Listowel Standard.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

—Mr. John Dow was married last week to Miss Josie Baker at Long Branch.

—Mlle. Litta will not sing in opera this season, but will be the star of a concert company.

—Blanche Davenport has just closed an engagement to sing at Naples during the winter season.

—Herr Joseffy is reported to be quite sick at his Connecticut summer residence, the result of the recent severe hot weather.

—Clara Morris is to revive her old plays of "Alixe" and "Article 47" in her forthcoming engagement at the Boston Park Theatre.

—An American girl, Miss Harkness, has won the long-sawed for first prize for excellence on the violin, at the Paris Conservatory.

—Rumors are again current of the possible appearance of Charles Warner, the great London actor, in this country during the present season.

—Theodore Thomas has undertaken the formation of a new choral society in New York city, which will be under his personal direction.

—The *Musical Review* says that a "pensive autumnal interest" attaches to the two tenors of the Emma Abbott party (Brignoli and Castle.)

—Our theatres during the recent warm spell reminded one of the Atlantic coast—a succession of light houses.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—The visit of Sullivan and Gilbert to this country and the production of their new opera will probably be postponed till after New Year's.

—John T. Raymond played *Col. Sellers* last week at the Grand Opera House, New York, where he took the place of "Fritz" Emmet, retired on a drunk.

—The London *Telegraph* gives the novel information that the late Charlotte Cushman, though an American by birth, won her brightest laurels in England.

—Candidus, the German-American tenor, failed in his recent debut in Frankfort as *Florestan* in "Fidelio." He afterwards redeemed himself as *Faust.*

—In Leadville the performance by a troupe of female minstrels and the adjournment of the City Council for lack of a quorum is a "coincidence."—*Lowell Citizen.*

—Miss May Croly, "Jennie June's" daughter, who once fretted a little hour upon the stage with moderate success, was married last week to Jesse M. Roper, of the United States Navy.

—John Pound, the organist, many of whose compositions and arrangements have been widely used in Episcopal church services in this country, died in New York city last week.

—Dion Boucicault is no great admirer of Sara Bernhardt. Rachel, he says, for example, was a tigress in the great scene of the fourth act of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," while Sara is only a domestic cat.

—No successor to "Hazel Kirke" has as yet been announced at the Madison Square Theatre in New York, and the play seems destined to run on forever. "Standing room only" is the order almost nightly displayed.

—It is a large theatrical audience in London that yields $500, and it is said that, though "The Danites" is a great success there, the receipts do not more than pay the cost of the large imported American company and other expenses.

—Surely the office of the performer, however great he may be, is, like the actor, to embody the design of his author; and the time of either is better spent in endeavoring to comprehend that design than in trying to shape it to his own peculiarities.—*Musical Times.*

—In Bologna they still speak with pride of the "Lohengrin" performance last winter. In the perfumery shops they sell "Lohengrin" soap, and the "Lohengrin" skin beautifier. They are already making preparations to manufacture "Tannhauser" brandy and "Tannhauser" sausages.

—I have a letter from Mr. Sothern's sister, write the London correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin.* Their charming town house in Vere street has the fashionable August appearance of blinds all down in the upper part of the house, and only a family servant is left in the place to answer inquiries. Mr. Sothern's sister tells me that her brother is gradually gaining strength, and his doctors promise that in a year or two he will be as strong as ever he was. Meantime his illness is a trying one, though with his usual genial temper the delightful comedian makes the best of it. They are down at Brighton, the queen of British watering places.

—Olive Logan writes from London concerning the success of the Mastodon Minstrels: "The only colossal audiences of the moment are those gathered nightly to the Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels at her Majesty's Theatre. Will Haverly ever find his Waterloo? I hope not. Some fossilian relics of a former generation are sighing sadly over what they are pleased to call the degeneration of an age which permits Billy Emerson to disport himself upon a stage whereon great Britons moved, a Druidic queen, and accepts with tokens of rapturous approval the limber legs and half-smothered giggle of the watermelon man behind those very footlights where the chaste Nilsson erst sighed as *Mignon. Basta! Basta!* say I. *Chacun son tour.* An opera house may have as many seasons as Brighton; why not? The calendar proclaims these the dog days; and if so, surely a season stigmatized by an epithet so opprobrious can be none too grand for the joyous minstrels."

—An English writer tells the following story in illustration of the way in which some organists have to do their playing according to the commands of "the other end of the church." "I took a Sunday at the seaside (I had better not say where), and in the evening attended the parish church. The singing was really very fine, the choir being all well balanced, as good in intonation, and as careful in expression as any parish choir I ever heard. But the organist baffled me. It was the 30th evening, and I thought then that at any rate the full organ might with advantage have been occasionally employed—especially in that fine 150th Psalm. But to my surprise, the words, "Praise Him upon the loud cymbals," as well as the grand finale, 'Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!" only brought out a weak demonstration on the swell organ. The soft playing contrasted so painfully with the fine singing that I inquired who was the organist; and was told by my hostess that the vicar's wife objected to loud stops, and had forbidden their use, and had tied up with Berlin wool all the loud stops in the organ! Oh, angelic woman! how delightful must it be to hold a position under such a judge of organ playing! The Greeks buried coins with their dead, to pay the ferryman to pilot them across the Styx; this lady's friends will doubtless substitute a ball of Berlin wool to insert in her ears when she finds the music of heaven too much for her. When the 'multitude which no man can number,' gathered out of all nations under heaven, unite to sing 'Worthy the Lamb which was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by His blood,' how will that lady bear the overwhelming burst of triumphant harmony?"

A DRUMMER'S VINDICATION.

(From the Galveston, Tex., News.)

Young Bummelhans has just been discharged by his employer, old Twopercent. The facts are as follows: Bummelhans has just returned from a trip over the State. His trip has been very satisfactory to himself, perhaps, but not to his employer. He had spent a great deal of money in buggy-rides and one thing and another, and had taken very few orders. When Bummelhans called in to see the old man the latter was mad as mischief. He said: "I don't believe you makes any effort to sell goots. Ven I vas a drummer I always sold goods to the merchants no matter ven dey don't want any. I made de acquaintance von everybody." Bummelhans came very near replying that it was the reputation of his principal that prevented him from selling anything, but he restrained himself. "How did you use to manage to sell goods when you were a drummer?" "I will show you all about dat. Schoost you sit down in chairs. You pees a country merchant. I plays now de drummer." "All right," says Bummelhans, "I'll be a country merchant, and I'll show you how they do." Bummelhans pretended to be writing at his desk, and old Twopercent came up from one side bowing and scraping. "Goot morning. Can't I sell you some goots?" "Who the h—ll are you?" says Bummelhans, looking up. "I travels for de Galveston firm of Twopercent." "You do, you? So you travel for that infernal old thief, do you? Take that!" and to impress upon his employer the difficulties of drumming up trade, Bummelhans kicked the old man four or five times, pushed him up in a corner and choked him for a while, and then told the old gentleman, who was speechless with *bona fide* rage, "If you ever come in here again I'll not leave a whole bone in your carcass."

AROUND THE WORLD.

—Deauville, France, has been so full that waiters have underlet their rooms at $5 a night.

—Dr. Tanner's audiences in New England are reported "as thin as he was at the end of the fast."

—A magistrate of Galway, Ireland, has been sent to jail for a month for drunkenness in London.

—The Vale of Tempe is included in the territory now proposed to be taken from Turkey and given to Greece.

—The French Minister of Justice reports an increase of thirty-eight per cent. in crimes of violence since 1878.

—The Boston Common Council have refused permission to the Orangemen to display their regalia in a municipal procession.

—In Naples the bathing and swimming establishments have been deserted because a shark 24 feet long had been seen entering the bay.

—The longest bridge in the world, on the Orenburg, Russia, Railroad over the Volga, has been completed. The construction began in 1877.

—The German authorities are purchasing largely in England for cavalry mounts. At the great horse fair of Horncastle over 1,200 were bought.

—Japan has trade unions. Owing to the recent rise in the price of rice, all the laborers in Gifu successfully combined to force up wages 25 per cent.

—Among the successful candidates in this year's class of the Cambridge University Higher Examinations is Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the Premier.

—Miss Spicer, who lately married Mr. Miles, of her Majesty's First Life Guards, is clearly not a superstitious young lady. She had thirteen bridesmaids.

—Lyman Abbott tells of Puritans who wouldn't eat an egg laid on Monday, "for presumptively, in the order of nature, the hen had prepared it on the Sabbath day."

—The statue of the late President Thiers, at St. Germain, is to be inaugurated on Sunday next. Mr. Jules Simon has been delegated by the French Academy as its representative.

—A pretty and unique capote is made of salmon colored silk, entirely covered with black currants. A wide band of salmon surah is crossed at the back, and tied into strings in a large bow in front.

—A recent thunderstorm in the Sheffield district of England did great damage at Wentworth Park, belonging to Earl Fitzwilliam, where six stags and three buffaloes were killed by lightning.

—The expedient of charging ten cents for admission to the Ohio State camp meeting of colored Methodists, at Caldwell, might have served to pay the expenses if the treasurer had not absconded.

—A servant at Erie, Pa., habitually drank his employer's brandy on the sly. A bottle containing poison was unintentionally set where the brandy had been. The servant drank from it and was killed.

—A circus was at Lancaster, Ky., and during an Indian scene, when many pistols were discharged, a young man arose in his seat and shot a policeman dead. There appears to have been no cause for the deed except excitement.

—A correspondent of the London *Builder* estimates that the number of bricks annually used for building purposes in that part of London comprised within a radius of four or five miles from London Bridge is eight hundred millions.

—Another relic of the Spanish Armada has been secured at Slains, in Scotland. It is a large gun raised up out of the place where one of the ships belonging to the Armada was wrecked, and, though it has been in that place 200 years, it is as good as ever.

—A woman has been elected Lecturer of Modern Literature in the University of Wooster, Ohio. She is Miss Irish, the translator of several volumes of German Literature. She has had entire charge of the foreign correspondence of Secretary Carl Schurz during Hayes' administration.

—Mr. Holyoake, in a recent account of his American experiences, lays stress on the fact that while he could in Chicago get a good cup of coffee, comfortably served, for five cents, he had to pay ten to have his boots brushed. The bootblack charge is almost the last survivor of war prices.

—Old Coke, of Norfolk, would often kill fifty brace of partridge to his own gun on a 1st of September, and that gun a flint-and steel fowling piece; and the prodigious sum of nearly one thousand grouse fell to Lord Walsingham's gun in one day, seven or eight years ago.

—An unsuccessful attempt by the school directors at Pittsburgh to establish separate schools for colored children causes intense indignation among the negroes of that city and Alleghany. At Quincy, Ill., there is equal commotion because colored children are excluded from the high school.

—John Sweet, of Buena Vista, Iowa, grew tired of his old wife and gave her half of his property for a release from his matrimonial bond. Then he eloped with a younger woman, who speedily stole his remaining money and deserted him. Disheartened and penniless, he returned to his wife and she took him in.

—Block Island is remarkable in many ways. Of its 1,147 in population 1,032 were born on the island. The inhabitants use peat for fuel, and sea weed nets them over $20,000 a year. There never was a jail or a lawyer among them, and for 120 years no mails came to them.

—The *American Manufacturer* says that John B. Jarvis, who ordered the first locomotive in America to be made, is living, aged over 80, at Rome, N. Y., and Horatio Allen, who saw the first order carried out, and who ran the pioneer locomotive, is living at East Orange, N. J., aged over 70.

—Counsel for a burglar at Galveston asked for an adjournment pending the arrival of material witnesses. "What do you expect to prove?" asked the Court. "That my client is quiet, sober, and hardworking." "By whom do you expect to prove this?" "By the officers of the penitentiary, where he spent five years."

—San Francisco society is deeply interested in a report that Miss Flood, to whom U. S. Grant, Jr., was engaged, has jilted the young man. He appeared in public with a girl described as "not over nice," and when Miss Flood heard of it she terminated the engagement. The property loss to young Grant is something like $2,500,000.

—Farmer Stouffer of Chambersburg, Pa., shot and killed a neighbor who was stealing his corn and potatoes. Stouffer was indicted for murder, but has been acquitted. Pennsylvania, like this State, has no law authorizing anybody to shoot a thief; but in this case the prosecution was purposely weak, and the jury agreed without quitting their seats.

—Of the two most eminent dogs of the day, Prince Bismarck's Tyras and Victor Hugo's Senat, the latter has just died, full of years and honors, and received interment in the grounds of Hauteville House. With him was buried the silver collar presented him by his master, whose faithful companion he had been through long years of exile.

—Wyoming Territory has been gaining in population at a great rate since 1870. When the last census was taken it had little more than 9,000 inhabitants, while now it has nearly 22,000. The gain has been at the rate of 138 per cent. How new it was in 1870 is shown by the fact that out of the 9,000 inhabitants only 300 were natives of the Territory.

—The most appalling case of deafness that we ever came across outside of an asylum was that of an old lady who lives just across the street from the Navy Yard. The other day they fired a salute of twenty one guns. The other lady was observed to start and listen as the last gun was fired, and then exclaim, "Come in."

—The Captain and fireman of the steamboat Jerome, at Grand Haven, Mich., went to sleep, one in the pilot house and the other in the engine room. After a while the boiler exploded, but, although the vessel was demolished, fragments of it being thrown 300 feet, and the Captain dumped out on the pier all in a heap, neither of the men received serious injuries.

—A writer in a magazine calls a laugh "a side splitting recreational exercise," and adds, "The sudden ingression of a bold ludicrosity upon our ordinary mental rectitude upsets the very foundation of our gravity, and the unrestrained torrent of emotional drollery sweeps us away."

—In the course of inquiries as to the phosphorescence of the sea, a German naturalist has discovered that the phenomenon occurs whenever sea fishes are brought into three per cent. salt solution. The luminous aspect begins in the eyes, spreads over the whole body, and increases each day. The phosphorescent substance is a kind of mucus, which is white by day and shines in the dark.

—The papyrus manuscript recently discovered in the cave of a hermit near Jerusalem, and said to be the work of St. Peter, has been submitted to a committee sent out by the Biblical Society of London, and they have come to the conclusion that the papyrus is in reality the work of the great apostle. They have offered $100,000 for the document in vain.

—Andrew Zittel, a St. Louis saloon keeper, announced that he would do his best to bring about a really temperate use of liquor by refusing to sell any to intoxicated persons. John McLoughlin was the first man to whom the new rule was applied, and, when informed that he had drunk as much as was good for him, he resentfully shot the reformer through the head.

—A serious interruption of diplomatic relations has occurred between France and the Vatican. The estrangement has arisen out of the clerical policy of the French Government, especially towards the Jesuits. Matters are said to have gone so far that the French representative of the Vatican has been practically recalled, while the Nuncio at Paris has demanded his papers.

—The fame of Mrs. Mix increases throughout the Connecticut valley. She is a colored Methodist, and, if the belief of those who have been treated by her is well founded, works miracles upon invalids. Alice Rall of Pittsfield was enabled to walk after sixteen years of helplessness, and similar cases are numerous. On the other hand, some of those who thought they were cured are as bad as ever.

—The Paris *Figaro* tells how when Louis Napoleon, in June, 1848, alighted at a Paris railroad station, he found himself stopped by a crowd who, under the surveillance of the Garde Mobile, were demolishing barricades. "Come, citizen," exclaimed a portly dame, "lend a hand, and put a paving stone back into its place." "Two rather than one," said the Prince. "It's just what I came to Paris to do."

—The Prince of Wales insists upon paying the regular prices for boxes at the London theatres, but the managers spend all the money for bouquets and satin programmes. The presence of royalty is valuable as an advertisement. The Prince lately sent for two boxes at the Opera Comique. All had been sold. The manager hunted up the buyers and begged them to give way to Wales's party, but they all refused.

—Years ago Sir Frederick Grey founded the House of Rest at Sunninghill, England, a lovely spot near Windsor Castle. He gave the site, sketched the ground plan, and collected a large part of the funds. Death put an end to his usefulness, but Lady Grey completed the work, and last July the Primate opened the Home. It is for overworked girls and women—not those actually sick, but those to whom a fortnight's holiday, under agreeable health-giving circumstances, may prove to be invaluable.

—A farm servant ploughing near Rosenberg, in West Prussia, a few days ago, turned up an earthenware pot containing about six thousand gold coins. They were so-called "hollow pennies" of the old Teutonic knights, and belonged to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The "hollow penny" is a silver coin with a raised rim around it; the centre displays the arms of the Grand Master of the Order for the time being. There were twenty-one different sorts among the coins found.

—The greatest novelty of the coming season in this country will be Salvini playing in Italian with a company speaking in English. The *Courier des Etats Unis* offers this as a sample of what may be expected in Othello Othello—*Ella si desta.* Desdemona—Who's there *Othello?* Othello—*Desdemona diceste in quaesta sera la vostra prece?* Desdemona—Ay, my lord. Othello—*Se alcun delitto pur vi ricordi che dal ciel non ebbe pardono or l'invocate?* Desdemona—Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that? A polyglot performance of this same tragedy was attempted, some years ago, with davidson, the german actor, in the titular role. An American actress played *Desdemona,* and the house laughed at *Othello's* scenes.

—The Philadelphia enterprise of a thousand one-horse coaches, of light and novel construction, to carry eight persons each and run to all parts of the city, is to be speedily put in operation. The fare is to be five cents, or six tickets for a quarter of a dollar. The routes are so arranged that, for ten to fifteen cents, a trip can by transfers be made to almost any desired point; while a single fare will secure a ride on any one of the main lines, lengthwise or crosswise of the city. The movements of the vehicles will be arranged to suit the traffic. The street car companies anticipate a serious decrease in their business.

—The Bradford (Yorkshire) *Observer* says that Adelaide Neilson, while nursery maid at Mrs. Padgett's, Hawkhill, Guiseley, in that county, was most attentive to her duties, and very active, never requiring prompting in anything. In her spare time she learned accurately passages from Shakespeare. So determined was she to go on the stage—an intention she often announced to the family she served—that one evening after leaving her employment at the usual hour she started for London. She slept the first night under the trees in Hyde Park, and subsequently got work, in answer to an advertisement, as a seamstress.

—The champion jack-of-all-trades belongs to England, and lives near Chichester. He has served as seaman in the four quarters of the globe, and acted as steward, shipmaker, cook, mate, and navigator. He now hangs out his sign as "Prof. Pullinger, contractor, inventor, fisherman, builder, carpenter, joiner, sawyer, undertaker, turner, cooper, painter, glazier, sign painter, wooden pumpmaker, paper hanger, bell hanger, boat builder, clock cleaner, locksmith, umbrella repairer, china and glass mender, netknitter, wireworker, grocer, baker, farmer, taxidermist, copying clerk, letter writer, accountant, surveyor, engineer, land measurer, house agent, vestry clerk, assistant overseer, clerk to the Selsay Sparrow Club, clerk to the Selsay police, assessor and collector of land tax and property and income tax, and collector of church and highway rates."

—Cats have fared very differently in different countries. In Egypt in ancient times they were worshipped, and in Turkey the people, mindful of Mohammed's pronounced partiality for the animal, have ever since treated cats with distinguished consideration. On the other hand, they were in the middle ages regarded in France as fiends incarnate, a score of them not seldom taken here; and in Paris on St. John's day, there was a feline holocaust, when sacks and baskets full of cats were brought to the centre of the Place de la Grieve, where the sovereign put a torch to the piles of wood amid which they were burnt alive. The last sovereign who took part in this ceremony was the Grand Monarque himself. Cardinal Richelieu was much addicted to cats, and had an Angora, his constant companion, on which he lavished the tenderest caresses, while Colbert had half a dozen around him; but the affection entertained by these eminent men for cats in particular does not seem to have prompted them to interfere to save the Parisian pusses in general from a hideous death.

—Naval demonstrations are worth about eighty-five cents on the dollar.

—A headline in one of the morning papers says: "Autumn leaves' Funny she leaves so soon; thought she had come.

—Sankey has made his home in Brooklyn where there isn't a ghost of a chance for converting a single sinner.—*Free Press.*

FASHION NOTES.

—Cloth of gold, embroidered with pearl, garnet, and amber beads, appear among the new importations.

—Skirts are either very plain or much ruffled and draped.

—Jet and garnet will be much used on dresses and bonnets.

—Strings and bonnets are of silk plush, the former lined with satin.

—New ribbons are woven in close floral patterns, which display delicately shaped rosebuds and leaves.

—Traveling suits of blue and gray cheviot cloth are in pilgrim style.

—Old India shawls are cut up to make trimmings for nun's vailing costumes.

—Long, straight Directory mantles will be the full wraps; hoods will appear upon them.

—Long pile plush, in bright and dark colors, tipped with white or old gold, will be much used in millinery.

—Large and finely finished clasps, resembling cloak clasps, will be used to fasten the plush strings of bonnets.

—Feathers of white, or pale shades at the stem part, are irregularly dyed at the tip in deep garnet, old gold, etc.

—Elegant belt ribbons are of unusual width and exquisitely wrought in tulip patterns, imitating Gobelin tapestry.

The richest evening and full dress toilets are made still more ornate with bead embroideries of jet, pearls, crystal, amber and garnet.

—A pretty sash to wear with a white costume can be made of India mull, finished at the ends with embroidery in old-fashioned patterns.

—Gold and silver brocaded stuffs for evening wear, as parts of costumes, are still further enriched with pearl and crystal bead embroideries.

—But few flowers are now worn as hat or bonnet trimmings, but the few that are imported are very heavy and combined with large, thick velvet leaves.

—A favorite combination for fall suits is coachman's drab for the principal part of the costume, with borderings of shaded stripes of heliotrope and Ophelia.

—Large, wide-spread, deeply notched, Directoire collars of silk, plush, satin and velvet are edged with ruffles of Languedoc lace, and worn with and costume.

—To the new colors in glassware are added the gold greens, the dull green of the Venetians, smoke color, heliotrope, rich topaz, amber, aqua marble and beryl.

—Buttons are no longer used for fastening jackets and paletots. The latest production of the modistes' art is a gray or salmon colored paletot laced up the front with scarlet laces.

—Although the scarf mantle and mantilla are fashionable, the deep jacket, perfect fitting to the figure, is also in great favor, and is made of Indian cashmere, damask silk and fancy brocades.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

THE HOME LIFE OF GERMAN GIRLS.

Their life is far different from that of American girls, and we could hardly fancy anything more proxy than the home life of the high and well born German girl. They are educated precisely alike, the range of study being limited. The common branches, French, sometimes English, and a few small ornamental accomplishments, comprise the list. The statement that American girls study the sciences and sometimes Greek and Latin causes from them manifestations of surprise. The traditions and prejudices of their class are carefully inculcated. Any woman who does not think or act in opposition to the conventional standard is looked upon with distrust. But their domestic education is carefully attended to; whatever their rank they must master all branches and steps of housekeeping. Their wedding trousseau and outfit in bed and table linen is generous in quantity and beautiful in texture, and usually made up by their own willing hands. An engagement with them is as solemn and binding as a marriage contract, and unfaithfulness in either sex is an exception that meets hearty condemnation. Their simpleness and quietness of life is a reproach to the lives of most of the idle, case-loving girls of many other countries.

THE SCIENCE OF COOKERY.

Ruskin thus discourses on cookery: What does "cookery" mean? It means the knowledge of media, and of Circe, and of Calypso, and of Helen, and of Rebekah, and of the Queen of Sheba. It means knowledge of all herbs and fruits, and balms and spices; and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savory in meal; it means carefulness and inventiveness, watchfulness, willingness, and readiness of appliances; it means the economy of your great grandmothers, and the science of modern chemists; it means much tasting and no wasting; it means English thoroughness and French art, and Arabian hospitality; and it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always "ladies," "loaf givers;" and as you are to see, imperatively, that everybody has something pretty to put on—so that you are to see, yet more imperatively, that everybody has something nice to eat.

A PEN SKETCH OF MRS. A. T. STEWART.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart, now home again, is out of mourning and appears to enjoy her widowhood. She is animated and jovial; is reported to have a very extensive warbrobe, including more than 100 gowns of the latest mode, for morning, evening, walking, driving, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, reception, theaters, opera, party, and other entertainments it is necessary to dress for. She is evidently renewing her youth, for she is over 80. During her husband's life she was kept in the background and was rarely ever in society, with or without him. She is a queer looking little woman and is represented as being very kind and benevolent, giving generously, both publicly and privately. A worthy person always receives a hearing from her, and she gives without ostentation. She entertains handsomely when at Saratoga, where she has a splendid suite of apartments. She drives out often in a neat coupe with two superb chestnuts, and coachman and footman in dark green. She is continually troubled with letters of inquiry regarding Stewart's body, and the man Stewart dead seems to attract more attention than the man Stewart ever did alive.

A FEMALE POLITICIAN.

A prominent figure in French politics is Madame Juilette Lamber. To her is attributed every political measure undertaken by the government. Her system of politics is founded on abruptness and decision. To her is attributed the expulsion of the Jesuits, as the same measure was attributed to Madame de Pompadour. To her is likewise ascribed the intention of abolishing the gendarmerie. She is no longer young and blooming, but still attractive enough through vivacity of expression to be classed among pretty women. She does not seek to shine by extravagance of dress, nor display of jewels. When young she was induced to resort to her pen to eke out a very limited income, but since her rise to riches and power she only dictates to others, who write down her ideas and opinions. By her second marriage she at once stepped into a position of wealth and Republican influence, of which she has made the most active and clever uses. She has become of sufficient mark in the political world of Paris to have been made the heroine of Rochefort's last novel, in which he calls her Mlle. de Bismarck. All acknowledge her great intellectual power and approve the extrme tact and discretion with which she withdrew from interference with the foreign policy of the country, confining herself to the administration of its domestic affairs alone.

A MICHIGAN PRINCESS.

Near the church, in a small house facing Little Traverse Bay, lives the famous chief's daughter, Margaret Boyd, or, in the Indian dialect—Oyabegijigokene. Her cottage is described as being bare except for curiously woven mats of rushes; a swaying bed hangs by ropes from the rafters, and in it is the baby of her adopted daughter fast asleep. On the walls are ornaments of birch bark and wampum, a crucifix and beads, pictures of saints and the Holy Father. On the table are split porcupine quills, sweet-scented rushes, grass, birch bark and various other things which Margaret rapidly braids into baskets and ornaments. She is 60 yeaas old, wears a plain black skirt and blouse waiste, a turban of soft cashmere on her head, and her gray hair hangs in plaits down her back. Her feet are very small and she wears them neatly clothed in buckskin moccasins. She was educated by the Sisters of Charity in Cincinnati and was with them four years. When but 16 years of age she was acting as Superior of the Detroit Orphan Asylum. She was considered as a prodigy by her teachers and that the Great Spirit had her under his especial care. She soon returned to her tribe and has always wielded great influence over them. Reading, studying, yet never mingling in society, for which her acquirements and education fit her, but remaining in company with ignorant, superstitious Indians, she is interesting, self-possessed, and while retaining the simple customs and life of the red man, adds the education of a lady of rank. The line of succession runs out in this Indian princess, for she is the last of a large family of children. Margaret has adopted and reared a number of her people—tried to teach them, but she says they do not take kindly to learning, nor will they try to read or write.

WOMEN AS PEDESTRIANS.

Walking long distances, even miles, is very common to English women and those in other parts of Europe, but it is almost unknown in America. In Europe large parties are made up to take their summer outing in this way, and it's not only the young people who go, but the husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, or a group of pleasant acquaintances. They make a pedestrian trip through some chosen bit of their own or some other country, stopping at wayside inns for a longer or shorter time, climbing hills and exploring valleys, mixing with the people through which their paths lie, and gathering at once fresh health, new life, keen perceptions and a knowledge of the names and customs of the country that they could not possibly have gotten otherwise. Through Germany, France, Italy, England, Ireland and Scotland, one is constantly meeting these jolly and bright people. These parties equip themselves with no little expense and trouble. A stout knapsack is strapped upon each individual's back, whatever the sex, a heavy cane, strong shoes with thick soles, a short flannel costume, broad hat, and a cheerful merry disposition are the essentials; and though in our country a party like this might be looked upon as tramps, the country people would soon grow accustomed to the sight of these pilgrims, and the weak, slight Americans become as stout as their English brothers and sisters.

THE COURTLY, STATELY MINUET.

There are five indispensable requisites for making a good figure in the minuet. These are namely: A languishing eye, a smiling mouth, an imposing carriage, innocent hands and ambitious feet. The word minuet is derived from *menu* — small minute — which term was applied to it on account of its small neat steps. Sebastian Brossard gives Poiton as its native country. Others declare that it was a rustic dance in vogue among the peasants of Anjou, and from thence introduced at the French court by the celebrated musician Lully, and that Louis XIV. became extravagantly fond of the dance and brought it into fashion by dancing it at Versailles in 1660. But the period of its greatest glory and influence was the eighteenth century. Several female dancers made large fortunes by the minuet and many of them were noted for their sumptuous entertainments in which the nobility joined with them in this languishing, stately and graceful dance.

SWISS MOUNTAIN GIRLS.

In these beautiful health-giving mountains one would expect to find the most beautiful and healthy looking of all girls. Where only pure air is to be breathed, inspiring scenes to be witnessed, women should be as fair as daughters of the gods. But not so. The women in Switzerland have a prematurely worn and aged look; if at twenty they were robust and possessed of that attraction which good health bestows—at thirty they are faded and seem to take pleasure only in going through their dull and never-ending round of duty. For they do the greater share of the work in the field and in the house, and in addition rear large families. In fact they make up in usefulness what they lack in beauty.

NOTES ON EDUCATION.

—Dartmouth has now 419 students—27 more than last year. The members of the faculty are giving a series of monthly lectures before the students.

—Hamilton College has a freshman class of sixty-two. It is believed to be the largest class ever entered there. The proposition of the New York Synods to endow the college is supposed to have had something to do with this increase.

—A freshman class of seventy-five has just entered Williams College. The whole number of new men admitted is nearly ninety. The new gymnasium will be ready for use in a few weeks; the old one is to be used as a hall for Commencement dinners, prize speaking, etc.

—Amherst has a freshman class of eighty-eight members. There are five additions to the Sophomore class, and two to the Junior class. The authorities are considering a plan which, if adopted, will change the way of governing the college and will bestow grades of diplomas on graduates.

—The women students have done well in the first B. A. and B. Sc. examinations of London University. In French two of them stand alone in the first class, none of their male rivals having got beyond the second. In German there is a lady in the first class; while one has obtained honors in Latin, two in English, and two in mathematics.

—In Hungary it is said fully 600,000 children of school age do not go to school at all, while those who do go frequently stay only three or four years. There are 212 large parishes, each having a population exceeding 5,000 wholly without elementary schools. At least 7,000 new schools are needed. Worse than all, one-third of the teachers in the existing schools are not qualified for their office.

—That the public schools don't teach property even the simplest branches is a fact which is constantly being proved and reproved to popular dissatisfaction. The *Lansing Republican* mentions that of the twenty-one applicants for the vacant cadetship of West Point, examined in that city last week, less than one-third were good penmen, a much less number good spellers, and scarcely a single applicant would have been called a proficient reader. In all the written examinations errors of punctuation and capitalization might be found, and it was by no means uncommon to find the most ordinary words misspelled. In one, "enny" was made to stand for "any," while in another the name of the martyred President was spelled Linken."

—The three articles of faith of Continental Liberalism—free, compulsory, gratuitous education—were unanimously accepted by the recent Congress of Education held at Brussels. At the Congress there was scarcely a speaker found to defend punishment of any kind in schools. For the five years since the establishment of the Ecole Modele at Brussels the only punishment inflicted—and this in the rarest instances—has been temporary or permanent expulsion from the classes. The English press swarms with text-books and primers on every teachable subject from numeration up to sociology. In the Ecole Modele, except for literary lessons, no book is used either by master or pupil. The proposition to organize an International Congress of Teachers with a permanent sitting committee was so warmly received by the meeting that it is believed that it will certainly take shape.

—A member of the Cleveland Board of Education said divers reasonable and judicious things at a recent teachers' institute in that city. "Though the teacher," he said, "may be thoroughly equipped with reference to scholarship, although she may know all that is in the text-books, and although she may have an honest desire to teach, those things fall far short of the real necessities of the case. You are not teaching as you used to teach, one or two things as in Persia, two or three things as in Greece, and but one thing as in Sparta, which was a grand thing—obedience. Those things are well in their places, but you must go beyond them. To teach your pupils to repeat, as the parrot repeats, all that the text-books contain and which you know, that is doing only what has been the curse of China for 2,000 years. The minds of pupils need to be led to self-development and self culture they need to be inspired with the ideas at the bases of facts; they need to be filled with that inspiration which creates a love for knowledge and independence of thought.

HISTORICAL ITEMS.

—On the 14th of April, Orsini, Charlotte Cerday, Ravaillac and Booth committed their crimes; and William III., Anne, George I., George II., George III., George IV., William IV., Washington and Lincoln have all died on a Saturday.

—The cost of living in New York in 1794 is thus set forth in the *Magazine of American History*: "The Tontine House under the care of Mr. Hyde, is the best hotel in New York. He sets from twelve to fifteen dishes every day. He charges for a year's board, without liquor, $350 to $400. Butter in the market is 37½ cents per pound; beef, compared with English beef is poor; turkeys are 62½ cents each; common fowls are 25 cents each. Of 'Albany beef' (sturgeon), you can get enough for 12½ cents to feed a family. Oysters are plenty and large. Peaches sell 2 cents for three to six of them. All ranks of people smoke cigars six or seven inches long. Silver money is plenty, but gold is rarely seen. The population of the city is about 30,000. There are two places of public entertainment in the environs of the city that are much visited in the summer—one is called Belvidere (on Bunker's Hill), and the other Bundling's Gardens."

—In the year 1664, on the 5th of December, a boat crossing the Menai Straits, with eighty-one persons, was upset, and only one of the company, named Hugh Williams, was saved. On the same day in the year 1785, another boat was upset containing about sixty passengers, and every person perished with the exception of one, whose name also was Hugh Williams; and on the 5th of August, 1820, a third boat met the same disaster, but the passengers of this were not more than twenty-five, and, singular to relate, the whole perished with the exception of one, whose name was Hugh Williams.

—In the reign of Edward III. a knight held some land at Cukeney, in Nottinghamshire, free of rent during the reign of the king, on condition of his shoeing the king's palfrey, or saddle-horse, or each foot with the king's nails and materials; but if he lamed it, he was to give the king another, worth four marks. The Knight of Cukeney attended at the king's stable to perform his duty, when one of the monarch's farriers offered to instruct him how to do it; but, in order to save his purse he declined the offer, consequently, by his ignorance he lamed the horse. This was repeated until he had to forfeit more marks than the value of the land, by which act of folly the word Cukeney became proverbial, even at Court; and every stupid untutored citizen was called a Cukeney knight, which afterwards changed to Cockney.

CLAUDE DUVAL OUTDONE.

The Gentlemanly Highwayman of the Mammoth Cave—A Pleasant and Genial Method of Robbery.

About 6 o'clock Friday evening, while the coach from the cave was coming to Cave City, it reached this wood, and while coming through the narrow road on a walk, two men, one mounted on a thin black thoroughbred horse, and the other on a fine sorrel, rode out of the dense forest and, dashing up to the stage, covered the driver and passengers with their revolvers and called a halt. The stage was pulled up, and the driver was ordered down and to the door of the vehicle. The rider of the black horse, a man about 30 years old, with a straggling red moustache and beard, was the leader and spokesman. He was rather small, not appearing to be over five feet six inches in height, and would weigh about 140 pounds. He had light-blue eyes, a pleasant smile, and distributed his attentions to the defenseless party of eight passengers with an easy politeness which did much to alleviate their feelings. His accomplice was about the same age, with black whiskers and moustache rather ragged in trim, and had a pair of black eyes. He was rather slow in his movements, but the business in hand suffered nothing for that.

"Come out of the stage, please," said the spokesman, in a light, high-pitched voice. The passengers looked through the open windows and saw the muzzles of the impassive revolvers covering the whole length of the vehicle, and, as there was not a weapon in the party as large as a penknife, they could not resist or parley. There were seven gentlemen and one lady in the coach, and the lady naturally was nervous and alarmed. In the excitement and bustle attendant upon rising and leaving their seats, Mr. R. S. Rountree, of the Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin*, who was making the trip with relatives, slipped his pocketbook and gold watch under the cushion of the seat.

Very few words were spoken, though the highwaymen seemed impatient, and ordered them to "hurry up." As each gentleman stepped out he was covered with the muzzle of a revolver and told to take his place in the line and hold up his hands. The lady, a daughter of the Hon. R. H. Rountree, of Lebanon, Ky., was permitted to remain in the stage. After the passengers were all out, the leader of the two villians tossed his rein to his accomplice, who covered the line, while the spokesman proceeded to rifle their pockets, talking pleasantly as he went. J. E. Craig, jr., of Lawrenceville, Ga., lost $670; the Hon. R. H. Rountree, of Lebanon, Ky., handed out a handsome gold watch, valued at $200, and $55 in cash; S. W. Shelton, of Calhoun, Tenn., gave up about $50; Miss Lizzie Rountree, of Lebanon, Ky., lost nothing but her rings, one of them a handsome diamond; S. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., lost $23; George M. Paisley, of Pittsburgh, gave up $33; W. G. Welsh of Pittsburgh, lost $5 and a handsome watch. R. S. Rountree, of the *Evening Wisconsin*, of Milwaukee, saved his money and watch as stated. The Hon. R. H. Rountree, feels very sore over the loss of an elegant engraved watch, which was presented by the Hon. J. Proctor Knott, the member of Congress from the Fourth District.

The spokesman of the marauders explained that they were not highwaymen, but were moonshiners, and were pursued so hotly by the government officers that they were compelled to have money to get out of the country. He asked each passenger his name and place of residence and noted them down saying that some day he would repay them their losses. When he came to Mr. Craig, of Georgia, he remarked that he hated to

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1880

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Sir John Macdonald has arrived home. His mission abroad has been crowned with success, and although we are not as yet furnished with the details, he has disclosed sufficient of the gigantic scheme to assure Canadians that the Pacific Railway will be built with the least possible delay and on much more advantageous terms than Canada could have even hoped for. At an ovation tendered him upon his arrival in Montreal, in reply to an address from the Cartier Club, Sir John disclosed the main features of the scheme. He is reported to have spoken as follows:

Sir John Macdonald said he begged to tender his grateful thanks to the young men of Canada for their address of welcome. He had not an opportunity abroad of following the reports in the Canadian press regarding his mission as they had, but he said it was a pleasure to hear that there were patroits who had the interests of the country at heart in preference to party. There were questions which, in his opinion, should be lifted far above party strife, and that of the Pacific railway was one. He could not go so fully into the results of his mission as he could wish. They must first be submitted to the representative of our Sovereign and the Government for their acceptance. He might say, however, that he had provisionally formed a syndicate of eminent capitalists in Paris, France; Frank fort-on-the-Main, Germany; England, ; the United States, and Canada. They were a combination such as had never been formed before, and that would be able beyond all question to carry out the undertaking successfully. The German element was of great importance, as it would undoubtedly turn the stream of emigration from the United States into Canada. The syndicate had given security in money for the completion of the railway inside of ten years, and further security for operating it for ten years thereafter. This was equivalent to security for twenty years. They have also contracted not to build the easiest and most profitable portion of the road first, but to take the most difficult parts as well. Arrangements had also been made for putting the land into the market at once for sale. There would be a systematic immigration introduced at once. The road would not cost Canada as much as Sir Hugh Allen offered to do it for in 1873. Mr. Mackenzie had said in the House that Sir Hugh Allen could not have built the road for the thirty million dollars and the land grant which he was to get. What will he think when he learns it will be built for less cost now to Canada? Arrangements have been made by which the railway will proceed whether it is sanctioned at the approaching session or the next one. He could assure them that the building of the railway would not cost the old provinces of Canada one cent, as the land would pay for it. There is a fever in England among all classes for Canada. Why, one gentleman there made him an offer for sixty four thousand acres of land at the very base of the Rocky Mountains, which he accepted. That man is Mr. Thomas Brassey, M. P., a member of the British Government. Throughout England one of the greatest obstacles he had met with was Mr. Blake's speech. It had been printed and circulated, and wherever he went it was put under his nose. Thanks, however, to the strong sense of the people of England and to his (Sir John's) persuasion, all the combinations—he might say conspiracies—were ineffectual in preventing his success. The contract will now go on whether Parliament ratifies it in November or February. The syndicate is composed of men of millions of capital, who will carry the railway through triumphantly.

THE ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

Return of the Franklin Searching Party—A Long Winter Journey over Ice and Snow.—Interesting Records Found, but the Valuable Records Lost.

New York, Sept. 23.—The *Herald's* New Bedford special says that the members of the Franklin search party, under command of Lieutenant Schwatka, were picked up by Captain Baker, of the barque *George and Mary*, of New Bedford, at Depot Island, on the 1st of Aug., they having returned to that point from a sledge journey to King William's Land on the 4th of March of the present year. The sledge journey was the longest that has ever been made through the unexplored Arctic region, the party having been absent from their base of operations on the Hudson Bay eleven months and four days. They travelled 3,251 miles. This is the only sledge journey ever made that covered the entire Arctic winter. The expedition successfully withstood the greatest cold ever encountered by white men. On January 3rd the thermometer sank to 105 degrees below freezing point. During the summer and fall of 1879 they made a complete search of King William's Land and the adjacent mainland, travelling over the route pursued by the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* upon their retreat toward Back's River, and buried the bones of all those unfortunates remaining above ground, and erected monuments. Their research established the fact that the records of the Franklin expedition are lost beyond recovery. The Nachtillo Esquimaux, who had found the sealed tin box filled with books where the last survivors of Franklin's party are supposed to have finally perished, were interviewed. These natives broke open the box and threw out the precious records, which were then either scattered or destroyed by the children. It was also made known that one of Franklin's ships drifted down the Victoria Straits and was unwittingly scuttled by the Ookkjoolik Esquimaux who found it near the Island off Grant Point during the spring of 1849. At that time one man was dead in the steerage. During the same year a native saw the tracks of four white men in spring snows on the mainland.

The expedition started from its base of operations with but one month's rations of civilized food. The white men of the party began living upon the fare of Esquimaux assistants, and the result has shown that it is feasible for white men to adapt themselves to the climate and life of the Esquimaux in prosecuting journeys in polar regions. A large quantity of relics has been gathered to illustrate the last chapter in the history of Franklin's expedition. They have also brought the remains of Lieutenant John Irving, third officer of the *Terror*, which were identified by a prize medal found in his open grave. The party endured many hardships and were threatened with starvation on their return to Hudson Bay, where an ample supply of provisions had been left with Capt. Barry of the schooner *Eothen*. Barry for some unexplained cause had left for home carrying with him the much needed supplies.

WASTED TO SKELETONS THEY FEED ON THEIR COMPANIONS.

New York, Sept. 24.—The *Herald* publishes a long narrative of Lieut. Schwatka's Artic journey. From the story of the natives it is believed that the officers and crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* met a terrible fate. The old men and women of the Esquimaux tell a story of those who were doubtless the last survivors of these vessels with a minuteness of detail which places their fate beyond doubt. Of what had become of their leader and of the large number who constituted the crews nothing could be discovered, only that a small party of officers, black about the mouth and with no flesh on their bones, were seen dragging a boat across the ice. Nothing more was seen of them until the skeletons were found under their boat and in a tent, a prey to wild beasts, and with the evidence that they had been driven to feed on their weaker companions before yielding to starvation and cold.

IRELAND'S TROUBLE.

Murder of Lord Mountmorris in Galway.

Dublin, Sept. 26.

Lord Mountmorris was murdered on Saturday night at Rushren, within a mile of Clonbur, county Galway. The scene of the assassination was a neck of land between Lough Mask and Lough Corrib. The Viscount attended a meeting of magistrates on Saturday afternoon at the court house of Clonbur, and was seen to leave the town about 8 o'clock. Half an hour afterward his horse and carriage arrived at his residence, a mile distant, without him. This aroused suspicion among his family, and search having been made, he was found lying on the side of the road in a pool of blood, lifeless. The police were at once sent for and the body was conveyed to Ebor Hall, the family seat. Lord Mountmorris appears to have received one bullet in his head, penetrating the skull, three in the neck, and two in the body. Any one of those six would have been sufficient to cause his death. He was little known except in his own neighbourhood and throughout Mayo and Galway. He had small estates, which he farmed to some extent. He had fifteen tenants, with whom he had most unhappy relations. Quite recently he obtained ejectment decrees against two of them. As a magistrate he was unpopular, and at a meeting of justices which he had been attending, a resolution was passed calling upon the Government to adopt coercive measures.

THE KINKORA TRAGEDY.

Conclusion of the Coroner's Inquest. Verdict of Manslaughter against John Keelan.

The inquest on the body of Thomas Keelan was continued at Kinkora on Monday. The first witness called was Richard Wilson, of Ellice, who was at Kastner's Hotel on the day of the murder with prisoner and the deceased for hours; saw the deceased fall on the floor there; he was drunk, and witness and deceased's son picked him up and carried him to the wagon, and witness accompanied them as far as Patsy Hishon's; John (the prisoner) was driving, and drove furiously, the speed and jolting throwing witness out on the road; deceased was lying on his side; witness and prisoner had a drink, and parted. In cross-examination by Mr. J. J. Kehoe, counsel for the prisoner, witness said that deceased was too drunk to complain, if he had been hurt by the fall at Kastner's; John said that his father had drunk about half a gallon of whiskey.

Several witnesses who were in Hishon's store were called, and testified to the prisoner calling there and remaining there for ten or fifteen minutes. The old man was lying in the wagon.

John Panlen sworn, said—Heard Thos. Keelan speak of the death; he explained how he found his father; did not think his father could fall out of the wagon; he told me of seeing his father first when he turned him over; did not say that he searched for any whiskey; did not say how his face looked; he spoke of John striking him; told me John struck him once; he spoke to me before the inquest; he said "John came round the wagon and struck father."

Nicholas O'Hara sworn, said—I live in Ellice; deceased was my father-in-law; heard first that my father-in-law was dead at home; about ten o'clock Thos. Keelan rapped at the door, called me up and said he wanted to speak to me; asked him what was the matter; he motioned for me to come out, and then he said there was hard times out at father's; he said "John had finished the old man;" asked him if he believed he was dead; he said if he was not dead he was very near it; when he came near him he said he turned him over and he gave asigh as if he was choking; asked him how he was when he left; he said he was lying upon the grass on his face; I came there with him; saw the body lying there just as he had described; I went up to him, put my hand on his shoulder and told Thomas he was dead; witness did not see prisoner when he went to the house; asked Thomas where was; Thomas said he thought he had he cleared out; his testimony was correct.

By Mr. Kehoe—There was a few words of difference in his evidence; those words are that John said, if you come back I'll murder you; he said he thought his face looked bruised in by the bridge of the nose; went to Stratford, and Tom spoke to Mr. O'Loane and told him about the death, and then Mr. O'Loane took the information; Tom said John struck the old man, but could not swear that he had killed him; Tom also said that his father's face was bruised in on the bridge of the nose.

Bernard Long sworn, said—Live in Ellice, on the lot next to Keelan's; saw them coming home that night; overtook deceased a mile and a half from home; I was driving Stock's team; they were standing on the road, doing nothing, all in the wagon; there was room for me to pass, and I went by; think John Keelan spoke, and I said, "Is that you, John?" and drove on past; they followed me in a few minutes, and drove past; John drew up as he passed and asked who I was; I told him; he said it was all right, and they drove on ahead of me, not very fast; I passed them again at the east end of the jog, they having turned into the fence; at the west end of the jog Keelan's wagon stopped very suddenly; when I got up John Keelan's team was in the fence corner; Dick Wilson had fallen out and we picked him up and then went on home; was called out of bed that night; heard a noise at Keelan's barn as if people were quarreling and swearing; went with Jacob Weiss as far as Keelan's old barn; could not hear anything and could not see anyone at the wagon from where he was; did not distinguish the voices; thought it was John's voice; heard no noise of blows; went to bed again, and was afterwards awakened by Kate Keelan, who came to the door and said that her father was dead; went across and found the old man lying as previously described; Kate Keelan told witness that the prisoner made his brag that "he had put away one man to-night;" and she was afraid Thomas was hurt as she could not find him; witness told her to hold her tongue, as it was time enough for her to speak when she had to; she said that John said that he had put away one man to-night, and would soon put away another; she told witness that John was in bed.

Jacob Weiss, who was in the company of the previous witness on the evening in question, corroborated his evidence. He also stated that when he opened the door to Kate she said that her daddy was dead, and she supposed John must have killed him; when John came in to supper he said that he had killed one man that night, and if he got hold of Thomas he would kill him too; she was afraid Tom was hurt, as she saw John chase him around the yard.

Thomas McCarthy, High Constable, proved arresting the prisoner in his house; he asked what he was arrested for; witness said: "I guess you know," and he replied that he did not, and asked two or three times; witness told him what he was arrested for, and took him to see the body; he asked for no explanation as to the cause of his father's death.

Miss Keelan, recalled, said that what Long and Weiss stated was true; her father suffered from fits for two years before his death.

Dr. Hyde, sworn, stated that he had made a *post mortem* examination, found the body robust and healthy, about 70 years of age; the cartilage of the nose, on the right side, was pressed over to the left, by direct violence; a tumor was found behind the left ear, of the size of a flattened walnut, which contained extravasated blood, produced by violence during life; about two table spoonfuls of coagulated blood was found inside the skull cap from a severe concussion of the brain, produced by violence. The cause of death, in witness' opinion, was from concussion of the brain, spoken of above.

Dr. George Smith corroborated previous witness.

The jury then retired, and were locked up until five o'clock Tuesday morning, when they returned the following verdict: "That John Keelan killed his father, Thomas Keelan, in his own barnyard, and we jurymen, being sworn, find the said John Keelan guilty of manslaughter."

The prisoner was committed to Stratford gaol, to stand his trial at the next Assize Court.

ELMA FALL SHOW.

The Elma Agricultural Society's Fall Show was held at Newry on Wednesday. Unfortunately the day proved to be an exceedingly wet one, and this militated in a measure against the success of the exhibition, both in point of attendance and in the display of exhibits. However, considering the unfavorable circumstances, the display was fair, and in some departments quite up to that of any previous year. Stock raising in Elma is receiving a larger share of attention year by year. The township can now lay claim to quite a number of enterprising stock raisers, and the influence of these is being felt beneficially throughout the township. Both in cattle and sheep the display made at the show was a decidedly creditable one, while some very good specimens of horse flesh were also exhibited. The porcine race does not seem to engage the attention of Elma farmers to any particular degree. The show of grain, roots and fruit was very good, indicating that for these important branches the township of Elma is well adapted. There was a perceptible falling off in the ladie's department this year, the state of the weather no doubt accounting for the diminution in the display of ladies' work. The officers of the Society and the judges were catered for at Wynn's hotel, and mine host and hostess merit great praise for the excellence of the spread which they provided. For the names of the successful exhibitors, our readers are referred to the following

PRIZE LIST.

HORSES—*Heavy draught*—Span of horses, T J Shaw. Three year old filly or gelding, T J Shaw, 2nd John Vallance. Two year old filly or gelding, Jas Smith, 2nd Geo Brown, 3rd Jno Vallance. One year old filly or gelding, R Rutherford, 2nd Geo Sangster, 3rd John Vallance. Brood mare, Jas Holman, 2nd Jno Gray, 3rd Wm Keating. Foal of 1880, Jno Grey, 2nd Jno Cuthbertson. *General Purpose*—Span of horses, Widdes Jackson, 2nd Geo Poslift, 3rd E Cleaver. Three year old filly or gelding, John Switzer, 2nd John Shearer, 3rd Moses Harvey. Two year old filly or gelding, R Ballantyne, 2nd N Richardson, 3rd Jos Near. One year old filly or gelding, Wm Keating, 2nd Jno Ayres, 3rd Geo Brown. Brood mare, Jno Cuthbertson, 2nd Geo McGill, 3rd F Switzer. Foal of 1880, Wm Keating, 2nd Geo McGill, 3rd Widdes Jackson. *Carriage Horses*—Span of horses, Walter Johnston, Buggy horses in harness, A H Wynn, 2nd Isaac Bennett. Saddle horse, Thomas Fullarton, 2nd Jno Boyle. Three year old filly or gelding, F Switzer. Two year old filly or gelding, Jas Nixon. One year old filly or gelding, Jno Inglis, 2nd Jno Spioule. Brood mare, E G Harris & Son. Foal of 1880, E G Harris & Son, 2nd R Lang.

CATTLE—*Durhams*—Milch cow, Geo Sangster, 2nd Wm Burnett. Two year old heifer, Jno Shearer, 2nd do. One year old heifer, Wm Burnett. Bull calf, Geo Sangster. Heifer calf, Wm Burnett. 2nd Jno Shearer. *Ayrshires*—Milch cow, Thos McFarland; 2nd do. Yearling heifer, Thos McFarland. Bull calf, Thos McFarland. *Grades*—Cow, Wm Burnett, 2nd do. Two year old heifer, Wm Burnett. 2nd Jas Burnett. One year old heifer, Jas Burnett, 2nd Wm Burnett. Bull calf, Chas Thomas. Heifer calf, Jas Burnett, 2nd do. Three year old steers, Jno Love, 2nd Wm Burnett. Two year old steers, Jas Burnett, 2nd Jno Shearer. One year old steers, Wm Burnett, sec. Jas. Burnett. Fat beast, Jno Shearer, 2nd Wm Burnett, 3rd Geo McGill.

SHEEP—*Leicesters*—Aged ram, T J Shaw, 2nd R Ford. Shearling ram, Jno Guy, 2nd Harvey & Simpson. Ram lamb, Thos Roney, 2nd Wm Scott. Pair ewes, Jno Guy, 2nd T Roney. Pair shearling ewes, Jno Guy, 2nd Jas Irwin. Pair ewe lambs, A Simpson, 2nd T Roney. *Cotswold*—Shearling ram, Wm Machan, 2nd R Hamilton. Ram lamb, William Machan, 2nd do. Pair ewes, Jas Perrin. Pair shearling ewes, Wm Machan. Pair ewe lambs, Wm Burnett, 2nd William Machan. *Grades*—Shearling ram, John Gray. Ram lamb, Thos Dunn, 2nd R Hamilton. Pair ewes, Jno Guy. Pair shearling ewes, Jno Gray, 2nd Mrs Henry. Pair ewe lambs, Wm Machan, 2nd Wm Scott. Fat sheep, Jos Priest, 2nd A Simpson. Diploma for best sheep on ground, John Guy. Recommended, Southdowns, Jos Priest.

PIGS—Boar pig of 1880, R Hamilton, 2nd Jas Duncan. Brood sow, S Vipond. Sow pig of 1880, R Hamilton, 2nd S Vipond.

POULTRY—Pair Black Spanish fowls, Wm Machan. Houdons, A Aitcheson. Brahmas, A Aitcheson, 2nd Jas Nixon. Geese, Jno G Alexander, 2nd Jas Nixon. Ducks, Isaac Bennett, 2nd Jas Perrin. Turkeys, Jno Switzer, 2nd R Hamilton. Pigeons, Isaac Bennett, 2nd Jno Gray.

IMPLEMENTS AND MANUFACTURES.—General purpose plow, Geo Wilkinson & Co. Thistle plow, George Wilkinson & Co. Horse shoes, Mitchell Bros., 2nd J Morrison. Ten yards tweed, all wool, T P Scott, 2nd do. Ten yards flannel, all wool, Conrad Heller, 2nd do. Ten yards flannel, union, Robert Ford, 2nd William Stevenson. Ten yards fulled cloth, all wool, Jas Robb, 2nd Jos Near. Pair blankets, Jos Near, 2nd George Posliff, recommended, Wm Horn. Woolen yarn, Jas Nixon. Single harness, A Simpson. Team harness, Geo Neibergall. Joiner and cabinet work, sash, Fred Holman. Bee hive, Wm Horn, 2nd Fred Holman.

GRAIN, ROOTS, FRUIT, &c—Two bushels fall wheat any kind, Jno Machan, 2nd Jno Switzer. Spring wheat, Geo Graham, 2nd Wm Machan. Barley, Jos Priest, 2nd R Hamilton. Timothy seed, Jno Graham, 2nd Alex Angus. Black oats, Jas Robb, 2nd Wm Machan. White oats, Wm Machar, 2nd Wm Gill. Peas, Wm Machan, 2nd R Hamilton. Late potatoes, Wm Stevenson, 2nd John Howat. Early potatoes, John Vallance, 2nd T R Scott. Swede turnips, Jas Burnett, 2nd Hugh Wilson. Turnips any other kind, Wm Burnett, 2nd Wm Forrest. Mangold wurtzels, J W Boyd, 2nd R G Harris & Son. Half dozen cabbages, Peter Cowan, 2nd Conrad Heller. Beets, Wm Stevenson, 2nd Jno Howat. Onions, R. Ford, 2nd R Graham. Field carrots, Jno Boyle, 2nd E G Harris & Son. Garden carrots, Jno Howat, 2nd Jno Graham. Cauliflower, James Nixon. Indian corn, John Boyle, 2nd J H Thompson. Pumpkins, Thos Roney, 2nd Wm Stevenson. Citrons, John Howat, 2nd A Aitcheson. Tomatoes, Thos Roney, 2nd E G Harris & Son. Collection of vegetables, Wm Stevenson, 2nd Jas Nixon. Harvest apples, Geo McGill, 2nd Jno G Alexander. Fall apples, Thos Dunn, 2nd E G Harris & Son. Winter apples, Jno Inglis, 2nd William Stevenson. Crab apples, J H Thompson, 2nd Jno Vallance. Pears, Alex Angus, 2nd A Featherstone. Plums, E G Harris & Son, 2nd T J Shaw. Fresh butter, Wm Stevenson, 2nd E G Harris & Son. Home-made bread, Jos Near, 2nd T J Shaw. Home-made cheese, Jno Howat, 2nd Wm Lochhead. Home-made soap, Fred Switzer, 2nd Alex Angus. Strained honey, R Hamilton, 2nd Geo McGill. Honey in comb, T. J. Shaw. Grapes, Geo Posliff, 2nd Wm Horn. Barrel of flour, Isaac Bennett. Recommended, rye, R Hamilton.

LADIES WORK—Patched quilt, R Ballantyne, 2nd Wm Keating. Fancy quilt, R Graham, 2nd Wm Stevenson. Counterpane, Conrad Heller, 2nd Wm Stevenson. Ornamental needle work, Mrs A H Wynn, 2nd do. Fine shirt, Mrs A H Wynn, 2nd Thos Fullarton. Woolen socks, Jas Robb, 2nd Thos Roney. Woolen mits, Wm Keating, 2nd George Posliff. Fancy knitting, R Ballantyne, 2nd Jas Perrin. Flax mat, A Featherstone, 2nd R Ford. Log cabin quilt, W Stevenson, 2nd T J Shaw. Crochet work, Mrs A H Wynn, 2nd Jno Gray. Wire flowers, Geo Sangster. Feather flowers, Mrs. A H Wynn, 2nd Wm Stevenson. Rag carpet, R Ford, 2nd Jno Switzer. Tatting, Jas Robb, Wreath of natural flowers, Wm Horn, 2nd P Cowan. Wool gauntlet, Jas Nixon. Berlin wool work, raised, Wm Stevenson. Motto, A Featherstone, 2nd Mrs A H Wynn. Recommended—Knitted quilt, W Keating; Batten wreath, P Cowan; Braiding, Mrs A H Wynn; Berlin wool work, flat, Jno Gray.

Judges—Horses and cattle, A Forsythe, Brussels; R J Bass, Logan; G Kreamer, Fullarton. Sheep, Pigs and Implements, Robt Shaw, Logan; Robt Martin, Grey; R Hamilton, Mornington. Manufactures, Jas Sills, Mitchell; Alex Hill, Mitchell; D W Palmer, Listowel. Agr'l productions, Thos Kelley, Brussels; W H McCracken, Brussels; Samuel Honey, Logan. Ladies work, Mrs S Honey, Logan; Mrs R Hamilton, Mornington; R Elliott, Listowel.

MARYBOROUGH FALL SHOW.

The first exhibition of the Maryborough Agricultural Society was held at Moorefield on Friday last, and the Society has reason to feel gratified at the success which has attended its initial effort. The show was favored with splendid weather, and a large gathering was present from all parts of Maryborough, and from the surrounding townships as well. There was an excellent show of stock, as will be inferred from the names which figure in the prize list, especially in the classes for cattle and sheep. The agricultural implement business was moderately well represented. For fruit growing, few townships in the Province can excel Maryborough, as was attested by the fine display of apples and other fruits to be seen in the hall. Roots and cereals were also exhibited in good quantity and quality. The ladies' department, though not very extensive, contained a fair collection of articles usually found in such places. Although the Society has met with success in its first exhibition, much greater success is anticipated hereafter, as it is expected that all parts of the township will give it their united support. The society having been formed late in the season, it was not expected that this would be accomplished the first year. Following is the

PRIZE LIST.

HORSES—*Heavy Draught*—Brood mare, James Leslie, 2nd B Long. Foal, Thomas Garbutt, 2nd Benj Long. One year old filly or gelding, Abraham Oakley. Two year old filly or gelding, Geo Bell, 2nd Alex Robb. *General Purpose*—Brood mare, Abraham Oakley, 2nd T Garbutt. Foal, A Oakley, 2nd Wm Cowan. One year old filley or gelding, A Oakley, 2nd W T White. Two year old do., A Oakley, 2nd Wm Phillip. Span of working horses attached to wagon, Jas Leslie, 2nd H Ratcliffe. Span carriage horses, Thomas Quickfall, 2nd Jas Leslie. Single buggy horse, Jno Walker, 2nd Samuel Dickson.

CATTLE—*Durhams*—Bull under two years, Jno B. Ridd. Bull under 1 year, Alex Allen, 2nd Wm Elliott. Bull calf, Hugh Montgomery, 2nd J B Ridd. Cow, William Elliott, 2nd J. B. Ridd. Two year old heifer, Wm Elliott, 2nd do. One year old heifer, J B Ridd, 2nd do. Heifer calf, Wm Elliott, 2nd J. B. Ridd. Herd, Wm Elliott. *Ayrshires*—Bull, Archibald Park. Cow, A Park. Two year old heifer, A Park. One year old heifer, A Park. Calf, A Park. Herd, A Park. *Grades*—Cow, Jno Paterson, 2nd H Ratcliffe. Two year old heifer, Jno Hellyer, 2nd Wm Medill. One year old heifer, H Ratcliffe, 2nd Wm Paterson. Calf, Chas Duckering, 2nd Jas McConnell. Herd, Jno Hellyer.

SHEEP—*Leicester*—Aged ram, Thomas Garbutt, 2nd Jas Gibson. Shearling ram, Geo Bell, 2nd Jno Walker. Ram lamb, Jas Gibson, 2nd Thos Garbutt. Aged ewes, Thos Hewlett, 2nd A Robb. Shearling ewes, Thos Garbutt, 2nd Alex Robb. Ewe lambs, Thos Garbutt, 2nd Wm Paterson. Pen of sheep, Thos Garbutt. *Cotswold*—Aged ram, Samuel English, 2nd Thos Booth. Shearling ram, Arch Park. Ram lamb, S English, 2nd Jas Gibson. Aged ewes, S English, 2nd A Robb. Pair ewe lambs, A Robb, 2nd S English. Fat sheep, Phineas Henry, 2nd J B Ridd.

SWINE—*Berkshire*—Aged boar, Jno Fleming, 2nd Jas M Owens. Spring pig, Joshua Gregory, 2nd Jas McConnell. Sow, Joshua Gregory, 2nd do. *Suffolks*—Boar, H Broadhagen, 2nd A Park. Spring pigs, J M Jackson. Sow, Jno Walker.

POULTRY—Pair Brahmas, C Duckering, 2nd Jas Gibson. Polands, Alex Allan. White Leghorn, R Armstrong, 2nd R Philp. Hamburgs, P Henry, 2nd Alex Allan. Black Spanish, Robt Philp, 2nd do. Pekin ducks, Hugh Montgomery, 2nd R Armstrong. Pair ducks any kind, 2nd Jno Hellyar. Pair Geese, S English 2nd P Henry.

GRAIN—2 bushels red fall wheat, W M Traviss, 2nd Wm McKay. White fall wheat, Fred Wilford, 2nd Parker Lowry. Fife or Scotch, R. Armstrong 2nd Wm Mitchell. Russian spring wheat, R. Armstrong, 2nd John Hillyar. Barley Alex Allen, 2nd J M Johnstone. Large peas, C Walker. Small peas, R. Armstrong, 2nd Parker Lowry. White oats, Alex Allen, 2nd R. Arm strong. Black oats, Alex Allen, 2nd R Armstrong. Timothy seed, Parker Lowry, 2nd Ira Burrows.

ROOTS AND VEGETABLES—Early rose potatoes, J M Jackson, 2nd Wm Medill. Any other kind, Geo W Green, 2nd A Flath. Swede turnips, H Rateliffe, 2nd Alex Robb. Field carrots, Parker Lowry, 2nd Jno Taite. Mangolds, S English, 2nd Jno B Ridd. Garden carrots, Parker Lowry, 2nd Jno Hellyar. Beets, Clifton Lowry, 2nd Isadore Groshaw. Cabbages, Geo W Green, 2nd S English. Collection of garden vegetables, Geo A Cherry.

DAIRY—Home made cheese, A Allen, 2nd Chas Duckering. Factory cheese, Jno Hellyar. Roll butter, Jno Fleming, 2nd Jas Terriff. Keg butter, T Wilford, 2nd Fred Wilford.

FRUIT—Six varieties of apples, correctly named, T Wilford, 2nd Thos Woodisse. Northern Spy, T Wilford, 2nd Robert Philp. Rhode Island greenings, T Wilford, 2nd Robt Hay. Russets, Jno W Meyers, 2nd Wm McKay. Snow apples, Thos Woodisse, 2nd Ira Burrows. Pipins, T Wilford, 2nd Samuel Dickson, Colverts, T Wilford, 2nd Robt Hay. Alexanders, T Wilford, 2nd Henry Rateliffe. Seedlings, Ira Burrows, 2nd Jno Hillyar. Pears, Jas Gibson, 2nd Wm McKay. Plums, Chas Duckering, 2nd Ira Burrows.

IMPLEMENTS—Lumber wagon, J Smith. Single buggy, J Smith. Reaping machine, Massey Manufacturing Co. Single mower, Massey Manufacturing Co. Plow, Paterson Bros. Team harness, J M Jackson. Single buggy harness, D. G. Roberts. Horse shoes, Chas S Forrest, 2nd Yetman Cherry.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES—Fancy quilt, Ira Burrows, 2nd Joseph Medill. Patched quilt, Wm Philp, 2nd Francis Davidson. Log cabin, Wm Philp, 2nd Alex Allan. Rag mat, Fred Wilford, 2nd Jas Terriff. Gents' shirt, Wm Philp, 2nd Adam Flath. Berlin wool work, raised, Jas Terriff, 2nd Adam Flath. Berlin wool tidy, Hector Lamont, 2nd Peter A Robb. Seed wreath, Henry Burns. Crotchet tidy, Jno Trevethick, 2nd Wm Philp. Leather work, Henry Burns, 2nd do. Hair work, Henry Burns. Sofa pillow, A Oakley, 2nd Jas Kerr. Honey in comb, Jno Robinson, 2nd Alex Ferguson. Home made bread, Jos C Faskin, 2nd Fred Wilford. Penmanship, Wm Yule.

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.

HOWICK FALL SHOW.

The fall exhibition of the Howick Agricultural Society was held at Fordwich on Tuesday last. Notwithstanding the rainy weather, there was a good turnout of people. The show this year was below the average of township exhibitions, and considerably short of what might be expected from such a rich agricultural district as the township of Howick. No doubt the unfavorable weather had much to do with this. Some fair cattle were shown, also a few pens of good sheep. In the hall a moderate collection of fruit was exhibited, which contained some very fine specimens. The peaches shown by Mr. Newton of Fordwich would have done credit to the best fruit section of Ontario. Some good roots are grown in Howick; the samples of grain were also creditable. In the ladies' department the display was not large. Further information will be gleaned from the accompanying

PRIZE LIST.

HORSES—Span general purpose, Alex Wilkinson, 2nd Wm Strong. Brood mare, A Wilkinson, 2nd Samuel Greer. Foal, James Fraser, 2nd Wm Brown. Gelding or filly, 2 years old, John Kahne, 2nd Geo Greer. Gelding or filly, 1 year old, John Lambkin, 2nd James McLaughlin. Heavy draught gelding or filly, 2 years old, Jos Montgomery, 2nd Samuel Greer. Heavy draught gelding or filly, 1 year old, R. Roe. Roadster gelding or filly, 2 years old, Wm Ferguson. Carriage horse, Samuel Greer, 2nd James Crosskery.

CATTLE—Durham bull, Saml Johnston, 2nd Jas Hunter. Durham bull over one year old, F McClement. Cow, Walter Quennell, 2nd Saml Johnston. Two year olds, John Wilson, 2nd Peter Young. Yearling heifer, Saml Johnston. Bull calf, James Hunter, 2nd Saml Johnston. Heifer calf, Geo Howlett, 2nd Saml Johnston. Grade milch cow, Saml Johnston, 2nd do. Two year old heifer, Saml Johnston. Yearling heifer, Saml Johnston. Heifer calf, Saml Johnston. Herd milch cows, Saml Johnston. Two year old steers, Saml Johnston, 2nd do. One year old steers, Wm Strong, 2nd do.

SHEEP—Leicester ram, Jno Johnston, 2nd Jas McLaughlin. Ram lamb, Jno Johnston, 2nd do. Shearling ewes, Jno Johnston, 2nd do. Shearling ram, John Johnston, 2nd do. Ewe lambs, John Johnston, 2nd do. Grade ram lamb, Jno Johnston, 2nd do. Grade ewes, John Johnston, 2nd do. Cotswold ram, Walter Quennell. Ram lamb, Walter Quennell.

SWINE—Aged boar Berkshire, Thos Wilson. Brood sow, Thos Wilson, 2nd Jno Johnston. Spring pig, Jno Johnston, 2nd Thos Wilson. Aged boar Suffolk, Saml McClelland. Boar under one year, R. Roe, 2nd Geo Gregg. Brood sow, S McClelland.

POULTRY—Pair geese Wm. Strong. Pair of ducks, Thos Wilson. Light Brahmas, Jas Perkins. Plymouth Rock, J. W. Green, 2nd do.

IMPLEMENTS—Iron beam plough, Robert Turner, 2nd Lambert & Stong. Gang plough, Lambert & Stong. Buggy, James Girvin.

GRAIN—2 bushels Treadwell wheat, James Sanderson, 2nd Geo Howlett. Clawson wheat, Jas. Sanderson, 2nd Joseph Montgomery. Fife Spring wheat, Geo Howlett. Russian spring wheat, John Johnston. Any other variety kind spring, John Johnston. Barley, Walter Quennell. Peas, Geo Howlett, 2nd Jas Sanderson. White beans P. P. Aylesworth, 2nd Jas Leech. Indian corn yellow corn, Saml Greer, 2nd P P Aylesworth. Recommended, spotted beans, Wm. Strong.

DAIRY PRODUCE—Firkin butter, Jno Johnston, 5 lbs. fresh butter, Geo Howlett, 2nd James McLaughlin senr.

ROOTS—Early rose potatoes, Geo. Howlett, 2nd Saml Greer. Any other kind potatoes Henry Newton. Swede turnips, Joseph Montgomery, 2nd Jas Frazier. Any other kind turnips, Saml Johnston. Mangold wurtzel, Jas Leech, 2nd Jas Frazier. Belgian carrots, Jas Leech, 2nd Wm. Strong. Early horn carrots. Thos Nash, 2nd Edwards Bros. Long orange carrots, P. P. Aylesworth, 2nd Wm. Strong. Potato onions, Geo Howlett. Seed onions, P. P. Aylesworth. Top onions John Johnston, 2nd P. P. Aylesworth. Parsnips, P. P. Aylesworth. Pumpkin, Jas Leech. Citrons, James Frazier. Blood beets, Geo Howlett. Tomatoes, P. P. Aylesworth. Cabbages, Wm Strong.

FRUIT—Three varieties fall apples, Saml Greer, 2nd Wm Strong. Winter apples, Wm. Strong. Crab apples, John Johnston. Collection of apples, highly recommended, Hy Newton. Dozen pears, F. McLement, 2nd Wm. Strong. Dozen peaches, H Newton. Three clusters grapes Henry Newton, 2nd Jas Hunter. Dozen red peppers, P. P. Aylesworth. Watermelons, P. P. Aylesworth.

MANUFACTURES, &c—Patch work quilt, pegged, Jas Crosskery, 2nd Jas McWade. French Kipp boots, recommended, Paul Schreiner. Canadian Kipp boots, recommended, Paul Schreiner. Gents' boots, Jas Crosskery, 2nd Jas McWade. Maple sugar, Jno Jacques. Maple molasses P P Aylesworth. Home made brooms, Jas McLaughlin. Flannel shirt, P P Aylesworth. Flannel shirt, P P Aylesworth, 2nd Geo Howlett. Log cabin quilt, Samuel McClelland, 2nd P P Aylesworth. Patched quilt, Jas Perkins, 2nd Jno Johnston. Coverlid, P P Aylesworth. Crotchet in cotton, James Leech, 2nd Wm Strong. Embroidery in cotton, Thos Nash, 2nd Jas Leech. Embroidery in muslin, P P Aylesworth. Embroidery in silk, Jas Leech. Berlin wool work, raised, J Perkins. Berlin wool, flat, P P Aylesworth, 2nd A Wilkinson. Berlin wool flowers, J. & R Crawford. Berlin wool flowers, J. & R Stevenson, 2nd A Crawford. Wax fruit, P P Aylesworth. Hair work, Thos Nash, 2nd A Crawford. Hair work, Samuel Greer, 2nd A Crawford. Cone work, Thos Nash, 2nd A Crawford. Straw work, Jas Leech. Patch work in silk, Samuel McClelland. Fancy knitting in cotton, Geo Howlett, 2nd Thos Nash. Fancy braiding, P P Aylesworth, 2nd Thos Nash. Fancy knitting, Thos Nash. Paper hanging basket, Thos Nash, 2nd A Crawford. Card-board motto, P P Aylesworth, 2nd Samuel Greer. Home-made clothing, Moses Aldridge, 2nd Thos Wilson. Home-made flannel, Thos Wilson, 2nd Jno Johnston. Fancy quilt, J & J Stevenson. Paper work, recommended, Samuel Greer. Home made drugett, Geo Howlett, 2nd P P Aylesworth.

Judges—Jno Broadfoot, Brussels; Geo Follis, Wallace; Jas Frazer, Howick; Wm Chamney, Wallace; A M Morrow, Listowel; D Stewart, Brussels; Mrs Chamney, Wallace; Miss Follis, Wallace.

MITCHELL FALL SHOW.

The Horticultural and Agricultural Societies of Logan, Fullarton, and Hibbert held their annual fall fair at Mitchell on Monday and Tuesday last. The weather was anything but favorable, rain falling the greater part of the time. The entries were more numerous than last year, and altogether the show was one of the best ever held in Mitchell. The show of roots, vegetables and fruits, and flowers was superior to any previous year. The ladies' department was far behind. Horses and cattle were excellent, hogs fair, sheep extra good. Agricultural and farm implements were good, and wagons, buggies, etc., superior. The attendance of visitors was large considering the rainy weather and the state of the roads.

ELMA.

KICKED BY A HORSE.—On Tuesday last a young man named Geo. Bell, who resides near Trowbridge, was severely kicked in the lower part of the abdomen by a horse while plowing. He lies in a critical condition

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1880.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

LISTOWEL cattle fair to-day.

School books, reduced prices, at Brisbin's.

Try Brisbin for wall papers and window shades.

THE Provincial Exhibition will be held in London next year.

Ready-made Clothing—Suits from $8.00 upwards, at Roy & McDonald's.

Beautiful room papers only 10 cents per roll, worth 15c., at Brisbin's.

A SOCIAL entertainment was held in the M. E. Church on Friday evening last.

Machine Oil.—A large quantity on hand, and selling at bottom prices, at S. Bricker & Co's hardware emporium.—28.

A FOOT-BALL club is being organized by the students of the Listowel High School.

Pipes, purses, combs, brushes, all kinds of fancy goods, cheap for cash at Brisbin's.

Butter Wanted.—20 cents per pound for butter and 13 cents per dozen for eggs at Roy & McDonald's.—28.

THE Biddulph murder trial commenced at the Middlesex Assizes on Thursday morning.

Parents, save 15 per cent. by sending your children to Brisbin's for school books, &c.

THE anniversary services and tea-meeting in the P. M. Church were moderately well attended.

25 rolls wall paper for $1.00; 40 cents will buy 5 quires note paper and 5 packages envelopes, at Brisbin's.

Misses' and Children's Genuine French kid button boots, very best quality, at JOHN RIGGS, successor to Roy & Riggs.

REGULAR meeting of the Town Council, and High and Public School Boards next week on the usual nights of meeting.

Any quantity of Machine Belting in stock at S. Bricker & Co's. Parties in need will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.—28.

MR. FOREST and Listowel cricketers played a return match here on Tuesday. The match was won by the visiting team.

Note, and all descriptions of writing papers, envelopes, wrapping paper, paper bags and twine, sold at bottom prices at Dr. Michener's Book and Drug Store.—33.

MR. STEWART WATSON, formerly of Glenallen, has purchased a brick residence on Inkerman street from Messrs. Hess Bros., and has removed to town.

Roy & McDonald's new Fall and Winter goods have been arriving daily. Their stock is tasty, well selected and fashionable, and prices to suit everybody.

HOSIERY. — Women's, Misses' and Pretty Children's Hosiery. A nice lot of new goods in this line. Come and see them, at JOHN RIGGS, successor to Roy & Riggs.—11.

THE Council has decided to erect ten gas lamps and nine coal oil lamps for lighting the streets. The lamp-posts are to be purchased immediately, and will cost about $12 each.

Tweeds! Tweeds!—A large stock of Fall and Winter Tweeds and Worsteds to choose from. Suits made to order, fit guaranteed, and very cheap, at Roy & McDonald's.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Hector McKenzie, of Danville, Que., an old friend of Mr. D. D. Campbell, paid our townsman a short visit this week. Mr. McKenzie is highly impressed with this part of Ontario and talks of settling in the western peninsula.

Chro Stoves.—S. Bricker & Co. are running off their present stock of cooking, hall and parlor stoves at wholesale prices, in order to make room for their fall purchases. Great bargains given. Call early.—28.

GLASS BALL CASTERS.—Having secured the sole agency for the Glass Ball Caster Co. of Hamilton, in this town, we are in a position to furnish casters for pianos and organs, which lessens the tone one-third. For furniture the Glass Ball Casters are superseding all others.

35c. Hess Bros.

MR. H. H. O'REILLY, teller of the Listowel branch of the Bank of Hamilton, has been promoted to a position in the head office at Hamilton. He carries with him the best wishes of many friends in Listowel. Mr. J. A. Tracey, from Port Elgin, takes his place in the Bank here.

Fly Traps.—No need to be troubled any longer with house flies, as S. Bricker & Co. have a large stock of the best fly traps on hand, very cheap.—28.

Ladies' Fall and Winter Mantles—A large and well assorted stock, which will be sold at a small advance on cost—all new goods, at Roy & McDonald's.

HOTEL CHANGES.—The Grand Central Hotel has changed hands this week, Mr. Theodore Rolls, who purchased the building some little time ago, having taken possession of it. Previous to retiring, Mr. Blatchford, the former very efficient landlord, gave the boarders a farewell supper. Messrs. R. & J. Smith, of Listowel, have leased Rolls' hotel in Moorefield, and Mr. Rolls has gone in with his brother in the management of the Grand Central.

Dr. Michener's book and drug store is the place to procure Wall Papers—sole agent in town for English Wall Papers, which are over 3 inches wider than the American Wall Papers, being *a saving of one roll in every eight.* Not "at and below cost," but cheaper than any other dealer in the town or county. Call and you will be convinced that you can get better value for your money than elsewhere.—33.

PASSED.—We are pleased to learn that Joseph S. Draper, son of our townsman, Geo. Draper, Esq., has been successful in matriculating as a medical student, having passed the recent examination held in Kingston by the Medical Board of Examiners. Out of seventy-nine candidates, only twelve were successful, it is therefore all the more creditable to our young friend that he has succeeded in passing. He will leave for Toronto next week, where he purposes taking a University course, and from the aptitude and ability which he has already evinced, his future success is looked for with confidence.

Groceries, pure and fresh, and prices low, at Roy & McDonald's.

Chalk Crayons a specialty, at Dr. Michener's. Schools supplied in quantities at lower prices than ever before sold.—33.

CRICKET.—A "boss" game of cricket has been arranged between two elevens comprised of some of our prominent townsmen. The sides will be captained by Mayor Scott and ex-Mayor Campbell respectively. Following are the names of the players: Mayor Scott, T. E. Hay, J. Livingstone jr., R. Wright, W. J. Hay, R. Bulmer, F. E. Gibbs, A. McDonald, W. Green, R. Ferguson, jr., J. O. Mowat; Ex-Mayor Campbell, J. A. Hacking, R. Ferguson, R. Hay, W. Bell, S. Smith, A. F. Climie, W. J. Ferguson, O. Wilson, W. C. Kidd, D. Barber. Wickets will be pitched in the agricultural grounds on Tuesday next. The medical fraternity will please be on hand.

WESTERN FAIR.—The Western Fair opens in the city of London on Monday next, remaining open until Friday evening. There are good prospects of the fair this year being equal to any of its predecessors, which considering the excellent reputation which the Western has earned for itself will make it a source of great attraction. They are enterprizing men who are at the head of the London show, to whom the success which has attended their yearly exhibitions is largely due. Being located in the centre of the best farming district in Canada is also a decided advantage in its favor. Single-fare rates will be given by the railways during the days of the Fair.

Brisbin is selling satin-finish wall paper for 15 cents per roll.

Boots and Shoes—A large stock of Boots and Shoes, in every line; prices low. Call and see stock. Roy & McDonald.

BAZAAR.—A very attractive Bazaar has been opened by the Ladies' Aid Society of Christ Church in the store formerly occupied by Mr. D. Brown on Main street. The store is artistically decorated, and a splendid display of articles, which it would require a very lengthy catalogue to enumerate, and which none but a connoisseur dare attempt to describe, is made on the walls and counters, in the windows, and in fact in every available part of the building. A "post office" and a "fish pond" are in operation in connection with the Bazaar; a refreshment room is also open, where a bill of fare that should incite an aldermanic appetite in the most fastidious epicurean taste, is provided. The Bazaar will be closed to-night, and on behalf of the ladies, all who have not as yet patronized it are invited to do so to-day.

Highest price for butter and eggs in exchange for goods, at Brisbin's.

LISTOWEL EXHIBITION.—The Elma and Wallace Agricultural Society's Fall Exhibition was opened on Wednesday and will continue until this evening. The first day and the forenoon of the second day have been occupied in receiving and placing the exhibits, and yesterday afternoon the judges were engaged in performing their duties. The display in the hall this year is in some respects not so good as last year, notably in manufactures and in the ladies department; the roots, fruit and dairy products, however, are equal to if they do not exceed any previous display in these departments. There is a very good display of agricultural implements. The stock will arrive to-day, when the Exhibition will be complete. Should the weather, which up to the present has been exceedingly wet and consequently unfavorable, clear off and the day prove a bright one, it is quite probable that the show will attract many visitors. Next week we purpose furnishing our readers with a full report of the Exhibition and prize list.

Bohemian Vases, and all kinds of China goods, large stock and low prices, at Brisbin's.

THE OCTOBER ATLANTIC has no serial story, but instead gives one long short story called "A Florentine Experiment," by Constance Fenimore Woolson, one of the best of American writers of stories; and another, "Deodand," by W. H. Bishop, author of "Detmold." Dr. Wm. James, brother of Henry James, Jr., writes a very interesting and thoughtful article on "Great Men, Great Thoughts, and the Environment." "Socialistic and other Assassinations," by James H. Haynie, brings together many curious facts for those who study social phenomena. The second part of the "Intimate Life of a Noble German Family" is quite as engaging as the first part, and gives us a most interesting insight into the lives and ideas of the higher classes of Germans. The careful and valuable "Reminiscences of Washington" this time relate to President Tyler's administration. Richard Grant White discourses on the prevalent habit of drinking in England, terming it "A National Vice." The political article discusses the "Business Issues of the Presidential Canvass." "People of a New England Factory Village" is a paper of genuine interest. Mr. Whittier has a characteristic, beautiful poem, "The Minister's Daughter." Mr. Aldrich contributes a short poem, "Comedy," and there are also poems by Robert Louis Stevenson, Helen Barron Bostwick, I. Oppenheim, and Francis Ekin Allison. Several important recent books are reviewed in the careful and readable style for which the ATLANTIC is distinguished, and the Contributors' Club contains several bright little essays.

A FACT.—Dr. Michener sells School Books as cheaps as the cheapest—will not be undersold. A large stock of High and Public School text books and all school supplies on hand, and orders promptly filled.—33.

FAREWELL SUPPER.—On Monday evening last, Mr. J. E. Clarke, merchant tailor, was tendered a farewell supper at the Royal Hotel by the Oddfellows and Foresters of Listowel, of which Orders Mr Clarke has been an active member. A large gathering was present, and after the attention had been given to the inner man, Mr. D. D. Campbell was called to the chair, when the guest of the evening was presented with addresses from the Listowel Lodge of Oddfellows and from Court Royal Oak, Canadian Order of Foresters, respectively. The address of the Oddfellows was accompanied with a handsome gold ring, and the Foresters, address with a Past Chief Ranger's regalia. Mr. Clarke made a very suitable reply to each. The balance of the evening was spent with short addresses from gentlemen present, all of whom expressed deep regret at parting with one who had been both a faithful brother and a good citizen. Mr. Clarke's future residence will be at Bradford, where he has accepted a lucrative position in a clothing establishment. His departure is regretted by citizens generally, as well as by his brother Oddfellows and Foresters, and we are sure that the high respect which he has earned for himself while a resident of this town will continue to exist, notwithstanding his removal from our midst. Following is a copy of the address presented him by the Listowel lodge of Oddfellows:

To Edwin Cox Clarke Esq. P.G. Listowel Lodge I. O. O. F.

Dear Sir and Brother:—The officers and brethren of Listowel Lodge I. O. O. F. have learned with regret that it is your intention to remove from this to another part of Canada. We desire to express to you our sorrow at your departure, and to express the hope that your future home may be happy and prosperous. In Lodge we have uniformly found you temperate and kind in debate, courteous in deportment, active in business, constant in attendance, and faithful and intelligent in the discharge of every duty, whether in the maintenance of the principles of our Order or at the bedside of an afflicted brother.—Accept this *Ring* as a token of our friendship. May its form remind you of the unbroken circle of which you form a part; its quality of the fineness and closeness of that bond, and its emblem of the chain that binds us. We wish you and Mrs. Clarke happiness, prosperity and long life. May the All-Seeing Eye watch over you, and your future be guided by Friendship, Love and Truth.

In behalf of the Lodge.

THOS. C. MURRAY, N. G.
WALTER MCMILLAN, R. S.
JOHN C. BURT, Treas.

Misses' and Children's Genuine French kid button boots, very nice, but a little expensive, at JOHN RIGGS, successor to Roy & Riggs.—11.

TOWN COUNCIL.—A special meeting of the town Council was called by the Mayor on Thursday evening 23rd ult. Members present: The Mayor in the chair, the Reeve and Deputy-Reeve, and Councillors Bradley, Freeman, Dillabough, Binning, Heppler, Nichol and Mattinson. Minutes of previous meeting read and confirmed. An account from John C. Burt, for suit of clothes for R. Bogues, Constable, $24, was read and referred to Finance Committee. The Finance Committee brought in the following report: "Account of Dr. Nichol, for expenses to Detroit, $17.20—we find on looking up the minutes of a former meeting that the trip was not authorized. A motion for that purpose being voted down by the Council, therefor your committee cannot recommend payment. Account of H. Schlim for repairs done to harness for Hodgins; and account of W. Little for repairs to buggy for same party, not recommended. Account of George Adam for hardware, $12.33, recommend payment; Account of Dominion Telegraph Company, $1.27, recommend payment; Account of C. Hacking, $4, for dinner supplied Band on Civic Holiday, recommend payment. Account of John C. Burt, suit for Constable $24—while recommending payment, as the clothes were necessary, we protest against the manner in which they were ordered. It was moved by Dr. Dillabough, seconded by T. E. Hay, that clause one of the report of Finance Committee be amended by recommending the payment of Dr. Nichol's expenses to Detroit. Yeas—Martinson, Hay T. E., Heppler, Dillabough, Nichol; Nays—Binning, Bradley, Hacking, Freeman—motion carried. It was moved by T. E. Hay, seconded by H. Martinson, that the Finance report as amended be adopted. Yeas—Martinson, Hay T. E., Dillabough and Nichol; Nays—Binning, Bradley Hacking, Freeman, Heppler—motion lost. The committee appointed to procure lamp posts and lamps, also to locate the same, reported that at least nineteen posts would be required, located as follows: On Main street at corner of McDonald's, William, Wellington, Wallace, Dodd, Raglan, Barber, Victoria and Albert streets; on corner of Victoria and Penelope, Victoria and Bay, Penelope and Wallace, Bay and Wallace, Inkerman and Wallace and Mill and Elma streets; also on Mill street at Osborne's Hotel and below Pearson's; on Penelope street near Public school, and on corner Alma and Wellington streets. Nine of the lamps to be for coal oil and ten for gas. On motion the report was adopted, and the committee was instructed to procure the posts and lamps at once. Moved by Dr Dillabough, seconded by John Binning, that a water tank be built on corner of Division and Main streets, also at coroner of Main and Albert street: Yeas—Binning, Hacking, Dillabough, Nichol; Nays — Bradley, Martinson, Freeman, Heppler, Hay T. E.—motion lost. Finance Committee's report was referred back to Finance committee. Council adjourned.

HOSIERY. — Women's, Misses' and Pretty Children's Hosiery. A nice lot of new goods in this line. Come and see them, at JOHN RIGGS, successor to Roy & Riggs.—11.

Mr. Jas. Fleury, proprietor of the Aurora Agricultural Works, died on the 23rd ult.

ANOTHER "LIVE" DRUGGIST.—Mr. Hacking wishes us to state that he has been supplying his customers during the past two years with King's Discovery and Golden Compound, and that he is selling the Electric Bitters at 40 cents per bottle. He asks us also to state that he **has full lines of all the new remedies, at the lowest prices.—33.**

Thorley's food increases the flow of milk in cows. Try it; at J. A. Hacking's.

The law requires the use of the Imperial Measure. Every size onhand at J. H. SMITH'S

Dr. Fowler's Extact of Wild Strawberry cures all forms of bowel complaints, in infants or adults. The most safe pleasant and perfect remedy known. Purely vegetable and free from opiates or poisonous drugs.

An increase in Grand Trunk receipts from the first of January to the 18th inst. of $1,412,000 is not evidence of ruin.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures summer complaints, diarrhœa, dysentry, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, sour stomach, colic, nausea, vomiting, canker, piles, leucorrhœa, and all manner of diseases.

GLASS, GLASS.—I have just received spring stock of window glass, all sizes, which will be offered at very low prices. Call and see

J. A. HACKING.—21.

Professor Vennor says October weather will be on the stormy and wintry side, and that Indian Summer may be expected between the 15th and 20th of that month.

Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the blood liver and kidneys, female complaints, nervous and general debility, and builds up the entire system when broken down by disease.

Danger! Beware! As you value your life, beware of opiates in diarrhœa mixtures. They quell pain, but checking too suddenly, the results is inflammation. **Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry,** made from the Wild Strawberry plant and other healing vegetables, is nature's own cure for all forms of bowel complaints.

At Owen Sound Assizes Hannah Knox was found innocent of the charge of murdering here aged husband. Patrick Mooney was sent to Kingston for five years for perjury, and Hugh McLaughlin got six months in the Central Prison for kicking a man to death at Markdale.

Backlen's Arnica Salve.

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. This Salve is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. H. Michener.

His Excellency the Governor-General arrived at St. Thomas on Wednesday, where he was presented with no less than five addresses, after which he formally opened the Southern counties exhibition, a new, and from present appearances very promising addition to the list of fall fairs.

A Long Time to Suffer.

Twenty-five years of endurance with Catarrh is a long period of anguyance 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.

Mr. Gottlieb Schuch, of Berlin, had his pocket picked while getting on the train at Harrisburg. The pocket-book contained $4,000 in notes and deposit receipts, and $300 in cash. Thursday morning he received a letter from Guelph containing all the notes and deposit receipts, but no cash.

A Positive Fact.—It is now established beyond controversy that **Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry** is the most perfect cure for all forms of bowel complaints, including cholera morbus, dysentery, colic, cholera infantum, nausea, canker of the stomach and bowels, piles, etc. Beware of opiates and poisoning drugs, that only check for a time and produce inflammation. **Wild Strawberry** is safe and certain in its effects.

In consequence of an informality in the sheriff's notice the Brome election has been postponed. At present there are two Conservative candidates in the field, Mr. D. A. Manson and Dr. Prime, but it is undersood that one of these will retire. The Liberal candidate is Mr. Sidney Fisher, who has entered the contest with a well defined premonition of defeat, inasmuch as at the meeting at which he was nominated only one-half of the polling districts were represented.

Doctors Gave Him Up.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well-a-day! If that is so, I will go this minute and get some for my poor George. I know hops are good.

The death is announced of Mr. Isaac Clemens, of Waterloo county, the south riding of which he represented in the Ontario Legislature from 1867 to 1875. Mr. Clemens was born in the township of Waterloo in 1815, his father having come from Pennsylvania towards the close of the last century. He was Reeve of this township for ten years and Warden of the county three years, and also at one time held the office of Registrar for the south riding. He was a Liberal in politics, and gave to his party loyal support throughout his public career.

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.

A Great Chicago Enterprize.

The Laboratory for the manufacture of Electric Bitters is one of Chicago's greatest enterprises, giving employment to a large number of hands. The extensive sale already attained for this wonderful remedy is astonishing. Wherever once introduced and becomes well known, it is almost impossible to supply the demand, because of their true merit—curing where all others fail—and at a reasonable price (forty cents).—*Exch.* Sold by J. H. Michener.

The financial result of the Dominion Exhibition has been a great success. The sum of $25,000 was taken in admission to the grounds, which will leave a considerable surplus after paying all expenses. Its effects on business has far exceeded the sanguine expectations of the mercantile community. All branches of wholesale and retail trade benefited largely. A grand exposition increasing in its scope and importance will be held every year hereafter in this metropolis. The Citizens' Committee collected $13,000 for the outside amusements, which were a great attraction, and will also have a surplus remaining.

Given Up by the Doctors.

Where doctors have failed to cure, and have given their patients up to die, Electric Bitters have often been used and cure effected, greatly to the astonishment of all. Diseases of the Stomack, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs are positively cured by Electric Bitters. They invariably cure Constipation, Headache and all Billous Attacks. Try them and be convinced that they are the best medicine ever used. Sold by J. H. Michener at forty cents a bottle.

Burdock Blood Bitters cures scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, piles and all humors of the blood. Cures dyspepsia, liver complaint, billiousness, constipation, dropsy, kidney complaints, headache, nervousness, female weakness, and general debility.

FALL SHOWS.

East Huron, at Wroxeter, Oct. 5 and 6.
East Wawanosh branch, at Belgrave, Oct. 6.
Morris branch, at Blyth, Oct. 12 and 13.
Western, at London, Oct. 4 to 8.
Grey branch, at Brussels, Oct. 7 and 8.
South Perth at St. Marys Oct 12 and 13.
Blanshard at Kirkton Oct 14 and 15.
Woolwich at Elmira Oct 19.
North Waterloo, Berlin, first week in Oct.
Northern, Walkerton, Oct. 5, 6 and 7.

BIRTHS.

BRICKER—In Listowel, on 24th ult., the wife of Mr. J. K. Bricker, of a son.

KILGOUR—In Listowel, on 24th ult., the wife of Mr. J. Kilgour, of a daughter.

STEWART—In Listowel, on the 29th ult., the wife of Mr. Wm. Stewart of a son.

MARRIAGES.

HARTZES—NEWMAN—In Clifford at the Methodist Parsonage, by Rev. Wm. Savage, on the 23rd ult., John W. Hartzes of Minto, to Helen Newman of Maryboro.

DEATHS.

DAY.—In Howick, on Sept. 22nd, 1880, of consumption, John Day, aged 59 years and 9 months.

FITSPATRICK—In Peel, on Friday the 17th Sept., Thos. Fitzpatrick, aged 44 years.

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

VALUABLE

FARM PROPERTY.

The undersigned has received instructions to sell at the

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
LISTOWEL,

On FRIDAY, October 8, 1880,

AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON,

That valuable homestead farm, being the west half of Lot No. 11, in the 12th concession of the Township of Maryboro, County of Wellington, containing 100 acres more or less. The farm is situated about one mile from the Village of Rothsay, and three miles from a railway station on the W. G. & B. Railway. There is about 70 acres cleared and under good cultivation. The land is good clay loam and there are good buildings on the premises.

TERMS:—Ten per cent. of the purchase money at time of sale and ten per cent. more within one month, the balance can remain on mortgage for three or five years with interest at six per cent., payable yearly.

At the same place and date, will also be sold Lot No. 13, in the 15th concession of the Township of Maryboro, containing 200 acres more or less. There is about 100 acres cleared, the balance being wooded with valuable timber. The lot is near the Village of Rothsay, where there is a large saw mill.

TERMS:—Ten per cent. of the purchase money at time of sale, and ten per cent. more within one month, the balance on mortgage repayable in six equal annual instalments, with interest at six per cent. yearly on the unpaid principal.

Conditions of Sale Made Known at Time of Sale.

For further particulars apply to LEWIS BOLTON, Listowel, or to

McMICHAEL, HOSKIN & OGDEN,
T. E. HAY, Solicitors, Toronto.
Auctioneer.

September 29th, 1880. 35a.

MONEY TO LEND.

PRIVATE FUNDS, terms easy, better than any Company.

SMITH & GEARING,
16. Barristers, Listowel.

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS
FOR SALE!
ON
MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS.

Terms to suit buyers.
19 GEORGE DRAPER.

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,
13. Rothsay, Ont.

GROCERIES
Cheaper than Ever.

HAVING concluded to do a cash business, or as near cash as possible, I will offer you SUGARS at the following very low prices:

11 lbs. Raw Sugar	for	$1 00
10 lbs. " "	for	1 00
10 lbs. Light Refined Sugar	for	1 00
8½ lbs. Granulated Sugar	for	1 00
5 lbs. Raisins	for	25
3 lbs. Currants (new)	for	25
3 lbs. Soda Biscuits	for	25
6 Bars Soap	for	25
Dried Apples, No. 1, per bush.	for	1 85
" " No. 2, " "	for	1 75
Apples, per barrel	for	2 25

TEAS at Old PRICES.

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE,

Large Stock at Lowest Prices.

J. J. MOORE,

WALLACE STREET, LISTOWEL.

IMPORTANT TO THE PUBLIC.

DONALD BROWN

Having purchased the entire stock of the

Mammoth China Hall & Grocery,

Will continue the business in the old stand, next door to Livingstone's Drug store, Wallace street. The whole stock was purchased at

A GREAT BARGAIN!

consequently he is prepared to give the most liberal inducements to CASH purchasers. The stock comprises

GROCERIES,

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, &C.,

And those in need of anything in his line will save money by dealing with him.

Don't Forget the Stand and Call Early.

Goods delivered to all parts of the town.

The highest price paid for Farm Produce.

DONALD BROWN.

Listowel, Aug. 1880. 30.

LILLICO'S BANKING HOUSE
Corner Main and Wellington St's.,
DRAYTON, ONT.

A general banking business done; negotiate loans on short or long dates on approved notes or collateral security.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

A liberal rate of interest will be allowed on deposit money; can be withdrawn at any time with interest to date of withdrawal.

Money remitted by draft, payable in Canada or the United States.

Collections of Notes and Accounts attended to promptly on reasonable terms.

Farmers requiring advances are invited to call.

REFERENCES—Merchants Bank of Canada, Stratford.

Office Hours from 9 a.m., to 3 p.m.

C. H. SMITH, Manager. P. LILLICO, Proprietor.
3-15

TORONTO TEA STORE!

—:o:—

D. W. PALMER,

—DEALER IN—

Groceries, Wines & Liquors,

Crockery, Glassware, Flour and Feed, &c.

—:o:—

Now is the time for

BARGAINS IN SUGARS!

As we are offering special inducements while the preserving season lasts. Try our 50 Cent TEA, splendid value. Farmers and others doing their trading in Listowel will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Goods delivered to any part of the town.

N. B.—Butter and Eggs wanted. Highest CASH price will be paid for No. 1 Butter.

D. W. PALMER.

Listowel, August, 1880. 31.

MONEY TO LEND.

FOR FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES, also private funds at 7 per cent. Conveyancing done &c.

ADAM HUNT, Commissioner
Teviotdale P. O.
Residence, con. 12, Wallace.

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. 16c.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE!

The subscribers would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Listowel and vicinity, that they have purchased the Boot and Shoe business of Mr. Peter Knapp on Wallace street, where they will always keep a well selected stock of

BOOTS & SHOES,

—FOR—

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN!

and will sell as cheap as any house in town.

Custom Work will receive special attention, and repairing promptly attended to.

Remember the place—Peter Knapp's old stand on Wallace street, Listowel.

KARGES BROS.

Listowel, Sept. 3rd, 1880. 33.

GEORGE ZILLIAX,

GROCER & GRAIN MERCHANT,

Wallace Street, Listowel,

Invites the attention of the public to his new and fresh stock of

Groceries, Crocke r, &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.

Blacksmith's Coal Always on Hand.

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.

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.

REMOVAL!

C. J. GUNDRY,

has removed his

Watch Clock & Jewellery Store,

TO

J. P. NEWMAN'S New Building, Main St., West of Campbell's Block, Listowel.

C. J. G. will be pleased to see all his old friends and customers in his new store, where he is prepared to give Splendid Bargains in WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELLERY.

My stock is complete in every line of goods generally kept in a

First-Class Jewellery Store!

all of which will be sold cheaper than any other house in town.

Give me a call and examine my goods and be convinced that Gundry's is the best spot to buy

WATCHES, CLOCKS, BROACHES, EAR RINGS, CHAINS, FINGER RINGS, ELECTRO-PLATED WARE, Spectacles, Etc.

Special Attention Given to Repairing.

C. J. GUNDRY.

Listowel, 1880. 50.

LIVERY, HACK & BUS BUSINESS.

R. & W. WOODS,

having purchased the Livery and Hack business from Jas. Pelton, wish to inform the public that they are prepared to supply

Rigs of Every Kind on Shortest Notice, and at Reasonable Rates.

They will also run

A BUS AND HACK,

to and from all trains. Good rigs and gentle horses at all hours.

STABLES—Mill street, opposite Town Hall Listowel. 3.

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.

GEORGE ADAM

Importer and Dealer in

Shelf and Heavy Hardware!

Tinware and Stoves,

respectively solicits a call from intending purchasers before buying elsewhere. All goods

AT LOWEST FIGURES.

WANTED!

10 tons of any kind rags. 500 DOZEN OF EGGS, in exchange for Goods at

ADAM'S HARDWARE,

Opposite Hess Bros. Factory, Main Street.

LISTOWEL.

Listowel, 1880. 49.

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.

East half lot number 3, in the fourth con. Elma, containing 50 acres, frame barn, 50x34; stable frame, 20x30; frame house well furnished, 18x24, kitchen frame, 14x8; all nearly new, with 40 acres cleared and free of stumps, good soil; ½ acre of orchard. Will be sold cheap. Apply to ROBERT ROSE on the premises, or to

R. MARTIN.

$1,700 will purchase 100 acres in Wallace, 2½ 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 56x36; frame barn 26x36; dwelling house with good frame kitchen. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

MONEY TO LEND.

PRIVATE FUNDS to Lend, in sums from $300 to $2,000 at 7 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. Apply to

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. 51

DR. FOWLER'S
EXTRACT OF WILD
STRAWBERRY
CURES DIARRHŒA & SUMMER COMPLAINTS
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.

Mrs. FREEMAN'S WORM POWDER is a safe, sure and effectual destroyer of worm in children or adults. Price 25 cents, or 5 for $1.00.

Mrs. FREEMANS NEW DOMESTIC DYES are perfect in every color. For brightness and durability they have no equal. Price 15 cents per package.

Paints, Oil & Varnishes CHEAP AND GOOD!

HARDWARE

We have in stock a large assortment of building and other Hardware which we are offering

AT HARD PAN PRICES!

TRY US.--Bird Cages in Endless Variety, at Low Prices.

GARDEN AND FIELD SEEDS.

It surprises even the Grangers when they hear our price on CLOVER SEED.

—TRY US AND DON'T FORGET THE PLACE—

S. BRICKER & CO.

Stoves and Tinware! AT FORMER PRICES.

1880. ONTARIO HOUSE. 1880.

—:o:—

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.

—o—

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 ALWYS EMPLOYED.

Purchasers from town and country are cordially invited to examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

—o—

LIQUORS—WHOLESALE & RETAIL,

At Reduced Prices. Sole Agent for the Celebrated "Invalid Wine," Recommended by the Medical Profession in Town.

GEORGE DRAPER,

LISTOWEL, 1880. 36.

GRAND DISPLAY!

—AT—

R. McMILLAN & CO'S.

—:o:—

As the season is now fairly open, we beg to remind our customers and the public generally that our stock is very complete in all departments, comprising large lines of

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS,

HATS AND CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES, &C.

Our stock of TWEEDS is large and will be found excellent value. Ordered clothing got up in the very best style and on shortest notice.

OUR READY-MADE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT!

is well assorted, and we are prepared to furnish suits as cheap as the cheapest.

—:o:—

In the Ladies Department will be found a great variety of fancy goods, such as Parasols, Ribbons, Laces, Gloves, &c., also splendid value in Silks, Velveteens, Cashmeres Lustres, Fancy Dress Goods, Prints, &c., &c.

In HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, and FAMILY GROCERIES we keep large and well selected stocks, and are prepared to give our customers as good bargains as any house in the trade.

R. McMILLAN & Co.

Campbell's Block—East Store, Main Street, Listowel.

Listowel, 1880. 15.

THE BEST

ORGANS

IN THE WORLD!

—AT—

THE LOWEST PRICES.

—:o:—

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

B-E-L-L O-R-G-A-N

always on hand, and especially recommended.

—:o:—

Mr. Sarvis also sells PIANOS

QUEENIE HETHERTON.

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Ethelyn's Mistake," "Forrest House," etc.

It was, possibly, a gentle hint for Reinette to ask her to take the vacant seat opposite the two young ladies; and if so, it was not noticed, and they passed swiftly on and left the woman sitting there alone, with swimming eyes, and a peculiar expression on her face, as she looked after the fast-receding carriage. This was in October, and not long afterward Margery startled Reinette by telling her that she was going for the winter to Nice, and possibly to Rome.

"Mother has not seemed herself for several weeks," she said, and I think she needs a change of air; besides, I am most anxious to see Italy."

And so, two weeks later the friends bade each other good-by, and after one or two letters had passed between them, Reinette wrote as follows:

"Come home, Margery—come back to Paris, where I can see you face to face, for I must not write you any more. Papa has forbidden it. He says I have plenty to occupy my mind with music, and dancing, and society, without keeping up a promiscuous correspondence; and when I told him you were my only correspondent, and you were not promiscuous, he said it did not matter, I was not to write even to you. I never saw him so decided about anything, and when I rebelled and grew angry, as you know I did, and said I would, he grew angrier, and said I shouldn't; and so I promised him that this should be my last. But when you return I shall manage to see you again. So come at once, that's a dear old Margery. Paris is so stupid without you, and Madame Isaacs fits me horribly. Come, Margery, come."

But Margery neither came nor wrote, and there was silence between the two friends, who knew nothing of each other's whereabouts until each was startled to hear that the other was in America.

Such was in part the history of Margery up to the day when Miss Ethel Rossiter entered the room where she was sewing, and after moving about a little and inspecting the trimming of her dress, began hesitatingly:

"By the way, Miss La Rue, my brother has been telling us about our cousin, Miss Reinette Hetherton, who had just come from Europe, and she says she knew a Margery La Rue in Paris. Is it possible she means you? Did you ever know any one of that name?"

"Yes, oh yes!" and Margery's face was all aglow with excitement as she looked quickly up. "Yes, Miss Rossiter; you must excuse me, but the door was open, and I could not help hearing some things your brother said—he talked so loud; and I know it is my Queenie. I always called her that because she bade me do so. She is the dearest friend I ever had, and I have loved her since the wintry afternoon when she brought so much sunshine into my life—when she came into our dreary home, in her scarlet and rich ermine, and sat down on the hard old chair, and acted as if I were her equal, and said how much she liked me, and made believe I was she, Queenie Hetherton, and she was I, Margery La Rue, and I wore her scarlet cloak, and she my poor, plain plaid, as we drove in the Champs d'Elysees. And she has been my good angel ever since. She persuaded her father to send me to the English school where she was a pupil. She got me a situation as governess, and when I rebelled against the confinement and the degradation—for I was only as a block in the family—she persuaded me to take up dressmaking, for which I had a talent, and encouraged and stood by me, and brought me more work than any four of my other customers. Oh, I would die for Queenie Hetherton!"

Margery had talked rapidly, and her blue eyes were almost black in her eagerness and excitement, while Ethel listened to her intently, and thought how beautiful she was, and wondered, too, when or where she had seen a face like the face of this fair French girl, whose accent was so pretty and whose manners were so perfect.

"And she is your cousin," Margery said; "that is strange, for I always understood that her mother was an Englishwoman—one of the nobility, Queenie thought."

Ethel colored a little, and replied:

"Yes; her mother and mine were sisters. Mr. Hetherton's old home was in Merrivale. Did you ever see him?"

"Once, on horseback, in the Bois. I was driving with his daughter, and she made him stop and speak to us. He was very fine-looking and gentlemanly, but I thought him proud and reserved, and I believe he had that name in Paris."

Mrs. Rossiter had returned by this time, and, entering the room, joined in the conversation, asking many questions of the Hethertons and their life in Paris and at Chateau des Fleurs, which Margery described as a perfect palace of beauty and art.

"I was so happy the summer I spent there," she said—"happy in making believe it was mine instead of Queenie's. This making believe' was our favorite play, when I was the mistress and she the guest, and I wore her dresses and she wore mine and called herself Margery. We could hardly do that now, for I have grown so tall, and she is a wee bit of a creature."

"Is she pretty, as Phil says she is?" Grace asked, and Margery replied:

"You might not think her very pretty when she is quiet and her features in repose, but when she is excited and animated, she sparkles, and glows, and flashes, and shines, as if there were a blaze of light encircling her, and then she is more beautiful than anything I ever looked upon, and she takes your breath away with her brilliancy and brightness."

"You must have heard her speak often of her mother, my sister," Mrs. Rossiter said, and Margery replied:

"Yes, many times; and at Chateau des Fleurs there was a lovely portrait of Mrs. Hetherton, taken in creamy white satin, with pearls on her neck and in her wavy hair. She must have been beautiful. There is a resemblance, I see, between you all and that portrait."

"Do you know where that portrait is now?" Mrs. Rossiter asked; and Margery replied by telling her that, nearly six years before, Chateau des Fleurs was burned, with all there was in it, and she believed there was now no portrait of Mrs. Hetherton in the family.

It seemed so strange to the Rossiters that this foreigner should know so much more than themselves of the Hethertons, and for a long time they continued to ply her with questions concerning the new cousin whom they had never seen.

After a time Phil came sauntering into the room in his usual indolent, easy manner, and was presented to Margery, whose blue eyes scanned him curiously and questioningly. She had heard enough of his conversation to guess that he was already far gone in love with Queenie, and she was anxious to know what manner of man he was. Something in his manner and the expression of his face fascinated her strangely, while he, in turn, was equally drawn toward her; and when at last her work was done and she started for home, he exclaimed, under his breath, as he watched her going down the street:

"By Jove, Ethel, if I had never seen Queenie, I should say this dressmaker of yours was the loveliest woman I ever saw. Look at her, will you? Look at that figure, and the way she carries her head, as if 'to the manner born.' I don't wonder Queenie raves over her; such eyes, and hair, and complexion—only a little too much like the Fergusons; and now I remember Queenie said she was like me. I must be confounded good-looking!"

"Oh, Phil, what a conceited, vain coxcomb you are; both his sisters exclaimed; and yet there was a resemblance between the handsome, fair-haired Phil and the young girl who was walking rapidly toward the cottage where she and her mother had rooms.

"Oh, mother," Margery began, as she took off her hat and scarf and began to arrange her hair before the little mirror, "I have such news to-day! Queenie—Miss Hetherton—is here!"

"Here! Reinette Hetherton here! and her father?" Mrs. La Rue exclaimed, springing to her feet as suddenly as if a bullet had pierced her.

But Margery's back was toward her, and she did not see how agitated she was, or how deathly white she grew at the reply.

"Her father died on shipboard just as they reached New York, and Queenie is all alone in Merrivale."

"Mr. Hetherton dead! dead!" Mrs. La Rue repeated, as she dropped back into her chair, while the hot blood surged for a moment to her face and then left it pallid and gray as the face of a corpse.

Something unnatural in the tone of her voice attracted Margery, who turned to look at her.

"Why, mother, what is it? Are you sick?" she cried, crossing swiftly to her and passing her arm around her as she leaned back heavily in the chair.

"I've been dizzy-like all the morning. It's nothing; it will soon pass off," Mrs. La Rue replied.

But when Margery insisted that she should lie down and be quiet, she did not refuse, but suffered her daughter to lead her to the lounge and bring her the hartshorn and camphor.

"Cover me up, Margery," she said, as a shiver like an ague chill ran through her veins. "I'm so cold and shaky-like. There, that will do; and now sit down beside me, and let me hold your hand while you tell me of your friend and her father, and how he died, and who told you. It will interest me, may be, and make me forget my bad feelings."

So Margery sat down beside her, and took the hot hand which held hers with a grasp which was sometimes actually painful as the narrative proceeded, and Margery told all she had heard from the Rossiters.

"And to think, her mother was an American, and that the Rossiters are her cousins, and her father's old home is Merrivale, where I have thought of going! Oh, if I could only go there now!" Margery said; but her mother did not express surprise at anything.

On the contrary, a more suspicious person than Margery would have said that the story was not new to her, for she occasionally asked some questions which showed some knowledge of Queenie's antecedents. But this Margery did not observe. She only thought her mother a little strange and sick, and was glad when from her closed eyes and perfectly motionless figure she argued that she was sleeping.

Covering her a little more closely and dropping the shade so that the light should not disturb her, she stole softly out, leaving the wretched woman alone with herself, for she was wretched—was always wretched even when the smile was brightest on her lips; and now it would seem as if some lightning shaft had struck to the depths of her conscience and lashed it into frenzy. Clenching her fists together so that the nails left their impress in her flesh, she whispered:

"Dead! dead! Frederick Hetherton dead! and she sole heiress of Hetherton! Dead! and does that release me from my vow? Do I wish to be released? No, oh, no, a thousand times no? And yet when she was talking to me I felt as if I must scream it out. Oh, Margery; oh, my daughter, my daughter! Dead! And will his face haunt me as hers has—the sweet pale face of her who trusted me so? There surely is a hell, and I have been in it this many a year! Margery! Margery!"

"Did you call me, mother? I thought I heard my name," Margery said, opening the door, and looking into the room.

"No, no; go away. You waken me when I want to sleep," Mrs. La Rue said, almost angrily, for the sight of that beautiful young face, and the sound of that silvery voice nearly made her mad; so Margery went away again, and left her mother alone to fight the demons of remorse, which the news of Frederic Hetherton's death had aroused within her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OLD LETTERS.

Reinette was up and at her window on the morning when Phil left Merrivale, and had his seat been on the opposite side of the car from what it was, and had his powers of vision been long enough and strong enough, he might have seen a little pair of white plump hands waving kisses and good-bys to him as the train shot under the bridge, round the curve, and off into the swamps and plains of East Merrivale.

"I shall miss him so much," Reinette thought. "He is just the nicest kind of a boy cousin a girl ever had. We can go all lengths without the slightest danger of falling in love, for that would be impossible. Falling in love means getting married, and I have been educated too much like a Roman Catholic ever to marry my cousin. I would as soon marry my brother, if I had one. I think it wicked, disgusting! So, Mr. Phil, I am going to have just the best time flirting with you that ever a girl had. But what shall I do while you are gone? Mr. Beresford is nice, but I can't flirt with him. He's too old and dignified, and has such a way of looking you down."

This mental allusion to Mr. Beresford reminded Reinette that he was to come that day for any papers of her father's which she had in her possession, and that she must look them over first. Ringing for Pierre, she bade him bring her the small black trunk or box in which her father's private papers were kept. Pierre obeyed, and was about leaving the room when Reinette bade him bring a lighted lamp and set it upon the hearth of the open fireplace.

"I may wish to burn some of them," she said.

The lamp was brought and lighted, and then Queenie began her task, selecting first all the legal-looking documents which she knew must pertain strictly to her father's business. A few of these were in English and related to affairs in America, but the most were in French and pertained to matters in France and Switzerland, where her father held property. These Queenie knew Mr. Beresford could not well decipher without her help, and so she went carefully over each document, finding nothing objectionable—nothing which a stranger must not see—nothing mysterious to her, though one paper might seem so to others. It was dated about twenty years before, and was evidently a copy of what was intended as an order setting apart a certain amount of money, the interest to be paid semi-annually to one Christine Bodine in return for services rendered; the principal was placed in the hands of Messrs. Polignac, with instructions to pay the interest as therein provided to the party named, who, in case of Mr. Hetherton's death, was to receive the whole unless orders to the contrary should be previously given. This paper Reinette read two or three times, wondering what were the services for which her old nurse received this annuity, and thinking, too, that there was a chance to find her. The money must have been paid, if she were living, and through the Messrs. Polignac she could trace her and bring her to America.

"I ought to have some such person living with me, I suppose," she said, "and I hate a maid always in my room and in my way."

The business papers disposed of, and laid away for Mr. Beresford's inspection, Queenie turned next to the letters, of which there were not very many. Some from Mr. Beresford on business—one from her father's mother, Mrs. General Hetherton, written to him when he was at Harvard, and showing that the writer was a lady in every thought and feeling, and one from herself, written to her father when he was in Algiers, and she only ten years old. It was a perfect child's letter, full of details of life at the English school.

"Queenie's first letter to me," was written on the label, and the worn paper showed that it had been often read by the fond, proud father.

Over this Reinette's tears fell in torrents, for it told how much she had been loved by the man whose hand she seemed to touch as she sorted the letters he had held so often.

"Darling father," she sobbed, "there's nothing here that a saint from Heaven might not see," and laying aside the envelope which bore her childish superscription, she took up a packet which to her aristocratic instincts seemed out of place with those other papers, in which there lingered still a faint odor of the costly perfume her father always used.

There were three letters in envelopes, inclosed in one large envelope, on which Reinette recognized her father's monogram. Taking out the largest one first she studied it carefully, noting that the paper was cheap, the handwriting cramped and uneducated, and Chateau des Fleurs, to which it was directed, spelled wrong.

"It looks coarse; it feels coarse, and it smells coarse," Queenie said, elevating her little nose as she caught a whiff of something very different from the delicate perfumery pervading the other papers. "Who sent this to papa, and what is it about?" were the questions which passed rapidly through her mind, as she held the worn, soiled missive between her thumb and finger, and inspected it curiously.

Once something prompted her to return it whence she found it—to put it away from her sight, and never seek to know its contents. But woman's curiosity overcame every scruple, and she at last drew the letter itself from the envelope. It was quite a large sheet, such as Reinette knew ladies seldom used, and the four pages were closely written over, while there seemed to be something inside which added to its bulk.

Turning first to the last page Queenie glanced at the signature, and saw the two words "From Tina," but saw no more, for the something inside which, slipping down, dropped upon her hand, around which it coiled like a living thing, with a grasp of recognition. A tress of long, blue-black hair—a woman's hair—with just a tendency to wave perceptible all through it.

Shaking it off as if it had been a snake, Queenie's cheek paled a moment with a sensation she could not define, and then, as she defined it, crimsoned with shame and resentment; resentment for the dead mother, who, she felt, had in some way been wronged, and shame for the dead father to whom some other woman had dared to write, and send a lock of hair.

"Who is this Tina?" she said, with a not gleam of anger in her black eyes, and how dare she send this to my father—the bold, bad creature! I hate her, with her vile black hair!" and she ground her little high heel upon the unconscious tress of hair as it had been Tina herself upon whom she was trampling. "I'll burn it," she said at last, "but I'll never touch it again."

And reaching her tongs, which stood upon the hearth, she took up the offending hair and held it in the lamp, watching it with a grim feeling of satisfaction, and yet with a sense of pain, as it hissed, and reddened, and charred in the flame, and writhed and twisted as if it had been something human from which the life was going out.

Through the open window a breath of the sweet summer air came stealing, and catching up a bit of the burnt, crisped hair carried it to Queenine's white morning wrapper, where it clung tenaciously until she shook it off as if it had been pollution.

"Tina!" she exclaimed again. "Who, I'd like to know, is Tina?" Then remembering the surest way to find out who she was, was to read the letter, she took it up again, but hesitated a moment as if held back by some unforseen influence; hesitated as we sometimes hesitate when standing on the threshold of some great crisis of danger in our lives. "If it's bad," she said, "I do not iwant to think ill of him. "Oh, father, it sn't bad; it must not be bad;" and the hot tears came fast, as the daughter who had believed her father so pure and good turned at last to the first page to see what was written there.

It was dated at Marseilles twenty years before, and began:

"Dear Mr. Hetherton, are you wondering who you do not hear from your little Tina?—"

"Miss Hetherton, your grandmother is here asking for you," came from the door outside which Pierre stood knocking, and starting, as if caught in some guilty act, Reinette put the letter back in its envelope, and went down to meet her grandmother, who had come over for what she called a "real sit-down visit," and brought her work with her.

There was nothing now left for Reinette but to leave the letters and devote herself to her guest, who staid to lunch, so that it was not until afternoon that Queenie found an opportunity to resume the work of the morning. Meanwhile her thoughts had been busy, and over and over again she repeated to herself the words, "Your little Tina," until they had assumed for her a new and entirely different meaning from the one she had given them in the first heat of her discovery. There might be—nay, there was no shame attaching to them—no shame in that blue black tress of hair which she could feel curling around her fingers still, and see as it hissed and writhed in the flame. The letter was written after her mother's death. Her father was human—was like other men—and his fancy had been caught by some dark-haired girl of the working class who called herself his "Little Tina." She had undoubtedly bewitched him for a time, so that he might have thought to make her his wife. His first marriage was what they call a *mesalliance*; and here Queenie felt her cheeks flush hotly as if wrong was done to her mother, but she meant none; she was trying to defend her father; to save his memory from any evil doing. If he stooped once, he might again, and the last time Tina was the object. He had meant honorably by her always, and tiring of her after a little, had broken with her, as was often done by the best of men. Of all this Queenie thought as she talked with her grandmother, answering her numberless questions of her life in France, and her plans for the future; and by the time the good lady was gone and she free to go back to her work, she had changed her mind with regard to Tina's letters, and a strange feeling of half pity for the unknown girl had taken possession of her, making her shrink from reading her words of love, if they were innocent and pure, as she fain would believe them to be, for the sake of her dead father; and if they were not innocent and pure, "I do not wish to know it. I should hate him—hate him always in his grave!" she said, as she picked up the letter and resolutely put it back in the envelope with the other two.

Once she thought to burn them, as she had the hair, and thus put temptation away forever; but as often as she held them toward the lamp she had lighted again, as often something checked her, until a kind of superstitious conviction took possession of her that she must not burn those letters written by "Little Tina."

"But I'll never, never read them," she said; and dropping on her knees, with the package held tightly in her hand, she registered a vow that as long as she lived she would not seek to know what the letters contained, unless circumstances should arise which would make the reading of them a necessity.

This last condition came to her mind she hardly knew how or why, for she had no idea that any circumstances could arise which would make the reading of the letters necessary.

Searching through her trunks and drawers, she found four paper boxes of different sizes, and putting the envelope in the smallest of them, placed that in the next larger size, and so on, writing upon the cover of the last one, "To be burned without opening in case of my death." Then tying the lid securely with a strong cord, she mounted upon a chair and placed the package upon the topmost shelf of the closet, where neither she nor any one could see it.

"There little black-haired Tina," she said, as she came down from the chair and out into her chamber, "your secret if you had one with my father, is safe—not for your sake, though, you little-black haired jade!" and Queenie set her foot down viciously; "not for your sake, but for father's, who might have been silly enough to be caught by your pretty face, and to be flattered by you, for, of course, you ran after him, and widowers are fools, I've heard say."

Having thus settled the unknown Tina, and dismissed her from her mind for the time being at least, Queenie went back to the remaining package in the box—the one tied with a blue ribbon, and labeled "Margaret's letters."

"Mother's," she said, softly, with a quick, gasping breath; "and now I shall know something of her at last;" and she kissed tenderly the time worn envelope which held her mother's letters.

There were not many of them, and they had been written at long intervals, and only in answer to the husband's, it would seem, for she complained in one that he waited so long before replying to her. Queenie felt no compunctions in reading these; they were something which belonged to her, and she went through them rapidly, with burning cheeks, and eyes so full of tears at times that she could scarcely see the delicate handwriting, so different from that other, the blue-black haired Tina's, as she mentally designated her. And as Queenie read, there came over her a feeling of resentment and anger towards the dead father, who, she felt sure, had often grieved and neglected the young wife, who, though she made no complaint, wrote so sadly and dejectedly, and begged him to come home, and not stay so long in those far off lands, with people whom Margaret did not like.

"Dear Frederick," she wrote from Rome, "please come to me; I am so lonely without you, and the days are so long, with only Christine for company, for I seldom go out except to drive on the Pincian or Campagna, and so see scarcely any one. Christine is a great comfort to me, and anticipates my wishes almost before I know that I have them myself. She is as faithful and tender as if she were my mother, instead of maid, and if I should die you must always be kind to her for what she has been to me. But oh, I do so long for you, and I think I could make you very happy. You used to love me, Frederick, when we were boy and girl in dear old Merrivale. How often I dream of home and the shadowy woods by the pond where we used to walk together, and the moonlight sails on the river when we rowed in among the sweet lilies, and you said I was ovelier and sweeter than they. You loved me then; do you love me now as well? I have sometimes feared you did not; feared something had come between us which was weaning you from me. Don't let it, Frederick; put it away from you, whatever it may be, and let me be your Queen, your Daisy, your Margery again; for I do love you, my husband, more than you can guess, and I want your love now when I am so sick, and tired, and lonely. Christine is waiting to post this for me, and so I must close with a kiss right there where I make the star. (*). Put your lips there, Frederick, where mine have been and then we shall have kissed each other. Truly, lovingly and longingly, your tired, sick Margery."

"Margery, Margery? That was then her pet name, the name I like the best in all the world, because of my Margery," Queenie cried as her tears fell fast upon the letter, which seemed to her like a voice from the dead. "Poor mother, you were not so very happy were you? Why did you die? If I only had you now, how I would love and pet you," she said, as she passionately kissed the place her mother's lips had touched, and her father's too, she hoped, for how could he resist that touching appeal. He must have loved the writer of that letter, and yet—and yet—there was a cloud—a something between the husband and wife which cast its shadow over their child and made her weep bitterly as she wondered what the something was which had crept in between her father and his tired, sick Margery. "Was it the blue-black haired Tina," she said, as she clenched her fists together, and then beat the air with them, as she would have beaten the blue-black haired Tina had she been there with her. "Poor mother," she said again, "so tired and sick, with no one to care for her but Christine, who was so good to her. I know now why my father settled that money on her; it was because she was so kind and faithful to mother, who knows now, perhaps, that father did love her more than she thought; for he did, I am sure he did; and he loved me, too, and I believed him so noble and true. Oh, father, father, forgive me, but I have lost something. I cannot put it in words—but—but—I don't know what I mean," and stooping over the package which held her mother's letters, Reinette cried out loud, with a bitter sense of something lost from her father's memory which had been very sweet to her. "Oh, how much has happened since I came to America, and how long it seems, and how old I feel, and there is no one to tell it to—no one to talk with about it."

Just then there was a second knock at the door, and Pierre announced Mr. Beresford waiting in the library. He was a prompt business man, and had come for the papers. Reinette knew, and, bathing her flushed cheeks, and crumpling her wavy hair more than it was already crumpled, she went down to meet him, taking the papers with her, and trying to seem natural and gay, as if no tress of blue-black hair had been burned in her room, no letters from Tina were hidden away in her closet, and no sting when she thought of her father was hurting her cruelly.

Queenie was a perfect little actress, and her face was bright with smiles as she entered the room and greeted Mr. Beresford, who, being a close observer, saw that something had been agitating her, and guessed that it was the examining of her father's papers, which naturally would bring back her sorrow so freshly. There was a great pity in his heart for this lonely girl, and his manner was very sympathetic and gentle as he took the box from her and said:

"I am afraid this has been too much for you, going over them so soon."

Instantly the great tears gathered in her heavy eyelashes, but did not fall, and only made her all the sweeter and prettier, as she sat down beside him and said:

"I must read some of them over for you, for I don't believe you understand French very well, do you?"

"Not at all—not at all," he replied, glad to be thought ignorant of even the monosyllable *oui* if by this means he could sit close to her and watch her dimpled hands sorting out the papers, and hear her silvery bird-like voice, with its soft accent, translating what was written in them into English.

Especial pains did she take to make him understand about the money paid to Christine Bodine and why it was paid.

"She was so kind to mother, who requested him to care for her. I've been reading all about it in mother's letters to him," she said, without lifting her eyes to his face, for in spite of herself and her avowed confidence in her father's honor, there was in her heart a feeling of degradation when she remembered Tina, as if the shame, if shame there were, was in some way attaching to her and robbing her of some of her self-respect.

But Mr. Beresford had no suspicion of Tina, or anything else, and only thought how lovely she was and what a remarkable talent for understanding business she developed, as they went over the papers together and formed a pretty fair estimate of the value of the Hetherton estate.

"Why, there is over half a million, if all this is good," she said, looking up at him with pleased surprise. "And I am so glad, for I like a great deal of money. I have always had it, and should not know what to do without it. I want a great deal for myself, and more for other people. I am going to give grandma some, because—well," and Queenie hesitated a little, "because I was mean to her at the station when she claimed me; and I'm going to give some to Aunt Lydia, so she can afford to sell out her business, which is so obnoxious to Anna, and if that girl down at the Vineyard proves to be my Margery, I shall give her money to buy Aunt Lydia out, and then I shall have her all to myself, and you'll be falling in love with her—remember that! You'll be in love with Margery La Rue the second time you see her!"

"Margery La Rue! Who is she?" Mr. Beresford asked; and then came out the story of Margery mixed with so extravagant praises of the young lady that Mr. Beresford began to feel an interest in her, although the idea of falling in love with her was simply preposterous.

Splendid as he was, and sensible, too, he had a good deal of foolish pride, and would have scouted the thought of a dressmaker ever becoming Mrs. Arthur Beresford. That lady was to be more like this little dark-eyed fairy beside him, who chattered on, telling him what she meant to do with her half million, which it seemed was literally burning her fingers. She would give some to everybody who was poor and needed it, some to all the missionaries and churches, and even some to him, if he was straitened and needed it.

Mr. Beresford smiled, and thanked her, and said he would remember her offer; and then she added:

"I'll give some to Phil now, if he wants it, to carry on his business. Does it take much money, Mr. Beresford? What is his business—his profession? I don't think I know."

"I don't think he has any," Mr. Beresford replied, and Reinette exclaimed:

"No business! no profession! That's smart! Every young man ought to do something, father used to say. Pray, what does Phil do? How does he pass his time?"

"By making himself generally useful and agreeable," Mr. Beresford said, and in his voice there was a tinge of irony, which Queenie detected at once, and instantly flamed up in defence of her cousin.

"Of course he makes himself useful and agreeable—more agreeable than any person I ever saw. I've only known him a day or two, and yet I like him better than anybody in the world except Margery."

"Phil ought to feel complimented with your opinion, which, I assure you, is well merited," Mr. Beresford said, while a horrid feeling of jealousy took possession of him.

Why would girls always prefer an indolent, easy-going, good-for-nothing chap like Phil Rossiter, to an active, energetic, thoroughgoing man like himself? Not that he had heretofore been troubled by what the girls preferred, for he cared nothing for them in the abstract: but this restless, sparkling French girl was different, and he felt every nerve in his body thrill with a strange feeling of ecstasy when at parting she laid her soft, warm hand on his, and looking up at him with her bright earnest eyes, said to him:

"Now you will write at once to Messrs. Polignac and inquire about Christine, and I shall write, too; for I must find her and bring her here to live with me. Grandma says I ought to have somebody, some middle-aged, respectable woman, as a kind of guardian—but, ugh! I hate guardians!"

"Oh, I hope not?" Mr. Beresford, said, laughingly, managing to retain the hand laid in his so naturally. "In one sense I am your guardian, and I hope you don't hate me."

"Certainly not," Reinette said. "I think you are very nice. You are father's friend, and he said I must like you, and tell you everything, and I do like you ever so much, though not the way I do Phil. I like him because he is so good and funny, and my cousin, and—well, because he is Phil."

"Happy Phil!" Mr. Beresford said. "I wish I was good, and funny, and your cousin," and giving a little squeeze to the hand he could have crushed, it was so small and soft, he bade her good afternoon, and rode away.

"I hope he is not falling in love with me, for that would be dreadful. Falling in love means marrying, and I wouldn't marry him any sooner than I would Phil. He is too old, and dignified, and poky," Reinette thought as she watched him going down the hill, while he was mentally registering a vow to enter the lists and compete with the young man who was so much liked because he was Phil.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LITTLE LADY OF HETHERTON.

Within a week after Phil's departure the whole town was full of her, and rumor said she was running a wild career, with no one to advise or check her except Mr. Beresford, who seemed as crazy as herself. Everybody thought her wonderfully bright, and fresh, and pretty, but her ways astonished the sober people of Merrivale, who, nevertheless, were greatly interested and amused with watching her as she developed phase after phase of her variable nature—visiting Mr. Beresford at his office two or three times a day, ostensibly to translate foreign letters and papers for him, but really, it was said by the gossips, to see the man himself; galloping off miles and miles into the country on her spirited horse, with the little old Frenchman in attendance; worrying Mrs. Jerry by having chocolate in her room in the morning, breakfasting at twelve, dining at six, with as much ceremony as if a dozen people were seated at the table instead of one lone girl, who sometimes never touched the dishes prepared with so much care—dining, too, in all sorts of places as the fancy took her; on the north piazza, on the south piazza, and even in the summer-house; giving her money away by the hundreds to the Fergusons, and by the tens, and fives, and ones to anybody who [illegible] sinking a little fortune on the [illegible] Hetherton Place, which she was entirely metamorphosing, with fifteen or twenty men at work there all the time, while she superintended them, and gave them lemonade or root-beer two or three times a day, and once had treated them to ice-cream, as an incentive to swifter labor.

Such was the state of affairs when Phil, improving the very first opportunity for leave of absence, came back to Merrivale. It was 10 a.m. when he reached the station, and exactly half-past ten to a minute when he found himself at Hetherton Place, his hand locked in that of Queenie, who, in her big garden hat, with trowel and pruning-knife, led him all over the grounds, where the fifteen men were at work, pointing out her improvements, and asking what he thought of them. And Phil, who had promised his mother to check his cousin if he found her going on recklessly, as they had heard from Anna, proved a very flunky, and instead of checking her, entered heart and soul into her plans, and even made suggestions as to how they could be improved. So useful, in fact, did he make himself, and so much skill and taste did he display, that Queenie forgot entirely to chide him for his lack of a profession. Indeed, she was rather glad than otherwise that he had no profession, as it left him free to be with her all the time, and to become at last the superintendent of the whole, with this difference, however, that while he directed the men, Queenie directed him, and made him her very slave.

Queenie never shrank from anything, but plunged her white, fair hands into the dirt up to her wrists, while Phil took off his coat and worked patiently at her side, transplanting a rose bush or geranium to one place in the morning, and in the evening to another, if so the fancy took his mistress. She could not always tell where she wanted a thing until she studied the effect of certain positions, and then, if she did not like it, if it did not harmonize with the picture she was forming, it must be moved, she said. And so the moving and changing went on, and people marvelled to see how rapidly what had at first seemed chaos and confusion began to assume proportions until the grounds bade fair to become more beautiful and artistic than any place which had ever been seen in the county. What had been done before Queenie's arrival was for the most part unchanged, but the remainder of the grounds were entirely overturned. The plateau and summer house, on which Queenie had set her heart, were made, and the terraces, and the new walks, and the pasture land, west of the house, was robbed of its greensward for turf to cover the terraces and plateau, which were watered twice each day until the well and cisterns gave out, and then the heavens, as if in sympathy with the work poured out plentiful showers, and so, notwithstanding that it was summer, the turf, and the shrubs, and the vines, and flowers were kept green and fresh, and scarcely stopped their growing. Everything went on beautifully, Queenie said, as she issued her orders, and, busy as a bee, worked from morning till night, with Phil always in attendance, while even Mr. Beresford at last caught the fever, and went himself into the business of planting and transplanting, and working in the dirt. The Hetherton gardeners the people called the two young men, Phil being the head and Mr. Beresford the sub; but little did they care for the merry-making, so long as that little, bright, sparkling girl worked with them in the dirt, and then at night rewarded them with a bouquet, which she fastened to their button-holes standing up on tiptoe to do it, and looking up at them with eyes that nearly drove them crazy.

Nor was Hetherton Place the only spot where Queenie was busy. A few days after Phil went to the seashore there had come to her a letter from Margery, who wrote:

"My Darling Queenie,—You do not know how surprised and delighted I was to hear that you were in America, or how sorry I was to hear of your loss. You must be so lonely and sad, alone in a strange country. What is Merrivale like? and do you think it would be a good place for me? Is it not funny that I had thought to come there, and have actually written to a Mrs. Ferguson, who turns out to be your aunt? But she asks more for her business than I feel able to pay, and so the plan has been abandoned for the present. But I must see you, and, remembering all the kindness in the years past, you will not think me intrusive when I tell you that before the summer is gone I am coming to Merrivale just to look into your dear eyes again and see if you are changed. I like your aunt and cousins so much; they are genuine ladies, and I am glad they belong to you."

The first thing Queenie did after reading this letter was to mount her horse and gallop in hot haste to the village, where she astonished Mrs. Lydia Ferguson by offering her more for her business than she had demanded of Miss La Rue.

"It is my Margery—my friend, and I am going to have her here if I turn my own house into a dressmaker's shop," she said, and she talked so fast and gesticulated so rapidly that Mrs. Lydia grew quite bewildered, but managed to comprehend that a price was offered her which would be well for her to accept, as it might never be offered her again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A WEST LORNE SENSATION.

Quarrel Between Lovers, who Indulge in a Rough-and-tumble on the Highway.

(Free Press.)

A correspondent writing from West Lorne, Elgin County, says several court cases have been exciting a good deal of interest among a certain class in our village during the past week, and subjecting our country squires to a considerable amount of innocent banter. Two of these were from the neighborhood of Rodney. The parties are named Johnston and Coffin. They figured in a seduction case some time ago in St. Thomas. Miss Coffin is of mature age, although not of a disagreeable appearance. Her course of love did run smooth, and it has now been turned into hate, so she determined to be revenged on her former lover. Johnston first arraigned her for assault, for which a sentence of ten days was imposed. This time it was Miss Coffin's turn, and she hauled him up for assault and battery. It appears that the parties met on the highway. They could not let the opportunity pass. A set-to ensued. Miss Coffin for self-defence selected her national weapon, a stout shillelah, and Johnston got hold of a cudgel. The former, who conducted her own case before the court, detailed how she lost her shillelah in the first round. In the second she was knocked into a ditch, and claimed a foul because Johnston tore all her clothes off here while she was being suffocated in the mud. At this stage of the proceedings she displayed before the gaze of an excited crowd of young men and boys, who graced the trial with their presence, an astonishing amount of damaged finery. From the wet and muddy aspect of the material it certainly did appear as if Johnston had handled his old inamorata in no very gentle or loving fashion. Miss Coffin was able to give a better account of herself in the third round. Having become divested of all superfluous incumbrance in the shape of clothing she was very much in the condition of Cutty Sark, and fit to give the best account of her muscular development, but Johnston's younger brother appeared on the scene at the critical moment. The fight was wholly unequal now, and Miss Coffin again went to the grass. The issue of the trial was that Johnston was fined $20 and costs or twenty days in jail, and his younger brother $1 and costs.

—The tradition that Cologne cathedral would never be finished took its rise as follows: A young architect in despair at the refusal of his plans by Archbishop Conrad went to the banks of the Rhine meditating suicide, when there appeared the devil himself, who offered him, in exchange for his soul, the plan of the cathedral as it stands to day. The young man demanded twenty-four hours for reflection, and submitted the matter to his confessor, who suggested that on the morrow, when Satin showed him again the design, he should seize it with his left hand, and drawing rapidly a relic of St. Ursula from under his robe with the right, strike the evil spirit with it on the brow. This was done. Satan said: "That's a cunning trick of the Church, but the design which you seize shall never be finished, and your name shall remain unknown." As he spoke, he snatched away the upper part of the design. The young architect died of mortification without reconstructing the plan. For years events seemed to bear out the old legend.

—At the Horticultural Exhibition in St. Louis they had a monument that no doubt struck terror to the hearts of all beholders, especially the youth. It was an obelisk made of 10,000 green apples. What a sight for a physician to gaze at, thankful that he lives in a country where the right to devour green apples and have the cholera afterwards is vouchsafed to every citizen.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

Means to be Adopted to Exterminate the Contagion.

Special to the Boston Herald.

Washington, Sept. 12.—Dr. Charles P. Lyman, of Springfield, Mass., a member of the veterinary staff of the agricultural department, who returned from England last week, left last night for Boston, where he proposes to conduct his investigation into the origin of the pleuro-pneumonia he discovered while he was in Liverpool, in western cattle exported from Boston. He will labor in his investigation until October 1st, by which time he hopes to conclude it; if not, he will resume it in November, when he has finished some other special work. To your correspondent Dr. Lyman said, just before he left, that he begins his investigation with a belief that pleuro-pneumonia does not exist in the West or in Massachusetts. The investigation will be a complex and difficult task. Dr. Lyman has the addresses of the shippers of the cattle found to be infected upon inspection in Liverpool, and will trace the inspection up with their aid. During his residence in Liverpool, which extended over four or five weeks, Dr. Lyman, in company with the English inspector, examined every day the lungs of American cattle landed at that port. Not a single lung out of more than 10,000 pair escaped their rigid inspection. The lesions which indicate the presence of pleuro-pneumonia were found upon but six lungs. These Dr. Lyman brought home with him. They were undoubtedly affected with pleuro-pneumonia. Professor Williams of Edinburgh, who has always maintained that pleuro-pneumonia did not exist in American cattle brought into England, admitted upon examination, that the cattle from which the lungs in question were taken were infected with the contagion. Even if this eminent veterinary surgeon had not so expressed himself, the English authorities, upon the report of their inspector at Liverpool, would have proclaimed the infection of the cattle examined. Having ascertained by personal observation that the proposition that Boston-shipped Western cattle are not infected with pleuro-pneumonia was untenable, Dr. Lyman was obliged to abandon his attempt to secure a modification of the English restriction so far as such cattle were concerned. He could not make an effort in behalf of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or any other Eastern city, because pleuro-pneumonia exists in their vicinity. Dr. Lyman thinks the only way a modification of the irksome English restriction can be secured is through energetic action on the part of our Government directed to make one or more Eastern ports and the routes leading from the West to them entirely above suspicion of pleuro-pneumonia infection. There will be no relaxation on the part of Great Britain until some measures are adopted by our Government which will assure her that American cattle shipped from one or more American ports are free from the dreaded contagion.

The number of American cattle imported into England is about 30,000 per month. Under existing quarantine restrictions, these are all slaughtered on the docks within a limited number of days. Could they be taken inland, they would bring $20 more per head than they do as dead meat. Therefore the average loss per month to the American agriculturist, upon the whole loss falls, is about $600,000. This might be saved to him and our present trade doubled and quadrupled if all cattle shipped from any point could be sent to England free from contagion. If Dr. Lyman finds upon investigation that his six cases of pleuro-pneumonia originated in any one place heretofore supposed free from it, he will recommend its extermination by purchase and slaughter of all infected cattle. It is considered possible to stamp the disease out, wherever it exists, in this manner. If Congress authorizes it and appropriates the money it will be done. This would solve the problem of how to secure a modification of the English restrictions at once