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THE "MEMBER FOR SCOTLAND."

Several weeks ago the Liberal electors of the eastern northern part of Mid-Lothian assembled at Dewy to be addressed by the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone in behalf of Mr. Gladstone. After his speech, which dealt with British election matters, was satisfactorily.

Mr. Tarvin Innes, advocate, moved a vote of thanks to the right hon. gentleman for his able and instructive address. In doing so, Mr. Innes said—Gentlemen, I congratulate you on the presence of this distinguished gentleman who has given lustre to our meeting to-night and on his address to you. His presence is one more indication of the unprecedented circumstances in which we meet. In the ordinary case we could do little in such an emergency; and when I say we, I do not mean this meeting, or even Mid Lothian—I mean Scotland as a whole. Once or twice, indeed, it has happened otherwise; but ordinarily, Scotland can do little. We have neither the means, nor the men, to effect any great thing in the British Parliament. All we can hope in the usual case to do is to protest and keep our own hands clean—clean from foolish meddling at home, and from innocent blood abroad. But in the present case a new thing in our history has happened. What Scotland might have waited for in vain for a hundred years (hear), what we did not deserve, what we could not expect, has come to us—has come above all to you. In a year or two, or in a month or two, every Liberal in Scotland will be trying to do his duty in this election and some of them may be doing it under difficulties. But it is otherwise with you. Your duty is all honor and praise and pride. You are our foremost rank, our thin red line, our Three Hundred, our true Scottish Guard. (Cheers) But when I speak of this work being honor and pride, I am not so much thinking of you, the electors, as a mass—I am thinking of you individually, and of how often in time past the giving of a vote for a great man at a great crisis has been a purifying and an ennobling act to him who gave it. For there are two ways of doing everything in this world. There is the external and unintelligent and common-place and unenthusiastic way. And there is the other way of doing the very same thing—doing it with open eyes and an understanding heart. Now, which way, in this case, do you prefer? (Cheers) I see you have made your choice. And you are right. It makes no difference to the man who counts the votes. But to you individually the difference may simply be immense. In the one case you are dropping a paper into a box, in the other you are forming a personal relation—a relation of personal attachment and allegiance—to the greatest man of our time—(cheers)—yes, and to the man whose greatness has most of the personal element in it. When you vote for Mr. Gladstone as a pig eats a pineapple. (Hear, hear and cheers.) That is not worthy of him nor of you. Leave that sort of thing to the other side—(hear)—to those whose hard necessity it is first to stupify their tastes in order thereafter to justify their votes. You have chosen a better lot. True, you have never seen Mr. Gladstone nor heard his voice. Before two months are past I hope you will do both the one and the other. But we are speaking of a public man who during his long life has beyond all other public men lived with his heart bare to the world—(hear, hear)—with, according to the old fable, a window in his breast. Ten years ago he wrote a chapter of autobiography. But, in truth, he has been writing unconscious chapters of it all the years of his life. And the gleanings and the harvest of these years are before you. They have burdened a thousand fields and the reaper brings all his sheaves to you. Don't go blindfold into this matter; read his speeches, study his articles, learn his great language; look through it all into those eyes and judge if the man who has never been false to others will be true to you. (Cheers) And then, by all means, hear what his opponents say. Mr. Gladstone is a statesman who has at no time been in extremes of opinion; even his enemies have not ventured to accuse him of that. What they have said is that in that middle path of conviction which he has so many years trod, he has always had three courses before him; that in taking one of these after another, he has united what they are pleased to consider inconsistencies; and that while doing during every part of his life the work of six men, and that not in the field of politics alone, but in almost every other, he has done it all with a superfluous passion for details, an unnecessary enthusiasm for truth, and a most inconvenient rage for righteousness. (Cheers.) Suppose it all true—so much the worse for them. Well may they dread a man whose failings so rush to virtue's side! (Cheers) And so much the better for us. Those generous exuberances did not hinder—I believe they helped the enormous work he has done for the State; and at all events they are clear gain to us to-day. For what we want is to know the man who is to represent us—(cheers)—the man as well as the statesman. We refuse to divide the two. It is a bad coin that splits when you press upon it, and runs away one half silver and the other sounding brass. (Laughter.) We want our great man whole and solid and sound to begin with, and as great as you like thereafter. (Hear, hear) We want that, and that is what we believe we have found in the candidate for Mid Lothian. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I have spoken for once of Mr. Gladstone's general claims, and have said nothing of the present crisis. That has been far better done already. But I have another reason for it. When you have returned Mr. Gladstone, he will not be merely the representative of Mid Lothian—he will be, in a very important sense, the member for Scotland. (Hear, hear.) Now I confess I sympathize with those who are jealous of our ordinarily sleeting English members for Scotland, or for Scotch counties, and I feel it even in the present case. I admit Mr. Gladstone's vast information and wide sympathies. But he is an Englishman and I am a Scotchman. He is an Episcopalian, and I am a Presbyterian. And we cannot expect from a stranger on such heights the intimate knowledge and distinct views of our own matters which we are entitled to demand from one of ourselves. I, at least, should be sorry to vote for any Scotchman who had not, on some grave points before our country, more definite views than any to which, so far as I know, Mr. Gladstone has attained. But in the absence of definite assurances (and the assurance which might please one of us hereaught not satisfy another) we fall back on that great assurance of a lifetime of splendid service, fed from open fountains of faithfulness to God and man. (Cheers) We believe that the foremost representative of Scotland will at all times represent it and not coerce it. And in this faith for the future, we come back to the present; and we listen at this crisis to our leader's voice as he shouts to us "from the trench." Once or twice already Scotland, in a crisis of British history, has turned the edge of battle; let us try once more! (Cheers)

BRING OUT THE FOOL KILLER.—Says the Suspension Bridge *Journal*, one of the workmen employed around the raceway of the new mill in Clifton displayed a spirit of reckless daring on Monday afternoon that is seldom surpassed here. He had occasion to go down to the raceway, and instead of using the Whirlpool rapids elevator, as is the custom, he went out on the railway suspension bridge, swung himself over the side, and catching hold of one of the guys with his hands and feet, commenced sliding down a distance of 100 feet or more. When about quarter of the way down his feet began to get so hot from the friction that he had to hang by his hands and rest. He went the rest of the distance down hand under hand, and it looked two or three times as though he would fall before he got down. When he finally reached land the spectators gave a sigh of relief, and agreed that all the fools were not dead yet.

Statistics officially compiled for the German Government show that the present population of the same very considerably exceeds that of 1816. In 1875 it was 42,727,360, for the whole country, of which Prussia had 25,742,404, and Bavaria 5,022,370; in 1816 the population of the whole country was 21,831,396; for Prussia, 13,706,976, and for Bavaria, 3,607,086. The figures for the other and smaller States are in about the same proportion, being in the average an increase of nearly 100 per cent. notwithstanding emigration and war.

The Paraguayan Government has imposed a tax of $5 a year upon all single men between the age of 25 and 50. Women are not taxed, on the assumption, no doubt, that many of them would get married if they could, and are therefore, not to blame for not becoming wives. The object is to make up for the loss of population caused by the long and terrible struggle between little Paraguay on one side and Brazil and the Argentine Confederation on the other. A few years hence the effect of this tax will be worth observing.

The first railway built in Japan is a narrow guage, eighteen miles long, and is said to have cost no less than $250,000 per mile. The superintendent received the handsome stipend of $3,000 per month.

Temperance lecturers paint happiness in water colors.

Latter-Day Warnings.

When legislators keep the law,
When bankers dispense with bolts and locks,
When borrowers return loan and straw—
Grow bigger downwards than the box,

When he that sitteth house or land
Shows tank in roof or flaw in right,
When habeas corpus shows the stand
Whose window hath the broadest light,

When preachers tell us all they think,
And party leaders all they mean,
When what we pay for that we drink
From real grape and coffee bean,

When lawyers take what they would give,
And doctors give what they would take,
When city fathers cast to live
Save when they fast for conscience sake,

When one that hath a house on rate
Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every nail
That holds the lum on the roof,

When in the usual place for rips
Our gloves are stitched with special care
And gaunted well the wholesome tips
Where first umbrellas need repair,

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot
The power of caution to resist,
And claret bottles harbor not
Such dimples as would hold your fist—

Till then let cunning blaze away,
And Miller's saints blow up the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your ascension robe!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A True Story.

I.

Considering that he really loved her, he *had* perhaps been rather long in making up his mind; but then, it must be allowed he had an unusual number of temptations to remain single. His home was a very comfortable one. He was idolized by his mother, looked up to and made much of by his brothers and sisters, had his own suite of rooms, and everything about him so perfect, that one wonder that he was in no great hurry? Though he had always meant to marry sometime, of course; to have a nice home of his own; and he had always meant to marry the one the world held most dear to him; the girl who had been his baby companion and youthful sweetheart.

Though no word of love had been spoken between them since he used to walk home from school with her, when she was but fifteen and he barely twenty, they had not ceased to regard each other with tender feelings; yet for the last five years he might have married any time, so to speak, having been sufficiently "well off." He had somehow not done so. There had always seemed plenty of time. *She* was always the same to him. He had, almost unconsciously, half feared that if he married he might find himself, comparatively speaking, in poor circumstances. He had, involuntarily, pictured himself as unable to dress so carefully and modishly as now; as having to deny himself good wines, good cigars, cabs and various other things—small, perhaps, in themselves, but mounting up in the year. Now, however, there was no necessity to go into such trifles; he had saved largely during the last few years, and at thirty five years of age had determined to marry at once. It was not a worthless offer he would have to make his Angelina. So far as he was concerned, he might without vanity consider himself good-looking and a favorite with society; more deservedly so, perhaps, than half the men of his acquaintance; for besides a pleasing manner, he had a fine tenor voice, and sang well; and last, though far from least, he was a fast rising literary man; had long since been recognized as a writer of no mean merit, and was making his way accordingly. In literary circles, by a certain class, he was welcomed with delight, and by all with respect and a certain amount of admiration.

Reflections more or less like this ran through his mind on this his thirty fifth birthday, as he rolled luxuriously home from chambers, in a hansom, smoking a choice cigar. And having taken this not altogether unsatisfactory inventory of himself, his thoughts turned to her, his darling. There was no one like her in the world. She had not, perhaps, a handsome face, but surely it was beautiful, so pure and lofty, with its sweet grey eyes. Then her dear little white hand is always so busy—how many thousand times he had pictured them at work by *his* fireside, how many thousand times he had pictured those soft eyes brightening up at his return at night! None but himself knew how near he had been, many a time and oft, doing the deed. Sometimes when spending evenings with "the girls" at his mother's house, she would look so bewitching in her plain dress, generally black silk, with lace collar and cuffs, that he could not help noticing how different she was from other women, and a sudden longing would come to make her his own. Sometimes when she sang little simple songs, in a voice and with a manner that would have almost drawn tears from a stone, the words had almost trembled on his lips; but, upon the whole, it had been better to wait until he had fame to offer her as well as love.

He would ask her to-morrow to share with him all he had made of a name, and he felt how happy he would be able to make her, and it would be a grateful change for *her*, poor girl. Her life had been a bit hard since her father's death, when she took to daily teaching to help to keep up their home. They were not poor, exactly. No; they had a very pretty, cosy little house, but there were a good many younger sisters and brothers growing up, and Angelina would not be a burden in any way upon her mother; she would rather add her mite to the general store, than take anything from it. Thus it came to pass that for the last five years she had taught daily, and the man who was now about to make her his wife loved and honored her for it from the bottom of his heart. He dismissed his cab at the corner of the square. His mother had a *soiree* in honor of the birthday, and he would slip in unnoticed and have time to dress.

Just as the cab rolled off, a friendly hand was laid upon his shoulder and a friendly voice saluted him—that of an old Oxford chum. They had been very intimate at college, and the friendship had never been allowed quite to fall through. "So glad to see you, old boy! Just been to your place, and hearing you were out, was coming away disconsolate. I want you to come down to me in September. Now don't say no; you'll forget how to handle a gun you know, if you go on like this. Two years since you bonneted my preserves, and on your own showing you've honored no one else's. Do come, there's a dear fellow; I've three or four of your set coming, and at least a dozen dying to be introduced to you, to say nothing of the ladies, several of whom are lion hunters.

The answer came after a moment's pause, and, strange to say, with a blush like a girl.

"Well, Frank, I should really be delighted to accept your invitation, but I am afraid it—it would be impossible this year."

"You don't mean to say you're thinking of marrying? you have rather a guilty appearance."

Our friend Edwin (who was, we know, not only *thinking* of marrying, but had arrived at the full determination of doing so without delay, and had actually chosen *that* month, in his heart, for his honeymoon) laughed a little, and owned the soft impeachment. "Yes, he was going to marry, but he hoped *that* need not part old friends like them."

"Oh! well, it was very bad hearing—an awful pity," etc., etc. "Almost all great a blow as if some one told me I was to be married immediately myself."

After some more light talk, the friends parted—Frank to the dinner at his club, where he informed some kindred spirits that "another good man had gone wrong," and Edwin to the home where his handsome face and graceful figure were welcomed gladly by other gentle hearts than those of his mother and sisters.

II.

On the evening following the events recorded in our last chapter our friend Edwin bent his steps towards the home of his ladylove. He was always welcome there; they all liked him, and at many a pleasant little musical evening his rich voice had played a conspicuous part. On this particular night, however, he does not care to see any of the others; he wants only his Angelina, to make fully known to her *all* his love, and to rest at last in the warm sunshine of that sweet smile which is for the future to illuminate every day of all his life. Fortune seems to favor him. "Lina" and her mother are for once quite alone. The young people have gone to the theatre. Lina was a little overtired, and preferred to remain with her mother. The two had not been talking many minutes before a servant called away the mistress, and *they were alone*.

She was knitting a stocking and a little ball of cotton lay in her lap. He stooped forward from his chair beside her, and pretending himself of the little ball, began slowly unwinding and re-winding the cotton. He had not imagined the words would be so hard to speak, but now, with those clear eyes near to speak, but now, with those clear eyes near him, the unconsecrated expression before him, he found it difficult to begin. "Lina, I came here to-night to ask you to be my wife." Better not to beat about the bush; now it was done and he set up straight and looked at her. "Will you marry me?"

A faint blush spread over the pale cheek and a slight start accompanied it that sent the little ball upon its travels. After stopping for a moment to recover it, she turned upon him a face white as if the moon shone upon it. "No! I cannot marry you." Then in a trembling voice: "I am very sorry, but I cannot marry you," and would have left the room.

At first he had seemed stunned, but when he saw her going he sprang up and intercepted the movement.

"Lina, you cannot leave me like this. At least, explain your conduct."

Then she stood passively before him, very pale, and, as he now saw for the first time, very worn and sorrowful looking.

"I have nothing more to say. I can only repeat that I can never marry you."

"Why not? do you not care for me?"

Then came the answer that froze the very blood in his veins, it was spoken so calmly and coldly. "No, Edwin, not now. But," and she added with a deep sigh, "if I must speak, I had better tell you the truth."

Here she looked at him with a faint smile and clasped her hands tightly together. "If you had loved me enough to make me your wife before you became rich, we might have lived happily. God know, I loved you *then*. But the years that have followed have altered me so that sometimes I scarcely recognize myself. I have grown old in heart and no longer desire to force my life beyond those I have already. I loved you once very dearly, but through all these years it has been dying, and it is long now since I told myself that, though we might always be friends, my love was dead."

"No, not dead. Oh! my darling, I never dreamed of this, or that your life was really changed, as your words imply. Forgive me, Lina, and don't look at me with that still look. My own, my only love, I shall go mad if you cast me off."

"Hush! there is some one coming. Good-bye, you will soon forget this. I have learned to forget. I am sorry you have spoken now; the hope that you ever would died long before the love of which it was born. You will find some woman younger and fairer than I, who can be longer young; she, perhaps, will love you now as I *used* did. Good bye."

She held out to him her little, cold, white hand; he mechanically took it, dropped it, and she was gone.

When mamma returned from her visit to the kitchen, she found poor Edwin "gone abroad." At first, being short-sighted, she noticed nothing, but after some vague conversation he rose, and, complaining of not feeling quite "up to the mark," took his leave. Mamma afterwards described his appearance as being that of one walking in his sleep.

She had refused him! The first feeling was one of surprise; intense, blank surprise. He had so often pictured this meeting, but so differently, that, now it was over, the aching surprise seemed more than he could bear. Next came sorrow, then anger; then he thought of all she said, which seemed only to widen the gulf between them, and of her cold look of pain in the drawing-room when he had done her harm by his side all those years and shielded her from this hard life? She had called herself no longer young, and he had noticed lines in that brow which had used to be so smooth and fair. In his despair he groaned aloud. His love for her was greater than ever; he could not bear this punishment. No! he would go to her and beg forgiveness; she used to be so loving years ago; he would write a letter that no woman could withstand. And with this grain of comfort in his ocean of trouble, he went home thoroughly tired out by the long walk he had taken.

The best part of the next day he spent in composing a letter that was to do so much, and before it was finally folded and placed in its envelope the floor of his chamber looked as if a snowstorm had passed over it. The letter contained deep contrition for having allowed her to work as she had done, and many sincere regrets that he had not married her, when they were both younger, to share life with him, but (and then came the part about which, unconsciously to himself, blinded as he was with self, there was a false ring) he "had waited till he had a *name*, such as it was, as well as a home to offer her," etc.

The five years which by him had been spent in comfort and affluence, had been spent by her in hard, unoongenial work, and her heart had died within her; all girlish ideas of love and marriage had flown forever; this last he saw, but he quite forgot the cause. However, there was still a faint ray of hope, and with the first feeling of comfort he had experienced for two long days, he turned his back upon the post-office into which he had dropped the all important letter.

III.

As soon as it would have been possible for him to receive an answer, supposing she wrote immediately, he watched eagerly for the postman, and that was the following day at breakfast time. He was not exactly disappointed at not getting one *then*; of course her answer would take a little time and thought; probably she would write during the day; and he would get it at night. On his return in the evening he did feel a pang when he looked and nothing awaiting him. Hope, however, again "told a flattering tale; he must not be impatient; a dozen trivial things might have taken up her time, for hers were hands that always found work to do. Doubtless her answer would reach him on the following day. But alas! the next day brought the same blank, and the next, and he had just begun to admit to himself that the letter was a failure, when another ray of hope unexpectedly lightened his dark prospects.

He gained from a conversation he overheard between his mother and sisters that Angelina had left her home to nurse a sick aunt in the country; a maiden aunt, who lived alone. She had gone the day after that on which he had made her the offer, and had not received his letter, therefore, *before* she went. Dying hope now sprung up almost as strong as ever. Perhaps the letter had never been forwarded, or not until now; perhaps it had been mislaid; perhaps the aunt had been so ill that Angelina could not even find time to write him a line. He resolutely turned a deaf ear to the voice of his heart, which began, "*Love* would have found time." Perhaps fifty things; but oh, heart! close fast doors against the cold, dreadful feeling of despair, the certainty that his appeal was vain. So the next week stole away, and the next, and the next, and his sorrow, now a month old, was growing heavier every day.

One morning, just as the fifth week had commenced, he found on his study table a little modest-looking note in *her* pretty, careful hand. She began by apologizing for the delay which was caused by the letter having been mislaid, and only now forwarded to her, and she then thanked him for the honor he had done her: but she really meant what she had said, and though she regretted it, she could *never* marry him. They were unsuited to each other—and so forth.

He felt for the moment, as he pressed his hand to his head, as his mind were leaving him. This calmness of hers was so crushing. But he had one *last* card to play; he would see her ones more, and all that mortal man could do to make her change this terrible decree *he* would do, and with a flushed cheek and an unnatural light in his eye, he hurried from the house.

On the following day, a lovely day in the beginning of August, he arrived at N——, a pretty little Hampshire village, and after making a few enquiries, found the house—a little cottage villa on the outskirts of the village. As he walked up the shady road leading to the house, hat in hand, enjoying the refreshing breeze, for the heat of the day was over, his quick eyes perceived the two ladies in the garden. The old lady, now convalescent, was seated in a low American chair on the lawn. It was five o'clock, and they were taking tea, which was spread on the grass. Angelina sat at her aunt's feet. It was a long time since he had seen her with this *same coaxing* air—it reminded him of ten years ago. She wore a thin, white dress, and a long waving lock of her brown hair had escaped from the neat *coiffe* in which she always wore it. Years seemed to have been lifted from her shoulders since he last saw her, but the apple-blossom in her cheeks, which improved her so wonderfully, quickly faded when she recognized their visitor.

After first greetings, he muttered something about being in the neighborhood, and thinking he might be allowed the privilege of calling. He then devoted himself to the aunt, who straightway fell in love with him, and thinking with wonderful acuteness that he had come to see Lina, determined that he should have an opportunity of doing so. She therefore pressingly requested Angelina to take him into the house and give him some tea; she would prefer remaining out a little longer, if they would kindly excuse her. The opportunity had come, but it was of no use; he begged, he entreated, to no avail. She "no longer loved him," and *nothing* could induce her to marry him now.

Half in madness, half in anger, and all in love, he asked her did she mean to remain as she was, with no one to love her when she grew old, and perhaps had to work until she could do so no longer?

She smiled a saddish little smile, and said, "Most likely it would be so, but that would be better than marrying any one you did not love, and who only married you from a feeling of pity; and now she never wished to hear anything more about marrying. It was like new youth—to her a thing of the past."

He gazed at her for a moment—the brown hair parted evenly over the white brow, the soft, steady grey eyes, the sweet mouth—and strived to trust himself a moment longer, he seized her hand and rushed like a madman from the house. Indeed, he was just then little better than mad. Now his hope was really dead; at last he knew it.

For a long time people wondered much what was the matter with Edwin. Some—the sentimental, mostly ladies—guessed pretty nearly the truth; others—the practical, mostly his bosom friends—thought of bad investments, or dyspepsia. The only one who ever really knew the exact state of the case was the friend of whom mention has been made before in these pages. They met in town, shortly after the last was married to Angelina. His friend at once saw something had gone wrong, and after some commonplaces he gave Edwin a comforting slap on the shoulder and an encouraging word or so. "Something wrong, old man? Don't be down-hearted; not much, I hope. Not got to the bands of Hymen, I hope, you're not?"

"No, Frank, thanks; not that kind of trouble; that isn't my way, as you know. Something worse than even *that*. I shall lose the holiday on which, as you know, I had set my heart. I am not going away next month."

"Not going to be married just yet, after all? Perhaps you will come, then, to——" But something stopped him. "How selfish I am. You don't mean to say she wouldn't have you?"

"That's just it. Now don't say 'there are so good fish in the sea as ever were caught;' won't do here, Frank. I don't mind telling you—you're a good fellow, and won't talk about me to any of them; but I've loved her all my life, and it is an awful blow. Good bye."

Ten years after, when Edwin was bald and grey and Angelina's brown hair itself thickly streaked with silver, they met again. The first three of those ten years she had spent with her aunt. For the remaining seven she had been the wife of a hard-working country doctor. They met amongst the pictures at Burlington House. She was leading by the hand a bright-haired child of about six summers. And he was alone. Oh, so alone!

DARING BURGLARY.

A Band of Old English Jewellery—Free Use of the Revolver by the Marauders—A Lively Tussle.

DETROIT, Mich.—A daring and successful burglary was committed at four o'clock this morning at the residence of Mrs. Albert Prince, at Petite Cote, below Sandwich. Three masked men gained entrance to the house and completely ransacked it, carrying the booty to the value several hundred dollars worth of old English jewellery, the property of Mrs. Hughes, who was on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Prince. After going through the trunks the three men went into the chamber of Mrs. Prince, who was asleep, Mrs. Hughes was in bed with her mother, and the first thing that the ladies knew of the marauders' presence was by being roughly shaken. They were commanded to keep quiet and to hand over the money, the men insisting that there was a large sum of money in the house. Mrs. Hughes handed out her purse, containing $15, but it failed to satisfy the avaricious spokesman, who made direful threats if their demands were not complied with. At this interesting stage Mrs. Hughes had an attack of hysterics, and her screams resounded through the house. Thomas Prince, a young man, son of Mrs. Prince, was sleeping in an adjoining room, and being awakened by his sister's screams, got out of bed and rushed into the room. He at once took in the situation and grappled with the nearest man. A tussle ensued, and the burglar, bringing his pistol into play, shot young Prince in three places. One bullet entered his left arm and the others his breast, but happily his wounds are not dangerous. Three other shots were fired by the masked crowd, none of which took effect in the furniture, and the robbers hurriedly took their departure, making sure to secure with the goods and jewellery abstracted from the trunks. The family of William Wright, the Detroit decorator, was soon afterwards aroused and Mr. Wright and one of his men visited Mrs. Prince's house. Dr. Nesbitt was called in and extracted the bullets from Mr. Prince and attended to the frightened ladies. The police of this city were notified of the robbery early this morning, but no trace of the villains has yet been found. Edward Owen, a recently made son in law of Mrs. Prince, started last night for Toronto with his bride. Owen had on his person a considerable sum of money and took with him several trunks containing a valuable wardrobe, etc. Had it not been for this lucky departure they would in all probability have been among the victims of the burglary.

The Result of Attachments.

Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon him the deputy sheriff stopped at the store of a beautiful widow on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way, had often bestowed melting glances upon the deputy aforesaid. He was admitted, and soon the widow appeared. The confusion and delight which the arrival of her visitor occasioned set off to a greater advantage than usual the captivating charms of the widow M——.

Her cheeks bore the beautiful blended tints of the apple blossom, her lips resembled rosebuds upon which the morning yet lingered, and her eyes were like the quivers of Cupid, and the glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled resembling arrows, and only wanting a fine beau (pardon the pun) to do full execution. After a few commonplaces remarks—

"Ma'am," said the matter-of-fact deputy, "I have an attachment for you."

A deep blush mantled the cheeks of the widow with downcast eyes, whose glances were centred upon her beautiful feet, half concealed by her flowing drapery, gently patting the floor. She, with equal ardor, replied:

"Sir, the attachment is reciprocal."

For sometime the deputy maintained an astonished silence. At last he said:

"Madam, will you proceed to court?"

"Proceed to court?" replied the lady with a merry laugh. Then shaking her beautiful head, she added, "No, sir, even if it was leap year I would not take advantage of the license therein granted to my sex, and, therefore, greatly prefer that you should proceed to court."

"But, madam, the Justice is waiting."

"Let him wait. I am not disposed to hurry matters in such an unbecoming manner; and, besides, sir, when the ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand that I prefer a minister to a Justice of the Peace."

"Madam," said he, rising from his chair with dignity, "there has been a mistake here. My language has been misunderstood. The attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of Esquire C——. It commands me to bring you before him to answer to a contempt of court in disobeying a subpœna in the case of Brown vs. Jones."

ENGLISH COLUMN.

The Fenian organization in Manchester, England, has been entirely broken up through the vigorous action of the Roman Catholic authorities.

The City of Manchester makes gas for the use of its people, and for the year past it has derived a profit therefrom of $250,000, which is turned over to an improvement fund.

The destruction of Haworth Church was begun three weeks ago. An immense multitude attended the final services. Among them were many devoted admirers of the Bronte family.

Miss Addiscott, who had a sort of baby farm which she called a "Home," was lately sent to prison in London for eighteen months at hard labor for neglect and maltreatment of the poor children under her care.

Bow Bells delighted the cockney heart of London again on Sept. 14, after a year's silence for repairs. Bow Church is so called from fancied resemblance of a part of the church to the bend of a bow. *St. Marie de Arcubus* is the title in ecclesiastical Latin.

Sir Stafford Northcote's country house had a narrow escape from burning lately. It is a stately mansion called Pynes, three miles from Exeter, where Sir Stafford's family has been seated for several centuries. Sir Stafford is far from rich and has a large family.

A prominent London publisher recently received from the Treasury a document informing him that the Paymaster General was authorized to pay him "the sum of 2s 1d. for copyright duties collected in the colonies on your behalf during the years 1876, 1877, and 1878."

It is a curious coincidence, says a London society journal, that by the deaths of two officers—one in the Cabul, the other in the Zulu campaign—the Catholics have gained two peerages. These were Lord Ossulton and the Hon. E. Wyatt-Edgell. Both were older sons and Protestants, and the second sons are, as it happens, in both cases "verts."

In the Tranmere baby farming case, before the Birkenhead stipendiary the other day, a letter was read, in which the accused undertook, for the sum of £40, to provide a "kind, Christian home" for a little orphan and to bring it up as "one of Christ's little ones." The man and woman, who have been already committed for trial for wilful murder on the coroner's inquisition, were remanded.

The other day the Claimant was visited in Portsmouth Convict Prison by Dr. Kenealy, M. P., Mr. Guilford Onslow and Mr. Helsby, of Southampton. The Claimant, who looks very well, continues to express satisfaction at the manner in which he is treated by the officials and is glad to hear that the efforts for his release are being continued. At the solicitation of Dr. Kenealy, the Claimant consented to contest the representation of Nottingham at the next election.

A discussion in the London newspapers about domestic favorites brings out many interesting anecdotes. There is a gander called Jack that runs about Drury Lane like a dog and answers his master's call. He is eclipsed by a cockatoo belonging to a publican in St. Giles'. This bird plays on the cymbals in perfect time, and holds a lighted cigar in its talons while a customer is enkindling his cigar. In the Strand is a mountebank who has two cats trained to stand on their hind legs and spar like prize-fighters.

Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, one of the aldermen of London, and the next in rotation to fill the office of Lord Mayor, was recently tried on a charge of libel. He was accused of sending to the prosecutor an anonymous postal card bearing the words: "Excuse an old friend writing to you to put you on your guard that you are being watched by the police." This constitutes the alleged libel. He denied writing the card. The handwriting was not proved to be his, and the jury promptly acquitted him.

In certain sequestered parts of England an official called the ale taster is still continued as a relic of last century's laws. He tastes all kinds of malt liquor sold in the neighborhood with a view of ascertaining whether it contains objectionable ingredients. In old times the use of sugar in ale was condemned, and the taster had a primitive way of discovering its presence. A quantity was placed on a bench and he sat upon it, in his leather breeches, until it dried. If, when rising, the breeches stuck to the bench, the presence of sugar was evident. If not, the ale was pure.

The probabilities are that, in the event of a return of the Liberal party to power, Mr. Gladstone will be raised to the peerage as an earl in the upper, while Lord Hartington will lead in the lower, House. Mr. Gladstone is now seventy, and it may perhaps be safely asserted, has done as much brain work as any man of his time. How materially his duties as a Minister would be diminished by going up to the Lords may be estimated by the fact that last session the Lords sat 206, against 1,010 hours in the Commons; in fact, a peer can 99 nights out of 100 be in bed by twelve o'clock, so far as legislation is concerned. Mr. Gladstone in the upper House would be a source of strength to his party where it is weakest.

A farmer and his shepherd were together in a field near Bowyn, Merionethshire, in Wales, looking after a large flock of sheep. Suddenly a peculiar crackling sound caused them to lift up their heads, when to their astonishment they perceived the sheaves in an adjoining stubble field being whirled about by some invisible agency. The course of the destroyer appeared to be directed to where the flock of sheep were quietly grazing. With a rushing sound what proved to be a whirlwind was upon them, and in a few seconds scattered the sheep about like chaff. The farmer was lifted from the force of the whirlwind a tremendous height into the air, and fell to the ground dead. The wind passed quickly away in a westerly direction, without further damage.

The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts some poor parents reported no children in their families, and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gaily dressed, put in a waggon, and, accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work; distributing candies to the youngsters they took their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the schools about 200 boys and girls.

An extraordinary adventure befel a boy named Garston on Wednesday morning week on the Lancashire & Yorkshire Railway. He played truant from school on the preceding day, and it is surmised dared not go home at night. He managed to get into the station yard at Chorley with the intention of passing the night in one of the passenger carriages, but he failed to gain access through the doors being locked. He then seems to have crept under the guard's van, and pulled himself on the couple of short iron rods between the axle of the wheels and the carriage floor, and between which is the brake apparatus. In this uncomfortable position he went to sleep, and at five o'clock in the morning the train started for Wigan. The lad was actually brought to Wigan and again taken to Chorley clutching the rods. At the latter place he was discovered still fast asleep, and rescued from his perilous position. The marvel is how the lad remained on his frail support during his eighteen miles' journey. Had he moved death was certain.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Examiner* professes to have found out that "the Californian presentation to the Premier was nothing more than an elaborate joke." "Nobody on the deputation which presented the casket," he says, "had anything to do with California, nor did anybody in California subscribe toward the box. The fact was that a lady of an enthusiastic temperament asked people in San Francisco to sign an address to Lord Beaconsfield, and, to humor her, they did so. The address was entrusted to certain parties here for presentation, and, according to my informant, some wag among them suggested that they should give His Lordship a gold casket with it, which was accordingly done. Of course, Lord Beaconsfield took the casket without asking any questions, as he would have taken Mr. Turnerelli's wreath had that gentleman gone about the business with a little more discretion. The box in question certainly came from California in the sense that the gold of which it was made was dug in that country, but in that sense only."

A "Medical Man" reports to the *Liverpool Courier* the following incidents which came under his own observation—"I was called the other night to see a man in the agonies of cholera cramp, apparently the result of drinking freely on the occasion of his sister's marriage. I found not less than a dozen persons, mostly young women, in a room with full glasses before them, a three gallon jar of strong ale on the table and several bottles of whiskey. The latter had been replenished over and over again. The revels were kept up for five days, and I have been assured by the uncle of the bride that 'the drink' alone cost them the sum of £20. Sundry young fellows had been 'saving up' for weeks previously, so as to have a regular spree with their sweethearts on the occasion of their friend's marriage. The father pawned his watch and several articles of furniture; one young fellow pawned his coat, hat and watch; and the sum of £5 was advanced on the security of their names by the publican, to find its way back into his till as fresh supplies of liquor were called for! The debauch lasted five days, and the whole party of revellers—twenty to thirty in number—slept together on the floors or anywhere of a small three roomed cottage. The revels ended, the whole party proceeded to the house of Father Nugent and signed the pledge."

Although literature in England has a brief golden age in the shape of emoluments, places, and flattering recognition in high places, in the time of Anne, it was not until near a hundred and thirty years later that it met with evidence of royal favor in the shape of a title. George III. was very gracious to Dr. Johnson, and conferred a pension on the author of the library at "the Queen's House," as Buckingham Palace was then called; but, although he was wont to knight successful tallow chandlers who rose to civic honors, it probably never entered his head or that of his advisers that a man who should lay his sword on the shoulder of "the great lexicographer" and say "Rise, Sir Samuel Johnson;" yet Rubens, Vandyke, Lely and Reynolds had been thus honored. It was reserved for George IV. to take the initiative in this respect, and, by conferring a baronetcy on the author of "Waverley," to perform one of the very few popular acts of his life. Since then scarcely any such compliment has been paid to literature, save Lord Macaulay's peerage, although it is said that honors have been declined by Carlyle, and that for the first time journalism was thought of in the case of a personally well deserved—in the person of Mr. Delane. There seems now to be a feeling in England that such services as those of Mr. Archibald Forbes, more especially during the present campaign, might fitly have met with recognition of a kind. But then Mr. Forbes has been the employee of an anti-Ministerial journal.

A BOGUS VIRGIN MARY.

The correctional tribunal of Annecy, in France, has given a decision which nips in the bud the growth of a miracle such as that which has made the fortune of the Town of Lourdes. Jacqueline Bosse, a girl employed by a farmer to watch his sheep upon the hillsides, arrived in a great state of excitement about six weeks ago at her master's house and informed him that while she was looking after the sheep a man had taken her into a wood and shown her a light burning in a fir tree, and that she had there received a visit from the Blessed Virgin. Little attention was at first paid to her story; but she repeated it with slight variations, and said that the Virgin had enjoined her to ask for money to build a chapel on the spot where she had first manifested her presence. Several people came in the hope of seeing the same vision; and though the Virgin's presence was not visible to them, they all heard her conversing with Jacqueline Bosse. Miracles of a certain kind were also performed, and a child dug up some haricot beans at a spot where Jacqueline said that she would be certain to find them. These strange proceedings at length reached the police, and one day last month, when about 1,500 persons had assembled in the expectation of witnessing fresh prodigies, they arrested the youthful visionary, who confessed that she had been making use of her talents as a ventriloquist to amuse her friends, and that she had done so in the hope of being "received into a convent and treated as a saint." She still maintained, however, that she had been instigated to do this by the person whom she described at first as coming out of a wood and giving her a piece of money. The tribunal gave no more credence to this than to the supernatural part of the story, and sent her to a reformatory for six years.

MARRIED IN JAIL.

GUELPH, Ontario.—A marriage of a rather romantic character took place here in the jail on Thursday. The happy man, Thomas Fennel, is now incarcerated within the precincts of Her Majesty's boarding-house on a charge of sheep-stealing. On Friday last he was taken before the Magistrate, when he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the Central Prison. Previous to his arrest he was making preparations for leading to the altar an interesting girl of about twenty years of age, named Abby Grosa. For some reason it was not desirable for the fair damsel to wait till her lover had served his term of punishment, and accordingly, it was arranged and permission given that the nuptial knot should be tied in the jail. A number of friends came and the marriage ceremony performed in the presence of the bride and bridegroom's relatives, the Chief of Police, Major Macdonald, an issuer of marriage licences, a Sheriff's officer, officials of the prison and other guests. After the ceremony was over congratulations were extended to the bridal party from all present. An unpleasant event happened in the arrest of the newly made bride, on a charge of purchasing a drug used by abortionists. This occurred after the ceremony was over. A Mrs. McIntosh was also arrested for aiding the bride.

LIBERAL DEMONSTRATION.

MANCHESTER, England.—