Listowel Standard.

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AROUND THE WORLD.

—Baron Rothschild left $400,000,000.

—Nearly 3,000,000 acres of land in Ireland consist of bogs.

—Germany has been quick to appreciate and employ the advantages of the telephone. In Berlin alone, on October 1, 533 houses were served with telephonic communications and the total length of wires was 750 miles.

—"This safe is empty—call at the house," was the card which burglars found on the safe in a Green Bay office. They called at the house and robbed it of $600, and the smart office clerk hasn't got the big head any more.

—There are twins, brothers, at Lenthenwood, Virginia, who on the first of next month, will be 93 years old. Their mother lived to be a 100 and their father 90, and they evidently are going to live to double their parents' age.

—Mrs. Fry, on eloping from Unionville, Ohio, left a note kindly advising her husband to get a divorce immediately, and marry a certain frugal and industrious widow of the neighborhood, who would, as she expressed it, "be good to the seven small fry."

—A London contemporary informs us that when a man is in straightened circumstances he is now said by society to be impy—i. e., impecunious Swift opposed the word mob, a contraction of mobile vulgus; but the sneers of the great Dean did not prevent its general acceptance. Impy has less to recommend it than mob.

—Until she was 14 years old, Victoria did not know she was heir to the throne. But on seeing a genealogical table one day she discovered the fact, and said to her governess: "There is much splendor, but much responsibility." Then with tears she exclaimed: "Baroness, I will be good." She was more sober and more dignified ever after.

—A branch of the Washington Elm in Old Cambridge, thirty feet in length and about one foot in diameter, was blown down last Monday night. The police placed lanterns around it and on Tuesday morning workmen were sent to remove it. But they found nothing but the lanterns, relic hunters having carried away every scrap of the fallen limb.

—A Frenchman was recently acquitted of the charge of stealing a pair of breeches because of insufficient evidence. But he refused to leave his seat in the court room. After considerable remonstrance he whispered in his lawyer's ear, "I can't go until the man who owned the trousers has gone." "Why?" asked the lawyer. "Because I've got 'em on me."

—The Brooklyn police are going to earn their wages, if they have to get the whole population of Brooklyn inside the bars in order to do it. On Wednesday they arrested a man who was rushing around trying to get a bill changed, on a charge of larceny, and Thursday run in another who brought to the station an ownerless horse he had found roaming about the streets.

—A Massachusetts school teacher was recently fined $25 and costs, by a district judge, for inhumanly beating a boy, one of her pupils. The judge took occasion to pronounce the assault one of the most outrageous cases of cruelty to a child which had ever come under his observation. The teacher appealed, and was held in $300 for trial at the next term of the Supreme Court.

—There is in San Jose a successful book agent and one who is met smilingly by would be patrons. The reason is explained when it is stated that she is a little mite of a maiden, named Seda Reveras, who conceived the idea of selling books to "pay mamma's rent." Her mother is a widow with two helpless babes, and the little tot supplies the wants of the family, for all assist her.

—Voudooistic methods are not limited to the ignorant natives of Hayti and the negroes of the Southern States. Revelations in the case of the death of Miss Josephine Henton of Halifax, who failed to encourage the persistent attentions of a young man enamored of her, indicate that the love potion which he gave her to change her attitude toward him, contained deadly poison, killing her.

—Subterranean telegraph wire laying is progressing rapidly in Philadelphia. The system comprises an arrangement of conduits which have no chambers, each chamber having a capacity for accomodatiog fifty wires. One thousand wires are thus safely inclosed in a conduit, and they can be reached and connections made by means of man-holes, which are constructed in every block.

—Harrison is a revivalist, known as the boy preacher, and is working with success in San Francisco. The Virginia City Chronicle says that he has a striking way of jumping down from the pulpit and placing his foot on the altar rail, as if about to spring over at the obdurate sinner in the congregation; and he paces the pulpit like a caged lion, and raises his voice to a scream and then drops it to a whisper.

—An old negro, named J. F. Davids, who was recently acquitted of the charge of murder, at Abbeville, S. C., has been on the gallows, or at least in sight of them, five times, the Governor having interposed in every instance. The last time Davids was upon the gallows the noose had been actually adjusted around his neck when a mounted messenger dashed up with a reprieve. The chances now are that he will die in his bed.

—A few weeks ago a large box attracted the attention of the traffic superintendent at the Birsult station of the Odessa section of the Southwest railway. It had been sent off from Pultawa and was addressed to Odessa. It was opened and inside was discovered the body of an aged Jew. Under the corpse was found a note, on which was written in the Little Russian language, "If you Jews will not quit the country living, we will send you out dead."

—The face veil is the specialty of the American woman's toilet. English women rarely wear them, as it destroys the effect of their mannish style of dress, while French women are too fond of displaying their fashionable hats and bonnets to enwrap them in gauze. And though opticians are constantly speaking and writing of their injurious influence on the eyesight American women will persist in wearing them—probably to protect their frizzes.

—The Milwaukee Sentinel estimates that the log cut on the Wisconsin river and its tributaries will be 40 per cent. smaller this season than it was last. Heavy rains have filled the swamps and low lands, making it impossible to locate camps and carry in supplies before freezing weather. Wages are higher, feed and supplies are dearer and of poorer quality; and altogether the outlook is reported to be discouraging and profitless.

—Young men are warned against marrying at the present time. An observer says: "there never was a worse time to marry a girl of luxurious desires. The girls who would be content with calico and love in a cottage, are growing scarcer year by year and there isn't much use in looking for them among the ranks of the tenderly nurtured darlings. And those who have rough hands talk ungrammatically, and are apt to say 'Sir' and Ma'am."

—The engineers assert that the St. Gothard tunnel will be ready for traffic by the 1st of January next. The blasting in the tunnel has all been done by dymanite. So violent have been the explosions that many arch stones have been shaken from the roof. During the progress of the work more than 200 workmen have been killed, and a great number wounded, chiefly by explosions, or by trucks passing in the gloom of the tunnel, which has been from the first very badly lighted.

—The law may be a jealous mistress, but she could not retain the affections of a young Syracuse attorney who, after a careful consideration of his own capacities and a computation of the briefless lawyers of his acquaintance, has yielded to the substantial, if not the picturesque, charms of a tailor's goose. He thinks his chances for Congress have been somewhat impaired but he now expects to secure a competency and eventually get to heaven.

—A remarkable stampede is in progress toward the Beni River, in Bolivia, unexplored until last winter, when Dr. E. R. Heath ascended it, and discovered vast forests of chincona acoutchone. Fully 10,000 men have since gone there, and the export of rubber alone has risen from 15 000 pounds to 75,000, with promises of 6 000,000 next year. Dr. Heath is sanguine of finding rich deposits of precious metals and medicinal plants along the Madre de dior.

—Carris Carr and J. J. Underwood met casually in a store at Bear Creek, Tenn. A rumor that she was about to be married was mentioned, and she said, "Oh, no; nobody will have me." "I'll take you," he replied. An engagement was made to meet at an appointed time to have the marriage ceramony performed. Underwood says it was all a joke, neither party intending matrimony and he did not make his appearance. But she claims that they were both in sober earnest, and has brought a suit for $10,000 damages.

—The receipts from the fair for the benefit of the Cincinnatti Hebrew Orphan asylum, amounted to $50,000, a considerable portion from the raffling of pictures and other contributions. One of the inconveniencies of this method of disposing of goods is discovered in the fact that a fine portrait of the rabbi has fallen to the lot of a woman who keeps a house of ill repute, and she is determined, although offered $300 for it, to keep the picture for her parlor walls. She says it will attract more visitors to her house than the rabbi can attract to his temple.

—Near Leadville there is a trail along the mountain side only eighteen inches wide, so that a local authority says, to look down the gulf would make a tenderfoot's hair stand on end, and he would have to coon it along that particular spot. The frozen snow has made it as slippery as glass. A miner named Zeru was, with his partner, proceeding along the trail last week, when he missed his footing and in an instant was whirling down the slope, wildly grasping the air. His body did not stop falling until it reached the bottom, 1,800 feet below. When found there was very little resemblance to a human body in it.

—At Economy, Penn., the home of that once large and active community, the "Harmonists," founded by Father Rapp, about one hundred old men and women still linger, most of them on the brink of the grave. The business affairs of the society have always been well managed, and its accumulated wealth is now enormous, in the neighborhood of $10,000,000, it is said. To a recent visitor's inquiry as to to the final disposition of this vast property an old white haired man replied that he did not doubt that the State of Pennsylvania would gladly settle the society's affairs and take the assets for its trouble.

—There lately died in England a man who has done more service to his country than thousands whose names are household words. This was Professor Postgate. Working as a boy in a grocer's shop, he became disgusted with the adulteration he saw practiced, and resolved, when he got the chance, to try and arouse public opinion on the subject. This he was at length enabled to do, through one of the members for Birminghan, and the recommendations for the Select Parliamentary Committee's new law against adulteration were almost entirely based on Mr. Postgate's recommendations, which have done very much to secure to the poor man especially the worth of his hard earned money.

—The high rents and crowded condition of New York have evolved a peculiar kind of furniture, which is made to serve two or three purposes at once. An elaborate writing desk, with ink, pens and paper, is really a wash stand. An elaborate etager, or bookcase, is a bed or wardrobe. A chair can be changed into a foot tub. A chromo proves to be a looking glass; a slop bucket and pitcher and basin in a praying stool; and a candelabra with wax candles proves to be an arrangement for concealing towels and tooth brushes. The New York Times suggests that a piano might be converted into a series of wash tubs, or a dish washing apparatus, and a Buhl cabinet a stove.

—A correspondent of a German newspaper who visited Mecca not long ago reports that the authorities, probably under European pressure, are at last aroused to the belief that Allah will not work a special miracle to prevent filth from producing its usual effects, even though it be the Holy City which is the seat of its operations. Hereafter a quarantine of ten days is to be imposed upon the pious travellers who come from all parts of Arabia, whether they have made the pilgrim age by land or water. The correspondent adds that this measure has produced much anger in Jedda, where it is likely to cause a commercial panic.

—The famous Dalrymple farm of 75,000 acres in Dakota, is really made up of smaller farms, with separate ownerships; but all is under the management of Oliver Dalrymple, who owns 4,000 acres outright, and is likely to soon become half owner of the rest. When he assumed charge the proprietors of the various tracts put in the land at a fair valuation and money enough to improve it, charging eight per cent. on the whole investment. The important provision was that, whenever the profits reached over the above and eight per cent. a year, a sum sufficient to repay the entire outlay, half the land should be his. At the time it was not supposed that much, if any more than the original percentage could be derived from the farm, but the crops have been heavy, and nothing but a serious mishap will prevent Dalrymple from realizing his hopes within two or three years.

—A depositor in the Newark bank resents the remark which an employe of the bank made to the question "if Baldwin left anything?" The cashier, said the employe, left the bank building, the safe and a three cent postage stamp. This the depositor regards as a canard and a vile imputation upon Baldwin's faithfulness to his duty. He would not have deserted his post while so much as a cracker remained. Hence, although the depositor believes that Baldwin left the bank building, and did not carry away the stove because there was a fire in it, he does not because there was a fire in it, he does not believe he left the postage stamp. It wouldn't be like him.

—An Indian girl, who, before she went to Hampton College, thought her father's log hut a palatial mansion compared with the surrounding tepees and kept up the illusion, looking forward with pleasure to the grand reception her father would give on her return, burst into tears as she walked into the rude hut and realized how completely her education had isolated her from all that had been so romantic in her former surroundings. On the other hand when her sister saw her polonaise, her jaunty hat and her high heeled French shoes she cried her eyes out because she couldn't be civilized, too. When the daughter began to "clean up" and "set things to rights" in the old hut her father began to think seriously about sending her back East. He couldn't stand any such nonsense as that.

—A hermit calling himself Murrell, although his real name was never known, was found dead in his leg hut in Arkansas, by a party of hunters passing that way. A little venison, some dried peaches and a few pelts were all that remained of his possessions. He owned considerable money which he had received from the sale of skins, but he buried it, no one knows where. So it will be seen that he was an aggravating sort of man. He was believed to have been years ago a trapper along the shore of Lake Michigan, but as that is a long stretch of territory, including four States, it does not seem to identify him with much exactness. However, it may interest some people living on the shores of Lake Michigan to know that there is a little money buried in the State of Arkansas which may belong to them.

—John Freeman was the name of the Arkansas youth who exercised his rights as a freeman to remark, while watching a rain cloud with his companions, that a God who would allow his people to suffer so from a drought couldn't amount to much. Instantly a bolt of lightning fell from the clouds, mashing his body into a jelly, tearing his boots and clothing off, and leaving his body a horribly mangled and blackened looking object. His companions, though stunned, escaped unharmed. The news of the strange occurrence drew a large crowd to his funeral, and just as the friends were moving away from the cemetery another bolt descended, striking the grave and tearing up the earth like a plow. "It may as well be borne in mind," said a skeptical editor, "that the place from which this story comes is commonly recognized as the fountain head of very tough tales."

—John Taphorn and his wife, who keep a saloon in Cincinnati, were aroused from their slumbers the other night by what seemed to be an authentic announcement that the world was coming to an end instanter. The floor sank and their bed gave way, a weird and unearthly shriek resounded in their ears, a bell began to toll solemnly just behind the foot-board, a huge volume of smoke and steam rolled over them a miscellaneous din tortured their ear drums, and the whole situation indicated nothing less appalling than the crack of doom. After waiting a moment for their own particular summons they gained courage to get up and investigate, when they found that a freight engine had run off the track, and into their saloon, where it was at that moment standing, very much in need of refreshments, with its smoke stack shamelessly thrust up through the ceiling into the proprietors bed room.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

"If I should find a perfeckly honest man—honest in his expressions, honest in his dealings, sincere in his statements—I shouldn't like him," said Brother Gardner as the meeting was called to order. "He would be a lonesome object in dis age. He would seek in vain fur companionship. While I believe dat honesty am de best policy, I doan' look to see it practised beyond a certain limit. When I trade mules wid a man, I kinder like to doubt his word. I want to feel dat he am keepin' still 'bout de ring bones an' spavins, an' dat de beast he says am jist turning fo'teen y'ars will nebber see his 21st birthday no moar. It am monotonous to deal wid a man who am perfeckly honest. If I lend a man money I want him to be honest 'nuff to return it, but if he kin trade me a watch worth $3 for a gun worth seben I shall think none de less of him. If men were so sincere dat we felt obleged to believe whateber dey asserted we should hev no use fur theories an' argyments. When I gib my note I expect to pay it. When I ax a man how he would like his wheelbarrow fur my dog I'm not gwine to inform him dat Cæsar am all bark an' no bite, an' he am not gwine to tell me dat he borrowed dat wheelbarrow in de night and forgot to return it. If a grocer leaves me in charge of his sto' I'se gwine to sot fur half an hour beside a box of herrings an' keep my hands in my pockets all de time. Yet, if dat same man sells me a pound of tea he expects me to try an' pass off on him a half dollar wid a hole in it.

"Continer, my frens, to believe dat honesty am de best' policy, but doan' expect too much of so called honest men. You kin trust men with your wallet who would borrow a pitcherk and neber return it. You kin lend your hoss to a man who would cheat you blind in tradin' overcoats. You kin send home a pa'r of dead ducks at noon day by a man who would steal your live chickens at midnight. When I lend my naybur Mosha coffee I like to wonder if he won't pay it back in Bio. When de ole woman buys kaliker on a guarantee she rather hopes it will fade in de washin'. I solemnly believe dat de world am honest nuff jist as it am. When you gin your word stick to it if it busts de bank. When you du a job of work do it well. When you make a debt pay it. Any man who am mo' honest dan dat will want you to cut a penny in two to make out his shilling; he will ring you up at midnight to return your mouse-trap; he will take one shingle from your bunch an' offer you de one hundreth part of what de bunch cost; he will borrow your bootjack an' insist dat you borrow his washboard to offset it. We will now proceed to bianess."

PETITIONS.

Among the seventeen petitions presented was the following:

ATLANTA, Ga., October 28, 1881.

Bro, Gardner:

DEAR SIR: I am Prof. Moonshine Smith. I am also a lawyer and a doctor. I also break colts, cure the hollow horn in cows, compound a certain cure for chilblains, and have on sale 200 different songs of my own composition. If you think it will add to the standing of your club to elect me as a member, I am willing you should do so. I also play on a horn. Let me hear from you at once, and I get the highest rates of any man in the world for blacking stoves and putting on my Unrivaled, Excelsior Double Strength Whitewash. PROF. J. SMITH.

The petition was carefully placed in the waste basket, a brick carefully placed on the petition, and if the professor ever gets into the Lime Kiln Club he will be thoroughly surprised.

ELECTION.

The band struck up "Oh! why did I pawn my overcoat?" and Sir Isaac passed the bean box for the benefit of the following candidates: Way Back Smith, Endeavor Jones, Uncle Reube, Sot Down Hastings, Piper Green, Moses Payne, Elder Scott and Trustee Jackson.

UNFLEDGED AND UNCERTAIN.

The secretary announced a letter from the State Department of New Jersey, inquiring if Brother Gardner favored the annexation of Canada to the United States, and the old man carefully felt of his left ear and replied:

"Dat's a subjeck which has troubled me a great deal, an' up to de present time I am onsartin an' unpledged. De same toof brush which am sold fur twenty cents on dis side kin be bought fur fifteen ober dar. If we annex Canada we kin hev cheap tooth brushes. On de odder han', de same rat trap dat we sell fur twenty-five cents on dis side can't be had ober dar fur less dan thirty. If Canada annexes us she am suah of cheap rat traps. Dar it am, you see, an' whether we should annex Canada or Canada annex us am a queshun which I cannot decide to my own satisfaxun."

THE SICK.

The Committee on the Sick reported that Sampson McAndrews is lying ill and had filed his application for relief. They had investigated the matter and ascertained that he sprained his back by trying to lift a grind stone on a bet of fifty cents.

"Den all de consolashun he will get heah," replied the President, "am de advice to cure his sprain by trying to lift a hoss barn on a bet of a dollar."

SANITARY.

Trustee Pullback, Chairman of the Committee on Sanitary measures and Precautions, reported the following suggestions for November:

1. It am no longer safe for de women folks to go bar'footed befo' breakfast.

2. All de broken window panes should at once be stopped up wid old hats and pillows

3. Old butes, coat-tails, hoop-skirts, fish-bones an' decayed oysters should be cleaned out of de back yard an' dumped in rear of de nighest skule house.

4. De time has fally arrove fur takin' off white pants an' linen coats an' borrowin' woolen garments.

5. Whar de number of dogs sleepin' in de house exceeds six it am de safer way to burn a rag 'long 'bout midnight. Dis precaushun am in de interest of de dogs.

TOO MUCH INSANITY.

"I hev heah a letter from Ohio axin' me if dis American nashun am not becomin' a nashun of lunatics," said the President, while the janitor was fixing up the stove anew. "Dar am good reason to think so. When a Cabinet officer sells his honor fur money what shall we call it? When de judge panders to de criminal class what shall we term it? When honest, respectable men will turn politicians an' wallow in de mire fur de sake of securin' office kin you call it anything but lunacy? Men commit murder an' we diskiver dat dey hev bin insane fur years. Men steal rob an' embezzle, an' insanity has to b'ar de burden. I kin pick up dis ink bottle an' walk over an' crack Elder Toots' skull an' plead insanity, an' expect a jury to clear me. Pickles Smith kin waylay me as I go home to-night an' rob me of two dollars in silver, a receipt fur salting down clams, an' a photograph of Gineral Jackson landin' from de Mayflower, an' yet if he pleads insanity he am sartin to go free.

"Let me say to you dat I doan' believe in insanity. De insane burglar who enters my cabin will miss de top of his head. De lunatic who draws a knife on me am gwine to get hurt. I keep a dog to bite de insane thieves who want to plunder my garden. If I am drawn on a jury I shall wote to send ebery insane prisoner to de penitentiary for de longest possible period. When a man steals I shall call him a thief; when he robs I shall call him a robber; when he kills I shall call it murder, an' hold dat de jury who lets him off am entitled to thirty lashes apiece at de whipping post."

DETAINED.

The Secretary further announced an unpaid telegram from the Rev. Penstock, who had gone to Devenport, Ia., to see his grandmother die. The Reverend had discovered that he lacked $7 of sufficient money to pay his fare home, and appealed to the club to send it on and save him a tramp of 180 miles over the highways. The Secretary was instructed to forward the amount in $1 bills with the corners torn off, and the meeting turned itself out doors.

—Golden rod is rivaling the big sunflower in the æsthetic world of fashion.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

How He Captured a Burglar.

Gen. Boulanger, the gallant Frenchman who throttled the burglar whom he found in his room at a Philadelphia, the other morning gave a reporter of the Telegraph the following succinct and graphic description of the scene: "How did he enter ze room? I do not know. I do not know. Ze rascale. I did not come to sis countree to be r-rob. He come into ze room an' make ze grande noise, and ven I look at ze window—Sacre, ze rascal, he got my watch—my medal of de Legion d'Honor. I take him by ze neck and shake him, and then ze Count—Lichtenstein—he advance himself into ze room, and wis his sword he would cut ze rascale's head off, but I say no, we take him to ze police, ze Prefect. Ze rascale. Zat is how it was; I wish he was here."

A Too Previous Preacher.

Miss Carrie Bowen, of Hagerstown, Ind., was wooed by two lovers. One was a pedagog, the other a preacher. The man of God won her, and the wedding day was fixed; but a week or so before the date the preacher noticed a burn on her forehead, and asked her the cause, she told him it was done with a crimping iron. "What, do you crimp your hair?" he asked in holy horror. She admitted that she did, when the pastor gave her a lecture on vanity, and told her when she was his wife she must cease to do so. As a secondary offer if the first should, from any cause, hang fire, the teacher put in a sealed offer for her heart and hand. She accepted him, and the marriage took place on the day set for the preacher. Her father gave her an eighty acre farm, and the holy man, instead of talking about the vanity of women, now sits in a cave of gloom meditating on the folly of man. He realizes that before a man tells a woman what to do with her hair it is a wise scheme to first catch the tresses.

A Remarkable Experience with the Electric Light.

A remarkable accident happened last evening about six o'clock to a clerk named Theo. F. Ellis, of Allman & Co.'s house, No. 256 West Fifth street. The electric light had just been turned on in the store, when Ellis, with a brass rod in his hand, was in the act of transferring from its place a buffalo robe. In passing the robe beneath the wire which holds the electric current, the rod came in contact with it, and a startling result followed. The poor clerk was raised from the floor as if a simeon had struck him, and was hurled head foremost through the showwindow to the pavement. In taking his aerial trip his head came in contact with glass, and his face was badly mangled. After being sponged off and resuscitated, the clerk was taken to the Miles House, where he boards. He is lucky to be alive, and henceforth will use a non-conductor when he fools around that light.—Cincinnati Enquirer, Nov. 2.

The Miracle Crop in Ohio.

Mrs. Barr, who rose from a dying bed now works cures by faith. Miss Ella Rouze, a young lady living a mile from Northville, had been suffering from acute rheumatism for many months, and had not walked so far as across the house. Mrs. Barr sent her word to walk over and see her, that their combined faith would accomplish what she had been unable to perform for a long time. Miss Rouze was equal to the occasion. She made the effort, and not only walked to visit this wonderfully sage woman, but on nearing the house leaped a ditch and climbed a bank to behold the worker of miraculous cures. It appears also that Mrs. Barr is equal to any emergency, and defies the elements when occasion requires, for it is reported on unquestionable authority that a few days after her recovery she stood in a drenching rain for fully thirty minutes and was not in the least affected by it, her clothing remaining as dry as though she had been under shelter all the while.—Cincinnati Gazette.

Edison and the Goose's Eggs.

I have spoken about Edison's patience and perseverance. A funny story, the truth of which several of his friends attest, has been told me by one of his enthusiastic admirers to throw into relief these qualities. Ganders, as rural folk will know, flog with their wings children who show themselves disposed to interfere with hatching geese. When Edison was a boy of seven or eight, and still wearing petticoats, boys' clothing being thought by his people too dear, it was observed by them, at the farm in Michigan where he was brought up, that his bare legs were often badly beaten by the gander. He was told to keep out of that bird's way, and to let the geese alone. The next spring hostilities were again declared between him and the gander. One fine morning Edison disappeared. It was ascertained that he took with him a store of food. As he was still missing at night great uneasiness was felt. A search was begun next day. The child was found in a wood, sitting down and holding out his skirts over a sort of straw nest that he had made and filled with eggs which he had taken from under an incubating goose. He wanted to see whether he could not hatch just as well as that bird. The idea had set him in a fever twelve months previously, and he had not abandoned it. Unphilosophical parents whipped and scolded him.

An acquaintance, to whom a Michigan farmer had told this curious anecdote, went to Edison and asked whether it was not fabulous. "No, it is quite true," he replied. "I was terribly disappointed when they pulled me off my nest, and had not the courage to try again. But if I went now to hatch those goose's eggs I should succeed. I have more perseverance."—Canadian Daily News.

Too Well Paid for That.

Sam Slick tells this story of an old Admiral whom he knew at Halifax: "On one occasion I attended divine service with him on board of his magnificent flagship the Graball. The discipline in those days was dreadfully severe and, I may add, unmerciful. The men were punished so often and so cruelly that they became desperate, and mutiny and desertion were things of frequent occurrence. Scarcely a day passed without the loss of a man; and even the extreme penalty of death, which was the inevitable consequence of such crimes, did not check their desire to escape from the service. The chaplain took the opportunity to preach against such desertion and selected for his text the eleventh verse of the sixth chapter of Nehemiah, "And I said should such a man as I flee?" He enlarged upon the duty of sailors to be obedient to those who were set in authority over them, and to continue true to their engagements, and enforced every exhortation by a repetition of his text. He then concluded by an eloquent appeal to their feelings; first, calculating their coolness and interpidity in danger, and then calling upon them to stand by their King and country and maintain the honor of both, and emphatically reiterated, "And I said should such a man as I flee?" "No," said a voice which arose from among the marines, and was evidently the effect of ventriloquism, "no, blast you, you are too well paid for that!" A loud long drawn breathing was audible among the men, who, feeling that something atrocious had been done, which in all probability would be followed by some terrible retribution, while an ill suppressed titter was heard among the junior officers at the suddenness and quaintness of the retort. The chaplain paused and looked at the Admiral, and the Admiral glared at the men as if he could annihilate them all. Immediate inquiry was made and the strictest examination of every individual instituted, accompanied by a positive declaration that the whole ship's company should be whipped unless the culprit was given up. The secret, however, was never divulged, nor the threat of indiscriminate punishment carried into effect.

A Thief of the Time of the Regency.

In the early part of his career Poulailler usually conducted his operations single handed; he nevertheless occasionally availed himself of the aid of an accomplice, as in the following instance: Strolling into a theater one evening, he remarked among the spectators a well-known Marquis, evidently more bent on displaying his airs and graces than on listening to the actors, and every now and then indulging in a pinch of snuff from a magnificent gold box set round with brilliants. The opportunity was too tempting to be withstood, and Poulailler, who had already recognized a confederate standing at one of the side entrances of the pit, contrived to exchange a few words with him, after which he quietly edged his way through the crowd and placed himself immediately behind the Marquis. Presently addressing the latter in a low tone, he inquired if he might take the liberty of requesting him to turn his face a little to the right. "Why so?" asked the astonished beau. "I ought not to betray secrets, Monsieur," was the reply; "but you will not perhaps be offended if I tell you that a friend of mine—one of our most talented painters—who is standing near the pit door on our left, has been commissioned by a certain lady of the court to sketch your portrait, and has just made a sign to me signifying the attitude most favorable for the purpose" The Marquis looked in the direction indicated, and perceived an individual with a pencil and note book in his hand, whose eyes were intently fixed on him, never for an instant doubted the truth of the story, but, charmed with the homeage thus paid to his fascinating exterior, negligently pocketed his snuff box, and assumed what he considered to be an irresistible pose. "Will that do?" he said. "Admirably," replied his neighbor. "Keep as you are for a few moments longer, and the likeness will be perfect." Five minutes elapsed, and the Marquis' growing rather weary of his constrained position, intimated as much in a whisper to his new acquaintance, but received no answer, and, on turning round, discovered that he, as well as the painter, had vanished as if by enchantment, and what was mere serious, that his own watch, purse, and snuff box had disappeared with them.—All the Year Round.

How it Paid.

It is understood that the late balloon fiasco of Prof. King was an advertising dodge. A certain firm—unknown at present writing, and liable to continue so indefinitely—conceived the idea of sending up Prof. King and a party of other men in a mammoth balloon as an advertising dodge. Thousands of dollars were expended, and two failures were the result. The peronants nearly lost their lives and landed ignominiously in a cranberry swamp in the northern part of Wisconsin. Now let us examine the results of this brilliant scheme to secure a certain amount of advertising. In all of the accounts of the affair studious attention has been given to the point of keeping the name of this firm from the public. In no journal which the Argo receives, and we have hundreds on our exchange list, has the name of this ingenious firm been once mentioned. So far as an advertising effort is concerned, so far as any beneficial results occur financially to this firm the scheme is a flat failure. One tenth of the amount expended in this futile enterprise judiciously inserted in legitimate advertising would have returned a hundred fold to the firm. For it is a well known fact among newspaper men that any attempt to foist illegitimate advertising upon the public will meet with no aid or encouragement from journals. The costly experiment utterly failed of producing the desired result.—Modern Argo.

He Had Never Heard of Her

Here is an anecdote relative to M. Ambroise Thomas which well illustrates the Chinese like ignorance of the outside world of barbarians which is peculiarly characteristic of the French. Mme. Sembrich, the famous prima donna from Dresden, who has sung with such overwhelming success at the Convent Garden Italian opera for two seasons past, has been engaged for St. Petersburg by M. Visentini. Among the operas that she is to sing during the season is Mignon, and she came lately to Paris to get the composer of that opera to hear her sing the leading arias of that part. M. Thomas graciously consented to give her an audition. Mme. Sembrich came, and M. Thomas heard and was conquered. Here was the very prima donna he had so long sought for as an interpreter of his Francoise de Rimmi found at last, but unfortunately too late, as the engagement with Mlle. Caroline Salis is definitely signed and sealed. "But where did you come from, my dear lady?" quoth the veteran composer, "I never heard of you before." Now for the outside public of Paris to remain in ignorance of Mme. Sembrich was in no wise surprising. But that the head of the Conservatoire, and, moreover, a composer in search of a prima donna for his new opera, should never have heard of one of the great vocal stars of the London operatic season, was, to say the least of it, comical. But the fact of the matter is, that to a Frenchman nothing exists outside of Paris.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Use of Short Words.

Horatio Seymour dwells thus strongly on the use of short words:

We must not only think in words, but we must also try to use the best words, and those which in speech will put what is in our mind into the minds of others. This is the great art which those must gain who wish to teach in the school, the church, at the bar or through the press. To do this in the right way they should use the short words which we learn in early life, and which have the same sense to all classes of men. The English of our Bible is good. Now and then some long words are found, and they always hurt the verses in which you find them. Take that which says, "O, ye generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" There is one long word which should not be in it, namely "generation." In the old version the old word "brood" is used. Read the verse again with this term, and you feel its full force. "O ye viper's breed, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" Crime sometimes does not look like crime when it is set before us in the many folds of a long word. When a man steals, and we call it "defalcation," we are at a loss to know if it is a blunder or a crime. If he does not tell the truth, and we are told that it is a case of "prevarication," it takes us some time to know just what we should think of it. No man will ever cheat himself into wrong-doing nor will he be at a loss to judge of others, if he thinks and speaks of acts in clear, crisp terms. It is a good rule, if one is at a loss to know if an act is right or wrong, to write it down in short straight out English.

The Toughest Horse Story ever Told.

A certain horse in Sayreville for twenty years has been a cart horse in a brickyard, and the habit of going through a certain round of duties day after day for eight months in the year has enabled him to do things which seem to indicate the possession of mental faculties similar to some of those possessed by the human race. It is an old saying among farmers that crows cannot count more than three, but this horse has the ability to count 65. His routine of labor is to cart 65 loads of clay from the pit to the spot where the clay is mixed or ground, and then go for a load of coal dust; and now, without anything being said or done to indicate the fact to him when he has deposited his sixty-fifth load he turns away from the clay pit and goes to the dock for a load of the dust. This is not his only peculiarity, for when he goes to the pit he backs the cart up himself to the right place and will take only what he conceives to be his proper load. If more is put on he backs and kicks and rattles the cart about until the load is reduced to what he considers a proper quantity. Having such intellectual capacity it is not surprising to learn that he will not be driven. As soon as the lines are touched he becomes fractious and unmanageable, but a gentle explanation of what is required of him usually has the desired effect. It is unnecessary to add that such an intelligent horse will do no more work after the whistle for dinner or supper sounds. All his companions in the yard have will enough for that, and if they are on the road to the pit for a load when the the whistle blows they all turn about and make for the stable without any orders.

Hurried Dinners.

(From the Lancet.)

It is a mistake to eat quickly. Mastication performed in haste must be imperfect even with the best of teeth, and due admixture of the salivary secretion with the food cannot take place. When a crude mass of inadequately crushed muscular fibre, or undivided solid material of any description, is thrown into the stomach, it acts as a mechanical irritant, and sets up a condition in the mucous membrane lining that organ which greatly impedes, if it does not altogether prevent, the process of digestion. When the practice of eating quickly and filling the stomach with unprepared food is habitual the digestive organ is rendered incapable of performing its proper functions. Either a much larger quantity of food than would be necessary under natural conditions is required, or the system suffers from lack of nourishment. Those animals which were intended to feed hurriedly were either gifted with the power of rumination or provided with gizzards. Man is not so furnished, and it is fair to assume that he was intended to eat slowly.

We must apologize for reminding our readers of facts so familiar; but we do this in the hope that any one who may chance to have influence with the managers of large hotels where dinners a la table d'note are in vogue will take measures to bring about a much needed reform in the manner in which these entertainments are conducted. At the best and most frequented establishments in places of fashionable resort, where at this season multitudes of health seekers are wont to congregate, the hurried dinners are not only causes of annoyance, but actually go far to prevent the benefit which should be derived from a change. No sooner is one course served than another is introduced, without giving the guest time to digest or even to swallow the first. The eagerness to secure good dividends takes a particularly mischievous form when it piles food on the plate of a consumer and compels him to consume it breathlessly. The matter may seem a small one, but it is not so. Just as a man may go on for years with defective teeth, imperfectly masticating his food and wondering why he suffers from indigestion, so a man may habitually live under an infliction of hurried dinners, and endure the consequent loss of health, without knowing why he is not well or how easily the cause of his illness might be remedied.

MEXICAN LAWLESSNESS.

Startling Revolutions—Levying Tribute on Foreign Corporations and Waylaying Travellers.

A correspondent, travelling through Mexico, writes: At Manzanillo a young German came on board, who gave us an insight into what they call a Mexican revolution. The chief of police of the city of Colima, some distance inland, found a policeman asleep while on duty, and killed him with a rude sword called a machette. The brutal official was imprisoned a couple of weeks and then released. The police force thereupon revolted, pronounced against the State authorities, and, marching to Manzanillo, captured the custom house, not finding the coin there which they expected, the malcontents marched back to Colima, and kept that city in ferment until our informant departed. A small party of American miners also came on board at Manzanillo. They had journeyed direct from the State of Chihuabua, and gave a dismal description of affairs in Northern Mexico. The country, they stated, is full of bandits, riding around in gangs of from twenty to two hundred and fifty. Whenever they think a foreign mining superintendent has a little cash on hand, they make a raid on him and levy a contribution that exactly corresponds with his supposed pile. On one occasion they assessed one mine to the extent of $15,000, and on another occasion captured a mineowner and compelled his friends to ransom him with the sum of $10,000.

When a pack train of silver is about to leave a mine for the nearest large city, it moves off at daylight by the most unfrequented roads, and the mules are driven nearly to death to prevent the bandits from finding out what is going on. If they find out they seize the bullion. An attempt was once made to partially remedy this state of affairs by impressing thirty well-armed Americans to guard a large mine, but they were not well treated by their employers and most of them returned to the States. The pure-blooded Indians are represented as being more civilized than the mongrel Mexican, and much more easy to get along with. Caravans of valuable merchandise are often captured by brigands while proceeding from Manzanillo to Colima. At every port we learned of lawlessness in the interior.

A POLITE ROAD AGENT.

An American who started to ride from Colima to Manzanillo was stopped on the highway by a well armed bandit.

"Pardon, senor," exclaimed the latter, "but I perceive that you have my coat on. Will you have the kindness to remove it?"

The American produced a six-shooter, and cocking it, replied:

"Senor, I am of the opinion that you are mistaken about that coat."

"On closer observation I perceive that I am," the bandit answered, and disappeared in the wood.

Somewhere to the rear of Manzanillo there was once a small lake that was noted for the number of its alligators and for their ferocity. During a tremendous storm the lake burst its confines and poured its turbid waters into the Harbor of Manzanillo, not neglecting to bring its celebrated alligators along. The harbor had a numerous and indigenous population of sharks, and between these and the alligators a terrific war immediately broke out. For a long time victory trembled in the balance, but the sharks finally prevailed and took dinner on the last one of the routed intruders.

SLIGHTLY CONFUSED.

The convention of doctors from all over the State, which has been in session here this week, was composed of the best practitioners and ablest men of their profession to be found anywhere. There were no charlatans, no frauds or quacks among them that we know of, and their meeting must have been one of profit to themselves and an ultimate benefit to the people who will be under their care. There was one laughable thing occurred at one of their meetings. The yard masters of the United States were having a convention he at the same time, and a railroader who knre a yard master got in a little to much bugawce by some unaccountable mistake, and inquiring where the convention was being held, he was directed to the hall being occupied by the doctors. He went in pretty full, and took a seat between two doctors and fell asleep. When he woke up he saw a lot of counterfeit pieces of human frame on the table, a sort of mannikin taken apart. There were lungs, and arms and legs, bones and everything, and a doctor was illustrating some operation he had performed. The railroad fellow opened his eyes as big as beadlights. Turning to the doctor on his left he punched him in the ribs and said: "Been a nac(hic)cident?" The doctor saw the man was full; and, supposing he was some country doctor that had been unforeformed by some designing person and filled up against his will, he said: "Yes, been a terrible accident