(From the London Times)

Calcutta, May 19.4-Dacoity, or robbery by armed gangs, is assuming alarming proportions in the Decan, especially in the Poona district. For some time past banks of Dacoits have been soouring the country and committing a series of daring attacks on houses and villages. They seem to form part of a regular organization under the command of one Wassacce Bulwund, lately a clerk in the Financial Department. On the 10th a band of 200 strong attacked the village of Polhuspe, near Panwell, on the opposite site of Bumbay Harbour. They entered the house of a rich man name funes in the property of the property value at 75,000 received.

and, after wounding several inhabitants, carried off property valued at 75,000 inpees.

On Taesday night the Bodhwar and Wishrambag palaces at Poona, which are half a mile apart, were set on fire simultaneously and totally destroyed, together with several adjacent houses. It seems beyond doubt that both fires were the work of incendiaries, and they are generally attributed to Dacoits. Boodhwar Palace contained the magistrate's court and several public offices, while Wishrambag was occupied by the Government high school and the Education Department offices. The records of this court and all these offices are lost, as also the Government book depot, with books to the value of \$5,000. Altogether about 50 houses have been destroyed, the loss of property being very great. The fire would probably have done much made the damage but for the assistance rendered by the Seventy-eighth Highlanders, now quartered at Poona. Great excitement prevails in that city.

The Dacoits have curried their audacity to the pitch of sending a manifesto to the Bombay Government. In this remarkable document they inform the Government that great distress prevails in the country it hat unless extensive public works are at once opened, employment provided for the people, native trades encouraged, taxes reduced, and the salaries of highly-paid Europeans out down, they will not cease to plunder, but will extend to Europeans what they have histertoconfined to natives. They go on to say that they will kill the Governor of Bombay on his way to Mahablabahwar, will carry murder and rapine throughout the country, and atir up a mutiny and massacre of the Europeans.

The manifesto ends by warning the Governor of Bombay on the manifesto ends by warning the Governor of Bombay on his way to Mahablabahwar, will hang the

stir up a mutiny and massacre of the Baropeans.

The manifesto ends by warning the Governor that unless he at once complies with
their requisitions the price of 1,000 unpecs
will be put on his head. Four persons, describing themselves as Hari Naik, Rsjeahri
G. H., Tamponheo, head clerk, and Wasardeo Balwund Phadke, Minister to Swajeo
II., append their signatures and seals.
The Government, which at first was inclined
to leave the matter in the hands of the local
police, is now taking more energetic measures. A considerable number of troops
have been told off to patrol the country, and
a raward of 1,000 rupees is offered for the
capture of Wassaleo.

Mule Kicking as a Science.

This morning a couple of miners were seated on a boulder alongside the roal to Sutro, discussing the kicking powers of the mule. One had just returned from Sutro, and the other was on the way there, and, having met near the rock, they sat down for stell.

"Yos."

"Miles."

"Fraid of 'em'?"

"Yon he. I saw one yesterdy alongs side an old bodler, kickin' off the rivet heads one by one. Never misred one. I was just going on shift, and when I saw that mule, and heard there was more of 'em inside, I weskened and threw up my job. I've got a wife and three children dependin' on me, and I don't take chances."

"The worst mule I ever saw," said the other, "was in Ploche some years ago. It was one I owned. One day it rubbed ag inst some nails sticking out of a post, and it turned square round and drove those nails in one by one, using a single blow of his hoof with the iron shoe on for each nail. It never missed its lick, and always drove them just in to the head. Then he saw a few tacks on the post a little lower down, which were only half driven in, and he drove them in, too, with light taps of the hoof, just as gentle and easy as could be. One day a man came along and set out a can of nitro-glycerine and guan towder. He wanted t) get the mule to kick is and get killed. I saw him about the corral with the can, and knew what was up. At first I was going to stop him, but then I was going to stop him, but then I was going to stop him, but the all he would take care of himself. S I just watched. Well, the mule after the can, he canght sight of the feller, and changed his position so that his tail was towards the man. He lifted his tail was towards the man again. But next morning Pathonous heart of the feller, and changed his position so that his tail was towards the man again. But next morning has he was gettin over a fence about a hundred feet away. The thing exploded, and I never saw the man again. But next morning Pathonous has been alway that the corn had been visited by a shower of the life."

"You bet."

Listowel



Standard.

LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH, JUNE 20, 1879.

B7 C. P. CRANCH. Before the daybreak, in the murky night, My chauticleer, half-dreaming, sees the light Stream from my window on his perch below. And, taking it for dawn, he needs must crow

VOL. 11.-NO. 21.

Wakeful and sad I shut my book, and smile To think my lonely vizil should be zurle The silly fowl. Alas, I find no ray Within my lamp or heart of dawning day.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

AMONGST THE HILLS.

"Then why are you going?" Belle persisted.

Stuart looked down steadily at the sweet face blushing and paling beneath his eyes as he answered:

"I may as well tell you the truth, Belle. The vicar thinks I ought not to stay any longer. Can't you guess the reason now, Belle?"

As he spoke he took her hands gently in his, and a sudden burning blush swept over the girl's face. With sweet troubled eyes she looked across the lake.

"The vicar! You have not quarrelled?" she faltered.

"Quarrelled? Oh, dear, no?" Frank answered, with a short laugh. "We are the best of friends—but I am going to-morrow."

row."

"Well, there is no need to be so tragic: you will come back again some
time, I suppose," Belle laughed nervously.

"I shall come back," Frank said slowly,
"when you send for me, Belle—not till
hen."

hers.

Mr. Stuart drew her light shawl more closely round her shoulders.

"Why, Belle, you are shivering! Are you cold?" he whispered, looking down tenderly into her pretty piteous face.

The tearful eyes and quivering lips were too much for his self-control. He drew her closely to him and kissed her again and again.

"Belle, haven't you courage to break your engagement—to brave all the trouble and anger—for my sake?" he whispered.

ble and anger—for my sake?" he whispered.

But Belle pushed him away quietly.
"No—I haven't the courage," ahe said sa'lly. "You don't know what a contemptible coward I am: I never could bear, even when I was a child, to hart or displease any one; and I coull not bear Philip to think so badly of m. And Jim would bangry, and the vicar and all of them would think—"

"Then I have been mistaken, and you don't care for you." "Well, it is best that you should think so, though you know it is not true," Belle answered meekly.
"And you intend to hold to your engagement—to marry Milton?"

"I—oh, why do you torture me so?" Belle cried passionately. "I want to do what is right. I don't want to behave badly to any one. Frank, don't be so cruel! Don't make it harder for me!"

"My poor little darling: "Frank put her little hands to his lips gently. "Belle, do you remember the night of the thunderstorm, and what I told you then? Let me solve and what I told you then? Let me solve and what I told you then? Let me solve and what I told you then storm, and what I told you then? Let me solve and what I told you then? Welle?" "Quarrelling?" "Quarrelling?" "Quarrelling?" "Quarrelling?" "Quarrelling?" "What is the matter with the vicar, Belle?" "No, "she said drearily. "What is the stem that always is," "What has he been saying?" Philip put his arm round Belle's waist. "What is the matter with the vicar, Belle pushed him away and burst into passionate tears. "You will hate me so—you will think I ru away and shall love you, whatever happens, as long as I live. And you will write to me, won't you, Belle?" "Belle pushed him away and burst into passionate tears. "You will hate me so—you will think I ru away and burst into passionate tears. "You will hate me so—you will think I ru away and shall love you, whatever happens, as long as I live. And you know how a case some day—you have courage to break with Milton—ah, my love, you know how guickly a line or word from you will waited to break with Milton—ah, my love, you know how guickly a lin

"And, if ever—as somehow I think will be the case some day—you have courage to break with Milton—ah, my love, you know how quickly a line or word from you will bring me back again!"

So, "underneath the chestnut tree where he had first seen her in her fair young beauty, Frank Stuart said good-bye—said good-bye, and left her standing, a sedate little figure with sad face and despairing

"Oh, how hard it is to do what is right! Tell me what I must do, Mr. Castleton?"

The vicar's stern face softened a little, and he put his hand gently on her shoulder.
"I will answer you in wiser words than any I could say, my poor Belle," he replied gently. He took out of his pocket a little shabby, well-read Thomas a Kempis, and hastily turning over the pages, pointed to a paragraph.

Belle, looking over his shou'der, read these words—so hke a voice from the past her answer came to her"
"If there bewo paths of duty, and thou knowest not which to take, choose that which is most set with thorns."

She closed the book and stood silently thinking. Which was the thornier path—to give up Frank, or to tell the truth to Philip, and fall for ever from the high place she held in his heart; to brave Jim 's anger, her mother's plaintive grief!

"Very well—I will tell him everything," she said at last, "and he shall decide."

"It is the only thing you can do now, Belle," remarked the vicar gravely. "The only atonement you can make is to tell the truth, though it will be a terrible blow to Philip."
"Hush—here he comes!" said Belle, ""Hush—here

words, and in another instant she heard the sound of the gate closing, and knew that he was gone. And, now that he had left her and it was all over, just for a moment Belle felt as if she could give up everything—Frank Stuart's love, the bright future that lay, as she fancied, before her—if only the past few weeks could be recalled, if she could but regain the place she had once held in Philip's heart, and which would never by here again!

"Well, I can't do any better, Mr. Slick.
That's the price, and I must pay or go without."
"You don't knew how to buy—that's what ails you?" he growled. "I'll bet money I can buy a \$12 bonnet for \$8. It's all in knowing how to handle the sales-

nen."

"I wish you'd try it," she suggested.
"I will—by George! I will! I'll bring
ou up a new bonnet in the morning, and
"I get it four dollars cheaper than you dare

y''. Since was a good as his word. He went into a millinery store next forenoon with his eye-teeth all sharpened, and with the idea in his mind that every bonnet in the store was pricel at exactly twelve dollars. He looked round a little, selected a bonnet that pleased him, and pointing his cane at it, and calling up his deepest voice, he enquired:

"Are you asking twelve dollars for that bonnet?"

The woman flushed, looked from the bonnet ot the man, and was trying to reply, when he said:

"These are not the times for outrageous prices, and all buyers realize it. I'll give you eight dollars for that bonnet, and not a cent more.

went more."
"That—that bonnet—"
"Eight dollars, and no more!" he interrupted, and she put the article in a box and took his money.
"What'd I tell my wife, eh?" he whispered, as he went out. "I tell you it takes

Figurities the Rys.

Association for the court to play the property of the court of

GENERAL.

Section 1. The proof of the section of the section

tiate the deity who should give him winning throws; nor, indeed, in our day have such hopes and such appeals ceased among the uneducated.

To the educated it is the mathematical theory of probabilities that has shown the folly of the gamester's staking his fortune on his powers of divination. But it must be borne in mind that this theory itself was, so to speak, shaken out of the dioe-box. When the gambling Chevalier de Mere put the question to Pascal in how many throws the question to Pascal in how many throws he ought to get double-sixes, and Pascal, solving the problem, laid the foundation of the mathematical calculation of chances, this laid the foundation of the scientific system of statistics which more and more regulates the arrangements of society. Thus accurate method was applied to the insurance table, which enables a man to hedge against his ugliest risks, to eliminate his chances of fire and death, by betting that he shall have a new roof over his head and a provision for this widow. Of all the wonderful turns of the human mind in the course of culture, scarce any is more striking than the history of lots and diec. Who in the Middle Ages could have guessed what would be its next outcome—that magic sunk into sport should rise again as science, and that man's failure to divine the future should lead him to success in controlling it?

Reception Dress of Chinese Ladies.

Gloncestershire, while its south front has a wide view of Wils. It contains accommodation for eighty-five students, a museum rich in specimens of geology, botany, etc., and near by is one of the best laboratories in England, formed out of an old barn. The farm buildings are on a very extensive scale. Gentlemen distinguished in the sciences connected with Agriculture, in addition to the regular staff, give lectures. The college is now thirty years old. Mr. Pusey, a leading agriculturist (elder brother of the Obotor), was one of its main promoters, and the undertaking was carried out at the instance of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

Viscount Bury, Under Secretary of

And the street was a second of the street was a

Bricks, With and Without Straw.

Bricks, With and Without Biraw.

(From the Taronto New Dominion.)

There is not so much stirring in Toronto under the control of the commercial phrase, things are "very quited" over all passes, things are "very quited" over all passes, things are "very quited over the Dominion. I have often wendered up the Dominion. I have often the Dominion. I have often wendered up the Dominion. I have often the Landson and the Dominion. I have often wendered up the Dominion. I have often the Landson and the Dominion. I have the Dominion and the Landson and

PROTECTION TO NATIVE INTELLECT PROTECTION TO NATIVE INTELLECT
is to become a fixed fact, with its appropriate
fruits. In fact, there will, for some time to
come, be nothing else to take up our attention. The elections are all over. People
feel they can't talk politics always. Business from morning to night, though very interesting and important, becomes slightly
tiresome. What remains but literature in
all its shades? Oh! it will be fine when
every one of the cabmen has a well thumbed
copy of Tennyson; when Sir John Macdonald becomes a classic, and Sir Richard Cartwright, with all his blushing honours thick
upon him, writes poet after his name in
capitals.

The portrait—Facetious friend (to artist):
"And this is poor Tom Smith, is it?
Dear, dear, dear! And I remember him
such a handsome, jolly-looking chap only a
month ago! Dear, dear, dear!"

month ago! Dear, dear, dear!

Was Priam the inventor of the detached lever—Meriden Recorder. No, it was Paris. When Helen was detached from her old man and left him, she was a detached leaver, wasn't she? Troy again.—Boston Tro-eslits. Wasn't it Agamemon? He caused Achilles to leave the army and sulk for ever so long, becoming thus a detached leaver.—New York Mail. We think Priam was a detached liver when Pyrrhus got through with him.—Waterloo Observer. Ha! What are you giving us? Do you think we stand in an Zenied of this sort of stuff?—Salem (N.J.) Susbeam. Anchiese he never knew whether it was a detached lever or not, but it raised Melen Troy.—Steubenville (O). Heroid. These jokes must have been raised by the aid of a patent lever. They're enough to make Virgidl. Don't Juno they are ?—Cincinnati Commercial.