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FASHION CHAT.

Orange color is in high favor abroad. Exquisitely shaded Autumn leaves and flowers in velvet and chenille trim the latest bonnet and hats from Paris designers. The newest "jacket-ones" for children are made of tiny bags of silk, about an inch and a half long, filled with rice or shot. What are called lace dresses will be in great vogue again, the beauty of the modern machine products and their comparative cheapness producing finer effects for a given amount than can be obtained in any other way. As this time there are two leading types of dress skirts: the one plain on the front and sides, with all the fullness thrown back; the other the full skirt pleated or gathered all around, the greater fullness, of course, at the back. These totally different fashions are equally popular, and depend entirely on the figure of the wearer, the materials employed, and the style desired. Twilled silk serge, which is a mixture of silk and wool, is a good looking and common article in the market for Fall wear. The silk is usually white (what there is of it, which is not much); the wool black, brown, or dark gray; and it is made up over a silk skirt front, or for facing the collar and cuffs; also for the bow, if a bow is employed for the back. Soft pure wools have been and are a means of grace. They are sanitary, lovely to the touch, and beautiful in their influences. Few, know, however, what fine and pure wool really is, for the majority use it like their coffee, badly prepared or adulterated. There are no woolen fabrics in the world superior to those of American manufacture at the best. But it is rarely we find the cost of their best, and when we do the cost is annihilating. Such tailors made suits as in preparation are box-pleated or laid in clusters of side pleats with wide box pleating between. The overskirts are short, and are draped to one side, and the short cut bodice is either buttoned over at the side, or made with revers and with a full skirt which fills the space above the pleats. Last year there was a great deal of mounting woolen of velvet; this year the wool is very stylishly combined with a darker shade of the material, or with wool upon which there are raised velvet or plain-colored figures. The embroideries of dress for several years past have really developed its excellence. The money that was formerly spent on trashy trimmings which made the wearers hideous or ridiculous is now put into substantial fabrics, into handsome linings and superior workmanship. There is no better evidence needed of the improvement which is gradually taking place in dress than the contrast between what was and what is even among the by no means exclusive group that fills the shops and sidewalks. With the approach of Autumn there is great activity in cloth and woollens, and an unusually early demand for Fall suits, caused doubtless by the cool Summer which has prevented many ladies from even unpacking their light dresses. It is less a question now than formerly whether certain fabrics and designs are the latest. We have as late arrived at that stage of common sense where a certain fitness is taken for granted, and garments may be brought without waiting to see the last fashion plate, provided they suit the season and preserve harmony of tone. Shot silks are used for dressing purposes and also show charming combinations of color. They are made up for visiting and dinner dresses, with velvet in the darkest shade of silk and lace. Almost all dresses are now made with the full fronts and the style is so "surround the ground" that it can not run into becoming as it is to the flat and narrow chested. It is wasted, and more than wasted, on those who possess a well rounded figure, a charm that is certainly displayed with best advantage in a plain perfectly fitting corage.

The Labrador Fisheries.

The failure of the Labrador fishery is the most serious we have had in that quarter for many years. The quantity of codfish taken, on a moderate calculation, will be one-half below the average. After toiling all the summer, numbers are now returning home with but miserable returns for their labors, and some have almost nothing to show. In such cases, where there is no accident, the supplying merchant makes advances to enable the poor fisherman to pull through the long winter. Where absolute destitution exists government aid is given in the shape of provisions. It is believed, however, that the number of cases requiring such aid will not be great. A man of war is shortly to be dispatched with supplies on board for some of the more destitute localities in White bay and southern Labrador. To aid to the distress, considerable losses among the fishing craft have been sustained in consequence of the stormy weather which has prevailed. The steamer Hercules, on her return from the main service on Labrador brought a crew of eight, who had been wrecked, and were obliged to leave a large amount of their stores behind from the want of room on board. Assistance has been dispatched to these sufferers. A vessel named the Lady Jane, having fifty two souls on board, many of them women and children, on her return from Labrador, struck a rock and became leaky and unmanageable. When almost sinking, another steamer, the Fleming, bore down upon her and took off the crew and passengers after terrible sufferings. Scarcely was worse weather experienced on Labrador than this season. A succession of storms destroyed the prospects of the herring fishery, just at the time when herring had struck in abundantly. Labrador this year. One storm in particular which caused damage is reported to have been the heaviest experienced in twenty years. —[Montreal Gazette.

After the Incidents.

As thistles the negroes in Barbadoes are most expert, and burglaries are frequent, especially in the smaller houses. A stoutest is almost impossible to procure from them, and if they get into one they will sweep it clean. Their mode of proceeding on such occasions is as follows: Having obtained an entry, they cut under the wing, and pierce the perforated round round and round in the air five or six times. The result of this (as I can testify) is that the bird remains to peep, and apparently lifeless, and is thus easily stowed away in a bag without danger of movement. Next, it is again stowed in the net, only that such attacks are directed, for they prey equally upon each other. Every night in Barbadoes a made hideous by the discharge of curious old firearms out of the windows of the shanties as a warning that the inmates are on their guard. —[Macmillan's Magazine.

SIDNEY'S FOLLY

CHAPTER XXIX.

At one of the windows of the first floor of the Excelsior Hotel a man stood looking out upon the scene before him—not a very interesting one at any time, but now drearier than usual, owing to the bluish and mud-colored by the melting snow. The hotel stood in a small square in one of the quietest quarters of the busy little town, a square where a miscellaneous market was held twice a month, where provisions, clothes, boots and shoes, crockery, and various other necessities of life were sold to the country-folk who on fine days milled the pretty strongly.

To-day however, the market was dull; sellers were cold and cross and sullen, buyers few and far between; therefore the little market presented rather a sad and depressing aspect. But the keen dark eyes of the man standing at the hotel window did not heed the dulness. It was the habit of those eyes to note everything with quick yet quiet attention; and almost everything possessed some interest for them. Not that they had any special interest in the market; but they were trained to observe, and could not refrain from taking notes.

In appearance the man was short and thin, and dressed in the extreme of fashion. It did not need the packages of goods placed in one corner of the sitting-room to prove to the landlord and waiters of the Excelsior Hotel that he was a country traveler. His attire and his manners were quite sufficient to betray his occupation; and they had had no doubt as to it from the time of his arrival in Ashford on the previous evening. He had been very firm and also, and free with his money, and was of an inquisitive turn of mind, asking several questions of the pretty chambermaid as to the rich couple who were so richly housed in the room, and who had had no doubt as to it from the time of his arrival in Ashford on the previous evening. He had been very firm and also, and free with his money, and was of an inquisitive turn of mind, asking several questions of the pretty chambermaid as to the rich couple who were so richly housed in the room, and who had had no doubt as to it from the time of his arrival in Ashford on the previous evening.

As he looked at the window in his careless but inquisitive attitude, he seemed neither particularly attentive, and totally indifferent to the passage of time; and there was no expression on his face, save one of good-natured interest in the moody behavior of stalls in the market and the rare purchasers of articles from them. He showed neither special interest nor recognition as a lady came into the square from a small street on the right and walked swiftly towards the hotel; but something like a gleam of admiration shot into the keen contemplative dark eyes.

But, if the appearance of the lady aroused no surprise in the breast of the man at the hotel window, it caused some excitement among the waiters, for it was a very unusual one in that quiet street. Closely veiled as she was, there were an elegance and a richness in her dress, which was perfectly simple, which could not fail to strike them, and, as she walked so quickly, there was a refinement, a grace in her gait which would have attracted attention even without the costly sealskin and furs.

The country traveler, or rather G. Hopwood of Scotland Yard—for it was he—turned away from the window, pulled one of his packages from the corner of the room, and was busily unstrapping it upon the table when the chambermaid opened the door and announced—
"A lady for you, sir," and Sidney Daunt closely veiled, entered.

"Mr. Hopwood brought me, desiring me to give you, and his visitor inclined her head slightly; then, as the door closed upon the chambermaid, she came forward slowly to the table and threw up her veil.

"You wished to see me, Mr. Hopwood?" she said quietly.

"Yes, madam," he answered; "I have some exquisite specimens of old lace here which I shall be happy to show you."

He spoke in rather a raised tone, and, walking softly across the room, he noisily returned to his place by the table. "It is always best to be on the safe side," he said quietly, noticing Sidney's glance of surprise. "Ours never can be quite sure that the doors have not ears and eyes."

"True," she returned briefly.

"Mrs. Daunt," he said gravely, "when I had the honor of my first interview with you, the clearing up of the mystery which surrounds the murder of Mr. Rutledge was a matter very near your heart. It may be that since that time circumstances have arisen which have altered your wishes. Pray sit down," he added hastily, seeing that for a moment she swayed backwards as if about to fall; but she recovered herself immediately.

"No, no," she said hurriedly, "I am not ill; but I do not quite understand," she went on, trying to brace it out, although her dread was so great that she could hardly force her white lips to frame the words.

"Are you sure you do not understand me, Mrs. Daunt?" he asked, seeing, notwithstanding all her efforts, the agony of dread she was suffering, and pitying her as he had rarely pitied any one in his self-contained eventful life.

"There was no answer."

"It seemed to me during that first interview," he went on quietly, not looking at her now, but speaking with his eyes fixed upon the table, "that you wished to obtain evidence of Mr. Frank Greville's innocence at any cost; and since then I have been devoting what little skill and experience I possess to that end."

"And you have succeeded?" she breathed, rather than uttered.

"I have succeeded, madam."

"His voice was very quiet, very calm, very significant; but he did not look at her as he spoke, or he would have seen how softly the little glowed hand went to her bosom as she sank down upon the chair she had hitherto rejected, looking at him with wild, terrified eyes.

All her terror was confirmed now. This man had detected her husband's guilt; he had found out the fact of his absence from the ball-room with Sibley Rutledge; he had discovered—how she could not guess—that he had been in the avenue that night, he would arrest him perhaps, and it would be her fault, through her means! Oh, merciful Heaven, have pity, and let her die before that came to pass!

Her only hope now was to show the detective her entire belief in Stephen's innocence, and try to prove to him that he was on a false scent. She must not let him think for a moment that she suspected her husband. She must hide it from him, and tell him that she did not wish the inquiry pursued, because she had changed her mind, she no longer wished to prove Frank's innocence—he had wished her to give up the attempt.

"I am quite sure that you have been very skilful and careful," she said, in a low calm voice, but in a tone so strongly hollow that he almost started as it fell on his ear; "but since I saw you in the matter, I think it would be a pity to reopen the matter. Mr. Greville and his daughter have suffered greatly; but the sting of their suffering has subsided, and it would only reopen wounds which I—I believe are partly healed."

Partly heated, his heart—usually as well as a barrister's need—throbbing fast with love and hope, was travelling as swiftly as Stephen's gray mare could carry him over the road; from Easthorpe to Lambwood, the painful impression which his interview with Sidney had made upon him faded as soon as he had left her. He was too absorbed in the pleasure of life's young dream, and in his anxiety as to Mr. Daunt's reception of his suit, to remember the strangeness of her manner and her earnest broken words.

And even if, to suppose an impossibility, his father were willing to give his consent to allow his daughter to marry a poor man for the reason that she loved him and he loved her, would it be wise to accept such a sacrifice? Would it not bring with it a punishment in Dolly's discontent at her narrower surroundings? Would it not be terrible to him to see her unhappy and ill at ease and dissatisfied in her husband's home, to see her beauty fade and her sweet bright disposition alter in her new life?

"You—Oh, Heaven bless your compassion! Oh, sir, if you knew how I have suffered since that horrible suspicion first came into my mind, if you knew what this past night has been to you, you would know in some degree what my gratitude is! I have been wretched—at least, I thought I was wretched—many times, but I never knew what real misery was until then. Ah, it is horrible, all this evil she wrought just to gratify a whim or a foolish ambition, which, many an honest fellow would not satisfy! He! Heaven only knows the ruined lives which may be laid to her charge, the unhappiness, the anguish. Mr. Hopgood,"—speaking with a forced calmness almost as painful to witness as her passionate pain—"in your inquiries you found no clue to her whereabouts?"

"There was an intense repressed eagerness under her calmness, which the detective perceived; and he was too acute and keen an observer not to guess at its cause. He thought what a strange being a woman was, since she could more easily forgive a man she loved for having murdered another man than for having betrayed her for another woman."

"No," he said gravely, "I found no clue to her whereabouts; and in my opinion, Mrs. Daunt, that is one of the strangest features in the case. Neither of the two persons whom I suspected," he added, turning his eyes from her eager face, "has any present communication with her; of that I am certain."

"Thank you," she returned faintly; and there was a short silence, the dingy hotel sitting-room, during which Sidney struggled to regain command over herself. When she rose from her seat, she had resumed the marble composure which had struck him upon her entrance. "You have no more to say to me?" she said steadily.

"I may be able to say more to you later," he said, in a low calm voice, but in a tone so strongly hollow that he almost started as it fell on his ear; "but since I saw you in the matter, I think it would be a pity to reopen the matter. Mr. Greville and his daughter have suffered greatly; but the sting of their suffering has subsided, and it would only reopen wounds which I—I believe are partly healed."

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Thinking thus, he reached Lambwood in a very dejected and depressed state of mind. All Sidney's cheerful prophecies were merged in his own dismal forebodings as he entered the stately hall where every evidence of wealth served only to embitter his reflections and to make him feel more hopeless as to the result of his suit.

Mr. Daunt was at home, a servant told him he was in the library; and Lloyd was preparing to join him there, feeling that he ought not to see Dolly until he had received her father's verdict, when a slender little figure clad in black velvet, with white trimmings, and adorned with diamonds, came in and stood with considerably to the picturesque quaintness of its appearance, came lightly and swiftly down the wide oak staircase. At sight of it all Lloyd Milner's resolves and forebodings melted into thin air; and he went forward eagerly to meet Dolly with a love-light in his gray eyes and a bright smile which were certainly not in accord with the dismal view he had been taking of his love-affair, since he had turned his horse's head towards Lambwood. Nothing lovelier than little Dolly, with her shy smiles and shy blushes, could have been imagined—certainly the young barrister had never seen any one half so lovely.

"I will take Mr. Milner to papa," she said to the servant who bowed and disappeared; and then Dolly looked up expectantly into her lover's admiring but disturbed countenance.

"What is the matter?" she asked coquettishly. "You do not look very pleased to see me. There is nothing wrong at Easthorpe, is there?" she added anxiously, her voice changing in quick anxiety.

"No, at least I think not," he answered, in some embarrassment. "I saw her this morning, and she said she was not ill; but she looks very pale and delicate. Dolly, she sent you her love and spoke so kindly—may, I dare hardly tell you all she said."

"Why not?" Dolly said shyly.

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Western Girls.

A young girl, pretty and modest, with a rifle on her shoulder, is a strange sight in those parts. Writes a correspondent from California to the New York Sun. Many young women in the far west are very proficient in the use of firearms, and no one thinks it strange to see them thus equipped on the highway or in the mountains hunting.

In nothing is the western freedom from conventionalism more striking than in the habits given young women in their amusements. The typical far western girl would doubtless shock her more subdued sisters of the east in many things which here are considered within the bounds of propriety. She hunts, fishes, camps out, rides, and tramps, with all the relish shown by the sterner sex, and in not a few of these accomplishments is she the equal of any of the men. Visitors from the east unfamiliar with pastimes of this kind have often been seriously embarrassed on finding that their charming companions of the parlor or the lawn could load and shoot a gun as well as a rifleman, mount and ride like a trooper, or climb mountains with unerring limb.

A few weeks ago a plump young woman in this town who rides, hunts, fishes, and climbs, had her photograph taken in her fresh air costume and sent one of them to relatives in Illinois. The portrait exhibited a girl of 18, with a jaunty turban, her long hair done up tightly in a coil, her face full and fair, and her eyes bright as dollars.

Of late she has amused herself with quiet hunting the receipt of the portrait quietly limited that they would like to know what the occasion was which demanded the young lady to appear in that strange costume. Probably they will be more horrified than ever when they learn that she is seen on the streets almost daily in just such attire, and that nothing whatever is thought of it.

The girl over whom this section of the state is ravaging just now is Miss Lillian Smith, an expert with the rifle, who threatens to carry off the honors in marksmanship if she ever consents to appear in a contest of skill. She is only 13 years of age, but she appears much older. She has a strong frame, abundant dark brown hair, and big brown eyes. Flamed by continued exposure to sun and wind, she is the picture of health and of typical far western beauty. When only 9 years of age she manifested a fondness for the rifle which her parents readily gratified. She often went off into the wilds of Mono county on hunting expeditions, and frequently secured game which she was obliged to procure assistance to bring in.

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Lowering a Boat at Sea.

Inventive Genius Makes a Tackle that Insures Safety for the Crew.

A recent English invention seems to supply the demand for an apparatus which will lower a boat at sea and release it from the tackle automatically with perfect safety to the crew. A vertical hook is secured at the stem and another at the stern, the points of the two being inboard. When the rings in the bottom of the tackle block are put in the hooks they are locked there by pins that strike into the shanks of the blocks. A strong line runs from a small hook on the ring of the bow tackle to a similar hook on the ring of the stern tackle, and this line is kept taut by means of two eyes and a lanyard over the centre thwart, and thus, when the boat swings at the davits, the block rings have a slant toward the centre of the boat.

In case of need the boat's crew climb into the boat, steady themselves by the fore and aft line. As the boat is lowered a strain is brought on small lines running from the pins in the hooks to the davit guys, and the pins are drawn out, or they may be drawn out by hand. The boat is lowered still further and eventually takes the water. If the wave lifts either end without taking the strain off of the opposite tackle the blocks will not be disengaged because the weight of the boat keeps a strain on the fore and aft line, but the moment the boat is lifted at both ends simultaneously the block rings drop out, and the boat is clear, even though the wave is standing her almost on end.

To Prepare Vegetable Mold Quickly.

As early as the leaves of the trees can be collected, let them be brought in a considerable quantity, into a close place, and dressed up there in the form of a hot-bed. Let this be well saturated with the drainings from the dung heap, with suds from the wash house, with urine from the stable and cow house, where this latter article can be procured. Let this bed or heap be covered and lined with fresh stable dung, to make it heat the strain. When the heating is sufficiently subsided, let the leaves be uncovered and turned over, to mix the dry and well together and if moisture be required, let them have it of the same description, repeating the process till all be reduced to fine mould. This will be ready for use in two months from the time of collecting the leaves, and to prevent any waste of the liquid recommended, a layer of maiden earth, of two feet thick, should be made the substratum, which would receive any of the valuable liquid that would otherwise run to waste.

Leaves of slow decomposition should be avoided, as those of the oak, etc., which, however, are the best for retaining heat in hot beds and pits. The leaves of fir should also be avoided, but those of the spruce, elm, alder, maple, and all the soft kinds are better suited for the purpose. This compost should be kept dry, in an airy place, and ridged up, so that the rain cannot wash out the salts with which it abounds. —[Gardener's Record.

Plantation Philology.

De healthiest looking men is sometimes de wotter an apple ter be better. It ain't no use for some men ter try ter be great. It don't make no difference how much a moue eat hender would be er rat. Dar's di difference twixt men an' wimin: Er'oman try ter make her heart show on her face; de man tries ter make his mind show on his countenance. De trouble is dat de'oman ain't allus got a heart an' de man ain't allus got a moue.

Queer Things in Paris.

A boy not yet twelve years old is almost a weekly visitor at the New York eye and ear infirmary. "Well," said the artist, as he saw him come in as usual one afternoon, "that boy has got in there a 'Nawthin' but a bean,' he has drawn." The boy had fallen into the bad habit of putting such things into his ears as shoe buttons, pieces of slugs pencils and wads of paper. The artist recently met with a remarkable illustration of this pernicious practice, which he related to a reporter of the New York Times.

A young woman of twenty-three came to me so deaf that I could hardly make her hear by shouting through a trumpet. After removing a great quantity of wax from her ear I found something metallic.

"What's this?" I said. "Have you been putting something in your ear?" "Oh doctor," she said, "I am not so foolish as that."

Imagine her surprise when I pulled out a smooth, round brass button, with quite a large shank to it. "This seems to have been in there a good many years," I said. To my surprise the young woman crouched in the corner in undisguised terror.

"O doctor," she said, "what is that awful noise?"

It was nothing but a waggon rumbling by, but I instantly saw what the trouble was. Her hearing had become normal when I removed that button, and she was frightened and bewildered at the jumble of confusing sounds.

The ticking of the clock, chirping of the canary, or dripping of water distressed her, and the state of her own silk dress made her start with fear.

I sent one of the assistants home with her in a carriage, and he said that the clatter in the streets so distracted her that he was compelled to hold her in her seat. About a week afterward she came in again.

"I wanted that button put back again," I supposed? interrupted the reporter.

Oh no; she was brimming over with happiness, though for a day or two she was afraid to leave the house. But she told me about that button.

"When I was about eight years old," she said, "I was sent to a village school in New England with my grandmother. The school was always long, and I used to amuse myself by pulling at the brass buttons on my coat."

One of them came off one Sunday, and I occupied myself for a time with putting it in my ear and shaking it out again. Suddenly I felt it sink away in there, and I could not get it out.

On another occasion, when Moore sat opposite the poet at dinner, engaged, as he himself confesses, "rather earnestly over a beefsteak," Byron after watching him for some minutes, said, in a tone of grave inquiry: "Moore, don't you find eating beefsteak makes you ferocious?" The secret of Lord Byron's occasional abstinence in diet is to be found in that horrid dread of corpulence which he is known to have possessed; yet had he been versed in the rules which Mr. Banting subsequently laid down and successfully practiced for persons in like condition he would have shunned potatoes, even with the concomitant of vinegar, like the plague. The fact is that any article of food of a rather saccharine nature tends to produce fat, while such things as toast, lean meat, fruit, and green vegetables are all inimical to the laying on of superfluous flesh. The potato is a distinctly fattening kind of food, while meat is more especially "flesh-forming." It would be impossible to support life on either kind of bodily sustenance exclusively, and there are few people who would attempt the Spartan simplicity of a diet consisting wholly of "laqueum bonum" or "champions." Lord Byron's liking for potatoes and vinegar, however, remains the affection of a dapper of turnips served in the ashes of his own fire, and served up on a wooden platter. Great meals rather a healthy meal, regular in their dietetic fancies. Pythagoras, for example, not only abstained from the flesh of animals, but considered even a dish of beans too stimulating for his philosophical acolytes. If the potato had been known in Greece in his day the problem of affording at once a wholesome, nourishing, and not exciting or over-expensive form of nutriment would have been far easier of solution. —[London Times.