The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

VOL. IX. FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881. NO. 14.

ABOUT NOTABLE PEOPLE.

A school in Cairo for girls of the higher classes is to be established by the Khedivé at his own cost.

TAZE-AN-TUAN-YU K'ANG was the doubtless euphonious name of the Chinese Empress who recently died!

THE youngest member of her Majesty's Privy Council is H. R. H. Prince Leopold, aged twenty-seven; the oldest, the Right Hon. Sir John MacPherson Macleod, K.C.S.I., aged eighty-eight.

THE architect of Cardiff Castle and Cork Cathedral, who has lately died, Mr. William Bruges, A. R. A., was the owner of drinking-cups of crystal inlaid with rubies, which must have been too exquisite for anything less than nectar or ambrosia.

WHEN at home at Hawarden on Sunday Mr. Gladstone always reads the lessons for the day, in the parish church, with modesty and nervous hesitation. His voice is mellow, and his expression poetic, and people go miles to hear the Premier perform this duty.

A LARGE conservatory is to inclose the mansion which is being built for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and the expense of keeping it filled with flowers will not be more than fifty thousand dollars a year—enough to keep imitators at a distance.

THE Princess Carolath, who eloped with Count Herbert de Bismarck, has proved that the way of the transgressor is hard, as she is sick in an Italian town, and would have suffered for the necessaries of life but for royal generosity, Count Herbert having returned to Berlin.

ANOTHER Jewess, a daughter of Bischoffsheim, known over here through his connection with Erie, has married another Earl, the Earl of Desart, and the marriage was celebrated, after the Rosebery precedent, first at the Registrar's and then at the church, as by law established. The stream of aristocracy in England is becoming largely impregnated with Jewish blood.

THE three daughters of the Princess of Wales differ greatly from each other. Louise, the eldest, is the Parisienne, gay and affable, with her mother's grace and features. Victoria resembles her father; she is proud and reserved, with a cultivated intellect and a generous heart. The youngest, Maud, looks like her grandmother, the Queen, and is good-hearted and serious.

AT the marriage in England lately of a leading New York lawyer, Mr. Charles Pierre Shaw, to Miss Lizzie Fisher, the brother of the bridegroom cabled his congratulations and a wedding-gift of fifty thousand dollars. Among the presents were bracelets, rings and a flask, each piece covered with groups of fine diamonds, uniquely set upon a background of iron pyrites.

THE late Emile de Girardin was said to resemble somewhat the first Napoleon, making a point on the historic curl over the forehead. An illustration of his indefatigable nature is furnished by his reply to the question why he did not offer himself for election to the Senate. He answered, "I am not old enough," though his cross of the Legion of Honor dates from 1842.

SOPHIE PROFFSKY was once intended for the wife of Constantine Mouravieff, who prepared the indictment at her late trial, but her Polish governess set her against him. She started on her Socialist mission at the age of sixteen, and for twelve years exposed herself to poverty in that cause, in which she lost her beauty. For eighteen months at one time she was a washer-woman, and so faithful that her patrician descent was never suspected.

THE abolition of primogeniture has had the greatest effect, within the present century, in emptying the chateaux and castles in France. Fortunes have so often been divided down, that there are fewer great incomes than there were among the French aristocracy. It thus happens that a French nobleman who inhabits a chateau may only have furnished one nook of it, and his roomy stables may have only one or two horses at the stalls. To withstand the effects of the abolition of primogeniture, many French families agree to enjoy their revenue in command. But full chateaux, with several generations of relatives in them, even under the methodical life of Frenchmen, may not be permanently successful.

THE Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovich, the cousin of the Czar, so long detained at his father's chateau of Paulovsk, has been sent to the fortress of Dunaburg, there to be kept for an indefinite period. The event is variously accounted for at St. Petersburg. Some say that the Prince, during his exile, has attended revolutionary meetings in disguise, and, accompanied by a Colonel of the political police, likewise in disguise, and likewise a friend of the Nihilists, delivered inflammatory speeches. Others will have it that he is imprisoned for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the new Czar.

DR. THOMAS, a dentist of Vienna, was summoned recently to Kirwin, in Russian Poland, to perform a dental operation upon the Countess Waleska. At the border station of Radjwilow he was stopped, required to show his passport and have his baggage searched. His name at once awakened suspicion, from his resemblance to that of Thomassen, the infernal machine man of Bremerhaven; and when the officials found mysterious apparatus in his baggage this suspicion became fixed and positive, and the unfortunate dentist narrowly escaped faring roughly. He tried to explain the working of the apparatus, but without much avail; and when he was finally allowed to go on his way a detective accompanied him until he met the servants and carriage of the Countess. The machine, however, had been previously confiscated. Such is travelling in Russia.

Opening of the Electric Railway in Berlin.

It is announced by telegraph that the electric street railway of Dr. Siemens, in Berlin, was opened for public travel a short time ago, with much success. A number of prominent officials and scientists were present. We have heretofore given accounts of the progress of the construction of this work. It is a narrow gauge elevated street railway, mounted on posts, placed on the street sidewalks, something like portions of the elevated railway in New York, but on a smaller scale. The new railway is located on the outskirts of Berlin, and extends from the suburb known as Lichterfeld to Yeltow, a distance of about two miles. The passenger cars are narrow and short, carrying only 14 passengers. There are two tracks. The cars are propelled by a dynamo-electric machine, which receives electricity through the track and a suspended cable, from an electric generator, one at each end of the line, each generator driven by a sixty horse engine. An average speed of twenty miles an hour was expected to be realized.

The original electric railways, which were tried as experiments at Berlin and Dusseldorf exhibitions in 1879 and 1880, were worked by locomotives whose mechanism resembled a fixed dynamo-electrical machine. The rails of the line and the wheels of the locomotive engines were made of use to conduct the current of electricity and produce the necessary motion. The second conductor conveying the current produced by the stationary machine to the locomotive was connected with a system of brushes attached to the locomotive. These brushes touched a high-edged rail running in the middle of two other rails and insulated from the ground by a longitudinal sleeper. In practice, however, it has been found that this arrangement is exposed to serious interruptions. The wet, snow, and mud which (according to the season) collect in the ordinary course of traffic upon the middle rail interfere very seriously at times with its conductive capacity. It has accordingly been determined on the Berlin electric line to conduct the current by means of a copper wire properly insulated, and attached to pillars erected alongside the line, the current being conducted from the copper wire to the locomotive by means of contact rollers.

AS TO WIVES.

By a Bachelor.

No married man can be a good judge on the great subject of wives. For the wife whose character and conduct is to be considered must be either his own or his neighbor's. How can a man deal fully and fairly with his own wife? He is sure to be blind to her beauties, or, in his early state of happiness, utterly oblivious of her blemishes. With his neighbor's wife, it is just as hopeless, though the other way; for here he will discover charms that are wholly hidden from her husband, and pass over defects of which he is only too painfully aware. A man's own wife is too close to him, his neighbor's too far away, for anything like independent judgment. But beyond all this, there is that condition of mental bondage in which he is bound, that makes every married man's opinions, upon broad and general questions, wholly valueless. No; it is a bachelor alone who has that total freedom from prejudice which is needful to the consideration of wifehood as an institution, and wives in general. This cool and calm study of married women has its fascinations. There is no foolish fluttering about it, no passion, and, above all, no poetry. It is all hard, clear, cold common sense, but none the less is it an interesting, if not an enthralling, pursuit. As a confirmed bachelor, much given to the study of wives, I may venture upon a few hints to those who, from the same lofty summit of independence, are inclined to take up the subject.

They have, of course, much to unlearn. All romantic nonsense about falling in love must be set aside for ever and forgotten. To the sane man,

COURTSHIP IS BUT A FARCE

that has to be played out before the curtain rises upon the serious business of life, the melodrama of marriage—some call it a comedy, but they know nothing of the dark corners and shady episodes that are often to be found behind the scenes. Others, again, of a melancholy turn, speak as if it were a tragedy; but these fail to see the many comical absurdities of wedded life. To the philosopher, it is a melodrama, dealing with the fate of the two leading characters, and deeply touching the destinies of those in minor parts, but always having an underplot of rather low comedy. The courtship, however, has to be got through somehow; and many, nowadays, so reduce its farcical elements that it becomes a neat little comedietta. But the plot of the whole thing is radically wrong. Whatever may have happened in a golden age, of which we hear only the misty murmurs of a far-off poetry, the women of this period woo and win the men. There are boys, indeed, who play at a pretty little game called making love, and talk about wooing and winning some bright star of their horizon. But this is merely looked upon as childish chatter by a sane and sensible generation; though it survives to tell us of our savage ancestors, and is kept up, as are so many other things, to please the women. Truth to say, the girls are fairly bold about the business, and hardly seek to hide the fact that they try to woo and win the men of their choice. It speaks volumes for the conceit of modern manhood that many still think they choose their own wives, and are not chosen by them. Yet any one who has had even but a glimpse into the sacred circles of society can see at once that this wooing and winning by men, if it ever really flourished, has gone out long ago. It is not the daughters now who need chaperons, save to please an effete propriety; they can look well enough after their own affairs. It is the eldest sons who need to be sternly controlled by some sort of chaperon, to stop them from making fools of themselves and their families. There has of late been a sentimental attack upon that wise French system under which boys are prevented from pawning their future for a passing fancy. But in this, as in so many matters, they order things better in France. The very notion of a youth choosing his own wife is absurd. Bah! he is not to be trusted with a horse or a dog, how much less a woman? Still the great difficulty is to prevent these well-to-do young sparks from being chosen by adventurous girls, while they think they are choosing for themselves.

HAVING CHOSEN HER MAN,

then, with a keen eye to his position and prospects, the modern maiden becomes a wife. Now her ambition is achieved; now is she going to begin the world, and see life with her own eyes and on her own account. Now she will have her own way. The only true and complete definition of a wife is 'a woman who always has her own way.' Let any one who dislikes it—and there will be many from both sides who do so—find another equally applicable and exhaustive. There is no doubt about the matter in the minds of those who are not swayed by pique or prejudice. Every married woman who knows and appreciates the power of her position always has her own way, as a thing of course. There are, indeed, weak women who lack the courage needed for this self-assertion, and they are trampled upon by their husbands accordingly. But so widespread is the belief that all wives should have their own way, that these poor half-hearted failures meet rather with contempt than pity. And I should like to know, if it was not to have her own way, why on earth a girl ever gets married? In story-books written by men she falls in love with the hero, and wishes to share his life for ever, though it be but a cottage. Ladies, too, who write novels have to bow before the prevailing prejudice, and make men of dazzling beauty woo and win the modest maidens they imagine. But when we come to read life and hard facts, it is all plain sailing. Surely no one will dispute that the feminine heart has a will of its own. Through infancy and childhood, at school and at home, even when 'out' and marriageable, girls never get a chance of having their own way. They therefore look forward to wifehood as to freedom, and then all this pent-up wilfulness comes out with full force upon their happy husbands. To have their own way is what they have worked for, dressed for, and flirted for; and whatever the men of their choice may think about themselves and their attractions, it will not take long after marriage to find out their mistake.

In pursuing this privilege of having their own way, some wives do strange things. For it frequently comes to pass that, having married purely as a business speculation, they take a fancy to fall in love afterwards, and not always with their own husbands. In this respect women are unfortunate; they cannot work off their surplus folly and passion as men do before marriage, and so they are apt to get foolish when the time has passed by for such things. But all these more serious matters I leave to the clergy and the lawyers. It is a truism that every wife should be the queen of her home, and the absolute mistress of all that is under her roof-tree. Now this of course includes her husband; yet, though nothing more becomes a married man than to obey his wife, by whom he has been chosen, it is surprising how few there are who will admit that they never have their own way. Why is it, then, I ask, that even in the early days of wedded life husbands are so timorous of taking home an old friend, so fearful of staying late at the club, so apologetic of their wives' existence? Ah! me, it is an old tale. I have a little drawer wherein I always put the inevitable card and cake which tell me that another friend has

FALLEN IN THE FIGHT.

I lay them reverently beside the notices of births and memorials of death that fill this private place, and let them fade and crumble away together as records of the happier past. Still it must never be forgotten that, as no married man is ever fit to have his own way, it is always well that the wife should firmly take the reins into her hands, or there would be no guidance anywhere. The man who could thus tamely be chosen for his money or position, and picked out of a mob by one whom he stupidly thinks a weaker vessel, is certainly not worthy to have his own way any longer. If he was not able to shape his own destiny, he should not be allowed to direct the fate of another. But this, of course, may be a merely personal prejudice. There are, however, few who will dispute that the man who lets his wife do as she will lives in a kind of quiet happiness—of a low and drowsy order if you will, but, all the same, a sort of calm content—that is wholly wanting to him who struggles to regain that freedom which he so foolishly abandoned at the altar-rail.

It is only when a woman becomes a wife that you can see her true character. Before this epoch she is so cramped in conventionalities that her very soul is kept covered up, and her heart has no room for healthy action. But the bonds are broken on her wedding-day, when, from a chrysalis condition, she comes out a butterfly, or a bee, or perchance a wasp. Then she begins to breathe freely, and to aim at the supreme happiness of woman-kind—the having her own way. The husband, still stiff in his own conceit, is fairly startled and shaken with the shock of a surprise. The meek and modest maiden whom he courted so cavalierly soon shows him she is

A WOMAN WITH A TONGUE

and with a temper, and a woman who will have her own way. When he talks about Home and Happiness and the Duties of a Wife, all in capitals, she laughs at him for his innocence, and wants to know if he would like to treat her as a child, as did her nurse, and her governess, and her mother, and her chaperon, to keep up the proprieties. Possibly some of his over-weening conceit is thus laughed out of him, and he agrees to take his proper place as his wife's husband, giving up with a sigh the good old copybook and church-service mottoes about being her lord and master, and getting from her nothing but honour and obedience. If this sensible conclusion be quickly come to, all may yet be well; and should he bear the yoke gracefully, his wife will be easy with him, and let him have his own way in little things, and look as docile as a dove when company is present. But in case the unlucky husband clings to the ancient superstition of his own authority, then there will be war to the knife, and none can tell what will happen, save the certain ending that, at some time or other, the wife will succeed in having her own way.

To watch a woman training her husband to fetch and carry is a delightful pastime for those who are inclined to philosophic study. With heaven-born instinct the wife knows exactly when to smile and when to frown, and where a touch of the whip or tongue will be most effectual. Graciously giving way to his wishes, after they have been suggested by herself, she turns him round her little finger, and holds him up laughingly to the gaze of a wondering world. Women are not generally humorists; but they cannot help feeling the fun of the thing when they so successfully manage their husbands, who all the while think they are managing them. This artful appearance of innocence and obedience is, indeed, the surest sign that a wife is having all her own way. She is not so foolish as to care for the semblances of power. He may seem to be the master, and really act as the figure-head of the vessel; but the wife rules the rudder, and steers the ship whithersoever she may chance to wish. Every wise married man knows this to be so, and bows to the inevitable. But, then, few husbands are wise; and they, therefore, only too often expose themselves to the ridicule of the philosophic few, who see thing as they are, and smile serenely at the spectacle of these bold British lions being driven, each in single harness, in the chariot of Home. They are but poor company, these married men; being either tamed out of knowledge, or else restless and chafing under the bit and the reins. Their wives are far more sociable and amusing, because they are women of the world, who have shown the strength of their character by choosing men for husbands, and then having everything their own way. The subject is really inexhaustible; but I must close these few hints as to the study of wives in general.

The Meanness of Some Christians.

The meanness of a man calling himself a Christian is an unlovely object of contemplation. And yet it is one which is brought under everybody's notice, very, very often. We do not say that the meanness is a *result* of the Christianity, but it exists in spite of it. And it exists too, in reference to that very Christianity which many of the mean ones profess to be so very much in earnest about. They will spend a good deal on personal gratification, on mere whims of the moment, on trifles to sooth if possible the changeable desires of a capricious fancy, but on what, according to their Sunday thoughts and prayer-meeting exercitations, they consider the pearl of great price, the one thing above all others needful, they will spend perhaps a dollar or two in the course of the year. And yet the same people will often bewail the stony hard-heartedness of the God-forgetting world, that does not, because it *will* not believe, and insist strenuously on the necessity which is laid on all Christians to exercise the most unceasing watchfulness because the eyes of the suspicious, watchful and unsympathetic unbelievers are so constantly upon them. Well, of course it may be very unphilosophical for men of the world to judge of a religion simply by the actions of some of its followers, but it is not altogether unnatural. If we see a man who professes openly to hold the belief that he had been saved from a fate as terrible as it is prolonged, by no merit of his own, but by the heroic self-sacrifice of another; if we see such a man spending five hundred dollars on a single supper, or a horse, or a diamond ring, and giving, it may be, five, or ten dollars to help the spread of what he *says* is the most precious cause in the whole wide world; as men of the world who may have or may not have our own religious views, we say we have a perfect right to watch such a man, and to suspect very strongly the depth of his convictions, though we may not go the length of setting down his religion as wholly a delusion. The Christian religion is too important a thing to be kept exclusively for pulpits and religious newspapers. Every intelligent man is interested in it, and all phases both in itself and in the conduct of its professors, must be and ought to be very narrowly watched.

IN Paris false ears are a new manufacture for the toilet. Ladies who think they have ugly ears place these artistic productions under luxuriant tresses of false hair, fasten them to the natural ears, and wear them for show. False hair, false teeth, false breasts, false hips, false calves, false ears—what next?

Some Baby Days Scientifically Treated.

The Cornhill Magazine.

I may begin my sketch of the early history of this boy by remarking that he appears to be an exemplary infant—healthy, good-natured, and given to that infantile way of relieving the pressure of his animal spirits which is, I believe, known as crowing. Not believing in the classification of temperament adopted by the physiologists of a past age, the father forbears describing his temperament. Also, not being a phrenologist, he has omitted to take elaborate measurements of his cranium. For my lady readers, I may add that he seems, at least by his father's account, to be a good-sized, chubby little fellow, fair and rosy in tint, with bright blue eyes, and a limited crop of golden hair of an exceptionally rich, I don't know how many carat gold, hue; also, last and not least, that he boasts of the name of Clifford. The early pages of the record do not, I must confess, yield any very striking observations. For the first few days Master Clifford appears to have been content to vegetate like other babies of a similar age. Although a bonny boy, he began life in the usual way—with a good cry; though we now know, on scientific authority, that this being a purely reflex act consequent on the first action of the air on the organ of respiration, has not the deep significance which certain pessimistic philosophers have attributed to it. Science would probably explain in a similar way a number of odd facial movements which this baby went through on the second day of his earthly career, and which were highly suggestive of a cynical contempt for his new surroundings. Yet, though content in this early stage to do little but perform the vegetal functions of life, the infant comes endowed with a nervous system and organs of sense, and these are very soon brought into active play. According to this record, the sense of touch is the first to manifest itself. Even when only two hours old, at a period of life when there is certainly no sound for the ear and possibly no light for the eye, Clifford immediately clasped the parental finger which was brought into the hollow of its tiny hand. And this seems to agree with the doctrine laid down by evolutionists—a doctrine hinted at by Aristotle—that the special senses, sight, hearing, &c., are modifications of touch, and evolved by fine differentiations of the tactual surface. The march of infantile intellect during the second, third, and fourth days appears in the case now considered to have been exceedingly rapid. On the second day there was observed by Clifford's papa a distinct movement of the head in response to sound. On this same day the previously futile attempts to bring the two eyes into harmonious action were crowned with a measure of success, and they were observed to converge for an instant on the father's face, if held invitingly near. By the fourth day the command of the eye was far greater, and now it was possible to notice the effect of an object in attracting the organ in a particular direction, if not too far from that of the point previously looked at. Not for some days later, however, could one see any capability of following a moving object with the eye. The powers of movement generally made rapid progress during these four days, since it is recorded that on the fourth day Clifford, having clasped his father's finger, made what was apparently an abortive effort to carry it to his mouth. The father judiciously abstains from doing more than hinting at the possibility of this being a survival of a deeply organized cannibal instinct. The fact that infants carry everything to their mouths seems to point either to the presence of some primitive omnivorous instinct, or what seems at least equally reasonable, to the faat that the lips are a part of the organ of touch, and, indeed, among the most highly endowed parts of the organ, which may have been used in conjunction with the hands in the earlier stages of the development of the race much more extensively than now. For the first weeks the baby lives in a very confined world. Clifford, at least, was supremely indifferent to the existence of everything lying beyond certain narrow limits of space. Even his own papa appeared to cease to exist for him as soon as he moved a yard or two away. One is disposed to guess that, if at this time of life the infant were capable of forming the idea of an external world, he would attribute porsistence to an exceedingly small number of objects. He appears to lead very much the life of a stationary hydra, which knows of nothing save what accidentally comes within the narrow sweep of its tenacles.

Greek Surroundings.

Macmillan's Magazine.

Surely there never lived a people on the life of which external surroundings worked with deeper effect than on the Greeks. Certainly no people was ever so surrounded on all sides by the works of its own hands—works which acted at every moment on the mind both consciously and unconsciously. In the Greece of history every city was full of temples and porticoes, and every portico, every agora, and every temple was one vast storehouse full of works of great painters and sculptors. Nor were these intended merely to please the eye and intoxicate the senses. There was not a statue and not a relief which did not speak to all beholders of some incident of mythology, or some notable deed of history. Mythology and history alike stood there in concrete form in all the streets and public buildings of the country. The Greeks did not hear or read of the gods and the deeds of their own ancestors; they saw them every day wherever they went. Love of their native city was not with them a sentiment, but passion for this temple, that painting, that stoa. And when they went into their houses the same scenes which they had witnessed without, met them again within. The walls of their rooms and the pottery of common use were all painted with exploits of gods and men. Their very mirrors and pins were adorned with human figures, not one of which wanted its meaning. Thus to the Greeks the works of their artists were not merely things to admire, and symbols of worship, they were geography, history, religious teaching, and literature. For the common people the rare scrolls of parchment and papyrus which held the writings of authors were far out of reach; it was less through the ear than through the eye that they received the education which raised them out of the narrow limits of the present. How then can any one aspire to understand Greek manners, Greek civilization, Greek history, if he is ignorant of the chief source of Greek education, and knows nothing of what occupied constantly the largest part in the minds of the people?

The British Rough.

The British rough is probably actuated less by a spirit of cruelty and injustice than by a misguided sense of humor. Suffering, human and animal, has for him a comic side, and he takes his pleasure in kicking a woman or torturing a cat. An incident at a fire as reported by a street loafer, aptly illustrates the feeling which seems to animate this class: "On the roof," said he, to a friend, "was an old man among the flames, 'Jump, you stoopid,' I cried; and jump he did and broke his blessed neck. I never laughed so much in all my life!" The jest is a brutal one, but unfortunately it indicates the frame of mind of the scoundrels who perpetrate those outrages.

Lemon-Juice and Small-Pox.

The following account of the cure of small-pox by lemon-juice is given by Dr. James Moore, a surgeon of Ironton, O. It is of great importance at the present time:

I was taken sick April 14 with what I supposed was a severe cold, having had my hair shingled the day previous. Friday 15th, I was quite feverish, with severe pain in the head and back. Saturday, 16th, I was no better. Sunday, fever somewhat reduced, I presume by the aid of aconite, which had been administered to me by Drs. Morris and Dunn; eruption very distinct underneath the skin.

Monday morning, 18th, eruption unmistakably that of small-pox. Tuesday morning eruption very abundant, crop increasing rapidly in size and number. Wednesday morning a very dense crop all over face, forehead, scalp of head, neck, and soles of feet. Upon the arms, hands legs, and body they were pretty evenly distributed, but not so closely packed as upon the above-mentioned parts. By evening I was suffering intensely from those upon the scalp. By 10.30 o'clock the pain was almost intolerable. My nurse had retired and was sound asleep in bed behind me. My feet were so tender that I dare not let them touch the foot-board of the bed. My head I could not suffer to lie upon the pillow. I lay raised up on my elbow, my neck resting upon my hand. I had by this time become so nervous I dare not shut my eyes for fear of seeing unpleasant visions. Pulse about 90. I had on the table at the bedside a pitcher of water and a drinking glass, a box of seidlitz powders, and one ounce of chlorate of potash in crystals. I had also at my bedside a paper of lemons and also one of oranges. These were all the agents within my reach.

I recollected that lemon juice in sufficient quantity was a sedative and would lower the heart's action, and by so doing might relieve me of those unpleasant visions. I therefore squeezed all the juice I possibly could out of one of the lemons into the glass, to which I added about two tablespoonsful of water, and drank it. I then opened the rind and sucked the balance of the juice. In about twenty minutes I took another lemon, and used it in the same manner. In a short time I felt very cold, as if I were lying in proximity to a large mass of ice My pulse had dropped to 60. I shut my eyes to see if the unpleasant visions were gone. I not only found that they were gone, but by placing my hand upon my head I found that the pox on my head had gone also. My head was bathed with gumous-like fluid, which had exuded from the pox. It stained the napkin I had applied to wipe it off. It seemed as if each had given up its contents, and wilted down to a level with the surface. The same had taken place with those upon my face. My beard was glued together with the same kind of fluid. Those upon my neck had not bursted, but had shrunk away and diminished in size considerably. I laid down and slept two hours comfortably. I awoke, I presume from cold, although I had plenty of cover upon me and the fire still burning in the grate. I felt so well pleased that I took a little more lemon juce. I kept my pulse at from sixty to sixty-seven for thirty-six hours, when all eruptions had disappeared from my skin. I bid good-bye to the lemon juice and small-pox.

So strongly am I convinced of the power of lemon juice to abort any and every case of small-pox, if administered as I administered it to myself, that I look upon it as a specific of as much certainty and power in small-pox as quinine is in intermittent fever. I therefore publish my experiment, hoping every physician having a case of small-pox will give it a fair trial and report the result to me.

CONTRABAND GOODS.

The Noble Red Man Resorts to Smuggling.

Victoria [B.C.] Standard.

For some time past the authorities at this port have had reason to suspect that merchandise in small quantities was being smuggled across from Puget Sound. A strict look-out was kept, but notwithstanding the vigilance of the officers the evidence obtainable was insufficient to establish a case. On Wednesday evening, however, Sergt. Bloomfield, of the city police force, received certain information which led him to believe that he was on

THE TRACK OF THE SMUGGLERS,

and accompanied by officer Kirkup he proceed to an Indian tenement on Store Street, at the foot of Cormorant street. He knocked at the door, and on being admitted found that there were several Indians on the premises, the proprietor being a civilized looking native named Jim. The officers stated that they had reason to believe that he was in unlawful possession of certain goods, and it was their intention to search the house. No resistance was offered, and after a careful investigation the officers found

SECRETED UNDER A BED

in a back room a keg containing 25 lbs. of American tobacco, two kegs of syrup, and a can of coal oil. None of the packages had been broken, and the Indian on being interrogated admitted that he had brought them in a canoe from Seattle, but was unable to produce any receipt for duties paid. He was consequently taken to gaol, and the officers communicated with the Customs officials. Yesterday morning Hon. Mr. Hamley, collector of Customs attended at the police magistrate's office, and after the case had been stated the prisoner was released on bail of $100 to appear on Monday next to answer to any charge that may be then preferred against him. Frequent complaints have been made by traders that goods were being imported from Washington Territory and sold at

RUINOUSLY LOW PRICES,

and at last the conclusion was arrived at that smuggling must be going on. The value of the tobacco seized at Seattle would be $12.50, and here, with duty paid on it, $18. The value of the syrup at Seattle $3, and here with duty, about $5.50 per keg. So it is apparent that there was a nice little margin for the smuggler. To what extent this contraband trade has been carried on it is impossible at present to state.

A Good Scheme.

The Chateau de Montala, celebrated specimen of Renaissance architecture, dating from the commencement of the sixteenth century, is for sale at the moderate price of forty thousand dollars, and on view in the vast ateliers of M. Roll, a well-known Parisian artist. Some time ago its owner, observing it to be so terribly out of repair that the expense of thoroughly renovating it would be greater than that of building a modern and commodious mansion, resolved upon its demolition, but in such sort that should more than pay the cost of that operation. To this end he employed an eminent architect, under whose personal supervision the chateau was taken down bit by bit, every stone being numbered and carefully packed in wooden cases, as well as the carved ceiling and wall panels, chimney pieces, and other parts. The pulling down of the venerable building in detail, packing of its fragments, and transport of the cases to Paris cost a trifle under fifteen thousand dollars. Should, therefore, the enterprising owner of Montal Castle obtain for its pieces the price he has set upon them, he will have made a clear profit of at least twenty-five thousand dollars by a totally new and original method of dealing with an ancient ruin of no inconsiderable historical and archæological importance.

The Greeks. Their Agriculture.

Blackwood's Magazine.

It would be hard to name any other people, undeniably clever, and possessed of considerable educational appliances, that can boast neither of authors, painters, sculptors, nor composers. There is no native theatres; native literature is confined to journalism; and the fine arts are so utterly neglected that even the jangling of a pianoforte is an unusual sound: hence, if the creative power of a nation really bears a constant ratio to its general vigor, we cannot estimate very highly the vitality of the Hellenes. A powerful consideration strengthens this conclusion—the hopeless backwardness of agriculture and of the rural population. M. About calculated that continental Greece contains 5,000,000 acres of mountain and pasture, a similar extent of arabable land, and about 1,250,000 acres of forest. Of the 5,000,000 acres of arable land less than 200,000 were actually under cultivation—that is, something under 4 per cent. The proportion may have been somewhat increased in the last 20 years, but still remains appallingly small. Even on the wide Argive and Bœotian plains, which boast something resembling roads, cultivation appears in insignificant patches; on the table-lands of Arcadia it is even sparser, while in the beautiful mountain hollows, on strips of soil that, in the similar limestone formation of the Derbyshire or Craven Hills, would be rented at £3 per acre, it is almost non-existent. The traveller is appalled by the surrounding desolation; and yet there is scarcely a product of the temperate zones that will not flourish. Tobacco and cotton grow well in the plains; rice could be introduced with success; and the mulberry, with due encouragement, would provide for the rearing of an indefinite quantity of silk-worms. Figs, almonds, apricots, oranges, and lemons are unsurpassed. The olive grows everywhere well-nigh untended. In rocky districts all cereals thrive, with the exception of oats; the Corinthian currant is almost a *specialite* of the Peloponnese, and, since the appearance of the *Phelloxera* in France, has found a fresh market amid the wine-manufacturers of that country; the other grapes are among the finest of the world. Such are the capabilities of a land that ignorance and indolence have turned into a wilderness. The vintage is so clumsily trodden and fermented everywhere, except in the islands and near the seaports, that wine which ought to command the markets of Europe, not only is unable to bear exportation, but would spoil before the end of the year unless mixed with resin—a practice highly nauseous to the aneducated palate. In fact, dislike of field-labor amounts to a mania, and except at harvest-time no male is ever to be seen at work: like other noble savages, he sits at home with ease while his helpmate scratches the soil and bows her head beneath the weight of burdens. The result upon the interior economy of the dwellings is such as may well be imagined. Even in a priest's or farmer's house furniture rarely extends beyond a rude table and two or three wooden stools; whole villages are without a fire-place; the process of sweeping or cleaning is unknown, and the entire amily sleeps curled up in rags upon the floor in company with the insects of the establishment.

Easter Pilgrims at the Jordan.

Stanley's Christian Institutions.

The earliest scene of the immersion was in the Jordan. That rushing river, the one river of Palestine, found at last its fit purpose. Although no details are given to the external parts of the ceremony, a lively notion may be formed of the transaction by the scene which now takes place at the bathing of the pilgrims at Easter. Their approach to the spot is by night. Above is the bright Paschal moon, before them moves a bright flare of torches, on each side huge watchfires break the darkness of the night and act as beacons for the successive descents of the road. The sun breaks over the eastern hills as the head of the cavalcade reaches the banks of the Jordan. The sacred river rushes through its thicket of tamarisk, poplar, willow and agnus-castors with rapid eddies, and of a turbid, yellor color, like the Tiber at Rome, and about as broad. They dismount, and set to work to perform their bath; most in the open space, some further up among the thickets; some plunging in naked; most, however, with white dresses, which they bring with them, and which, having been so used, are kept for their wedding sheets. Most of the bathers keep within the shelter of the bank, where the water is about four feet in depth, though with a bottom of very deep mud. The Coptic pilgrims are curiously distinguished from the rest by the boldness with which they dart into the main current, striking the water after their fashion alternately with their two arms and playing with the eddies, which hurry them down and across as if they were in the cataracts of their own Nile, crashing through the thick boughs of the jungle which on the eastern bank of the stream intercept their progress, and recrossing the river higher up, where they can wade, assisted by long poles which they have cut from the opposite thickets. It is remarkable, considering the mixed assemblage of men and women in such a scene, that there is so little appearance of levity or indecorum. A primitive domestic character pervades in a singular form the whole transaction. The families who have come on their single mule or camel now bathe together with the utmost gravity, the father receiving from the mother the infant, which has been brought to receive the one immersion which will suffice for the rest of his life, and thus, by a curious economy of resources, save it from the expense and danger of a future pilgrimage in after years. In about two hours the shores are cleared; with the same quiet they remount their camels and horses, and, before the noon-day heat has set in, are again encamped on the upper plain of Jericho. Once more they may be seen at the dead of night; the drum again wakes them for their homeward march. The torches again go on before; behind follows the vast multitude, passing in profound silence over that silent plain; so silent that, but for the tinkling of the drum, its departure would hardly be perceptible.

LUCY DAVENE is a mere child. Perhaps when she comes to years of discretion, if death or the law does not sooner interfere with her foolhardiness, she will voluntary quit her business of hazardous circus performing. In leaping from a high pedestal to the arms of a suspended athlete, in Philadelphia, a year ago, her head struck an iron post and she was almost killed. She performed the same feat again, however, as soon as she recovered. The Lizzie Davene who was mortally hurt in a circus at Wilkesbarre, recently, belonged to the same troupe of gymnasts, and Lucy has taken her place on the catapult. She places herself, lying flat on her back, on a sort of lever, which, by the action of springs worked at a given signal, leaps from a horizontal to a perpendicular position with such terrific suddenness and force as to send her whirling about seventy-five feet through the air into a net. The Wilkesbarre authorities have undertaken to prosecute those who had charge of the machine when it injured Lizzie Daven.

SIR WALTAR SCOTT'S castle has been rented by Baron Albert Grant.

AROUND THE WORLD.

QUEEN VICTORIA wrote a letter of four pages to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln on the death of her husband, which has never been published.

A Kentuckian stole four swarms of bees, carried them eleven miles in the night, set up new hives and handled the whole business without a sting. The wicked do not always get one under the ear.

A little boy fell through an open scuttle into the room below, at Belleplain. The fall would not have hurt him much if he had not alighted in a tub of water; and the water would not have killed him if it had not been boiling hot.

ACCORDING to the first rough calculation, the total population of the Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal, as ascertained by the recent census, is 68,750,747, being an increase of over 9 per cent. on the previous census. The largest increase is in the Chota Nogpore division. Calcutta and suburbs are almost stationary, the total being 683,329, against 686,684, in 1876.

THE question of rebuilding the Tuileries is again agitated. Mr. Garnier, the architect of the Grand Opera House, proposes to take down what remains of the palace, and to place the new building further back, and not connect it with the two wings. It is proposed to establish there a museum of modern art, to which the pictures in the Luxemburg will be transferred.

"I WAS rather amused", says a writer in the London *World*, "when watching the scene in the Mall during the drawing-room on Thursday last, to see a lady and gentleman, the latter in uniform, in a brougham, enjoying a quiet gamble. They went on with the game quite impervious to the remarks of the lookers on, and probably only put up their cards when they arrived at the door of the palace.'

AN Alabama father committed suicide because he thought his wife loved their daughter more than she did him; a California girl because her father married a woman who was her junior; a Rhode Island mason because he carelessly built a wall out of plumb; a Georgia negro because he could not feel that he had a satisfactory quantity or quality of piety; a Maine farmer because a balky horse exasperated him; and a Michigan bride because her husband of three days swore at her.

AN old feat is strikingly varied in a Western circus. Leaping from a spring board over a row of elephants, camels and horses has ceased to move an audience. In the present instance the leaper personates an Arab pursued by a company of soldiers. They drive him up a hill and stand in a dozen ranks at his foot with their spears upraised. Then the Arab runs down the hill, jumps on the spring board (which looks like a rock) and bounds with a somersault over the heads and spears of the enemy.

ACCORDING to the new orders, the British regiments will in future adopt a national badge as follows: English regiments, a rose; Scotch regiments, a thistle; Irish regiments, a shamrock; and Welsh regiments, a dragon. The title of each regiment will be borne on the shoulder strap. The facings and officers' lace will be, for English and Welsh regiments, white facings, rose pattern of lace; Scotch regiments, yellow facings, thistle lace; Irish regiments, green facings, shamrock lace; royal regiments, blue facings, retaining the national lace.

THE old custom was to call young women Miss and older women Mrs., the age of 30 being about the dividing line, regardless of whether they were married or not. Elizabeth A. Kingsley writes to the *Women's Journal* that the usage was right and ought to be revived. "It is annoying," she says, "to be introduced to Mrs. Brown, a silly, superficial creature yet in her teens, and the next moment to be presented to Miss Williams, who at a glance we perceive to be an intellectual, noble, broad-souled women of thirty-five or forty, worth more than a dozen like Mrs. Brown.'

THE last Ohio Legislature passed several bills authorizing counties and towns to provide money to aid local railroad projects. All these schemes are killed by a constitutional provision which the law-makers must have overlooked, that the Legislature "shall never authorize any county, city, town, or township, by vote of its citizens or otherwise, to become a stockholder in any joint stock company, corporation, or association whatever, or to raise money for, or loan its credit to, or in aid of any such company, corporation, or association." The railroad projectors are much downcast.

IT is said that fifty miles to the south of Leicester, in North Bucks and Bedfordshire, England, the farmers are so badly off that the laborers, on whom their employers' condition tells disastrously, cannot be trusted with a week's supply of bread on credit. It is also stated with respect to an estate on the northern edge of Salisbury Plain that all the tenants have left and the land is now covered with grass and weeds. Farms are also let at a reduction of fifty per cent. under the ordinary rent, with the first year free. The results, in fact, everywhere, attributable to continuous wet seasons, are alarming.

CERTAIN returns in reference to sixteen English counties show that farms are going a begging. There are no tenants to take them. Good land in the fen district of Huntingdonshire, which formerly—five or seven years ago—brought from thir