

aimed, disused, and injured animals about, at different times, be disposed of. All persons, therefore, who have lost dogs, and wish to make enquiry at the Home, are particularly recommended to lose no time in doing so; and all persons who require dogs are earnestly invited to pay a visit to the institution, to see it, among the many wants and strays of every breed always to be found there, they cannot meet with one to suit their tastes and worthy of adoption. It may be mentioned that it is only necessary to be a subscriber of 5s yearly to become an annual governor of the institution, which intends, if possible, to further increase its benefits.

CHURCH BELLS IN CITIES.

The church bell, as it exists in cities, is what the Darwinian philosophers call a survival. It exists, not because there is any present reason for its existence, but because it once had a function. It had its origin in a need, and the need having passed away, it continues to be and to ring because its being and its ringing were once necessary.

Unlike survivals in nature, however, the church bell has not become rudimentary and remnant. Its dimensions are as great now, and its resonant powers are as positive as when its function was to call villagers from their distant and frequently clockless homes to divine service. It calls nobody to church now, of course. Nobody wants to hear its sound before donning overcoat and gloves, bonnet and cloak. We carry watches, and have, beside the French clock, which will not run on library mantlepieces, more homely but trustworthy timepieces in our chambers and dining rooms, and these warn us of the hours of service.

The church bells ring, however, as loud as ever, and to the dwellers in houses under the shadow of steeples their ringing is frequently an annoyance. To all women, sick persons and young children—classes especially remembered in the litany—this ringing is a serious disturbance, sometimes a source of positive harm, particularly to the convalescent patients who live within hearing of the intinabulation. In a word, the great, resonant bells of our city churches are at once useless, and to very many persons seriously annoying, and there seems to be no good reason for the retention of the custom of buying and keeping and ringing them, no reason whatever except tradition, and the tradition is one which might be surrendered without serious loss to anybody.

Few persons like to complain of church bells. We cry aloud against the tinkling of junkmen's little bells, and we even take pains to soften the clangor of our servant's call bells, selecting them with careful attention to his point; but to complain of a neighboring church bell seems to be to set oneself up factitiously in opposition to religion and morality, or if the objector happens to belong to a church which has no bell, he subjects himself to a suspicion of jealous hostility to the church that has a bell. One man in Philadelphia and one woman in New York have complained in the courts of church bells as nuisances, however, and there is no room to doubt that every church bell in a large city seriously annoys the persons who live near it, especially, as we have said, in time of sickness. Would it not be a good and a christian thing for churches to do, then, if they would abandon their bells in obedience to that precept which directs us to do those things unto other persons which we would have them do to us? There is no good purpose served by the making of a useless clangor, which annoys our neighbors and does no good whatever, and however musical church bells may sound at a distance their ringing jars very harshly upon ears and nerves near at hand. With the heartiest friendship for all churches and church work,

mounting it. Next she braked the mare and put her through the various paces, walking, pacing, trotting, cantering, jumping, etc. Lastly, dismounted, and at her beck the mare danced to the beat of the music of the band, stood upon her hind feet, pawed the air, etc. The exhibition was a pleasing one, and Miss Kate won hearty applause for her remarkable skill, her grace and her modest demeanor. Her sitting of the horse is wonderful, and her management of the animal exceedingly graceful and easy. There was a general expression of desire that Miss Cross should repeat the exhibition.

CUTTING OUT A NERVE.

For several years Judge Bay of St. Louis has been a great sufferer from facial neuralgia, and to avail himself of any benefit that might possibly result from a change of climate, spent most of 1873 in California and the last part of 1874 in Colorado without any material benefit, and on his return from Colorado Dr. Hodgkin cut out a little over one-half inch of the fifth facial nerve, and for seven or eight months experienced entire relief from the disease, but at the expiration of that time it gradually increased upon him with increased severity, until life was almost unbearable. Dr. Hodgkin became satisfied that the separate parts of the nerve had united, and he determined to perform a second operation; and on the 7th ult., at the residence of Judge Bay, No. 3,220 Chestnut street, and in the presence of several medical gentlemen, cut out two inches of the nerve, and removed several collateral branches. The operation lasted fifteen minutes, was exceedingly painful, and, though the judge declined to take chloroform or any opiate, he stood the knife without flinching. This operation has been very rarely performed in the West, and from the proximity of the nerve to the eye requires great care and much skill. The Judge has had no return of the neuralgic pains, and all the indications are that the operation will prove eminently successful, though it will probably be a week before he will be able to leave his house.

WILL TEST THE LAW.

The Saginaw Courier thinks the Shooting Club will vigorously resist any attempt to enforce that section of the new law for the prevention of cruelty to animals which prohibits pigeon shooting for amusement or as a test of skill in marksmanship. It is not provable that the Michigan Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will interfere with the pigeon shooters, for the present, at least, but will seek to gradually do away with the sport by gentler means. Already there is a disposition among sportsmen to substitute glass balls for live birds. The Courier says:

"It would appear from a recent enactment of the Legislature that it is a statute offence to participate in or witness a pigeon shoot. Whether the enactment can stand the test of Supreme Court decision remains to be seen. We understand that a correspondence has been, or is about to be, opened by the local sportsmen's club here with other clubs in the State, with a view of making up a fund to test the law by a case to be carried to the Supreme Court. While but few believe that the law will hold water, and while the majority of the people look upon it as one of many silly enactments that go to make up the volume entitled Session Laws, which neither common sense or public opinion endorse, the fact remains that any miserable, contemptible shirk, who has not the decency or moral courage to face a man, can gratify a personal spite, or malicious motive, by making a complaint and throwing the costs on his victim. The incidents of the past few days have demonstrated that we have at least one such man in Saginaw, and it is barely possible that some other locality is similarly afflicted.

in the centre of the human canopy, he proceeded further, and providing himself with all the hunting paraphernalia, he set out a wild Texas Mustang and went forth. Before going two squares the broncho had bucked him twice, and upon reaching the public square positively refused to go further. Selling the animal in disgust, the young hunter then hired a livery horse and proceeded on his way. It is needless to say he saw no buffaloes, but wandered on in search of ducks. His horse falling lame and darkness coming on, he kindled a fire by the wayside and went to sleep, only to be awakened by a man's knee on his chest and hand on his throat. Robbed and pitched headlong down a declivity he lay for a long time unconscious. The next morning he went on and the day following arrived at St. Joseph, where a new misfortune awaited him. The irate livery man here overtook him, and despite his protestations of innocence, the Englishman was lodged in jail on a charge of horse stealing. There he has remained until his trial the other day. Through the whole train of his misfortunes he has won favor everywhere, and while cooped up among the vilest criminals never lost the bearing of a true gentleman, and endured his confinement and trial with true bulldog grit. But when the foreman arose and announced that the jury had decided upon a verdict 'Not guilty,' the young tourist's nerve gave way. Tears came to his eyes, and as he rose from the prisoner's dock the tears rolled down his cheeks. He walked to the juryman, shaking each by the hand, remarking: 'I knew I was not a thief. I scorn a thief, and I knew you would prove me to be an honest man.'

CHASED BY A LOCOMOTIVE.

On Saturday last, after the north-bound passenger train left Lebanon, Ky., when passing the Walker distillery, a mile from town, a horse that had been grazing by the roadside became frightened, and, getting on the track, ran along in front of the train until it reached St. Mary's, four miles distant from the point of starting. During the whole of the course the horse resisted all efforts made by the trainmen to drive it from the track, and leaped the cow-gaps without sustaining any injury. The most remarkable part of the achievement, however, was crossing the railroad bridge over Hardin's Creek, the timbers of which lie some distance apart, as they are usually placed in the construction of railroad bridges; but there was a plank ten inches in diameter lying just outside the rail on one side of the track. The horse made a safe and apparently easy passage over this bridge, and kept out of the way of the train until St. Mary's was reached, when the animal quitted the track and went off to the left in the direction of the college. The horse is the property of Mr. Napoleon Hughes, of the Raywick neighborhood, and had strayed away from home a few days before the above-mentioned occurrence.

NEVER SPEAK ILL OF A WOMAN.

The following admonition should be read by young men and not a few old ones. Never use a lady's name in an improper place at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think to be untrue, or allusions that she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to use a woman's name in a reckless manner, shun them; they are the very worst members of the community; men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her honor broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated when it should not have been, and in presence of those whose little judgment could

out can scarcely take up a newspaper that does not record a case of hydrophobia, to try a recipe which so many persons in Russia have firmly believed in. For one firmly to believe that there is a remedy for this terrible disease, and that the cure, when it is discovered, will be found in simplicity—that the antidote and the bane are, like the duck-leaf and the nettle's fretting, close together, within reach of all.—*Baby in Land and Water.*

THE GARDEN OF ST. JOHN, N.B.

A tardy repentance is proverbially better than none, but a great deal depends upon the circumstances under which that repentance is avowed. The man who gives up smoking only when he can no longer sm, is not greeted with much ardor or respect. The enormity of the crime of betting never strikes the man who has a sure thing, and when we read that a gambling house has been raided on the complaint of John Smith we expect to find it stated in the next line that in that particular gambling house John Smith lost \$165. The people of St. John, N.B., are now undergoing a spasm of individual and collective repentance, abusing themselves in ashes and sorrowing in sackcloth. Not because of the heavy scourge which twice within the year has fallen upon that pleasant and progressive city by the Kennebecasis—that city which every traveller who has visited it and partaken of its hospitality recalls with satisfaction, notwithstanding the fact that its proverbially pretty daughters still cling to the pork-pie hats of ten years ago, and that lump sugar is too conspicuously absent from its hot Scotchies. The people of the metropolis of New Brunswick were too sensible not to know that their calamity had overtaken them simply because they had banished in wood if not upon the sand, and gave speedy and satisfactory proof that in one case at least the burned city dreads the fire. The devouring element in this case was not fire, but water.

St. John for at least ten years back has been nothing if not an aquatic town. Good ornaments have not been lacking to her, and her famous Paris Crow was in its day acclaimed victor in the waters of two continents and three countries, on the Seine and the St. Lawrence, the Connecticut and the Kennebecasis. Ever after its downfall on the Schuykill, after a decade of success, there arose to comfort the sad citizens of St. John a new stella Maris, in Wallace Ross, who won so many races with so little difficulty that a belief in his invincibility gradually grew up in the minds of his townsmen. They backed him in all his contests with the zeal of patriots possessed of "tips." Strangers from all parts of the continent flocked to St. John to pay tribute the mornings after the overthrow of their champions, to the local pawnbrokers of their jewels of silver and jewels of gold and upper raiment, while others, who were ashamed to beg and unable to "dig out," perforce became citizens and aided to swell the census returns.

But that jolly young waterman, Mr. Wallace Ross, though he feathered his oars with much skill and dexterity, found his master in Edward Hanlan, of Toronto. They met in contest a short time ago. Toronto was the place of this scull, and though Mr. Ross reacted the winning post on the same day with Mr. Hanlan, he might as well, for all practical purposes, have made the north pole his turning-stake. The lot of the two sufferers of St. John at home was scarcely worse, for the time, than that of the water sufferers away from home. For these there were no relief funds, the free-lunch routes of Toronto were unmapped, and between that city and home stretched 800 miles of muddy road or a monotonous prospect of fifteen hundred thousand and railroad ties. In this cruel strait they telegraphed the shrillest Macedonian cries to St. John for return tickets and post-office orders, but alas! the people at home had wagored all that they were worth upon Ross. The humbled cobbler in the stricken city, refusing to stick to his last and content himself with the modest profits accruing from his labor thereat had betted his little awl. The people of St. John had given obligations maturing the day after the Ross-Hanlan race, had made the most extensive

A NOVEL AMUSEMENT.

The Belgians have not up to now a species of amusement not catenated. The last great meet took place at Bielefeld, near Bielefeld. There were seventy entries for the principal event. The animals who were a previous training, it is presumed, were taken some four miles distant from the village, and there let loose in the presence of the burgomaster and an immense gathering of rustics. The first prize, a silver eagle capot, was carried off by "Munette," a pretty white cat with a pensive eye. "Lolo," a big tortoiseshell which had been made the favorite in the betting, missed the course and has not been heard of since.

A BIG HUNT.

The Raleigh (N.C.) Observer comes to the front with a long story of a man who started out with one bullet in his rifle, missed the buck at which he shot, but with the one bullet killed two deer he had not seen, on the way home flushed a flock of turkeys, constructing a blind on the spot, earned a good deal up within three feet, and then jumping out with a yell, petrified the bird with terror and captured it alive. Then he counted a flock of partridges who attacked him, and were slain one by one at the point of ramrod. The observer not only tells the tale, but has a man who will vouch for it.

Miscellaneous.

A cow deliberately committed suicide near Lake City, Minn., the other day, by jumping from a high bluff.

Science is discussing the question, 'What will become of the last man?' We know He'll get left.

Whenlager beer began to be the thing to drink, a gentleman was recommended to use it as a tonic. "I would," said he, "but it's Teutonic."

Said a bright little daughter of three summers—"Papa, what is a picnic?" Papa. "A party in the woods, dear." Daughter. "But what do they pick?" Papa. "My darling, they pick mix."

The older we grow the more realize that 15 cents will buy more fish than a businessman, whose time is worth 50 cents an hour, can go out and catch in a whole day.

There is a family in Millbrook, township of Cavan, Ontario, who have eight children, the eldest of whom is only six years of age. There are no twins, and all legal children of one father and one mother.

Lord Falmouth is a gentleman who has been wondrously fortunate in betting during the past racing season in England. His winnings are said to amount to \$172,165, exclusive of the Ascot gold vase.

\$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agencies who are making \$20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HARTLEY & Co., Free land, Maine.