

A great many pretty girls run through the "Queen's Lace Handkerchief" as a matter of course.

A Connecticut woman has been made a notary; but well-bred gentlemen hesitate to swear before her.

A Newport, Ky., mother is so careful of her daughter that she won't permit any young man to court her except by telephone.

Mrs. Minerva Judge, of New York, has instituted a "Cash Girls' home." A cash girl—providing she has plenty of it—should have no difficulty in finding a man to give her a home.

"No," said Mrs. Jones, of the Marine villa, Villaville-on-the-coast. "No, we can't get no malaria, but my daughter Sally makes lemon pies which can't be beat nowhere 'round these parts."

"That Husband of Mine," was lying upon the lap of a young married woman on the train the other day when a baseball dude would-be masher leaned over the seat, read the title of the book, and then looking around in monkey pantomime smirked out: "Oh! where is he?" "Minding his own business, I hope," was the crushing reply.

A clever Frenchman, in Philadelphia, is building up a fortune making artificial dimples in ladies' chins. We have thought all along that Philadelphia girls need a few modern improvements, and we are glad to see that they are beginning to get them. If this progressiveness continues Quaker City milk won't sour so quick when a girl looks into the pitcher.

"I understand your Emily is engaged to young Ferdinand, the son of Mr. Bull-stocks, the wealthy banker," said their lady visitor. "Not now. She was, but received an offer of marriage from Mr. Rifle Twist, the celebrated pitcher of the Goose-egg nine, and we persuaded her to break the engagement with Mr. Bull-stocks, as we desire to see her comfortably settled above the possible reach of want."

A Forgotten Mahdi. In 1875 at the beginning of the sacred month Ramadan, an unknown pilgrim appeared in a remote village of Kurdistan, wearing the green turban of the Prophet's house. Fatigued, his scrawny stature, his asceticism, and his impetuous reserve, he soon became the object of superstitious reverence among the villagers. Not till the end of the month did he break silence, and then he suddenly proclaimed himself in the bazaar to be a Mahdi sent from heaven, and denounced the doom of unbelievers on all who disobeyed him. He announced himself to be the regenerate of Islam, and the pointed deposer of a False Caliph, while he formulated his reform in 24 articles. The whole district followed him, and the first feeble resistance of a Turkish official was at once suppressed. From Kurdistan with an army continually swollen with new converts, the Mahdi drew westwards into Asia Minor, and before two years the Mahdi was within sight of Smyrna. Seriously alarmed the Porte, which had at first attempted half-hearted measures, now despatched envoy after envoy to treat. The first was cut down in the Prophet's presence for questioning his mission. A fourth was more successful. He turned back from Smyrna and led the faithful on a new crusade against the Russians in the Caucasus. The Russian General Apraxie advanced to meet him, and was overthrown and the range of the Caucasus was again won for the Mahdi. Four years of fighting told seriously against the Mahdi, the charm of his success was broken, and doubts were whispered about his mission. At last in a supreme effort he was crushed by the united efforts of Apraxie and Potemkin. The Empress Catherine was generous to her captives. He was assigned a pension and imprisoned in an Armenian Catholic convent. Two years later he died of the close of the century he was seized with a sudden sickness and hurriedly demanded writing materials. His papers were examined after his death and transmitted to his family. The Sheikh Ogan-Oulo signed himself Fr. Giovanni Batista de Redactorio. The history of the Mahdi who went far to execute a plan which failed before the imagination of Napoleon himself, is briefly this. The son of a Turin notary, Giovanni was driven from home by the tyranny of a stepmother. He wandered about South Germany for a time as a sort of Cagliostro, and as he successfully combined the character of Don Juan with that of a charlatan he was sought out by the friends of a fond but foolish widow in Strasbourg for a handsome sum. This he obtained, and he was consumed in riotous living in Italy, and, finding his credit gone, he entered the Dominican College at Ravenna. In a few years the exemplary conduct of the new Brother and his assiduous study of the Arabic encouraged his superiors to send him out as a missionary to Asia Minor. Before very long, however, he quarrelled with the Bishop of Bagdad, and was expelled the Order. According to his own story, as he wrote it in his last hours, he then spent several years wandering about Asia Minor learning the language of the different districts, and studying the fortifications of the different towns. At last, thinking the time to put his fortunes to the test was ripe, he assumed the green turban, and appeared in Kurdistan as the Sheikh Ogan-Oulo, the Mahdi sent from heaven.

Small-Pox in London. Small-pox is spreading in the metropolis to an extent which justifies some uneasiness. From the statistics presented at the meeting of the Metropolitan Asylums board on Saturday, it seems that there are 873 patients under treatment for this disease at the board's hospitals, being an increase on the previous returns of 165. This is an uncomfortable state of affairs; and, unfortunately, the dread of vaccination is now even greater among large numbers of people, especially among those classes most exposed to risks of infection, than the dread of an ill-pox. An illustration of this state of feeling is afforded by the case of a man who, with several other persons, was summoned at the Lambeth police court on Saturday by the vaccination officer for the district of Camberwell for not complying with the terms of the vaccination act. The defendant declined an offer made that the case should be adjourned for the purpose of giving him an opportunity of obeying the law, adding: "I would sooner be burnt at the stake. As the magistrate had no power to sentence him to be burnt at the stake, he was simply fined 20 shillings and costs. But no penalty that can be imposed in such cases as this will render vaccination popular, or persuade the offenders that no evil effects can be produced by the process. And it must be admitted that their apprehensions are not wholly unreasonable. Vaccination has, beyond a doubt, of late gained an evil reputation owing to the careless and blundering fashion in which it has often been conducted.

—St. James' Gazette.

In Ohio there are 604 Presbyterian churches, in Illinois, 470, and in Minnesota, 211.

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SIDNEY'S FOLLY

CHAPTER V.

"Do you quite understand me, Sibyl?" There was no answer. Mr. Rutledge, standing before the wood fire in his wife's room, looking as his wont was now, angry and moody, repeating his question in a louder tone; but it was received with the same indifference and inattention. His wife never raised her eyes from her book.

She was lying back in a low, deep arm-chair drawn up near the fire, looking wondrously beautiful, queenly, and negligent, a book in one hand, a hand screen, delicately painted and elaborately carved, in the other, shading her face from the fire. It would have been difficult to find a more exquisite picture; but the anger in the Squire's eyes only deepened as he marked her beauty and felt that, although she was his wife, he was powerless to make the color deepen in her cheek or the light sparkle in her eyes, and reflected that during the three months of their married life she had always shown him the same negligence and indifference almost bordering on contempt—she, the poor homeless governess, without connections or position, whom he had made mistress of Rutledge Hall, and to whom he had given his name—one well known and respected in the whole county.

It was entirely owing to his high position, he told himself indignantly, that she had met with such a reception in the county. He had an uneasy feeling that he was not a popular man himself; but he had been generally respected as good landlord and an honorable gentleman, and his wealth was great, his position undeniable.

All the county people called upon Mrs. Rutledge, and came away impressed not only by her wondrous beauty, but by her perfect ease of manner and self-possession. No queen receiving her subjects could have been more gracious and dignified and stately, and the great ladies who had come prepared to patronize the Squire's nameless young wife had found themselves received in a manner which effectually put a stop to any patronage or encouragement on their part, and they had driven away, feeling half vexed, half amused at Sibyl's graceful self-possession of manner of turning the tables and making them "countrified" and behind the times.

Sibyl's wonderful beauty had never appeared to greater advantage than in the stately gloomy rooms of her husband's old mansion. It shone like a jewel in the more sombre setting which made it all the more gorgeous. To see her in her costly dresses moving about the gloomy rooms, with the wintry sunlight falling upon her golden hair, was a sight which would have enchanted an artist, and she did the honors of her new home with a grace and dignity which could not fail to excite admiration.

But there was no admiration in her husband's eyes as they rested upon her now, although she made a beautiful picture. The firelight fell softly on the long rich folds of her velvet dress of a peculiar dead leaf shade, and was reflected back by the diamonds on her long white fingers; her beautiful head was resting against the satin cushions of her chair, the costly lace of her ruffles fell away from the white throat, disclosing its beautiful proportions, and her face, on which fell the light from the reading lamp by her side, was calm and proud as usual, no movement, no change in its expression betraying that she had heard his irritated question. The Squire's stock of patience, always a limited one, failed him.

"Do you hear me, madam?" he said angrily, raising his voice. "You have lost your sense of hearing as well as of your knowledge of what is due to me? Do you hear me, I say?" he repeated furiously, stamping his foot upon the ground so heavily that the chinaman in an adjacent room rattled and shook.

Mrs. Rutledge put down her book slowly, languidly raised her white lids, and looked at him calmly, still shading her beautiful face from the heat of the fire.

"Why did you not answer me then?" he asked, slightly ashamed of the passion he had allowed to master him so completely.

"When I said that I heard you, I did not say that I understood you," she said coolly. "Indeed, although the one was exceedingly possible, the other was totally impossible."

"And yet I spoke plainly, I think."

"Did you not say you were obliged to speak to me plainly to make me understand you? You must do your 's' and cross your 't's' she added, with a slight laugh.

"It is no laughing matter!" he exclaimed, his anger rising again.

"Is it not? Pardon me. We see things doubtless from a different point of view. That is only natural, all things considered," she said, with a slight sneer.

"I find your unreasonable anger most amusing," she said.

"Unreasonable!" he echoed. "My anger is perfectly justified. I think you do not understand, madam, who and what I am!"

"Do I not?" she answered negligently. "I think I understand you well enough. Then, if so, how is it that your conduct does not show that you do?"

Enough to him before their marriage. It maddened him to see how completely a money and position had overruled her in her acceptance of him. He had been in a fool's paradise for a time; but now he would have a far longer time in which to discover his mistake.

Glancing around him at the beautiful room in which they sat, one of a suite he had furnished in the most luxurious manner for his bride, at the signs of wealth and luxury on every side, at the costly trifles which she had surrounded herself, at the rich soft folds of her dress, the diamonds upon her fingers, the rich laces at her throat and wrist, and knowing that it was to him she owed them all, his anger deepened and increased, until he had hard work to repress the furious words which rose to his lips. Her very indifference and contempt maddened him almost beyond endurance; he turned away abruptly, and walked hastily to the end of the room.

It was yet early in the afternoon; but the December day was gray and dark without, and it looked as if snow were threatening. The Squire had been out hunting, and still wore his splashed boots and rather muddy hunting coat. The scent had been twice lost, and there had had poor sport that afternoon. But it was not merely the want of success in the hunting field which had exasperated him; he had other causes for annoyance in a few words he had overheard that morning, and their meaning was rankling still.

"I am expecting some young ladies to afternoon tea," Sibyl said calmly, glancing at a little jewelled watch. "Therefore this is not a very fitting time for a conjugal lecture, and I have no better time than the present," he replied sharply. "And I am accustomed to choose my own time. It is quite unnecessary that there should be some understanding between us. Your conduct displeases me."

"Have you been reading Dickens lately?" she asked. "It would be an agreeable change from *Bell's Life* and the *Field*, which form your usual literature."

"What do you mean?" he said testily. "I have already told you that this is no laughing matter, Sibyl, and I am not laughing."

"I am not laughing," she rejoined languidly. "But you seem to have made an exhaustive study of *Dombey and Son*. I believe in one chapter Mr. Dombey addresses his wife in almost the same terms as you have done me the honor to use this afternoon."

"I repeat that I am not jesting," he interrupted angrily. "You must hear me, I insist!"

"So did Mr. Dombey," broke in Sibyl's languid voice.

"I insist upon attention and obedience," he insisted, not needing the interruption.

"For several weeks past—indeed ever since we returned home—your behavior has not pleased me. You apparently forget that when I married you—Mr. Dombey himself could hardly have laid more emphasis on the pronouns, or made that emphasis more insulting. I gave you my name, which has never been dishonored yet, wealth which you could have had no hope of possessing, and a position of which anybody, however well born, might be proud. It is hardly unreasonable, I think, to expect from you in return a certain amount of respect for my wishes, which you have chosen until now entirely to disregard."

"In what manner?"

"In what manner? Need you ask? Very shortly after your marriage I had reason to make some remarks upon your behavior towards—towards two young men, who formerly were merely my acquaintances, but to whom you have permitted a very unusual intimacy, encouraging their visits in a way that, especially in the present circumstances, I cannot approve."

He paused to take breath. The long white fingers upon Sibyl's lap pressed the ivory handle of the hand screen so tightly that it snapped in two. She threw it from her with a negligent gesture.

"And what are the present circumstances?" she said.

Mr. Rutledge hesitated. He saw that his wife's indifference was more or less feigned, and he saw too that there was no fear mingling with the aversion he could not help reading in her beautiful scornful eyes. But he had gone too far now to recede with honor, and it was as well that they should understand each other to avoid any repetition of such a disagreeable scene as this.

"The present circumstances are somewhat unusual," he resumed, after a moment's consideration. "You, Sibyl, have been raised from a position of dependence and inferiority—you yourself owned it to me before your marriage, so you cannot be offended at my doings—to one of some distinction; and I daresay you are hardly to blame in not knowing that Mrs. Rutledge must pursue a very different course of conduct from that followed by Miss Neil, who, notwithstanding her beauty, was, comparatively speaking, a very insignificant person, and who, from her very insignificance, possessed a liberty she must be content now to forfeit."

"Will you be more explicit?" she said calmly, rising, and drawing herself up to her full height, no change in her proud face, save in her eyes, which were full of anger and dislike now—dislike for the man whom she had sworn at the altar to love, honor, and obey, to whom she had sold herself, thinking that the sale would be for her benefit—sold herself basely, shamefully, bartering her beauty for his wealth.

"You might have spared me any further explanations, Sibyl," he roared, in some embarrassment, for he was a true gentleman under his gloomy, morose manner willingly to put into words the suspicions which were tormenting him.

"But, since you wish me to be more explicit, I would ask you not to encourage the attentions either of Frank Greville the younger or Stephen Daunt, who are both of them constant and frequent visitors here. I have already spoken to you on this subject."

"You complained to me once that Mr. Frank Greville did not treat you with the respect due—to your age, I suppose you meant. I spoke to him, and he apologized to you readily and fully. Why should I not receive him then? He has not offended you again, I presume?"

"The difference between Frank Greville's position and mine is sufficiently well marked to give me a strong claim to a respectful manner from him. His father and I have been on excellent terms for many years."

"Birds of a feather!" Sibyl sneered, with a mocking laugh.

"And Mr. Greville himself has never presumed upon his position of confidential adviser to my family. There is a great difference between a country lawyer, however high he may stand in his profession, and a gentleman of my position, and I should discourage any intimacy on that ground alone, if I had no other reason for doing so; but you, you yourself, see the difference in your position, exist with a young man who aspired, or who is supposed to have aspired, to the honor of your hand."

Again the little mocking laugh broke from Sibyl's lips.

"His engagement to Miss Arnold after a long period of devotion is sufficient contradiction of that report, and as his fiancée is—she had some difficulty in bringing out the words—"a friend of mine, I can see no impropriety in my visits here. The difference in your positions exists chiefly in your imagination, since Mr. Greville's family is an old one; and he is much esteemed in Ashford."

"Be that as it may," he answered, his forbearance giving way before her continued disdain. "His visits here at all hours must cease. He shall not be at home here, insolent, ill-bred coxcomb!"

"I have seen no want of civility or good breeding in Mr. Greville," she rejoined coolly. "On the contrary, I should certainly imagine him to be too much of a gentleman to taunt a woman he had married with her former dependence and poverty," she added, looking fully at her husband as she stood facing him, tall and proud and beautiful, a strange contrast in her youth and beauty to the man opposite to her, who at his best had never been handsome, and who now in his passion lost all the dignity and self-respect which he had given him some claim to respect in his young wife's eyes.

"You are probably not such a good judge of good breeding as you suppose," he said furiously. "But, even if Mr. Frank Greville's politeness were beyond question, I will not have him here on intimate terms. I am not accustomed, as I have said, to make friends among the lower classes."

Sibyl's Rutledge's laugh rang clearly through the fire room, a laugh almost merry, but with a touch of bitterness in its merriment. The Squire ground his teeth together in almost irrepressible anger; but, before he could speak, his wife said languidly—

"Had you not better tell him to the next time he comes? Miss Arnold is coming this afternoon, and I daresay he will accompany her; and there is no time like the present, you know. It is a pity that Mr. Stephen Daunt will not be here. Pray, may I enquire what reason you will give for refusing to receive him also?"

"I think you will hardly force me to speak plainly," he replied, mastering his anger by a strong effort. "Mr. Daunt had, through the laxity of country society, obtained the *entree* here before I had the time to interfere. I have nothing to say, except that I disapprove of his visits here and his attentions to you."

The beautiful face turned towards him was white as death now, the red lips were set and firm, and the white hand which had been hanging by her side caught at the soft folds of velvet and crimson and crumpled them in the long jewelled fingers. Perhaps her silence, perhaps something in her face, a look perhaps in the beautiful eyes which had not been there a minute before, made the Squire's anger lessen a little.

"Mr. Stephen Daunt is so infinitely superior in every respect to young Greville," she said, in some embarrassment; but she interposed this only to draw his mother, before her marriage, was received in the highest society. Against the young man himself I have nothing to say, except that I disapprove of his visits here and his attentions to you."

The love of flowers, shrubs and trees, is widely spread in Japan; even in the busy commercial quarters of the large towns almost every house has its garden spot with its tiny dwarf shrubs. These dwarf shrubs and trees probably owe their origin to the narrow limits of space, and their production is carried on to such a ridiculous degree that a Dutch merchant was shown a box, three inches deep, and with a square inch of surface, in which a bamboo, a fir and a plum tree, the latter in full bloom, were growing and thriving. The price asked for this botanical curiosity was about four hundred dollars. The method of dwarfing is by checking the circulation of the sap, hindering the extension of the branches, chilling the roots in flat, porous pots, which are kept constantly cold and wet. Many dwarf plants have striped or variegated leaves, and the production of such varieties, both dwarfed and in the natural size, is a famous hobby with Japanese gardeners.

The portions of the garden immediately surrounding the house no tree or shrub is allowed to retain its natural size, but within one sees fans, ships in full sail, round tables, candelabra, large crescents, and stiff, rectangular walls. A soft, velvet-like turf covers the ground, and the clean gravel paths are bordered with gay stones, dwarf trees and flower stems. From the artificial little rivulets rise mossy little rocks, to which tiny bridges of every conceivable shape lead. Such spots require too much care and attention to admit of wide extension, and so they generally occupy but a comparatively small space in front of the mansion. High, pruned hedges inclose these green bowdiers, where nature is disguised and curled as conventional culture and the usage of "good society" demand. Without these lines the mountains in the garden, where nature is left more to herself, Japanese gardens look most beautiful toward the end of autumn, when the foliage of the maple assumes a bright, purple hue, and the azaleas and wax trees are clothed in dark purple tints. About this time, too, the winter chrysanthemum is in bloom. It is the favorite flower of the Japanese, who possess countless varieties of it. The size and splendor of its star-like flowers are often incredible.

A large of Caterpillars. A Carult correspondent writes that the great swarms of caterpillars which have suddenly appeared on the mountains in South Wales have produced an extraordinary sensation in that part of the country. The insects measure about an inch and a half in length, are of a brown color, with black stripes. The head, which is furnished with a pair of mandibles, is of a dark yellow color. The insects are remarkably lively, and eat all the green herbs in the vicinity. Many of the farmers have fired the mountains with the view of destroying the insects, but the visitation is too widespread to allow of this expedient succeeding. The whole of the mountains lying between the greater Rhouda and Maesteg, a distance of twelve miles, are literally swarming with the insects, as well as the ranges of mountains and valleys intervening. Millions of the insects are ground buried in the past holes, gutters, and mountain brooks in some of the localities. The crows feed on them, and it is feared that this will result in the pest being carried to the fertile valleys, and will there attack the young grain. Anxiety is felt lest the insectivorous pests should get into the wool of the sheep, and the flocks are being driven from the mountains to other districts.

Japanese Gardens. The love of flowers, shrubs and trees, is widely spread in Japan; even in the busy commercial quarters of the large towns almost every house has its garden spot with its tiny dwarf shrubs. These dwarf shrubs and trees probably owe their origin to the narrow limits of space, and their production is carried on to such a ridiculous degree that a Dutch merchant was shown a box, three inches deep, and with a square inch of surface, in which a bamboo, a fir and a plum tree, the latter in full bloom, were growing and thriving. The price asked for this botanical curiosity was about four hundred dollars. The method of dwarfing is by checking the circulation of the sap, hindering the extension of the branches, chilling the roots in flat, porous pots, which are kept constantly cold and wet. Many dwarf plants have striped or variegated leaves, and the production of such varieties, both dwarfed and in the natural size, is a famous hobby with Japanese gardeners.

Japan and India. Every step which Russia makes towards the Himalayas makes the true patriot the more regretful at the Crimean War. It was a disastrous blunder. For the sake of bolstering up an effete dominion (which only exists through the jealousy of other powers), and of strengthening the hands of an usurping Emperor (who was dethroned sixteen years later), we quarrelled with a rising and friendly nation. The Russians were just in such an embryo condition regarding the industrial arts as to make our commercial intimacy especially valuable. The trade connection still subsists, but the sentiment of friendship by which it was accompanied has been transferred to the other branch of the Anglo-Saxon family across the Atlantic. Since the Crimean War England and Russia have regarded each other with increasing suspicion. We have personified her as a cunning Bear, always ready to "give the hug" to somebody or something; while in Russian eyes England is the Grey Wolf of the Sea, it is useless to regret the past; the practical point to consider is what our future behaviour towards Russia ought to be. There is now really only Afghanistan between the two Empires. Afghanistan is a country in which it is very easy to foment disturbances. Supposing in consequence of such disturbances, Russia found it her manifest destiny to annex part of Afghanistan, ought we to consider such annexation as a cause of war? Unless military experts assure us that the neutrality of Afghanistan is absolutely necessary for the safety of our Indian Empire, it might be well to let Russia alone till she touches our own borders. Such a warlike nation as the Afghans, if subdued by force, would be always ready to throw off the yoke, and would in view of an attempted invasion of India weaken rather than strengthen Russia.—London Graphic.

Acorn Bread. The Indians scattered along the foothills of the Sierra are a quiet unoffensive people. They do not appear to be governed by any tribal law, yet adhere to many of their old traditions. One or two men of superior ability and industry form a nucleus around which others less ambitious gather. Here they fence with brush and logs a tract sufficient for their requirements of haymaking, pasturage, &c. Although they often indulge in the favorite article of diet in every well-regulated wigwam. The process of converting this bitter nut into bread is curious. Under the branches of a grand old pine I found them at work. They had shucked and ground in the usual manner a large mass of the acorn meals. A number of circular vats had been hollowed out of the black soil, much in the shape of a punch bowl. Into these was put the acorn pulp. At hand stood several clothes baskets filled with water, and into these they dropped hot stones, thus heating the water to the required temperature. Upon the mass of crushed bitterness they carefully ladled the hot water, making it about the color and consistency of cream. Not a speck appeared to mix. A boxum *muhala* stood by each vat and with a small iron spoon stirred the mass skillfully removing any speck that floated upon the surface. The soil gradually absorbed the bitter waters, leaving a firm, white substance, of which they made bread.

I asked to taste it, at which they said something in their language, and all laughed. I asked again, and after more laughter I was handed a small portion of a loaf, which I ate with relish. They began to remove it, and so adroitly was this done that but a small portion adhered to the soil. They spread it upon the rocks, and in a short time it was fit for use. This, I am told, they mix with water, put it into thin cakes and bake before the fire.

A Bullet in his Brain. Wendlin Hoetter, an employe of the Michigan Central shops, Detroit, met a violent and mysterious death recently. He had been to the Post office, a half block distance from his home, and when he started back his daughter who was standing in the street, saw him coming and remarked that she would join him in the walk home. She turned to speak to an acquaintance, and when she looked again saw her father lying on the sidewalk. She says so far as she can remember there was no person on the street, except a stranger, who she thought was a friend. Running to the spot where her father fell, she lifted his head and spoke to him, but could get no answer. She saw a slight contusion on the right head, but no blood. Those who had been with her came up, and carried Hoetter to his home. He was breathing heavily, but there was no evidence of any fatal wound. A physician arrived in a few minutes, and examining the head of the unconscious man, found a small contusion on the right temple, which he thought might have been caused by striking a nail. He applied restoratives, and rubbed the chest and limbs, but without effect, and in twenty minutes after he had been picked up life was extinct. A post-mortem examination was made, and on viewing the body the doctor discovered a bruise over the eye, which was thought was caused by striking on the wall, and some two inches back was the wound in the temple above mentioned. This circumstance led to the belief that something besides a nail was the cause of death. He removed the top of the head, and up against the skull on the inside, in a direct line with the wound in the temple, was found a 32-calibre ball. It had passed through the base of the brain, creating hemorrhage. The apex of the brain was flattened, and the hole in the skull was as if bored with an instrument, showing that the bullet must have been at its maximum speed when it struck. It is a singular fact that neither the daughter of the deceased nor those who were with her heard the discharge of the pistol. They accepted the theory that he had been killed by striking a nail, and the thought of his having committed his death by a pistol shot never suggested itself to them.

Ship-Canals. Canals, hitherto worsted by railway competition, are once more coming to the front. In a more ambitious form, however, than Brindley or the duke of Bridgewater ever dreamt of. The old species of canal was merely intended to accommodate the humble horse-drawn carriage; but the modern proposals, however, are of a grander order, and the ocean steamers. The Suez Canal, of course, set the fashion. Derided at first as impracticable, M. de Lesseps never the less made it, and gradually it became a grand commercial success. For the Western hemisphere, the Panama Canal is an equally important undertaking, and if its construction should be delayed, the failure will be due rather to financial or political difficulties than to the engineering obstacles. Isthmuses separating oceans so gigantic are nowhere to be found on the planet, except in Egypt and Colombia. Still engineers need not sigh vainly for new worlds to conquer: there is plenty of less ambitious though equally useful ship-canal work to be done. The Manchester Canal Bill has passed, and therefore there is no longer to be before long Cottonopolis will become a seaport. If the enterprise succeeds, it will probably be extended to Birmingham, with branches to Bristol and London respectively. Such a steamboat thoroughfare through the heart of the country would be a grand thing. Besides its commercial value for the shipment of goods without breaking bulk, it would command a large trade, and would be of great advantage for boating. Meanwhile, it is planned to join the North Sea with the Irish Sea by a cut through Durham and Cumberland; to enable big ships to sail from the Forth to the Clyde; and to make a maritime short cut to the Mediterranean by uniting the Estuary of the Gironde with the sea at Faronas. The year 1890 may see at least some of these feats accomplished.—London Graphic.

Gold's Chief Ambition. In the midst of all his wealth Gould remains as simple in his habits as ever, and in this point he resembles Napoleon, who could eat even a state dinner in ten minutes. He owns a theatre, but who ever saw him at one of its performances? He buys no costly pictures and no \$25,000 horses, leaving the place to Vanderbilt, and he does of great advantage for boating. Meanwhile, it is planned to join the North Sea with the Irish Sea by a cut through Durham and Cumberland; to enable big ships to sail from the Forth to the Clyde; and to make a maritime short cut to the Mediterranean by uniting the Estuary of the Gironde with the sea at Faronas. The year 1890 may see at least some of these feats accomplished.—London Graphic.

Lord Braburne has discovered a box containing about 200 letters from Jane Austen to his mother, Lady Knatchbull.

Bishop Simpson, the Methodist leader lately deceased, was the oldest bishop in America.