"O, ain't it!" she replied.

"Yes," he went on, as he planted his chin in one hand and contemplated the vista of skyland, "this is simply divine. To sit here and breathe the soft, cool, summer wind, fraught with the charming fragrance of violet and rose is just entrancing."

She said nothing.

"Isn't that a majestic mountain over there towering into the fleecy clouds? Isn't that a lovely little brook pattering in baby syllables over the innocent little pebbles?"

"Kinder," she responded.

"Yes," he went on, as he planted his chin in the other hand for a change," summer is the heaven of the year. Just look at those happy birds darting through the air from tree to tree and flooding the valley with exquisite bursts of song. Wouldn't you like to be a bird, pet?"

"I'd rather be a girl and eat ice-cream," she replied, with a twinkle of Arcadian simplicity in her merry hazel eye.

This seemed to ruffle the poet considerably, but he managed to regain his mental equilibrium sufficiently to go on.

"Behold those golden-winged butterflies; don't they fly languidly, as though their lives are but one smooth period of bliss and uninterrupted happiness?"

"Yes," she responded, "and they flap their wings like doormats, don't they?"

After ten minutes of silence of the most profound description he ventured to speak again.

"And there go the merry bees in golden flotillas, coquetting with the breeze-swayed flowers."

She kept still,

"But soon all these pretty things will vanish like a lover's dream. The flowers will fade, the leaves will fall, the birds will migrate, and the emerald tapestry of the lea will become the couch of the snowflake. The lilies will vanish from the lake, and the sunset will glimmer on the barren limb and melt the snow in the empty nest."

He paused for breath, and she whispered:

"And then we'll have to indulge in buckwheat cakes and heavy underclothes, won't we?"

He couldn't go any further with his remarks, so they got up and wandered away.

THE FRENCH LADIES.

How the Parisian Belles Dance and Walk.

(From Flaneur in Paris Register.)

It used to be supposed—but the theory is, I believe, now exploded—that a little hand with tapering fingers and a small narrow foot were signs of aristocratic breeding and blue blood. "De Petit Caporal," it is related, used to have but one personal vanity—his small white hands. But in this age of tramps and professional "walkists," of Alpine climbers and ladies who perambulate the Tyrol and the Apennines with alpenstock in one hand and sketch book in the other, a good sized foot is not to be despised or looked upon with disfavor. We flaneurs walk constantly, partly because we pick up a deal of information thereby, partly because we carry light pocketbooks, which do not burden us on our journey. I wish that Edward Payson Weston, or O'Leary, or that imbecile idiot who is perpetually carrying the g—lorious Star Spangled Banner from Maine to Texas and always coming back where he isn't wanted, would come over to La Belle France and teach the natives how to walk. There are two things which the French can learn profitably from "those dreadful Americans," how to dance and how to walk. The French do not yet know which side of the walk to take when they meet one another. If it rains and they have no umbrella, of course they hug the wall. If it is clear and they meet you in a narrow place, they seem undecided whether to take the inside or the outside, and after confusing you for some seconds, they end usually by squeezing in between you and the house front. If you are walking with a companion, many males seem to imagine that the correct thing is to rush in between you and your friend. This might be called the "golden mean" between the two extremes. But it's a mean to do, however. Much as I admire the French ladies, I think their pace lacks that grace which Virgil ascribes the Venus in the first book of the Æneid, where he says:

"Thus having said, she turned, and made appear
Her neck refulgent and disheveled hair,
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reached the ground;
And widely spread ambrosial scents around;
In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
And by her graceful walk the Queen of Love is known."

You see that the great Latin poet not only admired a beautiful neck and locks flowing rich and free, but he had an artistic eye to the way in which his beauties stepped out. Virgil liked a "good stepper," it is evident. But how aggravated he would have been to get alongside one of our modern charmers, and to have to adapt his pace to the pigeon-steps of the fair one. I like a stride, a "tiptoe," a "teeter," or a pigeon-step, but give me a good firm "graceful walk," with not but too much agitation of the "sweeping gown."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

—Chloride of magnesia is most effective in purifying gas from ammonia.

—Dr. Wier proffers a new claim for hyposulphite of soda that will cure erysipelas.

—A cloth dipped in a solution of amy nitrite, one part in one hundred of water, and hung up in foul air, quickly destroys bad oders.

—Jarolimek maintains that steel can be hardened not only by immersion in boiling water, but even in boiling oil, melting lead and melting zinc.

—Prof. Niemoller describes a simple method of setting a wire in vibration, which might be turned to account in localizing calls on telephone circuits.

—The charge of telegraphing from New York to Yokohama is $3.05 per word; but the code, or cipher, is so well systemized by certain mercantile houses that a single word serves for a dozen when transcribed.

—The new nautical instrument, the navisphere, has been brought to the attention of the French Academy. It indicates without calculation the names of the stars above the horizon at a given moment, with attitude and and azimuth, the angle of route for going from one point to another by the arc of a great circle, and the distance between the points, etc.

—Dr. Palli, a distinguished Italian savant, advances the theory that the human organism undergoes, in the course of its existence, a slow oxidation, on the completion of which death ensues. This operation should require (accidents excepted) about 100 years. To counteract this devitalizing action he recommends that a few grains of sulphate be taken every morning.

—Mr. Cowper Ranegard has made a communication to the Astronomical Society on meteoric dust, which he says exists to a much greater extent than was formerly suspected. By exposing a sheet of glass, covered with pure glycerine, to a strong wind he has collected on it particles, which, by chemical tests, he found to be iron. This was found to be the case only in winter months.

—Mr. Vincent has discovered that from the refuse that remains after the beet molasses distillation a combustible gaseous body is found, which is easily condensed into liquid form and is called chloride of methyl. It is especially valuable as a refrigerating agent.

—Mr. Garforth, of Dunkenheld, England, has invented a machine for bursting down coal by means of compressed air. By it air has been compressed to 14,200 pounds per square inch. It it small and can be worked by two men. The compressed air is conveyed through wrought-iron pipes to a cast iron cartridge twelve inches long, placed in a hole drilled in the coal; and the cartridge when its known breaking strain was reached, bursted and broke down the coal.

—While making an excavation for a new building at Charing Cross, London, the other day, the workmen came on the fossil remains of various extinct animals at depths varying from fifteen to thirty feet. Among the objects discovered were elephant tusks and molars, the teeth and many of the bones of the extinct gigantic ox, and a portion of the horn of the great extinct Irish deer. Some of the fossils have not yet been indentified.

—Thomas Routledge, a leading English paper manufacturer, is endeavoring to induce capitalists to utilize the jungles of bamboo in India and British Burmah. The young shoots of the jungle grass yield a fibre excellently adapted to paper making and at a cost, compared with Esparto grass, in the proportion of $7.50 to $60 per ton. The latter grass comes principally from Algeria and the Barbary States, and, in addition to being unsatisfactory in quality, a sufficient quantity cannot be obtained. English paper makers are, therefore often driven to manufacture with wood fibre and China clay.

—Dr. Azam has given an account of a remarkable case of double consciousness and scission of personality at a meeting of the Bordeaux Society of Sciences. The patient has been under his observation for several years. She seems to have too distinct lives, each separated from the other by a short sleep or torpor. When she awakes to her normal state she has no recollection whatever of what may have taken place during her abnormal condition, however prolonged the latter may be. When in the abnormal state she remembers what has occurred in the normal state, and is more cheerful then than at other times. The case presents some perplexing problems, as the faculty of speech seems never to be affected during either phases of double consciousness.

—Investigations by geological experts render it probable, it would seem, that Central Russia rests upon enough phosphate of lime to supply all Europe. Around the boundary of the cretaceous basin of that country, the phosphate beds, it is said, appear to be at or near the surface, but in the central regions they dip to a depth too great to permit of their being worked economically. The result of the chemical examination of this remarkable rock shows the average quantity of phosphoric acid is about twenty per cent. (varying from twelve to thirty-three per cent.), while the proportion of lime varies from eighteen to fifty per cent. These great deposits were hardly discovered when their development commenced. At present there are two establishments for this purpose in the government of Kursk and one at Riga; this last receives the raw material from Smolensk, reduces it to powder, and supplies a large quantity of the article in this form to the Baltic provinces.

MARRIED ON HORSEBACK.—A novel wedding took place on Tuesday of last week on a public road in Calvert county. The parties were Mr. Horace Tell, and Miss Jones, both of Anne Arundell county. The officiating minister was requested to start from home at seven o'clock in the morning, and the groom would do likewise, and the point on the road where they would meet should be made memorable by a novel wedding. This arrangement was carried out, and the bride and groom on horseback met the reverend gentleman, and on the public road, seated on horseback, under the sheltering branches of a wide-spreading oak, the happy pair were made man and wife.—*Marlboro' (Ind.) Gazette, July 23.*

THE ONTARIO CROPS.

As They Stand at August 1.

(Farmers' Advocate.)

The weather during the past month has been favorable for securing the hay and most of the grain crop in Ontario. The hay is hardly an average crop, but it is saved in good condition. The fall wheat filled well, is secured in good order, and will, we think, yield a fair average return. Barley has been secured in good order; we think the color and quality will be superior to last year's and the yield about an average. Spring wheat will not prove very remunerative this year; the yield will be below the average, but perhaps as good as for the past three years, which will not be much to boast about. The pea crop will yield well in straw and in the number of peas, but the pea bug has been very busy this year, and the weight and quality of the crop will be very materially decreased by the ravages of these insects. The root crop promises a bountiful return. Apples only promise a medium crop. Peaches and grapes both promise abundant crops. We repeat again our old cry—Sell, sell, sell! Let others speculate—follow your own business—one business is enough for any man to attend to properly, and when men devote their energies to speculating they are apt to do so at the sacrifice of money, profit, honesty and honor. As a general thing you will find this the case. A few may succeed, but the majority lose by dividing their energies. Either farm or trade; sell your surplus crops; pay your debts and take care of the surplus; use it in raising more and better stock, and heavier crops, and making your home comfortable. Do you think that a farmer is happy who has not a shade tree to protect his uncomfortable-looking stock from the hot sun? Some have not a tree to shade the children while playing or working. The loss on weight, the risk of keeping, the chances of higher prices, the loss of interest, are all against the farmer that withholds his crops from market. If you even have to pay to help carry your grain to market now and could do it yourself during the winter, it has often been found best to pay the extra cost of teaming. There are lots of slow coaches you can hire now, neglecting their own farms till the roads get bad, or winter sets in; give them two days' work, for one day now is worth three or four in the winter. The days are long, the roads are good, and navigation is open. We wish our subscribers to be the leaders of the progressive.

A REJECTED SUITOR'S REVENGE.

Crippling a Married Woman for Life by Throwing Vitriol Upon Her.

Mrs. Catherine Jackson was married to Wm. Jackson last June. She is a good-looking mulatto. She had been engaged to Wm. Poach, a boot-black, but she dropped his acquaintance because she found out, she says, that he was an "improper man." When she decided to get through with Poach the latter was absent from the city, visiting some relatives in order to get them to assist him in raising money enough to pay his wedding expenses and start him at housekeeping. Catherine looked around among her other admirers, and told Wm. Jackson she had decided to accept an offer he had once made to her. Poach was angry when he returned to the city, and he determined to seek revenge. He found out where the couple lived, and during what hours the husband was busy at work away from home. He visited the wife July 4, accused her of treachery, and asked her to leave her husband. She indignantly refused to do so, even when he pointed a revolver at her and threatened to kill her if she did not abandon Jackson. A few days afterward he called again and repeated his proposition. She spurned it as before. Poach threw her on the floor and flourished over her a razor, with which he threatened to cut her throat if she did not leave Jackson and live with him. She again refused, and, in order to scare her, he drew the back of the blade of the razor across her throat. It did frighten her almost out of her wits, and Poach had considerable difficulty in convincing her that she was not about to die. Then he left the house. Afterwards he got a bottle of vitriol and tried to meet her in the street. On the evening of the 13th inst. he met her as she was going home after a hard day's work at washing. He stole up behind her, and when she turned around he threw the vitriol in her face and ran away. She was taken home by policemen. Her face, arms, back and shoulders were very badly burned, and for a time it was not certain that she would recover.

Last Wednesday night Detective Schmittberger arrested Poach, and the prisoner was taken before Justice Murray, in the Jefferson Market Police Court, yesterday. Mrs. Jackson appeared against him, with her neck and arms covered with bandages and plasters. Her right arm was in a sling. The doctor who had attended her said that her right arm was crippled for life because the vitriol had so eaten away the muscles as to cause permanent contraction. Poach denied that he had thrown the vitriol and said he could prove an *alibi*. But Mrs. Jackson positively identified him as the man who caused her injuries, and Justice Murray committed him for trial in default of $2,000 bail.—*New York Times.*

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

(Winnipeg Times.)

The question of settlement and development of the Northwest, which is being extensively discussed in the eastern Canadian press at present, has been taken up by the Hamilton SPECTATOR in an exceedingly practical way. The writer, looking at the enormous prices which have been paid by the Government for agricultural supplies for the Mounted Police, surveying parties, etc., believes that a small farming colony in the Peace River district would be a success, and recommends Dunvegan, in latitude 56, longitude 120, on the boundary between the Northwest territories and British Columbia, as a suitable point. It points out that the Northwest Mounted Police, some of the Hudson Bay Company's posts, engineering and exploring parties, and traders, would be customers for the produce, and that, at no distant day, when, owing to the extermination of buffalo, the Indians have to be fed, cattle, grain, etc., will be largely in demand. The situation of Dunvegan is a choice one. Professor McCoun speaks of the land as one of extraordinary fertility, the climate is mild, there is an absence of muskegs, plenty of fish and game, and wood within easy distance, on a navigable river. The mining district of Omineca, in British Columbia, is only 150 miles distant and easily accessible, affording another market for produce at good prices. Pioneer settlers to establish a colony such as that proposed would have to rough it at first and do without some supplies which would be much enhanced in price by the long distance of transit, but the proposal is one that is certainly entitled to consideration, and there is no reason, no doubt, that the experiment, properly tried, would be a success. That the Peace River district will, before many years are over, become an important agricultural district there can be no doubt.

JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING.

A man was denouncing newspaper advertising to a crowd of listeners. "Last week," said he, "I had an umbrella stolen from the vestibule of the ——Church. It was a gift; and, valuing it very highly, I spent double its worth in advertising, but have not recovered it." "How did you word your advertisement?" asked a merchant. "Here it is," said the man, producing a slip out from a newspaper. The merchant took it and read: "Lost from the vestibule of the—— Church, last Sunday evening, a black silk umbrella. The gentleman who took it will be handsomely rewarded by leaving it at No. —San Fernando street." "Now," said the merchant, "I am a liberal advertiser, and have always found that it paid me well. A great deal depends upon the manner in which an advertisement is put. Let us try for your umbrella again, and if you do not acknowledge then that advertising pays I will purchase you a new one." The merchant then took a slip of paper from his pocket and wrote: "If the man who was seen to take an umbrella from the vestibule of the—— Church last Sunday evening does not wish to get into trouble and have a stain cast upon the Christian character which he values so highly, he will return it to No. —, San Fernando street. He is well known." This only appeared in the paper, and on the following morning the man was astonished when he opened the front door of his residence. On the porch lay at least a dozen umbrellas of all shades and sizes that had been thrown in from the sidewalk, while the front yard was literally paved with umbrellas. Many of them had notes attached to them, saying that they had been taken by mistake, and begging the loser to keep the little affair quiet.—*Hartford Times.*

OUR SUMMER DRINKS.

Somebody who has been discharged from a lucrative position behind a soda water fountain is trying to shake our childlike faith in the fizzing drinks that come from the depths of those elaborate marble fronts. It is a base thing to do this hot weather. He says that there is no sarsaparilla in "sarsaparilla," no ginger in "ginger ale," nothing of a mineral character in "mineral water," and seltzer has nothing appertaining to the real seltzer or seltzer waters in its composition—except water. Ottawa beer is usually made with sugar, snake root and aromatics, which will acetify soon after the beer is manufactured. It should be made every day. The carbonic acid gas will disguise the bad taste of stale Ottawa beer until it has been swallowed, but soon internal disturbances take place. Nearly all mineral water is aerated water, flavored with syrups. Much of the ginger ale is aerated water flavored with Cayenne pepper. It is held that Cayenne pepper in small quantities is rather beneficial than otherwise, and is really a healthy beverage as compared with others. Good ginger ale should be made with lemons, ginger, sugar and tartaric acid. Seltzer water is simply carbonated water flavored with salts.

KILLED IN A GAMBLING HOUSE

The Downfall of the Son of a Prominent Banker—His Disgraceful Death.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 3.—John H. Morton, the young man who was shot and killed in a gambling house here last night, was the oldest son of a prominent banker of Louisville, and his downward career has been a source of the bitterest grief to a most estimable family. When a boy of nineteen or twenty he fell into evil ways, and, in a quarrel about a disreputable woman, shot and killed a gambler named Powers. Young Morton claimed that the shooting was done in self-defence, but he was sentenced to two years' confinement in the penitentiary. Before being sent to Frankfort, however, he was pardoned by the Governor.

For a time he conducted himself excellently. A position on a railroad was obtained for him, and, stationed in a remote part of the State, he was removed from all evil associations. Returning to Louisville, however, the old temptations were too strong to be resisted, and he plunged into excesses more disgraceful than before. For several years his companions have been of the worst characters in the city, his parents meanwhile exhausting every effort to reclaim him. Lately he became the proprietor of a common gambling house on Fifth street. Last night a drunken cigarmaker, named Rohman, entered Morton's establishment, but was not permitted to play. He called Morton into another room, where they were alone, and shot him three times, the last shot striking Morton in the head as he was attempting to escape through the window. His lifeless body fell to the pavement below.

Rohman can give no explanation of his crime, except that he was drunk.

A DUEL WITH KNIVES.

A special dispatch to the *Tribune* says:—The streets of Frankfort, Ky., near the spot where Buford slew Judge Elliott, were the scene of another bloody tragedy on Wednesday. John Cole and Burnet Gordon, farmers, neighbors and brothers-in-law, living on Flat Creek, near Frankfort, came to town in the morning, and, meeting later in the day, in front of Haly's saloon, began a dispute about a standing difficulty between them in regard to dealings in stock. Angry words followed, when both men suddenly drew pocket knives and rushed at each other. Gordon, who was sober and cool, had an advantage over his antagonist, who was intoxicated. The duel lasted for some minutes, both men hacking away at each other with fearful effect. Suddenly Cole staggered inside of the saloon, fell upon the floor and in five minutes was dead. A blow from Gordons knife had severed the carotid artery, and he bled to death. There were half a dozen other frightful gashes in his neck and breast. Gordon fought with a cheap, double-bladed jack-knife. The blade of Gordon's weapon broke short off in the wound which severed the artery. Gordon says that, knowing Cole's desperate character when in liquor, he knew he had to fight for his life, and cut away with all his might. Cole killed a man several years ago in the mountains of Breathitt county.

SATURN AND MARS.

The late conjunction of these two bodies is thus described by Prof. Swift, of Rochester: To the naked eye, Saturn and Mars presented a beautiful appearance. The contrast of color was very strong. Under the telescope the spectacle was inspiring. Mars showed a beautiful red disc beside the white globe and rings of Saturn. Just before sunrise the finest possible view of Saturn was obtained. The instrument employed was a three-inch telescope with a comet eye piece magnifying forty-five diameters. The definition was perfect, and the shadow of the planet proper upon the rings was, to all appearances, perfectly black. The effect of the advancing sunshine was noted with interest. Mars retained his color well, but gradually changed to a light red or dark pink. Saturn became a ghost of himself. He assumes a pale, leaden hue, sufficiently pronounced, however, to distingush him from the light blue of the sunlit sky. The rings held their own, and a very good definition of the planet could be obtained by careful focusing and close work with the eye. The two planets were kept in the field of the telescope for four hours, or until 7 o'clock in the morning. At that time the planets were but a few minutes apart and presented a marvelous spectacle.

HOW ZULU BOYS AND GIRLS FIGHT AND GET MARRIED.

Bishop Colenso has received from two Zulu warriors some facts about the fighting habits of their nation. Zulus, they say, learn to fight at home at their fathers' huts when they are very little; for when they are out herding cattle, two boys will have a quarrel and fight it out, or boys of one hut will divide into two parties and fight with their sticks, or those of one hut will fight with those of another, and so they learn. They have no idea of putting one foot forward all together like the white soldiers; they just go.

The girls live at home and work for their fathers only. They may not marry until the king gives them leave. When he assents they may marry any man they like. But he does not assent until they have reached a certain age. They are all of them enrolled into regiments. So are the boys. Sometimes the king gives permission to a regiment of young men and to a regiment of girls at the same time to get married; but it does not follow that the young men all secure wives, as the girls may prefer men of other (previously permitted) regiments, or the young men may not possess any cattle, in which case, of course, no fathers will give them their girls.

A HUMAN OTTER.

(Letter to Charleston News.)

Reedy River, in Laurens county, S. C., is a poor stream for fish. Perhaps by a whole day's fishing the angler may be rewarded by one-half dozen little catfish. We had a visit last week from the Raburn's Creek otter, William Vaughn. He said there were fish in the river and he had come after them. It was amusing to see him in the shoals, diving under the rocks, and bringing up the cats; sometimes he would come up with one in each hand, and occasionally with three fish, one in his mouth and one in each hand. After fishing the shoals he tried his hand on suckers and red-horse in the deeper water, diving down under the banks and bringing up the fish in his hands. He caught about twenty fine suckers, weighing one, two and three pounds each. Vaughn has been known to catch as many as six suckers at one time in his hands. He says when under the water he can rub a sucker on the side and it will lie as still as a pig when you are scratching it.

THE LAW OF GOD.—The Bishop of Lincoln has written to the Vicar of Stallingborough, near Grimsby, directing him not to administer Holy Communion to one of the churchwardens of his parish, who has married the sister of his lately deceased wife, and by so doing "has broken the law of God, as interpreted by the authority of the Church."—*London Times.*

—A young lady's graduating essay was entitled, "Who Will Be Next?" From which it would appear that she intends to engage in the barber business — become a tonsorial artist, we mean.