Nelly.

BY IRVIN RUSSELL.

Not long ago—perhaps—not long—
My soul heard no discordant tone,
For here and vonder great main song
It responded to and that alone;

But now the song is hushed—it hears
Discordants in a hundred key,
For every sound a dirge appears
Since Nelly died, who lived for me.

The summer of my life is past—
Eternal winter reigns instead—
For here, for me, eternal summer last
When she, my only rose, is dead?

Sweet Nelly! would thou could'st be yet,
As once, my day, my only light!
But thou art gone—the sun has set—
And every day, to me, is night.

Yet, be the darkness o'er me deep,
Let no more suns arise for me;
For night can soothe my heart to sleep,
And, Nelly, then I'll dream of thee!

—*Midsummer Holiday Scribner.*

My Bird and I.

The day is young and I am young,
The red-bird whistles to his mate;
He sits the tender leaves among,
I swing upon the garden gate;
He sings that life is always gay—
"A day so fair can never die."
I laugh and cast my flowers away:
We are so happy, he and I.

Deep wading through the yellow wheat,
My sheaves unbound within my hand,
I stink to rest my tired feet,
And noonday heat broods o'er the land;
The red-bird falters in his song—
We fear the day will never die;
The minutes drag the hours along—
We are so weary, he and I.

I stand alone, my work is done;
The bird flies dying as my feet;
There's promise in the setting sun;
The evening air blows soft and sweet.
My binded sheaves I lay aside;
The day is dead; I, too, must die.
When stars come out at eventide,
We shall be resting, he and I.

—*Sunday Afternoon.*

BEATEN AT HIDOWN GAME.

A Story About a Man Who Can "Bear" as Much as a Bear.

(Detroit Free Press.)

Among the baggage coming down on a Flint and Pere Marquette train the other day was a full-grown black bear. Bruin had been in captivity for two or three years, and was on his way east for a zoological garden. His owner was allowed to ride with him in the baggage car, and he seemed to think his bear was the greatest animal on earth. He was ready to bet that bruin could out-hug and out-bite anything human, and was rather disappointed when the railroad men refused to dispute that point with him. He was indulging in his brag when an old man came into the car to see about his trunk. He saw the bear, of course, but the glance of contempt he bestowed on the animal instantly kindled the indignation of the owner, who called out:

"Mebbe you think I'm trotting an old hyena around the country!"

"I guess it's a bear," slowly replied the other, "but I see nothing remarkable about him."

"You don't, eh? Well, I do? Mebbe you'd like to see him hug that trunk of yours? What he can't shiver when he gets his paws around it he just get to have roots forty feet under ground."

"I've got a non back in the car"—reflectively observed the old man, and then he stopped and looked at the bear.

"Your son? Egad! Will you match your son agin my bear?" chuckled the owner as he danced with delight."

"I guess so."

"You do? Bring him in! Trot him out! I'll give him all the show he wants and bet five to one on the bear!"

The old man slowly took in a chew of tobacco, left the car, and when he returned he had his son Martin with him. Martin seemed to be about twenty-seven years of age and a little taller than a hitching post. He was built on the ground, with a back like a writing desk and arms which seemed to have been sawed from railroad ties.

"Martin, this 'ere man wants to bet five to one that his bear can out-hug you," quietly explained the father as the son sat down on a trunk.

"Yes, that's it—that's just it!" cackled the owner. "I'll muzzle him so he can't bite and I'll bet five to one he'll make you holler in two minutes!"

"Muzzle your b'ar," was all that Martin said as he pulled out a $5 bill and handed it to the baggageman. The bear man put $25 with it, grinning like a boy in a cherry tree, and in a minute he had the bear ready. Martin removed his coat and paper collar and carelessly enquired:

"Is this to be a squar' hug, with no gouging?"

"Jess so—jess!" replied the bear man. "You hug the bear and he will hug you, and the man who squeals first loses his cash. Now, then, all ready."

As Martin approached, the bear rose up with a wistful look in his eye and the two embraced. It was a sort of back-hold, with no sell-out on the crowd.

"Go for him, Hunyado!" yelled the bear man as they closed, and the bear responded. One could see by the set of his eyes that he meant to make jelly of that young man in a York minute, but he failed to do it. Some little trifles stood in his way. For instance, it wasn't ten seconds before he realized that two could play at hugging. Martin's hand sank down in the bear's coat, the shoulder muscles were called on for duty, and at the first hug the bear rolled his eyes in astonishment.

"Go in, Hunyado—go in—go in!" screamed the bear man and bruin laid himself out as if he meant to pull a railroad water-tank down.

"You might squeeze a little bit harder, my son," carelessly suggested the father, as he spit from the open door, and Martin called out his reserve muscle.

Each had his best grip. There was no tumbling around to waste breath, but it was a standup, steadestill hugging match. Little by little the bear's eyes began to bulge and his mouth to open, and Martin's face slowly grew to the color of red paint.

"Hang to him, Hunyado—I've got my last dollar on your head!" shrieked the bear man, as he saw a further bulge to his pet's eyes.

But it was no use. All of a sudden the bear began to yell and cough and strangle. He was a goner. Martin knew it, but he wanted no dispute and so he gave Hunyado a lift from the floor, a hug which rolled his eyes around like a pin wheel, and then dropped him in a heap on the floor.

"Well, may I be shot," gasped the bear man, as he stood over the half-lifeless heap of hair and claws.

"Martin," said the father, as he handed him the $30, "you'd better go back thar and watch our satchels!"

"Yes, I guess so," replied the son, as he shoved the bills in his vest pocket, and he retired without another word or a look at the bear.

That was the bear they were feeding gruel in a saloon on Randolph street two evenings ago—one man was feeding him gruel and another feeding along his spine to find the fracture.

A Good, Sociable Time.

Two men hailed each other from the opposite banks of a stream and, exchanging greetings, many friendly questions were put and answered. The men were evidently delighted to meet each other, and their only regret appeared to be that they encountered one another in a place where it was impossible for them to clasp and shake hands, the river not being fordable on account of its swiftness and the rocky and treacherous nature of the channel, while the nearest bridge was five miles above. Both men lamented these unfortunate circumstances very much, but at length a way of getting over the difficulty suggested itself to one of them, whose pet name was "Broncho Bill."

"I say, Sam!" cried Broncho, "It's a little rough for old friends and neighbors to meet away out here, thousands of miles from home, and then have to part in this way. Got yer pistol with yer?"

"I her" cried Sam; "allers carry her."

"Good! That's some comfort; ef we can't get across this yar stream to shake hands, why, thar's nothin' to prevent us from takin' a shot at each other. Jist ride up to yer left thar a rod or two. Thar, now, jist one good old neighborly home shot!"

The men rode aside, and bang! bang! went their pistols.

"Yer smashed the pummel of my saddle," cried Broncho; "yer see the hoss shied a little jist as yer turned loose, or yer might a plumped me good.

"You done better, Bill; you got into the flesh of my arm 'bout half an inch. Good morning to you, a safe journey to yer, and tell the folks at home we met and had a good, sociable time together!"

"Thank yer, and the same to you; bet I'll give 'em a good account of you."

Sam then turned to our friend, and, with tears in his eyes, said: "God bless him. It is a great comfort to meet an old friend and neighbor like him away out here in this wilderness place. A kinder, more accommodative and agreeable gentleman never lived. I wouldn't a-missed seein' him for $50!"—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

IMPORTATION OF CATTLE INTO THE UNITED STATES.

The Prohibition of European Importations Revoked, Subject to Quarantine Regulations.

WASHINGTON, July 19.—The following circular was issued this afternoon by the Treasury Department:

To Collectors of Customs and others:

The order of the 26th of February last prohibiting the importation of neat cattle from England, is revoked. By authority of section 2,495 of the Revised Statutes it is ordered that the operation of the first clause of that section, which prohibits the importation of neat cattle from any foreign country into the United States, be suspended as to all parts of Europe, the Secretary having officially determined that such importation will not tend to the introduction or spread of contagious or infectious diseases among the cattle of the United States; provided that all neat cattle from any part of Europe arriving at any port of the United States shall be kept in quarantine for not less than ninety days, under the directions of the Customs officers, and at the expense of the parties interested.

A Good Ghost Story.

Here is a ghost story which has a delightfully old-world air about it, and yet it concerned a lady now living in Belgravia. She dreamed a very wonderful dream, in which she heard a voice say, "Go to Fletcher." She could not understand this, as she knew no one called Fletcher; and she related her dream and spoke of her perplexity about it to several persons, until at last a friend, to whom she was telling the story, said, "There is some one called Fletcher who is a seer, or clairvoyant." She then went to call upon this clairvoyant, and made an appointment for him to come to her house. Mr. Fletcher went accordingly, and was admitted to the house by a strange looking servant, who eyed him in a very puzzled manner. He was shown into the dining-room, which was dimly lighted, and as he went in he noticed that an old gentleman was sitting in the room at a writing desk busy with some papers; he was dressed as a clergyman. Mr. Fletcher excused himself, apologizing for interrupting the clergyman, who, however, paid no attention whatever, but continued to write. After Mr. Fletcher had waited sometime, silently observing the old clergyman, the lady of the house, whom we will call Madame Z——, came in. The clergyman retained his seat, taking no notice of her entrance. Mr. Fletcher, while speaking to her, looked round and was startled to see that the clergyman had changed his dress and wore the uniform of a chaplain. This so astonished him that he quite forgot the lady's presence and the words he was in the act of speaking to her. He stood stupidly gazing at the clergyman until she said, "What are you looking at?" He at first did not answer her, feeling ashamed of staring in such a way at the clergyman, who remained quietly seated at his desk. But as he continued to look at him, and grew very pale, Madame Z—— again asked, "What do you see?" He replied, "I am only looking at that gentleman who sits at the desk writing." As he replied to her, he noticed that Madame Z—— changed color, and began to tremble very much. All she said was "You see nothing there; there is no one sitting there." But looking round at the clergyman again, he replied "Oh yes, there is; he has been sitting there ever since I came in, but he must have left the room for a moment, as he has changed his clothes." Madame —— answered emphatically, "There is no one sitting there," and to prove her words correct she went to the chair by the desk and lifted it up, showing positively that it was empty. She was extremely agitated, and as she put down the chair she exclaimed, "Then you have really seen him." It was evident that she understood who was referred to. "I think we will go upstairs," she then said, and moved to leave the room; but the clergyman at once stepped before her and led the way out of the door. Mr. Fletcher seeing him so plainly, followed him, and Madame Z—— kept close behind. The clergyman went before them up the stairs and stopped at the back drawing-room door. Mr. Fletcher followed the apparition, and when it passed at this door, opened it. Madame Z——, strangely enough as it would seem under ordinary circumstances, followed Mr. Fletcher while he led the way in her house—a house, too, which he had never been in before. In this way they entered the drawing-room, which was dimly lit.

Madame Z—— all the time was trembling violently, and much agitated. They sat down by a small table, but the apparition had gone to the other end of the room, but was still standing there. He mentioned to Mr. Fletcher to come over to a table by which he stood, showing by this action that he could see him. Mr. Fletcher said to Madame Z——, "May I go to him?" and went across the room. The spirit made a gesture as though he wished a large album which lay upon the table opened. Mr. Fletcher obeyed him, and turned over the leaves and finally stopped at one picture, to which the spirit pointed. Mr. Fletcher said to Madame Z——, "Please come to me, he has pointed to a pointed a picture, and you may recognise what it means." She hesitatingly complied, looking furtively at the corner in which the uncanny presence was, and as she looked down at the page of the album, exclaimed, "Why, that is the picture of my dear father, whose spirit you have seen." Mr. Fletcher said, "But it doesn't look much like the spirit." She answered, "Possibly not; he did not look much like it when he died. This picture was made many years ago and he changed greatly before his death." The apparition then vanished, and Mr. Fletcher, sitting down by the table, passed into a condition of ecstasis or trance. While in this state he spoke these words to Madame Z——, "I cannot rest in peace because my body is not placed in the ground. I wish to absolve you from the promise that you made, and to ask you to carry forward my wishes about the mausoleum, and when this is done I shall be at peace. I shall no more then walk the house, but now I am tied to it, and must remain here until my body is removed and properly buried. I do not wish to disturb you, but I cannot help it, as I am chained to the house;" to this some words of comfort and kindness were added, which, however, only added to the agitation of Madame Z——.

When Mr. Fletcher awakened from the abnormal sleep into which he had fallen, he found Madame Z——greatly excited. Her excitement communicated itself to him when she began to make this extraordinary explanation of the affair. "No one knows, but myself," she said, "the fact that the body of my father has not been buried. It has been embalmed according to his wish, and it is now standing in this house in a metallic case." Madame Z—— went on to tell her visitor the troubles which this arrangement had brought upon her. Her house had been so disturbed by the apparition of her father, that she was unable to get any servant to remain with her in the house at night. Being deserted in this way, as soon as it was dark, by the four or five servants whom she kept, she never received visitors in the evening, which explained the circumstance of the servant who admitted Mr. Fletcher. None of the servants would remain to serve the supper on the night of this extraordinary visit, and Madame and her visitor were compelled to wait upon themselves. Even her lady's maid left the house at night, and returned in the early morning, when the daylight gave her courage, to wait upon her mistress. From this eventful night the hauntings began to diminish, and gradually ceased altogether. But even now, though the house has recently been entirely renovated, none of the servants can be persuaded to live there.

FANCY COSTUME.—A correspondent writes: "I will describe a peacock fancy costume lately worn. The dress was short, of dark green tulle; the hose were dark green, and the shoes of green satin, with peacock's feathers in the instep, with a small gold tassel in the centre; the bodice was of dark green satin very short in the sleeves, and square back and front. It was almost entirely covered with the breasts of peacocks, and the sleeves were bands of feathers. The basque was also of the same, and eye feathers were scattered about the puffs of the front of skirt. The train was formed of the tail of the bird, and fastened from the waist. When down it fell gracefully on to the net skirt, but it was pulled up several times during the evening, and when the young wearer entered the room, by means of strings, and stood up above her head like the tail of the real bird. However this was managed I cannot say, but the effect was beautiful and surprising. The gloves were white, with deep gauntlets of peacock's feathers—not the eye feathers, but the small ones; and the headdress was a sort of cap of small feathers, with eye feathers standing up, coming from the back. The necklet was a band of small feathers mounted on white lace, and the fan was of peacock's feathers. It was a most lovely and effective dress."

The Lake Champlain water monster has been seen again, this time by a "trustworthy and temperate farmer." He describes it as having a head like a serpent, and much longer, showing fifteen feet of its body above the water, and making a noise like the discharge of a gun.

Blue-Eyed Grass.

In the blind meadow, overflowing
With sweet new life in every place,
Where ferns and lighter grass, growing
Mingle in one harmonious grace,
Oh deeper than all conscious being,
Still throbs the quickened pulse of Air,
For something lies beyond the seeing,
Divinely fair!

Low down among the daisies lying,
Near to the great, warm heart of Earth,
My secret chin clasps the trying,
Merged in a new and larger birth
I lose myself in holy union,
I cannot stand and pass apart,
In that unbroken close communion
Heart learns of heart.

What impulse stirs the feathery grasses,
And dips along their wavering line?
White, as the sudden tremor passes,
Two strange, sweet eyes look up to mine!
Eyes with a more than human pleading,
So pent-deep, so maiden-shy!
Till all my soul is drowned in gazing,
O rare blue eye!

—*Elaine Goodale in Sunday Afternoon for August.*

A Scotchman on Manitoba.

The following epistle from Archy McCall, a Scottish resident of Manitoba, to the Lang Kail Club, of Airdrie, Scotland, was lately inserted in the *Advertiser*, published there:

"DEAR FRIENDS,—About three weeks after we parted with you at Kirkwood we arrived in this country. But oh! dear, dear! it is a far awa' place. What with the passage in the boat, and the passage by the land, it is a long road indeed—away over to the other side of the world altogether. It is not the place where the people walk with their heads down, as you do think; but the place where they stick straight out like preens free a preen cushion. Yet, strange to say, we hen nae odds of corse!'s by what we did Scotland. Our heads are just as they were, and the skies are above us, the same as the were before, an' yo dinna stick out like preens. We have taken up a section and a half of land, that is 960 acres, and we have called the place Achnamoor, which is a very good name, too, as you will understand. The first thing we did after we got to our land was to build a house, which we did very well; and the next thing was to delve our yaird, which we also did in first-class style. All the seeds we brought out were sown in due order, and they are remarked, and the ball and the cabbage are just wonderful to look at. We will transplant as many cot our beds as wad be able to feed a drove o' nowt as big as the cattle market of Glasgow ony day. A big farmer not far from us said if we would give him two days harrowing and two days harvesting at the end of the season, he wad lend us his two ploughs for a week. So we got the two ploughs, and the stots in them, and we have turned over as much ground as will give abundance of everything we desire. We have in four acres of wheat, an acre of barley, and an acre of peas. We will plant two acres o' taties directly, and some turnips and Indian corn, say about an acre of each, and about an acre and a half of oats. Now did ever ye hen such good fortune or such good luck? What way should folk whine and yammer over imaginary ills? Gang out and meet the ills o' life boldly, and they will flee away a long while afore ye come to them. In our case this has been so, and so will it be in everybody's case who puts a "stout heart to a step brae."

This is a fine country, as level as Glasgow Green for miles and miles. Will Ferguson says if the Holland and this country had been mixed thegither it wad hae been o' some advantage to baith places; and Willy maybe no far wrang, for a hen every fifty miles or so here wad be a great improvement. The air is clear and pure, and you can see for twenty or thirty miles at a stretch, just by a' the world gin ye were looking over the sea. Between poaching and fishing we are getting as much fish, fish and fowl as we can wire intae, and no a gamekeeper nae mair! Wha dost thou?" Jock M'Lean shot a moose deer yesterdas morning which was as fat as better, and we did bleed her, and did make the black puddin's, and the white, just like as when the mart was killed in the Hallans. We broght wi' us from Winnipeg to our bonny Carlow "boy" lifted the glass to his lips he eyed it viciously a moment and muttered, with a droll tremor of affection, "Ah, whisky, you divel, I'll not lave a dhrop of you. You killed most of me amily."

How Clairvoyants Foretell.

In drawing out the facts of personal or family history, clairvoyants do not always ask direct questions, but rather make statements with an applied interpretation, to which the victim, oftentimes entirely unconsciously, responds by word or look or gesture, or perhaps by all three, and at a later stage of the interview these secret facts are artfully given back to the victim, who has no recollection of having previously imparted them, and will not believe that he has done so, but prefers to believe that he is in the presence of divinity.

It is not only possible, but easy, for a practical adept to draw out in this way minute and elaborate details of secret family history. A few years ago, while connected with one of the public institutions of this city, I made a number of experiments in this line. I told the patients afflicted with various forms of nervous and allied disorders, not to tell me about their symptoms, nor give me any facts in their cases, but to let me tell them; and then I would proceed to indicate, after the manner of a clairvoyant, the locality of their maladies, and the history of their troubles. In the majority of cases I was successful, and made out the diagnosis to the satisfaction of those who sought my advice, and with good reason, for nothing that I could do prevented them from telling me, although I asked them no questions; unintentionally and unconsciously, they would guide me at every stage of the interview. By a little practice any one could easily acquire this art; and long study, such as professional clairvoyants bestow upon this subject, develops great skill in thus managing and deluding the unwary and non-expert.—*Scribner for July.*

ENGLISH COLUMN.

The dispute between the rector and the parishioners at Dyffryn, in Wales, continues without prospect of settlement, the average congregation at the church being about twenty. The rector has dispensed with the organist's services and plays the harmonium himself, leaving the reading desk for that purpose.

The new Church of St. Mary, Southampton, intended as a memorial of the late Bishop Wilberforce, and the corner stone of which was laid by the Prince and Princess of Wales in August last, was consecrated last month by the Bishop of Winchester. The church, which stands on the site of the old building, is from the designs of Mr. Street, R. A., the estimated cost being $18,000.

In order that every man belonging to the Royal Marines may be taught to swim, the Admiralty have ordered a large floating swimming bath to be constructed at Chatham Dockyard, which is intended to be moored at Chatham Harbor, near the Royal Marine Barracks, for the use of the officers and men of that corps.

A special service in memory of the late Baron L. de Rothschild was held in the Jewish synagogue at Dover on the 27th of June, at which the minister, the Rev. J. Barnstein, alluded in touching terms to the benevolent charity of the late lamented baron, and the irreparable loss Judaism and the world at large has sustained by his death.

Every exertion is being used at Chatham Dockyard to have the armor-plated torpedo ship Polyphemus completed by as early a period as possible, and it is hoped that she will be ready for launching during the present year. The vessel attracts a considerable amount of attention on the part of visitors and others to the dockyard from her extraordinary shape, which is utterly unlike anything hitherto seen in the Royal Navy.

The Bristol master builders issued a notice on 21st June to the effect that, as the masons and carpenters on strike had refused the offer of arbitration, the employers have determined to fill their shops with non-union workmen from distant towns; and at a meeting which the employers held a considerable sum of money was subscribed for the purpose. On the other hand, the workmen have issued warnings to all masons to keep away from the city during the strike.

HYMNS VS. DINNER.—A certain curate, a contemporary tells us, was asked to dine with his squire one Sunday, not a hundred miles from Salisbury Plain. The squire was an old gentleman who dined at four o'clock, and, as it was rather a hard matter to get through the service decently in time to keep the appointment, the curate told his clerk that they would, for once, dispense with the singing. To his horror, the clerk, at the moment when singing was about to cease, jumped up and said, "I give notice there is no singin' this Sunday afternoon, 'coz parson's goin' to dine with the squire."

Mr. Tracy Turnerelli (what a Dickensy name that is, by the way) whose poor "People's Tribute" of a golden laurel wreath was so cruelly snubbed by Lord Beaconsfield, continues to utter howls of pain and resentment in letters to the *Daily News*. He swears that he never asked the Prime Minister for any favor save "a courteous word of recognition" for his toile in the Conservative cause. But, after all, observes the *New York World*, Mr. Turnerelli has got the "courteous word of recognition" for which he says that he has panted, and is just as well off as the Frenchman of the old regime who became the great man of his village because "the King had spoken to him in a forest." When he was asked what the King said to him he replied, "His Majesty graciously exclaimed, 'Do get out of my way, blockhead!'"

The Peterborough Hound Show was held last month. The Prince of Wales arrived from Yarmouth by the Great Eastern Railway, accompanied by Colonel Teesdale and Colonel Hills. Twenty packs of hounds competed, viz., South Berks, Brocklesby, Cheshire (N.), Chiddingfold, Cotswold, Cottesmore, Fitzwilliam, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Grove, Holderness, Sir H. Johnstone's, Lord Middleton's West Norfolk, South Nottinghamshire, Oakley, Pytchley, Rufford, North Shropshire, Tynedale and Warwickshire. The Fitzwilliam hounds carried off the champion prize, also three first prizes and two seconds; the Oakley, two firsts and one second; the Tynedale, one first; the Brocklesby, two seconds; the Grove, one first. The town was *en fete*.

A Vagrant for a Cent.

The other evening a man in a straw hat, checked shirt, and dirty seafaring looking lower clothing, accosted a gentleman on the bluff near the boat houses, in this wise, touching his hat at the same time:

"If you please, sir, I am a sailor, but I have missed the ship on which I was going to St. Catharines, and have not enough money to pay my car fare. I just want ten cents to make up the amount; please give me a cent to help it up."

It was certainly a modest request and the fellow seemed anxious to be in distress, so our friend handed him a dime and went on his way and thought no more of it.

Passing along the bluff half an hour afterwards he beheld the sailor reclining on the sod, hugely enjoying the prospect and the first stage of intoxication.

"Hullo," he cried, "I thought you were going to St. Catharines?"

"That's you, is it?" said the fellow, looking up, "what kind of a man are you, any how? I'd been in St. Kitts now, only for you. You're a nice fellow."

Considerably surprised, the other enquired, "How did I prevent you going, pray?"

"Didn't I ask you for a cent an' didn't you give me ten cents? throwin' temptashun right in man's way. 'Taint square thing nohow; thought you more of a gamelen then do that!"

Such monumental check as this was too much for the benevolent gentleman, and he moved away marvelling much.

It may be added that this one cent vagrant is an able-bodied lazy fellow who prefers begging to work and may be seen nearly every afternoon about the bridge side at James street near McKay's wharf, smoking a black clay and looking very happy and contented.

A Child Attacked by a Large Green Worm.

CAMDEN, New Jersey.—A strange story is reported from Weymouth, three miles from this city. The child of James and Margaret Wilson became extremely restless on Saturday night last. The parents did everything in their power to relieve the sufferings, but without avail. The doctor was summoned, and ordered the infant to be undressed. It was then discovered that a large green worm had fastened itself to the breast of the babe, and eaten out over two square inches of flesh. The physician experienced considerable difficulty in removing the reptile, the fangs of which were deeply set in the body of the child.

A Noteworthy Wedding.

A wedding remarkable for the old age of the happy pair, which took place at Wurtsboro', Sullivan County, N. Y., a short time ago. The parties to the contract were Dr. John Hollister, who is eighty years old, and the widow of the late John Based, who is about sixty-eight years old. The wedding festivities were participated in by the following lively company, whose ages, together with the bride and groom, making nine in all, aggregate 709 years: The Rev. S. M. Knapp, the officiating clergyman, aged seventy-nine; Mrs. Thomas Langdon, aged seventy-five; Mrs. Mahla Brown, aged seventy-six; Mrs. Henry Bullard, aged eighty-six; Major Masten, aged eighty-one; Henry Bullard, aged eighty-two; and Dr. John Morrison, aged eighty-two. This is an average of seventy-eight and seven-ninths years for each person.—*Cor. N.Y. World.*

The End of an Elopement.

GLOVERSVILLE, New York.—William Sawyer, aged seventeen, and Maggie Haggert, aged fifteen, eloped a short time ago, and were chased twenty-four hours by her father and an officer, whom they eluded, and were married. Last Saturday the bride was sentenced to the Western House of Refuge by a Utica magistrate, on the complaint of her husband that she was a vagrant, having no means of support.

Bombay, with a population of 650,000 and an average to the square mile exceeding London, is the second city in the British Empire in point of numbers. The average death rate for the past five years has been about the same as London. The people are tall, thin, and stately in appearance, with fine, intelligent eyes. The city stands on an island, joined by an embankment to the mainland.

A woman at Greenburg, Ind., was not sure that she wished to die, but thought she did; so she put her neck into a noose, stepped off a chair, taking the precaution to hold a sharp knife in her hand. The choking left her no longer in doubt that she still desired to live, and she hastily cut the rope above her head.

In the London Hospital for Incurables is a girl who is deaf, dumb, blind and hunchbacked. A system of language by touches has been devised by which to communicate with her, while she expresses herself with the ordinary hand-alphabet of the dumb.

IRISH COLUMN.

The Duke of Leinster has presented the Dublin Mechanics' Institute, in addition to other books, with a complete set of the State Trials from the reign of James I.

The fund for the family of Mr. Butt has now reached a sum of over £2,000, a great part of which has been subscribed by members of the Bar.

Lord Portarlington has written explaining that his refusal to grant an abatement of rent in Queen's County arises from his belief that his tenants are fairly prosperous, and have every reason to expect a good harvest.

One of the largest warehouses in Capel street, Dublin, has been opened by a company with considerable public support for the sale of non-intoxicating beverages. The house was formerly a betting club.

A bill has been filed in Chancery by the trustees of the late Mr. McCarthy Downing, M.P., to administer his estate. The personal assets are under £16,000, but the real estate is reported to be very large. The will is of unusual length, extending to fifty folios.

At a meeting of the Bank of Ireland proprietors recently a dividend at the rate of 5½ per cent., free of income tax, for the half-year was declared, leaving a balance of between two and three thousand pounds towards next half-year's account.

The priests of the deanery of Dingle, Co. Kerry, have put forward a declaration urging the landlords of the deanery to act towards their tenants in a spirit of kind consideration in this season of distress, and to make an abatement of rent.

Reports from various parts of the country indicate very considerable progress in the growth of crops since the change in the weather, especially in green crops, which this year have been more largely sown than usual.

Mr. O'Sullivan, M.P., for Limerick, said in Dublin on June 15th, that his election, though conducted very economically, cost him £1,100, and he justly observed that was hard to expect men who were not rich to run such pecuniary risks.

On June 20, the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, took possession of his Cathedral Church, Longford, amid great rejoicing. On the other hand, the workmen have issued warnings to all masons to keep away from the city during the strike.

HYMNS VS. DINNER.—A certain curate, a contemporary tells us, was asked to dine with his squire one Sunday, not a hundred miles from Salisbury Plain. The squire was an old gentleman who dined at four o'clock, and, as it was rather a hard matter to get through the service decently in time to keep the appointment, the curate told his clerk that they would, for once, dispense with the singing. To his horror, the clerk, at the moment when singing was about to cease, jumped up and said, "I give notice there is no singin' this Sunday afternoon, 'coz parson's goin' to dine with the squire."

In the linen trade of Ulster the hopeful tone continues, and a confident feeling is beginning to manifest itself in a variety of ways. The turn over of yarns on both home and export account has been good. Most spinners have orders which will keep them going for some time.

Mr. Charles Ormsby Blake, a landed proprietor of the County Galway, has deemed it necessary to submit a memorial to the Lord Lieutenant, complaining of the refusal of his tenants to pay any rent and of threatening notices having been served upon himself and his bailiffs.

In the presence of thousands, and with all the magnificent ceremonial of the Catholic Church, the noble Cathedral of Cloyne was on Sunday, June 15th, opened by the Right Rev. Dr. MacCarthy, Bishop of the Diocese. The building is the offspring of a popular generosity and the popular piety, not only of Ireland, but of America, Australia and elsewhere.

The Irish Commissioners of Public Works have issued their forty-seventh annual report, which shows that up to March 31 the State has made loans amounting in all to £20,000,000, those for this year amounting to £469,000, against £483,000 in 1877-8. The total repayments have amounted to above £10,500,000, with interest of £2,500,000 more, and the total amounts remitted, and therefore not paid back, have been £6,000,000.

The majority of the Board of Trinity College, who oppose Lord Belmore's Bill, have written a letter to Lord Cairns explaining that their continued resistance to the Synod in the matter is due to the amount of passion and excitement which has been introduced into the controversy, and to attempts that have been made to pack the Senate for the purpose of carrying that bill.

At a thinly attended meeting of the Home Rule League held recently in Dublin, Mr. Shaw, M.P., stated that he did not contemplate permanently occupying the position of leader of the party and hoped that the members, who, as a body, were high-minded, honest and intelligent in proportion to their numbers, would before long choose a representative, to whom he would gladly give place. He complained that the party had been treated contemptuously in Parliament and maintained that, though the League was financially unsuccessful, the principle of Home Rule was flourishing.

On the 23rd of June there was a great deal of excitement in Belfast, and some disturbance, which happily did not assume a serious form, took place. In the morning the members of the Belfast Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Association left on excursion to Magheafel, marching in procession to the railway terminus with music and banners. On returning in the evening there was a great deal of excitement, and, to prevent rioting large bodies of constabulary, both mounted and foot were stationed at all commanding points along the route. As the procession passed along some of the streets stones were thrown both by spectators and the excursionists, and some windows were broken, but at no point did the conflict assume great dimensions. Sixteen prisoners were arrested for stone throwing and rioting.

PREDICTING APPROACHING WEATHER.—The power of predicting approaching weather, the *Times* points out, is shown in two ways. The learned seek it by the aid of abstruse calculations, the vulgar by the careful observation of natural phenomena. *Apropos* of the latter a story is given which is well worth quoting: "A great philosopher, who visited Stonehenge, inquired from a shepherd on the Downs the nearest way to Salisbury. The shepherd gave the information, but advised resort to a nearer place of shelter, as rain was about to fall heavily. The philosopher glanced at the earth and sky, saw no indication of the threatened storm, set out for Salisbury and was presently drenched to the skin. His love of knowledge overcame his sense of discomfort insomuch that he hurried back to ascertain by what means the shepherd had been able to predict so accurately. The rustic was too cunning to speak readily, but he was at last tempted by half a-crown to explain the source of his information. The philosopher listened eagerly for some revelation which he might turn to practical account, and this is what he was told: "See that black-faced ram," said the shepherd. "Whenever he do stand with his face down wind, you may always know that it will rain in less than half an hour."—*The Farm.*

M. Sarcey, the dramatic critic of *Le Temps*, who has accompanied the Comedie Francaise to London, is said to be severest and most impartial of critics. The London *World* tells this of him: "Not so very long ago he wrote an exceedingly favorable notice of an actress then playing at the Gymnase. The story goes that the lady, in an ecstasy of gratitude and joy, immediately dispatched a valuable diamond ring to the great critic with her compliments and thanks. But, to her astonishment and disgust, the bauble was returned, with the intimation that M. Sarcey took no fees from those who pleaded before him, and was not, moreover, accustomed to be bribed. He, therefore, demanded an apology for so gross an impertinence, which, of course, the actress had to make, in terms of the deepest contrition."

It is often among the very best millers and butter-makers that nervous animals occur, and we cannot afford to have their milk thus impaired. No violence should be allowed among the cows at any time; but, if you have impatient help, or are quick-tempered yourself, let some person who does not get mad so easily milk the nervous cows. A cruel man ought never to have charge of any stock whatever.

Girton College for ladies is two miles from Cambridge, England, and is to have fifty-six students when finished. Newnham Hall is almost in Oxford, and is an old mansion. It holds thirty, but additional accommodation will be made. Expenses there are £75 a year, at Girton rather more.

A woman named Mrs. Frederick, wife of a respectable and well-to-do merchant, of Ottawa, attempted to commit suicide on Wednesday night by jumping into the canal. She was rescued by two young men who happened to be out boating at the time. She had been drinking too freely of late.

The presence of Indian corn in Manitoba has been attributed to the introduction of factory shoes.

EXCITING SCENE IN THE COMMONS.

Tumult Engendered by the Discussion of the "Cat."

(London Correspondence of the Liverpool Post.)

LONDON, Friday, July 4.—For more than three hours this morning the House of Commons was the scene of tumult almost unexampled. The proceedings up to about midnight had been tranquil enough. About this time an amendment was proposed by Mr. Parnell to clause 181 of the Army Discipline Bill, providing that personal correction should not be one of the punishments inflicted in military prisons for breaches of discipline. The Government had evidently thought they had completely done with that disagreeable and odious subject, the "lash," so fully debated under Mr. Hopwood's amendment sometime ago; but all at once they found themselves unexpectedly plunged into the whole subject again. Mr. Parnell's eye having detected in the clause the words, "personal correction," he fastened upon them and moved the omission of those words, as a protest, I presume, against the use of the "lash." Marvellous to relate, no determined discussion was entered into either way; but a division was called for and taken, as it were, on the instant, resulting in a vote of 87 for Mr. Parnell's proposition and 157 against it. Then Mr. A. M. Sullivan rose and proposed to add a proviso that such personal correction should not exceed 25 stripes, as in the case of prison corporal punishment, and expressing his hope and belief that the Government would accept this limitation, seeing that they had already brought the number of lashes down from 50 to 25 in the general code. The Government responded to this by Mr. Cross offering to accept the amendment of the member for Louth if, instead of stripes, he would use the word lashes. No sooner were these words uttered than Mr. Hopwood, springing to his feet with flashing eyes, and in a speech of immense bitterness and vehemence declared that what had just happened "tore the dimsy veil" from a base and hideous hypocrisy, and revealed to the world that when the Government spoke of a lash they meant nine stripes, so that twenty-five lashes were to mean 225 stripes. Mr. Callan followed in a long and narrated circumstantially a fact which he had paid to the Admiralty for the purpose of inspecting the different kind of "cat" in use. This brought up the First Lord of the Admiralty, who denied some of the statements made by Mr. Callan, and a most terrific war of words followed.

The House seemed staggered by this utter conflict of personal assertion, and Mr. Macdonald declared that before the House could now decide between the stripes and lashes it was essential that this matter of the diversity and variety of the cats should be cleared up, and that the members should see for themselves the instruments by which punishment was inflicted. He therefore moved that the three cats shown to Mr. Callan at the Admiralty should be deposited in the library, where they could be seen. Mr. O'Donnell, supporting the motion proposed by the member for Stafford, declared that Mr. Macdonald had informed him that if the cats were not produced the Bill would not be allowed to move an inch on Saturday, and that more than 500,000 "Londoners" would assemble in Hyde Park to-morrow. At this point there burst out a perfect hurricane of angry shouts of "Order," the House evidently resenting what looked so plainly like a threat of the most unconstitutional character. In something like a lull in the tempestuous storm the voice of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was heard exclaiming, "I move that the words of the honorable member be taken down." Then, indeed, chaos seemed to have come again. From not merely the Irish members, but from the whole body of the Liberal party, there arose a unanimous and passionate cry of indignation and protest, the purport of which was soon made plain in the point that Mr. O'Donnell's sentence had not been finished, and that its sense could not, therefore, be judged. The Chairman here stepped in to put to the House the question, "Is it your pleasure that these words be taken down?"—a proceeding which it afterward turned out was unnecessary on his part and necessitated a still greater irregularity by him. His question was answered by a shout of "No," and then, amidst the awkwardness of a debate and division on the question he had propounded, he retraced his steps, and without taking the sense of the House directed the Clerk to take the words down.

Mr. Parnell asked what words were to be taken down, but before this could be answered, Mr. Sullivan was upon his feet, and the excited and vehement cheers that greeted his every sentence told that he was giving utterance to the views and feelings of the united body of English Liberals and Irish Home Rulers. He called on Mr. Raikes, whether, in the whole history of Parliament there was a precedent for such a piece of conduct as that which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had just been guilty of. (Screams of cheering, groans, cries, and exclamations arose from all parts of the House.) Let there, he added, a precedent for such a proceeding as that proposed, which simply amounted to taking down the unfinished words of a member in order that he might be punished. If this could be done, added Mr. Sullivan, amid the ringing cheers of his friends, no man would be safe; there would be an end to the liberty and independence of members; and if there was no precedent for it, he denounced the proposal as being destructive of the freedom of Parliament.

The Chancellor rose and protested that the words which he moved to have taken down were a direct imputation, and related to a breach of obstruction on Saturday; but the Clerk at the table being called to read the words, read out an unfinished sentence, stopping at the allusion to the Hyde Park meeting. Then, led off by Mr. Dillwyn, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Courtney and Mr. Chaplin, followed a long and stormy debate took place over the "confess