It takes 1,000 mole skins to make a lady a jacket, but when she gets it she is fixed for life. She has neither sorrow nor envy after that.

WHERE one woman scans the horizon for signs of the dawn of a brighter era, ten are scouting among their neighbors trying to borrow saleratus.

When two women are talking together, it is safe to predict that they are saying evil of a third; when two men, that they are saying good of themselves.

A Kansas man and woman have been married to each other once a year for four years, a divorce having separated them after every union except the last one.

THE average young man cannot hold thirty pounds of iron on his knees for twenty minutes, yet he willingly kills himself trying to hold 140 pounds of girl for two hours.

A MAX who wants his wife to love and respect him, will never make this mistake of putting his feet into her slippers. Years of devotion will not wipe out the insult.

During the paste seven years Germany has sent 10,000,000 corsets to this country to squeeze our women, and thousands of gallons of Rhine wine to make our men tight. [Philadelphia chronicle.

A PASHION item says "oval necks are more fashionable than pompadours squares." This fashion should be en souraged. Girls born with square necks don't look as well as those whose necks are oval.

PRECIOUS CHILDERS-"I know," said the little girl to her elder sister's young man at the supper table, "that you will join in our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are very fond of

WHENEVER young ladies learn to stick a pin in their apron strings so that it won't scratch a fellow's wrist, there will be more marriages, - Quit Young ladies must be odd fellows if they wear aprons when young men call to see them: But the editor of Quit is a woman, and evidently knows what she is talking about.

WHEN you see an eagle-eyed female, with tion nose, press violently forward through a make room for her, you may conclude that likewise. her deceased husband died from weakness of the knee-joint.

in the London Truth, was dining with his fa- date it at the last fine summer which can be ther a few nightsago. "George, "said the fond remembered-In search of the picturesque. here." parent, when they next met, "you took my Vincent had found it to his heart's content, to say I found the pockets of your coat full of sea, sky, and rock. And it even had the I can tell you. You should hear it whistle my mistake, father," replied the son, "di- fore the heroine of his idyl appears let me chasm in the cliff, cut, as it were, right going away, sometimes I think I want to, rectly I got outside, for I found the pock- introduce you to Vincent Randal, artist, as through from the elevation where they were sometimes I think I'd want to come back. creams and three pairs of ladies' gloves."

at a party, was greatly at a loss for something to say. At length she ventured to you could not enrage him more than by callinquire of a gentleman who sat near her whether his mother had any children? The gentleman politely pointed out the absurdity of her inquiry. "I beg pardon," exclaimed the old lady, perceiving her mistake; "you don't understand me. I wish to inquire whether your grandmother had

HOUSEHOLD NOTES AND QUERIES.

KEPING Edgs. - A layer of salt is placed in the bottom of a stone jar, and the eggs are laid in this, the small end down; the spaces are to be filled with salt, and the eggs well covered, then another layer is put in, and so on until the jar is filled. Place the jar in a dry place, and our correspond-

and has a bad flavor."

BED-BUGS IN AUSTRALIA. - These insects make long journeys, as they have been known inclined to shake his fist at his canvas than to live more than 10 years without feeding. to paint upon it. "C. S." writes from Wellington, South Aus- What a fool one is to attempt anything. tralia, that on two occasions he has moved he said to himself; "why not give it all up into houses badly infested with bugs, and in and simply take it in, like that bird up both cases cleaned them out by the use of a there? I'm sare he enjoys it more than strong het solution of soft soap. For reach- do." He got up and stretched himself. He ing the bugs behind the skirting a garden was neither tall nor handsome; there was watering can was used. We would suggest nothing heroic in his appearance. He was as adding to the efficacy of the application, thin and meager, his hair was beginning to to stir a quantity of benzine or kerosene be more gray than brown, but he looked with the soap before dissolving it.

An American Gambling at Monte Carlo.

There has been considerable excitement at ceived that she was unaware of his presence. Monte Carlo over the success of a young He kept perfectly still and watched her. It American gentleman named Mathews, said seemed to him he had never seen a beautiful to be one of the numerous sons of the late woman in his life before; all his old fancies Mr. Singer. This gentleman has cleared faded; she was alone in her beauty before his over 500,000 france during his stay of about eyes; as for the rest they were merely pretty, a fortnight there, 300,000 francs of which and Vincent despised prettiness. She was he won in three consecutive nights; his only a peasant girl. Her white cotton bonnet greatest loss in one night amounting to some lay on the rock beside her, and she had a 70,000 francs, which appeared to be a very common stuff dress on, but she was simply small matter to the intrepid player.

Carlo as being one of the best trente-et-quor- souls. Around her was the setting of the gate players in the world, after scarcely cliffs and rocks; the pools of clear water at putting a note on the table all the winter, her feet, reflecting a clearer heaven of cloudtried his fortune the other night, when, less blue; beyond and away the sea silvered after a few deals, he left the table a winner with afternoon light, the glamor of high of 400,000 francs about the largest sum that summer, the silence which had its own muhas been won by a single player in a night sic. She was tall-taller than Vincent himthis season. Strange to say, even greater | self; her hair was burnt into a kind of brown excitement than that over this wonderful gold, her eyes were deep and large-probabluck was caused by the appearance of a lady ly that brown which is called black; her covered with diamond ornaments, among features had that perfection which make one them being a string of diamonds each as almost forget to notice in what it consists. large as a robbin's egg, the like of which has With her beauty there was that strange and never been seen at Monte Carlo.

A Sporting King.

The King of Italy turns out to be as fond of shooting as his father was. He often dispenses with court etiquette, and wanders about by himself accompanied only by a couple of dogs. On one of these expeditions he met a peasant, who, believing him to be one of the King's gamekeepers, complained that a fox was in the habit of robbing his hen rocat every morning before daylight. The King replied that that was too bad, and promised to come next day and try to put a stop to Reynard's depredations. The King kept his appointment, and had the good luck to kill the fox, a fact which so delight ed the peasant that he insisted on the King stopping to breakfast, and on his departure gave him a couple of francs. The King spun the money in the air, and, declaring that it was the first he had ever earned, walked away. Two days after ward an officer drove up to the cottage in a carriage filled with presents for the peasant's wife and children, and informed them who their guest

wer white do certify saw Ix early bible times when people, used to live eight hundred or nine hundred years, what a pestiferous nuisance the "oldest in-

habitants" must have been! Very Nearly-Auntie: "You go to school, Charley!" Charley: "Yes." Auntie: "You I'm learnin' the pianner."

Senelon Salls Gazette.

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NO. 4.

Slipping Away.

They are slipping away-these sweet, awift Jears, Like a leaf on the current cast; With never a break in their rapid flow, We watch them as one by one they go Into the beautiful past. As silent and swift as a weaver's thread.

Or an arrow's flying gleam; As soft as the languorous breezes hid, That lifts the willow's long golden lid, And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle-down; As fond as a lover's dream; As pure as the flush in the sea shell's throat, As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note. So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass Down the dim-lighted stair; We hear the sounds of their heavy tread, In the steps of the centuries long since dead. As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love;

Shall we waste them in idle strife! Shall we trample under our ruthless feet Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet, By the dusty way of life? There are only a few swift years-ah, let No envious taunt be heard: Make life's fair pattern of rare design, And fill up the measure with Love's sweet wine

But never an angry word!

"LORD OF ALL."

"My dear fellow, I've found a paradise! lage in Cornwall, as I need not say. Such it, the inarticulate cry. crowded car, and in a commanding tone of now and then, and beastly bread; but I live | the rest on us poor maid!" voice order two meek-looking gentlemen to on the beauty of nature. Come and do . "I am very sorry. And how do you live Penruth, out of the noise and the bustle,

In this rapturous strain Vincent Randal A YOUNG friend of mine, says Labouchere the world this glorious summer-please to work."

A roomsu old woman, being one evening plus a considerable balance the wrong way "I am an artist-a painter. I should like in studio and other expenses; nevertheless, to come and make a sketch up here." ing him "amateur." "If I have the mis- course, if you like, to draught it. I can give lent me books, and Will was fond of readfortune to be well off, it isn't my fault," he you a chair out of the house.' would say, with pathos, "Don't degrade me by calling me an amateur unless you want me to cut to pieces every canvas I have

He worked hard and painted well, but he had not the divine touch. At times despair seized him of ever getting beyond the "pretty," and ne would burn his best efforts her his friend, for he was unreasonably sure "Turned two-and-twenty. I don't feel in the madness of the moment of self-disgust. He hated the praises of the Philistines; but now and then his sensitive and womanish, tender nature shrank from the criticism of the friends who loved him, but saw through the mere talent of his painting, which never could rise above talent. It was a relief sometimes to be sitting quite alone at the feet of mother nature as she ent says the eggs will keep a year. This is branded grand and calm over the Cornish one of the oldest methods of preserving solitude of vividly colored glorious masses eggs, but it may be new to some house-keep. of majestic rock. It calmed and soothed the nervous, impressionable man, whose life HOME-MADE GRAHAM FLOUR .- "A good was spent in fruitless chase after impossible Loffee mill may be bought from \$3 to \$5, and | ideas - ideal beauty such as his mental eyes the grinding of a peck of wheat will be a had never seen, colored with the light that pleasant exercise. The bran may be sifted never was on sea or sky; ideal love such as out if desired, but if ground fine it is better | he had never, might never, attain too; ideal when not sifted. We formerly had trouble honesty of purpose, purity of motive, heroto get good Graham, but the coffee mill ism of sacrifice. And with it all he had solved the difficulty. We now have the moods of lightness, humor, reckless bonhomeal fresh at all times, and its purity is as- mie, which covered all the contradictions sured. It should never be bought or ground. | and the unsatisfied longing of the man's soul in large quantities, as it soon becomes stale as the sparkles lay on the surface of the always held her head over high to please dark and restless waters.

Vincent sat among the rocks painting, are apparently found wherever civilized man trying to paint, but a mood of disgust at makes his home. They are well fitted to his work had seized him, and he was more

every inch a gentleman and a good fellow. As he stretched his arms and stamped the pins and needles out of his feet, he suddenly saw a girl sitting opposite him on a rock, looking fixedly out to sea. Vincent perand perfectly beautiful, the eye of a picture M. Lucider of Berlin, well known at Monte such as it is given to few to take into their

> heart one knows not how or why. "My last ideal," Vincent thought to himself, with a touch of self-scorn. "If she the heart-broken maid he had expected to come nearer to me I should find her like the he drank it in, and the sweet idea rank into were wistful, and at times even mournful, his foolish heart. As he watched her, her she spoke with a calm, not uncheerful air, face contracted with an expression of acute of every-day sense. The truth was that neither words nor cry, and stretched out her to herself. No hand had touched the secret clasped hands toward the sea. Then she wound since that bitter March night when stood on her feet, hastily gathered up what Will Penruddock went down into darkness

indescribable pathos which enters into one's

Vincent's eyes had lost their vision. He attempted no more painting; he collected his paraphernalia and went back to inside the cottage; then she came out, and his home-for the time being-in the very stepping behind him with the frankness of himself, unless you will let him try to take primitive little ian, "The Fisherman's perfect ignorance of the world, she looked care of himself. He will make mis-Rest," in the small hamlet of Penruth. 'If she lives here I'll find her out," he "It's nothing to look at," he said, glanc- wisdom. thought, as he disposed his belongings in his ing up at hor. "I've hardly begun. Here's small quarters; "and if I find her I'll know a finished sketch which is more worth your able temper of mind which disposes us to her. It will be my only chance of salvation. | notice." I hope she is a coarse, ignorant peasant!

most of them to speak to. They were a Lion's head. That's just like-but the sea hat is unknown. You bow to every one use them skillfully. rugged but kindly set, and they all liked isn't that color." the "little painting gentleman," especially "The sea is any color; you have not look- for callers meeting are introduced. You the children, whom he chaffed and petted, ed at it enough." bestowing endless half-pence on those who "I not look at the sea enough!" she said, and he takes off his hat with a bow which dies. had the loveliest eyes. His goddess was not in a low, curious voice; "I look at scarce would not bring discredit to a duke. Every Charley: "No; but among them, but there were a good many aught else." Then she changed her tone one bows on passing a house where they visdon't play the truant!" Charley: "No; but among them, but there were a good many aught else." Then she changed her tone one bows on passing a house where they visdon't play the pianner."

mind that he should find her in one of these. And at last he lit upon the one that enshrined her. He saw an old woman making you come from London, the folks say?" nets at her door; and though she was wrinkled and grown ugly with the sun and wind everything. I break my heart over trying and hard work of years, he fancied he trac- at it.' ed a likeness, and he stopped to talk to her. He asked her questions at first about the fishing and the storms, and then he entered more personal ground. "Your husband goes out fishing, I sup- up.

pose, like the rest?" "I have none sir," the woman answered, quite tranquilly; "he went down in our boat, twelve years come next October, with my varroch, be very good to me-go and lean

alone." Vincent's heart beat. daughter?" hard work for women folk to make a living. I often wish I'd had the sense to bide me as I was. I was better off, a deal, when I was in service at Sir George Tressilan's. But my man was very steady and good to me; you may have heard of him if you're at renruth-John Trevarroch. He owned a boat, and we were well-to-do till he went

rather hard tone. "But you have a daughter?" "Ay-Mary. She's a decent girl, but better. she's got no better luck than the rest. Her young man-Will Penruddock-was drown-

down-and all my luck with him," she add-

ed a little better than a year ago." A perfect Eden without a serpent in it in | "Her young man?" Vincent said, and as life." the shape of tourist or cad-an artist's para- he spoke the picture rose again, before his "There's naught in that that would amuse disc that, I believe, hardly anyone knows of. mind of the sad, beautiful figure, the eyes It is called Penruth; it's a little fishing vil- fixed on the sea, the hands stretched out to that reminded him of her mother; "it would

-such a sea! I don't care twopence about been married. He was pretty well-to-uo- trouble them." a determined mouth and a mark of interroga- food and drink. I can't say they are Ely- owned some property here. A steady fellow sian, but it doesn't matter. I get some fish and handsome. But it was her luck, like don-plenty who are gay enough. To me it

> "As well as we can," the woman an- the sea. Don't let's talk about London ; wrote to his artist friends scattered about | swered, with a sort of dreary dryness; "we I am trying to forget any world but this."

She glanced round indifferently, "Ay, well overcoat instead of your own, and I regret and was reveling in his untouched paradise enough. It blows awful stormy in winter, would it make you happier?" of cigarettes and matches." "I discovered last thing needful; it had its Eve. But be- through there!" and she pointed to a deep ed, turning her eyes from him. "As for ets of the coat I had on contained chocolate he chose to describe himself, though as yet standing down to the beach some hundreds I've never in all my life been ten miles from his income derived from art was nothing, of feet below-a giddy place to look down. Penruth, but I've read about places."

> was something repellant in her manner, but | "Will was the man I was to marry. He' something to be admired, too, in its way. dead." She spoke well, her look was honest if hard. and misfortune. He was determined to make | young enough now." that the woman whose image was filling his | young.' mind was no other than Mary Trevarroch. his remembrance of her. Mary Trevarroch. gentle, easy way, which always won upon der lip trembled rustic minds, in hopes of the daughter's re-

to the "Fisherman's Rost" unsatisfied. He took the first opportunity of asking of the landlord of this hostelry whether he I saw you before." knew anything of a widow named Trevarroch who lived up the Eagle cliff.

"Yes, I know her, sir. I knowed her husband well. A good fellow as ever fered." breathed was Jack Trevarroch. He went dewn one night off Tintagel, and his son with him; and then poor Mary's sweetheart, Will Penruddock-it's a common tale in these parts. Mary's a good girl, though she

Vincent cleared his throat. "She felt the oss of her lover very much?" "Ay, I reckon so. I've never seen much

"Sho's a very—a handsome girl, is'nt she? I think I've seen her." "Handsome? Well, perhaps, you'd say so;

I haven't thought much on it.'

And this was all that was to be got out of The next day Vincent found his steps time he carried his painting gear as a warrant for his appearance. The widow was at home, and came out to give him a chair, and to chat with him; but the daughter was not there. Vincent sat down and idly dashed in a few strokes. He hardly saw what he was doing his eyes wandered so often down the rocky way. Presently they brightened, as the tall figure, laden with a heavy basket of bread, came slowly upward, He flew held it back with a look of half-amused

The near view did not diminish one of her charms to him. On the contrary, the full open light of her wonderful eyes almost intoxicated a head which was at times but weak to such influence.

"Won't you let me help you with your careless of tones. "No! Why should you? It's not so heavy, and I'm used to it. You're the painting gentleman, I suppose, that mother spoke

from here. I shan't be in your way?"

"Oh, no," she answered carelessly. mother's, though rustic, was by no means beauty of her face. But though this face find. While her eyes had the expression of sares of where she goes. In another moment | those alone must make her future.

> Vincent went back to his easel, while the girl took in her basket and remained awhile

"Oh, those are the Twin Sister rocks," of others. she cried with more animation, one brown He knew all the villagers by sight, and finger pointing over his shoulder, "and the bows-nobody nods, and touching of the

"Try and see." "Are you a great painter-in London-"No, I'm not; I'm only middling at

"That's a pity; why don t you give it up? But perhaps it's your living?" "No. I'd make a poor living if it were. But it's part of my life. I can't give it "You're that fond of it?"

"I don't know; I love it, and I hate it but it's part of my life. Now Miss Treonly son. I and my daughter live here against that bit of red rock and I'll try and get you in. She laughed a short but merry laugh

"Get me in the picture? If you like; but "Yes, sir. It's a pity she ain't a lad. It's Miss Trevarroch! how queer it sounds. I'm no miss, sir.

"What are you-to such as me:" "Plain Mary Trevarroch to you

everyone else, sir.' "Well Mary, then please to go and de what I said, unless you are busy? "No, I've nothing much to do. Mother is cleaning the house for to-morrow." Tomorrow was Sunday. "How shall I put ed, with the first touch of pathos in her myself?"

"Anyhow; you can't go wrong; and talk to me while I paint; I shall get on all the

"I haven't much to talk about." "Why not? Everything is new and in teresting to me here; tell me about your

you." she answered in a dull, dreary voice. be better for you to tell me how ladies live models, splendid set of people-such rocks "Yes- her sweetheart; they were to have who are gay and happy, and have naught to

"I don't know many happy ladies in Lonwould seem ever so much happier here at with this free salt air blowing from over "Ah," she said in a quiet way, "it's "You have a very teautiful view from happy for you here, perhaps; you know naught of how we live in Penruth.'

> "Do you want to go somewhere else "I don't look to be happy," she answer-

"Do you care for reading then ?" "I used to when I was a girl; our paring in winter evenings." There was a si-Mrs. Trevarroch was not cordial; there lence, and then Mary said quite calmly,

"You talk of when you were a girl," Vin-Vincent thought it was that she was beaten | cent said, dashing into words to save himinto ruggedness by the cruel strokes of loss | self from some embarrassment ; " you are

"You've gone through a great deal," The very name began to identify itself with said in a low voice, tender with sympathy. She looked at him with a kind of surof Penruth! The words had a kind of vague prised gratitude; she was entirely unused suggestion in them of a sweet pathetic poem. | to such sympathy, and it moved her deep-He lingered on talking to the mother in his | ly. Her composure left her, and her un-

"Oh! I have, I have!" she said in a voice But at last he had to go back again | deepened by her emotion. "How kindly you speak to me; who told you about it?" "Your mother and others, and yourself-

> She blushed deeply. "Where?" "Down in the little cove there, under that cliff. I saw in your face that you had suf-She turned away her head, and put one

> hand over her eyes. "I didn't know," she said, just above her breath. "Never saw you. Don't talk of it now.'

had startled away. tenderness if it comes at all, comes after,

not before passion (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lord Beaconsfield's Social Qualities.

Of loyalty to his political friends he wa model, and nothing did more to secure his command of the party than its sense that his professional honor, so to speak, down to relieve her of her burden, but she could be implicitly relied upon. Toward his wife, a warm-hearted woman older than himself, and inferior to him both in birth and education, he was uniformly kind and indeed devoted. The first use he made of his power as Prime Minister was to procure for her the title of Viscountess. A story used to be told how, long ago, when his political position was still far from assured, he basket!" he said, trying to speak in the most and his wife happened to be with the chief A l'aris cabman who would be thrown over good manners as to quiz Mrs. Disraeli at the men, was arrested for insulting and abusing spice satire. Next morning, Mr. Disraeli, residence. Having heard her say on entering "Yes. I have come up to try and get longer, announced that he must leave im- he stopped after driving a while, got down some sort of a picture of your beautiful cliffs mediately. The host besought him to stay, from his box, and insisted on playing bezi-Her voice and way of speaking, like her forthwith. To literary men, whatever their to the proposal and the cabman lost. Mountopinions, he was always ready to give a ing his box he drove her home, where, on unrefined. It had a certain music of its helping hand, representing himself as one her arrival, she tendered him the fare. He mer bright, and what could brighten it well a scarlet wing feather from the phanicown, which suited with the melancholy of their profession. Success did not turn refused it, saying that she owed him nothing; now ? his head, nor make him assume the airs of a she insisted, protesting that she was not in never lost, even while smiling, its pathetic grand seigneur. In paying compliments he the habit of playing bezique with hack-drivlines, she had not in speaking any trace of was singularly expert, and made good use ers. He was quite as firm, and she told him of his skill to win friends and disarm ene- that if he did not take the money she would rest of them-another illusion gone." Yet infinite sadness, and the curves of her lips and especially the young by entering into abusing her, saying that he was as good as would never have heeded, and when her pain. She uttered a short, sharp sound, Mary Trevarroch had learnt to live utterly perfect man of the world-told his anecdote fense was that she humiliated a citizen by she had dropped, turned and hurried away and silence. The dull requirements of a he was excellent company. But he had few hours. with the step of one who neither thinks nor hard and dreary life were to be met, and intimates; nor did his apparent frankness unveil anything more than he chose to re-

You cannot teach a child to take care of takes, and out of these mistakes comes his Aren't his clothes lovely?

GOOD-NATURE is that benevolent and ami. most gifted being. feel the misfortunes and enjoy the happiness

IN HOLLAND. -In Holland everybody you may have met when calling on a friend,

ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN IN LON-DON.

Alarming Accident to Royal Carriage. English Paper. The announcement that the Queen would arrive in London on Thursday from Osborne attracted a large number of spectators to the West End in the afternoon. Victoria Railway was crowded to such an extent that traffic, both pedestrian and vehicular, in the station-yard was considerably inconvenienced. In the front of Buckingham Palace the crowd was so great that an extra body of police was found necessary to keep the road clear for the Royal cortege. The special train conveying Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice arrived about 2 p. m. The Queen, after alighting, at once entered the Royal carriage which was in waiting, escorted by a detachment of Life Guards, and was driven at a quick pace toward Buckingham Palace. From the moment that the carriage emerged from the railway station the horse carrying the outrider in attendance on the off-side of the Royal equippage appeared frightened at the large crowd assembled along the route, and at the demonstrations of loyalty given by the people, and although the rider managed to keep his steed tolerably quiet, it was evident that he only did so with considerable difficulty. After the first outburst of cheering, however, the horse appeared to become accustomed to the noise, and gave little further trouble until the Palace gates were reached. In front of the Palace the cheering which had somewhat subsided, was renewed with increased vigor, and the now-thoroughly frightened animal commenced rearing and plunging in an alarming manner. This was after the escort had formed in the Palace yard, and just as the Royal carriage was about turning into the gateway. For a moment neither spectators nor police appeared to know what to do. With every plunge of the excited animal the danger to the Royal party grew more imminent, and it was evident that an attempt to seize the horse's head might cause it to back into the carriage. The horse reared three times, and the rider at the third plunge lost his seat, and was thrown almost under the wheels of the carriage. By this time several police had rushed to the spot to assist the fallen outrider and others attempted to seize the animal s head, but without success, as by the time the rider was raised from the ground his steed was galloping along the ride in St. James' Park some hundred yards away. All this had occurred in much less time than it takes to relate. Indeed, so quickly had the outrider been thrown that the cortege had hardly come to a halt. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice seemed greatly alarmed, but more for the safety of the man than for themselves, and after the horse had bolted the Queen would not allow the carriage to

proceed until she was assured that her servant had sustained no serious injury. When the spectators became aware of this the cheering, which in the excitement caused by the accident had ceased for a moment, burst forth anew with tremendous enthusiasm. The outrider, whose name was Thomp-

son, fell on his head, but fortunately his only injury, besides a severe shaking, was a large gash over hiseye. This did not, however, prevent him from returning to Windsor after his wound had been dressed. The horse was stopped after it had galloped a short distance, and before it had done any damage. The event caused much excitement in the vicinity of the Palace, and be-

coming exaggerated as it spread the rumor that the Queen had met with an accident caused many to make inquiries at the Royal

residence during the afternoon. A Battue of Irish Dogs.

London Telegraph Imitation is sometimes a dangerous form of flattery, as the dogs of Kildysart, in Ire-Vincent had tact enough not to keep the land, have just found out. Fired, as has same chord sounding-he chatted away been ingeniously suggested, by the prevailabout a hundred things. The dark eyes ing political excitement in the district, a came back to him, and she was again the setter went mad, and in that state bit a rather dignified, matter-of-fact self that he number of other dogs, who immediately became similarly affected. Their action was Vincent Randal had taken the plunge in peculiar. Like their masters, they forthgood earnest; he went about from this hour with began a raid upon the harmless sheep haunted with a perpetual presence. Day of the district, and in a very short time had after day the picture lingered on and the succeeded in killing and maiming a great intimacy progressed-on her side a perfectly many of them. Thereupon the royal Irish straightforward friendship which had not constabulary were called out, and six conan afterthought; on his, a gradual rising stables, armed with rifles, essayed to put from admiration to passion, from passion to down this new disturbance. How serious leading along the same steep path; but this an irresistible depth of tenderness, for the conflict was may be imagined from the fact that it was not until eighteen rounds had been fired that the canine rioters were disposed of. However, the battue proved effective evidently, and the district had peace so far as the dogs were concerned, the human inhabitants being left free once

more to continue the agitation which the

animals had interrupted. The swift pun-

ishment thus meted out to the setter and

his friends would, it was hoped, convince

the rest of his canine race in the neighbor-

hood that, however mad their masters might

be, it was not permissible for dogs to catch

the infection, and that at any rate the muti-

lation of sheep would be only allowed to

maniacs in human shape. A Paris Cabman. of the party, and that chief so far forgot the Falls of Niagara by the indignant hack dinner.table-not malignantly, but with a a lady who had hired him to drive her to her whose visit was to have lasted some days his vehicle that she had been losing at cards and made all possible apologies. But Dis- que with her for her fare. Partly amused, raeli was inexorable, and carried his wife off | partly terrified at the situation, she agreed wanting in bonhommie. In society he was a coming up took him into custody. His de-

The Musical Primer.

Who is this man? This is an amateur tenor. Isn't he too sweet for anything He is indeed too oppressively charming. His clothes are indeed lovely, and he is a

Can he sing well? O, no; not particularly well, but he tries to sing everything. Does he know anything about music! He knows all the musical terms and can

Where does he sing? O, he sings at amateur concerts, and give an order to a gardener or a workman, very much admired by all our young la-

Is he a nice young man? O, yes, he is a real nice young man, only he cannot sing!

What Bread to Eat.

sa S. Bevington on the bread question. in favor of bread made from wheat meal. The future of which he had lost all faith. wholemeal of wheat contains 119 grains in the pound of the mineral matters valuable as nourishment, while a pound of white flour contains only 49. The writer maintains that white bread alone will not support animal life; bread made of the whole grain will. The experiment has been tried in France by Magendie. Dogs were the subjects of the trial, and every care was taken to equalize all the other conditions-to proportion the quantity of food given in each case to the weight of the animal experimented upon, and so fourth. The result was sufficiently marked. At the end of forty days the dogs fed solely on white bread died. The dogs fed on bread made of the whole grain not to be called Reverend, although he was remained vigorous, healthy, and well nour- long a preacher, was one of the gentlest and ished. Whether an originally healthy human most courageous of scholars. He took a being, if fed solely on white bread for forty firm and effective part in the antislavery days, would likewise die at the end of that agitation of thirty years ago, and was the time, remains of course a question. The poor familiar and beloved friend of its more conwho inhabit the crowded alleys of English spicuous leaders. Of a charming modesty cities cannot afford good milk, meat or eggs; of manner and of true spirituality of nathey must live principally on bread. And ture, he was a constant student, but always comes near to being a matter of life and ment of reform. His chief work is one of death to them what manner of bread they great research upon Oriental religions, of eat. Meanwhile their wan, stunted children | which the third volume, embracing Persia, frequent deformity, and early toothlessness, is ready for the press. The close of his witness directly to hardship in the particu- noiseless but intrepid and beneficent life will lar form of deficient bone nourishment. In be a surprise and sorrow to all his old assothe interests of such, and on the part of ciates. those who concern themselves in their life! struggles, the question deserves considera- London correspondent of the New York tion; can we, or can we not, expect human | Times, writing to Mrs. Langtry, who has being to live in health and to work-can we adopted the stage as a profession, says that or can we not, expect children to grow and Mr. John Hollingshead offered her a \$1000 to develop properly-upon the diet that a week for a month's appearance, which she starves a dog? The innutrition which cau- declined saying, "I would rather have a ses a dog fed only on white bread to die in | moderate salary in a company where I could six weeks, must go some way towards killing learn my profession, and have a permanent a human being, similarly fed, in the same position." She gets \$300 a week at the Hayperiod; for canine life is not so fundament- market, and \$50 for each morning performally unlike human life in the matter of phy- ance, which gives her about \$400 salary. It sical requirement, that we can rationally ex- is understood she hopes in due time to visit pect an identical condition of food to issue the United States where her husband has in two such opposite effects as death in the property. There is no truth in the current one case, and unimpared vitality in the oth- | belief that she does not live with him. It er. On the other hand, a recent trav- is true that his income is not sufficient for eler in Sicily observed that the laboring her requirements, and that is the only reaclasses there live healthy and work well son why she has joined "the profession." than 'chapatties,' made of the whole meal, reply enveloped in a Chinesestyle, and writthing. In Russia, Sweden, Scotland, and reply. How many Americans would like to elsewhere, the poor live chiefly on bread, al- stand up at a dinner in China before fifty of oats, or rye; and the peasantry of whatever | sor Ko first made a short speech of introto death, at least into sickliness, on the liberate, quiet, and easy. So much did he white bread it is our modern English habit please the company that they urged him, by to prefer. These and similar points are pre- hearty applause, to address them again. He sented by the writer with a great deal of rose again, and recited from memory one of plausibility and force.

The Baby's Hand.

Mrs. Arnold was showing a friend through her pretty now house which was undergoing a second and final coat of inside paint, and gave promise of being as aesthetically beautiful as the decorative fervor of the age demanded, the color being a delicate shell pink

like the inside of a rose. "Isn't it lovely," said Mrs. Arnold admireast room, and so it is to have the tints of the morning. Some might think it too delicate for every day use, but I shall make that very delicacy a means of education. I have taught baby already that she cannot touch it. Come here, dimple"-to the little one toddling behind her. "Baby won't touch

the pretty paint." "Baby won't," cooed the little one in its sweet idiom, and giving it a kiss and an admiring caress the young mother pointed out to her friend the beauty of the window embrasure and the view it commanded.

"I shall sit here summers afternoons with Baby. Won't it be lovely. Lace curtains within and green vines without. It will be a picture and a poem both."

And they strolled on, leaving the 2-yearold baby looking with far-seeing eyes through the pretty window and it was not the rosy tint of the paint, nor the flush of healthy childhood that spread slowly over the little face, and sent a tired little head to seek in vain rest on its mother's bosom. All thought of the tributaries of beauty and art, passed from the mind of the young mother as she saw her darling's fover flushed face, and she locked the beautiful east room and left it to

And the dear little hands, like rose leaves Dropped from a rose, lay still, Never to snatch at the sunshine

That crept to the shrouded sill." Yes it came to that! and an awful empti-

Ah, me! how strange that when the voice | would look in my back hair ! of redeeming love says: "My peace I give ! unto you," we will have none of it. If Mrs. | rence. Arnold had read on the walls in letters of mies. He knew how to please Englishmen, throw it into the coach. At this he began light, "Let not your heart be troubled" she their tastes and pleasures, and, without, be- she was, and that she was insulting his man- friend pointed through the window to the ing what would be called genial, was never | hood by offering to pay him. A policeman | blue sky beyond said tenderly, trustingly, "she is safe," the mother cast down her heavy tear-dimmed eyes, and with a cry of apropos, wound up a discussion by some not taking the stakes which he had lost and joy kissed again and again one single blemhappy epigram, talke'l to the guest next which were a debt of honor. The sensitive ish in the smooth painting of the windowhim as he would to an old friend. In short, cabman had to go to prison for forty-eight sill. What was it? Only the dear dead hand of her baby imprinted there—the little hand, which had been laid one moment on the wet paint that had molded it into this perfect shape, and that now seemed to point and beckon the way she had gone; a baby's sinless hand that would some day be reached out to welcome her-

"With the light of Heaven thereon."

clergyman in Utica who spoke of "Jonah ing the motet for the Bach Choir, and I passing three days and three nights in the sketch the numbers of the new piece which whale's society." There is a clergyman in Gilbert sends me.

New Jersey who has been heard on several The sermon was duller than usual, and it ing in the whales stomach."

the mere professor is like plated ware, which, after you have rubbed it a little, shows the baser metal.

GOOD-TEMPER is like a sunny day, shedding brightness on everything.

NOTABILITIES.

The late Mr. John Jones, of London, w made a fortune as a tailor, has left to South Kensington a noble collection of art objects, the value of which is about \$2,500,000. It comprises pictures, vases, antique furniture, Sevres porcelain, miniatures and en-

Mr. Holloway of England, in memory of his deceased wife, has endowed at Engham an institution for the higher education of women. The college buildings are palatial in size. The principal is to be a wo-man, and qualified female physicians are to reside at the college. Mr. Holloway has conveyed to the trustees a sum of £400,000. The students are to be allowed to choose their own place of worship.

WHEN Berthold Auerbach set out for Montone he resolved, it is said never to return to his native country, so mortified was Sometimes the foreign reviews contain ar- he with her internal condition, and above ticles of great interest. A recent number of all, with the treatment accorded to the The Nineteenth Century has a paper by Loui- Jews. It is also said that he declared that he desired it to be made known after his is a strong argument against the use of death that he died of sorrow and shame for bread made from the fine flour of wheat, and tho present state of the Fatherland, in the

SIR HENRY PARKES, Premier of New South Wales, who is now the recipient of much social attention in New York and towns around, is a handsome man of sixty. who began life in the colonies as a mechanic. In 1868 he was appointed Colonial Secretary of New South Wales. He was first appointed Premier of that colony in 1875, was kntghted in 1877, was for the second time Prime Minister of the colony in the same year, and again entered upon the duties of that office in 1878, which he retains until the

The late Samuel Johnson, who preferred

Mr. Joseph Hatton, the well-informed

upon a vegetable diet, the staple article of Mr. Benjamin Rand Curtis, writing to which is bread made of well-ground wheat | the late Chinese professor at Harvard Colmeal. Nor are the Sicilians by any means | lege, says: "On one occasion I asked him the only people so supported. "The Hindoos | to accompany me to a meeting of the Paof the Northwestern Province can walk pyrus Club. I sent him an invitation through fifty or sixty miles a day with no other food | the mail. By return of post I received a with a little 'ghee' or Galam butter." Turk- | ten in his own hand on Chinese letter-paper. ish and Arab porters, capable of carrying At the appointed time he called at my house, burdens of from 400 to 600 pounds, live on and we walked together to the rooms of the bread only, with the occasional addition of club. He met the members without the fruit and vegetables. The Spartans and Ro- slightest embarrassment, and took his seat mans of old lived their vigorous lives on at the head of the table with dignity. At bread made of wheaten meal. In northern | the conclusion of the dinner the president as well as southern climates we find the same | introduced him to the club, and he rose to ways made from some whole meal-wheat, its literary and professional men? Profesclimate, so fed, always compare favorably duction in good English. He was hardly at with the South English poor, who, in con- a loss for a single word. He then read a ditions of indigence precluding them from poem in Chinese from manuscript, and then obtaining sufficient meat food, starve, if not sat down. The whole performance was dehis own poems. Then, bowing his farewell to the club, and taking leave of the presi dent, he retired.

The Loves of Mummios.

He-The glass case yonder is getting to be more and more the Mecca of my glances and the Atlan is of my hopes. Why is it, this strange new uprising of emotions that ought to be long since dead? I can neither analyze

my feelings nor ignore them. I wonder what she is. Certainly not Egyptian of the ancient race. The contour of her beautiful features, the cut of her cerements, forbid the supposition. That aqualine nose was never reflected in the water of the Nile. Those straight black tresses were never toyed with by the Nubian breeze. From ethnological indications, on which it is unnecessary to enlarge, I am confident that she is neither Aztec nor Peruvian. Strange, lovely being, why did not the curators think it worth while to label you dis

tinctly. Sometimes I fancy that beneath my ardent gaze the faintest possible blush of consciousness reddens the parchment of her cheek. Sometimes it seems that her glance turns not unkindly in my direction. Sometimes-hateful thought !- it seems to glide over my right shoulder towards Ramses VI. whose hieroglyphics are brighter than mine,

owing to his latter date. At such times democratic, even communistic, ideas struggle in me for expression, and I lose all respect for majesty. I could almost burst my wrappings and throttle the

old imposter in his gaudy case. She-He is tall, but not too tall. I believe that he notices the peculiarly becoming style in which my hair was braided by the gloom and solitude until the crisis was the old women of the tribe. He must have come from beyond the mountains. No Chinook chief or warrior ever went to the happy hunting grounds swaddled like a pappoose in that ridiculous fashion.

Be still my maiden heart! I know he adness of all life, and then a hard, rebellious | mires me. I feel the melting of the snows, acquiescence in the decree of fate, and one | the song of the spring birds, the blossoming bright day the mother went into the pretty of the little buds. Why, when they reareast room, and with her friend lived over ranged the museum, did they not place me that day when they had last stood there, and | nearer to him? My cheeks must be dreadlooked with exceeding bitterness on the tint- fully red. Did you ever see anything se ed color that was to have made all her sum- impertinent as his persistent gaze? How He shall never, never know my prefe-

An Exploding Flower.

In some seasons nature's greatest blossoming effort astonishes and delights the traveller in presentation of the talapat tree (carypha umbraculifena) in bloom, which marvellous flower, it is said, appears only at intervals of many years, and then bursts from its sheaf like a rocket, with a report like a small cannon, sending out immense feathery sprays of a pale yellow or white

color laden with an oppressive perfume. Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN is having high hospitalities in Egypt, where the nobles are dining and wining him in the best Pharaoic style. He writes to Mr. Edmund Yates "I have completed an unfinished anthem The Rochester Express imagines a case of a of my old master. Sir John Goss; I am try

occasions by the writer of this paragraph, as I was only here and there that a fully wideby scores of persons to allude to "Jonah be- awake member of the congregation could be seen, when a little fellow whose uneasy THE real Christian is like solid silver, but twistings had aroused his father from a comfortable nap, piped up in a clearly audible voice: "Pa, what do we have to stay here for?" That simple, childish question injected more animation into the members of the church on that one evening than the pastor had aroused during his entire ministry.