

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

WHOLE No. 670.

A Detective Story.

There is a story told of a lady and gentleman together on an English railroad. They were strangers to each other. Suddenly, the gentleman said: "Madame, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes; I am going to make some change in my wearing apparel."

"Certainly, sir," she replied, with great politeness, rising and turning her back upon him. In a short time he said:

"Now, madame, my change is com-

When the lady turned she beheld her male companion transformed into a dashing lady with a heavy veil over her face.

"Now, sir, or madame, whichever you are," said the lady, "I must trouble you to look out of the window, for I have some changes to make in my apparel." Certainly, madame, and the gentleman in lady's attire immediately complied.

"Now, sir, you may resume your seat."

To his great surprise on resuming his seat, the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion trans-

"I appears that we both anxious to escape recognition! What have you done? I have robbed a bank."

"And I," said the whilom lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion's wrists with a pair of handcuffs, "I am Detective J—, of Scotland Yard, and in female apparel have shadowed you for two days—now," drawing a revolver "keep still."

Oil Yourself a Little.

There is true humor in the following story.—Once upon a time, the first old gentleman in a New Haven

He had servants and everything he wanted, and yet he was not happy, and when things did not go as he wished he was cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper he went to a neighbor with a story of distress.

"It seems to me," said the neighbor sagaciously, "it would be well to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself?"

"Yes; and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors of my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out by it. One day I oiled the hinges and it has been constantly used by everybody since."

"Then you think I am like the creaking door?" cried the old gentleman.

"How do you want me to oil my door?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly words were ever heard in his house afterwards. Every family should have a bottle of this precious oil, for every family is liable to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a treacherous dissembling, a cross temper.

MR. GLADSTONE being one day in the London offices of Mr. Lindsay, the shipowner, making a note of some shipping returns for his budget, a brusque and wealthy Sunderland shipowner who was watching him and was struck by the man's directness and intelligent way in which he went to work, without dreaming of who he was, said: "Thou writes a bonny band, thou dost." "I'm glad you think so," was the reply. "Thou dost; thou makst thy figures well; thou'st; just the chap I want." "Indeed?" "Yes, indeed."

It will surprise many Englishmen, and says correspondents of the *St. James's*

Gazette, to hear that the French themselves do not know what is the origin of their present national colors. Although the rage for the tricolor is today at its height—although scarves, bonnets, and even parasols and gowns have been made in party-colored lue—mainly still a matter of fact, it is the historic meaning of the emblem of the Revolution. It is to be feared that all the ingenious theories which represent it as typifying the three estates are devoid of any foundation, and that accident rather than design had most to do with the acceptance by the people of the famous tricolor. It seems

A Wise Plan.—Every man should mind his own business, and only that. It is hard to tell him so in plain words, yet it is one of the simplest rules of conduct, and the most useful that mankind can adopt in their intercourse with each other. There is a great deal of Paul Dry in the human heart, or wonderful inequity in regard to the personal and private affairs of one's neighbors. In this spirit makes more unkind and unchristian man than almost any other cause, and creates more malice, envy and jealousy than can be overcoming in

A syndicate of French and Quebec capitalists has been formed for the establishment of a beet root sugar factory. It met on the 25th at a public meeting, the delegates of many parishes of the County of Quebec, at Charlevoix, in order to know how many acres may be cultivated. If they are satisfied that 1,000 acres will be cultivated, they will immediately enter upon the construction of the works.

Rev. D. S. Dogett, D. D., bishop of
Methodist church, lies critically ill at
his residence in Richmond, Va.