The Fenelon Falls Gazette,

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INTERESTING ITEMS.

A minister named Thompson, in Wilton, Conn., lately performed the funeral service on the body of W. D. Gregory, and then over the open coffin married Miss Gregory to Mr. Pike.

The Rev. Joseph Cook admits that his knowledge as to the time that the soul quits the body is not exact, and his statement that it remains for hours after death is partly a surmise. But he knows for a positive fact that there is no probation after death.

The Supreme Court of Illinois decides that no man is obliged to clean the sidewalk opposite his own house. The case was that of a resident of Bloomington, who allowed the snow to accumulate in front of his property, and being fined under a city ordinance, appealed to the court.

A colored woman named Martha Johnson, residing in Marshall, Texas, while lying down smoking her pipe, suddenly rose up, saying she was smothering, gasped and fell dead. A coroner's inquest returned a verdict of death from suffocation, caused by nicotine in the throat.

The drink sellers of Canada are afraid of monopoly. By a change in the liquor law, it is proposed to license the bar instead of its keeper; and this is regarded as a move on the part of the brewers to get entire control of the thousands of groggeries which they already hold partially by mortgages.

Prof. Shelton of the Kansas State Agricultural College holds that the cultivation of such crops as broom corn, hemp, flax, and perhaps, castor beans, which furnish but little, if any, stock feed, will ultimately lead to serious consequences in the loss of fertility sustained by the lands so cultivated.

A Chicago boy, being told that a narrow bag filled with sand was a weapon that would stun at a single blow without killing, armed himself with one, and lay in wait, on a dark night, for a man to hit and rob. The man whom he struck on the head, however, instead of dropping, drew a pistol and shot him dead.

The wife of a Texas liveryman told him to send a close carriage to her house, with a discreet driver, as the order was from a couple who proposed to elope and desired to make the flight secretly. He believed this, and found that it was the truth, but not the whole truth, for the woman of the pair was his wife.

Green hair is coming into fashion in Paris. Already several beauties of the first rank have been observed in the boxes at the theatre whose heads were in "youthful verdure clad" in the literal sense of the word. Unfortunately, it is no easy matter to dye the hair green. This color can only be imparted to white hair. Hair of any other color must first be dyed white.

An apple in perfect preservation, although ninety-six years old, is in possession of a gentleman in Ulster county, N. Y. As it rounded up from the blossom of the parent stem in the early summer of 1787, a bottle was drawn over it and attached to the branch, and after the apple had ripened the stem was severed and the bottle sealed tightly. It looks as fresh as when first plucked.

The Queen's speech at the opening of the Imperial Parliament the other day, was of the usual character. It was full of congratulations, describing everything as encouraging. Egypt tranquil, Foreign powers pleasant, Cetewayo going to do wonders for peace in Zululand and even Ireland showing a marked improvement in almost every respect. One thing was out of the common order, but still to be expected as it is to be rejoiced in. The tenants right principle is to be introduced into England and Scotland. Why shouldn't it? If it is reasonable in Ireland that the landlord should not come in and sweep away all the tenants unexhausted improvements, it is equally [illegible]able everywhere. If a tenant has [illegible] that was worth four dollars an [illegible]ent worth eight, why should the [illegible]rd get all the advantage, or any of it [illegible]less he helped to make the difference? [illegible]ch has been too long the fashion, but it is [illegible]bbery all the same, and the sooner it is [illegible]erywhere changed, so much the better [illegible] truth, honor and honesty.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

That salt fish are quickest and best freshed by soaking in sour milk.

That cold rain water and soap will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

That fish may be scaled much easier by first dipping them into boiling water for a minute.

That fresh meat, beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool air over night.

That milk which has changed may be sweetened or rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

That boiling starch is much improved by the addition of sperm, or salt, or both, or a little gum arabic, dissolved.

That a tablespoonful of turpentine, boiled with your white clothes, will greatly aid the whitening process.

That kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water, and will render them pliable as new.

That clear boiling water will remove tea stains; pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent it spreading over the fabric.

That salt will cure new milk, hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravies, &c., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

That kerosene will make your tea-kettle as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from the clean varnished furniture.

The blue ointment and kerosene, mixed in equal proportions and applied to bedsteads, is an unfailing bug remedy, and that a coat of whitewash is ditto for a log house.

That beeswax and salt will make your flat-irons as clear and as smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour them with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

Piute Cookery.

Game, in the shape of geese and ducks, is still plentiful at the Sink of the Carson. The Indians there and at the Sink of the Humboldt appear to be having easy times. They sell game enough to get flour, coffee, sugar and tobacco, and have nothing to do but eat, drink, smoke and sleep, hunting when they feel like having a little exercise. They also catch a great many small fish, of which they make a kind of chowder. The fish are caught by means of dip-nets, some eight feet square, suspended from a pole supported on two crotches, like an old-fashioned well-sweep. These nets are worked by the squaws. They catch from a quart to a peck of minnows at a dip. The fish so caught are beaten into a kind of a pulp or paste, just as they come out of the water, insides, outsides and all. A certain amount of flour is then added to the mass, and it is either baked and eaten as a cake or boiled and eaten as a sort of soup or chowder.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.*

Mr. Asheton Dilke, who, we learn by cable, has just retired from the representation of Newcastle-on-Tyne, is a brother of Sir Charles Dilke, M.P. for Chelsea, who has just been admitted into the Cabinet as President of the Local Board, and son of the Sir Charles Dilke who was English Commissioner to our great exhibition in New York in 1853. He is an avowed republican, proprietor of the *Weekly Dispatch*, and, like Mr. Cowen, his colleague, has generally voted on all Irish questions with the Parnell party. The borough is a Radical stronghold, and will replace him with another member of that ilk.

ESPECIALLY FOR LADIES.

The Public and Domestic Life of Queen Victoria's Eldest Daughter, the Crown Princess of Germany.

The Crown Princess of Germany.

Writing of the Crown Princess of Germany, whose silver wedding was celebrated recently, the London *Times* says: In leaving England the princess royal never ceased to be an Englishwoman. Of sunny disposition, bright-witted, vivacious in conversation, she has always had a fondness for the peculiar characteristics of English life, and has shown a playful sturdiness in asserting it. Yet she has accommodated herself to the circumstances of her adopted country, and has entered into her duties as a German princess with a spirit which forbade the most susceptible of Prussians to look upon her as an alien. Count von Moltke, who himself derived affection for England from an English wife, well said of her: "She has shown how one can love two countries, and be true to both—as she loves mother and husband." The wedded life of the crown princess, united to a man of gentle character and commanding abilities, has, indeed, in all respects been singularly happy. Eight children have been born to her, of whom six survive. Two of them are already married, and have had children in their turns; what is more, the education of her sons and daughters has been to the princess such an engrossing concern that it may be said her children have learned the best part of what they know from her. This is no mere conventional phrase. There are princesses who are said to superintend the education of their children when they rustle into the school-room for a few minutes every morning, flurrying tutors and governesses and interfering sadly with lessons. The princess royal has always regarded lessons as a serious business—she could hardly do otherwise at a court which is itself as a first class in one vast national school—a court where no prince is suffered to be idle. Anyone who has noticed the crown prince at a review of troops may have perceived that he does not attend such parades only to show himself off in uniform. He watches the steps of every regiment as it passes; he knows every colonel! The evolutions favored by different generals are so familiar to him that he could tell with his eyes closed, by the mere noise of columns marching and wheeling, what officer is in command. The same attentiveness characterizes him in the pursuit of private life. He studies as if he was about to publish a book or pass a competitive examination; when conversing with natives or strangers, with eminent men or nonentities, he is more anxious to listen than to advance opinions of his own; even at the opera, where he sits in a large central box exposed to the full view of the audience, he appears to be pondering over every note he hears, as though it would be his business to pass judgment on the performance by and by. For all this, no man could be less of a pedant. A genial gentleman, with quiet, polished manners, and a fatherly smile for those who come to him in friendship, he has in his eyes that good-humored twinkle which reveals a shrewd knowledge of men as well as books.

The life of the princess royal in her homes at Potsdam and Berlin has been one of great simplicity. The Prussian court is like tono other in the primitive orderliness of its arrangement. Gala dinners take place at 5, ordinary dinners at 4; performances at the opera are generally over by 10, and the last dance at state balls is ended not long after midnight. These early hours, which suit the convenience of princes having military duties, have enabled the crown princess to sit by her children daily while they took their morning lessons, to learn what they learned, and thus to master subjects beyond the ken of most ladies. For her own amusement she paints, and paints well, listens to music, keeps herself acquainted with what goes on in England by reading English books and newspapers, and is not afraid to dip into revolutionary literature and try to find out what the Socialists of Germany definitely want. A courtier once expressed his surprise at hearing that her royal highness had been reading some speeches by Hasenclaver and Bebel, the socialist deputies. "Oh," she said, with a brilliant laugh, "I suppose one may fish for pearls in any waters, but I have not found any." And on another occasion she observed more seriously that she never rejected a new idea, however repulsively clothed, "lest she should turn away an angel unawares.' The princess' tolerance has in truth bred in her a vigorous antipathy to intolerance with others, which she displayed in a marked way when the court pastor, Adolphus Stocker, commenced the anti-Semitic agitation by a sermon calling attention to the fact that there were forty-five thousand Jews in Berlin, and exclaimed: "*Das ist zu viel!*" The ugly words nearly provoked bloodshed. The crown prince was much displeased, and took an early opportunity of reproving the pastor, while the princess, contrary to all court precedent, invited some leading members of the Jewish community to dinner. She also endeavored to combat the anti-Semitic craze with the most effective weapon—that of ridicule—and this she used to do by relating very merrily the story of a jolter-headed junker, who had rushed out in hot haste from Herr Stocker's sermon and commenced pommeling the first Jew whom he met in the street. "That's for the affair with Judas, you know," he shouted as he rained his blows. "Well, but it occurred eighteen centuries ago," screamed the Jew. "No matter; I only heard of it just now," cried the champion of orthodoxy.

Women and Journalism.

Quite a change is taking place in the social aspects of the daily press, and it is a little curious that fewer women are employed upon it than was the case ten years ago, says a correspondent of the Boston *Times*. Then two, three, or four women were employed, in a more or less regular capacity, upon almost every daily newspaper in this city, whereas now rarely more than one has been retained, and these mainly on personal grounds and by making for them special places. There are women contributors among the "outsiders," who do special work and send it to the office, but the number of women on the regular staff of the daily press is very limited. The causes of this change are not far to seek. Men do not like to deal with women in business, and there is a sense of restraint in the presence of women in regard to tobacco, talk, working with coats off, and the like, which, in offices composed of twenty men to one woman, becomes burdensome, and is popularly not considered to pay. If a woman is employed she must be shut up in a room by herself, and that is not always available. Moreover, night work is more difficult for them than for men, and it is always necessary to specialize their functions. They can not be sent out at any hour to glean news in regard to impending events or sudden disasters—at least, it is easier to allot men for such work.

Why School-Ma'ams Do not Marry.

A school officer the other day said to a New York correspondent of the Buffalo *Courier*: "Few teachers die, none resign, and hardly any get married." A question on the latter point led him further. "It is true," he continued, "very few teachers get married. Of course, I mean woman teachers. You would like to know why? Well, the reason is plain enough, or I should say the reasons. In the first place, a young woman appointed as a teacher secures a position for life. She can not be removed, except for incompetency or improper conduct. Her position is assured, with steady promotion ahead. She receives a good salary—better, as a rule, than she could get in any other occupation. In a word, her appointment as a teacher makes her independent. She knows her place is safe and her salary sure, and her work is not very hard. Of course it is natural for a young woman to wish to get married, but most young women nowadays, especially the bright ones, look before they leap. Could teachers improve their condition by giving up the schools for husbands? They evidently do not think so. They know what they have, and they do not know what they might get by changing off to matrimony; so they remain single, live comfortably, and dress well."

Louise Michel.

"She says,' writes Mr. M. D. Conway, in an account of a personal interview with Louise Michel in London, "that not only women but men have far more freedom in England than in France. The republic is largely a delusion; it fares no better with the poor than under the empire. She does not wish that women should be enfranchised in France; the men vote bad enough without the help of the women dependent on them. There has been, she says, a remarkable and steady decrease of the influence of the priests over women since the Franco-German war, but that emancipation has not gone far enough yet to entitle women to vote. The great work is to give them the freedom of all occupations; to give them equal wages, to protect their earnings; then you can obtain the woman's real vote, and not merely one which doubles the vote of some priest or master. She much admires America, and should have gone there this year, had it not been for the illness and decline of her mother."

A Stage-Driver's Ruse.

A Montana stage-driver hit upon a novel method of saving a woman's life a week or two ago. He was on the trip from Deer Lodge to Missoula, and the cold was so intense that the only passengers, a woman and her little child, were in danger of freezing to death. The mother placed all her wraps around the babe, and the driver saw that drowsiness, the first stage of freezing, had fallen upon the devoted woman. He put his coat around her, but her blood seemed to be standing still. Then he grew very harsh, seized the woman, dragged her from the coach and left her by the roadside. "Oh, my baby!" the mother cried. The driver cracked his whip. The stage flew over the snow, with the woman running after. The race was kept up for nearly two miles, when the driver took the mother in and again wrapped his coat around her. By a clever ruse he had warmed her blood and saved her life.

An Incident of Gambetta's Downfall.

A trifling circumstance rendered the situation more tense. The Mayor of Belleville, a Gambettist, got up, in the interest of his party, a popular banquet in the Lime Tree Garden at Menilmontant, the most democratic part of his *arrondissement*. The great orator was there to explain his policy, in a way to meet the attacks which the press was beginning to make. In the invitations, of which about nine hundred were issued, the hour stated was seven o'clock. This was understood to mean half-past seven. But the dinner was not served until after hals-past eight. Gambetta had not come. The landlord insisted upon not waiting any longer. Two places were kept vacant at the table of honor. At nine "the quest of the evening" and Spuller entered to fill them. Whether, habituated at the Palais Bourbon to the dishes of Trompette, they had grown too dainty for the plain cooking of Menilmontant, or for what other reason, it does not appear. They had both dined with a few friends at a restaurant. They did not at the banquet even go through the polite comedy of pretending to eat. No apology was offered either at the time, nor afterward in the press; a polite fib, though a transparent one, would have calmed irritation. Punctuality, it was remarked *sotto voce*, was the politeness of kings; but the elect of the millions thought themselves higher than born sovereigns. The speech which followed the banquet was listened to with icy coldness. The orator went back to the Petit Bourbon heavy and discontented. He had for ten years given a mighty impulsion in a democratic sense. Ministers had been made to feel that universal suffrage was everything, and the executive but its instrument. As president of the Budget Committee, he made them realize that power of the purse was vested in the Chambers, and he had hotly contested the position of M. Jules Simon that the Senate had a right to amend the budget. He had agitated for revision of the judicial bench, and the democratization of the army. Suddenly he turned around and attempted to push back the torrent which he had set flowing. Its impetus was too great for him to withstand, and it has pursued its course, bearing with it other men less renowned.—*From the March Century.*

Bismarck on Sunday Observance.

Prince Bismarck has expressed his opinion of a strict observance of Sunday as a day of rest. Our American custom and the English he pronounces "a terrible form of tyranny." The first time he ever set foot on English soil (at Hull), he said he remembered that he began to whistle in the street. "Oh, pray do not whistle," said his English fellow-traveler. "Not whistle?" Bismarck asked; "why not? Is it prohibited?" "No," was the reply, "it is not against the law, but don't you know it's the Sabbath?" Bismarck says he was so angry at such intolerance that he determined to leave the town at once, and so took the next steamer, which conveyed him to Edinburgh. What his experience was in the northern city the chancellor does not inform us. But he went on to say that in general he was not an opponent of Sunday observance. "As a landed proprietor," he does all in his power to support the observance, but he "would not have people legally compelled to keep it rigidly." He would "leave everyone to prepare for a future life in his own way." "But there ought to be no ordinary work on Sundays," he continues, and this "not so much on account of the scriptural command but because men must have time for proper repose."

There is in one of the Boston courts a suit which hinges upon the validity of a law passed in 1683, when the Hub was a small provincial town. It pertains to the ownership of the land covered by party walls.

The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things which belong to adversity are to be admired. The virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity fortitude, which in morals is the more heroic virtue.—*Bacon.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The next annual meeting of the Evangelical Alliance will be held in Stockholm, Sweden.

No, young man, no; the devil is not so black as he is painted. Because, if he was, he wouldn't have to be painted.

The Star Routers are likely to come to grief, as one of the accused has given in, and is now a State witness against his quodam associates.

"Did you know," said a cunning Yankee to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and monkeys together in Poland?" "Indeed! Then it is well you and I are not there," retorted the Jew.

Curious, while in a great many places the great complaint is too much water, the folks in Woodstock, N. B. are crying out on account of the drought. Now is the time for those who know everything to rise and explain.

It is to be hoped that the International Park at Niagara will by and bye become a reality, and the nuisance of land sharks of every kind that have prevailed so long in that quarter, be effectually abated. It will take some time yet before the project take full shape.

Those wretched Bonapartists are still plotting for the undoing of France. They have already been too often the evil geniuses of the French people, and apparently are destined to be so again. Jerome and Eugene, are it seems reconciled, and are to work together for the good cause.

There is no accounting for tastes. Funerals and marriages don't sort well together, at least not usually. A clergyman in Connecticut, however, managed to conduct both at the same time in the same room. How he accomplished this is not said. Perhaps the two ceremonies were not simultaneous, but consecutive.

To fancy that Socialism will ever be effectively put down by repressive measures is a delusion. It has far too subtle and influential a cause for that, and unless that cause or causes be removed, the disease, or call it whatever is preferred, will only become more aggravated by repression. If people wish to discuss the whole theory and reasonableness of king-hood, why shouldn't they? If it can't stand quiet consideration of all the *pros* and *cons* it must be a poor thing. The old idea of the great majority of mankind being sent into the world saddled and bridled to be ridden to death if necessary by the favored few who come booted and spurred for this very purpose, is getting sadly used up in these somewhat irreverent and demoralized days.

Gustave Dore delighted in pantomime, and the performance of clowns he declared to be the perfection of art. He went one night to a circus in the Champs Elysees to see two English clowns who were being talked about, and was so disgusted with their vulgar actions that he never again put foot in that house. "One day I asked him if he had ever heard of Fox, the American clown," says a correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, "and he not only replied that he had, but showed me several woodcut engravings of the man, which he had cut from illustrated journals. He had also heard of Dan Rice, and mentioned the names of other clowns that I cannot now recollect.

The only minor peer who comes of age this year is the Earl of Norbury (Tory). He attains his majority on July 2. The peers who are minors, with the dates they come of age, are: 1884, Viscount Clifden (Liberal); 1885, the Duke of Newcastle (Liberal), Lord Kenyon (Tory); 1886, Earl Russell (Liberal), Lord Athlumney (Liberal), Lord Tenterden (Liberal); 1888, Lord Southampton (Tory): 1889, Lord Ashtown (Liberal); 1892, the Marquis of Downshire (Tory); 1896, the Marquis of Camden (Tory), Viscount Southwell (Liberal), Viscount Mountmorris (Tory); 1898, Earl Coltenham (Liberal). This assumes that the new peers will adopt the politics of their fathers.

The late Lord Cardigan believed that all the world was an army, and that everything therein was regulated by military precedence. One Sunday at Deene, after the usual service, he sent for the local clergyman, and said to him: "I wish to tell you that, in my opinion, the singing of the children to-day in church was disgraceful." The clergyman replied, with due humility, that he was sorry to differ with his lordship, but that he could not agree with him. "I repeat, sir," said Lord Cardigan, "that the singing was disgraceful!" "And I," said the clergyman, "regret to repeat that I can not agree with you." "I tell you, sir," repeated Lord Cardigan, "that the singing was infamous!" I have been an inspector-general of cavalry for five years, and I suppose I ought to know something about it."

How, or when is this body snatching business to be put a stop to. "Subjects," it seems, must in the interests of science be had, and when the article becomes scarce, the price will rise and anything can be done apparently if a sufficient money consideration is held out. Might not a good many patriotic and scientific believers in protoplasm and non-immortality devote the worn out tabernacles which once did not hold, but *were* themselves, to the advancement of science and the prevention of scandals. They say that their bodies are nothing and, therefore, if they can be made useful after what is called death has supervened, why not? Now for a society of advanced thinkers to promote the consecration of their own dead bodies to the dissecting knife, and the ribaldries of the dissecting room! Now's your chance, gentlemen, you have a fair opportunity for good works after your death being accomplished by your remains.

ANOTHER pet idea in natural history must go. The kangaroo does not stand upon a tripod, nor make his vast leaps by spurning the ground with his tail. To prove this, a band of kangaroos obligingly crossed a space of wet sand in the presence of Mr. Nicolls, an Australian naturalist, and left exact impressions of their tracks. Only one accidental mark showed an impress of the tail upon the sand, though the great hind feet left deep marks, some of which showed 20 feet as the average length of the leaps, which is believed to be often exceeded. Mr. Nicolls believes, however, that the massive tail performs an important part in balancing the body and bringing it to the point of departure for each successive stride, and, so far as can be observed during the excitement of the chase, appears, by being swung to one side, to help the animal in making those sharp doubles which confound the best dogs.

Filters of a cheap and efficient nature ought to be in the market. A draft of good pure water in the morning can rarely be had. Cisterns are placed so that they receive and absorb the gases of water-closets and the dust which arises from rooms during the weekly sweeping out. Fifty cents ought to be enough for a filter to supply any single person with drinkable wholesome water. Another good thing about a filter is that the ice never need come in contact with the water, and yet make it cool enough to be palatable.

The Phœnix Park, the scene of the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, for which so many prisoners are now on trial, contains 2,000 acres, and is entered, like Hyde Park in London, by a stately gateway. It is surrounded by a solid coped wall, and is the playground of the Irish metropolis, civil and military, and contains bits of leafy bower and grassy glen, in which solitude, pure and simple, may be realized. It contains statues of Lord Carlisle, Lord Gough, and a hideous granite obelisk, frequently referred to in the evidence, 200 feet in height, recording the exploits of Wellington. The spot where the assassination took place is about half a mile from the entrance, and is overlooked by the viceregal lodge, the semi-official home of the Lord Lieutenant, which looks exactly like a twin of the White House. It has, however, the advantage of many mountain views of great beauty. A little further on are the official residences of Mr. Trevelyan and Tom Burke's successor.

AMERICAN FABLES.

One day two Foxes who were journeying together came across a Track in the dust which much astonished them.

"I believe it is the Track of a Rhinoceros," observed one.

"I think it is that of an Elephant,' replied the other.

"I say Rhinoceros!"

"And I say Elephant!"

"Then I travel no longer with such an Idiot!"

"Then you can travel alone with a Fool!"

They were cuffing each other about in a lively manner, when along came a Wolf and asked the cause of the trouble.

"Why, that Bigot sticks to it that this is not the track of a Rhinoceros!" shouted one.

"And he, the Narrow-minded Muldoon, won't admit that it is the track of an Elephant!" added the other.

"Gentlemen," said the Wolf as he examined the spot, "this is simply the place where a fat man struck a Banana Peel and sat down to Reflect. You are both wrong and both Fools."

MORAL:

Men are willing to fight in defence of what they don't know.

THE HEN AND THE FARMER.

A Hen having laid an Egg set up such a Cackle that presently the whole Barn-yard was in confusion and the Farmer came running out to see what was going on.

"What is it?" he demanded as the Hen cackled louder than ever.

"Why, I've laid an Egg!"

"An Egg? Why, a single Egg isn't worth but two cents at the present market price."

"Yes, I know, but if I didn't do two shillings worth of cackling over every two cents' worth of egg, the world would soon forget me."

MORAL:

Send a bundle of old clothes to an orphan asylum and then interview a reporter.

THE MAN WITH THE ACCORDION.

A Peasant having saved up a sum of Money by hard work and peeling his potatoes close, went to the nearest village and invested in an Accordion. On his way home he began playing the air of "My Grandfather's Clock," but scarcely had the echoes reached the Forest when out came a Chopper, who cried out:

"Man! man! for Heaven's sake hang up on that! You will kill us all with your Racket!"

"Can't help that," replied the Peasant as he pulled away harder than ever. "If what tickles me all over is Death to you that is not my lookout. I will now give you the 'Empty Cradle,' with variations."

MORAL:

If our neighbor doesn't want our smoke let him move away.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

The upper story of the thermometer will be unoccupied only a little while longer.

People who are not superstitious believe in signs, and so the sign-painter gets his work in.

If there is luck in odd numbers, why is it that when a man has lost money he always wants to even?

A man told his tailor that he wouldnt pay for "that last epilepsy." It was discovered that the man meant "bad fit."

Our slangy contributor says there is not a disease known that will "get a bulge on a man" quicker than the mumps.

It is said that when a Mexican wants to go a mile he will walk three miles and catch a mustang and saddle it, so as to ride to his destination.

A Lisbon, N. Y., cow attempted to chew two cuds at once and was choked to death. A cow is not the only animal that occasionally bites off more than it can masticate.

It transpires that hanging is hereditary. A man was recently hanged at Quebec whose father and grandfather died on the gallows. If you love your children, fathers, try and keep them from being hanged.

There is a "cow tree that grows in Venezuela that when tapped gives out a sap that is white, milky, and nutritious. It has several advantages over the native American cow. The milk of the trees contains more milk and less water, and the tree can't kick you clean across the barn-yard and through a panel of rail fence if you happen to stand on the wrong side, when you tap it for milk.

Toto is crying very hard. "What is the matter?" asked one of her father's friends. "I have lost 2 cents that mamma gave me." "That is not a difficult loss to repair," replied the friend; "here are two cents." An instant afterward Toto was crying harder than ever. "What are you still crying for?" asked the gentleman. "I am crying," said the artful baby, "because if I had not lost 2 cents I should now have 4."

An æsthete has been delivering himself of an eloquent tirade against the invasion of the sacred domain of art by the meaner herd of tradespeople and miscellaneous nobodies, and finally rising to an Alpine height of scorn, exclaims: "Aye, all of you here are Philistines—mere Philistines!" "Yes," says an old gentleman softly, "we are Philistines, and I suppose that is the reason why we are being assaulted with the jawbone of an ass."

What is the difference between a timid child and a shipwrecked sailor? One clings to his ma, and the other to his spar.

A correspondent tells an anecdote of an old woman who, when her pastor said to her, "Heaven has not deserted you in your old age," replied, "No, sir. I have a very good appetite still."

A well-known Presbyterian clergyman of one of the lower Delaware counties, somewhat famous as a wit, was approached by a Baptist clergyman with the question: "Well brother, we are going to have a new bell for our church. What sort would you recommend?" There was a twinkle behind the Presbyterian parson's glasses, and he answered promptly: "By all means, a diving-bell."

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

The Unusual Experience of an American Gentleman and its Valuable Results.

American Correspondence, London, Eng., Press.

The origin, growth and final success of any enterprise are causes for the greatest public interest, whether relating to public institutions or private ventures. The western continent has been especially marked by examples of this nature, and we are glad to record one which is so prominent as to be of universal interest. Several years since Mr. H. H. Warner, residing in Rochester, N. Y., became aware that what he supposed was an iron constitution, was becoming rapidly undermined, and that something of a mysterious nature seemed to be sapping his vitals. At first the indications were slight, consisting principally of frequent headaches, dull pains in various parts of the body, unaccountable lassitude, and occasional nausea. He thought that perhaps these symptoms were the result of a cold and gave them but little attention, but they increased and finally became alarming. Consultation with two prominent physicians revealed the fact that he was suffering from an acute attack of kidney disease, and to say that he was alarmed would be only to partially express his feelings. Under the most careful attention of the physicians, however, he failed to improve and in fact grew worse constantly. His symptoms at this time were most serious. The slight troubles which he had first observed increased and finally became intense. What originally were simple pains became the greatest agony. Occasional headaches and a lack of energy eventually resulted in the pains and horrors which only such troubles can bring. It was at this critical time that he heard of a tropical plant, which was reputed to be of great value in similar troubles. He had little faith in its power but resolved to try it, as nothing else seemed to in any way relieve him. He therefore ceased taking the medicine of the doctors, began the use of the article referred to and was aware in a very short space of time that it was greatly benefitting him. He continued its use faithfully and as a result became perfectly cured, has been one of the most active men in America ever since, and is to-day a picture of perfect health.

Mr. Warner's experience caused him to thoroughly and most carefully investigate, and as a result he discovered that the majority of common diseases could be traced in their origin to disorders of the kidneys or liver. This was a revelation so startling in its nature that as a duty to humanity, Mr. Warner felt impelled to make known to the world the great means by which he had been saved. Up to that time kidney diseases had increased at the rate of 25 per cent. each year for the past half score of years, and were still largely on the increase. With the end in view above described, however, Mr. Warner began preparing and selling the remedy referred to, since which time the demand for it has been remarkable. In all the history of the world there is no instance on record where so great a demand has been known as that at present existing for Warner's Safe Cure for all diseases of the kidneys, liver and urinary organs, and for sale in every drug store in the land. Were the call for this remedy a fictitious one, mortality from kidney troubles would now be as great as ever, but statistics show that for the past few years there has been a marked decrease of deaths from this class of diseases, although the tendency toward kidney troubles is as great as ever throughout the entire United States. The theory, therefore, by which Mr. Warner advanced has been proven the correct one by reason of the decrease of mortality shown by government statistics.

Not long after presenting this medicine to the American public, Mr. Warner introduced it into England. Kidney and liver difficulties, as you know, are very prevalent over there, owing largely to the nature of the climate and influence of the atmosphere. The same results, however, which were noticeable in America were to be found in an equal degree in Europe. The remedy conquered the disease.

Strange as it may seem, this great medicine which has become so popular in the United States has never been introduced into Canada, owing to the fact that the large amount of business coming from the demand prevented an extension of the field. We learn, however, that Messrs. Warner & Co. have just established a Canadian house at Toronto, for the purpose of supplying the demand which has already sprung up, and our Canadian friends are to be congratulated on this fact. The financial and social standing of Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., in the United States, is second to that of no house with whom we are acquainted. The well known public spirit and liberality of Mr. Warner in contributing to the wants of the South during the yellow fever epidemic; endowing the celebrated Warner Astronomical Observatory at Rochester, N. Y., at an expense of nearly $100,000, and encouraging the advancement of science by the generous expenditure of money in prizes for cometary and meteoric discoveries, are known to the entire world, and mark him as one of the leading patrons of science of this day. Success such as has been achieved by this house, and of so high an order, is wholly meritorious and deserved and while it is phenomenal, it is none the less of the greatest value to the entire western continent.

The Hat Controversy.

Now we venture to say that for convenience, economy, and utility, no article of dress has been invented by men for men's use which at all compares with the crush hat. The blessings it has conferred on us can best be appreciated by reflecting what our position would be if the foolish movement against it gathered headway, and if it were really banished, and we were condemned to the use of the stiff hat instead. In the first place, the expense of hats would be greatly increased, because exposure to a very small number of balls would completely destroy not only the appearance, but the form and identity of a tall hat. If it is not to be used in dancing it must be left about, and the temptation to sit on hats exposed in this way is well nigh universal. The only other alternative is to leave it in charge of the host's servants, who would, of course, make a compact bundle of it, in conjunction with arctics and overcoats, the effect being probably as serious as in the first case. Besides all this, there is a natural difficulty of distinguishing between the hats of different persons, which, if they are left about a ballroom, would lead to unpleasant charges of misappropriation, such as in the case of umbrellas continually create hard feeling, smile and jest about them as we may. At the theatre or opera, the case of a stiff hat is even worse; for there is literally no place provided for it except the floor, where, if not constantly watched over, it is kicked or trampled to pieces in an incredibly short time.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Little Willie, having hunted in all the corners for his shoes, at last gave them up, and, climbing on a chair, betook himself to a dictionary. "Papa always looks in it to find things, and I'm looking in it to find my shoes."

AE RESPIR.

The tie which binds the pig to his home is the pigstye.

Although a hog is a hog, he never turns the cold shoulder to his benefactor during life.

The hog is a porcine animal, and there are generally many poor men where he is kept.

The man who takes care of him, though not necessarily a poor creature, is still a pork reacher.

The hog belongs to the pachydermata, and they pack a dear matter of him after he is killed.

He is generally a poor shote. I need not attempt to show it to you.—*Boston Transcript.*

He is not a pleasant subject for contemplations and I will not bore you by describing him.

Hogs are sometimes fed on mast. Like the poor sailor, they don't get much to eat before the mast.

The hog's head is sometimes called minister's face; but I cannot say why, and will therefore parson.

The meanest kind of a hog is the two-legged variety. It makes one almost bristle up to think of him.

The tail of the pig is insignificant, hardly big enough to back a hog; but pigtail is tobacco, nevertheless.

The whole hog by the way, is not so big as the hogshead. 'Twas not a hog said this. He was too pig-headed.

When I speak of pigmy I do not refer to my pig, but to a pig of another color; that is to say, he is not the pigment.

He does not take fat evenly; he always has two spare ribs. This is not saying, mind, that he has two ribs to spare.

Some parts of the animal are not usually considered good to eat, but I have known lots of people who could go the whole hog.

The hog gets very fat, but no matter how fat he is, you will always see him lean against something. Although he does not own his stye, he generally has a hen on it.

The hog—I mean the four-legged animal—does not smoke until after he is dead, and he only does it then to save his bacon. Care must be taken that you do not get too much of a bake on.

It has been said that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; but for all that, a souse ear is not so bad. If we had a souse here, you should see for yourselves. As the ear cannot purse you, however, let us not pursue the subject further.

The Story of a Georgia Negro who Owns a Model Plantation.

In ante-war times there lived in Meriwether county a don't care sort of a negro named Jack Wilson, who could neither read nor write. He had gained his freedom in some way or other, and gained his livelihood by acting as a sort of director general to famous horses in his neighborhood. Jack became attached to a servant girl who was owned by a man named Gates, one of the wealthiest men in Georgia, who owned thousands of acres of land, and with his family lived in lordly style. The servant girl was a bright mulatto, and Jack was a shade darker. They made a match of it, and were married under the order of things that existed in war times. At the same time Jack had a slave-time wife in Virginia, but she was as black as coal. When the war closed and the slaves were declared free, Jack took his Georgia wife to be his partner for life, and by living with her a stated period she became his wife according to law. As soon as he was married Jack showed a sudden spirit of industry that astonished everybody. His careless habits were thrown aside, and he went to work with a will. The wealthy Gates died, and the broad acres fell to the possession of the heirs. Jack worked on the place, and was saving and careful. The Gates family had lost everything except their land. Hundreds of slaves were freed by the new order of things, and the vast and princely fortune was gone. Finally pressed, they sold fifty acres of land to Jack; then they wanted more money, and Jack stood their security at the LaGrange Bank, when they were unable to pay he would take up the notes at bank and trade for a piece of the Gates plantation.

He worked with a vengeance, and all his family worked. Old man Jack became a noted and honored citizen of the county. He was industrious and prospered. In the meantime his old master's children continued to sell him parts of the old homestead. Finally he owned it all and was rich. Three years ago he decided that it was his duty to provide for his old Virginia wife, so he sent for her, and she with her children came to him. She was given a house on the plantation, and is well provided for. Jack owns now the magnificent place of about 1,500 acres. His credit at the LaGrange Bank is good, and he can borrow all the money he wants on his simple note of hand.

Meerschaum.

The place most productive of this mineral is known to be near the town of Eski-scheir, in Anatolia, Asia Minor. A recent account by Herr Adler states that the preparation of one hundred boxes of meerschaum there takes twelve to fifteen persons two months, and costs about £120. In Eski-scheir the average cost of the box of mercantile ware has varied since 1873 between about £6 to £10 (last year it was about the former), refuse ware can be had at about an eight of the price. There are ten qualities, and each is to be had in four sizes, there being twenty-five to forty pieces of the first size per box, and 450 to 1,500 pieces of the fourth (the box is thirty inches long, eight inches broad and 15½ inches deep.) In the last two decades the export of meerschaum has considerably increased; from 3,000 boxes in 1855, it has risen to 11,100 in 1881. In Constantinople the trade is managed by about fifteen firms—Austrian, Bulgarian, Greek, Armenian and Turkish—who bring their wares into the Vienna market. The large importation into Vienna may be said to date from between 1850 and 1860, when the production of pipe-bowls and cigar-tips was greatly increased for export to England, France and North America. In 1860 a considerable export of pipes to San Francisco was first developed, while large quantities of cigar-tips were sent to America and Australia via Hamburg. Since then the conditions of the trade have altered chiefly in consequence of the high duties imposed in America. In that country arose, with the aid of emigrant turners from Austria, a home industry, which has successfully competed with the Vienna pipe manufacture, (for the products of which America was previously the best customer). With France and Germany, the United States obtain the raw product mainly from Austria.

Improvements in Chimneys.

The best chimneys are made by inclosing hard baked glazed pipe in a thin wall of brick. Such chimneys will not only draw better than those made in the usual way, but there will be less danger from "defective flues." A four-inch wall of bricks between us and destruction by fire is a frail barrier, especially if the work is carelessly done or the mortar has crumbled from the joints. To build the chimneys with double or eight-inch walls makes them very large, more expensive, and still not as good as when they contain the smooth round flues. To leave an air chamber between them for ventilating, is better than to open directly into the smoke flue, because it will not impair the draught for the fire, and there will be no danger of a sooty odor in the room when the circulation happens to be downward, as it will be occasionally. The outside chimney if there is one, should have an extra air chimney between the very outer wall and the back of the fireplace to save heat, a precaution that removes to a great extent the common objection to such chimneys. A very large per