I Resign.

I used to think my character
Was spotless as the snow;
I used to think 'twas stainless
As a hawthorn bush in blow;
But the stories that they're telling
You hardly could be love.
They say that I'm a horse thief
Since they put me up for reeve.

Before the nomination
I was fit to lead in prayer,
But since that sad occasion
I've been frequent made aware
That I served a term in prison
From the cours of last assize.
For bolting with the coppers from
A helpless dead man's eyes.

They say that missing goods are off
Upon my person found;
That the neighbors lock the hen house
When they see me coming 'round;
That I never yet was sober
For an hour in all my life,
And that I'm too familiar
With another party's wife.

So I decline to run for reeve,
I rather would be free;
Chopping cordwood in the swamp
Is good enough for me.
The country will be losers,
And the voters all will grieve
When they learn that I've refused the job
And will not run for reeve.

—The Khan, Beverly.

When Love Was Young.

O, he was young and she was fair,
Rose wreathed was all her shimmering hair.
She at him such sly glances threw
O'er her great fan, what could he do
But kiss her?

For straight above her saucy head
Gleamed mistletoe and holly red.
'Twas Christmas time; they'd but just met,
He knew 'twas wrong, dear boy, and yet
He kissed her!

Her satin gown, I much suspect,
Had big puffed sleeves and square cut neck.
Her twinkling feet all silk shod were,
Why, if you just but looked at her,
You'd want to kiss her!

Her eyes were like twin violets,
And she, the worst of sad coquettes,
Looked boldly up and shyly down.
Was there a man in all the town
That would not kiss her?

Her lips were red as cherries are;
She was the sweetest girl by far
That trod the stately minuet
They danced that night. A monk'd forget
His prayers and kiss her!

I've heard her tell that in those days
Young love so lid laugh at our prim ways.
You think it shocking? Why—ha! ha!
'Twas grandmamma and grandpapa!
Let's go and kiss them!

Longfellow in Westminster.

Child! when you pace with hushed delight
The cloistered aisles across the sea,
Whose ashes old of monk and knight
Renew the legends heavenly-bright
That charmed you from your mother's knee;

And steal along the abbey's nave
With war's superbest trophies set,
To some firm minstrel's narrow grave,
Who more unto his century gave
Than Tudor or Plantagenet;

Scorn not the carven names august
When England strews memorial flowers,
But circled by her precious dust,
Salute, athrill with pride and trust
Your own dear poet, child of ours!

—From the Longfellow Remembrance Book.

For and About Women.

The average yearly income of the working woman of Boston is $260.70, and her average expenses are reckoned at $261 30

A contemporary says: "We have no use for a bustle. It should be sent to the rear."

Ladies who possess diamonds have them arranged into small coronets or half diadems.

Maria Pia, Queen of Portugal, is said to not only have a clearly defined moustache, but to be actually proud of it.

Fans are chiefly of white feathers, with mounting of colored mother-of-pearl, or else they are of painted crape or gauze, with lace border.

The Philadelphia statistics show that there is not a trade or profession pursued in that city which is not more or less followed by women.

A Kansas schoolma'am has introduced a new feature in her school. When one of the girls misses a word, the boy who spells it gets permission to kiss her. The boys are improving rapidly.

The redingote is the favorite style for walking dress, while the jacket-bodice is preferred for indoor wear. We have been shown this week very elegant models in both styles.

The jacket-bodice remains in great favor. It is made perfectly tight-fitting, making the waist long, a little in the shape of a pear. It comes a little beyond the waist, peaked or rounded in front, forming a few plaits in the middle of the back, or else cut out into two or three small tabs.

Although coiffures are not so voluminous than they were, the hair is still piled up on the top of the head, while a few light curls fall over the forehead. None but young girls wear the catogan, plaited or twisted, and tied in a bow in the neck. By way of ornament, a light aigrette of feathers or flowers, springing from the daintiest possible puff of tulle, is the style preferred.

A Diver and an Octopus.

A man named Alexander McGovan, engaged in the Wellington (New Zealand) Harbor Improvement Works, has just had a remarkable encounter with an octopus. McGovan went down in his diving dress for the purpose of setting some large blocks under the water in which piles had been previously driven. As McGovan was in the act of placing one of the blocks, he was seized by an immense octopus. The monster fastened on to one of the piles at the same time. McGovan at first made an attempt to get clear, but the more he fought with the octopus the more he found that it was useless, as its grip became stronger. He then wisely desisted, and in a few moments had the satisfaction of knowing the octopus had released its grasp of the piles. This was no sooner done than McGovan gave the signal to be hauled up. His signals were quickly responded to, and up went the diver with the creature on his back. Its legs measured nine feet long. McGovan certainly had a narrow escape, and it was only by his discreet quietness that he turned the table on the octopus.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Royalties and Rules.

As a steady tonic for the amity between Germany and Italy, Kaiser William has ordered each regimental band to play at least once a week the march of the Bersaglieri and the Italian infantry march.

The Princess of Wales preserves her good looks in a most astonishing way, considering her age. She will be 44 years old on the 1st of next December, but in the shaded light of an opera box, or when arrayed in full court dress (a toilet which she wears with infinite grace), she does not look a day over 30.

General Boulanger's one idol in life is said to be his mother. She was with him in 1859 during the ten months in which he was in danger from a wound received at Solferino, and which has never entirely healed. He spends every Sunday afternoon and evening with her, and if away always sends her a telegram.

What He Gave His Wife for a Christmas Trifle.

Mrs. George Gould's husband valued her pleasure at something like $30,000, which was put into a string of pink pearls, of which she is specially fond, and which are most enchantingly becoming to her delicate dark beauty. Mr. Gould has been a whole year collecting and matching these pearls, and half a dozen jewellers have been kept on the lookout for gems of a certain size and tint, in spite of which it was only a week ago that the last rosy globe was slipped on the string, the end of it fastened into a little love knot crusted with diamonds, which formed the clasp, and there lay ready in its blue case a gift which not only represented $30,000 but, better still, a whole year's forethought for a fair lady's delight.

The Shoe Fitted.

Pretty Girl—Yes, I like that young minister; but I really do think he might have a little more judgment. I know I'm not very wicked, but he imagines I'm going straight to perdition.

Friend—Oh, you must be mistaken.

"No, I'm not. There are lots worse sinners in the congregation than I am, and yet no matter what weikedness he preaches against he always looks right straight at me."

He was Married.

The car jolts violently, and the stout lady is thrown into Mr. Fuddle's lap.

Stout lady (blushing)—Excuse me, sir, but the car—

Mr. Fuddle (sadly)—Don't mention it, ma'am! Don't mention it. I'm used to being sat on by women.

Christmas Not Over.

Frost—Well, it's all over. Snow—What's all over? Frost—Christmas. I say it only comes once a year and it's all over until next time. Snow—Not by a jugful. The bills are not in yet for half the stuff my wife bought and charged to me.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Latest Fashion Gossip.

A gown worn by Mrs. Cleveland in her "Cabinet call" the other day was of stone-blue Henrietta cloth, with trimmings of the same shade in striped moire. A short imported jacket of fawn color was beaded in clusters with short amber pendants. The hat was a soft fawn-color Gainsborough, trimmed with a large bow of ribbon and shaded ostrich tips.

For a watch-chain pendant nothing is newer than a small gold riding-whip, the lash of which is drawn into a curved shape, forming a glove-buttoner.

Mme. Recamier and her friends used to damp their robes that they might fall more closely to their shapes; but perhaps rheumatism was not then, as now, the fashionable complaint of the day, and the atmosphere of Paris was possibly drier than that of London.

Directoire coats, giving as they do so much scope to the imagination, and affording so good an opportunity of displaying rare stuffs to the best advantage, will be more worn than ever; but women who are wise will keep the long, gold-braided waistcoat as light as possible, and the coat itself as dark as may be.

The close-fitting jackets, the fronts furlined and turned back with a rolled collar over white waistcoats stiff with gold or silver embroidery, are quite the smartest things of the season; but already they are becoming vulgarized, and only extreme costliness of fur and material will make them acceptable to the few.

Ingenious ladies are using summer jackets of light cloth for house wear. These jackets are without lining, and are exceptionally pretty, useful and becoming. Draped vests of crepe de chine or surah may be added, and also fancy revers and cuffs, according to taste. A very wide, strong belt should be set inside of the jacket, and so arranged as to fit the figure quite closely, otherwise their fastenings might show on the outside of the garment.

A few young women fasten their feather boas to wide hats, that in their turn are held in place by the full lace veil. Still, it is a question just how the hat is kept from following the boa down the back of the neck.

With the Cook.

New Plan for Cooking Mush.—A correspondent sends the following improved plan for cooking mush, on which he thinks he should be paid a royalty: See that the fire is well made; then take a one-gallon iron pot, fill is half full of water, with one tablespoonful of salt; let the water come to a sharp boil; then stir in two pounds of sifted meal, and as soon as it thickens put on the lid and put the pot in the oven and bake for thirty minutes; take out the pot every ten minutes and stir up the mush. This plan cooks the rankness out of the meal

A Rich Baked Apple Pudding.—Stew some apples with sugar to taste, a few currants, some chopped-up almonds, a little mixed peel candied, and a pinch of ground cinnamon. Make a crust as for an ordinary pudding, grease the pudding basin, and sprinkle it with brown sugar and cinnamon; line it with some of the paste, put some of the fruit at the bottom, then a layer of paste, another of fruit, and so on till the basin is full, finishing off with the paste; sprinkle the top with sugar and cinnamon and bake it. It will turn out of the basin when baked. A simpler method is to peel and cut the apples in small pieces, and lay them on the paste with the other ingredients and the addition of a little water.

A Dutch Apple Pie.—Stew five or six apples with one-half pound of sugar, a few currants and raisins, a little mixed peel cut up, a few chopped up almonds, and a pinch of powdered cinnamon. Make some puff paste, line a pie-dish with some of it, put in the stewed apples (when cold), cover with the paste, and bake in a very brisk oven.

Open Apple Tart.—Stew some apples till quite soft; take out any hard pieces, beat them to a pulp, and to one-half pound of pulp allow six ounces of sugar, five eggs and the grated rind of a lemon. Heat all these well together, then add gradually five ounces of melted butter. Line a dish with puff paste, pour in the mixture and bake it at once.

Apple Cream.—Peel and core six large apples, boil them in a little water, with two ounces of raisins and the grated rind of a lemon, till quite soft; when cold add a glass of sherry. Lay the mixture in a pie dish, beat up the whites of three eggs with sugar to stiff froth, spread it over the apples and bake in a slow oven.

Oysters Broiled with Pork.—Double a piece of wire into the shape of a hairpin; string it with, first, an oyster and then a slice of pork, and so on, till it is filled; fasten the ends to a wooden handle and broil before the fire. Season highly with pepper and serve the pork with the oysters if it is liked.

Aspic Jelly.—A jelly may be made of the bones of the turkey and chicken used in boned turkey by covering them with water and boiling them slowly till the liquor is reduced to a gelatine mass. This will require some time, and the jelly must be covered with caramel to give the beautiful amber-colored aspic used by French cooks. It is easier to make a jelly with brown beef stock and gelatine.

Potato Gems.—A good way to make potato gems is to work one cup of cold mashed potato smooth into one cupful of sweet milk. Stir in one cupful of cornmeal, or enough to make a batter which will drop easily from a spoon, with a pinch of salt, and add one well-beaten egg. Beat briskly three or four minutes, then put into well-buttered gem pans and bake twenty minutes to half an hour with a steady but not too hot fire.

Washington Omelet.—One cup milk, six eggs, tablespoonful butter, salt and pepper, one teacupful bread crumbs. Let the milk come to a boil, pour it over the crumbs, and let it stand a few minutes. Break open the egg and stir all well mixed; add the bread and milk and season. Melt the butter on a hot skillet, pour on the omelet and let it cook slowly; cut in squares, turn, fry a delicate brown and serve immediately.

Baked Indian Pudding.—One quart sweet milk, one ounce butter, four well-beaten eggs, one teacupful corn meal, quarter of a pound of sugar, half a cup of molasses. Scald the milk and stir in meal while boiling; let stand till lukewarm; stir well together. Bake one and a half hours; serve with or without sauce. Half a pound of raisins may be added if desired.

The British Columbia Climate.

Eastern people have not yet become aware of the pleasant climate that is to be found in the Pacific province throughout almost the entire twelve months. When they do, a pilgrimage to British Columbia to escape the fierce heats of summer and the cold blasts of winter will be an annual affair with many of those who now seek hot and dusty southern California or the enervating and malarial climate of Florida.—*Vancouver, B.C., News Advertiser.*

A Deplorable Mistake.

Nothing is more thoroughly mistaken than the idea that a woman fulfils her duty by doing an amount of work that is far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfil her duty but she most singularly fails in it; and the failure is truly deplorable.

Number Two.

Before the first baby is four months old its photograph must be taken, and copies sent by its doting parents to relatives and dear friends. The second baby, although it may be as beautiful as a poet's dream, is a mighty lucky youngster if it gets its photograph taken before it is four years old.—*Drake's Magazine.*

His New Leaf.

Very Rude Boy (to party who has slipped and fallen his length on the sidewalk) What! drunk again? I say, ole chap, yer beginnin' the new year wid a vengeance!

During December in St. Thomas there were 8 days when it rained, 11 days when it snowed, 26 days' frost. During December, '87, rain 5 and snow 11 days.

The biggest mail contract held in Canada is that undertaken by the B. C. Express Company, who make one trip a week from Ashcroft station, on the C. P. R., to Barkerville, in the Cariboo district, a distance of 79 miles, for $18,500 a year.

Young Laird to newly appointed footman—"Well, Donald, how do you like trousers?" Donald, heretofore a gillie who had never worn anything but a kilt—"Aweel, sir, to tell you the truth, I fin' them very uncomfortable, especially about the sleeves!"

The Wilkesbarre *News Dealer* accuses "officials higher up in authority than the members of the force" of gathering to drink wine with Mother Hubbard dresses. We wouldn't have thought it.

BAD MANNERS OF HUSBANDS.

Mothers to Blame for Not Instructing Boys to be Polite.

A friend was spending the day with me the other day, and while she was here our pastor called. After he left the friend said: "Did you ever notice with what respect Mr. Conrad speaks of his wife and how courteously he treats her at all times?" I nodded assent and my friend went on: "I suppose my husband is as good a man as ever lived, but his mother did not train him to be courteous to ladies. His sisters were his slaves, and thereby he is spoiled as a husband. I wish I could train several hundred boys to be husbands for the next generation. Do you suppose they'd consider it their prerogative to drive the girls out of the easiest chair, take the sunniest corner of the room, the best place by the light, throw books, papers or slippers down for some one to put away, and grow up with the idea that a wife must be the valet and the rest of the household stand respectfully by to obey orders? You smile, but this is anything but a subject to laugh over.

"I really believe husbands never think how their unkind ways hurt. They don't realize the difference to us—for instance, in their manner when they come to dinner. All day the wife has been alone with the children and servants, and is more hungry for a kind word from her husband then an epicurean feast. He comes in just as the dinner bell rings. 'For a wonder dinner is once ready on time,' the husband says. Couldn't he have saved the heart stab by saying: 'That's a pleasant sound to a hungry fellow,' and what hinders him from adding, what would be milk and honey to a weary soul all the rest of the day—nay, all the rest of her life—'You are a good wife, Cornelia?' And if dinner is not quite ready why need he say, 'Of course not; never is?' In working mottoes for the home why hasn't some one taken Wesley's remark: 'I'd as soon swear as fret,' instead of hanging up 'I Need Thee Every Hour?'

"When I think I have a hard time I just think of the women who have no servants, but who themselves care for the children, wash, iron, cook, mend, churn, milk, carry wood and water, all for less than an Irish servant girl's wages. Of course men appreciate their wives, of course they do, but they keep their polite manners and courteous ways for—other men's wives. One time James thanked me for saving him room beside me at a concert, and then sort of apologized for being polite by saying he thought it was my sister Mary."—*Atalanta Constitution.*

CREMATION IN BUFFALO.

An Unusual Service at the Incineration of a Young Woman's Remains.

A beautiful service took place at the local crematorium on Wednesday last. Miss Genevieve Goddard, the charming and accomplished daughter of F. B. Goddard, of New York, died a few days ago, after a lingering and painful illness, and her body was brought to Buffalo on New Year's Day. No undertaker or clergyman was spoken to, and, aside from the gray-haired father and his elder son, only two or three friends from this city were present. Among these was Col. E. A. Rockwood. The younger son had been threatened with fever, and was unable to be at the chapel. The father said yesterday that he had employed no undertaker because he could not bear to have any hands but his touch the virgin clay. He read a chapter from the Bible, made a prayer and followed it with the Episcopal service for the dead. After this they covered their loved one with flowers, and the attendant pushed her inanimate form into the fiery retort, where in an hour it was converted to ashes by the flames. The father yesterday expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with this way of disposing of the dead, and said that he had much rather give the bodies of his loved ones to the clouds than to the worms; that the fire was much more poetical to him than the festering grave, for he could see his daughter's face in every sunset. He thought cremation the coming mode of disposing of the dead, and said that all that was needed to bring it into general use was to surround it with the prayers and tears and flowers that have always surrounded interment.—*Courier.*

Latest Scottish Notes.

The custodiers of the National Monument at Stirling have appointed a committee to oppose any attempt by Dumbarton to regain possession of the Wallace sword.

Mr. John Wilson, of Hillhead, a well-known Glasgow iron tube manufacturer, is the Gladstonian candidate for the Govan Division, vacant by the death of Sir William Pearce.

Mr. John S. Kennedy, of New York, has raised an action against Sir A. D. Stewart to compel him to implement the sale of Grantully Estate, in Perthshire, or pay £5,000 damages.

The bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society was on December 19th awarded to the Marquis of Breadalbane for his gallant rescue of Duncan McLean, wood forester, from drowning in the Tay.

Rev. John Robertson, of Stonehaven, in his latest printed sermon, says: "In God's prescription I see written 'brimstone' as well as 'syrup,' and woe be the pulpit that plays false in the making up. God is not that popular india-rubber affair man can spit on and live."

Mr. William Black has among the curios at his house at Brighton a tray purchased at the sale of Kingsburgh House, Isle of Skye, in 1826 by the late General Campbell, of Lochneil, and said to have been used by Flora Macdonald at the time Prince Charles Edward was sheltered by the Macdonalds on his escape from the Hebrides.

A Brave Sea Captain's Timidity.

A short time ago a young Pittsburger who happened to be in New York encountered the captain of a Cunarder with whom he was acquainted. The captain possesses literally world-wide fame, and a braver or better seaman does not breathe. He had been often invited to visit this city before—for he has not only friends of travel, but at least one school-mate here—and the young Pittsburger begged him to accompany him on his return home. But the old sea dog thanked him kindly, but added: "Nothing could induce me to trust myself to a railway train over the Allegheny Mountains. No, sir! it's too much of a risk for me to trust my bones on such a journey." And yet if you should chance to cross the Atlantic in that old captain's ship in the wildest weather of the year, when the winds are contrary, the waves mountain high, and fog wrapping the great steamer in a dozen extra dangers, I'll wager you'd find him at the moments of greatest peril, cool, calm and courageous. He cares not for the dangers of the sea; he knows them all—but the dangers of the land he wots not of and they are terrible to him.—*Pittsburg Despatch.*

A Costa Rican Earthquake.

San Jose de Costa Rica was the scene on the night of December 29th and the morning of December 30th of a series of earthquake shocks of great severity. The shocks are believed to have originated in the volcano of Poaz, six leagues distance from the town. At Alajuela eight persons were killed and many were injured. The churches and principal buildings in the city suffered considerable damage. The inhabitants are encamped in the squares and parks. No further shocks having occurred, the alarm is subsiding.

Neither has Anything to Spare.

Nephew (who recently married a handsome but penniless girl, to his rich but stingy uncle)—"Well, my dear uncle, how goes everything at your house?"

Uncle—"Oh, thanks, we have everything we need. How do you get on with your bride?"

Nephew—"Thanks, also; we need everything we have."

A Contest Between Singers.

The coldest sort of a competition is that to come off among the young women of the Bath (Eng.) Philharmonic Society. They will sing behind a curtain, so that they cannot be seen, and the judges will have to vote on the number of the singer. Each will sing one sacred song and an English ballad.

A Familiar Man.

Familiar Fellow (tapping a dignified old gentleman on the shoulder)—Ain't my face familiar to you?

Old Gentleman (brushing him off)—It's not alone your face that's familiar. You are altogether the most familiar man I ever saw!

Poe first thought of "The Bells" when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter night. He rang the bell of a lawyer's house—a stranger to him—walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up and the next morning presented the lawyer with a copy of his celebrated poem.

SAVING THE SIGHT.

How a Veteran Alabama Journalist Says He Preserved His Eyes.

The editor of the Huntsville *Democrat*, who has passed his three score years without the use of eye-glasses, and can still, with his natural eyes, read fine print, wishes to give other people nearing the nere and yellow leaf the benefit of his ocular experience. Therefore, he tells them that in 1865 he found his eyesights failing, indicated by dark specks flittering over the page and a hazy appearance of the letters when he was reading. Remembering to have heard his mother say that ex-President John Quincy Adams (who lived to about 80 years) had preserved his eyesight and read without glasses by pressing the outer and inner corners of his eyes together, the editor tried the experiment. After retiring to his bed at night, he has, ever since the autumn of 1865, before going to sleep, pressed gently together the outer and inner corner of each eye between the thumb and forefinger of the hand corresponding to the right and left eye, applying equal simultaneous pressure to both eyes. Or using but one hand, he has put the middle finger on his forehead above his nose, and pressed together the corners of one between the thumb and the forefinger, and the corners of the other eye between the third and fourth fingers, striving to give equal pressure to both eyes. The philosophy of the experiment is explained in this way—As the people pass the middle age, there is said to be (and we believe it) a tendency of the balls of the eye to lose their convexity—in common parlance, to flatten. The habitual pressure of the outer and inner corners of the eyes together prevents flattening, and thereby preserves the original normal convexity of the eyes, and thereby the original power of seeing. Near sighted persons are exceptions to the rule. Their near-sightedness (as we understand) is caused by too great convexity of the eye. Oftentimes, as they advance in years, their eyes flatten—that is, lose their original convexity, and become more nearly like the good eyes of young people, and they can see better without glasses and lay them aside.

Whether our philosophical explanation is right or wrong, this one thing we know, that, whereas we, over seventeen years ago, were losing our original power of seeing, now, by the manipulation of our eyes as above explained, we can see clearly without the use of glasses, and can read small print almost, if not quite, as well as in our youth, while men and women many years our juniors, some of them our near blood relatives, who have not resorted to our mode of preserving the eyesights, are compelled to use glasses. Believing it our duty to mankind to do them all the good we can, we overcome our native modesty about writing of ourselves by the consideration that we may benefit others by relating our own experience.

The reason why both eyes should be subjected to the equal simultaneous pressure is that, to see clearly, both eyes should behold objects at the same local distance, and this cannot be if the two eyes have not the same convexity. If the two eyes should see objects at different distances, the objects would present different images on the two retinas of the eyes and produce a confusion of images, and, of course, impair distinct vision. Instances occur of persons who have a natural infirmity of the eyes with different foci—one eye seeing at one focal distance, the other eye seeing at another focal distance. In such cases oculists provide eye-glasses of different foci, so accommodated as to correct the natural defect and make both eyes see alike.—*Huntsville (Ala.) Democrat.*

The Ring.

John L. Sullivan, the Boston heavy weight pugilist, and Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, who claims to be champion heavy weight of the world, signed articles yesterday for a fight to the finish for $10,000 a side and the championship of the world. The articles of agreement are:

The said Jake Kilrain and the said John L. Sullivan hereby agree to fight a fair stand-up fight, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, by which the said Jake Kilrain and the said John L. Sullivan hereby do agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of $10,000 a side and the *Police Gazette* belt, representing the championship of the world, and shall take place on the 8th of July, 1889, within 200 miles of New Orleans, in the State of Louisiana, the man winning the toss to give the opposite party ten days' notice of the place. The said Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan to fight at catch weights. The mer shall be in the ring between the hours of 12 a.m. and 2 p.m., a man absent shall forfeit the battle money. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne by each party share and share alike. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of $5,000 a side is now deposited with the sporting editor of the New York *Clipper*, who shall be stakeholder. The remaining deposit be made as follows: The final and last deposit of $5,000 a side on the 15th day of April, 1889, in New York city, when a final stakeholder shall be agreed upon at the last deposit, if not agreed upon before. The referee to be appointed at the ring side. The toss for the choice of battle ground to be on the 8th day of June, between the hours of 8 p.m. and 10 p.m., at Charley Johnston's store, on Fulton street, Brooklyn, N.Y., by the principals or their representatives. The said deposit must be put up not later than the day aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amount due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down. In case of managerial interference, the referee, if appointed, or the stakeholder, shall name the next time and place of meeting, if possible, on the same day or in the same week, and either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle money. The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent, or until fairly won or lost by a fight, and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place of giving the money up. In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names.

Sullivan was present at the meeting in Toronto and signed the articles himself. Kilrain was represented by Mr. W. E. Harding, sporting editor of the *Police Gazette*. Sullivan and his party left Toronto immediately after the signing of the articles. They were in this city a short time and then took the train for Niagara Falls.

Baseball.

A game of football followed, between the famous Carlton club and the Port Melbourne team. The weather was warm for football, but the men struggled nobly and the game resulted in a tie.

Following the football match came the last baseball game of the series in Australia. Baldwin and Daly formed the Chicago battery and Crane and Earle the All Americas. Five innings were played, the Chicago's shutting out All America. Following is the score:

Chicago	0	3	0	0	5—8
All America	0	0	0	0	0—0

At the end of the game Crane, Williamson and Pfeffer, in response to an offer of £100 made by Mr. Spalding to all Australia, entered into a competition at throwing a cricket ball a long distance. Crane threw the ball 128 yards 10½ inches, beating all previous cricket ball throwing records by 2 yards 7 inches, and beating Williamson's throw by 3 yards 2 inches. This throw is now the world's record.

The expedition leaves here to-day for India. From thence they will go to Colombo, Ceylon, and play in Madras, Bombay and Calcutta. From India the tourists go to Cairo. They are likely to reach Colombo about January 24th, and Cairo about March 3rd. From Egypt ship will be taken for London, and games will be played at stopping places. The teams will arrive in New York about April 5th and the games arranged so far are as follows: At New York, April 6th; at Boston, April 8th; at Brooklyn, April 9th; at Washington, April 11th; at Philadelphia, April 13th; at Pittsburg, April 14th; at Cincinnati, April 15th; at Cleveland, April 16th; at Chicago, April 20th. These dates will be changed a little of necessity. Mr. Spalding is at present $20,000 ahead, but expects to drop money from this home.

The Bridge Jumper.

Steve Brodie, the famous bridge jumper, was in Toronto yesterday on his way to Genesee Falls, over which he will drop within ninety days on a wager of $500. This will close his performances. He says his saloon business in the Bowery, New York, clears him $10,000 annually, and he does not need to live by the risk of his life. He is very confident of doing the falls, notwithstanding the fact that Patch was killed there 25 years ago.

Brandon Thomas, well known in this city as having played here with Rosina Vokes, and who is now acting in Terry's "Sweet Lavender," is going to be married next Saturday to Miss Levison, the handsome heiress of a rich diamond merchant.

PATTI'S BEAUTY.

The Secret of Preserving the Complexion—The Human Passions.

Patti is fast becoming a rival of the famous Ninon de l'Enclos, who preserved her beauty to such an extent up to her 60th year that the grandsons of the men who loved her in her youth adored her with as much fervor as their ancestors had done in their days. Patti is, to say the very least, a long way from "sweet and 50," more like "fair and 40," without the third qualification, yet people who saw her the other day in Paris could see no visible change, no mark of the last 10 or 15 years upon her. She was still as slim and rounded, still without a gray hair in her head, or a wrinkle upon her. There had not come under her chin that small break in the contour of the throat which is the first knoll of dead youthfulness. Her hair lay in rich, plentiful black locks about a brow where not one line was to be seen. Her eyes were clear and bright as a child's, her cheeks smooth and pink, her teeth snowy and faultless and the delicate lines of her figure just exactly what they were a score of years back. Some impulsive woman seized her and demanded to be told the secret of her eternal youth and this is what Patti revealed to her. She said: "When I am at home I go to bed early—10.30. I rise early, that is, early for singers, which means 10.30. So you see when I am not singing I sleep nearly 12 hours in the 24. Plenty of sleep, that is the secret of beauty and freshness. I don't sleep until 10, of course, but I make it a point not to get up at once when I wake, but to take a glass of hot water and a lemon and read my letters before getting out of bed. It's a mistake to jump up right away after waking. I bathe in tepid water and then sponge off with a cold sponge. On singing days I take a light and early dinner at 3 and only a biscuit and a cup of hot bouillon after the performance. No great quantity of food and plenty of sleep, that's the way to keep one's complexion and figure intact. I rarely touch wine, a liquor glass full of whiskey after luncheon or dinner, sometimes a glass of champagne. Nothing more."

But the real and main secret of Patti's perennial youth, and the one she did not dwell upon, is the fact that she has never given way to any emotions. She has avoided all feelings of every sort, as far as possible, hate, love, everything that might make a line on her fair face.—*New York World.*

Scrap-Bag of Women's Chat.

The choir girls of New York are grieving because they are being supplanted by boys.

Easy crying widows, says a misanthrope, take new husbands soonest; there's nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

Forty-five ladies of Utica, N.Y., have signed an agreement not to let a man crowd past them between the acts at a theatre.

A woman can never bring herself to see herself as others see her. Each believes herself to be a distinct type of beauty. As there are many degrees of beauty, possibly they are right.—*American Hebrew.*

A London paper says the art of the goldsmith is disappearing, owing to the cheapness of diamonds. The value of jewellery now depends upon the precious stones it contains, rather than upon the beauty of workmanship.

A Michigan woman practiced with a revolver until she could hit a suspender-button at eight paces. This came in handy when a burglar into her house early one morning, and she sent a bullet pinging through her husband's left ear.

A Port Huron (Mich.) woman who was engaged in a lawsuit was required to give security for costs in the sum of $50. Stripping off her $50 plush cloak she threw it down, saying to the judge: "Take that!" The functionary was glad to have the case go over to the next term.

An editor out West put a love-letter he had written into the copy-box, and his editorial upon the proper observance of marital duties he sent to his love. The letter appeared in his paper, and he is chasing his compositors all over the country with a tomahawk in each hand.

"The young ladies of to-day," says a veteran observer, "are all dressed in the most perfect copy of the dresses worn by Josephine, Hortense and the beautiful Pauline, the Princess Borghese. The fashions have come back in exactly eighty-eight years. For it was in 1800 that this short-waisted dress with little puffed sleeves was most marked."

A lady has been arrested in Atlanta, Ga., for wanting the inside of the sidewalk. She not only wants it, but she gets it whenever she goes out to walk. One man who refused to yield to her demand had his whiskers pulled and his hat knocked off, and countless scores of men have been pushed into the ditch. The lady says she will have the inside track if she has to fight for it until she dies.

A committee of Berlin ladies recently presented the Empress Victoria Augusta with a white silk apron on which the names of the Empress' five young sons were worked. The Empress, in acknowledging the gift, said that she was honored by the present, for an apron was always the symbol of the true German housewife. And then, putting the apron on, she said very simply: "My husband desires me always to wear an apron he says it looks more homely."

Cannon-Balls for the Cure of Constipation.

It is a very self-evident proposition in physics that a cannon-ball as ordinarily propelled, will, upon its abdominal impact, produce a movement of the bowels. Such a movement, however, says the *N.Y. Medical Record*, is attended with the serious personal inconvenience of producing a large hole in an important portion of the economy. It is not in this way, it need hardly be said, that Dr. E. Sahli, of Berne (*Correspondenz-Blatt fur Schweizer Aerzte*) proposes to utilize the cannon-ball in therapeutics. He advises that it be simply rolled about upon the abdomen for five or ten minutes daily, in order to relieve habitual constipation. The weight of the ball should be from three to five pounds. In cold weather it can be covered with chamois, or kept warm in a stove. Better still, according to Dr. Sahli, is the plan of having the patient take it to bed with him at night, and thus letting the missile of war warm itself ingloriously in the arms of the victim of colprostasis. The best time to use the cannon-ball is in the morning, after waking. It is then to be made part of the morning toilet; the patient lying on his back in bed rolls his terrific bedfellow systematically over the abdomen. The direction is not of so much importance, as that of systematically treating every part of the abdominal wall. Abdominal massage is acknowledged to be a useful measure in torpidity of the bowels, and Dr. Sahli assures his readers that by his method he has been able to cure nearly all of his cases without the aid of medication. Of course, proper attention should be paid to diet and hygiene. When universal peace comes, the orator can speak not only of turning swords into ploughshares, but also of cannon-balls into aperients; while of Dr. Sahli it may be written: "Peace hath its victories, no less renowned than war."

Too Particular.

"I went in to bathe, said a Yankee "but before I was long in the water I saw a huge double jawed shark making rapidly towards me. What was to be done? When he was within a yard of me I faced round, dived under the shark, and, taking a knife from my pocket, ripped the monster up." "But did you bathe with your clothes on?" asked an astonished listener. "Well," answered the story-teller reproachfully, "well, I do think you needn't be so very particular."

The Shortest Way.

Teacher—How is Pompeii pronounced?
First Boy—Pompey I.
Teacher—Next!
Second Boy—Pompey—ai—ai.
Teacher—Next!
Third Boy—Pompee.
Teacher—Next!
Fourth Boy (with ineffable scorn)—I don't pronounce it. I just say "Herculaneum."

Immodest Thought.

The London papers are wondering if it is the American girls' pink faces that charm foreign admirers. We should say that the girls' greenbacks attract more than their pink faces.—*Alta California.*

Hronek, the Chicago Anarchist, convicted of conspiring to assassinate with dynamite Inspector Bonfield and Judges Gary and Grinnell, was refused a new trial yesterday, and sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary. A stay of sixty days was granted to allow the filing of a bill of exceptions.

Though nearly a million Lebel rifles have been turned out in France, the Government workshops are still turning out 3,000 a day more.

A BAD HABIT.

Biting the Nails Has Often Serious Effect on the Throat.

"A novel incident resulting from a habit of very common prevalence among nervous people was brought to my notice recently," said a leading physician of Philadelphia to a New York *Mail and Express* reporter the other day. "A young lady presented herself at my office and complained of a constant irritation in her throat. Two weeks previously she had been taken with a very severe attack of sore throat, which was treated by the family physician. Under his care, she said, the inflammation quickly subsided, but there still remained a sensation of irritation. Examination revealed a small fleshy-looking object about the size of a kernel of wheat adherent to the tissues posterior to the left tonsil by the one end. The other parts of the throat were normal. The little mass could not be detached by a cotton covered probe, but by the use of forceps it was easily removed, and, on examination, proved to be a piece of finger nail, which had become embedded in a cheesy deposit. A broken piece of the nail was also removed from under the mucous membrane at the same spot by a sharp-pointed probe.

"The lady then confessed to the habit of biting her finger nails, and moreover, could remember that a day or two previous to her throat trouble a piece of nail she had bitten off had become lost in her mouth, but, after it had caused a fit of coughing, she had forgotten all about it until reminded by the discovery."

Better Declare a Truce.

The city editor of a leading newspaper sends out a reporter, we will assume, by way of illustration, to a politician with instructions to inquire as to whether or not he has been appointed to some lucrative position. The politician, with a great air of innocence and modesty, at first disclaims the rumor as a mistake. In the end, ten chances to one, and this time with an air off offended dignity, he will deny it indignantly and in toto as an invention of those "lying newspapers." The reporter has no alternative left but to write up what the politician says and in a week or so the appointment is officially announced, and the politician smiles at his acumen in keeping the other fellows off until his hooks were fixed.

Again, there is a rumor of a wedding, and the reporter goes forth on his mission, to be met with a prompt denial of it and an ill-tempered protest against the "lying newspapers." He contradicts the rumor on authority, and before the contradiction is cold, lo! an announcement of the wedding is sent in for publication.

A business man makes an important transaction of some kind, more or less interesting to the public, and the reporter "gets on to it" and goes for denial or confirmation. He usually gets a denial in the form of an assertion that no such sale is contemplated, and the report is duly printed. In a day or two the transaction is announced as consummated.

In the church a scandal arises and the truth is sought for publication. The truth is not found until it has been almost smothered by falsehoods. Now, after these instances, to put it plainly, who is the liar?

In the mass of news from many sources that has to be hurriedly collected and collated for a great newspaper, some that is incorrect will almost of necessity find its way now and then into its columns. In really reputable and carefully conducted journals this seldom happens intentionally.

So, among the millions of people who fill the multifarious positions of life, some even of those rated as honorable and reliable will occasionally lapse into untruth, or something so near untruth as not to be distinguishable from it, in their dealings with the press.

It were, therefore, well to declare truce between the press and the public on these points.—*Washington Post.*

A Conjurer's Wonderful Trick.

I saw a remarkable conjuring trick performed by a Parsee on a voyage from London to Calcutta. He was a small land owner travelling for pleasure, and had taken up conjuring for an amusement. He asked for a rupee; we all inspected it; it was a genuine rupee. Then he gave it to a gentleman to hold and asked him to think of a country in Europe.

After a moment's pause the gentleman who held the coin said that he had thought of a country.

"Then open your hand," said the juggler. "See what you have got and tell me if it is a coin of the country you thought of."

It was a five-franc piece and our friend had thought of France. He was going to hand the coin to the Parsee, but the latter said:—

"No; pass it to another sahib." As I happened to be the nearest the five-franc piece was handed to me. I looked closely at it. Then, shutting my hands, I thought of America. When I opened it I found a Mexican dollar. This I handed to the gentleman on my right, who in turn thought of Russia, and on opening his hand found