The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

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EMINENT PEOPLE.

Noted for Various Things, and Generally Well Known the World over.

The Crown Prince of Prussia celebrates his silver wedding in January.

An annuity of $1,000 is paid in England to a servant of George III., and over six hundred dollars were paid in pensions last year to surviving servants of Queen Charlotte.

The Emperor of Austria's brother, Charles Louis, has for the fifth time been elected burgo-master of Aretetten. His forester and the village boot maker are elected on the council.

Archbishop Bourget of Montreal has, within two years, paid off a diocesan debt of a million dollars, the rise of real estate largely helping him. He is now building a $400,000 cathedral.

An article refuting the prevailing idea that Chinese civilization has stood still for centuries has been published by the Chinese ambassador at Berlin, Li-Fong Poo, in the *Deutsch. Revue.*

The State of New Jersey has been stumped by Mrs. Bristol for her husband, who was a candidate for Congress; and Massachusetts has been stumped by Miss Annie Jenners, a black-eyed young beauty of talent, for General Butler.

Mr. Worth has an interesting house at Plasly, and the finest private aviary in France. He wishes to retire from the millinery business, as his sons prefer cutting and slashing in the military. It is understood that he is one of the parties satirized in *The Kings in Exile.*

In his studio Carolus Duran wears trousers and roundabout jacket of lustrous black silk with large jet buttons. He rides like a centaur, and swims like a fish, they say; is an expert fencer, an adriot juggler, a fine singer, a dead shot with a pistol, and a skilful performer on the guitar and organ.

In 1879 Miss Blundel, described as sister to the ex-Chief Engineer of the Suez Canal, went to Lourdes to be cured, of paralysis, but the most assiduous prayer and bathing was in vain. Last August she determined on another attempt, and, praying heartily while immersed "felt as though an electric fluid were running though her, and emerged no longer a paralytic." This may encourage the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk to give their poor little heir another chance.

The Rev. James McEarl, a Presbyterian pastor in Montreal, tells of an extraordinary faith cure through prayer, and declares that there is no room for doubt about it. Margaret Scott had long been bedridden by spinal disease. So sensitive was she that she had to be kept in a darkened room, as a very moderate light caused intense pain in her head. She was extremely pious, and invited several women to join in prayer at her bedside, in the hope that they might bring about a miracle. They prayed for an hour, and then Margaret leaped out of the bed. She has been well ever since.

Some of the workmen in Deacon Estey's organ-works at Brattleborough, Vermont, complained to him that he employed women in his manufactory who had not the strength or skill for their duties, and pointed to the organs into which women's work had gone, which they demonstrated to be failures, and finally told the deacon they could no longer be employed in a factory which countenanced such frauds. Whereupon the proprietor, who had borne with them long, replied, "You will be paid off, and may leave. While you were out, I selected the pieces of machinery made by the women, and placed them upon your work-benches, putting your work in their place, and the organs you have condemned are your own, and those you have praised are the work of women."

"It's nice to be a boy" in Burmah, that is if one happen to be a royal baby. The infant whose royal papa spends a million dollars on a cradle for him is surely to be envied not a little by ordinary babies. At this enormous cost King Theebaw provided a cradle for his olive branch. This extraordinary receptacle is described as first framed with mango wood and then encased with sheet gold inside and out. Over this is ornamental gold work set with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and other precious stones. How sweet the infantile slumbers must be, rocked in the embrace of close upon a million's worth of gold and precious stones; how good King Theebaw is to his little child, and how happy his little child must be when he reflects that, although no one's head is safe for an hour in the court of Burmah, Theebaw does not forget to see that the infant prince is cradled comfortably as long as he lives.

FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

Copal varnish applied to the soles of shoes, and repeated as it dries until the pores are filled and the surface shines like polished mahogany, will make the soles waterproof, and last as long as the uppers.

Russia has concluded a new loan for $10,000,000 which brings up the total of her outstanding debt to $2,765,000,000. What is more noteworthy, is the fact that her debt has almost doubled since 1872, the annual deficit in her finances averaging $120,000,000, whereas twenty years previous it was only $55,000,000.

Almost at the time of the Seguin tragedy the wife and two children of a man named Meakins were found with their throats cut, and Meakins' body was soon afterward found on one of the abutments of London Bridge. He had intended to drown himself, but fell on the abutment and broke his skull. For two months he had been very despondent.

In farming districts of Denmark, where smoking is almost universal, and pipes with huge china bowls are as common as mile stones are scarce on country cross roads, distance is more frequently measured by "pipes" than by miles. The easy going, set ways of the people make this expedient practicable. Great is the amazement of the traveller, however, at being told, in answer to his inquiry about the distance to the next town, that it is so many "pipes of tobacco." Experience will teach him that at the steady gait and pull of the native about two English miles, or half a Danish mile, make a "pipe."

An interesting experiment has just been tried to test the powers of endurance of the officers of the cavalry brigade of the Russian Imperial Guard quartered at Warsaw. Eleven officers took part in the ride, at which Gen. Shoukoff, commanding the cavalry, also assisted. The distance ridden was 133 English miles, and was performed by all the officers competing in exactly eleven hours, of which twenty minutes only were occupied in rest and refreshment. The ride was round the Mokaloff plain, adjoining Warsaw. None of the officers was much fatigued, nor did the horses, of which each officer used six or seven, seem distressed. The weather was favorable.

The following facts are pretty well known but may be worth repeating for the benefit of those who do not realize the benefit of pure air and healthy surroundings in keeping off contagious diseases:

Michel Pasteur, the renowned philosopher shows that contagious diseases are nearly all generated by seeds, spores, or what are known as microscopic particles called Bacteria, or microbes. Careful experiments have proved that the disease known as tubercular consumption is such a disease and that the seeds are conveyed in the spittle, which, when dried, flyin dust and if taken into weak lungs, grow and produce consumption. Fevers are now well known to be propagated by seed, which either float in air, or are generated in water. Typhus microbes are of the former, and typhoids and diphtheria of the latter class; and various forms of typhus fevers are produced by foul exhalations from filthy sewers. The seeds of the latter may be classed with animal organisms, while typhoids and dyptheria germs belong to the vegetable class, except the seeds of yellow fever, which begin, like all the malarial diseases, with the vegetable form and soon change to the animal kind which float in air.

The Power of Music.

BY DR. MULVANY.

What was thy language, O primæval Man?
What the wild working of thy savage moods?
As each experience of new life began,
When first thou heardest the wolf howl in the woods,
First sawest the fish shoot through the glittering waves,
When eyes saw love that had not yet seen death!
As the first household crouched within their cave
And fanned their first fire with mistrustful breath,
And scarce had words for eager Thoughts' excess:
Words only—Music was a later birth,—
Thoughts that there is no language to express
Die, and thus love was dying from the earth.

Then of the Heavenly was there a revealing
That harmonized the chaos of man's breast,
Above, around, within, a hidden feeling,
New born, for music is but love expressed?
The pain of passion struggled into song,
From longing lips the thrill
Felt but suppressed so long,
Arose by wood and rill,
As Music voiced Desire,
And all the hopes and fears that were as gold and fire!

But, lo! a wilder strain
Has stirred the hearts of man!
To the battle, to the battle, hurry out
To the tumult, and the shriek, and the shout,
To the spear points fiercely tossing like a wave.
Towards the death that has no terror for the brave—
Already is the triumph won, already fancy weaves,
Dyed in the blood of enemies, the wreath of laurel leaves!

To that song of jubilation
While as yet their heart beat high,
Hark! a tone of lamentation
Blends with notes of victory.
Hear the death-bell's solemn tolling,
And its accent of consoling,
Telling to the aching heart
That the weary are at rest,
In a brighter home on high
Far above earth's clouded sky.
Thus our sorrow reconciling,
Softening and to tears beguiling,
With its measured murmurs deep,
Agony that cannot weep.

Sweet tones of earthly song, perchance ye are
The dreamy voices of a world unknown,
Heard faintly from some paradise afar,
Our loved one's home, and yet to be our own.
O hope that seem'st too natural to deceive,
Peopling the solitude of life's dull way,
How sweet it were could we thy voice believe.
And look beyond the gloom to that eternal Day

A TURKISH FESTIVAL.

How the Sultan Killed a Sheep at the Bairam Ceremonies.

Under date of Oct. 21, a Constantinople correspondent of the *New York Herald* writes: Courban-Bairam has just begun. The Sultan drove down from Yildiz in his state coach, a very handsome affair, all chocolate color and gold, drawn by four bay horses, with gorgeously apparalled outridders, running footmen and coachmen. The dress of these people is a sort of Albanian costume—jackets with hanging sleeves of a deep red color, every part of the cloth thickly embroidered with gold; loose, baggy trousers of blue cloth, and riding boots with tops of irreproachable whiteness. In the carriage with Abdul Hamid rode Ghazi Ahmed Pasha, the major domo of the palace, and Dervisch Pasha, who appears to enjoy just now a great deal of the Imperial favor. The coach was sent away shortly after the arrival of the Sultan and a magnificent looking white Arab charger was brought up to the door of the mosque, with silk and gold tasselled bridle and saddle-cloth a mass of red velvet and gold tracery. The religious ceremony lasted about half an hour, and to the Christian listener outside seemed very much like a high church performance of some ceremonial of his own religion with its chanting of the prayers. Presently a bugle sounded, the ministers and marshals mounted their chargers, while the naval and military pashas of lower rank and the beys formed in two lines as before. The soldiers stood to their arms, and a bustle at the mosque door, where two fine Circassian cavalrymen with their keen-cutting "kamas" kept watch and ward, showed that his majesty was about to appear. As the sultan mounted the charger, carefully held by some half dozen grooms, the guard of honor turned a half face, the troops presented arms, the music struck up the Sultan's March, and the whole procession moved off at a stately pace. The ministers and marshals, their horses curveting and prancing, rode a little ahead, leaving a space between them and the padishah. The latter with Ghazi Mouktar at his bridle rein, on the one side and Osman Pasha on the other, surrounded by aides-de-camp, grooms and the men of his special body guard, moved on with the two lines of pashas and boys, amid the loud shouts of "Padishah chok pasha!" the soldiers presenting arms and taking up the cry in succession as his majesty passed each battalion.

The Sultan had a weary look upon his face, as if the thought had struck him of the hollowness of all this show of military strength when Europe was determined to treat him as but a puppet in the arena of politics. Whether owing to the unpromising appearance of the weather or the callousness with which Turks have grown to regard everything connected with the government, there were fewer spectators present than usual, and I noticed but one petition presented. The man, who looked like an Armenian, had chosen his ground well, and unrolling the sheet as the sultan passed, caught his majesty's eye; and by a slight inclination of the imperial head an aide-de-camp was sent to receive it. Passing in through the large gates his majesty dismounted and stood for a few minutes on the marble steps. A card bearing some verses of the koran was placed in his hand, and while he was reading them a magnificent-looking sheep was brought upon the scene. The long wool of its full-grown fleece was white as the driven snow, its horns richly gilt, and a knot of ribbons and artificial flowers had been fastened on the back of the neck. The poor animal, lifted by the attendants, was made to present its throat, and the sultan, taking a small knife from a richly-chased silver, made the requisite incision. With a graceful temenah (bow) to all present his majesty passed in, followed in a short time by all the great functionaries and officials who had come for the levee. Six sheep similarly adorned were slaughtered at the foot of the marble steps, that being the extent of the sacrifice which the sultan is supposed to make as being the father of the nation. To give an adequate description of the ceremony which followed would require much more space than could be spared. Dolma-Bagcha is one of the most magnificent palaces that exists in Europe—marble panelled walls, fluted columns, and scroll wood covered with gilt, crystal staircases, massive chandeliers, and standing candelabra, with supports on the scale of lampposts; beautiful parquet floors, richly carved and inlaid cabinets and furniture of all descriptions, and such carpets as make one break the tenth commandment but to see them, sends one away after a peep at the interior of the palace with a mind full of confused pictures of Oriental magnificence and profuseness of splendor. Add to this the gorgeous uniforms with the broad sashes and glittering star of the great functionaries, many of them set in diamonds, and the picturesque costumes of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, and the music of the private band, and you have some idea of the materials which formed the display of the imperial power that took place.

A New England paragrapher has discovered that a dog's lungs is the seat of its pants.

ALL SORTS.

The worst kind of fogery is false notes by a singer.

A bell clock is useless when there's no cause for alarm.

We shall be soon regaled with seasonable talk about big things on ice.

Don't try to hound down the man who carries an English bull-dog revolver.

Time waits for no man. The tied is bound to wait.

Marriage makes men thoughtful. About half their time is spent in forming excuses.

Josh Billings says: "Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort comes an old shoe."

Things which are advertised as "cheaper than ever," are ever so cheap.

Any good-looking lass is perfectly happy when left to her own reflections.

The man who "cou'dn't stand it any longer" has taken a seat and now feels quite comfortable.

What is characteristic of a watch? Modesty, for it keeps its hands before its face and runs down its own works.

As a rule, the men who have been driven crazy by misfortune did not have far to go.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, is progressing satisfactorily, but his power of speech has not yet returned.

A Chicago policeman shot eleven times at a burglar and each time missed. He made the serious mistake of aiming at the fellow.

Playing foot-ball by electric light has been tried in London without success. The players throw themselves by kicking at the shadows of other players' heads.

Josh Billings' advice: "Mi dear boy, selekt your buzzem friend with grate caushun; once selekted, indorse him with yure bottom dollar."

At least three men on the average jury feel bound to disagree with the rest to show that they've got minds of their own.

After a beefsteak has been subjected to the subduing influences of a rolling-pin it becomes legally tender.

When you see it stated that a man is "eminently respectable," you can make up your mind that he is a chap werth over $1,000,000. Anywhere under that figure is simply "esteemed citizen."

A woman was offered $1,000 if she would remain silent for two hours. At the end of fifteen minutes she asked, "Isn't the time nearly up?" and thus lost.

The circus rider who was elected to the Italian Parliament is, we believe, the only politician who can ride two horses at once.

A Turk had rather see two camels wrestle than two men. They kick up more dust than men do, and that's the Turk's idea of bloody fighting.

When you are successful look out for the arrows of envy. "Stones and sticks are flung only at fruit-bearing trees," said a Persian philosopher.

At a public banquet the lion of the evening is usually received with three cheers and a tiger. This shows that he stands hyena crowd of giraffes.

"I give you my word that I am speaking the truth," said a man to his wife. "Of course you give me your word," she retorted bitterly, "because no one else will take it."

Ball dresses will come quite low this season.—[London Queen. Don't go off, now, and order a half dozen; the above statement does not refer to the price.

Some people think it better to be soft-hearted than hard-hearted, but it doesn't seem to us there is much choice in the matter. To have either weakness shows a lack of common sense.

"Women ought to take more exercise in the open air," says a medical authority. Evidently taiking over the back fence to the woman next door is not considered open air exercise.

Amateurs may fish all day without catching anything, and there is no reason why a fox is necessary for the pleasure of a fox-hunting party.

"Pa, what is an employment agent?" "Why, my son, he is a man who is very anxious to get work for others to do. He himself doesn't want any."

The meanest kind of a man is the man who will at this season give a tramp a straw hat when he knows that if the tramp wears it he'll get guyed to death.

A New England physician says that if every family would keep a box of mustard in the house three-fifths of the doctors would starve. No instructions as to whether it should be kept in the pantry or down cellar.

We see that "fur-lined circulars are fashionable again." People had much better advertise in the newspaper than waste their money sending fur-lined circulars through the postoffice.

A little 3-year old girl, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed: "Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

"Young Achilles" wants to know if "we think cigarette smoking injurious to the brain?" Oh no, not a bit of it, "Young Achilles." No man with brains enough to hurt will be guilty of smoking them.

Brown prides himself upon his firmness. He boasts that he never gives way to his feelings. The boys say, however, that his feelings wouldn't suffer from any giving on his part—not to any extent, you know.

He was making a call and they were talking about literature. "The Pilgrim's Progress," she remarked, "always seemed to me painful." Of course you are familiar with Banyan? He said he had one on each foot and they hothered him a good deal.

There are four different patents out on ways to preserve eggs, but none of them beat the old-fashioned way of putting 'em in raisin cake, and placing the cake down cellar.

At a recent marriage in Brooklyn "the bride wore a dress of brocaded plush of crushed strawberry hue." A man never wears a pair of trousers of crushed strawberry hue save when he goes to a festival and sits down on a plate of the fruit. And that is what he generally does—if the paragraphers do not lie.

Substitute for Cod-liver Oil.

Among the numerous substitutes for cod-liver oil which have from time to time been brought before the notice of the profession, dugong oil, which is an extract obtained from the dugong, an herbivorous cetacean inhabiting the warm seas of the coasts of Australia and the Eastern Archipelago, has met with a most favorable reception. Dugong oil is free from the unpleasant odor and taste which characterizes cod-liver oil, and is much less liable to change in keeping. At ordinary temperatures it is opaque from the separation of its more crystalline constituents, but becomes clear and almost colorless when slightly warmed. The dose is the same as cod-liver oil.

Forests and Climate.

A paper has been prepared by Dr. Schomburgk, the Director of the Botanical Gardens at Adelaide, on the influence of forests on climate. The object of the author is to prove that the destruction of forests usually has the effect of reducing therainfall, while, on the contrary, the planting of trees broadcast over a country is one of the best methods which can be adopted for ameliorating its climate and increasing the annual fall of rain. It cannot, indeed, be proved that the climate of South Australia is altering for the worse in this respect. In fact, a comparison of the meteorological records will show that the annual average rainfall for the colony during the past ten years has been 21.1 inches, as compared with 20.1 inches for the previous ten years. The fact is, that in the agricultural districts of the colony, and in those which were not originally timbered, the bringing of the land into civilization has had the effect of slightly favoring the fall of rain. Ploughed land attracts moisture to a much greater degree than the unbroken soil. In considering the effect which the removal of forests *per se* has in altering the climate in South Australia, the only direct test that could be taken from the records issued by the Government Astronomer is the experience of the neighborhood of Adelaide. If the time is divided which has elapsed since 1839, the year to which observations were commenced, into two periods, there is found for the first an average rainfall of 28.8 inches, and for the second one of 21.7 inches. It will thus be seen that, on the whole, the rainfall at Adelaide is diminishing, though very slightly, and perhaps the diminution in the amount of timber may have something to do with the change. Dr. Schomburgk, in searching for illustrations of the effect of trees upon climate, goes further afield, and brings forward some striking instances, in which it is evident that loss of forests means loss of rain fall, and *vice versa*. He recalls how the Russians, by burning down some of the Transcaucasian forests at the time of the struggle with the Circassians, converted the country from a fertile land into a desert, simply through cutting off the supply of rain. Similar instances of rain having deserted a country denuded of forests have occurred in the Mauritius, in Jamaica, the Azores, and, it may also be added, to a still more remarkable extent in several of the smaller West India Islands. No sooner had the forests of these places been destroyed than the springs and rivulets ceased to flow, the rainfall became irregular, and even the deposition of dew was almost entirely checked. On the other hand, it is generally accepted as a fact that Mehemet Ali increased the fertility of Egypt enormously by planting trees. He also planted some 20,000,000 on the Delta; his successors followed up the work, and it is a noteworthy circumstance that the rainfall rose from 6 inches to 40 inches. Planting has also, it would seem, produced remarkable effects in France and Algiers. Extensive regions have been planted with gums and other trees, which, for the most part, grew to about 30 feet or 40 feet in height, and it is noticed that the quantities of rain and dew which now fall on the adjacent land are double what they formerly were. —*Architect.*

Should Vaccination be Comsulsory?

Last week we gave some statistics, showing a long range of time, and showing so far, vaccination had signally failed in what was claimed for it. Without going into statistics, however, the evidence of common observation shows that vaccination does not eradicate small pox, that it does propagate other diseases through impure virus, and that inasmuch as it is a staff upon which the medical profession are apt to lean it does not stimulate them to investigate the nature and special causes of small pox, which we must, afterall, understand in order to extinguish it. Those who read the facts given last week will see that in leaning upon vaccination, the profession have been leaning on a broken reed. But on constitutional and legal grounds compulsory vaccination is utterly untenable, as the arguments of Mr. Gladstone and other leading statesmen show. Speaking of the recent attempt in England to proceed further in compulsion in these matters the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

"Englishmen, who have destroyed in turn the despotism of the soldier and of the priest, seem in a fair way to succumb to the despotism of the doctor. To the fear of invasion and the dread of perdition have succeeded a horror of disease and a longing for physical well-being, which seem as if they were likely to deliver the public bound hand and foot to the tender mercies of the medical profession. The officer of health takes the place of the Grand Inquisitor, and the doctor, like the priest in bygone days, invokes without hesitation the arm of the law. We have not yet reached the period in which human beings who are criminal enough to fall ill of an infectious disease will be despatched as summarily as cattle infected with rinderpest. But we are travelling thither at such a rate as even to alarm not a few members of the medical profession. The unanimous recommendations of the Royal Commissioners appointed to report on the small-pox and fever hospital accommodation of London are a startling reminder of the distance we have advanced in the direction of treating disease as crime. They declare that it is imperatively necessary that every case of infectious disease should be immediately and effectually isolated. The moment a man falls ill of an infectious disease, his state must be notified to the medical officers of health. The official must see that the unfortunate patient is either isolated in his own house or forthwith removed to the public hospital.

Our contemporary then points out that the first result of such provisions as this and the one compelling re-vaccination is to encourage conspiracy to conceal the existence of the disease; and that the danger as well as the dread of removing a patient must stultify the proposed act.

Yet just such a system is intended to be put into force here in Ontario under the new "Provincial Board of Health Act," and the Public Health Act. We have been handed a post card got out as a circular with the object of compelling physicians to report all cases with a view to compulsory isolation. At the foot of the card is an "N.B." intimating that there is a penalty of $20 for every case not forthwith reported. There is reason in all things, and, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* points out, the compulsion is as unjust to the doctors as it is cruel and impracticable with the people. People cannot be made healthy, any more than they can be made sober by act of parliament.

Preservation of Honey.

Honey, according to A. Vogel, contains on an average one percent of formic acid. Observing that crude honey keeps better than that which has been clarified, E. Mylius has tried the addition of formic acid, and found that it prevents fermentation without imparting the flavor of the honey.

Arabi is not hanged yet, nor is likely to be. In fact the revelations coming out in the course of the trial are altogether too awkward and compromising. In the meantime, however, it is becoming more and more evident that the English have gone to Egypt to stay and to rule, and wherefore not? Perhaps on the whole it would be better.

FROM ALL OVER.

It seems that the officers of the Jeannette were not on friendly terms, even after the ice was broken.

England has thirty electric light companies, with a capital of over $30,000,000. Nearly as much money is similarly invested in France.

After next May the Netherlands Government requires that trains running more than thirty-seven miles an hour be provided with brakes of a kind approved by the Minister of Works.

During the last ten years cattle in New South Wales have increased very little, but have gone from sixteen millions to thirty-three millions; beef consequently grows steadily dearer.

French chemists have succeeded in solidifying kerosene so that it burns like tallow. This achievement will be a great boon to servant girls who have to kindle kitchen fires.

The London *Draper's Journal* says that there is scarcely a better market for lace, rich silks, &c., than Greece; but some economical Athenian ladies have now formed a league to wear woollens instead of silks.

Prizes are offered at Harvard for the best growth of muscle. "A gentleman connected with the university," will award them to three students whose bodies, their present condition considered, show the best general development next June.

Now that the days of wild fowl shooting are come, it may be interesting to give some instances of wonderful "bags." On one occasion, a few seasons ago, in England, eight wild swans, averaging nineteen pounds each, were knocked down at one shot. On another, thirty-five geese were killed by one discharge of a single barrel hant gun.

A traveller on an Indiana railroad stepped off a car while it was on a drawbridge, and was killed by falling through. His widow sued an accident insurance company, from which he had procured a policy. The Court holds that the insurers are not liable, because the policy stipulated that the insured should not voluntarily expose himself to dangers, and that he had no excuse for stepping from the car at the time he did. The policy is therefore valueless.

The daughter of a member of the British Parliament from West Cornwall met with a terrible accident two weeks ago while visiting St. Michael's Mount. She was climbing on the eastern parapet, and, by reason of the great force of the wind, lost her balance and fell. She grasped some of the decorative masonry in falling, but this gave way and she plunged a distance of 40 feet over the battlements. When found, both of her arms were badly fractured, but otherwise she was unhurt. Her recovery is altogether probable.

A little girl was seen on the track of the Missouri Pacific Railroad last week, waving her apron wildly and trying to stop the train. At first the engineer thought she was at play, but as she stood there persistently waving, he reversed the engine and put on the brakes, coming to a halt in the middle of a curved cut. Looking out and down the track beyond they saw an express train coming from the opposite direction at full speed. The little girl continued waving her apron until that train was also brought to a halt within a few feet of the first train, thus preventing a terrible accident. Before the little girl's name and residence could be learned she had disappeared, but the railroad company intend rewarding her for her good deed.

According to the *Official Gazette* of the United States Patent Office there were issued in the six months ending June 30, 1881, no less than 161 patents for car couplers for railroad use, and in the batch of patents announced as allowed on the 7th of November—the crop of one week—there are twenty-two more car couplers, and it wasn't a particularly good week for car couplers either. To the observer of these Patent Office reports the multifari usness of car couplers becomes a cause of hideous fascination and ever-increasing wonder. How so many ways of attaching two objects together can be contrived will probably never been known to anybody but the Patent Commissioners. Perhaps, if the truth were known, there are a thousand or more car-coupler patents, all exactly alike, and when the 1,001st comes in, just like all the others he maddened Commissioners shut their eyes and sigh, "Allowed," on general principles.

A Breath of Fire.

Dr. L. C. Woodman, of Paw Paw, Mich., contributes the following interesting though incredible observation: I have a singular phenomenon in the shape of a young man living here, that I have studied with much interest, and I am satisfied that his peculiar power demonstrates that electricity is the nerve force beyond dispute. His name is Wm. Underwood, aged 27 years, and his gift is that of generating fire through the medium of his breath, assisted by manipulations with his hands. He will take anybody's handkerchief, and hold it in his mouth, rub it vigorously with his hands while breathing on it, and immediately it bursts into flames and burns until consumed. He will strip, and rinse out his mouth thoroughly, wash his hands, and submit to the most rigid examination to preclude the possibility of any humbug, and then by his breath blow upon any paper or cloth, envelop it in flame. He will, when out gunning and without matches, desirous of a fire, lie down after collecting dry leaves, and by breathing on them start a fire and then coolly take off his wet stockings and dry them. It is impossible to persuade him to do it more than twice a day, and the effort is attendant with the most extreme exhaustion. He will sink into a chair after doing it, and on one occasion, after he had a newspaper on fire as narrated, I placed my hand on his head and discovered the scalp to be violently twisting as if under intense excitement. He will do it any time, no matter where he is, under any circumstances, and I have repeatedly known of his sitting back from the dinner table, taking a swallow of water, and by blowing on his napkin at once set it on fire. He is ignorant, and says that he first discovered his strange power by inhaling and exhaling on a perfumed handkerchief that suddenly burned while in his hands. It is certainly no humbug, but what is it? Does physiology give a like instance, and if so, where? —*Michigan Medical News.*

Mr. J. M. Lemoine, of Quebec, has been presented with a handsome Dominion flag by a number of his friends, for his efforts to add historical interest to the attractions of Quebec. The flag will float over the new tower of his chateau at Spencer Grange.

A correspondent, complaining of Grand Trunk neglect of the public mail service, puts this question: On the chief American mail routes a company is fined for every hour after time that the mail car reaches the terminal depot. Is the Canadian Postmaster General powerless to adopt the same rule? Certainly the Postmaster is powerless—if not of necessity then, as a matter of course, —until the people themselves rise, and say their interests must be considered.

EMINENT PEOPLE.

The fortune of the ex-Empress Eugenie is immense, and her connections stand in great fear of a will that shall make the Princess Beatrice the richest young women in Europe.

Capt. Gill, who was recently killed by the Bedouin Arabs, was one of those curious examples of men who by rendering a kindness to strangers, reap a rich reward. One day he saved an old gentleman in the streets from an accident, and in grateful return for the service Capt. Gill received a legacy of very large amount—sufficient to make him at once a wealthy man.

Lady Brassey has contracted for the building of a sailing ship that will stand without a rival for curious shape among the ships of our times. It is to be 27 feet long, and to have the lines of a certain viking ship recently become known, and which a model was shown at an exhibition held not long ago in England. During the August week of Cowes Roads next year Lady Brassey intends to row and sail in this remarkable boat. Two of its features will be more modern than its lines. It will be lugger-rigged and will have a sliding-keel.

The Marquis of Queensberry, who, the cable tells us, created such a scene during the first performance of Tennyson's new historical play, "The Promise of May," is 30 years old—old enough to be wiser—and is married to the daughter of Alfred Montgomery, a well-known fashionable contemporary of Count d'Orsay, who has been much about court. She was named "Sibyl" in compliment to Disraeli, who stood sponsor for her. His father, who as Lord Drumlanrig was a celebrated amateur boxer, and after whom the "rules of the ring" take their name, committed suicide in consequence of heavy losses on the turf. His mother is a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, and has acquired considerable notoriety as a supporter of the national party in Ireland.

The Prince of Wales has had a very narrow escape. Some person conceived the idea of presenting the Prince with a shell, which was a trophy of the Egyptian expedition. The shell was placed in care of Frederick Mustowe, at the Nordenfelt Works, in the City Road, London, to be mounted before being presented; but before the man could mount the shell, the shell came very near causing the man to mount, as it exploded, injuring him in a dreadful manner. It is questionable if any ordinary lunatic asylum in the country could send forth a competitor who would have the least chance in a fool show against whoever conceived the idea of presenting a man with a live shell. Meanwhile the heir to the English throne will appreciate the narrowness of his escape from being made into a number of royal fragments.

It is understood that Madame Patti was married to Nicolini, for the second time, a few weeks ago in London, the recently passed French divorce law making such a ceremony advisable. It is said that Madame Patti was married to Nicolini in the Greek church in Paris six years ago. This second marriage is to prevent the Marquis de Caux from getting possession of Madame Patti's fortune should she die suddenly. The famous singer Grisi was divorced thirty years before her death from her first husband, the Count de Melci, who, notwithstanding the divorce and the lapse of years, appeared after her death, and his claim for two-thirds of the estate was allowed by the French courts. It is to prevent such an attempt on the part of De Caux that the recent marriage ceremony was performed.

The new Bey of Tunis is described as "a short-legged, obese little man, near sighted and deaf," who, when he desires to review the troops on horseback, must be lifted into the saddle. And yet, from the date of the late Bey's accession, he was generalissimo of the Tunisian army. Formerly he was a man of active habits and energetic will, and was charged with preserving internal order and with chastising those tribes who harried the Algerian colonists. During the French expedition against the Kroumirs there were considerable apprehension felt in Paris lest he should oppose the march of the French troops. His youngest brother Taieb is declared to have been played off against him by M. Roustan, who threatened to make up with Taieb and put him forward as a claimant to the succession. Ali of late years has "grown soft and lazy."

There was quite a little romance in the association of Madame Nilsson with Mr. Bjorkshen, the tenor, who is one of Mr. Abbey's company. When the prima donna was last at Stockholm she was the object of great curiosity, and among her admirers one young man was conspicuous for his assiduity, so much so that Madame N. at last became annoyed at the persistent attention of her young worshipper. One evening she found herself being serenaded, and she could not fail to be struck by the clear tones of a tenor voice which rose above the rest. Sending for the singer she discovered that this tenor was none other than her young admirer. He belongs to a good family at Stockholm, being the son of the Governor of the Castle. When quite a boy he vowed in the name of his countrywoman Christine Nilsson, to devote himself to music, and though destined by his parents for the navy, he underwent, at his own expense, a course of singing lessons. Madame Nilsson was so attracted by his voice and enthusiasm that, taking him under her patronage, she placed him with one of the best masters in Paris.

Halloween Celebration at Windsor Castel

Out of compliment to the Duchess of Connaught, who was to leave Balmoral the following day, the Queen gave instructions for the annual Halloween celebration at the Castle to take place on Monday night, Oct. 30, twenty-four hours before the true time of the festival. About 6 o'clock 200 torch-bearers paraded on the lawn in front of the Castle, and arrived at the huge stack of material for the bonfire, which had been erected near the front door. The torches were applied to the pile, and there then appeared from the mews a band of grotesque looking spirits playing instruments, and preceded by a majestic-looking demon, who was followed by four demons, bearing a chair in which was seated a witch, who was taken from the chair and pitched into the flames, amid the shrieks and howls of the attendant demons and a large crowd of spectators. A limited supply of the national beverage was then distributed, and dancing was begun and kept up for some time to the strains of Ross, the piper. The healths of the Queen, the Princess Beatrice, and the Duchess of Connaught were pledged and heartily drunk, and the singing of the national anthem brought the proceedings to a close. The Queen, the Duchess of Connaught, and the Princess Beatrice, with Sir Garnet Wolseley, remained till the termination of the sports.

Undoubtedly, a good deal can be done by the Government towards destroying the evil effects of the Grand Trunk's attempt to rule the carrying trade of the Dominion, even though no rival system were built. We shall see what the next session of Parliament will bring forth. We can easily predict this, however, that unless an agitation begins with the people, nothing will be done by Parliament. Unless the people find a voice against any vested right, it is not in the nature of Parliaments to disturb that right.

St. Andrew's Day.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that St. Andrew was a fisherman of Bethsaida and the brother of Simon Peter—or to add that after having been made acquainted with Christ he went in search of his brother Simon, and brought him to that Master with whom his name has become indissolubly associated. After the ascension, St. Andrew's name is not mentioned in the New Testament, but he is believed to have travelled as a missionary through Asiatic and European Scythia, and he is on this account held in high honor in Russia. In fact, he is as much the patron saint of that country as he is of Scotland. He is said thereafter to have passed through Thrace, Macedonia and Epirus into Achaia, and to have been put to death in Patræ—a city of the last mentioned country. His death, it is further added, took place in the year of our Lord, 70. According to tradition, he was first scourged and then crucified, and in order to make his sufferings as great and prolonged as possible, he was fastened by ropes, instead of by nails, to the cross in the shape of an X instead of the T shaped structure usually so named. From this that shaped cross has ever since been known as St. Andrew's. The death he in this way died, was very painful and very lingering. He remained "teaching and instructing the people all the time," till death took him to the Master he had served so faithfully and loved so well. We are told that a wealthy lady had the body embalmed and honorably buried, and that in the early part of the 4th century it was by order of the Emperor Constantine, removed to Byzantine, the ancient name of Constantinople, and was thence deposited in a church erected to the honour of the Twelve Apostles. The history of the relic does not end here, for we are assured that thirty years after the death of Constantine in A. D. 368, a pious Greek Monk called Regulus or Rule took the remains of St. Andrew to Scotland and there deposited them on the east coast of Fife where he built a church, and where by and by arose the celebrated city and cathedral of St. Andrews. Whether this story be correct or not, it is certain that St. Andrews from time immemorial has been regarded as the patron Saint of Scotland, and the 30th of November as his day has long been kept as a favorite occasion of national and social reunion among Scotsmen, especially when they have fixed their homes in England or in places far away from their *Ain Country.*

Accordingly we have in Canada and elsewhere any number of churches called after St. Andrew and to-morrow there will be a good many sermons preached, if not in his honor, at least in connection with his day; while, when the thirtieth comes, many a good supper will be eaten, many a full glass of toddy drunk, many a Scotch song sung and many a kind wish sent across the sea by multitudes of "canny Scots" who, if they don't know a great deal about St. Andrew, know plenty about the land of the mountain and the flood and feel though far away from its "bleak hills" and "bare glen" that it is if possible always dearer to them as the years pass by, and that its very dust is precious in their eyes, and shall be "till they dee."

It may be added that the commencement of the ecclesiastical year is regulated by the feast of St. Andrew; as the nearest Sunday to the 30th, whether before or after, constitutes the first Sunday in Advent or the period of four weeks which heralds the approach of Christmas. And new day, is thus sometimes the first festival of the Christian year, sometimes the last. This year it is the last, for Sunday the 3rd Dec. is nearer the 30th than Sunday the 26th of November, and is therefore the first Sunday in Advent.—*Toronto Truth.*

A Zuni Courtship.

There were two unmarried members of the house; a nephew and an adopted girl. The nephew was an over-grown, heavy-faced, thick-lipped, yellow-haired, blue-eyed blonde, —a specimen of the tribal albinism, a dandy, and the darling of the white-haired "Old Ten." One day, after I had presented the latter with a pane of ruined negative glass, she ventured to compare her favorite with me. My flattering acknowledgments of this compliment made decided winnings of the old woman's hitherto restrained affections. The governor spared this youth no more than the others. With character stic irony, he called him "The Family Mikman," or "The Night Bird," the latter term referring to his eyes "which," the governor usually added, "wiggled like those of an owl in strong sunlight." The maiden was jolly, pretty, and coquettish—the belle of "Riverside street." Her lovers were many, but soon, of the long row who waited under the moonlit eaves, only one was admitted—the governor's younger brother, my sympathetic friend. There was but one room in the house in which the two could hope to be left to themselves—mine. Here they came night after night. They paid no attention to the lonely *Mexlik* in his hammock, but sat opposite in the darkness on the low adobe bench, hour after hour, stroking each other's hands, giggling and cooing in low tones just like so many of my own people of the same age, only in a different language. An occasional smack, followed by feminine indignation, taught me the meaning of "Stop that!" in Zuni, and the peculiarities of the Pueblo kiss. If the blissful pair remained too late, the slab door would rumble on its wooden hinges, and the governor, preceded by a lighted torch of cedar splints, would stalk in, and, as near as I could make out, rate the young man soundly for his want of respect to the *Washingtona Mexlikana*, whereupon the pair would vanish, the maiden giggling and the young man cursing. —*Frank H. Cushing, in the December* CENTURY.

Orange Wine.

A writer in the *Semi-tropic California* describes his experience in making orange wines from the wild orange of Florida years ago. He says that it cannot be surpassed for medical purposes, and sold when only eight months old for $5 per gallon. The o