Listowel Standard.

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A Tight Place.

Among the favourite schemes of those persons who insist upon reforming everything, is one for the prevention of overcrowding in street cars by dividing the seats with iron bars so that each seat will hold precisely ten persons and no more. It is urged that this plan has been tried with complete success on all our ferry boats, and that it would be equally successful if applied to the street cars. So much has been said on the subject that a number of cars with divided seats have been placed on the Fulton-avenue line in Brooklyn, and on board one of those cars a little incident occurred the other day which conspicuously illustrates the value of the device.

On Tuesday morning last car No. 115 left Fulton Ferry at 8:17 A.M., with every seat occupied. The space allotted to each passenger was certainly rather narrow, but the iron arms prevented any person from encroaching upon his neighbour, and so gave general satisfaction. Near the top of the hill the car was stopped by a large German and his wife, who weighed in the aggregate fully 700 pounds. The conductor ushered them into the car, and a polite old gentleman with a crutch gave his seat to the German woman, the younger passengers being too much absorbed in thought to notice the new passengers. The exact measurement of the German woman are unknown, but there is no doubt that she was unusually wide. In fact, sue was apparently wider than the seat she attempted to occupy, and it was only after many efforts that she finally inserted herself into the seat edgeways and subsequently trimmed herself so that she rode on an even keel.

A few blocks this side of the City Hall a passenger left the car and the stout German undertook to take his seat. He made a good many remarks in the German language during the process, but being a man of great determination he succeeded in forcing himself between the bars. The worthy Teutonic pair being thus finally seated, smiled placidly at each other and were evidently contented and happy.

Gradually the passengers one by one left the car until only the German, his wife, and an apparently deaf and dumb young man remained. About a mile the other side of the City Hall the two Germans, having reached their destination, attempted to rise and ring the bell. The man made the first attempt, but the inexorable iron-bars held him fast. No matter how much he writhed and to what extent he twisted himself into eccentric positions, he could not release himself. His wife would have come to his aid, but she, too, found herself a prisoner. Had they been able to speak English they might have explained their difficulties to the conductor and appealed to him for help, but the latter could not understand a word of German, and as he subsequently asserted, never dreamed that they wanted to get out, but supposed that they were debating some question of domestic interest with the earnestness characteristic of the German race. As for the deaf and dumb young man he read his paper with such close attention that he never noticed that his fellow-passengers were in trouble.

The car rolled on over the immense and desert plains that surround the city of Brooklyn. Occasionally a pedestrian would hear the outcries of the wretched Germans and turn to look after the receding car, but the conductor, becoming exasperated, finally informed his imprisoned passengers, by an elaborate pantomime, that unless they kept quiet he would show them how easily his official "punch" would be converted into a "knuckle-duster." After this there was no more noise. The German woman wept silently, and her husband ceased his efforts to split the side of the car open with his shoulders.

In course of time East New-York, a place which, as all geographers are aware, is distant 39,013 miles from anywhere else, was reached. Here the Germans renewed their efforts to break loose, but the conductor, with great presence of mind, started the car on its return trip and demanded their fares. They made some feeble German objections to paying, but soon yielded to the conductor's arguments. The deaf and dumb man still kept his seat. He was, undoubtedly, indulging in car riding for the benefit of his health, paid his return fare without the slightest hesitation,—smiling at the same time in a vacant and kindly way when the conductor mentioned that "them there Dutchmen seeme to think that they could sit there and enjoy themselves all day without paying." After an hour or two the car reached the outskirts of Brooklyn and began to pick up passengers. The Germans were either exhausted or else feared to attract the attention of the conductor; so they sat perfectly still, and no one suspected that they were prisoners. At 5:23 in the afternoon the car reached Fulton Ferry, and the German caught sight of a compatriot on the sidewalk who spoke English, and with whom he was acquainted. On being violently hailed from the car window, the compatriot came to the rescue and explained to the conductor the true state of affairs. Of course, the conductor was greatly astonished. He said that he supposed his German passengers were riding for the benefit of their health, or in order to enjoy a holiday, and that he could never forgive himself for having innocently failed to come to their assistance. A policeman and a few other men were then called on to assist in extricating the prisoners, and their release was finally effected by prying them out with cart-rungs, the conductor having declared that he would lose his situation were the iron bars to be unscrewed. The released Germans, having fortified themselves with beer, started to wa k home; the deaf and dumb young man who had witnessed their release with much interest, and who was afterward ascertained to be a miller, crossed the ferry, chuckling softly to himse f as if filled with pure and beautiful thoughts, and the conductor remarked to his confidential friend, the driver, that if the English-speaking German—whom he denounced with great vigor of language—had had no interfered, he would have carried "them two Dutchmen over the line all night, and knocked down the fares every time."

From this history it appears evident that while the plan of dividing the seats in street cars may have its advantages, so far as narrow passengers are concerned, it cannot be expected to meet the view of broad persons, especially if they are unable to speak English.

The coal production of China is reckoned at 3,000,000 tons annually. The anthracite beds of Shansi represent 1,000,000 tons; the bituminous coal of that province, 700,000. All the eighteen provinces contain coal; and, although the extent of the coal fields and the age and quality of the coal vary, yet China may now be regarded as one of the first coal countries of the world. The area of her coal fields exceeds even that of North America, and with the greatest of them—that of Shansi—no other coal region can be compared in the union of the most fortunate conditions as regards position, quality and quantity. Along with the coal, brown iron ore is also found in great quantity. With a yearly production of 300,000,000 tons, it is estimated that this extensive bed of anthracite alone could cover the whole present demand of the world for 2,400 years. But the working of the Chinese coal fields is yet so much in its infancy that the production at present, in spite of the most favorable circumstances, is only equal to about 1-15 of the coal production of Germany or the United States.

CARRIZAL, Mexico, has lately lost as exceedingly novel bank of deposit, and burglars are bewailing their ignorance of local institutions. Three years ago a priest built a house there, ordering the masons to leave the partition walls unfinished. These he ran up himself in the night time, an old woman holding a candle for him. In a series of holes in the walls he secreted $60,000 in gold and silver coin, and then completed the walls leaving small holes to drop other earnings in. Up to a month ago he lived alone in his house, allowing no one to pass the threshold. Deciding to remove into another parish he broke open his vaults of deposit, took out his savings, and departed leaving about $10 scattered on the floor in his haste. Then the discreet old lady told the story, and the swearing was begun.

THE test of chivalry in Toronto is giving up your seat in the street car to a lady. They do not put her to the test of replying: "Thank you."

An authority says that it is worse than murder to put infants in stiff springed coaches.

The startling announcement is made that flouring mills are liable to explosion at any moment.

What will prevent the falling out of hair from the head of a young person who is otherwise in perfect health? A. It is sometimes beneficial to cut the hair.

The princesse dresses worn by girls of twelve years, and the tiniest little ones also are no longer plain, nor are they trimmed with scarfs. The fancy this season is to add jacket fronts to them, giving them, in some designs, the effect of a cut-away coat, while the princesse back is preserved.

DAISY PICKING.

A little child, knee deep in meadow grass is,
Her tiny arms spread with blooms of spring;
Lightly above her head the soft wind passes,
Sweetly along her way the blue birds sing.

Quick fly the eager glances hither, thither
The little, grasping fingers know no hoard;
Already some fair buds begin to wither,
Some softly drop unnoticed to the ground.

No matter now, the world is full of sweetness;
Stretches the field before her wide and gay;
Blithe little heart that knows no incompleteness,
So touch of gloom in all the sunny day.

Ah, gladly take what spring-time brings of gladness,
Each tender blossomed joy of childhood's hour;
For days will come when treading slow in sadness,
Thou may'st search vainly for one wayside flower.

PADDY THE TINKER.

AN IRISH STORY.

A very few years since a poor family residing in the suburbs of Omagh in the county of Tyrone attracted much notice. The adventure which caused it found its way to the local journals; and the details as repeated, though varying in some points, agreed in the main circumstances of the story. A friend, who spent some time in the neighbourhood, favoured us with such particulars as he could gather, and which probably comprise the true version of the affair.

The Callaghans—who are a large family—lived in a cabin by the wayside at some distance from the town. People wondered how so many found room within its narrow walls; but they not only found room, but comfort and cheerfulness. And those who passed the door often heard the sound of pleasant voices and merry laughter, chiming in with the clatter of tins and the tinker's hammer: for it was the tinkering trade which gave support and occupation to those within. Those who were too young to be initiated into the mysteries of the craft, could at least wipe the rust from the pots and pans, and make them look bright and clean. The donkey, who drew these precious articles to distant parts of the neighbourhood and to country fairs, was an object of respect and love to the whole family. His lodgings were in the far corner of the cabin—which was portioned off by a ledge of wood—where he was duly cared for by the elders of the family, and fondly caressed by the youngsters. As he passed along on the winding road of a fine sunny morning, the glittering of the tins might be seen as they flashed through the green hedges. Sometimes his master walked by the side of the little cart, encouraging the patient beast with familiar words. When a shawl for herself, a cap for Micky or Jack, or any article of dress for some member of the family, was to be got in exchange for a kettle or a saucepan, Mrs. Callaghan took her husband's place; nor did she ever forget in her mercantile transactions to secure some tobacco for her goodman. Paddy, their first-born, and his mother's special darling, was sometimes deputed to attend the fairs; and Mrs. Callaghan declared that he made larger sales and better bargains than she or his father could. It was no wonder that Paddy got customers; for he was, as all the neighbours allowed, 'a likely boy, and had a pleasant word for every one; and so much fun, that he'd make a cat laugh.' Indeed frolic and laughter were always to be had in his company. Besides his convivial talents, Paddy had a decided genius for tinkering; and his copies of some of his father's *chefs d' œuvres* were so exact, that it was difficult to distinguish them from the originals. It was not to be supposed that a person so endowed, and of such social propensities, should not join in such amusements as offered. It must be confessed that he, like many other gifted men, left many of his works untinished, so often was he tempted beyond the domestic circle. He was a guest at all the dances and the weddings in the neighbourhood; and there was not a girl of the party who did not wish to have Paddy for her partner; for if he was merry at other times, he was almost out of his wits with spirits when dancing a jig.

It was one morning after he had returned from one of those merry meetings that Paddy called his mother aside, and told her that he had offered himself to Nancy Maguire, and been accepted. It was in a thoughtless moment that poor Paddy had proferred his heart and hand; but it must be confessed that the thoughtless moments were neither few nor far between; seem; that they generally continued from the time he opened his eyes in the morning till he closed them at night. The news was anything but pleasant to his mother, particularly as she found that Paddy was to leave her, and set up for himself in Maguire's cabin, which was to be given up, rent free, to him and Nancy, by her father, who meant to settle a few miles further on. Considering Paddy's great talents, and his high reputation for tinkering, Mrs. Callaghan looked on the whole affair as a take-in on the part of the Maguires. She thought too, that the girl might go gallivanting about; but, after all, that would have made her the fitter for a tinker's wife. Paddy only knew that she was pretty, and could dance a jig right well; and he hoped all the rest. He left his home with a sigh; for though it was but a mud cabin, he loved it dearly. His father resolved that he should have an equivalent for the cabin; so he stowed on him a supply of sheet-iron, and the necessary tools for working at his business. He was soon settled in his new abode with his pretty little wife, and it was not his fault if they were not always good-humoured and gay. Some folks, however, said that Nancy was better tempered at a wedding or a dance than she was at home; and others went so far as to say that she never gave Paddy an easy minute, but that she was ever at him. Nancy's friends told a different story; and said that if the girl thwarted and snubbed him, it was all out of good-nature, and for his good. Constant dropping, they say, wears the smoothest stone, and however it was, poor Paddy lost all his fine spirits; and his eyes, that used to be for ever dancing in his head, looked dull and heavy; and instead of the hop, skip, and jump which had distinguished his gait, he now moved listlessly on as if it was all one to him where he went. It was said that he had on two or three occasions threatened to go away for good; but Nancy, let matters have been how they might, would have been sorry if he had parted in anger.

'What is come over our Paddy?' Mrs. Callaghan said to his father. 'He's not the same boy he was—the half of him aint in it—and his cheeks, that were like the reddiest roses I ever seen, have no more colour in them than the drivellin' snows; and no jokes and laughs any more. I'm afraid of my life that Nancy has a contrary temper; and he is one that never was come across since the day he was born—one that was used to have his own way in anything he'd take into his head, from the first moment that he could use his little fists, and came to his natural speech.'

'Maybe,' replied her husband, 'his sheet-iron is out; but that needn't trouble the boy, for I'll share what I have with him.'

One day, as Mrs. Callaghan was sitting on the low stool by the fire, and the bellows with which she had been blowing it lying on her lap, Paddy walked in, and passed by the children, who were standing about the door, without speaking. He went over to the fire, and drew the other stool, and sat down by his mother. 'Mother,' said he, after a moment's silence, 'I'm come to bid you all good-by; for I can't put up with Nancy's tongue no longer—it's beyond the beyonds; she's all out too cantankerous; the very heart's fairly scalded in me. So I think it better to go quiet and aisy at onst; and so I have listed with the party that's baitin' up for recruits; and I'm come to lave my blessin' with yees all, mother darlint'——

His poor mother burst into violent fits of crying; and Paddy's eyes, which had been full when he entered the room, overflowed, and the big tears rolled down his cheeks; the children all hung about him, and with sobs joined their entreaties to their mother's that he would not leave them. But Paddy could not go back of his engagement, and go he must. It was a sorrowful parting to them all. He never had been longer from home than for a few days, when he happened to go with a cargo of tins to a place too distant to admit of his return on the same day. On these occasions he was always missed, and his return eagerly watched for by the whole family; the children would be up and away at the first dawn of day to look for him from the point which commanded the most extensive view of the road. There would they remain, straining their eyes till the donkey-cart, with Paddy by its side, came in sight; then, with shouts, they would bound on to meet him. And now he was to go beyond the seas—perhaps to foreign parts, and might stay away for years upon years; and if he did come back, he might find the green grass growing over those who would have been the most delighted to give him the *Cead mille failta*. It was thus the poor mother thought; but all couldn't keep him. He shared his bounty with his parents; but the money looked hateful in the eyes of his mother. A few days, and he was away with the party with whom he had enlisted. None grieved more after him than his wife; for she blamed herself, and thought that he would not have left her if she had not been too cross. She feared to call on his people, for she felt that they were angry with her; and so left the neighbourhood without seeing them, and went to stay with her father. The cabin in which she and Paddy had lived was soon inhabited by other inmates. Paddy's mother fretted sorely after him—and she was for ever talking of him. She never wearied of telling of all the arch ways and 'cute remarks of his boyish days. The neighbours heard the stories so often, that they had them by heart. Every one observed, from this time, what a favorite little Jack was with his mother; he was like what Paddy had been at his age, and he was always by her side.

Paddy liked a soldier's life at first, when it was new to him; but its monotony after a time tired him. He felt as if one sight of the green fields, and the little mountain rill at home, would do him good. The very cabin, humble as it was, seemed to his fancy, in the distance, a very paradise. Vague longings to return, it is said, at length formed themselves into regular plans; and in the third year of his service, we have heard, he did actually desert.

It would lead us into too great length were we to detail all that he suffered in his vain endeavours to reach home; all the harassing expedients to which he was driven to elude the police, who were on the look-out for deserters, and who, he had often reason to think, were on his track; the days of concealment, and the nights of watching; or, if slumber came, the troubled dreams, in which grim-visaged police and fiendish drum-majors were sure to present themselves in the most appalling attitudes. To escape from this wretched state he introduced the suit of an uncle, in whose house in Clogher he had sought refuge. His uncle applied to the Roman Catholic Bishop, who, through the instrumentality of an officer very high in the army—to whom he had at one time rendered an essential service—effected all that was required, and Paddy was extricated from his perilous situation, on condition of his immediately returning to quarters. Arrived there he must have thought himself very fortunate in being let off with a good scolding, and a few day's retirement in the black hole. To do him justice, after he had served his probation he showed himself grateful for the lenity he had experienced; and by the strictest attention to his duty, proved how anxious he was to reinstate himself in the good opinion of his officers. After serving for another year, he got his discharge; and now he might go home with an easy conscience, and free from all anxiety. He took a kind farewell of his comrades whom he had before left with so little ceremony. His excitement and hurry to reach home were very great; he took passage in the first vessel which he found bound for Ireland. Unfortunately, she was not seaworthy, and he narrowly escaped being wrecked. They found much difficulty in reaching the port; and poor Paddy was so worn out by his exertions in assisting at the pumps, that a little rest would have been necessary; but the moment he put his foot upon his native soil his heart got up, and slinging his worldly goods, which were tied up in a blue and white handkerchief, on his stick, which he rested on his shoulder in market-fashion, he set out in double-quick time, singing and whistling snatches of merry songs for the first two or three miles, and thinking of the joy with which he would be greeted on his unexpected arrival, especially by his poor mother. But his limbs grew weary, and his hands and feet burned with heat; his head ached, and he was tormented with parching thirst. He put up on his way for the night at a little shebeen shop (so are the humble houses of entertainment designated); but he could take none of the good cheer spread before him, the smoking dish of potatees, and the tempting rashers of bacon and fried eggs, utterly failing in provoking his appetite. The bed to which he retired was no resting-place to him, for he rose from it in the morning guiltless of a slumber. The people of the house saw that he was ill: but he said the air would do him good. So he paid his reckoning for the dinner which he had not tasted, and for the bed in which he had not slept, and pursued his way. He was indeed ill; and how he ever reached his uncle's house was wonderful.

The pleasure which his relations felt at seeing him come back his own master, was subdued when they saw how weak and ill he appeared. They, however, gave him a hearty welcome: he sat shivering and covering over the fire, complaining of the cold, though his face was flushed, and his hand was burning. He lay upon the bed; but sleep would not come; the headache and thirst increased. His uncle and aunt whispered that it was the sickness which he had (the term always used to express fever). They imparted their tears to him in the morning; spoke of their dread of infection, and proposed his removal to the hospital or the workhouse. Paddy acquiesced in the propriety of the measure; and he was accordingly brought there, and instantly put to bed, which, from the crowded state of the establishment, was shared with another fever patient. The fever ran high, and bad symptoms came on. On the eighth day his case was pronounced to be hopeless; and at his earnest request a messenger was sent to tell his parents that he was in Clogher—ill, and in hospital. What would have been such joyful news to his family, who had no expectation of his coming back, was embittered by the account of his illness; but he was young, and had always been strong and healthy; so they hoped he would soon be well, and among them once more. It was resolved that his father and favourite sister Peggy should go to see him, and bring him back on the donkey-car, if he could be removed with safety. The poor mother stayed at home, to take care of the cabin and of the children; she stayed at the door till the travellers were out of sight; she offered up an earnest prayer for Paddy's recovery, and safe return with his father and sister.

The way seemed long to them, who burned with impatience to see him. At length they arrived at the house of their relations: the account of poor Paddy were most disheartening; he was so much worse, that his death was every moment expected. His father and sister gained admittance to the ward; he was ill indeed; and they wept bitterly when they looked at him. His eyes were directed towards the door; and, after a moment, he hid his face in the bedclothes, exclaiming, "Why didn't my mother come to see me?" His father and Peggy caressed him, and wept over him; but still he would interrupt their fond words with, "Why didn't my mother come to see me?" These were the last words they heard him speak, as they left the ward at the hour prescribed for visitors to take their leave. They were at the door at day-break the next morning when they learned, what they most dreaded to hear, that poor Paddy had died at twelve o'clock the night before. From the nature of the complaint—which made every precaution for the prevention of the spread of infection necessary—but a few hours had been allowed to pass till the remains were consigned to a coffin.

The grief of the father and the girl affected those who witnessed it; and the earnest request, that they might be allowed to take poor Paddy's remains home to his own burying place, was complied with; and the coffin was placed in the donkey-car. Bitter were the tears which Callaghan shed as he adjusted it, and covered it with straw, that it might not shock the eyes of the poor woman at home, till the sad news was broken to her.

In the meantime she had cleaned up the cabin, and put everything in order. She made the bed as comfortable as she could for her darling, having fixed on the snuggest corner for his resting-place; "for wake and weary my poor child will be," she said, as she made all her little arrangements. She had made some purchases for the jubilee which she was determined to have to welcome him. The tea and sugar, and the bread and butter, were all ready on the shelf for a refreshing repast. The sound of every distant car, and the bark of every dog, brought her to the cabin door. At length, nearly at nightfall, she caught a glimpse of a car and persons walking by its side. She called to the children within to blow up the fire and to make a good blaze. She soon ascertained that the travellers were her own people; but Paddy was not with them. She tried to comfort herself for the disappointment which she felt by saying, "It was better not to bring the dear creature so far, till he gathers a little strength; and the night-air, sure enough might give him *cowld*. But it won't be long till he comes too; for sickness never lay heavy upon him." When she reached the door, she perceived by the face of her husband that something was amiss; and when she looked at Peggy, she saw that her eyes were red, as if she had been crying. She feared to ask what was the matter; but the sad tale was soon told; and the coffin was laid upon a table, and the poor mother knelt by it, wringing her hands, and calling Paddy by the fondest epithets; and telling the poor lifeless clay how she loved him; and asking why he had parted from her. Her husband tried to calm her; but the words of comfort which he spoke fell coldly on her ear, and did not reach her heart. Paddy, wild and thoughtless as he had been, had always been the joy of that heart. It was agony to think she was never to see him again who had been the very light to her eyes! She asked for any message he might have sent—for every word that he had spoken. They repeated his last words, "Why didn't my mother come to see me?" They cut her to the very heart, and seemed as if they would for ever mar any hope of peace; for, while they spoke of his love, they told too plainly that he had felt her neglect. Oh how she accused herself for having let anything on earth detain her away from him at such a time! "Way didn't my mother come to see me?" seemed for ever to ring in her ears, and vibrate through her very heart—"Why didn't my mother come to see me?"

The remains were borne the next day to the quiet old churchyard about two miles off, and were followed by a great concourse of persons, for all the neighbours wished to pay the last mark of respect to one who had been born and bred among them, and who had been so well liked; and as they walked along, many were the anecdotes of his good nature and pleasantry which were recounted. It was with difficulty that the friends, who had lingered behind the rest, could prevail on the poor mother to leave the grave, on which she had thrown herself in wild agony. A few days more, and she might be seen about her usual occupations. The poor cannot afford to indulge their grief; but still, as they go about their business, it lies heavy at their heart; and though they cannot sit apart for hours and days, and let their tears flow on without restraint, yet they find time in all their active hurry for passionate bursts of agony.

The poor mother might still often be seen wending her way with her cargo of tins to some neighbouring fair or market. Many an object that she had been wont to pass heedlessly by, told stories of other days that wrung her heart. As she passed the rich pasture-lands, and heard the tinkling of the sheep-bells, she remembered how often Paddy, who was ever at her side when a child, would make her stop, that he might dance to their merry chime. The very primroses, glinting out on the green banks, seemed too beautiful and sweet, now that Paddy, who loved to gather them when a boy, was gone. The little birds, chirping and hopping gaily among the green branches, seemed, as it were, too happy without him, who was wont to seek out their nests and attend the young brood. She would sometimes stop on her way and let the donkey feed by the roadside, while she sat near the hedge to think of Paddy; and she would clasp her hands, and utter vehement cries, and exclaim, "Why didn't my mother come to see me?" Strangers who went along thought she was some poor demented creature, and passed on to the other side. The neighbours knew it was grief that ailed her, and pitied her the more because they thought that she was crazed. As she sat thus one day, she might have heard the step of one close by, if she had heeded anything. A trembling hand was laid upon her shoulder, and in a tone, low almost as a whisper, Nancy—Paddy's wife—said, "Won't you turn round? Won't you give me one kiss?" She did turn round, but it was to give an angry look; for she blamed her for his having gone away. The poor girl said no more; but gathering the end of the mother's cloak in her hand, she kissed it passionately, and went on her way. After a moment, the unhappy woman thought she had been too harsh, and she called her; but Nancy had hurried on, and was already far out of hearing; and this, too, weighed upon her heart: and so months passed on.

One evening when she had returned late from market she sat down to reckon her gains. She was weary after her long day's journey; but she did not neglect to see that the poor "dumb baste" was comfortable. He was in his own corner of the cabin, and the children were busy about him. The dusk of the evening had come on, and the blaze from the turf-fire was not strong, so the cabin was rather dark and gloomy. The latch of the door was raised, and those within thought it was by the goodman of the house, who was expected home about that hour; but it was a stranger who entered. He said nothing, but went over to the fire, drew a stool, and sat down; and having taken a pipe from his waistcoat pocket, lit it, and applied himself intently to smoke. Mrs. Callaghan concluded that he meant to pass the night there, as it is very usual for wayfarers at nightfall to turn into the cabins by the wayside to seek a night's lodging. The required hospitality is seldom refused, except in cases where there is sickness within, or too many in the family to admit of room for another. The latter being the case in Callaghan's cabin, his wife told the unbidden guest that she would give him a night's lodging and welcome if there were plenty of room. As he made no reply, she concluded that he had not heard her, and repeated what she had said. After a deuse whiff from his pipe, he merely said he was very well where he was, and did not mean to go farther, and then renewed his smoking with increased energy. The unwilling hostess felt a little alarmed, lest he should be one of those bad characters who sometimes intruded into houses with a design of robbing the inmates. She wished most anxiously for Callaghan's return, as she did not know how to act by a person who appeared determined to have his own way. The children looked frightened, and stood motionless observing the intruder; little Mary, summoning up her courage, came from among them, and went to the obscure corner where he sat, that she might take an accurate survey of his features: when she got close to him, and looked up in his face she called out, "Mammy, it's our own Paddy!"

The poor woman rushed over, took one look, and fell to the floor in a state of insensibility. The children raised her; but she had not quite come to herself when her husband entered; the children ran to him exclaiming, "That's our Paddy!" as they pointed to the man, who went on smoking at the fire.

Callaghan looked at the man, and ran in terror for protection behind the donkey. "Don't go nigh it, childer—it's a speret; don't go nigh it." Then turning to the donkey, he inquired of him, "Wasn't it you that brought our Paddy home from Clogher hospital? Wasn't it yourself that drew the cart with his coffin and himself in it all the ways? Hadn't we a wake, though he was shut in it? Didn't we lay out every pinny we had to buy candles, and pipes, and tobacco, and all that was right and requisite? And didn't all the neighbours come? And hadn't they a pleasant night? And didn't they all go to the funeral? And didn't we lave him with his own people that have been there for these hundreds of years? And what is it, then, that can make his speret uneasy?"

The donkey denied nothing that his master asserted, but was perhaps unable to answer the last query, as he still remained silent.

"Oh, Paddy, darlint!" exclaimed Mrs. Callaghan, "what is it disturbs you out of your grave? Is it more masses you want for the repose of your poor soul? Sure, if it is, you have only to spake the word; and if every screed in the house was to go to the pawn-office, it shall be done."

Taking the pipe deliberately out of his mouth, the man or spirit rose and came forward into the middle of the room, and waving his hand, said, "I am Paddy—Paddy sure enough; and though I've made my ways to yees, it's only to tell yees all my mind, and to go away for good and all; for I don't feel mighty well plaised with any of yees. Mother, you never came nigh me at all, though you heard I was so bad in the hospital, and that the doctors had given me up. Why didn't you come and see me? Father, you and Peggy seen me dyin' in my bid, and left me there, and never asked for a sight of me again. You wouldn't have sarved a dog so. There was I left; and the comrade that was in the bed with me died by my side that very night you seen me. He was put in his coffin, and his friends came next morning and took him away. I suppose yees all thought I was dead, and thrown out upon some dunghill, and that you had fairly got shut of me for the rest of your days. But you see I've come back to tell you my mind, and to say to yees all that I never will darken your doors again after your unkind treatment. But I lave you my blessin'——"

Paddy would have gone out, but they all clung to him. Everything was soon cleared by the explanation which took place. Paddy's father had brought home the remains of the poor man who had died, and who had been supposed by the nurses to have been his son. He had been wept over and waked by strangers, attended to the grave by those with whom he had never claimed kindred or friendship.

Paddy and his mother were in each other's arms crying for joy. His father was by his side, and the children gathered round him laughing and crying by turns. An hour had scarcely passed, when Nancy, who had been on her way home with some purchases for her father and mother, heard the strange report and rushed into the cabin in breathless haste. Paddy's arms and heart were open to receive her, and she wept for a moment in silence on his bosom; then looking up in his face, she said: "I have got you back, Paddy, and you will never lave me again; never will a cross or contrary word pass my lips any more."

"And as for myself," said Paddy, "I was all oet too careless and fond of rovin'; but I have more sinse now; and now that I'm back with yees all again, I'll never lave you while the breath's in me."

No friends ever came to look after the the man who had been buried in Paddy's stead.

"We'll let him stay where he is, the poor lonely stranger," said Mrs. Callaghan; "for never again will I be the one to turn out livin' or dead. Wasn't I near turnin' out our darlint Paddy from his own natural home the night he came back to make us all so happy?"

Russian Literature During Catherine's Reign.

The reign of Catherine formed a distinct epoch in the intellectual history of the empire. The patronage accorded by the empress to letters, the example of her personal brilliancy, stimulated the creative faculty of the court that surrounded her. She gathered the intellectual results of the century from all parts of Europe, and domesticated them among the steppes of her empire. Her broad philosophy of life and thought and government astonished the schools from which it had sprung. The bold, half-savage audacity of her system went so far beyond the timid speculations of Western Europe, that even Voltaire said, speaking of the superb Russian, "C'est du Nord maintenant que nous vient la lumiere." The Russian court was the epitome of the whole lawless, corrupt magnificence of the last century, combining its own Eastern barbarity and sumptuousness with the *esprit* of life, the cynicism of action, the exquisite egoism of Western nations. An age glorious for Russia, the culmination of the material philosophy of the old barbaric empire; an age when letters flourished as the ornament of a court, and poets were pensioned for the praises of their empress; when serfdom was increased throughout the empire; when powdered, painted lovers and favourites went forth to conquer armies in caftans covered with jewels; when, in celebration of their victories, princes, the heroes of the poets' epics, ordered fetes in artificial gardens planted with exotics, where jewelled elephants stalked among the guests, and then, from excess of reaction, passed days in moody silence, yawning with *ennui*, the cup of pleasure drained to the dregs. The bacchanals of the French regency fall into insignificance by the side of the sumptuous orgies of the Russian court. Strange that at a time when the European states were thus corrupt, and the foundations of society were being gradually undermined, there should appear upon the horizon, piercing through the gathered shadows, intellects strong, white, and true as the sunlight of reason. The decay of Italy produced that fine antique marble, Alfieri, whose intuitions were as facts to other men; born not of the Crusca, but of the smouldering Greek spirit of its countrymen. In Russia, while the empress founded academies and fostered the classical tendencies of her poet nurslings, there was one among them, Derschawin, who amidst much of flattery and fawning, much of the spirit lost in matter, many odes and poems degraded by the worship of the warrior favourites, uttered words that made him as dear to the hearts of the Russian as Alfieri to those of the Italians. He carried the motive power of his genius the idea of naturalization, the spirit of ancient Russia, high and pure across all the foreign infiltrations of the century.

Every country tottering on the verge of destruction, covering the abyss with flowers, finds suddenly some grinning satirist lurking among them, as France in Beaumarchais, Italy in Goldoni. It requires a complexity of life and civilization to produce comedy. Purity and simplicity of soul do not generate satire. The many-sided brilliant *baroque* of the court and empire of Catherine called into life the genius of the poet Von Visin. He wrote two comedies, immortal in the minds of the people, the characters of which have passed into proverbs. Both satirize the customs and habits of the empire—military organization, education, social life. The reign of Catherine produced other poets—Kapnist, Kostrow, Kheraskof—more or less imitators of Derschawin, and like him formed on the models of French classicism.

There was a flavor of the *cinque-cento* in the intellectual activity of the Russian *literati* A passion for books, archives, chronicles, extended throughout the country. Nicolas Novikoff occupies the same position in the intellectual history of Russia as Aldus Manutio in that of Venice—an earnest lover of books and manuscripts, whose ardent desire was, through the medium of the academies, to disseminate knowledge throughout the empire. There were strange incongruities in that reign of Catherine—a mingling of the court of Leo X. with that of the French regent—intellectual activity and moral decay.—*Harper's Magazine.*

AN ugly idea.—A black eye, dear.

WORKMEN generally on a strike—Blacksmiths.

And now that we have a phonograph in Toronto, let some of our local singers get their voices bottled up.

The Cincinnati *Breakfast Table* says that Ingersoll confesses that one thing is created to be eternally lost. Yes, an umbrella.

When plums are ripe pick them; when the Fenians are ready hang them.

The *Chicago Journal* believes that gunpowder can be made from flour. Flour goes off fast enough now.

The way to beat potato bugs. Don't plant any potatoes.

White pique dresses are not as much used as they formerly were, now that small girls are provided with such pretty coloured dresses.

Conversation.

We have high authority for saying that conversation makes a ready man, and equally high for adding that it does not follow that every man who is a ready talker is an adept in conversation. Some indeed tell us that there are none now who can converse; that the current talk is not to be so spoken of; that conversation is, in short, a lost art which disappeared in the days of our grandfathers, and has never been heard of since. We for our part don't think this is a fair representation of the facts of the case. Ordinarily sensible men do not now either soliloquize or lecture in the social circle, and as little do they fancy that they must indulge in stilted talk or high-flying rhetoric, in order to please their friends or keep up their own reputation. Nay, few could now stand Johnson, or would submit to be lectured by Coleridge. We are afraid that even Lord Macaulay would be in danger of being voted a bore if he declaimed by the hour, while Madame de Staël in all likelihood would not be wondered after and bowed down before, as she was in the good old days when she claimed to be a social and literary queen.

We are not complaisant enough to listen by the hour without having an opportunity of saying our say. The grandiloquent talker has in these days been voted a nuisance, and the man who is ever anxious to be "useful" and improving gets but scant courtesy and corresponding attention in these irreverent times. Yet after all, in a certain way, there is a good deal of conversation going, not very elevated possibly, often not even animated, but still it serves its turn, and perhaps quite as well as the much-vaunted table-talk of other times. We daresay, if one could listen to all that was said in those old world periods, he would find that those grand conversers were not always above gossip, and could often indulge in what irreverent listeners might properly characterize as drivel. After all, we are in this respect not so grievously fallen as is sometimes said. Perhaps even, if it were thought worth while, the men of the present might be able to keep their own with even the mighty talkers of the days gone by. Some of us at any rate are sufficiently long-winded and, though such may not lecture by the hour, they are more or less inclined to monopolize the attention of the company. And how often is self and its doings the great subject! Why can't people keep off themselves? Why must they lug in what themselves have been doing, or what they propose to do? Who cares for all that stupid stuff? Nobody whatever except the speaker, and he, instead of being pleased, ought to be ashamed of himself. Some regularly study beforehand plans for guiding the conversation into certain channels. Wilberforce used to prepare what he called his "launchers," and some in the present day are greatly pleased if they don't do the same thing.

If conversation is to be really pleasant, each must contribute a due quota, and there must be more or less of an instinctive discernment of what will afford pleasure, and what is likely to cause pain. Tact is not everything, but is a great deal, and naturalness and want of effort are equally indispensable to social intercourse yielding either pleasure or profit. Whoever takes a healthy living interest in what concerns other people, who goes out of self, and away from self, will not have much difficulty in rendering his society agreeable, and in receiving a great amount of pleasure in return. If there is at an evident desire to shine, a palpable endeavour to lead, an uneasy longing to have the first place, as guide, philosopher, authority and friend, there will almost to a certainty be a resolute determination on the part of others to oppose, and, if possible, to disappoint. Nor is this surprising. Dogmatism, according to Douglas Jerrold's definition, is puppyism come to perfection, and such puppyism, in whatever stage of development, richly deserves to be put down.

But what are we to talk about? is often asked. The answer is simple and evident. As much as possible about things, as little as possible about persons. With far too many the staple conversation is the faults and follies, the sins and shortcomings either of acquaintances or of public men. How easily we all glide into such a channel! and how detestably silly and sinful it is, in general, if not always! Even when private acquaintances are kept clear of, what in the world is the use of repeating bits of gossip about this prominent man or that, in the spirit of either a satyr or sycophant, and thus trying to persuade ourselves that we are rather good company? What have any of us to do with how John A looked on a certain occasion, or what may be the size of George Brown's feet, or the insolence of his general bearing? What is Tupper to us, that we should repeat some "good thing" he once uttered, or why should we bother ourselves with flunkey reporters and barren-brained newspaper writers over the manner in which Edward Blake wears the beaver, or how sour or how savage may be the cast of that gentleman's countenance? Such stupid ways of making wooden-headed little idols either to ban or bless, and calling the process conversation, is as stupid as anything well can be.

It is as bad as talking about clergymen on Sundays, and thinking it is religious conversation, though all that is said about the gentlemen in question be as disparaging and earthly as can well be imagined. The whole mental furniture of far too many consists in a collection of curious odds and ends which they retail on a season and out of season; and which secure as the result that they are complimented to their faces as having a great fund of anecdote, while they are scoffed at behind their backs as drivelling old idiots, who fancy that to tell a story about a learned man makes them learned, and to retail a jest that was old in the days of their grandfathers makes them witty.

It is not, on the other hand, necessary to be always aiming after what is called "improving" conversation. The man who does so is generally an incurable blockhead. But better be silent altogether than talk scandal; better have brilliant flashes of dulness than be everlastingly straining after effect, or constantly doing the very best to monopolize all the talk, and be autocrat either at the breakfast-table, or at any other.

Above all things, dear readers, keep away from yourselves and your doings. The wretches that are continually dragging in by the head and shoulders themselves and their adventures ought to be impaled. Avoid even your particular ailments, and, as a general thing, keep your sorrows to yourselves. Even your friends are not particularly interested in the state of your stomachs, and they don't care a straw when your baby had its last tooth, or what a darling it is.

Be natural, be friendly, be kindly interested in others, and listen civilly and with pleasure to what they say, though it be stale as unleavened bread a fortnight old and dreary as the chronicles of a scavenger, and you will be happy, while, if not awarded the character of a good conversationalist, you will at any rate pass muster as "awfully pleasant," a welcome visitor to the young and a sure healer to the dyspeptic and the hopeless.

ONE of the most successful counterfeiting schemes is to issue a small quantity of notes on a certain bank, with the name of the place, President, or cashier misspelled. Upon discovery, the bank sends a warning through the country, pointing out the error. Then the counterfeiters make a second issue with the name