Listowel Standard.

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THE LIME KILN CLUB.

"I has always took notiss," began the old man, "dat it trubbles a man's conscience fur mo' to admit a mistake dan it does to commit half a dozen fresh ones. A week ago I put myself on record as supportin' de Rev. Jasper, of Varginny, in assertion dat de sun do move, an' to strengthen he posishun I called attenshun to de fact dat Joshua commanded de sun to stan' still. If de sun wasn't gwine what did he ax her to stop fur? But I made a slip, an' Ize gwine to admit it. Long comes a letter from de Reverends Hookem an' Porter, of New Hampshire, axin' me if de sun didn't stop when told to, an' if de world didn't begin right dar to move aroun' it. I kin find in my Bible where Joshua commanded her to stop, but nowhar' kin I find whether it obeyed or not. Maybe she did. If so, den Jasper an' myself am floored. It am a side of de queshun dat had nebber occurred to me befo', an' my faith am a good deal shaken. Until sich time as I kin satisfy myself on dis pint, I wish to be recorded as on de fence on de sun queshun.

"I am compelled dis evenin' to make de announcement dat Brudder Alpaca Taylor am locked up in a cell at one of de purlecee stashuns. He jined dis club six months ago, an' you all know he has been a quiet, but yet an interested member. De officers of dis club had ebery confidence in him, an' I trusted him so fur personally as to send home several watermellyons at his hands. Dis mawnin' I got word dat he was locked up, an' I went to see him. To my amazement I diskivered dat he had two wives in Canada an' one in Detroit, an' dat he had been stealin' salt-fish from a grocery. He owned it all up to me, an' his only excuse was dat he hadn't bin quite right in de head since a mule kicked him in the shins twenty-one y'ars ago. De law mus' take its course, an' he am likely to go to prison. While his name will be crosed from our books, an' we shall know him no mo', let dis be anoder warnin' to you agin judgin' by appearances. While we war' all ready to trus' dis man he was willing to bust open de safe, steal out money, an' jump into Indians an' marry yet anoder wife. Doan' trust a man bekase he am purty. Doan' lend him money bekase he am a good talker. Doan' gin him a certificate of character bekase he refuses to pick yer pocket when he knows dat yar wallet am empty.

"OFF."

One of the members of the Committee on Petitions reported the absence of the chairman, who had the list of names recommended, and it was therefore necessary to drop down a peg on the programme. When Brother Gardner made inquiries about the missing chairman it was discovered that he and his wife had gone into the country with a horse and wagon, and the last heard of them they were nine miles out and at a dead stand. There was a difference of opinion as to what road they should take, and it was quite likely that they had unhitched the horse, gone into camp, and were waiting to see who would give in first.

GOES IN FOR HANGING.

The following letter was then read:

BUFFALO, September 9, 1881.

BRO. GARDNER—An effort is being made in this State to abolish capital punishment. Please give me your opinion on both sides of the case, so that I may act intelligently.

Yours, etc.,
ELDER JAY BURDANES,

"My opinion on dis queshun has not changed for de las' fifty y'ars," said the old man in answer. "When a man commits murder hang him up. Dat puts him out of de way, an' prevents any furder trouble. In dis State we doan' hang. De result am dat murder am as frequent as burglary. A murderer knows he has an eben chance to git cl'ar on de trial, an' if he am sent to prison fur life he won't stay much longer dan a hoss thief. I doan' see any odder side to de queshun, 'cept dat a few snivellin' philanthropists call hangin' a relic of de barbaric age. 'Spose it am? What's murder a relic of? Doan' de man who chops his wife an' darter to pieces wid an ax in dis age deserve de same punishment dealt out a thousand y'ars ago? Dar' am too much weepin' an' snivellin' ober crime. It has got so dat out of forty-six murders committed in Detroit in ten y'ars only five or six of the murderers am punished. Robbers, thieves and burglars laugh at law, an' de philanthropist an' de lawyer am filin' de kentry full o' wickedness."

DOING HIM PROUD.

The Rev. Penstock quietly handed in a letter from a doctor at Bellaire, O., asking his permission to name a new remedy for cholera morbus after him, and Brother Gardner replied:

"Brudder Penstock, it affords me de highest satisfaxshun to accord my permishun. You can forward your photograph, so dat your wood cut may appear on de wrapper, an' I hope dat de remedy will sell like hot cakes."

Penstock's face flushed with pleasure, and he secured leave of absence for fifteen minutes to go out and telegraph the doctor to go ahead and get three barrels of the remedy ready for bottling.

A HOPEFUL LOOK.

The Secretary reported an invitation for the whole club to attend a colored camp meeting at Iowa city, and mentioned that this was the forty-sixth camp meeting to which members had been invited in the last four months.

"Dat am a good showin' fur de cull'd element in dis kintry," replied the President, "an' I truly hope dat de day am comin' when de true speerit will be so scattered among us dat a cull'd man wid a blind mule will trade eben up fur a shot gun widout any hammer or trigger."

THE COMING WINTER.

The Chairman of the Weather Bureau announced that he had no prediction for the coming week, owing to the fact that his goose bone had either been stolen by some designing villain or had been eaten by some of his dogs. He had sent to Kentucky for another, and meanwhile had employed himself in observing such signs as would indicate the sort of winter the country would have. He felt himself authorized to predict as follows:

November will be an open month, neither cold enough for winter nor warm enough for lawn parties.

December will be a deceiving month. You will first imagine that it is time to plant corn, and will be next engaged in chopping your whiskey with an ax. A warm spell about the 20th will give people a chance to scald bed steads, clean out the pantry and get ready for winter.

January will bring more or less winter weather, and red noses will be thicker than blackberries.

February will come next to January this year. Peach trees have been known to blossom in this month, but the peaches hardly ever get ripe before the boys steal 'em. If the blossoms come sell your cutter for half price.

March will be a very quiet month, and you needn't be surprised to see farmers out mowing hay by the 20th.

FROM OVER THE WATER.

The Secretary then announced the following:

MANCHESTER, Eng., Aug. 30, 1881.

Brother Gardner:

Dear Sir—As one of the English readers of the London edition of the Detroit Free Press I have been greatly interested in the proceedings of the Lime Kiln Blub. Please answer if colored men in England can become members of your club? Yours respectfully,

Q. Q. JONES.

"We have allus admitted applicants residin' in Canada," replied the President, "an' I doan' see how we kin refuse potishuns from England. On de contrary, we shall welcome applicants from ober de big pond and shall be glad to h'ar from dem often an' at length."

CAN'T TELL YET.

Pickles Smith arose to a point of order and inquired if any arrangements had yet been entered into between the club and the Public Printer at Washington looking towards the publication of the club proceedings in the Congressional Globe this coming winter.

The Committee on the Encouragement of Vice reported in answer that the Hon. Yam Standoff was now in Washington on that very business, and that in all probability satisfactory arrangements would be concluded before he left.

MUSCULAR ADVICE.

Expedition Brown said he was in need of advice. He was a member of a church, and believed himself a Christian man. He lived beside a man who threw melon rinds and other truck over the line fence, and laughed at all protests. The neighbor had also poisoned his dog, chased away his cat and taught the boys in the neighborhood to sing:

Ol' Expedition Brown, he
Is lame and is lazy;
An' his dog has kicked de bucket,
An' his wife am almost crazy.

He wanted to know whether he should ask protection from the police, or grin and bear it.

"Neither one," answered the President, "I know you to be a Christian and a good man, an' I say to you dat de werry nex' time dat naybur interferes wis you, walk out an' tackle him an punch his head till his wife won't know him. A man who doan' respect de rights of his naybur doan' respect de law, an' de right way to win his esteem am to knock him down. De hour fur closin' has now arrove, and Samuel Shin will wake up de sleepers an' Waydown Bebee see dat none ob de dogs am lef' behind in de hall."

CONTINUOUS DAYLIGHT AND VEGETATION.

Dr. Schubeler, of Christiana, who has been studying the effects of continuous daylight on vegetation, finds that flowers growing within and about the Arctic circle are larger and deeper in color than corresponding species growing further south. This is the case with garden flowers and such plants as field-peas, beans, etc. Not only have the size and colors of flowers thus developed by the continuous sunlight, but their aroma is also intensified. This applies to all parts of the plant. The intensification of the flavor of savory garden plants renders some of them almost uneatable in Scandinavia. All the wild and cultivated fruits that can be ripened at all in Norway have more aroma and characteristic flavor than those which are grown further south. The strawberries, cherries, bilberries and other wild marsh and wood berries all exemplify this.

Yet the increase of aroma and heightening of flavor are accompanied with diminished sweetness in going north. The golden-drop plum and greengage of Christiana or Trondhiem, although large, well colored and rich in aroma, are deficient in sweetness. In like manner, the Rhenish and other northern vineyards produce wines of finer aroma and flaver than those of Spain and Portugal, but they are less alcoholic on account of the smaller quantity of sugar which by its fermentation produces the alcohol. Therefore, it is inferred that the light produces aroma, and heat produces sweetness. Another theory is that the difference is all due to time; that in the north the continuous daylight, and the day-heat also, develop the fruit so rapidly that there is not sufficient time for the conversion of the starch and woody fiber into sugar to be fully effected. The same fact is seen in the ripening of pears. Many of these when gathered in the autumn are hard and sour, but become luciously sweet by merely stowing them away until December or January, or even later. Oranges and other fruits sweeten in like manner after they are gathered, without the help of any notable amount of either light or heat. The summer in Norway begins so late and ends so early that the snow often falls upon the cherries before they are gathered.

HOW HE TOLD THE TIME.

A good story, told at the expense of a well-known ex-Judge, is going the rounds of the lawyer's offices, and it is heartily appreciated by those who best know the irascible but good hearted disposition of the old gentleman. It was an admiralty case, where he is most at home. The deposition of a sailor, who was soon to die, had to be taken at his bedside in Brooklyn, one day last week. "How long," the ex-Judge snapped out as the first question on cross-examination, "do you think it was after the vessel left the wharf before the collision occurred?"

The sailor was himself something of a character, and not so near death but that he appreciated the vital importance of "getting back on" a cross-examining lawyer.

"Waal," he drawled out, "'bout ten minutes I s'd judge."

"Ten minutes! Ten minutes!" exclaimed the lawyer, jumping up. "Man, how long do you think ten minutes to be?"

"Jest 'bout ten minutes," was the unruffled reply.

"How do you generally measure ten minutes?" persisted the lawyer.

The old sailor turned slowly in bed and eyed his questioner. Then he turned back again and said indifferently: "Waal, sometimetimes wid a watch and sometimes wid a clack."

This made the lawyer a little mad. He jerked his watch from his pocket and said in a querulous, high pitched voice: "Oh, you do, do you? Well, I'll tell you when to begin, and you tell me when ten minutes are up."

The sailor slyly winked at the lawyer on the other side, and he took in the situation in an instant and made no objection. The ex-judge stood with his back to the mantel on which a little clock was quietly indicating the time to the sailor, who lay facing it.

"Aye, aye," the sailor said and remained silent.

After three minutes had passed the ex-judge became impatient and exclaimed, "See here, are you going to keep us here all day?" But the sailor made no answer. As five and six and seven minutes went by the lawyer became almost wild in his assumed anger at the man for keeping them so long beyond the time. But not until the hand of the clock was on the exact notch of ten minutes did the sailor speak. Then he said carelessly: "Guess the time mus be 'bout up."

The judge put up his watch and sank back in his chair. "Well," he said, "of all men, dying or alive, that I ever saw, you can measure time the best."

It is said that the ex judge does not even yet know what made the other lawyers double themselves with laughter as they did at that last remark of his.

CURIOUS FACTS.

—Knoxville, Tenn., boasts of a woman with a beard fourteen inches long.

—At Pompeii, combs have been found exactly like the modern fine tooth kind.

—The elephant was put upon the coins of Cæsar because that animal was called Cæzar in Mauritauria.

—The late Lord Beaconsfield at twelve years of age was the compiler and editor of a weekly school newspaper.

—A Connecticut woman has given her son a large comforter made of hair cut from her own head during ten years.

—A man in Schoenberg has a vine with three thousand bunches of grapes which when pressed will produce sixty-six gallons of wine.

—A farmer near Bellefontaine, Q., has a pig 10 months old, weighing 150 pounds, that was born with but two legs, and it walks around on them.

—A willow tree in Bristol, N. H., measures 22 feet 8 inches in circumference one foot from the ground, and is 18 feet 3 inches nine feet from the ground.

—In Elizabeth's time "repeater" watches were so rare that some rustics took one that they heard for the devil, and threw it out of the window with the tongs.

—Direct descendants of John Alden and Miles Standish, and bearing the very names, are said to be living at Duxbury, Mass., a place that was alloted to those two pilgrims.

—There is a weekly sale in Paris of toads, which are brought in casks filled with damp moss. One hundred good toads are worth from $15 to $17. These are bought for gardens.

—The term Quaker was first applied to the sect in derision. When George Fox, the founder, was brought be fore the magistrate he told him to quake before the word of the Lord.

—L. Cornelius, of Pike county, Pa., is said to have been the largest man in America. He was six feet high, eight feet two inches about the waist, arms above the elbows two feet two inches, about the wrists one foot three inches, thighs four feet two inches, weight seven hundred pounds.

—In olden times, Mr. John F. Watson tells us, when tea was first introduced into Salem, it was customary to boil it in an iron kettle; then to strain off the liquor, and then having placed the boiled leaves in a dish, to butter them and eat them as one might eat salad, washing them down with the decoction or fluid which we now drink as tea, without either sugar or milk.

—In the year 1710 the weight of fat cattle in the London market averaged only 370 pounds at the average age of five years. In 1795 this was increased to 482 pounds. In 1830 the weight was 650 pounds, nearly double that of 1710. It is probable that the average weight at one year less age (say, four years old) is at the present moment fully three times that of 1710, and the beef—owing to the superior quality of the cattle and the better methods of fattening—fully fifty per cent more nourishing and economical to the consumer.

A STORY OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

Like clever fellows as they are, says the Philadelphia Times, the Orleanists always manages to keep the different members of the Bonaparte family embroiled. Their chief effort was to keep the Empress embittered against Plon-Plon and Plon-Plon against her. It is only fair to admit that the Orleanist never made any mistake about Napoleon III. and his cousin Plon-Plon. He was always rated as the most brilliant of the two men. His speeches in the Senate proved this long after the Orleanists had given it as their opinion. It was to keep the empire from having the hearty support of a man so strong that every means was taken to sow dissensions between the empress and her husband's kinsman. Between the Empress Eugenie and Plon-Plon there has always been a mortal hatred. Almost from the first, the prince strove to alienate the emperor's affections from the lovely Spaniard. But her rigid virtue, her matchless cleverness, her boundless dominion over her husband, made this next to impossible. Once, however, he succeeded in shaking the emperor's confidence. All feminine Paris, or rather court circles, was in a tumult about a superb young Italian member of the embassy in Paris. This young man was observed to be indifferent to all the alluring of the married female rakes of the court. He appeared at the festivites pensive, moody, languishing. His dark liquid eyes followed the vision of loveliness that Eugenie then presented. It was at once whispered that he was amorous of the empress. Plon-Plon soon heard the story. He was powerful in the Italian embassy. He set one of the young count's comrades on the watch. This comrade soon discovered a letter written to the empress begging for an interview. From that moment the youth was never lost from sight for a moment. Relays of spies kept him in sight by day and night. At last the schemers were rewarded. One of Eugenie's lackeys visited the young man. He brightened up as if a new man. The empress had given him a rendezvous. Plon-Plon went immediately to the emperor. Napoleon, incredulous but agitated, consented to visit the empress' wing of the palace.

The Tuileries were in those days a net work of secret passages. The prince and his cousin were in a few moments behind the arras in Eugenie's boudoir. They had not long to wait when the farther door was opened. One of the empress' pages announced the Count de Villetri. The young man came forward, radiant. Falling on his knees before the sovereign, he kissed her hand. He then tremblingly proceeded to tell her that she had restored him to life, for he had made up his mind to commit suicide if she had refused his request. The empress, in a tone denoting anything but passion or agitation, proceeded to inform the youth that he was bold and imprudent; that he should have bowed to a decision which she feared must be final; that the emperor had set his heart upon the matter, and that she feared that she could not change the affair. The youth protested that a word from her would give him the object of his life. The fact was that the young man was in love with a beautiful Spaniard, who was, in a certain sense, a ward of Napoleon, and a relative of the empress. A great marriage, upon which Napoleon had set his heart, had been arranged for her, and the young Italian's suit had been treated as romantic and absurd. But Eugenie, who had an irresistible weakness for love matches, had let the girl see or suspect that she didn't oppose the youth's pretentions, and it was to see the sovereign herself and plead his case that the youth had implored permission. Napoleon understood this scene at once, and retired. Then, sending a page to announce his presence, he entered the room before the lover could even rise from his knees.

The emperor was at heart the kindest of men, and approaching the young man playfully, he demanded: "Well Monsieur le Count, what does all this mean?" Plon-Plon was also preasent, for it was he who told the story to his crony, the late Emile de Girardin. The empress, somewhat troubled, told the story. At the end Napoleon promised, good naturedly, to interest himself in the affair, and the count retired ecstatic. Then the emperor, turning to his cousin, said, in the presence of his wife: "My cousin, let this be a lesson. There is nothing so deceptive as appearances—save the truth." Whether the empress comprehended the epigram or not the discomfited Plon-Plon did not say, but she gave him abundant ground afterward to understand that there was no love lost between them. Curiously enough, none of the emperor's intimates liked the empress. The Duke de Morny, Napoleon's half-brother, never let slip an opportunity to satirize her. It was his favorite sarcasm to call her a legitimist, alluding to her passionate adoration of the memory of Marie Antoinette, whose fate she always had a premonition she was to share. She narrowly missed it, and had it not been for the courage and ingenuity of Evans, the American dentist, there is no doubt but the Paris mob would have torn her to shreds after the awful news from Sedan.

A LOOSE WAY OF MARRYING.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

One of the disgraceful features of the matrimonial enterprises of the Marvin man, who married fifteen wives, is that he went as a stranger to each of the clergymen who performed the marriage services. These clergymen, knowing nothing about him or the ladies he brought with him, appear for the most part to have solemnized matrimony with the same business dispatch as might be expected of a merchant selling a ton of coal or a barrel of potatoes. This was very careless on the part of the ministers. There are some clergymen who have an immense run of marrying patronage. The ceremony they perform is a purely perfunctory one. It is "business" from beginning to end. The most important and solemn transaction that can take place in the history of two human beings is hurried through as lighly as if it were the entering of a couple of names in a directory or the measuring two people for one suit of clothes.

This is not as it ought to be. The clergyman who unites in marriage persons about whom he knows nothing takes the risk of doing a great deal of mischief. Some ministers have have a fashion of marrying any strangers who may happen to come into their houses and request them to unite them. A case actually happened in Brooklyn a week or two ago where an apparently respectable clergyman married a half drunken young man and young woman who came to his house for the purpose at two o'clock in the morning. There seems to be in some minds the idea that a minister is by law or by custom obliged to marry any and every couple who may ask to be married. This is not the case. It is entirely optional with the minister. There are some ministers who always positively refuse to marry people whom they do not know or who are not properly introduced to them by responsible persons. A marriage fee is a very paltry consideration for performing an act which may inflict on some innocent and confiding person irreparable damage.

MISSOURI ROBBERS.

A Reporter's Adventure—The Arrests—Who the Robbers Were.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 10.—An evening paper publishes a story to the effect that G W. Nunnelly was attacked by some of the robbers or their friends last night, about 11 30. As we were leaving the telegraph office in Independence a man stepped up to him and invited him to drink, and Nunnelly proceeded to a neighboring bar room. They were joined there by another man, and both strangers, representing themselves as newspaper men from Kansas City, persuaded Mr. Nunnelly to join them in an expedition out toward the scene of the robbery, saying they had a pointer to work up.

After a tramp of about a mile and a half in the mud, rain, and darkness, Mr. Nunnelly protested that if they were to go much further, they had better strike a farm house and secure horses. The men assured him it was only a short distance further, and the procession marched on. Presently, in a dark, lonely spot, the party suddenly halted, and each man presented a revolver at Mr. Nunnelly's head, ordering him to hold up his hands. Five men suddenly appeared from the surrounding bushes and grouped themselves around the newspaper man with drawn revolvers. The leader, one of the men who met Nunnelly in Independence, then said: "You are the d—d —— of a —— that has been sending in those reports about the train robbers. You were run out of this county in 1875. You're working as a detective with Pinkerton's men. I'm going to kill you, G—d d—n you."

Mr. Nunnelly replied that he was a newspaper reporter, and earned his bread and butter by working up news for his paper. If it was a case of must, why he'd die.

"G—d d—n you, you're a detective, and I'm going to kill you," was the reply. "I'm Jesse James, and you know me and my outfit, and I'm not going to let you give me away."

Just about this time Mr. Nunnelly made an unexpected and desperate break from his captors and brought up against a barbed wire fence, over which he fell in a heap just in time to dodge a volley of bullets sent after him by Jesse James and his gang. The barbed wire fence probably saved Mr. Nunnelly's life, for it also served as an obstacle to his pursuers in the darkness, while he picked himself up and lit out for his life. Striking the Chicago and Alton track, Nunnelly followed it toward the depot with his pursuers in his wake, firing and yelling. As he approached the building all lights were promptly extinguished and it was only by dint of kneeking and loud calls for help that Nunnelly succeeded in gaining admission. The pursuers finding their man had gained a refuge, disappeared, and Nunnelly, after a brief rest at the depot, returned to Independence, having suffered no more serious damage than a considerable laceration of his clothing by the barbed fence and the natural shaking up of his nerves.

His story has created a good deal of interest and comment. Sheriff Timberlake of Clay county came over to-day. He believes that the old gang are in the fold, and take little interest in the capture of the farmer boys. Another official in high position said to-day: "All this talk about having captured eight train robbers is nonsense of the rankest kind. They may have one man. John Land. There is nothing in the capture of the others which would tend to indicate that they are the right ones. Now let me put a final clincher on my argument. There has been a confession made. It was said yesterday that Jim Wilkinson confessed to the Chief of Police. This is utterly false. I think some of the robbers will be actually caught some time if the officers go about it right. You mark my words. The present excitement will gradually die out. The people, satisfied that some of the robbers are in jail, will cool down, and then the prisoners will be discharged one by one. That robbery was never committed by boys, and there are seventeen in it. The same number were said to be in the Glendale robbery, and when simmered down it turned out there were only six. In all probability there were only eight concerned in the Blue Cut robbery. I think the old quartette was engaged—Jessie James, Ed. Miller, John Cummings and Dick Little. Then I believe they had four green horns with them. There may have been one or two boys.

Captain of the Police Malloy, on the other hand, believes that the right men have been captured and can be convicted.

BURNED AT THE STAKE.

A Terrible Crime and a Terrible Punishment.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 17.—News has been received that a tragic affair occurred near Dykee Mill, La., not far from the line of Columbia county, this State. A negro woman, named Jane Campbell, lived in the vicinity, supporting herself and two children by washing and cotton picking. The other day she became angry with the children because they disobeyed her in some trivial matter, and taking a pine knot she beat out their brains. Coroner Sykes held an inquest over the remains, the jury finding that the children came to their death from wounds caused by a club in the hands of their unnatural mother. After the verdict was announced, and the cause of the death of the two children became generally known, a mob, composed of blacks and whites, gathered, seized Mrs. Campbell, tied her to a stake, and, despite her screams and cries for mercy, literally roasted her alive. The crime and punishment are without parallel in the criminal annals of this country.

A LARGE SHEEP RANCH.

The largest sheep ranch in Texas—and probably the largest in the United States—is what is known as the Charley Callaghan ranch, in Encinal county. In a San Antonio letter the writer says:

The number of sheep on this ranch must be between 125,000 and 150,000 head. The ranch was founded by Charles Callaghan with nothing, and before he died he and his partner, Mr. C. M. Macdonnell, of Laredo, had upwards of 75,000 head of sheep and several hundred thousand acres of land. On his death his portion fell to a couple of nephews—one of whom, Mr. Charles Star—is at present superintendent of the ranch and successfully carrying on the lucrative business begun by his uncle. As an indication of the wool business of Texas, took to the amount of wool shipped. The wool trade of San Antonio has more than doubled itself in the last two years. From a fair calculation it is estimated that the shipments have amounted to over 4,000,000 pounds, and there is yet in store about 500,000 pounds, making an aggregate of 4,500,000 pounds of wool handled here the spring season past. Add to that 4,000,000 to be handled, and we have 8,500,000 pounds of wool handled in San Antonio in 1881. Only three or four years ago 1,000,000 pounds of wool was an incomprehensible quantity in the experience of the wool buyer of San Antonio. What will be the wool trade of this city a few years hence? The sheep business in Texas is actually only in its infancy. Ten years from now men will laugh at our boasting to-day. San Antonio is not the only wool market, and, in fact, it is not the first, as Corpus Christi takes that rank, and much wool is handled in Austin, Waco, Fort Worth, Abeline and other points in the state. Looking at it in this light, am I not right in saying that wool growing is one of the most important and rapidly growing industries in Texas, the great southwestern Empire state of the union?

THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

Her Royal Highness to Sail for Canada on October 20th.

MONTREAL, Sept 17.—From a passenger by the Sardinia just arrived, occupying an eminent position in the Dominion, I have learned some facts regarding the Princess Louise. My informant is enabled to speak from intimate personal knowledge. It appears the prolonged absence of her Royal Highness has solely arisen from her impaired health. She has entirely lost the freshness and bloom so conspicuous in her cheeks when she came to this country. She has also become quite thin, is vastly changed in appearance, and looks much older than her years warrant. She deeply regretted not being able to accompany the Marquis to the Northwest, as she had long looked forward with pleasure to the visit. All the arrangements are completed for her departure from England for Canada on the 20th of October.

A NICE LOT OF VOLUNTEERS.

OTTAWA, Sept. 18.—There was a lively old time on the Canadian Pacific railway on Saturday afternoon. A number of the Brookville, Almonte, and Pakenham volunteers, who had been in camp for twelve days, celebrated the "break up" by imbibing rather too freely on Saturday afternoon, and on arriving at the station they boarded the train and took possession of the first class cars. The conductor disputed their right to that privilege, and insisted on their going into second class coaches. Some of the Pakenham men refused to ride by second class, and left the train. Shortly after the train was in motion the men left their seats in the second class car and took possession of first class ones, where several disgraceful fights are said to have occurred. A railway official informed your reporter that bayonets were drawn, and that for a time matters looked very serious. At Carleton Place the men got more liquor, and would not listen to the commands of their officers.

CHOWDER AND CHINAMEN.

How the Mongolians of New York fell into the Ways of Western Civilization.

Mongolian civilization Thursday took a step upward and onward. Poor old Confucius dawdling with his platitudes forgot how fast the world was spinning around, and far seeing as he was omitted from the economy of the universe the irrepressible chowder party. The high toned son of the moon shut up in his magnificent exclusiveness never realized how indispensable an adjunct it was to the happiness of his beloved subjects, and none of the mandarins or other high mightinesses of the flowery kingdom ever figured on the number of the population they could save from impalement and other gentle processes of extinction by encouraging a widespread indigestion through the means of such organizations. It was left for an anonymous Chinaman of low degree to discover just when his kindred lacked to be up with this rapid age, and he hied forthwith to the abiding place of Maurice Hyland, a south ward magnate and a man of controlling influence among the almond eyed race, and he thus declared himself: "Italian habee chowder palty. Daltchee habee chowder palty, Ilish habee chowder palty, Chinaman no habee. How can get?"

The soft, persuasive eloquence of the champion of his people, won all the hearts in Mott street, and Tom Lee, who, besides being all sorts of unpronounceable functionaries in the Chinese tongue, is a deputy sheriff in plain United States, was notified of the want of the hour, and in a twinkling took measures to secure for his kindred the inalienable privilege of American citizens to have a chowder party. It was to be no commonplace, one horse affair, with a big stage, a half a dozen of lanterns and a stack of fish horns. Not a bit of it. There were to be bang up barouches for the whole of the party and a Melican on the first turn out with double barreled lungs and a tally-ho horn. It was announced that the party would leave the Club house in Mott street at ten o'clock yesterday morning, and such a crowd gathered to give them a send off as the ward has not witnessed since the days of the Dead Rabbits. There were the coaches all in line and when they brought out to one of them a tom-tom, which the populace took for a chowder pot, and various other brazen and reedy instruments, the enthusiasm of the onlookers knew no bounds. Then the chowderers filed out—big Chinamen and little Chinamen, some with pig tails, more with straw hats and most of them trussed out in genuine "Melican" fashion. There was an aroma of the laundry about the party, a suggestion of the opium den, and to the crowd about the fact that they were going to a banquet aroused all sorts of suspicions trying to the stomach. They were a well conducted set of people, though, and took their seats in the vehicles with true Asiatic indifference to the medley of voices around them. At length Tom Lee stepped into one of the equipages, and at a sign from him the procession moved on. Then sounds wonderous, indeed, for the neighborhood arose. The East seemed to have been snapped up in Aladdin fashion and deposited in Mott street. Tomtoms trummed, cymbals clashed, gongs boomed and strange wind instruments shrieked the most weird and unearthly tunes. The denizens of the place were in an uproar. Some thought it a wedding, some a circus parade, but most believed it a funeral.

"Well, the loikes o' that," said a buxom resident of the street. "If there ain't thim Chaneymin wid carriages and a band o' music for all the wurrld as if they wur rale Faddher Machew min. God be good to us, what is the toimes come to?"

ON THE ROAD.

Among a score of such salutes the carriages moved on through Chatham street and down to the Staten Island ferry. Once at Vanderbilt Landing the drivers whipped up their horses, the gongs and tom-toms boomed and the strange cavalcade went wending along the road, the focus of a hundred wondering eyes. At length New Dorp was reached, and the vehicles drew up in front of the quaint little establishment in the Richmond club grounds. At once the celestials scattered about. Some played football, some raced, and some breasted the bar like the average law abiding citizen with a whiter skin. The local population came down in swarms to look at them. The Sheriff, a brace of physicians and no end of people of lesser degree gathered under the hospitable roof—for hospitable it both looked and smelled. Savory dishes were being prepared within, toothsome morsels were about to be served up. Was it the chowder—the Chinese chowder? And if so what was it made of? Visions of all sorts of strange, mysterious edibles floated before the mind's eye of the company, and the general sentiment of curiosity was fitly voiced by one angular aborigine who approached a voracious looking Celestial and said:

"Chowder gettin' ready?"

The other grinned good naturedly, but in his ignorance of the tongue aly bowed his head.

"Ah, it is eh? Pooty good eatin' in it, eh?"

A bow once more.

"I reckon you got some bird's nests, eh?"

A bow.

"And some rice, too?"

Another bow.

"Say, tell me," this time very gingerly, "hev you got enny dawg in it."

Still a bow.

The aborigine hesitated and then in a fearful whisper he asked, "Is there enny ra

To which the inevitable bow and grin was returned.

"Gee-hominy," quoth the questioner, as he turned off with a face all awry, "I'll skip he courses, and I won't have enny of the dessert," and he lounged away with the vision of a free lunch he had raised vanished into thin air. At length the board was spread, and the curious onlookers eyed the dishes in a hurry, and retired disappointed. Spanish makerel, broiled chicken, hot corn, sweet potatoes, tea? Nothing but the ordinary fare of Western civilization. Some people thought themselves cheated at losing the chowder, but the banqueters did not seem to think so, and they did ample justice to everything. Out on the green the sports then began anew. John Loomis, the horse trainer, started four of his steeds, with a Chinaman on one, about the track, and the Mongolian was the cleverest rider of the lot. Then he gave an exhibition trot; then the music jarred and whistled and banged again, and the route homeward was taken. Last night Chinadem was full of gossip and fireworks, and the most orderly and pleasurable chowder party of the season was over.—New York Herald.

PROFESSOR PICTET'S STEAMER

Professor Raoul Pictet, one of the two chemists who succeeded in solidifying hydrogen, has recently been turning his attention to the construction of a novel steamboat with which he expects to reach a speed of forty miles an hour. The dimensions of the experimental boat are 16 metres long and 3.50 metres wide. When lying at anchor she will draw 33 centimetres fore and 44 centimetres aft; at full speed 1 centimetre forward and 16 centimetres aft. The engine will be placed amidships, from which point to the stern the screw shaft and the keel form an inclined plane; the bows are long, tapering and wedge shaped. Professor Pictet reckons that his invention will lead to a great saving of fuel, inasmuch as a steamer built on his plan, after being started with say 100 horse power, may be kept up full speed with an expenditure of force equal to thirty horses. The form of the hull, on which the maintenance of the ship's equilibrium will depend, cannot be explained without a diagram. Professor Pictet is quite confident in the success of his invention, and his previous scientific achievements have been so remarkable that many people who cannot follow his reasoning have no hesitation in accepting his conclusions. An English inventor not long ago proposed to build a wedge shaped boat of this kind, but his ideas were received with much ridicule and were never carried out.

—Of the population of Ireland, 76.6 per cent. are Catholics.

A QUEER WILL STORY.

In Which a Hamiltonian is Interested.

The Detroit Free Press of Friday says:

A few days since a writer for the Free Press received an intimation that the heirs of Walter Harper, whose will bequeathed his entire property, including his interest in the present site of the Harper hospital, valuable business property in Philadelphia, and farming lands in Michigan, to trustees, are to contest its validity, the first information being that the contest was to be made because of the action taken by the rustees of the hospital to sell or rent a porion of the property on Woodward avenue, claiming thereby a violation of the terms of the behest. This was incorrect.

The reporter sought out Jacob S. Farrand, of the board of trustees, but that gentleman had heard nothing of the rumor, and was inclined to regard it as nothing but a rumor. In Windsor, yesterday, the reporter struck a trail, however, that led him to the facts in the case.

Walter Harper had two children—a son, who died without issue, and a daughter, Elizabeth, who married George Shipley, for many years a merchant tailor in Windsor. Elizabeth Shipley gave birth to two children—George and Elizabeth—and in her father's will she was cut off without even the traditional shilling. Elizabeth Shipley, the daughter, married James McKenna, an engineer on the Great Western railway, and resides in Hamilton. George Shipley, the son, recently died, leaving several heirs, two of his sons being in business on Sandwich street, in Windsor, while a daughter is the wife of Laing, the grocer.

From these heirs the reporter learned tha Mrs. McKenna has recently been in Windsor, conferring with her brother's children upon the matter of breaking the will and that they had interviews with prominent Detroit law firms upon the subject. They do not propose to invest any money in the suit unless necessary, and their present negotiations are directed toward retaining some able attorney who will conduct the case for a percentage of the property recovered. They do not agree as to the present value of the estate, plus the income derived therefrom the past twenty years, but variously estimate it from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000. To an old chancery lawyer in this city they have offered twenty per cent., and he is now holding the proposition under consideration, meanwhile making an examination into the merits of the case. Should he accept the terms offered, the suit will be commenced without delay; but should he decline, Mrs. McKenna will put the case into the hands of a prominent firm of Canadian lawyers.

As to the evidence upon which the heirs rely to substantiate their claim, they are quite reticent, but state that they have discovered an old French domestic who was in Walter Harper's employ at the time his will was made, and will swear that he was not in right mind and had not been for some time. Also a male witness who, about that time saw Mr. Harper playing marbles with street boys, and wrangling and quarreling in true "knuckle down" schoolboy style. Inasmuch as the litigation, if successful, would remove from Detroit one of its great beneficent institutions, the outcome of this movement will be attended with great interest.

HISTORICAL.

Pope John XII. added the third crown to the Papal tiara.

—The Scandinavians believe the earth to rest upon nine pillars.

—The first mills in England for turning grind stones were set up at Sheffield.

—In the seventeenth century, on the continent, boots were never worn without spurs.

—Queen Elizabeth wore her prayer book hanging from her girdle by a golden chain.

—During the reign of Edward VI. Tyndale's Bible was printed more than 30 times.

—Among the Greeks the death punishment of certain criminals was aggravated by the denial of funeral rites.

—In the early days of printing the paper was only printed on one side and the blank sides pasted together.

—Hippocrates, born at Cos, 460 B. C., was the first person to apply himself to the study of physic as the sole business of his life.

—It was the Emperor Charles V. who invented the title of Your Majesty, sovereign having been previously addressed as You Grace.

—Edward the Confessor was the first monarch of England who used a seal in his charters. This is the origin of the broad seal of England.

—The original invention and subsequent improvement of the bayonet are due to the French, who first introduced it in the Netherlands in 1647.

—Between the years 1783 and 1857 six great earthquakes took place in Naples, which lost thereby 1,500 inhabitants per year of that period.

—Morocco bindings for books came into use in 1494, being introduced by Grolier, who was the treasurer and ambassador of the King of France.

—In the seventh century Paulus Ayineta defined sugar as "the Indian salt, in color and form like common salt, but in taste and sweetness like honey."

—The art of iron smelting was known in England during the time of the Roman occupation, and working in steel was practiced there before the Norman conquest.

—"Dieu et mon droit" is the motto of the royal family of England. It was first assumed by Richard I., to intimate that he held his sovereignty from God alone. It seems to have been dropped among the immediate successors of that prince, but was revived by Edward III., when he first claimed the crown of France. Since, in the reign of Elizabeth, William II., and Anne, it has formed the royal motto of England.

SELF-MADE MEN AND WOMEN.

Saratoga Letter to Albany Journal.

It is an interesting study to observe how many men of vast wealth may be counted in a little circle on the piazza at Saratoga. Millionaires may be numbered by the dozens, hob-nobbing together, smoking their fragrant Havanas, and often talking over the days when they were poor boys and had to scratch for a living. There is the learned Chief Justice of a neighboring State, who was once apprenticed to a country lawyer—had to do all the family chores, such as splitting wood and deftly handling the pounding barrel in the old method of washing clothes. Another luminary, who rejoices in the title of Governor, learned the carpenter's trade, and still another, who ranks higher than all—sitting in the United States Senote—was bound out to a New England farmer until he was 21, and taught himself to read during that period. Your self made man is generally proud of his ability to rise in the world. He loves to recall the days of his early poverty, and to contrast them with his present luxury. He is not ashamed of the lowly beginning which has led to such grand results, and is right to glory in the energy and ability which has raised him to wealth and distinguished position in