Listowel Standard.

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CLEANING PAINT.

When to Clean it and How to Clean it Properly.

In cleaning white paint, if soap must be used, put it into the water, and not on the flannel used to wash it. Avoid it altogether if possible. Soap turns white paint yellow, and if often or freely used, removes the paint itself altogether. Hot water also yellows white paint, and unless the paint is so dirty as to need scrubbing, should not be used. Cold water, with a little borax or ammonia in it, and a clean piece of soft flannel, is far better. This way of cleaning white paint makes it look very fresh, and saves soap and fuel. Only enough ammonia to soften the water should be used. A tea-spoonful to two quarts of cold water is sufficient.

If paint is quite dirty and greasy, warm water—not hot—with a little more ammonia will remove the grease, unless dropped on hot or left unnoticed a long time. Then, if necessary, one must resort to the scrubbing-brush, and perhaps use a little soap. When ammonia—or, as some think, soft soda—is used, the paint must be rinsed, and wiped dry immediately, and only a small space washed at a time before rinsing. This is a slow process, and can in almost all cases be avoided by removing any grease spot immediately.

In cleaning grained wood use clear warm water and a clean white cloth. Be careful and not have the water hot, as that will leave white spots. Wash only a small place at a time, and wipe dry as fast as a spot is washed. Wipe with a clean white cloth. Colored cloths stain the wood, or give a dingy look to the graining. Wet no more at a time than can be dried immediately, as drops will settle on the wood, and make the whole look dull, old and streaked if left to dry by the atmosphere. It should be rubbed perfectly dry, changing the cloths as soon as wet.

If grained wood has been very much neglected, or left till greatly soiled with greasy fingers, or defaced by fly specks, a very little hard soap must be put into the first water and that will necessitate more careful rinsing and drying. But, if possible, avoid using the soap, even if it may require a little more time and labor to cleanse the wood, for soap tarnishes the varnish, however skilfully it may be applied. On no account put the soap on the cloth.

Gilding in cornices, or on any part of the wood-work, must be carefully guarded from being touched by water or wet cloth when cleaning a room; nor should it be wiped even with the cleanest cloth; that will deaden and take off the guilding. A feather brush will remove the dust better than anything. If the guilding unfortunately becomes spotted, only an expert at regilding can with safety attempt to renovate it.

The finest furniture will be soon defaced if it do not receive careful attention very often. The very best will not be injured by washing with a soft sponge wet in clear cold water. Squeeze the sponge gently so that the water will not drip, and then rub the furniture with it, penetrating into all the fine carving; then take a soft chamois skin, and wipe and rub as dry as possible, taking care to dry all the moisture from every seam and crevice, even if necessary to get at it by wrapping the chamois-skin on the point of a blunt stick or ivory crochet needle. As the rubbing and drying proceed, when the chamois becomes quite damp, wring it between two dry cloths to absorb all the moisture possible, and polish off lastly with a clean dry skin.

If varnished work becomes defaced, and begins to show white spots, take equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine, put them in a vial, shake till thoroughly incorporated, then pour in small quantities on a soft cloth, and apply to the spots. Repeat till the color is restored, and then with another clean soft cloth wipe the mixture off carefully. In deeply carved furniture, if the dust has settled so as to be difficult to remove, use first a stiff-haired paint-brush to get out as much of the dust as possible before using the wet sponge; then roll the sponge up in the hand, and rub it into the carving two or three times; rinse and rub dry with the chamois, and finish off by wrapping the dry skin over the ivory needle, and drying every damp place in the carving. This need not take more time than is occupied in telling it. If the furniture is often dusted, it will not require any more, and it will look fresh and bright for years with such care.

If hot water or spirits of any kind have been spilled on furniture or varnished wood, it will turn white in spots, and become greatly defaced. Take two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, one teaspoonful of vinegar, and half a teaspoonful of turpentine; shake these well together; wet a soft piece of flannel in this mixture, and rub the spots with it. They will then disappear, leaving the furniture as good as new.

If at any time desirable to give pine tables an oaken color, or the wood-work of a room, it can be done without calling in a painter. Wash the wood carefully in a solution of copperas dissolved in strong lye, in the proportion of a pound of copperas to a gallon of lye; when the wood is dry after having been thus thoroughly saturated with this wash, oil it, and it will look fresh and nice for a year or two, when it can be restained and again oiled. Often, when not subjected to hard usage, the color will remain undimmed for several years, only requiring to be oiled occasionally. The color may be put on with a short-bristled brush, or the hands being protected with thick buckskin gloves, the wash may be applied with a cloth, which will saturate the wood more evenly. It will blister the hands if they are not well protected.

Oil-cloths washed in hot water or in soap-suds, or with a brush, will look dingy when dry, and soon crack and peel off; but when always washed in lukewarm water with a piece of soft old flannel, and wiped perfectly dry each time, they last much longer, and will retain their young looks down to old age; and it greatly improves their appearance to use half milk and half water. Skim-milk, if not sour, is just as good as new milk. This makes oil-cloth look as if varnished. Neither soap, hot water nor brush should ever be used on it.

In cleaning matting, wash twice during the summer with salt and water—a pint of salt to half a pailful of warm soft water; dry quickly with a clean soft cloth. Treated in this way, the matting will not grow yellow. Air, if preferred, apply a thin coat of varnish to the matting. That will make it more durable, and greatly improve its appearance. If varnished, it will not need washing. Now and then wipe with a wet cloth, and dry quickly. Use white varnish on white matting. Be sure and have the varnish thin, or the matting will crack.

It often happens that the wood-work on doors, particularly near the handles, will become quite dirty and badly stained by the frequent running back and forth of careless children. In these cases it is sometimes found impossible to remove the marks with cold water or without the use of soap, however, undesirable. If this occurs, throw two tablespoonfuls of pulverized borax into a pail of hot water, and wash the paint with it. Do not use a brush; but if found impossible to remove the marks in this way, then soap must be resorted to. Rub the soap on the cloth, and then sprinkle over the soap dry powdered borax, and rub the spots faithfully, rinsing with plenty of water. By washing wood-work in this way the paint will not be injured, and the borax will keep the hands soft and white. Borax is not half as freely used in domestic labor as it would be if all its usefulness were better known. Its help in increasing the cleansing properties of soap and at the same time correcting its corrosive tendency, is one of the most valuable properties.

SHOOTING ACCIDENT.

A Young Man Fatally Shot While Hunting Rabbits.

LONDON, Dec. 29.—The latest particulars to hand of the Brooks shooting accident are as follows: A number of young men in the township turned out to hunt rabbits. While standing in the woods together one of their number, George Johnston, had his hand over the muzzle of his gun, the butt resting on the ground. One of the dogs jumped on him in a fondling manner causing him to throw his head back, and the muzzle of the gun at the same time. Just at this time the gun was discharged by the dog, the charge passing through his head. It entered under the jaw, severing one of the numerous arteries. He died from hemorrhage within an hour after the accident. He retained his senses till the last, conversing at intervals with his father, who was completely bowed with grief at the sudden demise of his son. The sad affair has cast a gloom over the whole neighborhood, the deceased being held in high esteem by his friends and acquaintances. Dr. Mirlett, of Alvinston, was called, but under the circumstances no inquest is deemed necessary.

—The edict of Joseph Emanuel, King of Portugal, published in 1759, is not without its interest at this time. By this instrument widows of more than fifty years of age were forbidden to marry, "because," the preamble recited, "experience has shown that women of that age commonly marry young men of no property, who dissipate the fortunes such marriages put them in possession of, to the prejudice of children and other relatives." Spinsters were not apparently considered so liable to be beguiled.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—During the present year 4,946 miles of new railroad has been built in the United States.

—Mr. Jay Cooke's income for the past three years is said to have been over $75,000 a year.

—A London city official estimates the gross annual income of that city's charities at $22,500,000.

—An insane physician poisoned two men to death at Lyon, Minn., before his malady was discovered.

—The Rev. John A. Powell went insane at Findley, Ohio, because a book which he had written met with no sale.

—The American Consul at Cork says that what Ireland needs is coal grates and coal-burning stoves from the United States.

—The orange and lemon crop now being gathered in Sicily is the largest on record, and the fruit is unusually fine in quality.

—Every Duke of Richmond since the time of Charles II., who conferred that title on his bastard son, has been a Knight of the Garter.

—In the present years' Jewish Calendar for 5641 (1880 A.D.) the total number of Jews in the world is set down by the editor at 8,910,000.

—The Duchess de Chevreuse, who took part in a promonastic demonstration in France, has been fined $40 for obstructing the police.

—The Cambridge Gymnasium, given by Mr. Hemingway, son of the late Mr. Augustus Hemingway, two years after he graduated, cost $100,000.

—A Michigan farmer invented a trick with a hole in it. He sold rolls of butter that had been made hollow, filled with water and frozen solid.

—Los Angeles county, with 3,683 acres of land in vines, raised in 1880 53,000,000 pounds of grapes, making 2,500,000 gallons of wine and 300 of brandy.

—A grocer of Boston left $70 to be annually expended in caring for his dog, and that fortunate animal now eats sirloin steak three times a day, and sleeps on a spring bed.

—Ladies, says the London *Truth*, will be glad to hear that the "fluttered frog" is the name of the last new color; it is rather lighter than "frightened toad" or "angry mouse."

—A learned physician finds that the figure on the crucifix in Burgos Cathedral is a human body in a perfect state of preservation. It is said to have been there since the eleventh century.

—Mrs. E. S. Custer, mother of the late Gen. George A. Custer, is lying at the point of death at her home in Munroe, Mich. She has never recovered from the shock of the death of her son.

—A Jefferson county firm were so rated by a mercantile agency as to damage their standing in business circles. They instituted a suit at law, and the litigation has resulted in a verdict of $5,000.

—A Providence woman undertook to kill herself economically with the poisonous ends of matches, but found that she had to eat thirty seven before becoming unconscious, and then a doctor easily saved her life.

—Italy exported last year twice as much wine as imported; both the exports and imports were to and from France, Switzerland and Germany, the Italian wines being so imperfectly made as to be spoiled by sea travel.

—A thousand persons mostly women are employed in engraving and printing Government money and bank notes at Washington. They are so strictly watched during work hours that they look upon themselves thou as prisoners

—"Can I give my son a college education at home?" says a proud and anxious father. "Certainly," replies an expert who knows all about it." "All you want is a base ball guide, a racing shell, and a few packages of igarettes."

—A roulette table of the most approved type has been started at Oxford, with two wealthy undergraduates as croupiers, and it is said that both graduates and undergraduates frequent the establishment.

—A householder in Toronto refused to allow the body of a woman who had died on his premises to be removed for burial unless he was paid $50 for rent and attendance. He also presented another bill for $20, alleging that visitors had worn out his carpet.

—The King of Italy, traveling in the strictest *incognito* as the Count of Pavia, is expected to spend a few days in Paris, and he will make a short visit to England, where he will be the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham, and will visit the Queen at Osborne.

—H. C. Van Schaack, in a lecture before the Chicago Historical Society, defended the wife of Benedict Arnold from the charge of having persuaded her husband to turn traitor, preferred against her by Davis and Parton, the historians. Mr. Van Schaack holds Aaron Burr responsible for the calumny.

—A Police Justice, a Police Commissioner, and a City Superintendant were among the spectators at the recent dog fight in Troy, and an ex-police detective handled one of the dogs. Mayor Murphy, who is a brother-in-law of the late John Morrissey, publishes an indignant denial that he was financirlly interested.

—The City Marshal of Atkinson, Kan., collects the license fees of travelling shows, and also demands free admission. In a recent instance he was excluded, and the manager, being arrested, was fined $10 and costs, because the licence ordinance provided that the official should be allowed to witness all performances.

—Michael Solis, a citizen of Bogota, in the republic of San Salvador, is reputed to be 160 years old; he therefore beats the record of old Parr by eight years. Mr. Solis is extremely methodical is his life, and attributes his age to sobriety. He only eats nourishing food during a single half hour daily. On the 1st and 15th of every month he fasts, and only drinks water.

—Preparations for the coming census of 1881 in London are being actively pushed. It is anticipated that the returns will reveal a a striking increase in the population of the metropolis, which cannot now be far short of 4,000,000. The census will be taken simultaneously in every district of the United Kingdom on the same day.

—Out of 1,511 orders for relief issued by members of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor last year, only 65 per cent. were ever presented; of these 4 per cent. gave a wrong address, and 9 per cent. were found unworthy, so that 48 per. cent. of the whole number were not relieved.

—Mr. Swinburne writes to the *Rappel*, making merry over the name of Agrippina being given in "Endymoin" to an exiled monarch whom the reader is expected to admire. He suggests that Lord Beaconsfield forgot who was Nero's mother, but he himself seems to forget that Nero's grandmother was also an Agrippina and was beloved by the Romans.

—Mr. Gerald Paget, now on a visit to New York, is a younger son of Lord Alfred—one of a family of twelve. He married a lady of means, and has been a free spender. Last season he occupied Coventry House, at Melton Mowbray, the centre of Leicestershire hunting. It was tenanted formerly by the practical joker, the Marquis of Waterford, and the mansion has been the scene of very high jinks.

—A St. Louis young man promised his sweetheart a sealskin sacque as a Christmas present, but had no money to buy it. In that dilemma he slipped into a dark alley, fastened a gag in his own mouth, blackened his own eye, and told those who found him that he had been knocked down by robbers, who took away the sacque. But he confessed under cross-examination.

—The famine in Russia, it is predicted, will assume proportions altogether beyond previous estimates, and no steps are taken to meet it. The Russian peasant cannot afford at the best of times to eat wheat, and this grain has been sold long ahead to the Jews and other middlemen. What is needed is an immediate importation of cheaper grain, if such can be obtained.

—Among the many anecdotes coming out of William IV., is one that he related at table of how he was importuned by an old brother messmate of the navy to do something for him. His Majesty added with a chuckle: "I got rid of him at last. I made him a Knight of the Hanoverian Guelphic order." "And served him right, too," observed a courtier, more zealous than discreet.

—The Argentine Government is endeavoring to found an English speaking colony on the banks of the Rio Negro, and President Roca is prepared to grant land free for 50,000 Irish immigrants. The Buenos Ayres *Standard* says that the fact seems to be ignored in England that the Plate is infinitely richer than Australia or New Zealand, whereas the lands in Buenos Ayres are to be had far cheaper.

—Mr. Froude is about to be anticipated by F. Martain in the promised biography of Carlyle. There is no avowment that the author of the "Statesmen's Year Book" has gone into the merits of Carlyle's life with the same care as the author of the life of Cæsar would be sure to go, but he has collected a multitude of facts, and is qualified by previous training to arrange them in a systematic and effective way.

—Although Brazilian coffee makes up about one-half of the quantity produced in the entire world, it seems to be held of so little account in the markets that, to insure a sale, it has to be labeled as Java, Porta Rico, Ceylon or Mecha produce. In the country there are no fewer than 530,000,000 plants, covering 1,500,000 acres, and yielding a crop of 260,000 tons, of which 50,000 are retained for home consumption.

—A serious split has taken place between Lord Bute ("Lothair") and the trustees of his property. There have been differences for some time and his recent action against them in the Court of Sessions, the result of which was that he failed to obtain possession of his mother's jewels, etc., in fee, has brought matters to a crisis. Col. Stuart, who is one of the resigning trustees, is heir presumptive to the Marquisate and to the large portion of the estates that are in settlement.

—A couple arrived at San Francisco on their bridal tour, and took a room at a hotel. The bridegroom then informed the bride that he was out of money, and did not know how to get any. He said that the best thing for them to do was to commit suicide. She agreed, and suggested the use of laudanum, of which she had a bottle. They divided the drug into two equal parts, and swallowed it. The man died, but the dose proved insufficient to kill the woman, and she has recovered.

—Sarah Bernhardt, on the eve of her departure from France, had an interview with the editor of the Paris *Evenement*. Therein the actress said: "I shall keep a dairy, in which I shall write my impressions of the day every morning and evening. When I return I shall publish it without changing a word. In this manner, if I do not discover America, I shall discover myself at least, and all the world shall know what Sarah Bernhardt has experienced from the day she departed to the day she returns."

—The case of Debenham agt. Mellon, involving the question of the liability of husbands for the debts of wives, has attracted great notice in England. Mrs. Mellon was supplied by her husband with a sum adequate for her apparel, but ran into debt in excess of it. Under the case Jolly agt. Rees, the court decided for the husband as not being liable for his wife's debts, if he supplied her with money enough to buy necessaries and forbade her to exceed it. On appeal the decision was affirmed, and re affirmed (Mr. Benjamin for the appellants) by the House of Lords.

—The 3-year-olds belonging to Lord Falmouth did so badly in all the great races of the season that one is hardly prepared to find him standing for the fifth or sixth time in the last ten years at the head of the winning owners in England. But, thanks in the main to the eight victories of his 2 year-old filly Bal Gal, who has won more money than any animal of her age ever did before, he occupies this position with a total of £46,061 won in twenty-one races. Of this total Bal Gal has secured more than half.

—Prince Higaschi-Fuschinio-No-Mya, the heir presumptive to the ruling sovereign of Japan, is traveling around the world. At present he is stopping at Rizza, Italy, where fashionable society, comprising representatives of all nations, is in somewhat of a flutter about him. He is about 30, speaks French excellently, is unmarried, attends balls, receptions, dinners, and all manner of social festivities and seems possessed of unusual intelligence and polish.

—Two women lawyers will take part as counsel in the trial of George A. Wheeler, who choked his sister-in-law to death in San Francisco. Mrs. Clara Foltz has been engaged to assist the prosecuting attorney, and Mrs. Laura Deforce Gordon to assist the defence. The two women were once close friends, sleeping in the same bed, but lately a coldness sprang up between them. In the recent political campaign they were rivals on the political stump.

—The inhabitants of the burgh of Maryhill, Scotland, are being eaten out of house and home by a legion of rats which have taken up their quarters in the town. They are actually running about in thousands. A local shop keeper has invented an ingenious machine for killing them, and has killed 136 in his own shop in a single fortnight. A dairy keeper states that the rats have killed and eaten fourteen young pigs and forty fowls belonging to him, leaving nothing behind but a few well-picked bones.

—A somewhat pathetic fact comes out in the course of a lawsuit between Mrs. Zelda Seguin, the singer, and the manager of the Emma Abbot opera Company. Edward Seguin, her husband, was in bad health, and his once brilliant abilities as a singer and actor were waning fast. Mrs. Seguin was informed that his salary was to be reduced $50 a week. Knowing that he was sensitive on the subject of his deterioration as a performer, she induced the manager to make the reduction in her own pay and leave his unaltered. This was mode. The controversy arose when, after his death, she claimed full salary again.

—The Blackfeet, Blood and Piegan Indians on the northern border of Montana are said to be abandoning their savage life and settling down in ways of peace and civilization. The Helena *Independent* reports that forty heads of families have built log cabins and are cultivating small farms, potatoes, turnips and carrots being their favorite crops. All of the labor done at the agency during the past three years in the way of cutting and hauling firewood, putting in crops and building fences, has been performed by the Indians. Their children attend school, and seem very fond of it, and some read and show creditable attainments in arithmetic.

—A New Orleans invalid bought six bottles of a patent medicine, warranted to cure the disease from which he was suffering. A notice was printed on the wrappers that the money would be refunded if, after following the directions implicitly, a complete cure was not wrought. The stuff did her no good. She demanded from the druggist who was also the manufacturer, the $9 which she had paid him. He refused it. She has begun a suit, and her lawyer assures her that, as she obeyed the directions in every particular, she has a clear case. Memphis also has some little litigation growing out of the sale of a nostrum. In this instance a man bought of a barber a bottle of liquid to make the hair grow thicker on his head. He claims that it not only failed to do so, but it caused what hair he had to fall out. He wants $1,000 to cover the damages.

—The Government of Japan is making strennous efforts to economize, and in pursuance of this policy has ordered the sale to private individuals of factories which were formerly established by it to stimulate native industries. The various public departments have also been instructed to reduce their expenses, and guards heretofore attending Privy Councilors have been abolished. By these and other measures which are in progress a saving of about $10,000,000 annually is to be effected, which sum is to be devoted to the redemption of paper currency. It is also stated in native papers that the Ministers of Austria, Italy and Holland are to be recalled, in order to aid in the general reduction.

—The Sultan has discovered that the ex-Khedive, while professing that he has always recognized and still venerates the Caliphate of the Sultan, is in fact intriguing against him, and supporting a paper extensively circulated in all countries where Arabic is spoken, ridiculing the Sultan's pretensions to the Caliphate. The ex-Khedive asserts that the Sultan has, by pronouncing his deposition, compelled him, contrary to the injunction of the sacred Law, the live in exile beyond the limits of the Mohammedan world, and that, in consequence, some of the household have been corrupted by Christian influences into abjuring their faith.

—The drink known as "gin sling" was invented by John Collins, a waiter at Limmer's Hotel, Conduit street, London. John was corrupted into gin, and Collins into clins, and thence slings. The old lines on the libation ran:

My name is John Collins, head waiter at Limmer's,
Corner of Conduit street, Hanover square;
My chief occupation is filling of bummers
For all the young gentlemen frequenters there

—The England High Church papers are furious over the imprisoned Ritualists. The *Church of England Review* writes: "We are threatened with disestablishment. Let it come; and let the Archbishops who generated the Public Worship act and pulled the wires of the Privy Council—let them see to their palaces, and peerages, and thousands a year. They, and not we, must be the loosers. We are no Radicals, but we do not think the establishment worth defending, if its chief blessing is that its clergy can be imprisoned for their religion while no other men in Eng land can be so outrageously treated. The Primate made the mess; let him get himself out of it as best he can."

—Major Penniman, a lawyer, and O. F. Robison, Assistant District Attorney, had an altercation in a Detroit court room during the trial of a horse thief. Penniman accused Robison of lying, and, tearing up a legal document, threw it into a cuspador, saying: "That is what I think of you." Robison replied that the public could judge which was the liar, and intimated that he considered the Major a coward. The Major invited his adversary to step out outside, an invitation that was readily accepted. As soon as the two had crossed the threshold that separated them from the court room, and while Robison was trying to close the door, the Major suddenly turned and struck him twice in the face with his fist. Robison had no opportunity to retort, police officers interfering and conducting both before the Judge, by whom Robison was fined $10 and the Major $25. A leading lawyer of the city at once paid Robison's fine, and was immediately reimbursed by contributions from other members of the bar; but nobody volunteered to pay any part of the Major's fine, and that belligerent counsellor had to beg for a week's time to raise the money.

—The Queen of Italy has just saved a life. She was taking her afternoon drive beyond the Porta Angelica, accompanied by the Duchessa Sforza-Cesarini and the Marchese Niccolini, and had alighted for a little walking exercise, when a riding party, consisting of a lady and two officers, came up. The three equestrians, on seeing her Majesty, made a sudden wheel to the side of the road, to let the carriage pass, but in the act the lady's horse stumbled and fell, dragging its fair rider along with it. The Queen, stepping forward, seized the struggling animal by the bridle and held it until the lady had extricated herself, and was out of danger. By this time the two officers had leaped from their horses and the Duchessa Sforza-Cesarini and the Marchese Niccolini from the royal carriage, but only to hear the Queen deprecating the lady's gratitude and regretting her having been the involuntary cause of the accident. By evening the incident was the common theme for every one throughout the Corso; and when, at 8½ o'clock, her Majesty entered the royal box at the Teatro Argentina, the house rose *en masse*, and, while the orchestra played the Royal March, cheered as Italians never cheer but in honor of their Queen, who always receives such loyal demonstrations with the most winning grace.

THE FLAVOR OF MEAT.

M. Monclar, a noted agriculturist in France, has suggested a singular plan for varying the flavor of meat. He imagines that by feeding cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry in a particular way, or rather by flavoring their food in various ways, their flesh may be rendered much more agreeable to the palate than it often is; and there can be no doubt that he is substantially right. Thus, for instance, it is well known that poultry which have been fattened upon food containing a slight admixture of chopped truffles are far better eating than chickens which have been stuffed or larded with truffles after they are killed. It is only natural that such should be the case, for the flavor of the truffle that is consumed by the chicken permeates the whole system, which it cannot do when simply placed in the carcass. M. Monclar instances cases in which hares killed in a wormwood field, larks shot in a cabbage-field, and eggs laid by hens that had eaten diseased silk-worms, had such a nauseous taste that no one could touch them; while on the other hand some ducks and field-fares which had fed on sprigs of juniper had a delicious flavor. He has made several experiments—among others, three upon tame rabbits, which he fed with the waste of anise seed, with barley and bran containing a slight flavoring of juniper, and with barley and bran containing a little essence of thyme. In each case he found that the flesh of these animals was far better eating than that of rabbits fattened in the ordinary way, and yet that there was no trace of anise-seed or juniper in the taste. His conclusion is that cattle, sheep and pigs might be fed in the same way, and that by varying the flavoring matter the beef, mutton and pork might be made to have several different tastes.—*Sanitarian.*

BOLOGNA SAUSAGES AND BABIES.

The Swiss *Times* tells a good story: Children in arms generally enjoy exemption from Customs' duties, and even the octroi officials stationed at the "barriers" of French and Italian cities, fiscal martinets though they be, are wont to allow these innocent creatures to pass them free of duty. There are, however, exceptions to every rule. Only the other day, among the passengers in an omnibus undergoing the usual inspections at the Porta Garibaldi of Milan, was a rudy-cheeked wet nurse, bearing on her lap an infantine treasure, carefully swaddled, its youthful lineaments hidden from view by a thick white lace veil. It seemed a baby of excellent conduct, by no means addicted to infuriate screaming, or even to the complacent gurglings affected by some infants, but wrapped in a profound and noiseless slumber. "That is a remarkably quiet child of yours," observed the searching official to the nurse. "Yes indeed it is, dear little angel," rejoined the latter; "it hardly ever cries, the sweet poppet, and when it does whimper a little I can quiet it in a moment with a lump of sugar." "It must be quiet a treasure," replied he of the octroi; "just step down, there's a good woman, and bring it into my office with you; I should like to have a look at it, being a family man my self." The nurse grew pale; she had, however, no valid excuse for non-compliance with the request, so she descended from the omnibus and followed the fatherly official into his bureau, where, strange and sad to tell, the extraordinary placidity of her infantine charge was speedily accounted for by the discovery that it consisted of fourteen pounds of fine Bologna sausage, neatly packed up in the snow-white robes of guileless babyhood.

THE FASHIONABLE DEMEANOR.

The demeanor most affected by belles this winter is that of the unsophisticated inquirer. She asks questions of her male companion on subjects that she knows more about than he does, and waits wide-eyed and open-lipped for his answers, with the most innocent air imaginable. This flatters him tremendously, and makes him think she is much too guileless for this wicked world. If she has a spice of the dare devil concealed behind a particularly pure countenance, she blandly makes queries about forbidden things, feeling sure that he will mistake her audacity for sweet ignorance. This will do very well for baby-faced girls, but women past thirty shouldn't attempt it. The diffusion of knowledge is too general at that age.

"BEN D'YMION."

A Parody on a Recent Famous Novel.

(London Punch.)

It was a warm and rich night in August, when the Rt. Hon. William Gladstars* descended the celebrated eminence of Houndsditch hall. He had hardly got beyond the top of Whitechapel lane, when he met the marquis of Flibbertigibbet.

"You are the precise person I was wanting to see," said the distinguished statesman, lightly punching that nobleman in the region of his alimentary canal. The great are always affable.

The marquis drew himself up. "I have just returned from Windsor."

"From Windsor?"

"And Newton. There's news at Newton—I mean Windsor. The king has sent for the duke?"

Now Mr. Gladstars was a tory, and a firm believer in the Iron Duke; he could hardly restrain his delight at the intelligence. After waving his hat into the air five times, slapping the marquis very heartily in the small of the back, and executing a pas seul on the spot, he ejaculated:

"The Duke has saved Europe!"

"Europe be blowed!" replied the marquis, while a wrinkle of contempt disarranged his Titanic nose, and a frown gathered on his Olympian brow. Then, clutching Gladstars violently by the arm, at the same time foaming slightly at the mouth, he exclaimed: "It may be my fancy, but I can't resist the impression—a change is coming!"

"I should welcome any change," remarked the privy councillor, "that took your hand off my biceps. 'Tis positive torture I endure."

"Endure!" said the marquis decidedly; "everything comes to him who can endure."

And partung, the two statesmen pursued their respective courses; the nobleman wrapped his emblazoned cloak round his Orinthian form and dived into the Dead-meat market, while the Right Hon. Gladstars proceeded on the knife-board of a city †bus to the office of the *Quaterly Screamer.*

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Semolina was the empress of London, of fashion, and of the Tory party. She was always at home to her intimates, so she did not get much exercise; at this moment she was reclining on a brilliant sofa, a majestic footstool at her feet, supported by romantic cushions.

In a low chair just in front of her, with bib and pinafore on, and catching up every word that fell from her lips, sat a Great Personage. A couple of bishops and a cabinet minister were playing at cat's-cradle in an alcoyi; while more remote some dames of high degree were surrounded by cavaliers of ancient lineage, whose every word was a bon mot, and every movement a whole volume of society etiquette. Servants glided about in muffled skates over the shining parquet, distributing sherry-cobblers and gin-cocktail's to the visitors, while at half-minute intervals mysterious and noble-looking strangers appeared at the door, flew to Semolina's outstretched palm, imprinted an impassionate kiss on her jeweled finger, and then suddenly vanished into air.

"What I want you to see," said Semolina, "only you're so incurably obtuse; is that reaction is the law of life, that you can't get on without the Temple and the Bar, that the introduction of Gas will be fatal to the Crown, that Public Opinion is all humbug, that changes are so likely to happen unless things go on as they are, and that on the eve of change Adamantine fortitude is imperatively demanded. I hope you clearly follow me?"

But the Great Personage had fallen fast asleep, and was snoring. Semolina was disgusted.

"The age of liberalism has come!" she exclaimed, and kicking the low chair from the Great Personage, bounced out of the apartment and slammed the portal behind her.

* * * * * *

Mr. Gladstars was a constant contributor to *The Quarterly Screamer.* He was not a heavenborn minister, but where he came from is a matter of no importance here. Early initiated into the mysteries of Eton and Christchurch, he had a fund of Latin quotations, a happy khack of catching the speaker's eye and was as eloquent as Burke, and as accurate as Salisbury. He had married a lady who was an heiress. They had two children—twins.

"If I ever had a son," he said one day at dinner to Count Gauvajelli, "I swore his name should be Ben D'ymion. His sister's name is Tyra."

These children are to be my hero and heroine! They were excellently behaved young people. When any one spoke to them, they put out their tongues, shrugged their shoulders and stared haughtily.

Ben D'ymion had a face of majestic beauty, and so had Tyra. He was clad in a blue velvet jacket, and red Spanish filagree buttons, a shirt of lace, and a waistcoat of yellow damask. Tyra also wore Spanish filagree buttons. Everything about her was either Spanish or filagree. Her long ringlets were braided with pearls. It was poetical—it was "Tete and Brady."

"What are you going to be?" asked kind old Lord Gooseberry of the boy.

"It's like your impudence to ask," replied D'ymion, at this time about 8 years old. "I'm going to Eton and Christchurch, and then I shall be a prime minister a good deal sooner than you can say Jack Robinson."

"Tyra," remarked a handsome young private secretary, "remember you've promised to marry me some day."

"Not if I know it," proudly answered the child. "Nobody under a dook for your truly." And the child resumed the crackin of the walnuts.

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Vigil Pillbox had fallen in love with Tyra. He was 15 and she was 12. He was a very high-and dry-church boy. He took her out for walks, and gave her almond-rock.

"You are not high and dry?" he asked, as they were walking through a valley in a storm.

"No; I feel particularly low and wet," she answered. "Shall we turn?"

"Tyra, I love you! As you are not an Erastian, you shall be mine."

"My dear Vigil, I shan't. I live only for my brother—and myself. I intend to be a grande dame. I intend my brother to be prime minister. My creed is that a human will can accomplish any object it resolutely determines to attain. It's not a very long creed, nor a very good one, but it'll do."

And, so saying, she got into her perambulator, and Vigil wheeled her home.

* * * * * *

Lord Littlehampton, though he was a cabinet minister, was of an obliging disposition. As people expected him to marry Leonora he thought he would try

"Leonora, do you love me?"

"Tis my money only you want!" and the maiden blushed a crimson hue.

"Money!" said Lord Littlehampton, musing. "There's no doubt that money makes the novelist."

"Base and naughty man!" sobbed Leonora. "Then you do want my money," and she fled in tears from the apartment.

Then Lord Littlehampton determined to try Tyra. Though she was forty-five years and three-quarters his junior, he had always liked her.

"Tyra! Do you love me? Will you be mine?"

The penniless dependent was startled.

"Love you!" she replied. "Not a bit. But I will be yours. Listen!" and she grasped the aged noblemen rather violently by the wrist. "It is my creed that what human will determines on——"

"Oh, yes, yes," said Lord Littlehampton, "I've heard you say that before. The question is, what have you determined on?"

"To get to the top of the tree," said Tyra, "and to take Ben D'ymion up with me. As I said before, to accomplish that object I am even ready to marry you!"

"Beautiful and truly feminine creature!" exclaimed Lord Littlehampton. "Some people would call this an ambition fit for an unscrupulous adventurer, not for a modern English maiden. But I do not think so at all." And folding her to his embroidered waistcoat in one fond embrace, he leaped into his brougham, lit a cigar, and thought about the coming budget.

[End of Vol. 1.]

*Earl to Editor—See the joke! They'll think I mean this for W. E. G. But do I? Watch me carefully and you'll see—what you will see.

†Same to Same—Who is it now, eh? Mixed 'em up already, you see.

CANADA IN ENGLAND.

Robert Strachan, solicitor, of this city, has been lecturing in the Baptist tabernacle, at Southend on Lea, England. The *Standard* of that town prints a report of the lecture, which Mr. Strachan says is miserably inaccurate. From the report the following excerpt is made:

After giving a history of the early days of Canada, Mr. Strachan went on to say: The great Northwest territory had exceedingly rich soil, and as it appeared destined to become the granary of Europe it was attracting attention as a field for agricultural enterprise. The population of this north-west district was about 50,000, half of these being Indians. Their love of "fire-water" led to restrictive legislation, which was working satisfactorily. Except in the Northwest the liquor laws of the Dominion are much the same as in England; except that all drink shops are closed from seven o'clock on Saturday night until six o'clock on Monday morning, and they had no *bona fide* travelers. There was very little Sunday trade of any sort, and none openly. The temperance party adopted the questionable policy of employing private detectives, who entrapped the publicans into breaking the law, and then informed against them. Canada was a fine fruit-growing country, and living was tolerably cheap there, although clothing was dear. It was not a Free Trade country, but it levelled Protection chiefly against the United States; the latter had a prohibitive tariff, in the hope of some day obtaining a reciprocative treaty between the two countries. Protection had enlivened trade and increased wages. The lecturer then passed on to give a vivid description of a Canadian winter, and the delights of sleighing, tobogganing, ice boating and fish-spearing. The ice-boats were placed on runners, and propelled by sails as ordinary boats, but they were liable to turn over. The fish were attracted to holes in the ice by lamps or torches, and then speared. Tobogganing or sat on a thirlaraing amusement, enjoyed by sliding rapidly down a steep snow covered hill, seated on a thin frame work of bark. The cold was intense in winter, but they had no fog or muggy weather as in England. The summers were very hot, and often as oppressive as in India, but as the nights were cool the constitution did not suffer. The climate was very healthy. He then graphically described the Niagara Falls, and referred to the theory of Professor Huxley that in 2,000 or 3,000 years the Horse Shoe Fall would be destroyed by the wearing away of the rock. The speaker then described some of the border towns, and said the Canadians and Americans were on good terms. He concluded by a feeling allusion to the mother country.

The chairman remarked that a good deal of information had been afforded by the lecture. A cordial vote of thanks was tendered to the lecturer.

ADVANCE PLEDGES

One day in the years gone by a couple of wealthy farmers living in Wayne county, this State, got into a fisticuff difficulty, and when it was ended both started for the office of a Justice of the Peace. A warrant and cross-warrant were issued, and one of them drove into Detroit and secured the services of a lawyer to push his case. The trial was set for 9 o'clock in the morning of a certain day, and the Detroit lawyer had to arrive at the village on the evening previous. He had just finished his supper when a big six-footer asked him to take a little walk, as he had something concerning his case he wished to communicate. The lawyer cheerfully complied, and little was said until the pair were beyond the village and not likely to be interfered with. Then the stranger halted and said:

"During the coming difficulty you can call me Spofford, and if you feel particularly affectionate you can allude to me as John."

"What difficulty do you refer to?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, I'm going to lick you!"

"No!"

"You bet I am! That's what I'm shedding my coat and vest for!"

"But what have you got against me?"

"Well, you are the lawyer for Deacon Jones."

"Yes."

"I stood by and saw that fight, and I'm the witness on the other side. The Deacon struck first, and I'm going to swear to it."

"Well."

"Well, you'll begin to pick me up and ask questions and abuse me. My nose is out of shape, and you'll rub me on that. I've got warts, and you won't forget it. I was in jail once for four days, and you'll make me out a State Prison convict. I can't tackle you in the court-room, and you'll jump aboard the train as soon as the trial is over. Therefore, I'm going to lick you now. Git ready for the combat!"

"But say, you are mistaken in me!"

"No I ain't—I've been on the stand before!"

"I solemnly agree not to abuse you, not a word!"

"But you can't help it!"

"Yes, I can!"

"Do you solemnly promise to let my nose alone?"

"I do! I won't say a single word about you."

"Won't say that I broke up a spelling-school last winter?"

"Not a word."

"Nor ask if I was hired to see the Deacon strike first?"

"Not an ask."

"Nor run on my old dad?"

"Not a run."

"Well, then, I'll let you go, though I ought to have one crack at you for the trouble I've been to! If you deceive me I'll make jelly of you if a thousand constables stand in the way!"

The trial was a very tame affair, and the scores who expected to see Spofford hauled over the coals were sadly disappointed. It was proven that the Deacon struck first, and he was fined $25 and costs, and the Detroit lawyer never got a case in that township again.—*Free Press.*

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