Listowel Standard.

VOL IV.—NO. 9. LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH. MARCH 4, 1881. A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

No good man is without an enemy. No great man can escape detection. Brother Gardner, with all his kindness for the failings of his race, and with all his hopes and plans for elevating it, has enemies. On one occasion a stone weighing twelve pounds was hurled into his bedroom at midnight. Again a bullet was fired into the front door of his cabin. Once more a railroad torpedo was placed where it would give him a lift in the world. The last attempt on this good man's life was made Sunday evening. At midnight he was aroused from sleep by a knock at the door. He had no sooner opened it than three or four persons who were concealed by the darkness opened a battery on him. The first missile was a dead cat frozen as stiff as a poker. The next was an old iron kettle, weighing ten pounds. The third was an old hat with a frozen cabbage in it, and clubs, stones, potatoes, and icicles followed in a perfect shower. Yet the old man received neither hurt nor bruise, and at the first sound of his voice the miscreants fled away.

TAKING IT EASY.

There was great excitement in the club as the members canvassed the particulars of the attack, and as soon as the meeting was called to order, Pickles Smith offered the following:

"Resolved, Dat de sum of $500 am hereby offered as a reward fur de arrest an' convickshun of de parties feloniously an' malishusly assaultin' de President of dis club."

"Let us take de matter easy," said Brother Gardner in reply. "Moas' of you have libed long 'nuff to know dat de mo' you seek to do fur some pussons de mo' dey hate ye. De wust inemy I eber had was a man to whom I had lent my ax, my hoe, my shovel, my saw, my washtubs, clothes-lines, wood, flour, tea an' money. He come one day to borry my butes, an' kase I couldn't lend 'em he opened a gulf atween us which has neber since bin bridged. No one but a loafer would assault a peaceful citizen at his own doah, an' dis club has giben loafers cause to be mad. Dar' am fifty lazy, loafin' bummers among de blacks in Detroit who git dar libin' outer de charitable societies. Dis club am down on any charity which feeds a loafer. Put dis un' dat together an' you have the reason fur de assault. Please let it drop without furder menshun. I have loaded up my shot-gun an' placed it jist whar' it will go off an' hurt de nex' gang of loafers werry bad, an' it am a gun which has neber missed fish yit."

PETITIONS.

Among the numerous petitions received and referred was the following;

DEARBORN, Mich., February 8, 1881.

Brother Gardner and members Lime-Kiln Club:

GENTS—As we, the Dearborn Board of Trade wish to consolidate with your honorable body a short history of said board may be proper at this time. The board was organized in the year 1874, and consists of only four active members known as the "Big Four," and said four are the officers of the board, and comprise the following noted citizens: Gen. Joseph W. Brown, Commander-in-Chief of the Pie-Biting Forces of the Great Muskrat War of the River Rouge; A. Lapham Mosby, thought by some to be the original Col. Mosby, of guerrilla fame in the late war; J. A. Patrick, a retired railroad magnate, and last, but not least, Capt. D. D. Tompkins, the celebrated deer trailer and blue jay shot. Besides the active members the board have a legion of honorary members of more or less note. The board is a secret organization, having signals, signs, etc.; having the honor to be connected, and having permission, will give you one of the principal signs of the board—it is known as the assembly; it is as follows: The Grand Scrambler walks up to a member, plants his right heel on said member's most prominent corn, whirls around once, gives said member a poke under the fifth rib and says, "Give me a chew." From thence to the next member and so on around. Now you must not think the chewing capacity of the Grand Scrambler can accommodate all the fine-cut and plug he is supposed to receive, as the board all use a brand called "O. P.," which, translated, means other people's. Hoping you will look with favor on our petition, we remain, your obedient servants,

"THE BIG FOUR."

ELECTION.

The following candidates were duly and legally elected members of the club: Sixty-six Jones, Rev. John Sharp, Roslyn Johnson, Ambergris Hartwell, Official Jupe, Solid Thomas and Cæsar Slackton.

NO DANGER YET.

The Committee on Astronomy reported that it had been at work for a week past to satisfy the club, and through it the colored race of America, and that there was no danger of the world coming to an end just yet. The Chairman reported all the stars in their usual places—the moon solid on her pins—the sun making a difference of an hour per day on gas-bills, and everything sliding along in the usual grooves. No sign or token of a disruption could be discovered in any quarter, and the colored people were advised to go about their usual business and be ready for the first run of fish in the spring.

NOT SUSTAINED.

"I ar' pained to be obleeged to announce," observed the President at this juncture, "dat charges of cruelty to animals have bin preferred agin Pickles Smith. Dey come from white folks, an' de club has bin requested to make an investigation. I see dat de member am present, an' we will now h'ar his defense."

Pickles came to the mark with a smile on his face and replied:

"I presume dat mos' of dis club am awar' of de fact dat I own an ole hoss which kin sometimes light out as if de hull Common Council war' arter him. I hitched up to de pung las' Sunday, tole de ole woman to roll in, an' we went out fur a ride. Bime-by one of dem 2 40 clipped hosses came flyin' along an' turned out to go by my ole Don Juan. I sot dar an' didn't pull a rein, an' yit dat ole hoss held de road fur a hull mile agin dat flyer, an' de white man layin' on de whip fur all he was worth. Maybe it didn't look zactly right fur an ole hoss, an ole sled an' two ole black folks to git away wid a white man's flyer, but dat's all de cruelty dar was about it. Bress you, my friends, dat ole Don Juan an' me have slept in de same barn, had de same sorrows, worked on de same jobs an' felt de same heat an' cold for risin' of sixteen y'ars, an' I wouldn't hit him a lick fur a ten dollar greenback."

The club, by a unanimous vote, decided that the charges were not sustained, and a shake purse was made up to buy the old trotter five bushels of oats.

NONE WHATEVER.

The Secretary announced a communication from the office of the Attorney-General at Washington asking if the fact of Congress and twenty-eight different State Legislatures being in session at the same time this winter had any effect on the Lime-Kiln Club.

"No debilitatin' effeck, if dat am what he wants to fin' out," replied the President. "You may all notice dat petishuns were neber mo' numerous dan at de present time, an' de Seckretary's desk shows communicashuns from ebery State in de land."

A LEADING STEP.

Giveadam Jones here secured the floor and observed that the time had come for the Lime-Kiln Club to take another leading step. He would therefore offer the following resolution:

"Resolved.—Dat from an' arter dis date dis club will officially number de hours of time de same as hours of de day, from 1 o'clock to 24 o'clock."

Trustee Pullback said that if there were 24 hours in a day it was all right to say 23 o'clock.

Nullification Q. Jones said there was no more use in having two twelve o'clocks than there was in having two girls named Sarah.

General Wholesale White said it might sound a little strange to tell a man that you would meet him at 15 o'clock to talk business, but he was in favor of the change, and would hereafter have his dinner at 13 o'clock.

Many other members spoke in favor of the resolution, and when the question was called it was adopted by a unanimous vote. From this date the meetings of the club will open at 20 o'clock, and the new arrangement will be recognized in all official correspondence.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

On British lips Cholmondeley is Chumley; Walshingham, Walsicum; Dalzell, Dyell (as a monosyllable); St. John, Sinjin; St. Leger, Selliger; Levison Gower, Lewson Gore; Derby, Darby; Marjoribanks, Marchbanks; Arundel, Arndel; Holborn, Hoborn; Berkeley, Barkly (though in London Berkeley street goes out of Barkly square); Pall Mall, Pell Mell; Ruthven, Riven; Alnwick, Annick; Ookhampton, Ockington; Wolverhampton, Wolverton; Wavertree, Wateree; Menzies, Minghies: Cockburn, Coburn; Kirkcudbright, Kook'oobre; Ralph, Rafe; Hawick, Hoick; while the towns of Norwich, Dulwich, Ipswich, Warwick, are Norridge, Dullidge, Ipsich, Warrick, etc. The name of Tagliaferro is Tolliver in our South as it is in England.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—Wouldn't sorghum syrup be a good thing for teething babies?

—The Chinaman is coming into vogue as a lackey in somo of the monster stores of Paris.

—The jury of the international fair at Melbourne, Australia, consists of 424 members.

—A number of our American citizens go to Buffalo to-day to celebrate Washington's birthday.

—Two Senators and six Congressmen were found by the police in a gambling house raided at Washington last week.

—An Italian writer says that 40,000 operas have been written since 1600, of which 10,000 have been produced by the sons of Italy.

The Buffalo *Express* remarks that Mercutio dies in the third act because he was too bright for Shakespeare to carry through the play.

—More than half of the Scotch M. P.'s have signed a memorial to Mr. Gladstone proposing the appointment of a Minister of Scotch affairs.

—There is a society in England called the Kyrle Society, of which Prince Leopold is president. They read Kyrle papers at their meetings.

—California vine growers say that the wine produced in that State will ere long drive French wines out of the market in the Eastern States.

—The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has presented her intended husband with a magnificent stud of thoroughbred hunters. Her affection for him is a stable one.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"What is your wife's particular little game?" asked a friend of a henpecked husband. "When she gets thoroughly mad," he answered, "it's draw poker."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—One of the younger sons of Lord Munster, who bears King William IV.'s arm with a bar sinister, has just been converted to Romanism; so that Queen Victoria has now a near blood relation in the Roman ranks.

—A Roman correspondent writes that every one is astonished at the steady mildness of the season. Sunshades have been more in request than umbrellas. Street cars are the novelty of the season in the city. The Quirinal hill is now ascended by them.

—The Church of the Advent, in Boston, is extremely ritualistic. Its four ministers wear cossacks indoors and out, practise celibacy, and live in a house by themselves. The parish is quite successful; the church has 800 communicants, and a new edifice is being completed without a debt.

—Evangelist Moody emphatically denies that he ever said, as has been reported, that his grandmother having died without hope in Christ, he knew she was in hell. The story, he asserts, is twenty years old, and has been attributed to half a dozen ministers.

—One of the fiercest of fights over the liquor question is now in progress in Missouri. A stringent prohibitory law seems likely to be passed by the Legislature, the country members outnumbering the city members, who strenuously oppose the measure.

—A. G. Bradley writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* that the old State of Virginia may now be fairly said to be "booming"—booming, too, in a quiet, respectable, and substantial manner that makes little noise or stir, but for that very reason is all the firmer and the more likely to be permanent.

—A correspondent explains the exact signification of the shattering of the glass at the Rothschild wedding: "Wine is brought in a brittle vessel, and being six times blessed, the married couple drink thereof, and the rest of it, in token of joy, is cast on the ground; the bridegroom, in memory of the ruin of their city and temple, with force dashes the vessel to the ground."

—Berlin has 3,239 sets of apartments without a fireplace or chimney, and half the population lives in dwellings with only one fireplace. Privy Councilor Starke draws shocking pictures of the immorality that exists in the city. Drunkenness is attaining alarming proportions. Over 10,000 youthful criminals are turned annually into the streets out of prison, and more than 3,000 are hopeless vagabonds.

—A bill has lately been introduced into the Bombay Legislative Council to create a close time for certain sorts of game and fish in the Bombay Presidency. The term "game" in the bill denotes, among other animals, bison, neelghai, antelope, samber, chital, chiukaria, bekri (a species of antelope), hog, deer and hares. Ferocious animals may still be killed at any time hunters can manage to "pot" them. The bill meets with much native opposition.

—An apparently destitute woman was cared for by the poor authorities of Sedalia, Mo., during a severe attack of illness. It was afterward learned that she was a widow, residing in a neighboring county, where she owned a fine farm, had a bank account of $2,000, and belonged to a wealthy family. Feeling sure that she was about to be sick, she decided to go to Sedalia under an assumed name and receive treatment free as a pauper. The Mayor has compelled her to pay the bill.

—Hot and cold baths may be had in almost every street in Paris at prices varying from 10 to 20 cents. The sign, Establissement de Bain, will show their whereabouts. An ordinary hot bath and two towels ought not to cost more than 10 cents, but then the bather must find his own soap. It is best to take soap with you, as the bath keepers make you pay double the price. You may have a bath sent up into your bed room from any of these bath houses at a small charge.

—The official correspondence relating to the condition of Indian finance which Lord Huntington discovered on his acceptance of office, has, it is said, stricken terror into more than one individual high in favor at court. It is rumored that the demand made on the exchequer to meet a part only of the expenses incurred by the Afghan war amounts to not less than seven millions sterling. Some rare specimens of scandalous neglect and wanton extravagance will shortly be laid before the British public.

—The Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, Dr. Humphry Lloyd, is dead, and there is an active canvass for the successorship. The favorite is Dr. Ingram, the author of the celebrated rebel song of 1848, "Who fears to speak of '98?" Now the Provost is chosen always from the ranks of the senior or junior fellows, generally the senior. In the old state of things there were nine Provosts who were not even graduates of the university, and one who had been a dragoon officer. The salary is £4,000 a year, with a handsome house, perqu sites, &c.

—Knightly plays and other curious representations are to be devised in honor of the betrothal of Prince William of Prussia to the Princess of Schleswin Holstein. Among other things, quadrilles are to be danced within a circle of fifteen gigantic grenadiers of the time of Frederick William I. There will be no difficulty in finding men of a sufficiently large stature to represent the grenadiers. The Prussian Guards contain a hundred troopers of extraordinary size.

—A recent visitor to Madagascar writes: "In no respect is the contrast between the African continent and the neighboring island of Madagascar so marked as in their respective faunæ; there is not an elephant, tiger, lion, or, in fact, any wild beasts in Madagascar—hardly a poisonous snake even—nothing more terrible than a wildcat measuring about three feet from the tip of his nose to the commencement of the tail, and standing about a foot high at the shoulder. There is also a wild boar, and most of the rivers and marshes abound in alligators."

—It is asserted that within eighteen months two and a half miles of the proposed channel tunnel between England and France will have been excavated, and that the work will be completed in about four years. Still another grand scheme, however, for crossing the channel is contemplated, namely, a line of steel tubes, sixteen feet in diameter, ballasted so as to make it weigh one and a quarter tons to the foot less than the water displaced, and held at the depth of thirty-five feet below the surface, so as not to impede navigation, by chains attached to caissons sunk to the bottom.

—Capt. Eads's proposed ship railroad has a precedent in Germany, where vessels of sixty tons capacity are carried overland from the upper to the lower part of the Elbing-Oberland Canal, in West Prussia. This ship railroad has been in successful operation for over sixteen years, but when the idea was first broached it was ridiculed by everybody. Even then, however, there had been a precedent for the scheme in a road over our Alleghany range, on which four-ton canal boats were carried.

—Admiral Bythesea, a very distinguished officer who has just retired from the service, after having for many years filled the post of Consulting Naval Officer to the Government of India, got his name by being, when an infant, picked up at sea by a ship of war, lashed to a bale of goods. Inquiry failed to elicit any sort of information about this human flotsam; so the ship's officers adopted him, called him "By the-sea," and sent him to a naval school. The first ship in which he served was that which had saved his life. He has the Victoria Cross and the Order of the Bath.

—The Western device of a greased pole, in fire engine houses, on which the firemen slide down, instead of using the stairways, was lately ridiculed by officials of the New York department, in conversations with a *Sun* reporter. Cincinnati firemen respond with a defense of the pole, and declare that the celerity claimed by the New Yorkers—three seconds between the first tap of the alarm and readiness to start—is an impossibility. They gave an exhibition to an *Enquirer* reporter, and the best achievement was twelve seconds, the men being in their room when the gong sounded.

—Thirty years ago James Boyle left Ireland for Australia with his wife and one child, leaving another child, Mary, with her grandfather. He was very successful on the gold fields, and invested his money to great advantage. His wife and child died in Australia. Mary married a man named Glen, and moved to America, where she has been living in a poor part of Philadelphia. By the miscarriage of letters incidental to her moving at the same time as her father they lost trace of each other, and each thought the other dead. She now finds herself, after a life of hard struggle, worth a million of dollars.

—From what is already known of the new version of the New Testament, it is certain that in at least two places a word hitherto familiar has given way to one less used in common speech. Capernaum, according to the revised text of Luke, is "brought down unto Hades," instead of to hell, as hitherto, while in the same Gospel it is said of the rich man, in the parable of Lazarus, that "in Hades he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." Should this substitution prove to be general, perhaps polite people, including, of course, newspapers, will henceforth feel obliged to spell the word, when used outside of Scriptural connection, as H—s.

—Ernest Graham and Belle Roper started from Clement, Ill., for St. Louis, where they were to be married. They were accompanied by Lewis Lindsay, who was to be the groomsman at the wedding and a party of relatives and friends. Their train was delayed, and they did not arrive in St. Louis until too late to have the ceremony performed at the appointed time. But a postponement was not the only disarrangement of the programme. Miss Roper announced that during the journey she had changed her mind and would not marry Graham, but would request the clergyman to make her the wife of Lindsay, which was done.

— Several habitual players against a Louisville faro bank found out that the dealing was tricky, and resolved to get their money back. Just as the cards had been placed in the box, a player handed in a $20 bill for chips. A second player stepped to the dealer's side and said: "That looks like a counterfeit." While the note was being critically examined, a third player changed the pack of cards for one that had been "stocked." Then play was resumed. The conspirators, knowing beforehand how the cards would run, quickly won more than they had lost, and might have broken the bank, if their manifest eagerness had not aroused the dealer's suspicion. He examined the pack, and denounced the fraud, but paid the losses.

—John S. Clarke, the London comedian and manager, is on a visit to Philadelphia, where he owns two theaters. He says that Booth has become popular in London, and that people take more kindly to American actors than formerly. The Florences made a hit, though they gained little in money; Haverly's minstrels did well financially at the Mapleson Opera House; Raymond was liked, in spite of the failure of "The Gilded Age," and the outlook for McCullough is good. Mr. Clarke says that Irving is not likely to come to America for many years, as he draws invariably at home, and has a valuable theatre to manage. The Vokes family of burlesquers and the Hanlon Lees, a somewhat similar company, are coming here next season.

—A Paris paper says that Sarah Bernhardt keeps her memory green in Paris by employing Marie Colombier to write long gushing letters about her to journalists, which, of course, are meant to be published, and gives the following specimen: "One single black cloud. She languishes to see her son again. She showed me the other day one of his letters, in which the child writes thus: 'My dear and adored mother, I long so much to see you again that I have already bought a little boat to come and meet you.' 'Well, you must feel happy,' I said to her. 'Alas, no,' she replied. 'That child with his mad tricks will make me die of fear. When I arrive I shall be in agony to think that he will perhaps be floating on the waves in some absurd boat.'"

—It is asserted that great transactions are being carried on between the Government and the authorities having control over the very large landed estates in Ireland belonging to the city companies of London. These companies are not unwilling to part with their land. But it is said that special clauses bearing upon the transfer will have to be inserted in the forthcoming land bill. There is no reluctance on the part of the City Fathers to sell this property, but a great objection to have its value made public, in consequence of the hue and cry which has been raised of late against the unemployed wealth which the city companies have been amassing for so many generations.

—Belgium, with 5,000,000 inhabitants, has a Jewish population of 4,000. Among the Jews in the public service there are three chief clerks to Ministries, one director of the Royal Carpet Manufactory, one Court of Appeals Judge, two Crown Prosecutors, one Judge o Instruction, six barristers, three Mayors, nine captains and four professors of universities. This is a large number of positions of distinction in proportion to their numbers, but no complaints are made against them on that account or any other reason. Their right to attain such distinction as they may be qualified for is conceded. The anti-Jewish movement in Germany meets with no favor in Belgium, and it does not diminish the dislike with which Belgium regards the German empire.

—Toru Dutt was the daughter of a native gentleman of Calcutta. She died in 1877 at the age of 21, leaving behind her a book of translations into English from French poets, called "A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields," and also a very remarkable novel, written in French, and dealing with life in France. She spent two years of her short life in Europe, and only a few months of that time in France. The work she accomplished ranks among the curiosities of literature. The book of poetry is a collection of verses translated from the works of Victor Hugo, Deranger, Lamartine, Gerad de Nerval, Sainte Beuve, Alfred de Musset, and other poets. Much of her time was devoted to Sanscrit, German, and the language of India.

—Human nature hasn't changed much after all since Sam Pepys's day. To be sure, the mentials of rival ambassadors no longer engage in bloody street fights for the precedence; other times, other manners. But this tempest in a Roman teapot, an account of which Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope makes haste to send to a London newspaper, while less sanguinary, is every whit as absurd. An Italian Duchess gives a ball. The King and Queen of Italy go to it. Supper time comes around. The German Ambassador is invited to ply his knife and fork at the table set apart for royalty, and he is the only member of the diplomatic corps thus honored. Thereupon the English, French and Austrian Ambassadors cloak their wives, order their carriages, and go home in high dudgeon; and Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope sends his dispatch to the Lowdon *Standard*.

—Highwaymen have so often rifled the bullion and coin-bearing treasury boxes of Wells, Fargo & Co. while in course of conveyance through the counties of Placer and Eldorado, in California, that the company has determined to discontinue its service in those counties, although it has been maintained uninterruptedly since 1852. The worst infested routes in the whole State are respectively only sixteen and thirty miles long, and branch out from the same place, the small town of Auburn: yet, notwithstanding every precaution, robberies on those roads have been of annual occurrence since 1860, and, it is thought, must have cost the company fully $100,000, and perhaps double that amount. But the company has never allowed these losses to interfere with the prompt payment of every dollar due to those for whom it was transacting business.

—The fashionable wedding involves, says a New York exchange, an expense of from $1,000 to $20,000. For a quiet wedding at home, there are the invitations, the average cost of which is $20 per 100, with an extra charge of $5 for each additional 100 invitations. A plain, unpretending display of smilax and flowers, suitable for a New York residence, may be procured for $100, and that is about the lowest sum for which a fashionable florist would think of sending in his bill. For a simple collation of 150 guests, about the lowest figures by caterers are $2 per capita, and from that to $12. Wedding cake for 100 persons done up in fancy boxes is furnished at $30 to $50, according o the style of the box. The attire for the ceremony, the white satin, brocaded or not, with bridal vail, orange blossoms and toilet accessories, may —exclusive of laces and jewels—be procured for $500.

—Prizes were offered in Frankfort for the best tragedy, drama or comedy. Over six hundred competitors presented themselves, but none of their productions have been considered worthy of the prizes. Two tragedies, entitled Stauf, and The Patrician Lady, have, however, been recommended as good enough to perform under the auspices of the Prize Committee, and to receive fifteen per cent. of the receipts, which was one of the rewards offered in addition to the money prizes. Prizes for the best plays have often been offered in Germany, but seldom with the result of calling forth anything of much excellence. In the last century Kotzebue, the dramatic author, offered a prize, for which there was competition from all quarters, but it was not awarded, because, in the judges' opinion, none were deemed worthy of it. There was much unpleasant feeling and discussion in consequence, but Kotzebue insisted that his offer for the best play contained the necessary implication that the best play must be a good one.

—Vienna has several places of refuge for the destitute, called "warming rooms," where all persons who are in need, without distinction, are allowed to sit and make themselves comfortable, and are given soup, coffee, or tea with bread, free of charge. No inquiries are made as to their character or calling. It is sufficient that they say they are cold and hungry. If they prefer it, they receive hot grog. Capacious stoves warm these places, benches run along the walls, and newspapers are provided, but mainly on account of their advertisements of help wanted. The food and drink are given to each person twice every day, and at night those who need lodgings, which is not the case with all who apply for warmth and nutriment, are enabled to sleep there. The experiment has proved so satisfactory that another place of the same kind is about to be opened large enough to accommodate 800 persons. Since Dec. 640,786 persons were assisted at these places with food, lodging, or otherwise, and between the 15th of December and January 20 not a single instance of suicide traceable to poverty was reported, although self-murder for that cause was not unfrequent before.

—When a statue of Pallas was disinterred the other day from Grecian soil, its discovery struck the Mayor of Athens as being of such good omen to the warlike projects at present entertained by his countrymen that he promptly communicated it by telegraph to the world. Singularly opportune discoveries, somewhat akin to that of the Athenian Minerva, were made in Servia a few weeks before the outbreak of the rebellion in 1876. A Servian peasant, digging potatoes in a field near Krugevacz, turned up the antique diadem of Czar Dushan, a famous monarch of Servia in days when the principality was an empire. Just about the same time another lucky agriculturist managed to excavate the Servian Emperor Lazar's sword from the ancient battlefield of Kossovopolie, upon which the Czillax hosts were defeated, with terrible slaughter, in the year 1389. Great enthusiasm was aroused among Slav sympathizers, as well as native Serbs by the apt recovery of these inestimable national relics. It turned out, however, later on that Dushan's diadem was a clumsy imitation crown, buried in a situation convenient for its discovery by an ingenious agent of a Panslavistic committee. Further investigation also proved Lazar's imperial glaive to be a rusty blade of modern fabrication.

—The history of the long-pending prosecutions of Andrew T. Walker and Jeff Black, for the murder of Green Butler, in Galveston county, Texas, in 1872, furnishes a not very creditable commentary upon the administration of justice in that State. Butler, who was a stock raiser and a popular man, was sitting on the piazza in front of his house after dusk. A party of horsemen rode up and asked for supper. While the stock raiser was opening the gate to let them in, one of the party discharged a rifle or pistol at him. The party then rode quickly away. Butler retained consciousness long enough to say that, by the flash of the powder. he had recognized Andrew T. Walker as the assassin, and this was corroborated by the testimony of a negro boy in the murdered man's employ, who happened to be riding by at the moment. There seems, indeed, to have been no doubt about Walker's guilt. He, as principal, and Black as accessory, were indicted and brought to trial, and both were promptly found guilty by the jury. They appealed, and obtained a new trial. Again they were tried, again convicted, and again a new trial was ordered. This process was repeated three times, extending from first to last over a period of seven years. Then, on a fourth trial, Black was arraigned alone, and acquitted; but he narrowly escaped being shot down as he was leaving the court room, and a sanguinary fight in the streets between his friends and foes was with difficulty averted. Walker escaped from prison last month. That event will, it is thought, end the prosecution, which seems to have exhausted the energies of all concerned in it.

WHAT WE DO WHEN WE DIE.

Within a very near approach to truth the human family inhabiting the earth has been estimated at 1,000,000,000; the annual loss by death is 18,000,000. Now, the weight of the animal matter of this immense body cast into the grave is no less than 634,000 tons, and its decomposition produces 9,000,000,000,000 cubic feet of matter. The vegetable productions of the earth clear away from the earth the gases thus generated, decomposing and assimilating them for their own increase. This circle of changes has been going on ever since man became an occupier of the earth. He feeds on the lower animals and on the seeds of plants, which in due time become a part of himself. The lower animals feed upon the herbs and grasses, which in their turn become the animal; then, by its death, again pass into the atmosphere, and are ready once more to be assimilated by plants, the earth or bone substance alone remaining where it is deposited.—*Scientific Exchange.*

—The Japanese never applaud or waste a smile upon the wittiest jokes at their theaters, so absorbed are they squatting on their mats in the pit. On the Tokio stage lively modern pieces have cut in upon the odd classic drama, and a piece entitled "A Tour Around the World in Eighty Days," is now having an extraordinary run on the metropolitan boards.

THEIR WEDDED JOURNEY.

THE NUPTIALS.

By the Society Reporter.

The spacious and elegant parlor of Hon. J. W. Boneset, whose position among the haut ton has been assured ever since he collected the insurance money on his store that burned up last fall, were the scene last evening of an event which brought together about three hundred of the elite of the city, it being not thing less than the nuptials of the host's eldest daughter, Miss Beatrice, to Rupert Rolling stone, Esq., a prominent society young gentleman, who assists Messrs. Bank & Blank, in conducting their extensive wholesale dry goods business. That it was the most recherche affair of the season none who were there can doubt. Fair women and brave men vied with each other in seeing who could eat the most ice cream, and it was universally remarked that no such lay out had been seen since the day of the Relief and Aid Society. The happy pair started East on the 9 o'clock train, and upon returning will reside with the bride's parents providing the old man does not try to carry too much January wheat.

THE BRIDAL TOUR.

By the Railroad Reporter.

The funded debt of the I. X., and Z. Y. Railroad, over which Mr. and Mrs. Rollingstone started for their wedding trip last evening, is $7,483,210.24, but it is believed that with the inauguration of the new freight tariff, this amount will be greatly reduced. A splendidly-appointed drawing-room car was fitted up for the happy pair by the company, and it was indeed a pleasant picture to see them chatting gayly with a bevy of friends before the train started. In case the freight pool is broken, as now seems probable, it is pretty safe to say that grain shipments over this road will largely increase during the next three months. At last the hour of departure came, and the train moved slowly out of the depot, the bride looking beautiful as she threw kisses to the merry group of friends that stood on the platform. Whether or not Vanderbilt's scheme of consolidation will succeed it is hard to say, but that a new tariff on freights will have to be adopted with the opening of navigation is a foregone conclusion. The marriage is said by all the friends of the parties to have been purely one of love.

CROSSING THE FERRY.

By the Marine Reporter.

"Avast heaving."

It was the second mate that spoke, and at his word the gang plank fell with a dull thud on the deck near the lee scuppers, just abaft the port paddle box, and the Lucy Ann stood boldly out into the East river. It was eight bells, and the starboard watch had been set. There was no larboard watch, but the captain had the clock hung on that side of the cabin, which answered as well, perhaps better, since the clock could not play seven-up when on duty.

The second mate went forward, carelessly picking his teeth with a marlinspike. When abreast of the mizzen halliards he clewed up his suspenderless pants and spoke to the wheelsman. "How does she head?" he said.

"West by nor'west, by north, by west-nor'west."

"Why is New York harbor like a celebrated play?"

"Because it has two offings."

"Correct. Why is a farmer like a ship's rudder?"

"Because he is a tiller."

"Correct. Why is a bridegroom crossing the Atlantic like one of the ship's officers?"

"Because he is a boat swain."

By this time the ferryboat had reached New York. Let us leave her there for a year.

THE VILLAIN.

By the Sporting Reporter.

Herbert Montravers was a handsome but profligate young man on whom dissipation had set its hideous seal. His deep black eyes could beam with melting tenderness when looking into those of a trusting maiden, or glitter with the cold, cruel glare of a tiger as it watches its prey. He had seen Beatrice as she emerged from the hotel one evening, leaning on her husband's arm, and fallen violently in love with her Sangamon County grace. He had his moustache freshly died, and from that moment was a changed man. The next night he again watched at the hotel entrance, and threw the gleam of his breastpin in her off eye as she scored down from the ladies' parlor. She shrank back instinctively and broke the check-hook of her back hair. Then she saw Herbert, and blushed slightly. Rupert did not notice this, being engaged in falling over a trunk which the porter had apparently left there for that purpose.

"Herb looks like he might be first choice there," said one of his companions, who was standing near by. "I must get a pool or two on him."

The next afternoon Beatrice went out alone She had jogged perhaps half a mile, and was getting well into her stride, when she perceived a figure near by. Looking behind she saw Herbert about two lengths in the rear and going steadily. By the time she reached the three-quarter pole he was on her wheel. She carried him out pretty well at the next corner, but he was soon head-and-head with her, and under a strong pull. Just then Beatrice hit her near ankle and went to a break. In her confusion she murmured something about having left her scalping boots at home. This remark opened the way for a conversation, and before they returned to the hotel Herbert had told his love. But let us summarize;

Herbert	1	1
Rupert	2	dis.

Time—1.15; 47½

THE DIVORCE.

By the Law Reporter.

The court was full.

I mean the court-room was full. Of course, the court might have been full also, but it would be libelous to say so. (See 2 Ills., p, 77, Nix vs. Stix).

"Silence in the court," said the bailiff. He did not say this with any idea that anybody would mind, but because he got $3 a day for it.

The case of Rollingstone vs. Rollingstone, application for divorce on the ground of cruelty, was to be heard. The first witness was Be trice.

"What is your name, madam?" asked her lawyer.

"Beatrice Rollingstone."

"Maiden name?"

"Boneset."

"Has your husband treated you cruelly?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what respect?"

"He said I could not make mince pies like his mother."

"What resemblance does the defendant's mother bear to a mince pie?" inquired the Court.

"Oh, I meant that he said I couldn't make as good pies as his mother could."

"Let the divorce be granted," said the Judge.

Rupert stood like one stunned, but finally turned toward the door in a dazed sort of way, saying to himself: "Betrayed by mince pie. Ha, ha! Ha, ha!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.

Our young girls in America do not seem t have the sense of the beauty of simplicity in dress. No young girl looks as young or as lovely in heavy velvets and loaded trimmings as in simple muslins and soft, clinging materials. They detract from their own fresh charms by calling attention to their adornment. I should be inclined to say that no jewels, unless a single row of pearls about the throat, no lace but simple Valenciennes, should be worn by any girl younger than 21. A dress perfectly fresh, light in color (where the complexion permits), beautifully cut, and almost entirely untrimmed, can not be improved upon for a young girl. It is the sweet rounded forms, the dewy bloom of the cheek, the clear young eyes, the soft tender lips, that we want to see. Where silks are worn, they should not be of heavy quality, but soft. Our young girls wear dresses like dowagers. It is a futile waste of money; no beauty is attained.

We would like to call attention to the fact that the style of dress influences the manners and carriage of the woman. The masculine style of dress has this objection. It is a little difficult to say what we could substitute for the ulster that we have all adopted. It is surely a very convenient garment for our streets, and for rain and mud and snow; but there is a difference in the cut of ulsters, and they should be as little like a very bad overcoat as possible. Where a young girl has side pockets, she is apt to put her hands in them, and when she adds a Derby hat, how often the swagger follows!

The Derby hat appears to me to have on excuse. It is unbecoming even to a man, and absolutely hideous upon a woman. It is surprising to see them adopted by well-bred ladies. They have had great countenance, to be sure, but we think that if we should hand over all the younger generation to an exclusive costume of the Derby hat, the ulster, the jersey and the short skirt, it would not take more than one generation to make us lose all grace of manner.

The short skirt deserves to be commended for the street, but in the house it has neither beauty nor elegance. Even to shorten a long skirt in front for the better display of a pretty foot is a great mistake. It is neither becoming to the foot nor the figure. It gives an intentional look of display, which is unrefined; and surely the dress that leaves something to the imagination is more coquettish and more dignified.

The wearing of jewels is not often well understood. One does not see many handsome jewels worn in America, with the exception of diamonds. It is said that the value of the diamond fluctuates less than that of any other precious stone, and that they therefore recommend themselves to the practical masculine mind as an investment, and that this is the real reason that our women wear diamonds so exclusively. This is to be regretted, as the diamond, from its excessive brilliancy and hardness of light, is not becoming to many women. To the blue-eyed, the sapphire, or even the inexpensive turquoise, is often far more harmonious and decorative. A little pale woman in flashing diamonds is absurd; the silent pearl, the dull, soft turquoise, the evasive, mysterious opal, even the little moon-stone, a green chalcedony, the topaz, an amethyst with a velvet surface for finish (what the French call *defacee*), even amber, or pale, tea colored coral—all these as ornaments are becoming to ninety-nine women, where the diamond is becoming to the one hundredth. Let us emancipate ourselves from imagining a thing beautiful as an ornament because it is beautiful in itself, or ornamental in the dress of one person because it is so in the dress of another.

We knew once a charming little lady who, being in very moderate circumstances, dressed in such simple materials as she could easily procure—in winter often in soft gray woolens, in summer in light-colored muslins, with a white scarf, a straw bonnet, with the plainest pale ribbon neatly tying it down. Her complexion was like a wild rose, and with her soft, fair hair and blue eyes, her figure delicate even to the point of fragility, no dress could have been more coquettish and exquisitely appropriate. Later her husband came into a fortune. She eagerly adopted heavy velvets, beneath whose weight she seemed to totter, diamonds of great size and brilliancy. They made her at once a plain woman, and as her freshness began to fade, we wondered how we could ever have thought her exquisitely pretty; and it seemed to us that with soft lace and the tender dullness of pearls, with crapes of gray or white as material for her gowns, even faded she would have been charming.—*Harper's Magazine.*

HANS' REMINISCENCES.

In reading of the barbarity practised by uncivilized nations with whom we come in contact, we are by comparison disposed to credit ourselves with much more humanity than we possess. In proof of this we have only to turn back a few years and take into account the burning of the American dead after the battle of Lundy's Lane, the shooting of plundering wild Indians on the night of the battle, and on the following morning, who were our allies. I do not call upon published history for these accounts, for I have them direct from eye witnesses who were engaged in the battle. We may turn also to the conduct of our Yankee cousins, who, at the battle of the Thames, cut long slips of skin from the thighs of the dead body, as they supposed, of the great chief Tecumseh, to be carried home and converted into razor strops. Perhaps it will be as well at this time to say that the supposed body of Tecumseh was that of some inferior chief. Col. Johnson, a lawyer, who had been all of six weeks in the service, was seriously wounded, and being placed in a half reclining position against the foot of a tree, was left alone. Directly after a stalwart chief, dressed in Indian style, in buckskin and feathers, approached, tomahawk in hand. Johnson had barely strength to level his pistol and fire; the savage fell dead. Now, I have been told by reliable persons, who had ample opportunities of knowing, that this chief *was not* Tecumseh, as American history represents, for he was at that battle dressed as a British field officer, and was accidentally shot by one of his own men as he rode up in front of them while they were lying in the grass and occasionally firing at the enemy.

To return, the Indian like all wild men, has simply, perhaps a natural code of laws; much after the style of the ancient Israelites, where we find an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, the rule; consequently the wild Indian (not our Massissagas, who came here from the Mohawk and Central New York, and who were far advanced in civilization) were dis posed to carry away openly, from the settlers, whatever their wants directed or their fancy might suggest; and as there was no possibility of the whites retaliating in kind the wild man came to think that the white man's property was free to be plundered when he had the power to carry it away. These aggressions during, and immediately after the war, were continued so long that forbearance gave way to vengeance. Several dead bodies of Indians were discovered in a swamp, on a mountain, above the village of Stoney Creek. A legal investigation was attempted; some of the most respectable people were suspected of complicity in their murder, but, through obstacles thrown in the way by many who had suffered from Indian depredations, nothing of any moment was solicited. Still the direful hatred towards the wild Indian continued; and on one occasion a spirited young fellow, who had served his country in several battles—whose intrepidity and valor were undoubted, fell from his high estate when passing an Indian camp on the brow of the mountain, and seizing hold of an Indian cradle to which a pappoose was bound in the usual manner, dashed the child's brains out against a tree. He was immediately pursued by a number of Indians. He was quite as fleet of foot as they were, and knowing right well the locality, made his escape over a precipice near the Stoney Creek Falls, down which his pursuers durst not venture. A few shots were fired at him, to which he replied with defiant gestures.

At length, "Lo, the poor Indian," finding occasionally the dead body of a comrade, and being unable to cope with the whites, and dreading the vengeance of their great father, King George, should they retaliate, decamped, and retiring to their far away home in the northwest, left the Macassa hunting and fishing grounds to the white man, and the peaceful and orderly Massissagas. HANS.

Feb. 15th, 1881.

LIVES IN A WAMPUM.

Mrs. Burnett's new story, A Fair Barbarian, contains the following conversation between certain English schoolgirls, upon whom the sight of an American girl has just dawned for the first time: "I have not the slightest doubt," said Miss Phipps, "that when she is at home she lives in a wampum." "What is a wampum?" asked one of the admiring audience. "A tent," replied Miss Phipps, with some impatience; "I should think any goose would know that. It is a kind of tent hung with scalps, and—and—moccasons and—lariats, and things of that sort."

—One of Bret Harte's stories has been dramatized and placed upon the stage at Berlin under the title of "The Lost Son," but it has not met with much success. The Germans say that the author's humor is not fitted for stage representation, and that scenes of dissipation, which can be effectively and humorously described in a narrative, become repulsive when an attempt is made to act them.

BY FIELD AND FLOOD.

Sufferings of a Canadian Crew on the Coast of Newfoundland—A Japanese Vessel Burned, with a Loss of Sixty-four Lives.

QUEBEC, Feb. 15.—The *Chronicle* this morning publishes details of harrowing scenes of the sufferings and death of a wrecked crew of Newfoundland, derived from a letter received here at the Department of Marine and Fisheries. The letter is dated the 3d of January, but owing to the difficulty of communication between Newfoundland and Quebec in winter, has only just been received here. The name of the wrecked vessel is the Normanton, of St. John, N. B. She was a timber-laden ship of eighteen hands, loaded at Miramichi, and owned by Stewart & Co., Thomas Johnston captain. The scene of the wreck is off Snake's Bight, about ten miles west of Cape Anguila. The exact date of the wreck is not recorded. It was in a severe gale, and about ten miles west of Cape George, that the ship got on her beam ends. The crew cut away the masts in the hope that the vessel would right herself, but instead of doing so she kept driving in the bay, and when they found her nearing the land they let go the anchor in fifteen fathoms of water. As the ship righted, they got out two boats and manned them, one with nine and the other with ten men. One of the boats went down with all hands close to the vessel. The other got clear of the ship and made direct for the shore. It was soon upset, however, in the heavy sea, one man being drowned and everything in the boat lost. The eight survivors succeeded in righting her again, and partly bailed out the boat, using their boots to bail with. Before reaching the shore she again upset. and the same hardships were again experienced before she was righted. A colored man who was one of the survivors died immediately on reaching shore. The others got upon the bank, where some of the number died from exhaustion, cold and fatigue. The remainder took to the woods, where the only two survivors of the crew wandered for nine days without a morsel of any kind of food whatever. They managed to sustain life by eating the tender boughs of trees. At the end of that period they were found by people belonging to the highlands and taken to their homes very badly frozen and exhausted by cold and hunger. In the midst of their own misfortunes their thoughts reverted to their late companions, and their first desire after having found refuge and safety for themselves was the assistance of their missing comrades. A party of men was at once formed and set out in search of the lost. After some time Captain Johnston was found alive, but badly frozen, with a dead man lying beside him. The captain's sanity had almost escaped him, and for some time he expressed great alarm at the sight of the party who had come to his relief. They procured some refreshments, and after drinking a little warm tea he became apparently reconciled to his surroundings, but the cold and hunger had done their work, and a few hours later death relieved him of his sufferings. The party of searchers, however, were yet to see things still more terrible than any so far witnessed by them. Proceeding on their way they came across the body of another man from whose arms and body portions of the flesh had been cut with a knife. There was no longer any room for doubting the facts. The pangs of hunger in some of the survivors had overcome the scruples of humanity, and the fearful scene of cannibalism incidental to many another wreck had been repeated in the present instance. Two or three members of the unfortunate crew still remain to be accounted for. The survivors are unable to say whether these poor fellows got safely on land or perished before reaching the top of the bank. The names of the two rescued are McCreetcher, the chief mate, who belongs to Liverpool, and Paterick Dooley, of Carbonear, Nfld. They are still very ill, but improving. They will lose portions of their limbs, having been very badly frozen. Humanity calls loudly for some protection for the poor mariners on the much neglected coast called the French shore, which was the scene of the sufferings and death detailed above.

A Japanese Steamer Burned.

The Yokohama papers contain reports of a sad disaster at sea, through which sixty-four persons lost their lives. The passenger steamer Toyokuni, a new vessel recently launched from the works of Messrs. E. & C. Kirby & Co., was on a trip from Osaka to Shimonoseki. The owner and a large number of passengers were on board and everything presaged a pleasant run until an alarm of fire was raised while the steamer was crossing the Idzumi-Nada. Terrible confusion at once ensued, and as the conflagration was in the coal bunkers nothing could be done to extinguish it, the vessel being without pumps or any other appliance useful for such a purpose. The *Hiogo News* says the steamer was so ill-provided that only three of the ordinary buckets used for washing buckets could be found. The solitary boat was made fast over the position of the fire, and could not be cleared away, so that the wretched passeng rs were without any means of escape, not even lifebuoys being part of the vessel's equipment. Owing to the heat below it was impossible to get at the engines to stop them, and the flames soon reached the boilers, and caused the steamer to be propelled through the water at terrific speed. Some of the crew managed to get forward and let go the anchor, in the hope that it would impede progress through the water; but the effect was almost imperceptible. By this time the burning ship was only some twenty miles from land, and the Tokiomaru could be seen coming up to the assistance of those on board. It is certain that if at this time the Toyokuni could have been stopped all or nearly all the people on board would have been saved. But as the vessel sped on the flames drove the unfortunate passengers aft, and the people on board the Tokiomaru could see men, women and children throwing themselves overboard to escape the more painful death inevitable by remaining in the burning ship. The excitement on the Toyokuni was intense, and it must have been a fearful sight to witness these poor creatures perishing without any possible means to save them. At length, owing, it is supposed, to the intense heat injuring some portion of the machinery, the Toyokuni suddenly stopped, and the pursuing steamer was enabled to get close up. A boat was immediately lowered and rowed as near the burning ship as the flames would allow. Eighteen men were found to be hanging over the vessel's side clinging to ropes, and were taken on board the Tokiomaru, with the exception of one, the purser, who insisted upon going to his native place in a small fishing boat which came up just at the time. These eighteen were the sole survivors of eighty-two souls, who a few hours previously were anticipating a speedy return to their friends or relatives.

THE TENANTS OF IRELAND

A correspondent writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette*: There is nothing more irritating and annoying in the discussions now so universal as to the Irish question than the equally universal want of accurate acquaintance with the real facts and figures contained in the authentic statistics of Ireland. Attention was lately called in your paper to the absurd delusion which has so taken hold of the public mind as to the improvidence and fruitfulness of Irish marriages. There is another delusion, not less prevalent, that Ireland is a country occupied substantially by wretchedly small peasant farmers. Will the following (which is an abstract taken from the agricultural statistics of Ireland issued from the general register office for 1877) have any effect in dissipating that delusion:

Occupiers		Amount.
50,322	garden patches under	1 acre
62,104	from	1 to 5 acres
272,302	from	5 to 30 acres
65,722	from	30 to 50 acres
50,569	from	50 to 100 acres
20,696	from	100 to 200 acres
9,697	from	200 to 500 acres
2,413	from	500 and upwards

—The Fifth Dragoon Guards have decided that calling may be done, not merely by individuals, but by regiments. They have sent out in Brighton visiting cards inscribed, "The Lieut.-Col. and officers of the Fifth Dragoon Guards." This is a pleasing and useful reform, and may be fitly developed.

TRAINING A CIRCUS RIDER.

Reminiscences of a Veteran in the Ring.

"I guess I know a little something about circus life, but it is funny, for my father and all his brothers were boatmen. Their father was a boatman before them and they all thought it was in the family. I was born in Inverness, Scotland, but was carried to Australia when 18 months old. There I was soon put in a boat, and when I was only 16 years of age won a two-and-a-half mile race in a shell boat, and shortly after acted as coxswain with a crew which won nineteen races out of twenty-one at Sidney. But boating was not in my line and I liked horses and the circus better, and so my father, knowing what a young dare-devil I was, and likely to have my own way, apprenticed me to learn to be a horse-rider. Then I was in my glory, I tell you. There was no objections to apprenticing lads to be made riders in those days, and the boys were better for it. It was hard work, though. We had to help clean horses, bed them down, lead them around for exercise when they were not at work, and we had to go to school, and know our lessons, too. Then we were taught gymnastics and the first points of equestrianism, and the boy who tumbled the most times and got the most bloody noses, black eyes, sprains, twists, was simply the one most laughed at for his clumsiness. But there was no cruelty—that is a popular fallacy. If a boy has any fear of a horse, shows any hesitation at attempting difficult, and perhaps perilous, feats, which are never forced on him too soon, but come in the regular course of training, he is never whipped and forced to try it, if for no better reason than that it would not pay the managers to keep him. He would never make a rider. A boy who does not enjoy the wild excitement of the race, who does not like to fly around the ring on the back of a galloping, excited horse, determined to accomplish his feat and gain the applause of the audience, or who winces for a second at the fear of a tumble or being stepped on by his horse, is just the boy circus men don't want, and instead of beating them to crush the little spirit they have, they are precious glad to have them go and get their living in some other way. I served an apprenticeship of seven years, and was never struck by a whip or a hand during all that time, but I loved the business I had determined to adopt, and my teachers saw I only wanted encouragement, and no punishment. I know that when I was pratising at the Sidney Amphitheater under the old veteran Malcolm I would frequently arise at 4 o'clock, get out one of the horses I used to use, and have a few hours' practice before the grooms were up. The old man would always find it out, though; the look of the horse would show it, and then he would growl out 'Oh, yes, it's all the work of this young devil, Jim; if he don't stop it I'll give him the soundest licking a boy ever had;' but I never got it. All this, remember was over twenty five years ago. Charles Thorne and his wife were out there then, and Ed. Thorne and his sister, and a brother of Cardinal McCloskey was in the company playing low comedy.

"In training boys for riders we first give them all the experience we can on the ground or on hard cushions, teach them to turn flip-flaps, somersaults, jump through paper balloons and throw a somersault, and all that sort of thing. Then we show how to slip and tumble while going through their acts, and hit wherever they may, but striving always to save their heads and back. This teaches them how to save themselves from serious injuries. Why, I had lots of boys who thought no more of falling or being thrown off a horse than many schoolboys think of a fall on ice when out skating. When the boys get so they can turn a somersault from a board raised two or three feet from the ground and fall without danger of doing themselves any harm beyond hurting a bit, then we put them on horseback.

"First we put them on a good steady old nag, without a saddle, but with a belly-band with handles instead. On these the boys ride a straddle; then sideways, like a lady, changing from one side to the other, the horse beginning with a walk and winding up on the full gallop. Then begins the upright riding. The horse carries a broad hard stuffed pad. The beginner has a strong belt about his waist. In the center of the ring 'the mechanic' is placed. I suppose you have seen it, as it has been shown in a number of circuses. It is an upright log, with an arm running over the performing track. A strong rope runs along it to the end of the arm, then through a pulley down to the ambitious youth who wants to be a rider, and fastened to the belt around his waist. The other end is held by a man at the center pole, so, you see, the boy cannot fall to the ground if he misses his footing or loses his equilibrium and so falls off his horse. The man—who was giving him plenty of rope to dance about—simply brings him up with a short turn, and he swings around in mid-air until he catches up with his horse and gets another foothold. 'The mechanic,' you know, goes around the ring at the same speed that the horse keeps up. But when the aspirant gets so far advanced that he can do without the mechanic and pads, and ride a little on bareback, and when he commences his somersaults, vaulting through paper balloons, etc., he gets many a hard knock. I tell you. There are not a very great number of riders who get that far ahead in the profession. First, the bareback rider must find out the center of gravity of the circle, and then, and most important of all, he must know how to fall. The shaking of a paper, a child's cry, or many other little trifles may distract a horse's attention for a second, but short as that time is, if the performer happens to be in the air, it means a fall. If he is too long coming down to catch the horse, why, all right; but if he can only touch him with his foot, he gives himself a push toward the center of the ring, rolls himself up in a ball as quickly as possible, tries not to strike on his head or spine, and the very instant he feels the earth, to let everything go, relax all muscles, and fall well; as near as I can describe it, fall as nearly like a drunken man as he can."

"But have you not in your daring and seemingly reckless riding received some serious injuries?"

"Oh, yes, I have broken that arm twice, but it is just as good as new now. I had that ankle knocked out of joint, which laid me up for weeks; I have sprained my legs, ankles and wrists when I didn't fall just exactly right, and I have got more dents in my head than a skillet has holes, but a man must not mind little things like these if he expects to be a champion."—*N. Y. Times.*

LYNCH LAW.

Murderers Hanged by an Angry Mob.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 19.—At Springfield. Tenn., yesterday in hearing the case of five Laprade murderers, a night session was held to finish the trial. Judge Starke gave his charge to the jury, after which the sheriff proceeded with the prisoners, James Higgins, Loch Mallory, Louis Thweat, Robert Thweat and James Elder to the jail. A mob of about 200 pressed upon the sheriff and took the prisoners, cleared the Court House and its grounds, stationed a strong picket guard around them and hung the prisoners from the second story windows of the Court House. The onset on the Court House was made from without, and was so sudden and boisterous, accompanied by the firing of pistols and guns into the air, as to terrify the spectators in the Court room, who jumped from the windows and hastened from the scene. Murphy and Duffy and two others, charged with complicity in the murder, having been released Thursday, had returned to their old stamping ground, which is thought to have precipitated the action of the mob. The mob are after them, and it is believed they will be lynched not later than to-night. The mob is composed of well armed men, who came in from three directions on horse-back, and dispersed in the same manner. They did not shoot or mutilate the prisoners, but left them hanging when assured they were dead. Public sentiment sustain the action of the mob. The people feared an appeal would be made and a new trial granted the prisoners.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 19.—It is reported that Duffy and Murphy, the Laprade murderers, who turned State's evidence, were found hanging to a tree near Guthrie, Ky., this morning.

NASHVILLE, Feb. 19.—A Springfield special says: At the lynching last night Jim Elder asked time to pray. One of the mob asked, "Did you give Laprade time to pray?" Elder responded: No, I didn't," whereupon he was noosed and swung up instantly.

The crime for which the five negroes, who were lynched, were arrested, was the murder of an old farmer last September, by nine negroes, who entered his house at night and tried by horrible tortures to extort a statement as to the whereabouts of the money he was supposed to have. The murder caused intense excitement.

—The famous iron crown of the Lombards, which was carried to Vienna by the Austrians in 1859 and afterward surrendered bs them, is jealously guarded by them in the cathedral at Monza. It was almost falling to pieces from age, but lately has been restored.

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1881.

RAILWAY AID.

The question of a Government subsidy to the Stratford & Huron Railway is all but settled, the House having resolved itself into Committee of the Whole for the purpose of considering the railway aid matter. The resolution introduced by Hon. Mr. Pardee, respecting the Stratford & Huron Railway, provides that aid shall be granted to that road, from Harriston to Wiarton, a distance of about sixty-two miles, at the rate of $153.75 per mile per annum, payable half yearly for twenty years, being equivalent to a cash grant of $2,000 per mile. The Wellington & Georgian Bay Railway, and the Erie & Huron Railway, are also included in the Government measure. The latter is to receive a similar amount as the Stratford & Huron Railway for a distance of forty miles, and the former is to receive an equivalent to $1,500 per mile from Mount Forest to Durham, a distance of sixteen miles. The *Globe* remarks: "The question of aiding the three roads on which the municipal bonuses were expended in order to prevent the by laws from lapsing has already been virtually decided by public opinion. The annual burden thrown upon the Treasury by these grants will not be very serious, while the amount of relief afforded to the municipalities will be very great indeed."

THE ILLUSTRATED STOCK DOCTOR AND LIVE STOCK ENCYCLOPÆDIA.—This is the title of a new work issued by the World Publishing Co., Guelph. It is from the pen of J. Russell Manning, M. D., V. S. The work is designed for the farmer and stock owner, to whom we have no doubt it will afford just such information as they may require about horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry. The volume is a comprehensive one, containing over one thousand pages, and treating of all departments of stock raising, such as facts concerning the various breeds and their characteristics, breaking and training, buying and selling, profitable use and general care of stock. The work is profusely illustrated, enabling the reader to more readily comprehend the points of the animal as described in the letter press. Several of the most prominent herdsmen and agriculturists in Canada have spoken of the work as a very valuable addition to agricultural literature, and the testimony of these gentlemen is a safe guide for farmers and stock-owners generally. The book is sold by subscription. Mr. McBeth Green, of this town, has accepted the agency for Listowel and vicinity, and will immediately commence soliciting orders.

A CHANGE is evident in the tactics of the *Globe* when items like the following are given a place in its editorial columns. Hitherto nothing too laudatory could be said by that journal of the prosperity of the Republic across the border, when there was a chance of belittling Canada and her industries by so doing: "A Torontonian who has just returned from a business tour among the chief cities of the Union tells us that everywhere he met Canadians wandering about the streets in search of employment, which they could not find. It is evident that a good deal of the talk among our neighbors about "unexampled prosperity" is talk and nothing else. It is probable that, in the case of some trades, production has already overtaken the renewed demand. The United States has no foreign markets for its manufactured goods, and the home market is easily glutted. Canadians who are thinking of leaving the Dominion had better take a second thought on the subject."

Mail: The second session of the fourth Parliament of the province of Ontario is expected by many of the members to come to a close on Friday next. If this expectation is well founded, quite a number of more or less important measures must be included in the annual slaughter of the innocents. But of course the member for North Perth wants to get back to the farm of which he spoke so feelingly the other day. Already the Canada thistle feels the first thrills of restored animation, and the burdock pants for the summer campaign against our Listowel Cincinnatus. It is going to be an early spring, and it is time that the shovel, the hoe, the corkscrew, and other agricultural implements were got ready.

NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

MR. FARROW.

Mr. Farrow had the floor on Friday on the resumption of the budget debate. Mr. Farrow is one of the sturdy band who fought the beasts at Ephesus in the time when the Liberals were in power and the country was downcast. He is a very clever speaker, never wasting any words, and going straight to his point, with great disregard for the flimsy graces of oratory. In reply to the contention that the National Policy has nothing to do with the public prosperity, and that the present satisfactory state of things is due largely to the good harvests of the past year, Mr. Farrow points out that in 1877 there was the richest harvests and the best prices for the product that had been known since 1874; yet in that year Sir Richard Cartwright had one of his biggest deficits, and the outlook was the gloomiest that had been known. If without a national policy national prosperity arises naturally and inevitably from a good harvest, why, as Mr. Farrow asks, was not the country prosperous in 1877? What became of the money, the very large sum of money, that arose from the harvest of that year? It went abroad for goods that should have been produced at home. Mr. Farrow brought this point home with a great deal of force, speaking as a practical man who had taken practical means to obtain accurate information among the retailers and consumers. He, speaking as a farmer, asserted that the farmers were now getting better prices than ever for their products, and he also denied that they were paying a cent more for any of the staple articles of consumption, while out of their profits they were obtaining more comforts, giving their children a good education, and laying the foundation of prosperity for a generation. Mr. Farrow in a familiar way put a very strong case—a case so strong that few men could have faced it from a free trade point of view before any audience of sensible, practical people.—*Mail.*

IMPORTING CANADIAN HAY.—The American demand for Canadian hay seems to be steadily increasing, and promises ere long to attain to large proportions. A Toronto firm who shipped 20 tons to Philadelphia the other day, reports that regular weekly shipments will follow. Large quantities are also exported from Eastern Canada. The New York *Sun* speaking of this growing trade says:—"This is owing partly to the light crop of last summer and partly to the fancy which consumers in New York and Philadelphia have lately taken to Canadian hay. In crossing the line a duty of 20 per cent. *ad valorem* has to be paid on hay, and the freight charges from this city amount to $50 per car load. Even then the cost of imported hay in this market is no greater than that of the domestic article. The wholesale price of hay in bales at present ranges from $20 to $24."

DISASTER IN THE TRANSVAAL.

The British Again Defeated—The General in Command Slain—The Number of Killed and Wounded Placed at 300—The Boers Temporary Masters of the situation.

A correspondent of the *Times* gives the following account of the late engagement:—Spitz-Kop is about three hundred yards from the Boer position. Two companies were left at the base of the hill, which is very steep, on their hands and knees. It was impossible to have carried up even the mountain guns. The whole force reached the summit before daylight, and at about 5 o'clock began firing. The Boers were completely surprised, but promptly returned the fire. Our men had little cover. I estimated the number of Boers at the base of the hill at 2,000. Up to midday their loss was certainly heavier than ours. Gen. Colley was conspicuous for his coolness and courage. He kept up constant communication with the camp by signals. Shortly after noon the Boer fire, which heretofore averaged about 50 shots per minute, increased to a terrific volley. Our men wavered, were rallied, wavered again and ran. The Boers climbed the hill and followed them with terrible fire as they went down the other side. This correspondent was captured by the Boers, who treated him well and gave him a pass to return to the camp. He identified the body of Gen. Colley on the field.

THE BRITISH LOSSES.

In the House of Commons the Secretary of War said the loss of life in the recent engagement between Colley and the Boers was exaggerated. Thirty-five officers and 693 men were engaged. 3 officers were killed, 9 wounded, and 7 taken prisoners. The total killed was 83, the wounded 122, taken prisoners or missing, 50. Besides the reinforcements already announced it has been decided to prepare three infantry regiments to be shipped from Gibraltar and Malta.

A Bloemfoentein despatch reports that the Boers telegraphed to the President of the Orange Free State that they took a company of soldiers and seven officers prisoners.

GEN. COLLEY'S DEATH.

A Mount Prospect despatch says:—The men engaged in the fight at Spitzkop state that the shot which killed Colley was fired at four paces. Another despatch says:—The Boers carried the body of General Colley into their laager, and sent word that they will surrender it. A party has been despatched to bring the remains to camp. The Boers have taken firm possession of the Spitzkop.

General Roberts has been appointed to succeed General Colley. He will have by the time he arrives at Natal a force of 13,000 men.

FIGHTING QUALITIES OF THE BOERS.

A correspondent at Prospect Hill says: "It is useless to fight the Boers with numerically inferior forces. They are man for man more than equal to our own. They are courageous, infinitely better shots, and marvellously skilled in taking advantage of every cover. Their coolness under fire is perfect, and while fighting individually they all work in concert and in obedience to orders. They openly express contempt for our infantry, but fear our cavalry and artillery."

THE IRISH AGITATION.

A large emigration to America is expected this year in consequence of the Coercion bill.

The Irish Protection bill received its third reading in the Imperial House of Commons on a vote of 303 to 46, six English members voting with the minority. The motion that the bill pass was carried by 281 to 36.

IMPROVEMENT IN IRELAND.

Private letters show considerable improvement in Ireland in many respects. "Boycotting" fails, and the reign of terror is reducted to narrow limits. The tenants are beginning to pay rents long withheld, while the hold of the League on the people is already loosened. Nothing more discredited Parnell than his advice at the Clara meeting to evicted tenants to plough up the pasture land, followed by his sudden retraction on discovering the act he advised was criminal.

LABOUCHERE ON FENIANISM.

London, Feb. 27.—The closing debates on the Coercion Bill were remarkable for Sir Wm. Harcourt's speech and Mr. Labouchere's rejoinder. Mr. Labouchere said Fenianism in New York was an association consisting of some twenty persons, who find it an exceedingly good speculation to live in luxury upon the contributions of Irish nurse-maids and waiting-maids. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) In order to keep up the flow of contributions they find it necessary to do something, and sometimes even send emmisaries to England. He did not believe the emmisaries have committed any crime in the last two years, because they were afraid to perpetrate it. Very likely the tin cartridge of dynamite discovered in London square was placed there by a Fenian so that they might say in New York, "See what terrible fellows we are, and how narrowly London escaped being blown up."

PARNELL'S FLIGHT.

The *World's* London cable says:—Parnell's power is completely broken, chiefly by his own infatuated course. The English Radicals have irrevocably thrown him over. It is probable that Shaw will soon be ackhowledged the leader of the entire Irish party in the Commons. Parnell's second flight completes his downfall. Various explanations have been offered for his departure, but the plain truth is that he dreads arrest.

Sir William Harcourt on Monday introduced the Arms Bill, for which urgency was voted by 397 to 37. Lord Hartington said the Government meant to go on with it daily. It prohibits the possession or carrying of arms without a licence, provides for the searching of houses, and gives the authorities power to prohibit or regulate the importation and sale of arms, dynamite, &c., the maximum penalty on summary conviction being three months' imprisonment without hard labor. The Bill is to remain in force for five years. By the use of the cloture, the Bill was introduced and passed its first reading.

A ROYAL WEDDING.

Marriage of the Eldest Son of the Crown Prince of Prussia.

BERLIN, Feb. 27.

The Princess Augusta Victoria, of Holstein-Augustenburg, and Prince Frederick Wilhelm Victor Albert, eldest son of the Imperial Prince of Germany, were married to-day amid great splendor. The Princess wore upon her head the crown which all the Prussian Princesses have been married in for centuries. Upon her neck hung the grand diamonds of the Treasury. There was a slight blush upon her cheek as she stood at the altar. The bridegroom was dressed in the uniform of a captain of the First Guards, and walked erect to the holy table. The Emperor William wore the uniform of a general, and passed forward with the Queen of Saxony and the bride's mother. Then followed Empress Augusta with the King of Saxony, and in turn the Prince of Wales, and the other royal guests. The chaplain after the ceremony delivered an address to the royal couple, and they then exchanged rings. Thirty-six salvos of artillery then announced the marriage to the people. After the ceremony there were congratulations and embraces. The Emperor and Empress were delighted. The bridal procession then returned to the ancestral palace, where there was a grand banquet, as in old custom, and at which there was an immense assembly. The Emperor proposed the health of the newly wedded couple. A brilliant dance followed, the glittering of jewels and gay uniforms causing a scene of great splendor.

A destructive fire occurred in Cobourg Sunday morning, by which about $50,000 of property was destroyed.

COUNTERFEITING IN LISTOWEL.

Where the "Palmerston Money" came from—A Raid on Swan's Billiard Room—A Number of Listowel Youths Implicated in an Unlawful Business—Committed for Trial.

Quite a little excitement was occasioned here on Monday morning upon its becoming known that a nest of counterfeiters had been discovered in Listowel, and that several arrests had been made. The parties placed under arrest were George Eveleigh, Peter Beeton, Mark Zuber and Thomas Swan, all, with the exception of Swan, young lads scarcely out of their teens. It appears that constable McConnell had had his suspicions aroused some time ago concerning the circulation of spurious coin, and that he obtained the assistance of ex-constable Hemphill in ferreting out the counterfeiters. Swan's billiard room was spotted as the place where the "queer" was manufactured, and everything having been thought ripe, a raid was planned for Sunday. The result was not quite as successful as anticipated; however, a collection of suspicious looking materials was unearthed in the billiard room. Eveleigh, who is a nephew of Swan's, had in the meantime been placed under arrest. The others were subsequently arrested on information obtained from various quarters concerning their complicity in the counterfeiting business. On Tuesday morning the prisoners were brought before G. S. Climie, Esq., and Lewis Bolton, Esq., J. P's. Mr. Idington, Crown Attorney, conducted the prosecution, and Mr. D. B. Dingman appeared for the prisoners. The first case taken up was that of George Eveleigh, who was charged with having in his possession instruments for manufacturing spurious coin; also with making and uttering spurious coin.

Robert Hemphill, sworn: Have known prisoner about five years; he lives with Tom. Swan, who keeps a billiard room in Listowel; has no occupation that I know of; the prisoner has been living in Listowel about three months since his return from Collingwood. Have heard of counterfeit money; first heard of it about six weeks ago; Constable McConnell told me that he had been working up a case of counterfeiting; told me that he suspected it was made in the billiard room; that his suspicions rested on the prisoner and Tom Swan; came in contact with prisoner and Tom Swan shortly after; told them I had something that there was millions in; Swan said he had something that would beat the world; told me that it was making counterfeit money. Eveleigh approached me about making counterfeit money; told me what to get; mentioned plaster paris and bar tin; showed me how to make the dies; told me he used a lamp in the billiard room for melting the resin and metal; that he wetted the plaster paris and put it in a pill box; placed a piece of good money in the box, and when dry took it out; then cut a small hole or "gate" in the box. Said he was going down to Tyrone that night; said he had four or five dollars which he would get rid of. I afterwards tried it in the back part of the drug store, but could not get it right; told prisoner so; he didn't see why; he said he could make it first pop; I think he did say he hadn't made any since he came back, but that he had Collingwood full of it; he also said that this town was full of it. Last Sunday we arranged to make a lot of it out of glass and bar tin; it was on Thursday evening in the billiard saloon that we agreed to this. Met him again Saturday afternoon; said he would be there at one o'clock on Sunday. Saw him on the street on Sunday about twelve; he said he would be back as soon as he got his dinner; he came back to Kidd's livery stable; said Tom would not give him the key of the billiard room; said he was going to throw it up, as there were too many making it; think there was something said about constables. He did not show me any molds.

To Mr. Dingman—The prisoner showed me one piece of spurious coin; it was some time before my conversation with McConnell. He told me that he had three or four dollars that he would get rid of that night—the night he went to Tyrone. It is about ten days since I had the conversation with prisoner. He said Tommy told him how to make it. Don't know whether he was serious.

To Mr. Idington—The piece he had was a 50 cent piece Canadian coin; he did not show it to me exactly; he was tossing it on the table; nothing was said just then; think it was the day after that he told me he could make them so they couldn't be detected. He told me afterwards that he had some of them.

At the instance of the Crown Attorney, the information against Eveleigh was amended to cover parties having counterfeit coin in their possession or attempting to pass it off. The prisoner was remanded.

The case of Mark Zuber, charged with uttering counterfeit money, was then heard. The first witness called was Richard Graham, hotel keeper at Elma Centre, who testified to having received two counterfeit pieces in December last on the night of a party held at his place. A number of persons were there from Listowel. One of the pieces offered to him he had refused to take; he had said that he suspected Zuber was the person he handed it back to.

Henry Markle, hotel keeper at Wallaceville, testified that two pieces of spurious coin had been passed on him on the night of the 22nd January. He believed that the prisoner was at his place that night, but would not be positive.

John Taylor, clerk in J. A. Hacking's drug store, testified that the prisoner had given him a counterfeit 50c. piece on the morning of the Caledonian concert, receiving therefor good money in change. Upon discovering that the 50c. piece was spurious, he gave it back to the prisoner, who told him that he had got it from a horse trader.

The evidence of Wm. Rolls, bar tender, at Moorefield, was also taken. It was to the effect that the prisoner had attempted to pass a bogus 25c. piece upon him, but had not succeeded. Zuber was remanded until Wednesday morning. He was then discharged, the Bench considering that there was not sufficient evidence to convict.

Peter Beeton was also charged with uttering counterfeit money. In this case the principal witness was Mrs. Donagan, whose husband keeps hotel at Carthage. Mrs. Donagan deposed that the prisoner was at her place a week ago Monday night in company with several cutter loads of young fellows; that while there another young man and the prisoner treated. She testified that she was positive that prisoner gave her a counterfeit 50 cent piece in payment. She produced the counterfeit coin in court.

Elias Burns testified that on the same night, while tending bar for Michael Maguire, at Dorking, the prisoner had given him a Zimmerman Bank bill. He returned it to prisoner on the following day.

Henry Markle testified that the prisoner was one of a party of young men who had called at his place in Wallaceville on the night of the party at Rolls' hotel, Moorefield. He stated that the prisoner had offered him a counterfeit Canadian half dollar, which he refused to take. The puisoner told him that he had got it at Moorefield.

Samuel Barber, clerk at H. Row's fruit store, Listowel, testified that $1.75 in spurious coin had been passed at the store, but by whom deponent could not say. Several other witnesses gave testimony of having received counterfeit coin; but either did not know or were not positive as to the party or parties who had left it with them. After hearing the evidence, the Bench ordered that the prisoner be remanded.

The Bench then proceeded with the case of Thomas Swan, who was charged in the information with having materials for counterfeiting on his premises; also with making spurious coin. Robert Hemphill was the principal witness in this case. His deposition was similar to that given in the case of Eveleigh, the only addition of importance being that the witness had had a talk with Eveleigh subsequent to his conversation with Swan, wherein he was let into the secret of how to manufacture the "queer." Witness told Eveleigh that he thought he could get some bar tin; he got it at Climie's tin shop, and gave it to Eveleigh; Eveleigh took it to the billiard room. Witness arranged with Swan to make the coin on Sunday; Eveleigh was to join them. Witness did not see Swan about it after making this arrangement. Witness further testified that Swan had told him that Eveleigh and he (Swan) had made counterfeit coin. Witness also testified that he had frequently seen a trunk in the billiard room. The trunk was produced in court. Witness identified the trunk. The contents of the trunk were then examined. It contained among other things, a piece of bar tin, which witness identified as the piece which he had procured at Climie's shop; also a piece of shammy leather, a pill box containing a substance resembling plaster paris, some pieces of resin, a piece of "queer" looking metal, etc. In cross-examining the witness, Mr. Dingman elicited from him that he (Hemphill) was an American by birth; had lived about nine years in Canada; was once committed to gaol for three months for striking a man; had been arraigned for shooting at a man while acting as constable; had been connected with the police force of this town, and had been suspended on account of charges contained in a petition signed by residents of this town.

John McConnell, sworn, testified: Am a County Constable; my attention was first called to the circulation of counterfeit coin in the early part of this winter; first heard of it as "Palmerston money;" first saw a spurious quarter; saw a half dollar afterwards; heard there was considerable in circulation, which led me to take steps to find out where it was made; showed Hemphill a piece; told him I thought it was made in the billiard room; talked over the matter with him; he said he thought he could find out; told him to go ahead; he reported to me from time to time; knew of the bar tin; he reported to me also about arranging to make it on Sunday. Have had conversation with prisoner about making coin, probably two weeks ago; he (Swan) said that they could make it, meaning Geo. Eveleigh and himself; said he made it with dies or molds; said he could make it fine, so that the bank couldn't detect it. Was at the billiard room on Sunday, when a search was made; found cigar box there, with plaster paris, also bar tin, metal, pill box and shammy leather. Went to magistrate when I found they were not going to make it on Sunday; went to Swan's house; did not make a very thorough search; made a thorough search of the billiard room.

The further hearing of Swan's case was adjourned, and the prisoner was remanded until Wednesday.

At the instance of Thomas Swan, Robt. Hemphill was arraigned for having unlawfully attempted to utter and pass counterfeit coin at S. McLean's hotel on the night of the 26th February.

The first witness called was Samuel Page, who testified that he saw Hemphill at McLean's hotel on Saturday evening about quarter past six; saw him with a counterfeit half dollar; he called for a drink and gave it to Mrs. McLean for pay; Mrs. McLean shortly afterwards tossed it back to him saying, "Hemphill, you can't pass that kind of coin on me," It fell on the floor; Hemphill picked it up; said he made lots of it; put the piece in his pocket; did not pay for the drink; said he had no other kind of money. Mrs. McLean and Joseph Stockford were called, and corroborated Mr. Page's evidence. Joseph Washburn, bar tender for Mr. McLean, being called, deposed that the prisoner did attempt to pass a spurious 50 cent piece on him the same evening.

The prisoner was remanded and the court adjourned.

Upon resuming on Wednesday morning, an iron table spoon, the mouth of which had been bent so as to pour the contents of the spoon into a narrow passage, such as a "gate," was produced in court, also a quantity of resin. The constables testified to having found these articles in the ante-room off the billiard room, beneath some wood. This concluded the evidence against the prisoners.

After the counsel in their behalf had addressed the Bench the Court adjourned, and sat again at four o'clock, when their decision was given. The Court found the several prisoners guilty of misdemeanor, and committed them for trial, with the alternative in the meantime of finding bail. We understand that they have given the required security.

Mr. Beaudry is once more Mayor of Montreal, having defeated ex-Alderman Nelson by 234 votes. The vote for mayor was a small one.

Mr. S. R. Hesson, M. P. for North Perth, is one of the gentlemen who have applied to the Dominion Government for an Act incorporating the Sault Ste Marie Railway Company.

A CHURCH BURNED.—The Presbyterian Church at Wingham was burned to the ground on Tuesday morning about six o'clock. It is supposed to have been set on fire. Insured in the Victoria for $1,000.

The residence of Robt. Conn, a farmer near Bluevale, was completely destroyed by fire on Sunday night with all its contents. No insurance on the latter. The origin of the fire is supposed to be a defective chimney.

The Orange bill of Mr. Merrick was up in the Local House on Friday, and the discussion created unusual interest. The galleries of the House were all well occupied both in the afternoon and evening, the lower ones being crowded. The bill was defeated by a vote of 56 to 19, almost on strict party lines.

The settlers in the south-eastern portion of Dakota are suffering from a fuel famine, the result of the prolonged snow blockade. To such straits have they been driven that they have been compelled to cut down the telegraph poles, tear up the railroad ties, and sacrifice their stocks of corn for fuel. This is even worse than coal at eight dollars a ton.

An extraordinary double accident—attended in each case by considerable loss of life—occurred early on Tuesday morning on the Hannibal and St. Joseph railway. A west-bound passenger train was thrown from the track, and a number of emigrants killed by the engine falling on the ear in which they were sitting. A wrecking train with doctors and helpers was immediately sent to their assistance, but before reaching the scene of the disaster it fell through a bridge. This second accident cost the lives of five persons, and not a soul on board the train escaped injury.

The bill relating to market fees was introduced on Thursday by Mr. Wood in the Legislature. The bill provides that farmers shall in the future have the option of using the markets in cities, towns, and villages, and that they shall only be required to pay fees when they avail themselves of the accommodation. In places where the markets are declared free, the farmers could be required to resort to them for a certain time during the day. On the other hand the Act will not apply to cities, towns, and villages where the country toll-gates have not been removed to a reasonable distance, to be fixed in Committee of the whole House.

A Wonderful Discovery.

For the speedy cure of Consumption and all diseases that lead to it, such as stubborn Coughs, neglected Colds, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Asthma, pain in the side and chest, dry hacking cough, tickling in the throat, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, and all chronic or lingering diseases of the throat or lungs, DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY has no equal and has established for itself a world-wide reputation. Many leading physicians recommend and use it in their practice. The formula from which it is prepared is highly recommended by all medical journals. The clergy and the press have complimented it in the most glowing terms. Go to your druggist and get a trial bottle free of cost, or a regular size for $1. For sale by J. H. Michener.

Holloways Pills and Ointment.—During piercing winds and excessive variations of temperature every one is more or less liable to internal and external disease. Throat, chest, liver, bowels, kidneys, and skin all suffer in some degree, and may be relieved by rubbing in this Ointment, aided by proper doses of the Pills, for administering which full directions accompany each box; in truth, any one who thoroughly masters Holloway's "instructions" will, in remedying disease, exchange the labour of an hour for the profit of a lifetime. All bronchial, pulmonary, and throat disorders require that the Ointment should be thoroughly well rubbed upon the skin twice a day with great regularity, considerable briskness, and much persistence.

Toronto Oil Company are sole manufacturers of "Castorine" Machine Oil. Infringements will be prosecuted.

"They all do it."—To beautify the teeth and give fragrance to the breath use TEA-BERRY, the new toilet gem; try a 5 cent sample.

"All seems infected that the infected spy, And all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye." If you are low spirited and blue, do not lay it to your luck but rather to your liver; cleanse the system of bad bile and sluggish blood, arouse the torpid secretions and the eye will resume its wonted brightness, the step its buoyancy, and the mind its cheerful vigor. Burdock Blood Bitters cure all nervous diseases, purify the system and strengthen the weak.

The Greatest Blessing.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See other column.

On the Verge of the Grave.

Such was the Condition of Moses A. Walker, of Derry N. H., with congestion of the Lungs and Chronic Catarrh. Two bottles of the Constitutional Catarrh Remedy entirely restored him to health, and, to use his own words "built up my whole system." The Remedy is for sale by all druggists.

Manufacturers of reapers, mowers and threshing machines prefer "Castorine" Machine Oil to any other. It will outwear lard, seal or elephant, and is warranted not to gum.

A Long Time to Suffer.

Twenty-five years of endurance with Catarrh is a long period of annoyance and misery. Mrs. E. J. Flanders, of Manchester, N. H. after going through with it all, writes: "The Constitutional Catarrh Remedy has rescued me from intense suffering, and almost the grave." This medicine is for sale by all druggists.

PAINTS, OILS AND COLORS.—For the largest stock, best material and lowest prices, go to HACKING'S Drug Store.—21.

Consumption has well been compared to a worm in the bud, that saps vitality from the fairest flower. It steals the rose bloom from the cheek and robs the vital spark from the stalwart and the strong. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam "nips the worm in the bud." It is the best cough cure and most effectual lung healer known to medical science. Price 25 cents per bottle.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.—4y.

If Edison perfects his electric light, his fame and fortune will excel that of the lucky man who first "struck oil," but the man who first struck Yellow Oil as a remedy, for external and internal use, was a more fortunate individual than either. Yellow Oil is *par excellence* the remedy for Pain, Lameness, Rheumatism, Croup, Deafness, Burns, Frost Bites, Stiff Joints, and all flesh wounds. Any medicine dealers can furnish it.

True nobility is the most unpretentious The most humble means will often accomplish the greatest ends; the most modest and unpretending of flowers are the sweetest; the most simple and abundant herbs are the most potent to heal; Burdock, which grows almost uncared for by our waysides is one of the most cleansing and healing medicinal roots. It is one of the many ingredients of that marvellous medicine Burdock Blood Bitters, the best purifying tonic in the world. Sample Bottle 10 cents. Regular size $1.00.

Ask your dealer for "Castorine" Machine Oil and see that the barrel is brande "Castorine" as none other is genuine.

Many a man has been crippled for life by an accident met with in toil, who might have been spared from the surgical knife had he promptly applied Yellow Oil. This valuable remedy should ever be kept at hand in case of accidents of emergencies; it is for internal and external use; a specific for all painful inflammatory diseases and flesh wounds. Price 25 cts.

ZOPESA. from Brazil, is now come into Canada. It is a mild pugative, acting as a wonder upon, and giving strength and energy to the Digestive Apparatus of the human stomach, correcting and increasing the acids. It is strongly Anti-bilious and will carries off all surplus bile, tones up the liver, gives sound digestion and speedy health to the Dyspeptic and the Bilious. Ask John Livingstone for a ten cent sample bottle and test Zopesa, the new cure, pound, large eight ounce bottles 75 cents.

Bucklen's Arnica Slave.

The BEST SALVE in the world for cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions. The Save is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. H. Michener.

A racking cough, oh why endure?
When there is found a perfect cure,
That from weak lungs relieves the strain,
And gives the sufferer ease again.

Such a remedy is found in a 25 cents bottle of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the best throat and lung healer in the world. For sale by all dealers.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

"Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted." as it really is the best remedy in the world for cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

National Pills, superior to all other purgatives in strength and virtue, in safety and mildness of action.

LISTOWEL MARKETS.

March 4, 1881.		
Wheat, fall, per bush.	0 95 to	1 03
Spring Wheat, "	0 90	1 05
Barley, "	0 60	0 70
Peas, "	0 60	0 60
Oats, "	0 30	0 31
Flour, per brrl.,	4 50	5 00
Oatmeal, "	2 50	2 75
Cornmeal, "	1 75	2 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 00	0 18
Eggs, per dozen,	0 18	0 20
Potatoes, per bag,	0 30	0 35
Turkeys, per lb,	0 06	0 07
Geese, "	0 05	0 06
Chickens, per pair,	0 25	0 30
Pork, cwt,	7 00	7 25
Hay, per ton,	8 00	9 00
Wood, long,	2 00	0 00
Wood, short,	0 00	1 25
Hides, per cwt.,	7 00	7 50
Wool, per lb,	0 27	0 28

TORONTO.

PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS

March 4, 1881.		
Wheat, fall, per bush.,	1 07 to	1 10
Wheat, spring, "	1 08	1 16
Barley, "	0 75	0 85
Peas, "	0 62	0 68
Oats, "	0 37	0 38
Rye, "	0 80	0 85
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.,	7 75	8 00
Beef, hind s, "	6 00	7 50
Mutton, by carcase "	8 00	9 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 22	0 25
Butter, large rolls,	0 00	0 00
Butter, tub, dairy,	0 20	0 22
Eggs, fresh, per dozen,	0 20	0 25
Potatoes, per bag	0 35	0 40
Hay, per ton,	12 00	14 00
Wool,	0 29	0 30

STRATFORD.

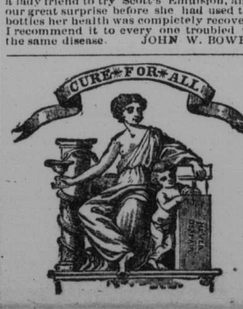
March 4, 1881.		
Wheat, fall, per bush.,	$1 05 to	1 08
Wheat, spring, "	1 02	1 03
Barley, "	0 60	0 75
Oats, "	0 32	0 34
Peas, "	0 65	0 67
Flour, per brl	5 25	5 50
Potatoes, per bag,	0 45	0 50
Butter, lb. rolls,	0 18	0 20
Eggs, per dozen,	0 20	0 25
Hides, per cwt.,	8 00	9 00
Hay, per ton,	8 00	9 50
Wood, per cord.,	3 00	3 25
Wool per lb.,	0 00	0 00

PALMERSTON.

March 4, 1881.		
Fall Wheat, per bush	$1 00	1 02
Spring Wheat, "	1 00	1 05
Flour, per cwt,	2 40	2 60
Barley, per bush.	0 60	0 75
Peas, "	0 60	0 65
Oats, "	0 27	0 28
Hay, per ton,	6 00	8 00
Potatoes, per bag,	0 30	0 45
Butter, per lb	0 20	0 22
Eggs, per doz.	0 18	0 20
Pork, per cwt.	7 00	7 50
Cordwood, per cord,	2 00	2 25
Wool, per lb.,	0 20	0 28

GUELPH.

March 4, 1881.		
White wheat	$1 00 to	1 04
Treadwell	1 00 to	1 04
Spring wheat (Glasgow)	1 00 to	1 08
Red chaff	0 00 to	0 00
Oats	0 35 to	0 37
Peas	0 60 to	0 70
Barley	0 65 to	0 85
Eggs, per dozen	0 18 to	0 20
Butter, dairy packed	0 18 to	0 20
Butter, rolls	0 18 to	0 20
Potatoes, per bag	0 45 to	0 60
Wood, per load	3 50 to	4 00
Hay, per ton	8 50 to	11 00
Wool, per lb	0 27 to	0 28



This Great Household Medicine ranks among the leading necessities of Life.

The famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy, and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the World.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers, it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

Gout, Rheumatism,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at

533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of medicines throughout the civilized world; with directions for use in almost every language.

The trade marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any one through out the British Possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

☞ **Purchases should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.** ☜

Use "Castorine" Machine Oil for all kinds of machinery, it is also excellent for harness and leather. Makes it water and weather proof. For sale by dealers.

THE BEST VALUE IN

STAPLE GROCERIES!

—AT—

JAS. ARMSTRONG'S

next to McDonald's Bank, Main St.

SPECIAL VALUE IN TEAS.

Large stock of

CROCKERY, CUTLERY & GLASSWARE

will be sold very cheap for one month.

Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Buckwheat Flour, &c., constantly on hand.

Farmers, bring your Butter and Eggs, and dried meat this way. Highest market price allowed in exchange for goods. 3.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

(SOUTHERN EXTENSION OF W. G. & B. RY.

Trains leave Listowel Station daily as under

For Kincardine and intermediate points—Mixed, 7.55 a.m.; Express 1.53 p.m.; Express 8.19 p.m.

For Palmerston—Express at 6.39 a.m.; Express 1.08 p.m.; Mixed, 10.00 p.m

PORT DOVER AND STRATFORD & HURON RAILWAY.

GOING SOUTH.	No 1 a.m.	No 5 a.m	No 3 p.m.
Leave Listowel at	6.00	8.35	12.45
" Milverton	6.33	9.35	1.30
" Stratford	7.12	11.03	2.20
" Woodstock	8.21	1.20	4.40
" Norwich	9.12	3.45	5.28
" C. S. Crossing

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

LISTOWEL STANDARD.
FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1881.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

MARCH's incoming was decidedly lion-like.

REGULAR meeting of Town Council Monday night.

THE voice of the fish-peddlar is heard in the land. It is lent.

O. Y. B. annual assembly at Osborne's hall to night. A large gathering is anticipated.

MR. JOHN C. BURT, merchant, has placed an elegant gas lamp in front of his store.

Dolls, sleighs, rocking, horses, albums, plated ware, easels &c., at the Post Office Book Store.

THE High School Board met on Wednesday evening. No business of any importance.

HANLAN is expected to arrive in Toronto to day. A grand reception has been prepared for him.

THE crows have made their appearance. The probabilities are that spring will follow—it may be, a good ways behind.

F. G. WIDDOWS, ex Franciscan Monk, will tell what he knows about Popery, in Osborne's hall on Thursday evening next.

A full line of Cottage Library, Lilly Series, Poetical Works, Franklin Square, and Robertson Series at the Post Office Book Store.

PARTIES wanting sap buckets and wood en pails will save money by ordering from Toronto Tea Store.
9b. D. W. PALMER & Co.

THE contract for lighting the street lamps of this town, both gas and coal oil, has been awarded to John McConnell, constable, at $75 per annum.

THE ALBION.—We understand that Mr. David Watson has bought out his partner's interest in the Albion hotel, and will in future run it alone.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER's recovery from his recent illness is so far advanced that he will be able to resume his seat in the House of Commons in a few days.

NEXT TO GAS.—Everybody likes it. I am selling American high test burning oil same price as Canadian, in order to introduce it. J. A. HACKING.

CENSUS ENUMERATORS.—We understand that Messrs. William Little and William Dixon have been appointed the Census Enumerators for the town of Listowel.

DON'T FORGET IT.—W. Black offers first-class Photographs at $1.00 per dozen till 15th March. Four Ambrotypes for 50 cents as usual. Don't fail to come.—9a.

THE Biddulph tragedy has been dramatised. Bill Donnelly and Johnny Connors appear in person. They made their *debut* on the stage at Streetsville on Friday night.

THE annual meeting of the Conservative Association of North Perth will be held at Milverton, on Wednesday, 15th inst. The official announcement will be found in our advertising columns.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—If you want to look nice, and be well dressed, at the smallest possible expense, go the popular Cothing House, No. 3, Main st. Listowel. JOHN RIGGS, Proprietor.—42.

CONVALESCING.—We are pleased to notice that Dr. Dillabough has so far recovered as to be able to appear on the street again. He was down town for the first time since his protracted illness on Wednesday.

COOL BURGESS.—This far famed knight of the stage is announced to appear in Osborne's hall on Tuesday evening next, in a musical comedy, entitled, "Our Sleighing Party." Lovers of the humorous will no doubt be well entertained.

MR. MEYER, horse buyer, shipped a car load of horses from here on Monday last. They were purchased in this vicinity. Messrs. Hay & Kidd and James Lowry are also purchasing horses. They are about shipping a car load to Manitoba.

"REV."—The London *Free Press* doesn't take kindly to the repudiation of the title "Rev." by ministers of the gospel. It says: "Mr. W. F. Clark will find but few followers hereabouts in this new agitation, although there are not a few in this section who think the prefix unnecessary in his particular case."

ACCIDENT.—We are sorry to learn that on Tuesday last, while Mr. Jacob Brunner, Warden of Perth, was splitting wood in the bush, the axe glanced and entered the upper part of his foot, making a fearful gash. We hope, however, that under proper care he may soon be able to be around again.—*Stratford Advertiser.*

SOMETHING NEW AND OLD.—New goods for the winter wear, consisting of dress goods, shawls, mantles, overcoats, boots, hosiery, furs, robes, ladies', gents', misses' and children's fur caps, clouds, mufflers, and a thousand and one other things, all of which will be sold at a small advance on cost, at the old reliable store, No. 3, Main st., Listowel.
JOHN RIGGS, Proprietor.—42.

MANITOBA, DAKOTA AND NORTHWEST.—The Grand Trunk Railway will run a special excursion to Manitoba and North-west on March 4th. Passengers and freight will be run all on same train, allowing settlers the great advantage of personally attending to stock. For information as to rates, etc., call on C. HACKING, Ticket Agent G. W. R., Listowel. The next through train will leave March 16th. 8b.

FOR MANITOBA.—The first party to leave this neighborhood this season for the North-west took their departure per Great Western Railway on Wednesday. The following are their names: Wm. Ruller, jr., from Wallace; Joseph Young and family, from Howick; Robt. Hamilton, Wm. Stork, John Grey, B. Grey and R. Grey, from Elma. Considerable baggage accompanied them. Through tickets were furnished by J. Livingstone, jr, town agent G. W. R.

CARNIVAL.—A carnival is announced to take place to-night at the Listowel skating rink. The rink has been quite popular with many of the young people of the town during the winter, whom it has afforded a means of healthy recreation. Good ice, good order and general good management have prevailed throughout the season, which have contributed very materially to the comfort and pleasure of the patrons. As an institution affording wholesome recreation, it deserves to be encouraged, and we trust that it will continue to be a chief attraction in the way of winter amusement to the young people of the town.

RESULT of an examination in Geography in the senior department of the Listowel Public School; maximum 125:

Ella Tilt	125	L. Wehe	102
A. Moore	117	V. Leggatt	101
S. Riggs	116	M. Barber	101
B. Draper	115	B. Large	100
H. Climie	113	M. McDowell	100
W. Hess	111	R. Morris	98
R. Kells	111	M. Campbell	97
J. Bogues	110	M. Sutherland	95
C. Winter	110	C. Green	91
W. Johnston	110	W. Thompson	89
E. Welsh	1 9	A. Grundy	88
L. Lillico	107	M. Green	86
C. Culvert	107	C. Tilt	85
M. Jackson	107	W. Winter	83
W. Climie	106	E. Brooks	80
J. Dick	105	L. Hodgins	76
M. Reid	105	M. Laird	61
W. McConnell	104	J. Coutts	57
A. Walton	103		

CHANGE OF FIRM.—We understand that a change in the *personnel* of the firm of Roy & McDonald, general merchants, has taken place. Mr. Roy goes out of the store to assume the management of the banking house of A. McDonald & Co. Mr. A. McDonald will take Mr. Roy's place in the store. Mr. John McDonald, we understand, retires from the firm, and is about to remove to Toronto. His place is taken by Mr. John McKenzie, who is well known to our citizens and the community generally. The new firm is composed of men of energy, experience and business capacity, and who will no doubt command an extensive trade.

S. S. ANNIVERSARY.—The Sabbath School Anniversary of the Canada Methodist Church will be held on Sunday and Monday next. Rev. W. McDonough of Kincardine will preach morning and evening on Sunday, and also address the tea-meeting on Monday. The children of the School will take part in the latter service, with singing, readings and recitations. The public are recommended to attend, being assured of finding entertainment and instruction.

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The semi-annual meeting of the North Perth Teachers' Association will be held in the Listowel Public School to-day and to-morrow, commencing each day at 9 a.m. The following programme has been prepared to engage the attention of the Association: Friday forenoon—Opening address, by R. Munro, President. Analysis of Complex Sentences, by J. Scrimgeour. Afternoon—Hints on the preparation of pupils for Entrance Examination to High School, by A. B. McCallum, B. A. Reading, illustrated by selections from the Readers, by Miss K. F. Shannon. Address, Overtaxing the brain, by Rev. W. F. Clarke. A public entertainment, consisting of music, readings and addresses, is announced for Friday evening. The entertainment will probably take place in the town hall. Saturday forenoon—Grammar and Composition, by S. Woods, M. A. Mr. Woods will also conduct the Question Drawer. The relation of Words to Ideas, will be treated of by Miss K. Ballantine. On Saturday afternoon the subject of Promotion Examinations will engage the attention of the Association.

TOWN COUNCIL.—An adjourned meeting of the Listowel Town Council was held on Monday evening, 28th Feb. Present—the Mayor in the chair, the Reeve, Deputy-Reeve, and Councillors Scott, Deavitt, Gibbs, Fennell, Dingman, Binning, Woods, Riggs. Minutes of previous meeting read and confirmed. Several accounts were read and referred to Finance Committee. Councillor Riggs stated that complaints had been made to him of infraction of the cow by-law—the constable was instructed to have all cattle found running at large impounded. Tenders for lighting the street lamps were read as follows: W. G. Hay, lighting, supplying gas and coal oil, chimneys, wicks, and keeping in repair 19 lamps, from dark to midnight, averaging 20 nights each month, for $350 per annum; supplying gas only for 10 lamps for $200. G. S. Climie & Son, lighting lamps, furnishing coal oil, burners, glasses and wicks, $200. John McConnell, lighting lamps, $75; furnishing coal oil for 9 lamps, $30; total $105. Robert Magwood, lighting lamps, $75. It was moved by J. W. Scott, seconded by John Riggs, that the tender of W. G. Hay for lighting street lamps, be accepted, providing that the light at Livingtone's corner be supplied with gas to burn all night without extra cost. Moved in amendment by Geo. Hess, seconded by F. E. Gibbs, instead of accepting any offer per post per annum, a meter be placed at one of the posts, and that the town pay for the gas used for one month at the rate of $2.50 per 1,000 feet; the lamp-lighter to commence at each end of the street every alternate night, and keep an account of the number of hours the post to which the meter is attached is kept burning. Moved by D. B. Dingman in amendment to the amendment, seconded by John Binning, that the sum of $18 per gas lamp be offered the Listowel Gas Company for ten lamps, to burn 20 nights in a month, till midnight; and in default of the acceptance of the same, that a meter be placed at one of the gas posts for one month, at $2.50 per 1,000 feet, in order to ascertain which system would be cheaper for the town. The submission of the foregoing motion and amendments elicited a lengthy discussion. Mr. Hess, chairman of the Fire, Gas & Public Buildings Committee, produced the correspondence which he had obtained from other towns and cities where gas was used. The prices paid in the several places heard from are as follows: In Woodstock, gas consumers pay $2.50 per 1,000 feet, and 60c. per quarter for rent of meter. The price for lighting the streets is $23 per annum for each post. The Guelph Gas Co. supply gas by the year for $22.50 per post, from sunset to sunrise. In London the price paid is $16.50 per post. Stratford paid $17 per post last year. Ingersoll, $22 per lamp for 35 lamps, all put out at midnight except 6. In Hamilton the lamps are lit from sunset to sunrise at a cost of $18 per post, including the lighting. Barrie pays $22.50 per lamp, extinguished at 1 a.m. Cobourg pays $20 per lamp, extinguished at midnight. The Toronto Gas Co. receive $22.75 per post, the lamps burning all night. Councillor Scott, in support of the motion, did not think the price was exhorbitant as compared with other towns. He considered the enterprise was an advantage to the town, and he thought that for the first year at least it should be encouraged. Councillor Woods drew the attention of the Council to an offer made by the Secretary of the Stratford Gas Co. to light, extinguish, keep in repair and furnish with gas or oil, the street lamps of that town at $14.50 each for the present year. Councillor Dingman was of the opinion that the enterprise was a benefit to the town, and he thought the Council should be prepared to encourage it so far as could be done without jeopardizing the interests of the town. He thought the Council would act wisely in adopting a resolution at a figure sufficiently remunerative to the Gas Co., but not burdensome to the taxpayers. Councillor Riggs stated that the average of eight places heard from gave the price per post at $20.09½. In view of this he did not consider Mr. Hay's tender out of the way. Councillor Gibbs thought that the only way of arriving at a satisfactory arrangement would be to have a meter placed at one of the posts for a month or two, in order to ascertain the amount of gas consumed. He pointed out that in Hamilton, where gas was burned from sunrise to sunset, the price, exclusive of lighting, was about $13.50 per post. With the lamps extinguished at midnight, only about one-half the quantity of gas would be consumed. He thought the Council would not be justified in accepting Mr. Hay's tender before a test had been made. Mr. Hess was of the same opinion. He was favorably disposed towards the enterprise, but as a Councillor he considered it his duty to do the best for the town that could possibly be done. Councillor Fennell didn't understand the logic of the town paying more for its gas than a private individual. He was in favor of allowing the Gas Co. their regular rate, namely, $2.50 per 1,000 feet, and would support the amendment. Mayor Hay thought it perfectly right that Councillors should endeavor to get the gas as low as possible. However, the introduction of gas was an enterprise which was to some extent experimental, Listowel being probably the smallest town in Canada having gas. If the Company did not receive sufficient encouragement to warrant them in continuing, it might possibly be withdrawn. He was satisfied with the suggestion that a meter be ptabod at one of the posts. Coucilor Deavit tfell in with Mr. Hess' remarks. They were not there to patronize any company. It was public money, and they were expected to look solely to the interests of the town. He was prepared to support the amendment. Councillor Binning thought that too much "gas" had been wasted in the discussion. He proposed that the Council should proceed to business. The vote on the amendment to the amendment was then taken, which resulted in a tie, the following being the division: Yeas—Scott, Hacking, Dingman, Riggs, Binning; nays—Deavitt, Woods, Hess, Gibbs, Fennell. The amendment was next submitted, with the following result: Yeas—Deavitt, Woods, Hess, Gibbs, Fennell; nays—Scott, Binning, Riggs, Dingman, Hacking, Hay—lost by the casting vote of the Mayor. The original motion was then put, and was voted down, the division being as follows: Yeas—Scott, Riggs: nays—Deavitt, Woods, Hess, Gibbs, Fennell, Hacking, Binning. Both the amendments and the original motion having been declared lost, the following resolution was submitted and carried without opposition. D. B. Dingman moved, seconded by F. E. Gibbs, that this Council offer the Listowel Gas Company $2.50 per 1,000 feet, for one month, and that a meter be put at one of the gas posts as a test—carried. J. A. Hacking moved, seconded by J. W. Scott, that the tender of J. J. McConnell for lighting all the lamps and furnishing oil, chimneys and wicks for coal oil lamps for the sum of $105 per annum, be accepted, contract to be terminated at any time by the Council. Yea—Scott, Hacking, Dingman, Riggs, Binning. Nay—Deavitt, Woods, Hess, Gibbs, Fennell; Hay, casting vote. T. G. Fennell moved, seconded by Geo. Hess, that the lamp lighter be instructed to light the lamps alternately from each end of the town, and that the lamps be lighted for twenty nights each month from sunset to midnight; and that he keep an account of the number of hours the lamp burns to which the meter is attached—carried. On motion, the time for the collection of taxes was extended till the next regular meeting of Council. D. B. Dingman moved, seconded by T. G. Fennell, that the Clerk be instructed to notify Mr. R. Ferguson, in whose premises the library of the Mechanics Institute now is that this council will take no action whatever regarding his claim against said library. Moved in amendment by F. E. Gibbs, seconded by Geo. Hess, that the motion be left over until next regular meeting for consideration—amendment carried on division. J. A. Hacking moved, seconded by D. B. Dingman, that the Clerk be instructed to notify Mr. Chaplin that unless his taxes be paid at once that the same will be placed in the hands of the Town Solicitor for collection—carried. The Town Band made application for the annual grant of one hundred dollars, and an additional grant of fifty dollars to purchase new instruments. On motion the application was laid over until next regular meeting. Council adjourned.

CARTHAGE.

FIRE.—On Thursday last about 12 o'clock the house of Mr. John Unker, wagon maker, was discovered to be on fire. Our firemen were quickly on the spot, and extinguished the flames before much damage was done.—COM.

MILLBANK.

A PLEASANT EVENING.—A tea meeting was held in the Methodist church on the 23rd of February, of an interesting character. The ladies gave us a first-class tea. The superintendent of the circuit presided. The Rev. Messrs. Preston and Caswell's addresses were neat and humorous; the Rev. J. E. Croly gave a reading which was remarkably well received. The Rev. J. Kay, M. A., of Milverton, followed with an address of great ability on "Church Work," leaving a gracious spiritual influence on the audience. The speeches were interspersed with mellifluous music by the choir. The meeting seemed to be of great interest and profit to all the people.

Ten miles north of Mitchell lives Patrick Reardon, an Irishman by birth, who will be one hundred and ten years old next March. He is a wonderfully strong man for his age, having two years ago walked to town and back again. On Saturday last he tried to repeat the same thing, but was so exhausted after walking a few miles that he had to be brought out in a sleigh.—*Advocate.*

CASTING CHEAP COINS.

County Detective Pope has obtained information a day or two ago of certain irregularities on the part of a colored man named Wm. Stewart, of Ekfrid, whose purchases of white metal and zinc and whose general movements had aroused the suspicions of several who knew him. It was found that to various persons he had attributed different reasons for his extensive dealings with these metals, and when the facts reached the ears of the detective in question he resolved on action. Accompanied by a trustworthy gentleman, he visited Stewart's quarters on Sunday morning and took him into custody. On his person were found several pieces of counterfeit coin, and other little evidences turned up which the officer believes to be strong against the prisoner. Other developements are expected. In the meantime he is held to answer to a charge of making and uttering spurious coin.—*London Free Press.*

BIRTHS.

DIPPEL.—In Elma, on the 1st inst., the wife of Mr Dedrick Dippel, of a son.

McMILLAN.—In Wallace, on the 25th ult, the wife of Mr. John McMillan of a son.

MARRIAGES.

MERRIFIELD—SIBBALD.—March 2nd, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. N. E. Scott, Mr. John D. Merrifield to Miss Lottie, daughter of Mrs. Sibbald, all of Palmerston.

ROBERTSON—ERSKINE.—On the 23rd of Feb., in the Manse, Newry, by the Rev. R. Renwick, Alexander, youngest son of the late William Robertson, of the township of Elma, to Bessie, second daughter of Mr. Andrew Erskine, Merchant, of Monkton.

DEATHS.

FORRESTER.—In Howick, on Feb. 18th, Mrs. Mary Forrester, aged 60 years.

BROUGHTON.—At Moncton, on the 1st inst., Mr James Broughton, aged 80 years, 3 mos.

KNEITL.—In Stratford, on the 7th inst., Mr. Joseph Kneitl, aged 50 years and 4 months.

ODBERT.—In Stratford, on the 27th ult., Mr. John Odbert, aged 71 years, 11 months and 20 days.

SALE REGISTER.

Tuesday, March 15—Sale for Samuel Whaley, lot 50, 1st con. Wallace; farm stock and implements. T. E. Hay, Auctioneer.

Friday, March 25—Sale for Chas. Wetlaufer, lot No 23, 2nd con. Wallace. See advertisement.

NORMAN'S Electric Belt Institution,
No. 4 Queen Street East, Toronto.
ESTABLISHED 1874.

THERE IS NOTHING SO PERMANENTLY beneficial to the sufferer as Norman's Electro-Curative Belts, Bands and Insoles. They immediately relieve and permanently cure
ASTHMA,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
LUMBAGO,
NERVOUS DEBILITY,
INDIGESTION,
RHEUMATISM,
SWELLINGS,
INJURIES,
NEURALGIA, ETC.,
And a host of troubles over which medicine has little or no control. Circulars and consultation free.
Medicated and other baths always ready for ladies and gentlemen.
J. H. MICHENER, M. D., Druggist, &c., agent for Listowel. 3y

BBB
Burdock BLOOD Bitters
Burdock Healing Ointment should be used in connection with Burdock Blood Bitters for curing Ulcers, Abscesses, Fevers, Sores, &c. Price 25 cents per box. T. MILBURN & CO. SOLE AGENTS, TORONTO.

MR. HOLLAND
IS PREPARED TO RECEIVE
PUPILS IN MUSIC!
Piano, Organ, Violin, Cornet, &c.
Singing and Voice Culture. Harmony and Musical Theory.
Apply at residence of Peter Lillico, Esq., Listowel.
Pianos and Organs Tuned and Regulated.
First-class Music furnished for Parties and Entertainments.

MONTHLY CATTLE MARKET IN LISTOWEL. The next Cattle Fair in Listowel will be held on
FRIDAY, MARCH, 4TH, 1881.

OSBORNE HALL!
ONE NIGHT ONLY:
TUESDAY,
MARCH 8,
the great
Cool BURGESS
and
COMPANY
in his new play
"OUR SLEIGHING PARTY."
GENERAL ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.
RESERVED SEATS, 50 CENTS.
Can be had at Post Office.
Listowel, March 2, 1881. a.

NOTICE!
Tenders Wanted
Tenders will be received by the undersigned till
Saturday, 12th day of March,
for building a Frame Bridge over the creek on the Mitchell gravel road, in the 4th concession of Elma. Plans and specifications can be seen at the Township Clerk's office, Newry. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
WM. LOCHHEAD, WM. KEITH, } Road Commissioners.
Elma, Feb. 23, 1881. 8b.

FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT.
Lot No. 32, 3rd con. of Grey, containing 100 acres, 60 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation, balance hardwood bush; about 18 acres of fall wheat in ground; young orchard; two frame houses and frame stables; well watered with spring creek and wells. 2 miles from Trowbride, 7 miles from the town of Listowel; school about 100 rods from the place. Will be sold upon reasonable terms, or rented for five years. For full particulars apply on the premises, or address the undersigned, Trowbridge P. O.
9. H. D. SEARLS.

FARM FOR SALE.
The North-east 50 acres in the 7th con. of Wallace. The land is in a good state of cultivation; all cleared but 8 acres, and fit for a reaper to run on it. A good frame barn 36x52; frame house 18x26, well finished; barn and house new; good well and pump at door, and a never failing spring creek on the place. Terms, $700 down; the balance can run for a term of years at 7 per cent. Also 60 acres will be rented along with the 50 for a term of ten years. The land is first-class; within 3 miles of the town of Palmerston. For particulars apply to the proprietor,
JAMES LITTLE, Rothsay Ont.
13.

MORTGAGE SALE OF FARM
IN THE TOWNSHIP OF GREY.
Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage, there will be sold by public auction, on SATURDAY, the 26th day of MARCH, A. D. 1881, at 12 o'clock noon, by F. W. Coate & Co., auctioneers, at their sale rooms, King street east, Toronto, that valuable farm known as the south part of the west half of lot number 26, in the third concession of the township of Grey, in the county of Huron, and the east half of said lot 23, containing together 77 acres, more or less.
The lot is situate about 9 miles from Listowel, and 2 miles from Ethel station on the Wellington, Grey & Bruce Railway.
Terms—Ten per cent. on day of sale, and balance in one month.
For further particulars apply to
WM. MORTIMER CLARK, Vendor's Solicitor,
9A. 7 Temple Chambers, Toronto.

AUCTION SALE
—OF—
FARMING IMPLEMENTS!
STOCK, &C.
There will be sold by Public Auction, on the premises of the undersigned, lot No. 23, 2nd con. Wallace, on
FRIDAY, MARCH 25th, 1881,
the following property, viz.:
One Standard Separator Threshing Machine, with horse power and attachments complete, McDonald & McPherson's make, Stratford. This machine has only run two seasons, and is just as good as new; will thresh 100 bushels of wheat per hour.
1 span of horses 8 years old, 1 set of team harness with Scotch collars, 1 lumber wagon, 1 truck wagon almost new, with iron axle, 1 iron plow with steel board and wrought iron point, 1 set iron harrows with four sections, 80 teeth, 1 pair bob sleighs with box, 1 pair bob sleighs without box, and a variety of smaller articles
TERMS—Sums of $5 and under, cash; over that amount credit will be given till the first day of January, 1882, upon approved joint notes 8 per cent. discount for cash on sums over $5.
Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m.
T. E. HAY, Auctioneer. CHAS. WETTLAUFER, Proprietor.
Wallace, Mar. 1, 1881. 9c.

F. G. WIDDOWS,
"FRATER ALYOSIUS."
EX-FRANCISCAN MONK,
—WILL—
LECTURE
—IN—
OSBORNE'S HALL,
—ON—
THURSDAY, MARCH 10TH.
Doors open at 7 p. m., lecture to commence at 8 p. m.
SUBJECT:
"How I became a Monk, and why I ceased to be one."
Mr. Widdows is well and favourably known in many parts of Canada as a popular lecturer, brilliant and interesting, full of wit and strong argument.
DON'T FAIL TO HEAR HIM.
TICKETS - - - 25 cents.

TRUTHS.
Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters ever made.
They are compounded from Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,—the oldest, best, and most valuable medicines in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.
They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, these Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intoxicating.
No matter what your feelings or symtoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable use the Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.
Do not suffer yourself or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.
Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine every made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them. Try the Bitters to-day.
Try Hop Cough Cure and Pain Relief.
For sale by all druggists.

UNION FLOURING MILLS,
LISTOWEL.
A. MOYER & CO.
Having put their mill in first-class order by the introduction of the best and latest improved milling machinery, are now prepared to do Gristing, Chopping and all kinds of
CUSTOM WORK,
on short notice, and to the best satisfaction
Family Flour sold and delivered to any part of the town.
All Kinds of Chopped Feed Sold.
A. MOYER & CO.
Inkerman Street, Listowel. 18c.

CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION OF NORTH PERTH.
The annual meeting of the Conservative Association of North Perth will be held in the village of
MILVERTON,
—ON—
WEDNESDAY, 16th March, '81,
AT THE HOUR OF 1 30 P. M.,
for the election of officers, and the transaction of other important business.
A full representation from each section of the Riding is requested.
GEO. DRAPER, President.
Listowel, March 3, 1881. 9b.

GEORGE ZILLIAX,
GROCER & GRAIN MERCHANT,
Wallace Street, Listowel,
Invites the attention of the public to his new and fresh stock of
Groceries, Crockery, &c.,
which he is selling at bottom prices.
He deals extensively in Flour, Feed, Grain, Pork and Vegetables.
Prime Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Cracked Wheat, Pot Barley, &c., always on hand.
Oats, Seed Grain, Horse-tooth Corn, and Seeds supplied in any quantity.
Potatoes, Field Roots and Garden Vegetables, and all descriptions of Farm Produce, bought and sold.
Land Salt & Shingles For Sale.
The highest market price paid for all kinds of Grain, Hides and skins.
Remember the stand—two doors south of the Royal Hotel. Wallace street Listowel.

New Book Store.
We beg to announce that we have opened a
Book and Stationery Store!
In the Post Office, Campbell's Block,
Where will be found a large and well selected stock of
BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS,
X-MAS PRESENTS,
&C.; &C.
The stock is entirely new and having been bought for CASH in the cheapest markets, we are prepared to
SELL CHEAP!
—Remember the place—
The Post Office Book Store!
C. HACKING & CO.
Listowel, 1880. 48.

REMOVAL!
J. P. NEWMAN,
Has
Removed to His New store!
On the Old Site, West of Campbell's Block, Main Street, where he has Opened out
AN EXTENSIVE STOCK
—OF—
BOOTS & SHOES
Comprising all the Newest Styles in Ladies', Men's and Children's wear, and which he will sell at
BOTTOM PRICES!
First-Class Workmen Employed.
Repairing Promptly Attended To.
Remember the Stand,
Mechanic's Block, Main St., South Side.
J. P. NEWMAN.
Listowel, Sept 12, 1879. 33.

WESTWARD HO!
Removal to New Premises.
GEO. ADAM
begs to acquaint his friends and the public that he has removed his stock of
Shelf and Heavy Hardware!
to the store recently occupied by Dr. Michener, where he will be prepared to attend to the wants of his customers.
EXPECTED TO ARRIVE DAILY:
CAR LOADS!
—OF—
NAILS,
IRON,
LOCKS,
BOLTS,
PAINTS,
OILS,
VARNISHES,
PUTTY,
GLASS,
POCKET and TABLE CUTLERY.
Shelf and Heavy Hardware of every Description.
Be sure and give him a call at his new stand on the bridge, Main Street.
GEO. ADAM.

WILLIAM LITTLE,
Successor to LITTLE BROS., & Co.,
WALLACE STREET LISTOWEL,
MANUFACTURER OF
First-Class Carriages, Wagons
made from the best material, sold
On Most Reasonable Terms.
ALSO
HORSE-SHOEING & REPAIRING
Promptly Attended To.
Listowel, 1880. 17.

FLAX SEED.
The undersigned have
1,000 Bushels of Flax Seed,
direct from Manitoba, Holland and Riga, at their mills in Listowel, which will be distributed in quantities to suit farmers. The seed will be ready to be distributed in the first week in March.
J. & J. LIVINGSTONE.
Listowel, Feb. 23, 1881. 8c.

FRIEND W. BLACK,
The famous, favored, fortunate fellow, furnisher of four Ferrotypes for fifty cents, having taken possession of the
PHOTO GALLERY
One door west of J. Armstrong's grocery, and having thoroughly refitted and refurnished the same, putting in the best instruments, back-grounds and accessories that can be procured, is now prepared to supply the public with First-class Photos at the lowest possible prices.
From an extensive experience in some of the best galleries in Ontario, he feels confident of being able to give entire satisfaction to the public.
AMBROTYPES.
Having the latest and most improved instruments for making this popular style of picture, I defy competition, as I give
Four Large Ambrotypes for 50 CENTS.
Just as large as you get anywhere else for 25c. each.
All work guaranted first-class or no charge.
W. BLACK, Photographer.
39.

TORONTO TEA STORO!
—JUST OPENED, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF—
CHINA TEA SETS, GRANITE and OAKEN WARE.
ALSO A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY LAMPS, GLASSWARE, &c.
FOUR FIFTY CENT TEAS ARE UNSURPASSED!
A FULL STOCK OF ALES, WINES and LIQUORS OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
CALL AND GET A PACKAGE OF SNOW DRIFT BAKING POWDER. SAMPLES FREE. ALSO PRICES BAKING POWDER, BEST IN USE.
D. W. PALMER & CO.
MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL.

R. MARTIN,
REAL ESTATE
AND
INSURANCE AGENT.
Buys and sells Lands, loans money and does a general Insurance business.
$1,800 Will purchase lot number 37 in the 2nd concession of the township of Minto, containing 100 acres, 35 cleared balance rolling land. There is 6 acres of fall wheat on the lot, 2 acres of orchard bearing, good well and pump, hewn log house. Terms of payment $700 cash, balance to remain on interest for 11 years at 8 per cent. Apply to R. MARTIN.
$1,700 will purchase 100 acres in Wallace, 3½ miles from Listowel, 30 acres cleared, balance mostly hardwood. Terms, $500 cash, balance in 4 years at 8 per cent. Apply to R. MARTIN.
$3,400 Will purchase lot 28, in the 8th con. of the Township of Elma in County of Perth—containing 100 acres. $1,500 cash, balance on time for 3 years at 8 per cent. 75 acres cleared with a bank barn and stone stable, inside 56x38; frame barn 26x36; dwelling house with good frame kitchen. Apply to R. MARTIN.
Lot 28 in the 5th con. Howick, containing 100 acres, 80 cleared, balance good hardwood bush, well watered, with frame barn 66x36. New frame house 29x22, stone cellar. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to R. MARTIN.
MONEY TO LEND.
PRIVATE FUNDS to Lend, in sums from $200 to $3,000, at
6 Per Cent.
Interest payable yearly, with the privilege given to the borrower of paying off the whole loan or any part, at any time. On such payments of Principal, Interest shall cease.
R. MARTIN.
INSURANCE.
The best Companies represented, such as the WESTERN, LANCASHIRE &C.
Apply to R. MARTIN.
Office on Main St.,
LISTOWEL,
Opposite the Grand Central Hotel. 5

MONEY TO LEND.
FOR FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES, on Farm and Town property; also private funds at 6 per cent. The borrower can have privilege of paying off principal at any time. Conveyancing done, issuer of Marriage Licenses, &c.
ADAM HUNT, Commissioner.
Teviotdale P. O.
Residence, con. 12, Wallace.

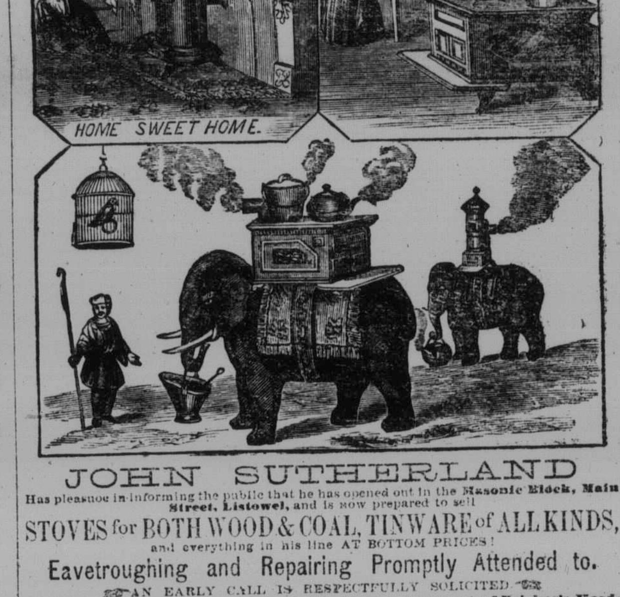
HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS
FOR SALE!
ON
HILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS
Terms to suit buyers.
10 GEORGE DRAPER.

—VICTORIA—
BUCHU & UVA URSI
THE GREAT SPECIFIC
FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND URINARY ORGANS.

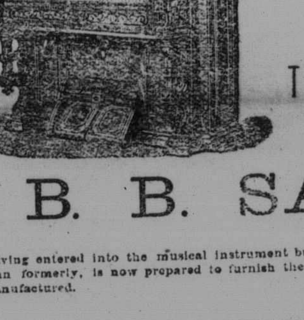
HAGYARDS PECTORAL BALSAM.
Has no equal for the permanent cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and all Lung Diseases.
Every bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors Toronto.

HOLIDAY GOODS!
FINE ELECTRO-PLATED WARE,
FIRST-CLASS CUTLERY,
ELEGANT LAMP GOODS,
SKATES FOR THE MILLION,
And other Choice Goods Suitable for the Holiday Trade.
S. BRICKER & CO'S HARDWARE,
MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL. 46.

1880. ONTARIO HOUSE. 1880.
I have much pleasure in announcing that my stock of
AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS
In British, Foreign and Canadian, are now arriving, and in many lines will be found unusually attractive, and AT LOWER PRICES than have been offered in previous seasons.
SPECIAL ATTENTION
will be devoted to the
Millinery and Mantle Department,
which for style and quality will surpass anything ever offered in town.
A FIRST-CLASS CITY MILLINER ALWAYS EMPLOYED.
Purchasers from town and country are cordially invited to examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
LIQUORS—WHOLESALE & RETAIL,
At Reduced Prices. Sole Agent for the Celebrated "Invalid Wine," Recommended by the Medical Profession in Town
GEORGE DRAPER,
LISTOWEL, 1880. 96

NEW STOVE AND TINWARE DEPOT!


JOHN SUTHERLAND
Has pleasure in informing the public that he has opened out in the Masonic Block, Main Street, Listowel, and is now prepared to sell
STOVES for BOTH WOOD & COAL, TINWARE of ALL KINDS,
and everything in his line AT BOTTOM PRICES!
Eavetroughing and Repairing Promptly Attended to.
AN EARLY CALL IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED
REMEMBER THE STAND—Masonic Block, one door west of Bricker's Hardware; store recently occupied by Walter McMillan.
Listowel, January, 1881. 4.


THE BEST
ORGANS
IN THE WORLD!
—AT—
THE LOWEST PRICES.
B. B. SARVIS
Having entered into the musical instrument business on a much more extensive scale than formerly, is now prepared to furnish the public with the very best instruments manufactured.
THE CELEBRATED
BELL ORGAN
always on hand, and especially recommended.
Mr. Sarvis also sells PIANOS from the best makers.
All Instruments Warranted for 5 Years.
ORGANS PROMPTLY REPAIRED.
ALSO ORGANS TO RENT AT MODERATE RATES.
B. B. SARVIS is also a
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE COUNTY OF PERTH.
Sales of farms and farm stocks can be arranged for at the most reasonable rates.
AUCTION ROOMS and MUSIC EMPORIUM
Two doors west of the Bank of Hamilton, Main street, where Auction Sales will be conducted every Saturday. Household effects and articles of all descriptions may be left at the Auction Rooms to be sold.
B. B. SARVIS,
LISTOWEL ONT.

WHEN THE FLOODS ARE OUT.

Ilma started, and looked down her dress.

"I don't know," she answered; "I did not take it out. I must have dropped it."

"Perhaps while you were playing chess," suggested Sir Philip.

"No; I saw it when you left the table," said Roland.

"It must be somewhere about the floor;" and Ilma looked round her. "Never mind, Rol; you will have to give me another."

Just then Rose drew near.

"Roland, we want you for whist; and Rachel has no partner. Come along."

Roland could not well refuse; he could not make a pretense of waiting to hear classical music; so he was fain to be a victim—and never was there a more unwilling one.

"Will you play that last piece again?" asked Darrell, as soon as he was gone.

Ilma complied, and, while she played, Sir Philip, who was looking down, caught sight of something lying near his foot. It was Roland's little-cared for rose. He did not pick it up at once; but, when Ilma had finished playing, he raised it and placed it on the piano before her.

"Your rose," he said. "I wonder I did not see it earlier; it fell close to me."

"Thanks." There was no pleasure in her face. She took up the rose as if she hardly knew what to do with it. "The stalk is broken off," she said, with a perplexed look. "I can't put it back in my dress; it's not much good now;" and she let it drop on the piano again."

Darrell bent forward with a quick-drawn breath, and his deep gray eyes flashed.

"You have not always so treated the gift of a flower," he said.

Crimson as the rose itself were Ilma's cheeks and brow; her eyes, half turned to him, had seen the look of his, her ear had caught—nay, to her very heart had rung—the tone in his voice. Yet she knew nothing and felt nothing clearly. She had a sense of losing some safeguard, of having some vail or mask torn from her. She saw how Darrell read her conduct about the flowers he had given her; but she could not, in that bewildering moment, tell whether he was right or wrong. She could not think at all.

Darrell, a man of the world with a woman's subtlety of perception, saw that this child who turned from him and knew not how to answer him had given him more than her lips could have told him, than her whole heart, half child's, half woman's, could have told herself; and back on his soul came the surge of the reaction. The daring words he had spoken should never have passed his lips. Had he said too much to draw back in honor? Nay, if she loved him, of what use to draw back. It would be too late too save her. "If!" Ilma was still a child in many things. How should she give to him, he asked himself again, in so short a time, such love as he gave to her? At least he could test it, at least he could find out by absence if he had won a woman's heart, or only the girlish love that was more of the imagination than the heart.

Quickly all this flashed through Sir Philip Darrell's mind—so quickly that there was scarce a moment's pause before he laid his hand lightly on the keys, as though he were speaking of some piece of music to her, and, forcing back from eye and lip all that made his heart beat so wildly, said earnestly—

"I should not pain you, Ilma; let my words pass—not as a jest—no—I wounded to-day by a jest, born of my own pain—but as a thought too hastily spoken, a thought that my life is not barren of at least a kindly memory."

What a bitter mockery to him were such words! They pained her, but they gave her self-command, and she was for the time even grateful to him; later, in the silence of a sleepless night, she saw their hollowness, and knew that his heart had spoken in that first look and tone.

"Kindly memory!" she repeated very low. "Why should you not think so Sir Philip? I owe you too great a debt of gratitude to fall short of so much as kindly memory."

"You give me a problem to solve, Ilma; for, by my faith, I cannot discover how I am your creditor. I thought I was a debtor. Hush! Give me a woman's privilege, the last word, unless you will take it in music; and I would rather listen to Schumann than fathom enigmas."

So Ilma played again; and, when she rose to leave the piano, she forgot the poor damask rose, and the piano lid closed over it, and it died there neglected.

But, when Ilma dressed to go back to the Grange, she took Sir Philip's flowers carefully from the water and hid them in her breast, knowing not where else to put them, for she dared not carry them in her hand lest they should be seen. Miss Durnford and Ilma were to return in the carriage, and Zuleika was to follow them. As the farewells were being said, Roland continued to whisper to his cousin—

"You remember what I asked to-night about explaining to you?"

"Yes," said the girl wonderingly. "What do you mean?"

"May I come and see you, Ilma?"

"I suppose so; but not yet, not—not before Thursday."

"But you will come here before then?"

"Maybe. Good night. Auntie is waiting."

She ran away quickly, and Darrell handed her into the carriage; then he mounted Hassan, and rode with the ladies as far as the Grange. He would not go in, but bade adieu to them on the steps, lifting Ilma's hand to his lips, as his custom was; but this evening the soft moustache hardly touched the little hand, and he turned away without a parting word.

But there was a deeper meaning in that reticence than even in lingering kiss and passionate words. And when he was gone Ilma stood quite still for a moment in the summer night, and pressed her hands over her eyes with a low quick sob that was half bitter pain and half the very agony of joy.

Did Philip Darrell love her? was the question that Ilma asked herself over and over again that night. Had she been a few years older, there could have been no doubt as to the answer—scarcely any need for the question; but, even when there seemed none other than one solution to what had passed that day and evening, still the torturing thought came that she was foolish and only a child. He might be fond of her in a fashion, but love her! And yet——. Did he fear to bring sorrow on her? So only could she read what must otherwise seem like trifling with her; for his looks, words and tones that day, his manner when he parted with her, would not agree with a man's affection for a child; that would be frank and free, quite different. He did not then regard her as "only a child," but sometimes tried to make her think he did—for her sake, not for his. He would not seek her love; but, alas, had he not won it?

She knew now in this solitary self-communing—shrink from it as she would, self-analysis was forced upon her—that he was right about the flowers; that it was because he had given them to her that she valued them; she knew that he was far more to her than all the world besides. And, oh, if he loved her, why should the curse on his life blight his life? She did not, would not believe in it. There was no stain on his honor; the ban of Heaven could not be on such as he; and, if it were, she would rather die with him than live without him. But he was going away, and she was glad, for that might save him. She could not resist the influence of the general belief that deadly peril lay for the last of the Darrells in the Coalmere floods this year. Would he go without seeing her? She trembled at the thought of seeing him again, and wept passionately at the thought of not seeing him.

Morning found the girl with no feeling of weariness; every pulse was beating high, and every sense on the alert. She rose before the sun was above the horizon, and, dressing quickly, went down to the stable and saddled Zuleika, and went for a ride. She rode miles before good Miss Durnford had opened her eyes and, when Ilma came in to breakfast, she looked so bright and fresh, and seemed so happy, that no one could have guessed how she had suffered, and suffered still.

Rose came over early to the Grange, and wanted Ilma to go back with her for a game of lawn tennis; and Ilma went, having no excuse for refusing; but she took care never to be alone with Roland. The shadow of the approaching Thursday hung over her like a pall. She could not now avoid more than suspecting what Roland wanted to speak to her about; and she shrank from that with a dread that grew more and more as the day approached.

Meanwhile nothing was seen of Sir Philip Darrell. He was still at the Court; all Scarth Abbott would have speedily known it if he had left.

"Maybe, missy," said Job Heston to Ilma, as she was crossing the lock bridge early on Wednesday morning, and met the miller, "he's setting his house in order at last; time he did, if he means to stop till the rains come. They'll be on us in a day or two, or my name's not Heston."

"How do you know?" asked Ilma with a sinking heart.

"Know? Oh, I can tell! His days are numbered, missy."

"I don't believe it," said Ilma steadily.

"Don't you, missy? But then, you see, you're a foreigner."

"How do you know?" asked the girl. "What is meant by 'life for life?' That implies a life possibly saved."

"Suppose it did, missy, his would be lost," said Job, grimly; "and both must be lost."

"Why? A life is given if it is given by the will; actual death is not a necessity."

"Well, of course," returned Heston, "the curse is doubtful to some extent; but I fancy Sir Philip himself takes it rather that he'll lose his life some way. Don't be the other party, that's all, missy; you're far too handsome to lose your life."

Ilma turned away haughtily and walked on. Job stood and looked after her.

"Is that to be it, I wonder?" he said to himself musingly. "The young Squire fancies her, or I'm much mistaken; but, if Sir Philip's in the field, he'll win—no fear. Then the Squire isn't one to take it coolly if his girl is taken away from him. I don't know what he'd do—something many wouldn't expect. As for the lord, he'd carry her off; that's the Darrell way."

* * * * *

Thursday morning dawned clear and sunny: but Ilma awoke with a heavy load of dread and grief on her heart. She could not meet Roland; he would taunt her about Sir Philip, and her face might betray her. The dread grew to an everlasting terror; and the girl determined to fly from the impending interview, the more so as Miss Durnford said at breakfast that she was going to visit some of the poor people, and, as Ilma never accompanied her on these occasions, she would be left alone.

"What are you going to do with yourself, my dear?" asked Miss Durnford.

"I shall take a ramble presently, auntie, perhaps."

"Very well, dear. How odd it is," continued Miss Durnford, tying her bonnet-strings, "that Sir Philip has not been this way for so long! It makes me very anxious. He seems determined to dare to the uttermost."

Ilma made no answer; and Miss Durnford went out with her mind tolerably at rest concerning Dark Darrell and her beautiful neice.

Ilma walked with her aunt to the gate, and noted which road she took; then she went back to the house, caught up her hat, and left the premises the back way; but instead of going towards the river, she took an opposite course, running for some distance till she had put half a mile or more of wood and field between herself and Scarth Abbot, and then she dropped into a quick walk.

CHAPTER IX.

Ilma had not the least idea where she was going, and did not care, so long as she escaped Roland. Indeed she wanted to escape from every living thing, and the wilder the country grew the better pleased she was. Up hill and down dale she went, and along rocky paths, till she came at last to a deep gorge, the sides of which were thickly clothed with verdure.

The place looked like an enchanted dell, and brought to Ilma's ready imagination the old legend of the knight who rode with the cross hilt of his sword uplifted through the enchanted groves. She wondered if the superstition of the country folk had peopled the glen with elves and other mysterious beings, and if the hoof-marks her quick eye detected among the thick moss that carpeted the ground were those of a headless steed, like the one that haunted the precincts of the Alhambra.

The entrance to the gorge sloped gradually from where Ilma stood. At another time she would have deliberately skirted the verge for the pleasure of scrambling down; but now she had lost her wild high spirits, and walked onwards slowly, swinging her hat and listening to the singing of the birds in the trees, and watching with dreamy interest the sunlight among the leaves. Deeper and deeper she went into the dell, thinking she would discover the outlet; for, she argued, there surely was an outlet, since the hoof-marks were still visible going one way, and there was no sign of a return journey.

It was strange, the girl said to herself, that she had never heard of this wildly beautiful spot before. Stay! She stood still a moment, trying to remember. Yes; had not Rose, only the other day, talked of the Abbot's Dell, which was said to be haunted? No doubt this was the place. Haunted! Then she need have no fear of meeting any one. But the hoof-marks! The girl had moved onward, but now halted again with a sudden throb at her heart. There was one man who cared nothing for peasants' tales. She glanced behind her, but saw no sign of any living creature, save the birds in the branches and the scuttling squirrels. She listened. There was a dead silence, though indeed on the mossy ground even a horse's step would not be audible till the animal were within twenty yards.

She bent down and examined the marks more attentively. An Indian would have made more of them, light as the impress was; but Ilma could see that they were those of a small hoofed animal, though whether they were recent or not her knowledge did not enable her to determine. Had Hassan passed that way? Well, why frighten herself so? It might have been yesterday, or two days before, or three hours ago that Sir Philip had ridden through the glen; and, if it were only five minutes ago, he would be far ahead of her, out of sight before she reached the end. But how the mere thought of his having been so near—perhaps so recently—made her heart beat! And how, argue as she would, her lips quivered and her eyes gazed fearfully before her with every onward step she took! How she started at every rustle of a leaf, as though she expected to see an elfin creature instead of a bird shoot forth from the brake!

Another turn, and no sign yet of the end of the long winding glen. Hark! What was that? The girl stopped abruptly. A sudden flight of birds from out of the thick foliage scarce a hundred paces ahead. What had startled them? In another second a dark object came round the turning—not the knight of the legend, with cross-hilted sword elevated before him, but Sir Philip Darrell, mounted on Hassan, and gazing before him with such a look as strong proud men wear when they are fighting a stern battle with their own passions, and know that they are losing ground inch by inch. But this Ilma had not time to see; for he had recognized the slight form standing in the soft twilight of the glen at the instant that he passed the curve; and a wild joy lighted up his face, and the last frail barrier the strong will had striven to uphold tottered and fell.

Not even pausing to draw bridle, he sprang from his horse, and was at Ilma's side, her hands clasped in his, before the startled steed had halted.

"Ilma, Ilma," he cried—and his whole heart went out to her in the passionate utterance—"oh, my life, my soul, I can strive no longer! Why have you come to tempt me?"

But Ilma could not answer him. She was trembling violently. Her golden head drooped, and her eyes sank before his. How could she meet the look that would have told her the whole glorious truth if his lips had been silent and his hand had never touched hers?

"Ilma!" Now his arms were round her, her heart was throbbing against his, and his lips sought hers. "Ilma, my darling, I knew that you love me. Let me hear you say it. Raise those dear eyes and look into mine, and tell me that your life is mine, as mine is yours."

Was the curse forgotten?

She thought not of it, but raised her eyes to his and whispered softly, the sweet eyes sinking again immediately—

"I love you!" And his lips sealed the avowal.

Philip Darrell's wish was granted, and that brief wild happiness was his. But, oh, it was brief indeed, and not even for a moment was there peace! Once more—and now too late—rose up before him all that he had trampled under foot and seemed to have crushed for ever. He raised his head, which had been bowed on hers, and sought to loosen his clasp; but Ilma read his heart, and with a low cry of pain clung to him, pressing her golden head against his breast.

"No, no," she said, passionately, "you shall not put me from you! You have done me no wrong to love me and teach me—ah, you could not help that!—to love you. Heaven will not curse you—I will not believe it."

"Ilma, Ilma, hear me!"

"No, no!" she cried again. "Even if the curse be true, you cannot save me"—and a noble triumph shone in the large, clear eyes that gazed now full into his—"for I love you, and I must suffer with you. Your fate must be mine, Philip, whether for weal or woe; and, oh, it would be a thousand times better to die with you than to live without you!"

"Hush, hush, darling, you break my heart!" But he strove no more to put her from him, folding her closer and closer to him. "Why should I be exempt from the curse that has been on all my house for three hundred years; though indeed such love as yours, Ilma, might redeem the blackest doom that ever fell on man? Child, listen to me. I was yet a youth when I vowed that no innocent life should suffer for my love; and I believed that I could live my life without love. Once—it was years ago—I saw one whose face was fair enough to linger in my thoughts; and I feared, and would not see her again; and soon almost the bare memory of that face passed away. Since then I have seen many fair women in many countries, but not one who could win me to break the vow I had made. But, when I saw you, I knew for the first time the force of the power that I had thought more under my own control. I was master of my own heart no more. There was one being in this world, through which I had wandered so many years, who was to enter into my life and make it her own; and that one was a golden-haired child, with cloudless eyes that spoke to me a language they were not conscious of uttering."

He paused a moment; his voice failed him; but Ilma whispered softly:

"It is so sweet to think that it was my lot first to win your heart, Philip, and that even on that morning when you saw me on the river bank you gave me what must ever be mine."

"Ay," he said bitterly; "but I should have been stronger. I did struggle, Heaven knows, to conquer, but not till I had madly flung myself into temptation—till I had sought you, defying my fate, and given my whole heart to you; and then, when I believed you loved me, Ilma—ah, forgive me for the cruel tests I put you to, and never blush how, dear one, that your heart betrayed a truth it should not recognize!—I thought the last cord that bound me had snapped. Yet I made one more effort to be true to myself. On that last evening that I saw you I resolved to keep away from you—I would try to discover whether your love was but a girl's fancy—and in one second of time all was swept to the winds of heaven, save only my love for you. And now must your dear life be sacrificed for mine? Oh, Ilma, when you will not believe my evil fate, it is your great love that speaks! But, even so, is my guilt the less in winning you?—for I cannot plead doubt."

"Guilt?" The girl almost smiled. "Your heart, I think, spoke better in that than your reason. You know I am not an utter skeptic, Philip. I was at first; but after what I heard, I could be so no longer. But why is there only one reading to the fulfilment of the prophecy? You all allow it to be ambiguous, yet believe that it can point only to the extinction of your house."

"'Life for life,'" repeated Darrell; "and gladly would my life by laid down for you, Ilma; but, even then, should I not bring to you bitterest woe?"

"Woe to which death were happiness," said the girl passionately. "But Philip, life is given by will as by deed; may not that be the expiation?"

Sir Philip started violently.

"I cannot—I dare not think it," he said hurriedly. "Not if the hope were too bright——"

"You have lived so long, Philip, in the shadows that the light blinds your eyes; but, come life or come death, I am still yours."

"Not to share death—just Heaven forbid!" he said, looking upwards.

"Philip, Philip, what are the mere years of existence when all is gone that makes life more than time?"

Darrell gazed down wonderingly at the exquisite face through which the woman's soul shone so clear and strong. Was this the happy careless child he had seen but a few days before dancing in the sunshine, without it would seem, a thought for the morrow?

"Oh, my heart, my heart," he said, with inexpressible sadness. "I have robbed you of your happy childhood, and have given you in exchange a love that must pierce you like a two-edged sword!"

"But, ah, the joy with the pain," she whispered, hiding her face. "And is not one hour of more than earthly happiness worth long years of dull content?"

"Dost thou so love me, darling?"

He could say no more, but bowed his head on hers again in silence; and he was almost won to her faith, and the bitterness almost passed away in the glory of her sublime love.

The sun was not past the meridian; but time was unheeded in the enchanted glen. Gentle Hassan seemed content to be forgotten for the slight dark eyed girl to whom his master spoke so low and tenderly; and the birds sang softly in the deep foliage.

Softly, little by little, yielding to his questions, Ilma, confessed to her lover how she had suffered during those days of his absence from her, and how, when she knew her own heart, she feared him, although she yearned to see him again, so that she would have fled from him at the moment she beheld him if it had been possible.

"Sweet one"—he could not help smiling now—"you sought all unconsciously, what you would most avoid. There is not one in in these parts who will enter this vale save myself; there is no outlet at the other end, as you imagined, and I had ridden through the glen only ten minutes before I met you; so there was fate in this at least. No snare ever set for bird was more complete."

"Then—oh, Philip, if anyone was seen me enter the glen it will be said I came to meet you!"

"It is unlikely that you have been seen; the country is wild, and human beings are scarce, though we are only a mile from the gates of the Court park."

"Near the Court? I had no idea where I was," said Ilma, coloring deeply.

"Whom do you fear?" asked Darrell, watching her. "Roland Sabine?" The girl started.

"Yes," she answered in a low tone.

"Ilma," said Darrell quietly, "has he dared to speak to you?"

"No; it was to avoid him I came out to-day. He said something the other night that startled me, and I said I did not understand him. When we were going, he asked to see me that he might explain; and how could I refuse? So I said he could come to-day; but I grew so frightened that at last, when I awoke this morning, I felt I could not meet him; and that is how I wandered out."

"A childlike act indeed, darling, remarked Sir Philip, stooping to kiss the trembling lips that had told him this with such girlish naivete. "And so you fled to a lover scarcely less dreaded, because loved." Then his face grew stern. "Ilma, if Roland speaks to you, refer him to me; and let him guard his tongue well, or he will learn to his cost that the last of the Darrells is not one whit behind his ancestor in avenging an insult,"

Ilma had herself too high spirit to rebuke the fierce temper of her haughty lover; but the mention of Roland had brought to her the first thought of the time; and now she suddenly pointed upwards to a gap in the trees.

"Philip," she said, "see how late the day is growing. Aunt Rachel will have returned, and will wonder where I am. I must go home. How far is this from Scarth Abbot?"

"Too for you to go yet," replied Sir Philip. "Nay, sweetheart, a little longer! I cannot so soon yield my first taste of Elysium."

And Ilma suffered him to lead her farther onwards, away from the entrance to the glen. The sun was sinking towards the western horizon when Dark Darrell and his golden haired love came forth from the deep shadows of the Abbot's Vale. Leading Hassan, he walked with Ilma almost to the village, leaving her where he could see the slight foot flitting onwards to the very gates of the Grange garden.

Turning when he had nearly reached this point, she saw him still standing motionless by his horse, watching her; and, as she turned, he kissed his hand to her.

CHAPTER X.

It was barely eleven o'clock when Roland Sabine went to the Grange, only to learn that Miss Ilma was out and had left no message. No message! Had she forgotten her promise to him? Roland ground his teeth but, hiding his wrath from the servant, he said he would wait till Miss Durnford returned.

The old lady came back before one. She knew nothing of Ilma; doubtless she would be in during the afternoon. Roland departed, and at three called again. Ilma had not yet returned. Miss Durnford had flattered herself that the girl was at the Larches; but the young Squire's appearance made her anxious. What could have become of the child? She could never have stayed away so long on purpose. Roland shared her anxiety, and went off at once to make inquiries about Ilma.

He turned his steps first toward the river, and was just approaching the lock bridge, when he saw Zeph coming down the slope. She stopped the moment she saw Roland; and, as he came towards her, she looked into his face with a wicked flash and laughed.

"You can keep off," she said shortly; "and you needn't try to hide what you're after. It's Dark Darrell's lady-love you were going to ask about, I know."

"Dear Zeph," began Roland, "if you have seen——"

"Don't 'dear Zeph' me!" interrupted the girl fiercely, stamping her foot. "You'd drown me as soon as look at me if you dared, or see me drown, which is the next thing to it. It's that golden-haired foreign cousin of yours you are in love with; and all the pretty things you said to me count for nothing now. But you won't get her. Didn't I know Sir Philip would have her when I saw her riding the Arab?"

"Zeph, are you mad?" cried Roland hoarsely. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, I may suffer," retorted the undaunted girl; "but you must not wait an instant to know what the girl you love is about! You may talk to me, and tell me you love me, and give me things, and there is no harm done; as if I had no heart, and need not mind seeing you throwing me over directy a beauty from foreign parts comes your way! 'Tis no use to fume, Mr. Sabine; you have treated me as Sir Philip would not have done, whatever his ancestor did. He's a noble gentleman anyhow, and he'd never fool with an honest girl he couldn't marry, as you have done. You needn't worry after Miss Ilma; she's chosen a handsomer lover than you—ha, ha! She's been dreeing her weird while you've been hunting the woods for her. She's not afraid of Sir Philip's kisses, I'll warrant; she'd rather die with him than live with you."

"Zeph," said Roland, grasping the girl's wrist, "tell me what you know. Are you talking like this to torture me, or do you mean that Ilma Costello has fled with Darrell?"

"Oh, no!" replied Zeph quietly. "Maybe she's home now; but I saw them on the road together twenty minutes ago; he was leading his horse and she was by his side. Drop your hand, Mr. Sabine; you hurt me. Just a bit above the village they stopped and said good-bye. He didn't kiss her then, though there was nobody by that they could see; but he stood still where she'd left him and watched her. When she'd gone on a bit, she looked back, and he kissed his hand to her. You don't like it, eh?" for Roland stamped his foot, and, with a terrible imprecation, ground it on the path. "Well, go and tell him so; but you can't save her if she loves him; you know that."

"By the heavens above, he shall not have her!" said Roland, in blind fury. "I will take her from him, or they shall perish together! I swear it!"

Zeph's eyes flashed. She sprang forward and grasped the young man's hand.

"Count on me," she said. "I hate her as you hate him, and will hate her when she scorns you; for she will. Ay"—as Roland shook off her hand her voice rose almost to a shriek—"it's of no use, Roland Sabine! If she loves Philip Darrell, she must die; and you know it. You take her from him! Ha, ha!"—and she laughed long and loudly.

Before the echo of her laughter had died away, Roland was hundreds of yards from the spot, speeding he knew not whither. Not homewards, for he dared not be seen there; nor to the Grange, for he could not meet Ilma in her aunt's presence. He dashed into the woods, and there remained till long after darkness had fallen, now walking wildly to and fro, now lying on the ground in a chaos of thought that made him feel at times as if his reason were leaving him. He never doubted that Ilma had met Sir Philip Darrell by appointment: and she had either forgotten her promise to himself or had deliberately ignored it. He swore again that she should be his, or die with the lover she had preferred to him.

In Roland Sabine's nature there was a ferocity that no one would suspect who saw in him a frank, perhaps at times sullen tempered, North-Country squire. His love was, after all, a selfish passion; it was incapable of self sacrifice. What he desired to possess should be his or should belong to no one else; rather would he destroy what he valued than allow another to have it. He had displayed this trait even as a lad. He had shot a favorite pointer that had acquired troublesome tricks rather than allow a neighbor with whom he was on bad terms to have the animal.

He would rather have seen Ilma Costello stretched dead at his feet than happy in a rival's arms. Fearful as the thought was he did not put it from him, or even try to do so. He nursed it with a fierce triumph, and even noted with a grim satisfaction, as he at length walked homewards through the night, that a heavy cloud hung solitary in the heavens, otherwise clear, which seemed to brood over the river, and that the air was close and heavy. In a few days—it might be a week, it might be less—the floods would be out!

Ilma, kneeling at her chamber window, saw that cloud too, and bowed her sunny head; and she prayed—ah, how earnestly!—with bitter tears, for her lover. She had not told her aunt of her interview with Sir Philip Darrell. The old lady had received her with the joy of one relieved from keen anxiety; and she had told Ilma that Roland had called twice, and had gone to search for her. Ilma had been very penitent; but she had only said that she had been for a long ramble and did not know how the time had passed—which was strictly true; and Miss Durnford had been satisfied with the explanation.

But now the old lady could not sleep, for she saw the black cloud hanging in the sultry sky; and she stole softly to Ilma's chamber and opened the door. The girl started up from the window and came to meet her.

"Auntie!"

"My dear child," said Miss Durnford, "it is past eleven, and you are not even undressed. What are you doing by the open windows?"

"Watching that cloud, auntie. I am not tired."

Miss Durnford could not see the speaker's face distinctly in the dusk of the apartment; but she drew the slight form towards her and said gently—

"I cannot sleep to night, and I came to see if you were wakeful too. My hearts fails me"—and her voice faltered—"when I think of Sir Philip Darrell—still at the Court."

Ilma gently disengaged herself from her aunt's embrace, and went back to the window, not kneeling down this time, but standing with her forehead resting against the glass. Presently she said softly, without looking round to where her aunt still stood—

"I do not believe in the curse, auntie."

"Ilma dear," returned Miss Durnford, "you must not mind my saying this, that I hope you are not speaking so because you do not wish to believe in misfortune coming to Sir Philip Darrell. I mean, I hope you do not think too much of him. You understand me?"

"Yes, auntie; I understand."

Miss Durnford paused; but Ilma said no more; and the old lady felt disappointed. Why could not the child be frank with her? Surely, she thought, in fear and perplexity, nothing had passed between Ilma and Sir Philip? If there had been anything, the child ought to tell her. Miss Durnford did not know how difficult is such confidence to a sensitive nature, even if willingly offered, and Ilma was not willing. The secret belonged to herself and Sir Philip, for the present at least. Its revelation could only make her aunt unhappy, and perhaps angry. Why should any one know? So the girl stood silent.

"Ilma," said Miss Durnford, "you make me anxious. You are not open with me, as you should be. I do not want to blame you; Sir Philip is a most fascinating man, and it would be nothing strange if you had allowed him to engage your fancy."

Fancy—when the very sound of his name thrilled through every nerve! But the girl shrank from the prim phraseology, and felt that she could not give her confidence; besides, had she a right to do so? It was true that her lover had not uttered a word that implied he desired secrecy: but she would not—indeed she could not—speak of what seemed to her too solemn and sacred to be talked about.

"Auntie," she said pleadingly—and there were tears in the sweet young voice—"please do not ask me any questions to-night—another time perhaps, but not now. Don't think me unkind or ungrateful; but I couldn't say anything to-night."

Miss Durnford sighed heavily.

"You American girls," she said sadly, "are so independent, I cannot understand you. When I was your age, I sought my mother's help when I was in trouble; but you fight your own battles at seventeen. Good night, dear; go to bed and try to get some sleep."

Ilma was alone again. Independent? Yes, doubtless she was; yet somehow she did not now feel the need of even a mother; and a mother, she argued—she had never known her own—was something that the kindest of aunts could not be. Her lover seemed all-sufficient.

"'Father to me thou art, and mother dear,
And brother too, kind husband of my heart.'
So speaks Andromache."

And so spoke Ilma. Even with regard to Roland Sabine she felt stronger—she still dreaded him, but not so much. She might have spoken to her aunt, and so avoided an interview with him; but this idea did not occur to her. She could, in her fear, run away from him altogether; but to ask any one to interpose on her behalf was contrary to her nature; and, after all, she thought, Roland had a right to see her. Certainly she would not seek an interview, but she would no longer avoid it.

At the turn of the night the rain came. It fell suddenly, like a vast sheet of water from the heavens, with the roar and hiss of a cataract. It beat down the flowers in the gardens; it laid flat the corn in the fields; it converted many a dry mountain watercourse into a brawling stream. Villagers, startled out of their sleep by the pouring of the torrent, drew back their curtains and gazed forth in terror; and the thoughts of all turned to the grand old castellated mansion of the Darrels and its doomed lord.

Job Heston arose and went to his daughter's chamber and knocked at the door.

"Lass, lass, get up and look at the rain! It has not fallen like this for more than twenty years.

The girl was at the door in an instant, with a white scared face.

"Father, is the Mill safe?"

"Ay, for to-night, yes; but, Zeph, if it rains like this for two nights more, the river will be over its banks, and this time the Mill will go."

"And Dark Darrell?" said Zeph, in a low tone, after a pause, filled up by the rush of the rain, mingled with and almost drowning the roar of the weir.

"Why," replied Heston steadily, "he'll die and the foreign missy too. You saw her with him to-day, Zeph. I knew how it would be; hers is the life for which he'll lose his. It'll come about somehow. They'll toll the great bell in the chapel for the last of the Darrells before Sunday comes round again."

The storm began to lessen at three o'clock, but the rain still fell in torrents till nearly midday; and at that time the Coalmere was rushing rapidly between its green banks, a swollen and angry tide.

"The water's risen more'n two feet since six o'clock this morning," said the old lockman to Zeph. "If I was your father, I'd clear out of the Mill; for there's no saying what may happen if the rain comes again to-night as it did last night."

"We'll have to go to uncle's yonder," returned Zeph gloomily, pointing across the bridge.

"And I'd see to it before nightfall if I was you," said the lockman. "I'd warrant the lord's life as soon as I'd warrant the Mill to-night if the rain comes on heavy; and, once the floods are out, how'll you get away, even if the Mill don't go—and it's bound to?"

Early in the afternoon it became known that Job Heston and his daughter were transferring all movables from the Mill to places of safety on the Scarth Abbot side of the river, household goods being deposited with a relative of Job's late wife, who was only a cousin, though Zeph called him "uncle."

No one liked the Hestons, so, even in his present extremity, Job could obtain little help but what he paid for. He knew that if he had sent up to the Court Sir Philip would have dispatched a gang of laborers to aid him; but Job would not be "beholden" to Sir Philip for nothing.

The miller expressed no regret for the impending destruction of his property. He had amassed a good sum of money, and could easily reinstate himself elsewhere; and other feelings which might have clung round the inheritance of his fathers seemed to be all but obliterated by the grim satisfaction with which he contemplated a ruin that would include, as he believed, that of the last representative of false Sir Ingelhard, and which would fulfil the curse. He said little indeed, but glanced anxiously at river and sky, and once remarked—

"Maybe this'll be Dark Darrell's last night on earth; the Mill won't be there at sunrise to-morrow."

CHAPTER XI.

Nothing but the rain and the fate of Sir Philip Darrell was talked about at breakfast at the Larches. Roland's face on the night before had plainly showed that something was very wrong; but he had vouchsafed not a word of explanation, going straight to his room; and now he was equally uncommunicative. He sat at the table while the buzz of talk went on around him, and did not utter a word. His appetite—usually hearty—had deserted him. He drank eagerly, as if consumed by thirst, but ate nothing; and his mother and sisters arrived at the conclusion that he had seen Ilma, spoken to her, and been rejected. Rose tried strenuously to banish Sir Philip's name from the conversation, and succeeded partially, but not entirely.

Directly after breakfast Roland withdrew to his study, and locked the door; and no one ventured to intrude upon his solitude. The heavy fall of rain till noon frustrated his original intention of seeking Ilma in the morning: but, as soon as it abated, he sallied forth; and, as he crossed the hall, Rose rushed up to him breathless.

"Roland, Roland, have you heard?"

"Heard what?" said her brother roughly. "I have heard nothing."

"Why, Job Heston is leaving the mill! It is said that if it rains to-night as it did last night the floods will be so great that the mill will be washed away,"

"Ah, by Heaven ————"

Roland paused suddenly, and a look came into his face that made his sister recoil—a look she remembered afterwards, and read rightly then; now it only filled her with a vague horror.

"Roland!" she cried, in a tone that startled him into self-recollection.

"So," he said musingly, "the Mill is doomed? Well, Rose, I am going to see how things are; and I will step down and have a talk with Job."

He passed out, mounted his horse, and rode away. When he reached the Grange, he asked for Miss Costello. She was at home, the servant told him, but Miss Durnford was out.

This was just what Roland desired; and he entered the drawing-room, and waited with a beating heart for Ilma. Would she run away from him a second time? No! He heard a light step in the oak passage, the door opened, and the girl entered. She looked deathly white, and there was a latent dread in her large eyes; but the curved lips and firm brow showed nothing but resolve. She drew back as Roland came forward eagerly, and held out her hand, as if by that action to deny him any other salutations until she knew whether he returned it as lover or as cousin. Roland paused.

"Well," he said, with a forced laugh, which the angry flush in his cheeks and the fierce gleam in his eyes belied, "are we strangers?"

"No, Roland." The girl colored deeply, and her eyes fell. "I am sorry about yesterday. I don't want to make excuses. I did not forget my promise to you."

"You need not apologise," returned her cousin, declining the proffered hand. "I know why you broke your promise; and it is not worth while to ask whether your other promise was made before I said good-bye to you the other night or afterwards."

"Other promise! What do you mean?" said the girl haughtily. "I made no other promise. I went out to avoid you; that is the plain truth—nothing more."

"Very well, then; I wronged you," answered Roland, who did not doubt his young cousin's truth. If Ilma had made an appointment with Darrell, she might have refused to answer questions; but she would never have stooped to untruth. "I thought you had promised Sir Philip Darrell to meet him; for you were with him. You were seen walking along the road with him."

"What then?" said Ilma. "Is that so new or very strange a thing to do? Have I never walked or ridden with Sir Philip before? What is it to you or to any one else in this place what I do or where I go?"

"It is everything to me, Ilma," cried the young man, "if Darrell is—as I believe he is—your lover! No; you shall hear me! You know that I love you; and I can give you what he, with all his beauty and his wealth, and his intellect, cannot give you—happiness! Sneer as you will, you cannot shake off all faith in that terrible curse. You must believe that to love him is fatal——"

"Then how can you save me?" interrupted Ilma, with flashing eyes. "If I love him, it is too late—I must share his fate."

"Love? No, no," said Roland almost wildly; "it is not love—only fancy. You are captivated by his graces; his very doom excited your interest. He is a dastard to have tried to win you; and he tried from the beginning. Look back, and you will see that I am not unjust to him. He threw himself in your way: he gave you a costly gift, such as no man would have given to a girl he did not want to lay under an obligation to him. Did he mean nothing by those flowers, nothing by——"

"Stop, stop, Roland! I will not listen to you! How dare you speak so to me of Philip Darrell?" The slender girl seemed transformed into a woman, as she stood erect, with stern brow and commanding gesture, never more superbly beautiful than now. "Leave me; you have said too much already. I should not have loved you if I had never seen Sir Philip Darrell. I never liked you, never trusted you; and you have proved that my instinct was right."

"Never liked me, never trusted me!" echoed Roland, drawing back a step. His face was livid; the look in his eyes made the girl tremble inwardly, though she showed nothing of this in her fearless mein and dauntless gaze. "Then you love Philip Darrell, and he loves you?"

"Why should I deny it! Even if his fate is sealed by a gipsy-woman's curse, am I not free to choose death with rather than life without him?"

Roland stood still for a moment, gazing on the beautiful girl before him. He felt as if he could strike her; but not so should his vengeance be worked out. Suddenly he burst into a discordant laugh.

"Yes, I suppose you have a right to choose your fate. Yours is a fair life to win from him the 'needful sacrifice.' A man might well lose all for you. Yours will be merry marriage-chimes. Ha, ha! Tell them not to toll the minute bell when they bring the last Darrell home with his bride! No, I am not mad; you need not recoil with that white face. It will be whiter to-morrow before this time!"

He laughed again, and, dashing open the door, rushed from the room and the house, leaving Ilma in the full belief that his mind was unhinged.

An hour later Roland Sabine stood in the little wood near the Coalmere, talking in low tones to Job and Zeph Heston; and, as the trio parted, Zeph nodded with a resolute look of evil in her black eyes, and said, "All right; I'll do it;" and Job dropped some money into his pocket and said, "Agreed—all one to me, sir."

Then Roland turned back towards the village, but not homewards. He went no farther than a deserted barn a little way up the slope; and there he sat down, with the wide landscape of hill and wold and river before him, and his heart full of a foul design that he scarcely cared even to try to veil with a euphemism.

He had not told Zeph the whole truth when he had enlisted her services; he had not told her that Ilma should have one chance for her life, and that that chance was to fly with him; he had only told her the alternative, as though it were the entire scheme; and, if Ilma chose that, his crime would perish with her. The Hestons dared not betray him, for his guilt was theirs, and Zeph regarded herself as in some sort an instrument to fulfil the curse of her ancestress. Moreover, in speaking to her first, he had filled her foolish undisciplined heart with with wild hopes for the future, till he gave the girl cause to think that he would some day make her his wife. What the result would be when Zeph found herself deceived Roland did not ask himself; he was not a man who at the best of times was able to forecast beyond a short period, or to hedge round any contemplated misdeed with safeguards; and now he was in no condition of mind for even ordinary precautions. Had Sir Philip Darrell at that moment appeared before him, he would most likely have sprung at him with the ferocious instinct of a wild beast, and without a second's consideration of his inferiority to his antagonist or of the consequences to himself if even he succeeded in taking the hated life.

Startling was the change that evil passions had wrought in the young man in a few hours. His cheek was livid and haggard, his nether lip was drooping, and his eyes were wild and bloodshot; any one who had seen him seated in that dreary place, with his elbows on his knees and his hand proping his chin, might well have deemed that he had committed or contemplated some deadly crime.

Although the rain had ceased at Scarth Abbot, it was pouring down over the far-off hills, and the storm might sweep over Scarth Abbot again that night. The river rose steadily; and numbers of villagers watched anxiously the progress of the floods, and predicted that whether the rain came or not the river would certainly overflow at the turn of the night, if not before; though what mysterious influence the midnight hour had upon tides and currents was not explained.

Black and heavy the clouds rolled up from the west, till the whole sky was one black canopy, beneath which the river rushed foaming and roaring; and against the inky background the doomed Mill stood out white and ghost ike.

Just when darkness had fallen on the scene, two figures came out from the wood and passed down to the lock bridge, and one—a man's figure—vanished in the shadow; the other ran swiftly towards the Grange garden, which, at the back of the house, stretched to within a few hundred yards of the river.

As Zeph—for it was she—drew near to the gate of the garden, her keen eyes detected a form standing just without; and her vengeful hear gave a glad bound. The next moment Ilma had sprung forward, and Zeph was panting for breath, pressing her hand to her side.

"What is it? What is the matter?" asked the Canadian hurriedly, her thoughts flying instantly to Roland, who had left her in so distraught a state of mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FONETIK READING.

The komparison ov the fonetik method of reading with the old romanik iz almost lʌk the komparison of evrithing with nuthing. In the fonetik sistem we kan read eni word we fynd with perfekt eaz. In the romanik sistem we are not shure ov the pronunsiashn ov even the komon wurds of the langwaje. It takes seven long years tu learn tu be but a poor speler, az it wer, in the romanik sistem; and but three dayz, after mastering the alfabet, tu learn tu be a komplete speler in the fonetik sistem. Kompair three dayz with seven yearz. This reprezentashn iz not overdrawn; but tu fairli understand it, it iz nesesari tu not konfound speling with pronunsiashn. Pronunsiashn iz wun thing and speling iz another. If wun noez how tu pronouns the wordz ov the langwaje, he may learn tu spel them fonetikali in a few ourz after mastering the alfabet: but in the old sistem it rekwyrz about az long tu learn the speling az the pronunsiashn. If the langwaje wur printed fonetikali, the speling wud okupʌ skarsli eni tʌm at all, and the pronunsiashn mʌt be learnd three tʌmz az fast az at prezent. This wud be a saving ov more than haf the tʌm new uzed in learning the langwaje, nearli all the tʌn in speling, and nearli wun forth the spase in print. In point ov ekonomi, nashonali konsidered, it wud be a saving ov milyonz ov dolarz anuali. Enuf tu reprint all ov the valubl old books meni tʌmz over. The importans ov speling reform shud not be overlookt, and no wun shud refuze tu asʌn himself praktikali tu the movement.

Each subskrʌber for a paper shud rʌt, sʌn and send the foloing petishn tu its editor:

"We rekwest the editor ov the paper for which we subskrʌb tu insert az much az wun kolum ov fonetik print, in each number, for the purpus ov teaching pronunsiashn and asisting in the jeneral introdukshn ov a true sistim ov orthografi."—*W. H. Graham.*

THE SORROWS OF A POOR OFFICER

The London *World* has received the following "comical letter": "Sir,—I am goaded to the madness of writing this letter to you by a statement published in the *World* of to day to the effect that each officer is forced to pay five pounds for the handsome new shoulder-straps brought back by the pair of Royal Dukes from last year's German maneuvers. Sir, you do not know half. Each pair costs fifty shillings, as I am a living sinner! As you, sir, well know the army orders about the continuous wearing of uniform, in which so good an example is set by the higher authorities in London, it is needless to explain that I am forced to have two tunics, one undress coat, and a greatcoat for the service of my ungrateful country. But, sir, 4 times 50 shillings is £10! I am five feet five inches high; my commanding officer is six feet four inches. For three weeks I have been trying to see what his rank is from the badge on his shoulder. I at last found out yesterday for I stood on a chair while he was at lunch. One highly decorated badge on the tunic and one on the greatcoat, the whole covered by a cape is not a pleasant shoulder ornament as a *tout ensemble*. But, I, sir, dare not complain as I am only A POOR OFFICER."

A MATTER-OF-FACT MAN.

An Englishman, wandering alone upon the edge of a bog, at the foot of Ben Nevis, had the misfortune to miss the proper path, and stumbled in a bog where, ere long, his struggling had served to sink him to his armpits in the tenacious mire. In this terrible plight he espied a stout Highlander, not far away, to whom he cried out at the top of his voice:

"Ho! What ho! Donald! Here!—come here!"

"My name is not Donald," the Highlander said, approaching the spot.

"Never mind what your name is! Do you see the plight I am in? I can never get out of this alone."

"Indeed, mon, I dinna think you can." And with that he turned away.

"Good heavens! Are you going to leave me here to die?" the Englishman cried.

"Eh? D'you want me to help you?"

"Do I want you to help me? What can I do else?"

"Sure, I dinna know."

"Will you help me?"

"Aye—if you want me."

"Oh! help! help! help me, in Heaven's name!"

"Indeed, mon, why didn't you ask that in the first place!" And the Highlander quickly lifted him out, and set him on hard ground.

—An Italian writer, criticising the various managers of Italian opera in the United States during the last twenty years, says that Jacob Grau died broken hearted from having deserted Italian opera for French opera bouffe; that Maretzek, once styled the Napoleon of managers, met his Waterloo in St. Louis a few years ago, where his company went to pieces; and that Strakosh, the Napoleon III. of managers, recently met his Sedan at New Orleans, where he gave "grand English opera" to empty benches at 25 cents per tickets without extra charge for reserved seats. Mapleson alone is successful.

OUR SPECIAL BUDGET.

Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, the well known naturalist, is to have a pension of two hundred pounds a year.

The Princess Louise attended the afternoon service at Westminster Abbey on the 16th ult., and occupied a seat in the choir. The celebrated Canon Farrar preached on the occasion to an immense audience.

Col. Deakin, a former Manchester brewer, has left personal propertyworth $1,25), 000, and real estate valued at $3,000,000.

Mr. Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, is in poor health, and has been staying in the Isle of Wight. The production of his play, The Cup, was so anxiously looked for that the telegraph office was kept open in order that Mr. Tennyson might hear the verdict of the audience.

One of the youngest and most accomplished literary men in England, Mr. Frederick W. Myers, has written the life of the poet Wordsworth for "Englishmen of Letters." No modern poet has had so much said of him as Wordsworth, notwithstanding he was not regarded in his day as great a poet as he really was. As the leader of what was known as the lake school of poets, he held an unenviable position. Byron, in his bitter way alluded to him in his "English Bards" as:

"The simple Wordsworth, farmer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favorite May."

The English publishers are beginning to discover that they made a mistake in publishing books at such high prices as they have been accustomed to issue them at. Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion" was published in three volumes at $7.87 for the set, while in Canada the price of the complete work in one volume was seventy five cents, and in Harper's Franklin Liberary form at twenty cents. It is surprising that such high prices continue to be paid for works in England.

A goose ninety years old would hardly suit those who are fond of a tit-bit. There is said to be one, nevertheless, of that age, at Littlecote Farm, in Wiltshire, England. We have heard of century plants and the like, but a hundred year old goose is a rarity indeed.

A laughable anecdote is told of Daniel O'Connell and Mr. Soulburn, then the English Chancellor of the Exchequer. The pair had been staying at a hotel, while traveling, without knowing of each other's presence. They accepted rooms on the same flat, and were restless. In the course of the night O'Connell rose, and partially dressing himself, paced the hall, and all at once, striking an attitude he repeated the famous lines from Moore:

"We tread the land that bore us,
The green flag flutters o'er us;
The friends we've tried are by our side,
And the foe we hate 's before us."

Just as O'Connell had uttered the last line Mr. Soulbum, whom he heartily detested, passed out at his room door, and as a matter of course, heard the words which seemed to exactly suit the occasion.

The following is said to be a translation of the evening song of Polish children:

"The stars shine forth from the blue sky;
How great and wondrous is God's might!
Shine, stars, through all eternity,
His witness in the night.

"Oh Lord, Thy tired children keep;
Keep us who know and feel Thy might
Turn Thine eye on us when we sleep,
And give us all good night.

"Shine, stars, God's sentinels on high,
Proclaimers of his power and might;
May all things evil from us fly;
Oh stars, good night, good night!"

In speaking of the late Mr. Carlyle, particular reference has been made to to his friendship with the great Scottish preacher Edward Irving. Mrs. Oliphant in her "Life of Irving" says: "Among all the fellow students of Edward Irving, there are no names which have attained more local celebrity, except that of Thomas Carlyle, whose fame has overtopped and outlasted that of his early friend." In 1810 she says Carlyle thus spoke of Irving: "The first time I saw Irving was in his native town of Annan. He was fresh from Edinburgh, with college prizes, high character and promise. He had come to see our schoolmaster, who had also been his. We heard of famed professors, of high matters classical, mathematical, a whole wonderland of knowledge, nothing but joy, health, hopefulness without end looked out from the blooming young man." But, perhaps this was still a higher tribute paid to him through through the columns of *Frazer's Magazine*: "But for Irving I had never known what the communion of man with man means. His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with. I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever found in the world, or now hope to find."

Carlyle was a rare compound of oddity, distrust and apparent contradiction, but as has already been said of him, in spite of his alleged cynicism, he was a man of the tenderest feeling. With the death of his wife, which was caused by a nervous shock consequent upon seeing her pet dog leap out of her carriage window, he lost control of himself, and impatience and despondency followed, which led to his being looked upon as anything but kind and genial. Newspapers had no charm for the philosopher, for he spoke of editors as "empty egotists and impertinent wind-bags," while all the time he was himself the most supreme of egotists.

Much has been told of Carlyle in the way of anecdote. Being once invited to dine with a new acquaintance, he arrived several hours before his host. He entered the library, and when the host came dinner was eaten. After leaving the table he told the author that he should be happy to show him his books. "I've read 'em," was the reply; and so he had, for he had actually absorbed the best of the well-selected library.

When Dickens was writing his "Tale of Two Cities," he asked Carlyle to send him a few books. He sent a whole van-load of books in five or six languages.

Talking to Mr. William Black, the greatest living Scottish novelist, he remarked:

"You know Scotland vary well, I see. I've read your neovels with pleesure. They're vary amusing, vary. But when are ye goin' to do some wark—when are ye goin' to write some real books—maun?"

Emerson, in his "English Traits," mentions having visted him, and says:

"We went out to walk over long hills, and looked at Criffel, then without his his cop, and down into Wordsworth's country. There we sat down and talked of the immortality of the soul. It was not Carylye's fault that we talked on that topic, for he had the natural disinclination of every nimble spirit to bruise itself against walls, and did not like to place himself where no step can be taken. But he was honest and true and cognizant of the subtle links that bind ages together, and saw how every event affects all the future." This is purely Emersonian, but Carlyle was less mystical though, perhaps, not so fully pronounced as he might be on questions of such momentous import. Mr. Horne, in "A New Spirit of the Age," tells this story of Carlyle and Leigh Hunt. Soon after the publication of "Heroes and Hero Worship," they were at a small party, when a conversation was started between these two concerning the heroism of man. Leigh Hunt had said something about the islands of the blest, or El Dorado, or the millennium, and was flowing on his bright and hopeful way, when Carlyle dropped some heavy tree trunks across Hunt's pleasant stream, and banked it up with philosophical doubts and objections at every interval of the speaker's joyous progress. But unmitigated Hunt never ceased his overflowing anticipations, nor the saturnine Carlyle his infinite demurs to those finite flourishings. The listeners laughed and applauded by turns; and had now fairly pitted them against each other, as the philosopher of hopefulness, and of the unhopeful. The contest continued with all that ready wit and philosophy, that mixture of pleasantry and profundity, that extensive knowledge of books and character, with their ready application in argument or illustration and that perfect ease and good nature which distinguished both of these men. The opponents were so well matched that it was quite clear the contest would never end. But the night was far advanced, and the party broke up. They all sallied forth, and leaving the close room suddenly found themselves in presence of a most brilliant starlight night. They all looked up. Now, thought Hunt Carlyle's done for! he can have no answer to that! "There," shouted Hunt, "look up there; look at that glorious harmony, that sings with infinite voices an eternal song of Hope in the soul of man." Carlyle looked up. They all remained silent to hear what he would say. They began to think he was silenced, at last, he was a mortal man. But out of that silence came a few low-toned words, in a broad Scotch accent, and who on earth could have anticipated what the voice said. "Eh! it is a sad sight." Hunt sat down on a stone step. They all laughed—then looked very thoughtful. Had the finite measured itself with infinity, indeed, rendering itself up to to the influence? Again they laughed, then bade each other good-night, and betook themselves homeward with slow and serious pace.

—Two aristocratic beauties of the Spanish colony in Paris, the Countess Multeda and Senorita Penedo, had a narrow escape from being suffocated by natural flowers in their hair and the trimming of their ball dresses as they were returning home from Queen Isabella's last soiree in a closely shut up carriage. The flowers were profusely employed in garlands. The ladies for some time chatted gayly. One of them then became silent, and then the other. Count Multedo, who was with them, grew alarmed when neither of them replied to observations he made and questions he put, and all the more so that he felt oppressed by the perfume of the flowers. When he caused the carriage to stop and opened the window he found them insensible, but they soon recovered when taken into the air. They, however, caught a severe cold from the sudden exposure.

THE TENDER PASSION.

A Young Man Gets Upon the Ragged Edge of Unhappiness While Pursuing the Even Tenor of an Uneventful Life.

The St. Catharines *Journal* says: A stout, robust young man lately made his advent in this city having previously gyrated between Hamilton and Buffalo. After being here a short time he got into trouble and was brought before the Police Magistrate on a charge of breach of the peace, committed to to jail and released after a few days incarceration. He is in consequence in a state of profound unhappiness, and wants to let the public know the whys and the wherefores which led to so untoward a denouement. With this view he has written a letter for publication in the *Journal*, in which he endeavors to make clear the origin of the trouble. The letter, however, deals with questions which are as yet not proper for newspaper publicity. There are some points about it, however, that will bear a little ventilation, and perhaps will shed sufficient light upon a case which has to a certain extent been buried in mystery, supposing, of course, that the young man's story be a true and faithful narrative, which he avers is the case. The first scene opens in a boarding house in Hamilton. The young man is in love with a fair and beauteous maiden, versed in music both vocal and instrumental, and altogether a charming companion. There was another lady in the house who professed to be smitten with the young man, and on learning that he was paying attention to the beauteous maiden aforesaid, was fired with the green eyed monster jealousy, and

No matter where this young man went
The siren still pursued him.

First with all the blandishments and witchery the sex are capable of in the way of arch glances and winning smiles. But the young man was proof against such archery, and resisted them because as he says he was in love with the beauteous maiden, who filled his heart to its full capacity that a responsive love was capable of. Then the siren who wished to win this young man, finding herself foiled, pursued him still more, he himself hath said it in quoting the language of the poet:

"Hell hath no fury
Like a woman scorned."

He then detailed his grievances to the lady boss of the boarding-house, and so much did it prey upon his mind that the average boarding-house hash had no charms for him, nor did he care a rap if the butter had one hair in it or a dozen, or whether the eggs and bacon were done to a turn or underdone, nor yet if the coffee settled upon its own grounds or didn't settle at all. Finally the burden became too great for his love charged breast, and he packed his grip-sack and started for Buffalo, "all bruk up." He next appeared in St. Catharines, hoping perhaps that change of scene and change of air would do him good. But alas, in an evil hour—

"In thoughts that breathe
And words that burn,"

he wrote a letter. He says it was a harmless effusion, and wants to see it again, as the sight of it would be good for sore eyes. This letter was supplemented by a card, and upon this evidence of his chirography he was placed on the shelf to ruminate on the glorious uncertainties of the law. He claims that if all the knowledge of this case were unearthed from the profound recesses of his true inwardness, it would make a harrowing story of a young man's vicissitudes.

There is another side to this affair, which may perhaps afford a reasonable solution, viz., that he has been the victim of a joke, which he has seriously taken to heart, and was so "bruk up" that he retaliated in the only way that seemed open to him, *i. e.*, to write a few lines, which proved to be no joke to those interested.

GRIGGINS'S DREAM.

Griggins has turned dreamer, and was in to-day to tell his latest vision. He says he dreamed that he died and went to Heaven, which of course was a strange dream, as we mentioned to Griggins; but then dreams always go by contraries, and it is quite possible that the rule holds good in Griggins's case.

"I dreamed," he said, "that I knocked at the door, and presently it opened, and St. Peter looked out. Everything seemed to be satisfactory until he asked me how I had occupied my time. I told him I was a sort of collector."

"Collector of what?" said he.

"Of many things," I told him; and as he seemed to be waiting for me to explain, said I: "At one time I was interested in postage stamps."

"Said he, in a severe tone: 'You collected several thousand stamps, stamps that were worthless, and did it for pleasure; and it took a good deal of your time, I suppose?'

"I told him it took all my spare time for five years. You should have seen the look he gave me. He made a motion as if he would shut the door in my face.

"'The next thing I collected,' said I, 'was business cards. I suppose I've got the biggest collection of any person in Boston.'

"Not a word, but only that curious pantomime.

"'Then I also collected half a million calendars—'

"'Half a million what? Are they very expensive?' he asked.

"'Oh, no,' said I; 'they give them away. As I said I have half a million of them.'

"'How far do they run back?' he asked.

"'Oh!' said I. 'I see what you are thinking. They are all the same year!'

"'All the same year!' he yelled.

"'Yes,' said I, kind of frightened like.

"'And half a million of them!'

"'Yes,' said I again, but fainter even than before.

"Then he looked at me as though he'd go through me. Said he, 'Young man, we don't want any postage stamp idiots, or coin lunatics, or button fools, or card or calendar fiends up here. Go to—'

"He slammed the door with such a ring that I didn't catch the name of the place."

—*Boston Transcript.*

WEPT OVER THE WRONG GRAVE.

Martha White was black. She lived in Brooklyn and died there, at the Colored Home, this week. The friends of Martha clubbed together, raised a subscription to defray the funeral expenses, and instructed an undertaker to repair to the home and get the body of Miss White. The funeral services were held at the undertaker's office. When the friends assembled to take the last look at Miss White many of them thought the girl must have changed greatly in her last illness. The undertaker laughed at the thought that he had got the wrong person, and so the body was buried. The dissatisfied friends went to the Home and there they found that Martha had not changed in her illness, but after her death the Home people had changed her completely, and the real Martha still lay unclaimed at the morgue. It turned out that it was Alice McMann who was buried. The consequence is that there is a terrible time in colored circles there over this ghostly Buttercup business, and several law suits are likely to ensue.

CULINARY GEMS.

—The stew is the great dish of the future.

—It is impossible to get warm in cold weather with undigested food in your stomach.

—Fish should never be boiled, but steamed, so that no fine properties are dissolved in the water.

—Exclusive diet on peas, beans and lentils do not develop the brightest and quickest type of mind.

—Food is only coarse when coarsely cooked, as the plainest materials contain nutritious and dainty elements.

—It's a great mistake to eat half raw steaks on a cold winter's day. Half raw meat yields much less nutrition than well cooked meat.

—Vegetables are the life and soul of healthy living, and should not be neglected at any meal.

—If meals are kept irregularly in youth something creeps up in adult age which shows diminished vitality.

—The want of a warm meal in the middle of the day is to people who have had perhaps but a slight breakfast and have been in the cold winter air the cause of disease and want of vitality.