Listowel Standard.

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AROUND THE WORLD.

—Consumption has been cured in Germany with creosote associated with balsam of tolu.

—The British Admiralty have recently recognized the importance of swimming by making the ability to swim a condition of entry into the royal navy.

—A short time ago the family of Midhat Pasha at Smyrna applied to the Porte for permission to join him in his exile. No notice was taken of the request.

—The widow of George Cruickshank has had placed over his grave in the crypt of St. Paul's a monumental bust by his friend John Adams Acton, the well known sculptor.

—According to Bret Harte, the Princess Beatrice looks like a pleasant, comfortable, corn fed Kentucky girl. Bret is paid by the United States for just such important investigations.

—The Germanizing of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine is reported to be making little progress; much less than has been looked for or than is deemed necessary at Berlin.

—Three archpriests of a sect of Greek dissenters have been released by order of the Czar from a cloister where they had been imprisoned since 1856 for their heretical opinions.

—A recent religious census taken in Prussia shows that the country contains 17 645,466 Protestants, 9,205,136 Catholics, 363,790 Jews, 42,518 Dissenters, and 22,006 persons professing no religion.

—The house in which Dante was born, and which has heretofore been under the care of the city of Florence, has been transferred to a bank of that city in payment of a loan, and is to be sold at public auction.

—Sir Evelyn Wood is likely to be made a peer. The Government will probably offer to revive the peerage of his uncle, Lord Hatherley, in his favor, and a pecuniary gratification will also be proposed.

—A passage in a speech recently delivered by the Pope has once more put into circulation the report of his approaching departure from Rome. The Patrie professes to know that Leo XIII. will transfer the Holy See to Salzburg.

—Mr. J. Van Praet, of the royal household of the King of the Belgians, announces that Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African traveler, has suffered from bilious fever, but is now in excellent health and spirits, having quite recovered his strength.

—The latest proposal for the erection of a statue comes from Aquila, the ancient Amiternum. A committee has been formed to raise a statue to Sallust, the author of "The Conspiracy of Catiline," who died about thirty years before the Christian era.

—The French Minister of War has just effected a minor reform to secure the ready identification of soldiers who may be wounded or killed on the field of battle. For this purpose every man will in future wear a metal plate suspended from the neck.

—The superintendent of the experimental farm at Summerville, S. C., has sent 3,000 tea plants to the Atlanta exposition, on October 21. The average height of these specimens, which were selected as a fair sample of the crop, is about 19 inches, and they look healthy and hardy.

—Bavarian journals express themselves greatly disgusted at the sentence of a private in the army to three days' imprisonment because he applied the epithet of "You villainous beast!" to the balky horse of one of the officers. The charge against him was "unbecoming behavior toward an officer's horse."

—The Zoological Garden at Moscow is said to be in possession of a horse without hair. It was sent from Turkestan by Gen. Kaufmann. The color of the horse's skin is red, and his points are said to be admirable. He is, however, very sensitive to the cold, and has to be kept warm by thick woolen blankets.

—A stranger, on taking his seat lately in the pit of a theater, accosted a gentleman who sat near him, with, "Pray, sir, have you a bill?" When, to the stranger's amazement, the gentleman starting from a reverie in which he had been plunged, exclaimed, "No, sir, but I have two next week, and both unprovided for."

—In a primary school, not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "bird's-nest," and pointing to the hyphen, asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause, a young son of the Emerald Isle piped out, "Plaze, ma'am, for the bird to roosht on."

—American beef is regarded in England as of a superior quality, but they think the mutton we send there is not to be compared in flavor or tenderness with that of home production. The reason for this is that American sheep are generally treated in a way to favor the growth of their fleeces, without much consideration for the quality of the mutton.

—At the International Literary Congress in Vienna M. Rabinone referred to the Russian novelist Tchernitchewski, who has been exiled in Siberia for eighteen years past, and pleaded for his release. It is now announced that the Czar has taken the matter into consideration, and the unfortunate author will probably shortly receive a free pardon.

—In Brazil some experiments have been tried by M. de Lacerda, showing that permanganate of potash is an almost certain antidote for the bite of snakes. M. de Lacerda has not as yet tried its efficacy on himself, but in the case of thirty dogs on whom he experimented only two died under exceptional circumstances, and all whom he did not treat with the injection of permanganate of potash died in the usual way.

—On its way from Senegal the whole of the crew of the English steamer Edgar, except the captain and his wife and the mate, were stricken with sickness, so that they could take no part in the navigation of the vessel. The captain suggested to his wife to take the post of man at the wheel, while he himself and the mate acted as engineer and fireman. The three brought the vessel safe from the west coast of Africa to the European continent.

—Mr. Jermingham, who is now contesting Berwick on Tweed, is a Roman Catholic Liberal and a member of Lord Stafford's family, who have always been Liberal. If returned he will be the only Roman Catholic representing an English or Scotch constituency. Mr. Thornhill, M. P., the Tory whip, however, opposes him, stating that the only thing he knows against him is his being a Roman Catholic, but he regards that as an insuperable objection to his return. This seems strange and impolitic, considering that the stanchest Tories in England are Roman Catholic peers, with few exceptions, from the Duke of Norfolk down.

—Exclusive of the mortality from yellow fever, the average death rate of Memphis for five years previous to 1880 was 34 per 1 000 annually. It was supposed that the new system of sewerage would decrease this rate materially, and doubtless it would have produced that desirable effect had not the people been obliged to drink filthy water since its construction. In reality, however, the death rate has increased alarmingly, running up to 10 per 1,000 for the week ending October 65.

—Among the marvels of London stupidity is the numbering of the streets, and of all the streets Oxford has been the most eccentric in this line. A stranger in search of any particular house would be bewildered by the frequency with which the same number presented itself. For instance, 271 turned up as unexpectedly as the demon of the pantomine half a dozen times in a quarter of a mile. The board of works are at last renumbering the whole street, but the tradespeople grumble and say it will cost them $50,000.

—A very celebrated literary man, now resident in New York, was once walking across Boston Common with a Boston friend, whose guest he was. He declares that on this walk he met two young girls, who gave him a quick critical look in passing, and one of whom he overheard make this remark to her companion with a perfectly serious air of emphatic confidence; "That's a new man." The other responded: "Yes, a New York man." Whether this preternatural keenness of mental vision comes from the preternatural keenness of the east windy atmosphere I do not know, but that it exists is proved past doubting.—Providence (R. I) Press.

—Treasurer Gilfillan recently received a letter from a man living in Caledonia county, Vt., who wishes the United States to reimburse him for the loss of his pocketbook, containing twenty $10 bills, one $20 silver certificate, a $5 note and two keys, which one of his cows inadvertently or maliciously swallowed. This expensive fodder naturally brought distress upon the man, but the cow is all right up to the present time. It is evident that her internal arrangements have been in no wise impaired for her unfortunate owner remarks, with a noble and charming simplicity, that the keys and remnants of the pocketbook "were found upon the ground."

—The fears that are entertained for the safety both of the German Emperor and his Chancellor, Bismarck, are shown by an incident that occurred during the latter's stay at Kissingen. While he was driving along one of the country roads, a building contractor, some distance ahead, stepped to the side of the highway with a telescope to take a view of the surroundings. He was suddenly seized by a gendarme, who compelled him to put his glass out of sight until Bismarck had passed, for the reason that, in the existing condition of political affairs, the Prince might easily mistake the telescope for the barrel of a rifle, and be seriously startled by it.

—The cholera is spreading in the east and advancing toward Europe. It has already made considerable ravages at Aden, and has reached Mecca, where the Mussulmans are imploring their Prophet. Two other epidemics attract serious attention. The first is the yellow fever in Senegal, where the number of victims has been great, and the second diphtheria, which has killed more people in south of Russia than any other epedimic, not excepting the plague. It has prevailed there since 1872. In Bessarabia, 15,000 out of 36,000 persons who were attacked have succumbed to it. Out of 46 000 cases, 19,000 ended fatally, and in Khardoff, out of 20,000 cases there have been 17,000 deaths.

—The depression of the farming property in England has led, in one case at least, to some curious complications. In 1874 the trustees under a marriage settlement loaned £3,000 at 5 per cent on a farm in Kent, which shortly after was sold for £8,000 over and above the mortgage. In 1878, however, the owner became bankrupt, and the trustees took possession of the farm under the mortgage and leased it for the amount of the interest. This year, however, they have not been able to obtain a tenant and they have petitioned the Court of Chancery for leave to spend some other funds in their hands for the purpose of keeping the farm from going to ruin. The court denied the petition, saying that nothing but a special act of Parliament would meet the case.

—The foremost men of most of the large cities of England, such as Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, do not disdain municipal office, but seek it, while in London an opposite feeling prevails. There is no such thing as a real representative government of London, and easy as it might seem to transform the present civic dignitaries of the city, with their splendid historic traditions, into real powers in the State, every recent attempt to do this has broken down. London is a city devoid of local patriotism. The formation of a real business center, as the proposed Chamber of Commerce (an institution London has never yet had), is regarded by the Economist as likely to aid in dispersing this apathy.

—Most of the titled houses of England are comparatively of modern date. The real old families of the country are the squires and small landed gentry and yeomen. Their descent and possessions have in scores upon scores of cases been unbroken for 500 or even 800 years, whereas the unlimited power of a Prime Minister or sovereign to create a new peer has constantly introduced into the upper house men but a few removes from trade or the professions. Of the entire 418 families whose heads have seats as peers of England only 77 existed as nobles in 1707, when the union of England and Scotland took place, 341 having been raised to the peerage, exclusive of the last batch since that date. The Irish peers are of still lower caste, mostly dating from the corruption of the union.

—A business man recently asked the Boston Journal why Gospel cars should not be attached to passenger trains as well as smoking cars. Conductor Harris of the Old Colony railroad, answers through the same paper that the suggestion is a practical one. He writes: "There are hundreds of Christian men who delight in the worship of God, who spend from six to twelve hours per week on the railroad between home and business? Now, why not utilize this time to the glory of God? What a fitting thing it would be for the business of the day. Instead of card tables have an organ or piano, have the seats arranged facing the center of the car. Instead of spittoons have a carpet; instead of cards have Bibles and Gospel song books. I venture twenty years railroad experience that the thing is practical."

—The foreman of a Montreal paper is in trouble. In making up his forms he mixed an article on Catholic advances in Africa with a recipe for making tomato catsup, and has been dodging the editorial shotgun ever since. As published the article reads: "The Roman Catholics claim to be making material advances in Africa, particularly in Algeria, where they have 185,000 adherents and a missionary society for Central Africa. During the past three years they have obtained a firm footing in the interior of the continent, and have sent forth several missionaries into the equatorial regions. They are accustomed to begin their work by buying heathen children and educating them. The easiest and best way to prepare them is to first wipe them with a clean towel; then place them in dripping-pans and bake them till they are tender. Then you will have no difficulty in rubbing them through a sieve, and will save time by not being obliged to cut them in slices and cook for several hours."

—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Berliner Tageblatt gives a discription of the measures taken to insure the safety of the Czar in the Anuitchkow Palace, the town residence of the Emperor. An underground passageway, through which patrols pass every half hour, surrounds the entire building. It can, moreover, be flooded at any moment by connecting it with the Fotanka Canal, which passes close by. Negotiations to purchase the three houses situated on the Nevskof Prospect, immediately opposite the palace, are now going on between the Ministry of the Imperial Household and the owners. Among the houses is the one in which Sheljabow, who was afterward hanged perfected his plans, and in which Trignij was arrested lately. The second house was selected by Kobosew as a convenient point to start his mine from. From the third, the Hotel Bellevine, rented recently by the Ministry of the Imperial Household, one can over look, when the trees are leafless, the Imperial gardens. The price demanded by the proprietors of these three houses is only 6000,000 roubles, but this, it is thought, will not deter the authorities from buying the property and converting it into huge barracks. The rumor that the buildings are to be offered by the Czar as lodgings to officers of his house hold is discredited, probably in view of the many defections which have lately been discovered among his immediate attendants.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A story—quite as good for being true—is told of two medical students, the one a very large and the other a very small person, who were room mates and bed fellows. On a certain warm night the big man, who was on the inner side, awoke to the consciousness that he was being crowded to the wall, his companion having taken a good sized reservation in the middle of the bed. By way of punishing the encroachment with neatness and dispatch, he gently adjusted his soles and ousted the little fellow so effectually as to land him on the carpet. The ejected one showed no sign of resentment until several nights later, when finding his comrade occupying a position similar to the one in which he had given offense, he plotted a revenge. Stealthily clambering over the huge form, he braced his back against the wall and planting a foot on either side of his friend's spine, collected all his forces and gave a tremendous push. The effect was instantaneous, and if not just what had been anticipated, was certainly in accordance with nature's laws. The big man moved, but the bed moved with him, opening a wide space between itself and the wall, through which the little man immediately dropped to the floor, where he doubtless had a chance to recover from his astonishment and reflect on the reason why another good plan had gone wrong.

—Man born of a woman is of few days and full of schemes to get his name in print.

—An elderly Scotchwoman went one day to an apothecary's shop for two grains of calomel for a child. Seeing the druggist weigh the medicine with scrupulous exactness, and not thinking he did this from anxiety not to get an overdose, but from penuriousness or desire to give as little as possible for the money, she said, "Dinna be sae mean wi't, mon; it's for a puir fatherless bairn."

FRAGMENTS.

THE TAP OF A HAMMER.

The annals of bibliography afford many examples of the delirious extent to which book fancying can go. In May, 1812, the library of the Duke of Roxbcrough was sold. The collection contained a copy of Boccaccio, published at Venice in 1471. Among the distinguished company which attend the sale, were the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer and the Duke of Marlborough, then Marquis of Blandford. The bid stood at 500 guineas. "A thousand guineas," said Earl Spencer. "And ten," added the Marquis. You might have heard a pin drop. All eyes were bent on the bidders. Now they talked apart, now ate a biscuit, but without the least thought of yielding one to another. The contest proceeded until the Marquis said: "Two thousand pounds." Then Lord Spencer bethought him of waste of powder, when Lord Althorp came to his side as if to bring his father a fresh lance to renew the fight. Father and son whispered together, and Earl Spencer exclaimed: "Two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds?" An electric shock went through the assembly. "And ten," quietly added the Marquis. There ended the strife. The spectators stood dumb when the hammer fell. The stroke of its fall sounded on the farthest shore of Italy. The tap of that hammer was heard in the libraries at Rome, Milan and Venice. Boccaccio stirred in his sleep of hundreds of years' and M. Van Praet groped in vain among the royal alcoves in Paris, to detect a copy of the famed Valdarfer Boccaccio.

TELL ME, MY HEART.

When De'la on the plain appears,
Awed by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?
Whenever she speaks, my ravished ear
No other voice than hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?
If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?
When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleased before,
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?
When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Hermots she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Lord Lyttelton.

A DINNER IN COACHING DAYS

"The coach stops half an hour, gentleman dinner quite ready!"

'Tis a delightful sound, and what a dinner! What a profusion of substantial delicacies! What mighty and iris tinted rounds of beef! What vast and marble veined ribs! What gelatinous veal pies! What colossal hams! and how invigorating is the smell of those various and variegated pickles! Then the bustle emulating the plenty; the ringing of bells, the clash of thoroughfare, the summoning ubiquitous waiters, and the all-pervading feeling of omnipotence, from the guests who order what they please, to the landlord, who can produce and execute everything they can desire. 'Tis a wonderous sight. Why should a man go and see the pyramids and cross the desert, when he has not traveled in a coach?

RHYMES AND RECORDS.

Daniel Webster was given to rhymes. After his first experience of tobacco, when 19 years of age, he versified its soothing quality:

"Come, thou tobacco, new-found friend,
Come, and thy suppliant attend,
In each dull, lonely hour;
And though misfortunes lie around,
Thicker than hail-stones on the ground,
Ill rest upon thy power,
Then, while the cocoonch, pert and proud,
The politician, learned and loud,
Keep one eternal clack,
I'll tread where silent woman smiles,
Where solitude our work beguiles,
And chew the, dear tobac."

The richest records of those years of earliest manhood relate to his efforts to keep his brother Ezekiel afloat in college. The following letter is taken from a correspondence which runs on for two or three years, filled with effusions of poverty, affliction and fun:

Dear brother: I have now by me two cents in lawful federal currency; next week I will send them, if they be all. They will buy a pipe; with a pipe you can smoke; smoking inspires wisdom; wisdom is allied to fortitude; from fortitude it is but one step to stoicism, and stoicism never pants for this world's goods. So perhaps my two cents by this process may put you quite at ease about cash.... We are at home in the old way; boys digging potatoes with frozen fingers. Write me; tell me your necessities, and anything else you can think of to amuse me. Be a good child; mind your books and strive to learn.

DANIEL.

EPITAPH ON A ROBIN REDBREAST.

Tread lightly here, for here 'tis said,
When spring-tide winds are hush'd around,
A small note wakes from underground
Where now his tiny bones are laid.
No more in lone or leafless grove
With ruffled wing and faded breast,
His friendless, homeless spirit roves:
Where never cat glides o'er the green,
Gone to the world where birds are blest,
Or schoolboy's giant form is seen;
But love and joy and smiling spring
Inspire their little souls to sing!

—Samuel Rogers.

SAYINGS.

Douglas Jerrold said: "The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a gravedigger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment."

Goethe said: "I have ever been considered one of Fortune's chiefest favorites; yet, truly, there has been nothing but toil and care; and in my seventy-fifth year I may say that I have never had four weeks of genuine pleasure. The stone was ever to be rolled up anew."

Sidney Smith said: "When I began to thump the cushion of my pulpit, on first coming to Forston, the accumulated dust of a hundred and fifty years made such a cloud that for some minutes I lost sight of my congregation."

ALAS!

Alas for the perishableness of eloquence! It is the only thing in the higher walks of human creativeness that passes away. The statue lives after the sculptor dies as sublime as when the chisel left it. St. Peter's is a perpetual memorial and utterance of the great mind of Angelo. The Iliad is as fresh to-day as centuries ago. But great oratory, the most delightful and marvelous of the expressions of mortal power, passes and dies with the occasion. It is

"Like the snowflake on a river,
A moment white, then gone forever."

LONG LIFE.

The Famous Fontenelle lived a century, and when asked at the close of his long and brilliant career if he felt pain, replied: "I only feel the difficulty of existing." As he was nearing his hundredth year, a friend, who was 90, said to him: "Death, I think, has forgotten us." "Hush!" said Fontenelle, putting his finger to his lips, "he may overhear us!"

FANTASIE.

Kiss mine eyelids, beauteous morn,
Blushing into life new-born!
Lend me violets for my hair,
And thy russet robe to wear,
And thy ring of roseate hue,
Set in drops of diamond dew!
Kiss my cheek, thou noontide ray,
From my love so far away!
Let thy splendor streaming down
Turn its pallid lilies brown,
Till its darkening shades reveal,
Where his passion pressed its seal.

—O. W. Holmes.

A GIRL'S CAREER.

From the Convent to the Circus—Three Husbands, all Living—In State Prison for Bigamy—Doubtful Repentance.

On Friday last there was released from the Wethersfield State Prison, Conn., a young woman whose proper married name is Mrs. Maynard, and whose history, if it could be given in detail, is perhaps as romantic and varied as any in the annals of woman's waywardness. She is the daughter of respectable and wealthy residents of Montreal, and received every social advantage, and an excellent education. She is a young and beautiful blonde, with finely marked features, and of perfect form. Six years ago, at the age of sixteen, while she was finishing her studies at a convent in this city, she took the first step—a long one—of her wayward career, by eloping with a member of a traveling circus troupe which visited the city. She traveled with the troupe, visited many places, married, it is said, one of the performers, and led a life of excitement for some two years. Before the end of that time, circus life had lost its charms; a voluntary separation from her husband took place, and she drifted to Norwich, Conn. There she was met by Mr. Charles Maynard, a respectable young man of Ledyard, near by, and she so fascinated him that love and a wedding quickly followed. A year later a child was born, and in the second year Mrs. Maynard left her husband, accusing him of intolerable cruelty, and taking the child with her. Notwithstanding, there was no divorce, on December 29, 1879, she again married a young man named Lyman Braman, living in the same county. Soon after Maynard appeared and demanded his child. It was refused him, and he took action against her for bigamy. Her appearance in court roused great sympathy for her. She was placed under $300 bonds, and a day or two after her trial began she jumped her bail and fled with Braman. The two were caught four months later in a distant town and taken back, tried and convicted of bigamy and each sentenced last spring to six months in State prison. In prison her story became known and her parents were informed of her whereabouts. Her sentence expired last Friday, and she is now, at her parents' solicitation, coming back to Montreal. Her latest husband is highly respectable, and deeply in love with her, and says he shall take steps to legalize their union. She, however, true to her wayward nature, professes unconcern for him.—Montreal Star.

OLD MEN HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

It is a common, though by no means flattering occurrence, that statesmen and politicians in this country are retired at so comparatively an early age. Ex-Governor Morgan, aged 70, finds that his age and broken health prevent his accepting the position of Secretary of the Treasury. Our judges may be retired at the age of 70; a man over 70 is usually considered too old to be President, while the average age of Senators, Representatives and Governors cannot be much over 55 or 60. So that the age of 50 may in this country be deemed the reasonable limit that men are called upon to discharge public duties, and they are reckoned ripest at 50.

But in Europe these ages are comparatively youthful. There positions analogous to that of President, namely, that of Prime Minister, are often held by men hoary with years; while to decline the comparatively lighter duties of Financial Secretary or Chancellor of the Exchequer at the age of 70 would scarcely be thought of. Bismarck, at the age of 68, still continues the power behind the throne of Germany; Palmerston at 80 was Prime Minister; Thiers at 77 was President of the French Republic and that too during a period of great anxiety and suspense; Peel at 62 was in prime health and vigor and was killed by being thrown from his horse. Gladstone is 72; Disraeli was still a Parliamentary leader at the age of 77, and Gortschakoff continued to regulate the turbulent empire of the Czar until he was nearly 80. Indeed, it is hard to mention a modern European statesman who was not still active and vigorous in political life at a very advanced age. Men like Thurlow Reed do not lag superfluous and only by an occasional newspaper interview, remind a heedless generation of their existence. In a European country so experienced a public man would, at least if other circumstances favored it, be among the prominent advisers of the government, or one of the active leaders of the opposition.

What is the cause of this marked difference? Why should American statesmen and politicians take to their beds at 10 o'clock, so to speak, while Europeans sit up until midnight? Is it a difference in climate, habits of life, physical constitution, or a fashion of treating age and youth differently, here and abroad; America is the land of the young, children are more precocious, and, foreigners say, are much greater nuisances than they are in other countries. Here the father becomes the old man at a comparatively early date, and at the age of fifty, when his powers are mellowed, full flavored and mature, he is already considered as having passed over to the sunset slope of life.

This, however, is rather a symptom than a cause of the prematurity which marks American careers. It does not explain why this should be so, nor does the politician himself regard it as an obstacle.

Partly, undoubtedly, it is due to the strain of the climate—the fierce alternates of heat and cold, wet and dry, which tighten and loosen the system with a successive rapidity that, while it stimulates, exhausts the vitality. Partly it is due to the fiercer competition and the restless ambition, not only for place but for wealth. Men accumulate fortunes at a much earlier age than they do abroad, and the field being wider, the struggle is shared by larger numbers and is more intense and absorbing. American business men rise an hour or two earlier in the morning than do the same classes in Europe and consume more hours in their toil.

A third cause is that European politicians and statesmen are for the most part persons of leisure, men of inherited riches or estates. Here, the political leader must acquire a profession or achieve a business success before he can afford to devote himself to the large consideration of public questions. Statesmen abroad do not spend half their lives accumulating fortunes, or earning their daily bread, in order to piece out their spare time with political duties. Here politics are often a reaction, a secondary matter; when they are otherwise he who engages in them depends upon them for support, and seldom takes a higher than bread and-butter interest in them. Both here and abroad there are notable exceptions to these observations, but they generally hold good.—Detroit Free Press.

BURIED ALIVE.

The Terrible Death of an Erie Contractor.

Among the heroes who ought to be canonized stands Ralph Gore, a contractor, of Erie, Pa. Mr. Gore was superintending the building of a sewer in that city last Monday, and while at the bottom of a deep excavation it was noticed that the earth on the west bank was giving way. Mr. Gore was the nearest to the slope leading to the surface, but in the rush of the men for safety, he gallantly stepped aside, and let every workman pass. Then he ran himself, but the delay was fatal. The trembling bank toppled over and buried Mr. Gore beneath. When the dust cleared away his head was just visible above the earth, and an attempt was made to extricate him. "I think my legs are broken," he said, "but dig me out if you can." Notwithstanding his agony he made light of the accident, and spoke of being dug from his grave. While the men were working zealously, a cry was raised that the other bank was giving way. The men had to fly for their lives, leaving their companion wedged as in a vise. He was alone, with the tottering avalanche above him, and on the bank a crowd of people with pitying looks, and averted heads, waiting the fall. The bank crumbled slowly, and before it fell a large school opposite let out, and the scholars assembled to see the brave man die. "God help me," murmured the poor fellow, while tears streamed from the faces of the lookers-on. The great bank cracked, stood still in a momentary check, and then slowly and silently came toppling over. There was a trembling, a deep thud that shook the surrounding buildings, and the heroic fellow was buried beneath 500 tons of solid earth. Later in the day they recovered his body, crushed to a shapeless mass by the huge weight that had fallen upon him.

—Two weeks hence the Sig. Brignoli de Campanini of the circus spangles will be Jim of the street car or red front saloon. Nothing chops off more sudden than the circus season.

—No one has yet come forward to dispute the assertion of a year ago that three extra tons of coal will carry thirty cents worth of wilted flower stalks safely through an average winter.

—She (of literary turn)—"Doesn't this remind you of a lawn fete under Louis XIV?" He (matter-of-fact)—"Beg pardon, that was rather before my time, you know." (Silence.)—Harvard Lampoon.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

"Doorin' my three score y'ars of life I hav observed some curus things," began Brother Gardner as the thermometer showed 98 degrees and rising. "I hav observed, fur instance, dat the men mos' consarned 'bout de welfar' of de kentry am de men who do de least to prosper her."

"I hev observed dat de politishun who sots out to save de kentry am ginerally hauled up for robbin' her.

"I hev observed dat de man who seem to hev de moss' sympathy fur de poo' neber wait five minutes to foreclose a chattel mortgage.

"I hev observed dat good close an' impudence will pass fur riches an' educashun.

"I hev observed dat brag an' bluster am better weapons dan argyment an' truf.

"I hev observed dat a grand monument in a graveyard doan' hide de meanness of a dead man's relashuns.

"I hev observed dat charity kin make paupers almost as fast as a conflagrashun.

"I hev observed dat while all agree dat honesty am de best policy, not one man in a hundred hesitates to work a lead nickel off on a street kyar company.

"I hev observed many odder things equally strange an' inconsistent, an' I am prepar'd to say to you:

"Mottoes doan' mean business.

"Maxims kin be forgotten faster dan written.

"promises am a wheel with one cog gone.

"Friendship will las' as long as you kin afford to pay ten per cent per annum. Let us now purceed to biziness."

ELECTION.

In just seven minutes from the time the bell sounded and Sir Isaac Walpole picked up the bean box, the following candidates were declared shot proof and entitled to sheep skins: Sir Ebenezer Johnson, Judge Bueyrus Smith, Old Man Jones, Cave In Thomas, Napoleon White, Restful Hastings and Huckleberry Fowler.

TOO PICTURESQUE.

The Hon. Caluminator Brown, chairman of the committee on building and repairs, reported his committee in receipt of plans and specifications for a new Paradise hall, from Abe Seymour, architect, of Lincoln, Neb. The plan shows a building fourteen stories high, with mansard roof and tower, the club to occupy the first two stories and the others to be rented out to lame men and consumptives. In the main entrance the architect had provided for a group of statuary representing Uncertainty. Two dogs are engaged in deadly combat, and the several persons standing around are uncertain which will whip.

The plans were carefully looked over by the club, and the unanimous decision reached was that they were altogether too picturesque for the present age. The estimated cost was put down at $1,000,000 and this, too, was thought rather picturesque.

AN EVEN THING.

Judge Rambo Smith, Chairman of the Committee on Investigation of Complaints, reported that his committee had investigated the complaint of Brother Abraham Davis against Brother Aaron Jones, both of Milwaukee, and were ready to report. Brother Davis charged Brother Jones with trading him a spavined mule, knowing at the same time that he was a member of the Lime Kiln Club in good standing. Investigation had shown that in trading he had worked off a lead dollar and a set of brass jewelry on Brother Jones, and the committee were forced to the conclusion that it was about an even thing.

CAN'T AFFILIATE.

The Secretary announced a communication from the President of the Self Adjusting, Back Action Rhetorical Society of Syracuse, N. Y., inviting the Lime Kiln Club to combine efforts with it this winter for the purpose of encouraging rhetoric among the colored people.

"Dey kin hardly tell we can't lend it any aid in dat direction," replied the President, as he softly scratched his ear. "Doorin' de comin' winter one poun' of meat will go furder among our people dan ten poun's of rhetoric. When de old man Renbottom comes ober to my house to say dat he am out o' wood an' de baby has froze his toes he can't be turned off wid rhetoric. Rhetoric might enable a colored man to surround his expreshuns and ennunciashuns wid a divisibility of criticism such as no potentate can carniverous for de disappointed spectacle, but could we charge any mo' fur whitewashin', or would we be richer at the end of de y'ar?"

The Rev. Penstock slowly and solemnly arose, wiped the back of his head with a Senatorial flourish, and said:

"It am my opinyun dat we need mo' rhetoric among us. De advisability of——"

"Do you 'peal from de decishun of de cha'r?" interrupted the President.

"No, sah. My intenshun was to illustrate de——"

"Brudder Penstock will please set down! Dis club has decided to take pork instead of rhetoric."

A TOUGH QUESTION.

The following letter was then read:

NORFOLK, Va., Oct. 16, 1881.

Bro. Gardner:

DEAR SIR: It is held by Prof. Rooney, Judge De Poker, the Hon. Cadaver Slivers and other eminent colored men in this city, that investing in lottery tickets has a pernicious effect. Please give us your plumb opinion on this question. Very truly,

COL. SAM. STAYBACK.

"De ideah of buyin' a lottery ticket, as I understan' it," slowly replied the President, "am fur de purpose of drawin' $20,000 an' settlin' down in a brick house. It seems to me dat if I should buy a lottery ticket an' draw sich a sum I wouldn't be a mite afeared of de pernicious bizness. If I should buy a ticket an' fail to draw anythin'—dats a different matter. It would come mighty handy to kick de dog an' upset de table as soon as I got home, an' I'spect dat would come under the head of pernicious. Dar it am, you see. On one side we hev $20,000 an' a whoopin' ole time. On de odder we doan draw a cent, an' go home and kick de roof off de cabin. It am which an' tother, you see, an' I reckon dat de safest way am to let de lottery bizness slide an' buy a cheap chance in a raffle for a goose."

A SENSITIVE MEMBER.

Pickles Smith rose to a question of privilege. He said that a hint had reached him to the effect that his presence in the club was a drawback, and he would therefore tender his resignation.

"Brudder Smith, sot down," replied the President. "Instead of drawing dis club backwards, you has majestically aided to draw it ahead. Doan be too sensitive. know of men so sensitive dat a sudden collishun wid a purlecueeman will make deir pulse run up to 160. You have been prompt in your 'tendance, dignified in your deportment, an' hev neber bin known to walk off wid de wrong hat."

THE GLEE CLUB.

The Committee on Harmony reported that the Glee Club had been reorganized for the winter as follows:

Leader—Profundo Baker.
First Bass—Giveadam Jones.
Cornet—Judge Johnson.
Accordion—Whalebone Howker.
Falsetto—Indignation White.
Tenor—Prof. Bosun.

After the report had been accepted the following song and chorus were beautifully rendered, and the meeting then adjourned:

Does de ole cabin stan' in de bend of de river—
In de shade of de trees a hundred y'ars ole?
Does de sunshine of autumn upon de hills quiver—
An' turn de white cotton to blossoms of gold?

Chorus—
For I run'd away in de yar's gone by
An' I can't go back, kase its far away;
An' I'se got to old dat I soon shall die,
An' dey'll call in vain at de broke of day.

Am de sugar-cane growin' beyond de green meadow?
Am de co'n growin' high behind de big hill?
An' de sun swine down does he cast de same shadow
Upon de green graves to de left of de mill?

Chorus—
For I run'd away in de y'ars gone by,

—The man who playfully points a gun or pistol at you fairly aches to have his skull cracked with a club and a basket of shavings stuffed into his cranium. See that he is not disappointed.

THE SHERIFF'S BEAR STORY.

An Adventure in Pike County with a Bruin of Remarkable Vitality.

MILFORD, Oct. 19.—"They say Ed. Quick knocked over another big bear back on the High Knob the other day," said the County Clerk, as he joined the boys in the Crissman House.

"Oh, of course he did!" exclaimed the Sheriff. "He's always knocking bears over, to hear him tell it. I was making a small calculation once on the number of bears Ed. Quirk must have killed, according to his figures, and if I cyphered right, he's killed more bears than there's been in the whol Blooming Grove woods since Noah turned his museum out of the ark."

"Well, I don't believe that there's a man in the three States that has killed more bears than Ed. has. He was counting them up to me only last week, and they foot up nine hundred and eighty-three. He tells about some hard tussels he's had with many a tough old bear," said the County Clerk.

"Yes, but his stories are a thundering sight tougher than the bears ever were," said the Sheriff. "But speaking of tough bears, you ought to have seen the one that Joe Atkinson and me had the little circus with on the head waters of Dwight Brook, about ten years ago. The toughest bear Ed. Quick says he ever killed was a day old lamb 'longside of that bear.

"Joe and me was lumbering over on a tract of land which belonged to some fellow over in Monroe county. Jake Klienhans had got all the bark off the tract, and we were finishing up the lumber. We'd seen signs of bear, and an old bark peeler told us there was a big one that kept in a swamp down the creek a ways. Every hunter that had been in the woods for six months, he said, had put a ball in the bear, and the old cuss had carried off half a dozen traps, and got rid of them in some way. One Saturday Joe and me made up our minds to take a day off and try and capture this tough old animal. We came on the bear in less than an hour from the time we started out. He came tearing out of the swamp as if some one was urging him with a three tined pitchfork, and made for the top of a little ridge about a hundred feet away. Joe let him have his rifle barrel and then his buckshot. But the bear kept right on. I got both my barrels in on him, but the old fellow never paid any attention to us till he reached the top of the ridge. The ridge wasn't more than 20 feet high, and it ran up to quite a narrow top. When the bear got up he stopped, turned with his face toward us, raised up on his haunches, and opened his mouth blamed near a foot wide. He was in plain, open sight, only a hundred feet away, and we just thought we had him foul."

"Did you shoot him?" asked Billy Watson, as the Sheriff paused to get his share of the refreshments the County Clerk had ordered.

"Shoot him?" said the Sheriff. "Shoot him. Well, I think it might be called shooting, unless my memory is very short. Why, that bear never stirred from his tracks and Joe and me peppered away at him for more than a quarter of an hour, and we hit him every time. All he'd do was to give himself a whack with first one paw and then the other whenever a ball or charge of buckshot got in on him. That was all our firing seemed to disturb him, and finally Joe said to me:

"See here! Do you know what that old cuss is going to do. Well, he's just waiting until our ammunition gives out, and then he'll give us the grand bounce out o' these woods."

"By this time I only had one bullet left, and Joe only had three. We had plenty of powder, so we concluded not to use any more on the bear by shooting, as there didn't seem to be any use in it. Joe began to skirmish around a little. On the other side of the ridge he discovered a ground hog's hole, which run into the top of the ridge directly under where the bear was sitting. Joe had been in the army, you know, and he saw that this ground hog's hole was just a bully chance to spring a mine on our live old target. So he takes all the powder the both of us had—about three pounds I guess—and poured it in a leather pounch he had, and made as snug a bomb as we could wish for. Then, while I kept the bear's attention by pretending to crawl up the side of the hill as if I meant to tackle him, Joe crept up the other side and rammed the leather cartridge into the hole and trampled her solid. He laid a train of powder down the hill aways, hollered to me to run and fired her. In about two seconds the top of that hill and the bear were sailing toward the clouds. The bear went up ten feet above the top of a big chestnut tree there was on the ridge, turned over a couple of times, and tumbled back into the three.

"Now, of course, all bears ain't as tough as this bear was, but when the stones and dirt stopped falling, there we saw old bruin perched on a big branch of the chestnut looking a little surprised to be sure, but gazing down at us with actually a smile on his face, as if he rather enjoyed the novelty of the little experience he had just passed through. That was all the change there seemed to be in the old cuss' appearance.

"Joe looked at me and I looked at Joe. Then we both looked at the bear, and then at the hole in the ground. Neither of us said a word for about ten minutes. Then I said:

"'Let's go home, Joe. There's a thunder shower coming up, anyway; and we don't want to be out in it.'

"There was a heavy shower coming, but Joe said he wasn't going to quit until he got that bear. So back he started for the camp after an axe. I stayed to watch the bear. The thunder and lightning was something fearful. When Joe got back he went to work chopping down the chestnut tree. In about an hour down she came, bear and all. In the fall the tree fell plumb across the bear's back and broke it, but before Joe could get at him with the axe he twisted from under the tree and away he crawled down toward the swamp. We would have lost that bear as sure as guns, but just then there came one of the