

ren. Mr. Jean Alain, resident of St. Sauveur, the father of fifteen children, has also filed his claim for the one hundred acres.

JUDGING from large audiences at Steinway Hall, London, quite recently, and from the long string of carriages outside, theosophy is, at least, fashionable just now. That "wave of Orientalism" which Emerson prophesied should sweep over Europe has evidently come, and, playing at being Buddhists is quite the correct thing in certain sets.

"GYP," the racy French writer, is said to be the Countess of Marter in real life. She is a niece of Mirabeau. She has just brought out a book for limited circulation only, called "Une Election a Tigre-sur-Mer," in which she tells her experience last summer at the election at Lyon-sur-Mer, and caricatures several well-known public men. It is expected to create a sensation.

MR. JAMES RUNCIMAN, in the *Fortnightly Review*, has smitten Mr. Rider Haggard hip and thigh in the matter of plagiarism. A more damaging indictment never was laid against a novelist, and the proof that Mr. Haggard has used the scissors quite lavishly in his literary work is complete. It will now be in order for Mr. Haggard to explain, or rest on his laurels as the Prince of Plagiarists.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, poet, clubman, *littérateur* and first nighter, has become so feeble as to require the services of some one to assist him in going from place to place at night. He is one of the oldest and most valued members of the very exclusive Century club, and can always be found in his favourite corner after dinner. He is no longer young; his shoulders are stooped; he is very thin and his clothes fit him far from snugly.

SOME time ago it was rumoured that in all probability General Sir Daniel Lysons would succeed Lord Napier, of Magdala, as Constable of the Tower. The appointment has now been approved. Sir Daniel's military career extends from 1834, and his progress was fairly rapid, though he was not gazetted General until July, 1879. He served in Canada during the events of 1838-39, being mentioned in despatches; was present at Alma, Inkerman, and throughout the siege of Sebastopol, and has since held serious important commands. He will be best remembered in connection with the attacks on the Redan, having led the main column of the Light Division on June 18th, and commanded a brigade in the assault of September 8th, on the latter occasion being severely wounded.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE HEALTH OF OUR WOMEN.

No woman admits that tight-lacing injures her; it is some other woman. The worship of fashion has become so intense, and the appearance of a rival's shape arouses such a spirit of emulation, that our women continue to squeeze themselves in steel bands to such a degree that the functions of the body cannot go on normally, and the long train of ills tight-lacers know so well, but the warnings of which they will not heed, follows, ending in slow disease and final wreck. Experience seems to teach the sufferers but little, and the mothers are as ignorant as the daughters. Health is sacrificed for a spider waist. Scientific doctors have been preaching against these evils time out of mind, but the headway against them is slow. The academies and colleges for women, however, are getting to be more alive to the importance of the pupil's health. The better class of institutions are equipped with gymnasiums, and provided with swimming pools and other means for developing the body and preventing the health from breaking down. Tennis and out-door games are growing in favour. For a girl nothing can take the place of exercise in the open air; not merely a walk of a few blocks, but a good "constitutional" at a swinging gait, and that, too, without much reference to the weather. The girls of to-day will in a few years be mothers. The law of heredity is inexorable. Strong healthy men and finely developed, handsome women are not born of sickly, weak parents, whose blood, perhaps, suffers from the poison that can be traced back generations. Health is beauty, said the old Greeks, who lived in the open air, and beauty is health.—*Baltimore American*.

MR. SIMS' REEVES ON THE ENCORE NUISANCE.

MR. SIMS REEVES in a letter to the *Daily Graphic*, strongly denounces "the vicious encore system." He says:—"As to the dishonesty of the proceeding, that goes without saying. The *entrepreneur* engages the singer or player, say, to sing or play twice for a certain fee. Why should the performer do more work than he contracted for? Do bakers, grocers, or butchers give us free more food just because we declare their goods are most excellent? Or do tailors or linendrapers send us in gratis more clothes because we have expressed warm approval of their goods, or literary men supply us with new books free because we admire their last work? Nor do doctors, lawyers, architects, nor professional artists or painters or sculptors give us freely more of their time or their artistic productions just because we bestow on them noisy but costless compliments. And yet such gratis service seems to be expected from musicians. It is a preposterous piece of dishonesty, of which all honest persons should be ashamed. It gratifies the mean man, but in no way exalts the art, and on the whole it does not permanently benefit the artist who yields to the deliberate clamour of a greedy mob. The encore nuisance seeks to take a shabby advantage of the suffering professional; it is to be regretted that few of our performers possess sufficient courage to

return to the platform, bow politely, but to indicate firmly, No! If managers, artists, and the musical public would but think the matter out and determine to stamp out this nuisance, this blot on our English musical performances might be effaced. Programmes could contain an announcement, 'No encores will be permitted.'"

BROWNING.

No carven stone, no monumental fane,
Can equal this, that he hath builded deep
A cenotaph beyond the assailing reign
Of her whose eyes are dusk with Night and Sleep,
Queenly Oblivion: no Pyramid,
No vast, gigantic Tomb, no Sepulchre
Made awful with the imag'ries of doom,
Evade her hand who one day shall inter
Man's proudest monuments, as she hath hid
The immemorial past within her womb.

For he hath built his lasting monument
Within the hearts and in the minds of men:
The Powers of Life around its base have bent
The Stream of Memory: our furthest ken
Beholds no reach, no limit to its rise:
It hath foundations sure: it shall not pass:
The ruin of Time upon it none shall see,
Till the last wind shall wither the last grass,
Nay, while man's Hopes, Fears, Dreams, and Agonies
Uplift his soul to Immortality.

WILLIAM SHARP.

HIMALAYAN BEARS.

IN localities where oak forests abound, says Gen. Macintyre, perhaps the pleasantest if not the best time for shooting bears is in the month of December, when they are fed on acorns, which are then ripe. They generally commence feeding about sunset, when they climb up the oak trees and gorge themselves with acorns all night, often not betaking themselves to their lairs—which are generally either caves or thickets near their feeding ground—until sometime after sunrise. Their whereabouts is easily discovered from the broken branches showing distinctly against the dark foliage of the trees, the back of the leaf of the Himalayan oak being white. At the commencement of the acorn season their attention is so much engaged with their feast that usually they are easily approached. But on suddenly finding themselves "treed," their astonishment is ludicrous to behold. A bear, he adds, when up a tree, even if only slightly wounded, never attempts to clamber down. It invariably flops straight on to the ground from any height whatsoever. I once saw a bear I had shot at roll over and over like a ball down an almost perpendicular declivity for several hundred feet, and seemingly without much inconvenience from its tumble, as it was nowhere to be found at the bottom.

An odd peculiarity of bears is that when two or more of them are found together, and one of them happens to get wounded, the wounded one will sometimes manifest its resentment by savagely attacking one of its companions. A good story in this connection is told of another sportsman. He had stalked a large she bear feeding in some open ground, with a half-grown cub at its side. From the bear's position he could not get a shot at a vital place, and so, instead of waiting as he ought to have done, he fired and hit it behind. He might just as well have hit her with a lady's riding whip. The animal on being struck turned round to see what was the matter, and perceiving nothing but her own cub feeding quietly by her side came to the conclusion apparently that the cub had bitten her. Consequently, she at once rushed at the cub to punish it for its presumption, and the two rolled over and over and disappeared in the jungle. The sportsman was too much amused to get another shot. Another remarkable peculiarity of bears noted by Gen. Macintyre is that when a bear attacks a man it invariably goes for the face, whereas a tiger or leopard usually seizes a limb first. Hence it is that in the Himalayas native villagers are not unfrequently to be seen with their faces fearfully disfigured by bears' claws. This they are liable to when protecting their crops from destruction by the bears.—*Chambers' Journal*.

SPORT WITH WILD ELEPHANTS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pioneer Mail* describes the capture last Christmastide of a large herd of wild elephants at Basan, in Central India. It appears that for years a great district had been in sole possession of the wild elephants, who had frightened off all the inhabitants. The writer says that Maharajah Raghonath Saran Singh Deo Bahadur, of Sirguja, had applied for permission to capture the elephants of Mahtin and Uprora under the Government's rules, and the permission had been accorded. He had found two herds, in all about thirty-five wild elephants, at the Bahmani nuddi, about fifteen or twenty miles off. He ran up a light fence about six miles in circumference inclosing a valley and part of two hills below Setgarh. Round this he had posted at intervals eight or nine hundred men, mostly armed with matchlocks and provided with blank cartridges. Into this enclosure he had quietly driven all these elephants through fifteen miles of glen; and there they were surrounded by watchfires and sentries constantly on duty. The wild elephants wandered about unmolested within the large inclosure, but were not allowed to pass the guards. The Maharajah told us that one very large male elephant had been decoyed into the stockade,

and was there tied up and ready to be taken out. We seated ourselves on the top of the stockade and saw the huge tusker. His fore-quarters were much heavier than in the tame elephant; and his figure was so massive that we did not think he was so tall as we afterwards found him to be—namely, 9 feet 10 inches. They tied five cables round his neck, fastening the other end of each cable round the body of one tame elephant. There were thus five elephants in front. Similarly they fastened each hind-leg to two elephants. The hind-legs were also tied together by a short rope. Having thus securely bound him, they prepared to lead this forest freebooter away. When he found that he was not to be allowed to choose his own course he began to show fight. He halted. The five elephants in front put forth all their strength, but could not move him. Suddenly he swung his great body round and dragged back all five, roaring as they came, with rage and perhaps fear. Then they recovered, and the tug-of-war began again. A sharp discharge of blank cartridge behind him drove him on a little way. This scene was repeated several times. Occasionally the blank cartridge had to give way to a specially prepared cartridge with about a dozen snipe shot, which acted as an unaccustomed spur in his fat flanks and sent him gaily along for a time. At last he was tied up to trees near the Maharajah's tents, about 500 yards from the stockade. Next day, as there was nothing doing at the stockade, we determined to have a look at the elephants in their jungle haunts. We went on along the elephants' tracks for a considerable distance. Suddenly we came to a glade, and as we looked across it we saw the tusks of a great monarch of the herd gleaming through the trees. We were on our elephant: and as we saw the direction the herd seemed to be taking we pushed across the glade to cut them off and get a nearer view. As we got to the centre of the glade, where stood a large solitary tree, we saw the monarch come out and have a look at us. We halted in the shadow of a tree. He came along towards us, followed by fifteen elephants of all sizes. As he got near us he turned round and slowly crossed the glade to the other side, followed by the herd. Then, as they were about to disappear in the jungle, he suddenly changed his mind again. He turned, and slowly and solemnly marched past us with the herd. The herd thus passed twice across the open glade within about eighty yards of us: a splendid spectacle. We shall not readily forget that majestic procession witnessed among the wild scenery of the forest-clad hills. One day we saw a beat which, though unsuccessful, was very exciting. We could hear the elephants crashing slowly through the jungle. Then matchlocks were fired, shouting began, and ten or twelve wild elephants rushed into view with as many trained ones behind them. They came on at the pace of racing ponies. They dashed towards one wing, then across to the other again and again. Two tame elephants near the stockade gate then ran in, but apparently the wild elephants had not seen them. They did not follow. The tame elephants came out again. The wild elephants apparently thought it was an attack in front. They faced about and made a dashing charge through their pursuers and rushed into the jungle.

Henry M. Stanley,

perhaps the foremost living man in pluck, endurance and achievement, has just completed successfully his last and greatest undertaking, the rescue of Emin. The story of his adventures and discoveries, "In Darkest Africa," will be published shortly by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. It will be a thrilling and instructive narrative. Stanley is entitled to the fruit of his labors, and this the Anglo-Saxon sense of justice will secure to him by purchasing

"In Darkest Africa"

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