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MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

It is mean enough to put water in the milk; but the lowest depth of mental degradation has that milkman descended who daily doses the lacteal fluid with boracic acid to keep it from souring too quickly.

Another pang added to life. The girls are beginning to use Solomon's words to suit themselves, and say, "A woman among a thousand have we found, but a man among a thousand have we not found." And that, say many of them, is the reason they don't marry. Sensible girls they are, too.

Very sensible objections are being urged against the use of filthy bank bills. They are not only exceedingly unpleasant to look at and handle, but dangerous lurking places for the seeds of contagious diseases. There ought to be a law forbidding the circulation of such ragged and loathsome bills as are all too frequently presented as legal tender.

What is probably one of the most unique exhibitions on record is being shown in Chicago just now. It is a collection of thirty old maids in all stages of faded charms. An odd phase of the battle of life, certainly, and hardly less sad than curious. What a light it throws on the struggle for existence, for surely nothing short of dire necessity could induce these women to put themselves on exhibition for the amusement of a gaping crowd of vulgar sight-seers.

For ponderous cheek, joined to the soul of a thief, commend us to the Boston man who built two houses side by side, lived in one himself and sold the other. Into the one he sold, he had put a furnace, close to the partition wall, connecting to its hot air chamber flues leading to his own residence. In this way he heated himself at his neighbor's expense for a whole winter before his little scheme was discovered. If anybody knows of a meaner piece of knavery we want to hear about it quickly.

Advocates of beer as a healthy temperance drink should ponder the case of the St. Bernard dog reported from Alleghany City (Pa.) He is a magnificent animal, very sagacious, and until recently very docile and gentle. Unfortunately he became addicted to beer guzzling, for which he has acquired an inordinate appetite, and his nature has altogether deteriorated under its influence. At a certain stage he becomes madly ferocious, and now his life is in jeopardy, having in one of his paroxysms of drunken fury severely bitten a man.

Anglomania, as it is called, is so prevalent in Boston, Newport and other American cities that theatrical managers regard it as an important factor in advertising. An illustration of the fact was afforded in Boston recently. A young fellow newly out of Cambrige, and without theatrical experience, has been given a leading role in a company which is to star the country this season, for no other reason than that he calls himself "Honourable Cecil P. Vivian, Glamis Castle, N. B.," and says his father is a member of the House of Lords. It is thought his mere presence on the stage will be inducement enough to make the tuft-hunters part with their dollars.

There is something grotesque in a recent telegram to the effect that though the Duke of Connaught is anxious to return to India to something like the real life of a man in attendance upon his military duties, his mother is unwilling to let him because she fears the climate and the dangers of the present complications with Burmah. She would like him to *stay quietly at home* until he succeeds the Duke of Cambridge as *Commander-in-Chief* of the army. Poor, dear boy! From Edward the Black-Prince to the present scions of royalty, kept close to their mother's apron strings for fear they get into danger, what a tumble!

A stern old soldier passed away when Lord Strathnairn died last week. He was a Field Marshal, and his full title was Rt. Hon. Hugh Henry Rose, Baron Strathnairn, G.C.B.G.C.S.I. He is remembered among other things for his severe treatment of the leaders of the Sepoy mutineers, whom he caused to be blown from the mouths of cannon. He was undoubtedly one of the ablest and most brilliant soldiers who have figured in the British service since the days of Wellington. His rank of field marshal is held by only two other men in the British service who are not of Royal birth, viz., by Lord Napier, of Magdala, and Sir Patrick Grant. The others are the Duke of Cambridge, and the Prince of Wales.

A curious case of conflicting evidence was brought out in a recent bigamy case in England. The defendant, James Malcolm, was identified by various witnesses as the man who, under the name of Macdonald, met a young woman in Brighton, and married her after a very brief wooing, having a wife living at the time. Various circumstances told heavily against him. For instance, Macdonald gave as an excuse for his return to London every night that he was obliged to be on board his ship at four o'clock in the morning and Malcolm was a marketman whose duties began at the same early hour. This was only one of a number of striking coincidences. Nevertheless numerous persons were found to prove a complete *alibi* for Malcolm on the occasion when Macdonald was engaged in marrying the bride. As an outcome of the conflict of testimony, the jury disagreed and a new trial was ordered. The whole story commends itself to lovers of the mysterious. Miss Braddon at her best never tried to unravel a more contradictory snarl of circumstances.

The movement to confer on the women of China and India the benefits of western medical science has brought brilliant opportunities within reach of female physicians. Dr. Woodhull, who began to practice her profession the day after her arrival at Foochow last winter, writes that the calls upon her services are more than she can meet. Lady Dufferin is President of the association that has been established in India to import skilled women physicians from Europe and America, for the purpose of training capable native nurses, midwives, and medical practitioners. Every white physician in Oriental countries is asked almost daily if he cannot prescribe for suffering women without seeing them. Debarred by social customs from consulting men doctors, Oriental women are the victims of great and unnecessary misery. They are thus shut out from the advantages of Western medical art, although they know its value, and desire to avail themselves of its resources.

A Fight for Life.

A despatch from Glenullen, Dakota, says: News is just received that James Gray, living four miles north of Glenullen, was attacked on Thursday night by two Indians, who came to the house and asked for food. Having eaten all they desired, one of the Indians, large and powerful, took down Gray's repeating Winchester rifle, placed the muzzle to Gray's breast and pulled the trigger. Fortunately, there was no cartridge in the barrel. The Indian then put a cartridge in, whereupon Gray seized a whiffletree, and before the gun could be brought to bear upon him struck the Indian on the head, and the gun was discharged into the side of the house. The rifle was dropped in the scuffle. Then commenced a rough and tumble fight, both Indians taking part. Gray lost his hold of the whiffletree, caught up a carpenter's hatchet, and struck the Indian nearest him on the head, which felled him to the floor. The other Indian fled. Gray seized the fallen Indian by the heels and dragged him out and fastened the door. Whether the Indian was dead or not Gray was unable to say. Friday morning a settler happened to go to Gray's house and found him in bed badly bruised and scratched, scarcely able to stand.

Widows who live in grass retirement shouldn't throw glances.

The steamer Oregon, on a voyage from Portland, Oregon, to San Francisco early this month, encountered an immense whale, and struck it with such force that the big vessel shook from stem to stern. In some unaccountable way the monster's head then became wedged in between the rod of the rudder and the vessel, and in that way the whale was carried along with the steamer for several hours.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

THE ILLUMINATED FETE AT THE PALACE.

Poor Nellie knew well that her mother would not change her views, no matter what she said to try to controvert them, so she had relapsed into silence, and this was why she did not look as happy as a Peri, though quite as beautiful as one, on appearing half an hour later (as we have before described) in the illuminated Hall of a Hundred Mirrors, and also why she took the earliest opportunity to transmit a little secret telegraphic sign to her lover, who for a long while had been impatiently awaiting her advent, that "he had better not approach her just yet, for that the maternal was not quite as amiable as she might be."

So Frank Donelly, who had donned his best uniform and carefully waxed the ends of his long jetty mustache for the occasion, held aloof, muttering anything but blessings on the stout British matron whom he hoped one day to transmogrify into his mother in-law; and Nellie seated herself on one of the sumptuous ottomans that lined the walls, half resolved that she would remain a fixture there for the entire evening rather than dance with any one save the lover of her choice.

Glancing around the scene of pomp and magnificence, with its hundreds of dancing and promenading couples, and where in all directions

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,
Whilst all went merry as a marriage bell,"

she soon beheld one individual who looked as sad, not to say as sullen and discontented, as she felt that she herself was doing, and the next instant she recognized him as Arabi Pasha, the newly created war minister.

Broad chested, erect and stern of aspect, with a prominent nose, fierce, eagle-like eyes, a firm but somewhat cruel looking mouth and a massive chin, expressive of undaunted resolve, Ahmed Arabi looked like one who was born to sway and control the destinies of men; but his fortunes were doomed to give his face the lie.

Disdaining all frippery in his attire, he wore a dark blue military uniform, with the least possible amount of gold lace thereon, while his coarse red, blue tasseled tarbouch (which by Turks and Egyptians is worn always, indoors as well as out), surmounted a broad, square brow, that was wrinkled by anxious thought rather than by years.

Why this man had made his appearance amidst a scene which he appeared so little to enjoy was a puzzle to the fair girl, who, involuntarily, as it were, watched his every movement with a keen interest that she herself could in no way account for.

He seemed to her like unto one who was searching anxiously for some attraction and everywhere failed to find it, for it certainly did not lie in the unveiled beauty which was so lavishly displayed on all sides, and to the spell of which the effeminate Khedive (catlike in movements and in his fawnings as well) seemed to yield himself with the keenest pleasure and delight.

'You seem to have no eyes for the giver of the feast, for the amiable and gentle Khedive,' remarked Nellie's mother presently, looking the while as though she could have devoured that distinguished personage herself, diamond hilted scimitar and all.

"I positively dislike him, dear mamma, for he looks at every girl whom he deigns to address (yes, I suppose deign is the proper word to apply even to his puppet royalty) as a wolf would look at some lamb whom it wanted to feed on."

"Nellie, how can you be so harsh-judging and ill natured? I think his highness is altogether too utterly delightful. I do not wonder at his keen appreciative regard of the ladies, for I'm sure many of them are both pretty and well formed, and then 'tis more than whispered that he seeks a wife amongst their number, and that this fete even has been given to afford him an opportunity of making a choice."

"I'm sure, mamma, if any one had hinted such a thing to me beforehand, I would never have come here, but I should think that no English girl, at all events, would marry a man (prince and Khedive though he may be) who has three wives already, for I have been told that that is the present number."

"Nellie, for shame! I'm positively shocked at you. It is the dearest wish of my heart to see you form a high and distinguished alliance, and at this moment I feel that it is almost within your grasp, for you are certainly by far the—"

How Mrs. Trezarr would have concluded her speech we cannot inform the reader, inasmuch as at this point of her discourse a voice exclaimed in French:

"Is Miss Trezarr too much of a philosopher to care for the frivolous amusements that seem to delight her countrywomen? And if it be so, am I sufficiently old an acquaintance to hope for the pleasure of being allowed to show her the illuminated gardens?"

"Oh! I should so like to see them! Please take me thither at once," answered Nellie, and, without waiting for her mother's permission, she sprang to her feet, passing her arm within that of Arabi Pasha, the war minister, suffered him with the greatest confidence, to lead her away from the abhorred presence of his royal master.

CHAPTER IV.

A WHISPER OF LOVE AND A MURMUR OF HATE—A CRY FOR HELP.

Another minute and the grim war minister with his trembling prize (for as his prize he already regarded her) had passed out of the Hall of a Hundred Mirrors and through a magnificent conservatory that lay beyond it into the open air, where the great full moon and a myriad twinkling stars (whose size and lustre can hardly be guessed at by those who have never beheld an Egyptian firmament) gemmed an indigo-hued heaven and seemed to be reflected not only in the mighty river, as it rolled sluggishly along, with a murmur that was at once solemn and soothing, but on the dry land likewise, for at least fifty thousand tiny lamps of divers colors flashed like sapphires, garnets, rubies, diamonds and amethysts around flower-beds whose tints were equally bright and beautiful, while fully as many hundreds of Chinese lanterns gleamed from out the shrubs and dangled swayingly from the tree branches, some of the more daring of the illuminators having climbed the loftiest palms to suspend them amongst the feathery foliage.

As to the palace itself, it looked as though it was built of fire, for the whole facade and every architectural design thereon was outlined with little lambent tongues of flame, which also encircled the onion-shaped domes with many a cordon of fire, and climbed up pillars and coiled round minarets in spiral folds that resembled fiery serpents.

Altogether, the sight was one which once seen would never be forgotten.

"How very beautiful!" exclaimed Nellie, involuntarily. "It is a veritable fairy land."

"If it be so, then assuredly have I hanging on my arm the queen of the fairy realm," answered Arabi, in the melodious French tongue, which he had chiefly mastered in order to enable him to converse freely with Monsieur de Lesseps, the constructor of the great ship canal, and for whom he had ever entertained a great friendship and admiration; and as he uttered the words he bent on the lovely girl a glance which somehow or other made her wish that she had not so readily accepted him as her cavalier.

"How few people are in the gardens," she said. "Oh, how can they miss so beautiful a sight?"

"You may cast pearls before swine, yet will they not leave the husks whereon they feed. Our religion teaches us that woman has no soul, and that therefore for her there is no future state of reward and punishment I never doubted the dogma until I met you."

"Perhaps your religion also teaches you that woman has no common sense, but do not try to convince me that no man possesses it, either. The ladies of your country may like the sugar plumbs of speech, but to these of mine the flavor is nauseous."

"But surely I may say what I sincerely and truly meant? You have taught me to believe that some women, at all events, have souls, aye, and hearts as well. My heart you made captive the very first time that we met at Alexandria, and to-night, had you not generously longed to bestow upon me yours in return, you would not with such evident rapture have accepted my proposal to show you the gardens. We Egyptians are skilful readers of the thoughts and feelings."

"You have utterly failed to read mine aright, and if you really think what you say, pray take me back indoors again. I assure you that you are entirely mistaken in me. I let you show me the gardens because—well, because I somehow or other liked and respected you, and more still for the reason that I wanted to get away from—from—from—"

"The Khedive? I guessed as much. There, I knew I read your feelings aright. But do you mean to say that your ambition would allow you to decline so brilliant an alliance?"

"Assuredly it would, if for no other reason than that he has other wives already."

"Yet as an English girl you must believe your Bible, which is always ours, and you must have read therein how that many holy men, some of them even honored by being called the friends of God, possessed very many wives."

"Ah, that was under the old dispensation, but it has been altered under the new."

"True, but we, you know, reject your new dispensation. I am anxious to convince you on this point because I feel assured that you love me. You show it in your looks, your manner, your speech even, and yet, like the good girl that you are and that I would have you to be, you try hard to combat and overcome the feeling by reason that you imagine it to be sinful. Were it really so I would help you to conquer it."

"Indeed, sir, you flatter yourself most needlessly," retorted Nellie Trezarr, burning with indignation that the Egyptian should think her guilty of such (in her estimation) unmaidenly conduct, "for far from caring in the slightest degree for you, at all events in the manner that you imagine, or indeed in any other manner now, I have for months been engaged to be married to one of my own countrymen."

"Ah, then you have trifled with me and are what is called by your people a flirt. I can hardly believe it, because I had thought better of you, and as a flirt is altogether a false and despicable character, I will not credit it even yet. Confess that you have said this thing to try me and to see whether I am sincere. To convince you that I am I will swear to you by Allah and the holy Kaaber, by the Zemzen well and the City of the Prophets that if you will but marry me I will never take unto myself a third wife. I have one already, which cannot be helped, but verily and indeed you shall be my last."

The war minister spoke most fervidly, whilst his eyes flashed, his swarthy cheek flushed and his chest heaved convulsively.

Nellie was now positively afraid of him.

She glanced nervously around, but though there were many couples promenading the gardens, in one direction or another, no one was really near by, and overcome by a sudden strange terror she attempted to escape from the man whose rage and indignation she had evidently kindled in no small degree.

But he laid a hand on her wrist and with gentle force restrained her.

"Perhaps we only disagree because we do not rightly understand each other," he said, persuasively. "Listen to me, therefore, for yet another minute. Marry me and you shall never forget it. I am rich and powerful, and ere long I may be yet more powerful. Marry me and it shall be a good thing for you, and for your people as well. I dare not speak more plainly, because—I might raise your hopes too high, or on the other hand awaken terrors within your gentle breast for which there is no cause whatever. I—I would but remind you that war minister is not the highest rank that lies within the gift of his Highness the Khedive, and that I would climb to any height in order to make myself more worthy of you. Come, what do you say now?"

"That I will not be detained here a second longer against my will. Help!"

The last ejaculation was uttered in a sort of wailing cry, but hardly had it quitted her lips when there was a flash of scarlet and gold between her and the Egyptian, whose wrist was grasped in turn with a force that made his hand fly open.

"Nellie, what is the meaning of this? Tell me in order that I may know what to do."

"The pasha terrified me with something that he was relating; that is all."

Frank Donelly, for it was he, perceived that his affianced wife dreaded a scene (that bugbear to all educated women), and he himself had no wish that her name should be made the subject of idle gossip and censorious scandal.

He therefore released the war minister's wrist from his vice-like grip and said with a bow:

"This lady is my affianced wife, and consequently I am her most fitting companion and protector. You will find the palace in that direction."

As he concluded he raised his hand to the gold-laced rim of his cap, in a half ironical salute and leavetaking, but in so doing he was quite unprepared for what directly thereon ensued, for, with a cry almost like that of a hyena, Arabi Pasha darted forward, seized his hand in its descent, wrenched it around until the opal ring that set there on shot forth its many tinted rays of seeming blood and flame, and then dropping it as suddenly as he had laid hold of it, he turned sharp around with a scornful, abrupt laugh, and sallied away, muttering to himself as he went: "A double debt, and by Allah they shall both be paid, and that to the uttermost para!"

CHAPTER V.

THE BARRED WINDOW—THE SUMMONS OF THE LOTUS FLOWER.

Not until the tall, stalwart form of the war minister had grown dim in the distance did Frank Donelly find his tongue, and then the first use that he made of it was to demand from Nellie what the Egyptian had said or done to frighten her so.

"He only made love to me in a warm, impulsive manner that was as novel as unwelcome. Not that he intended the least rudeness, I'm sure of that."

"I'm glad that you are, or else it would have been my painful duty to wring his neck, Pasha of Three Tails and war minister though he is. At all events, Nell, his conduct has taught you not to waste your admiration upon such fellows."

"I am by no means sure that I do not admire him as much as I did before. We must not judge all people by our own standard of what is etiquette and what not. He asked me to be his wife, that was all, and vowed that I should be his last, though I could not be his first. Then, when I wanted to get away, he detained me gently in order that I should hear him to the end, whereat I grew alarmed and cried 'Help!' and you know the rest."

"The fact is, Nellie, I had been following you about for a long while, though of course at a distance, and I was glad of almost any excuse to relieve him of your custody, that I can assure you. Well, if I was not over and above courteous to him he gave me a regular tit for tat, and so we are quits. I wonder what raised his ire in my opal ring?"

"I can't think, but it terrifies me nevertheless, Frank. I positively hate that ring. I shuddered the first time that I ever looked upon it and beheld the red, demon-like fire that was imprisoned in its heart. I wish it was at the bottom of the Nile."

"Agree to marry me without waiting for your parents' consent, which I know full well that we shall never obtain, and in it goes at once, Nellie. Though between you and I, I shouldn't wonder if it was of very great value, I shouldn't, indeed."

"If its value was almost fabulous I should yet wish the Nile to have it."

"Well, then, only agree to my terms, and as I said before the Nile gets it."

"Oh, Frank, I am the darling of both my parents' hearts, so how can I do it?"

"Easily, because they will take you to their hearts again directly they have learned to realize the vulgar axiom that what can't be cured must be endured."

"Frank, give me time to think. Oh, do give me a little while to think."

"I never could refuse you anything, darling, so take what you ask; but I shall wear this opal until you have decided in my favor, and then away it goes at once."

"Then I hate it so much that I will only sleep over the matter once and give you a decisive answer on the morrow. And now, Frank, you shall take me all over and around this scene of fairyland and show me everything, for my face is so flushed and I'm too agitated altogether to subject myself yet awhile to mamma's searching regard in the Hall of Mirrors."

"Come, then, my darling," the young dragoon whispered in her ear. "You have set me a task that I shall never tire of; yet, nevertheless, let us start at once."

They sauntered though the grounds for some little while admiring everything that they saw, and then the appearance of a fountain more beautiful than any that they had yet beheld attracted them near unto a wing of the palace that was strange to them both.

After admiring, therefore, the bright, amber hue of the fountain's waters they examined its architectural features somewhat closely, and presently Nellie exclaimed:

"How lovely, yet how quiet it is here. I declare that delicate fretwork of stone is almost like lace, but how small the windows are. They seem to be closely barred as well. It can't be a prison, for it is too beautiful for that, and yet I seem to see people looking out at us from the gloom of the interior."

"I see them clearly, dear. That which glistens so white against the dark background is bare necks and arms, so they must be ladies. 'Tis doubtless the harem."

"Poor creatures, they remind me of caged birds. How painful it must be for them to see girls like me, free as air, and able to go wherever I like. Oh, it is a cruel and inhuman creed that allows of such prison houses, for in sober reality they are nothing else. Come away, Frank, for as I cannot give them liberty, I will stay here no longer to tantalize them with the spectacle of my own freedom."

"Just as you like, my good, right-feeling Nell. They can see us very plainly as we stand here in the full glare of the illumined fountain, though they look to us like shadows."

"Shadows possessed of sad enough hearts, doubtless. Oh, gracious, here's mamma."

It was Mrs. Trezarr without a doubt, and Mrs. Trezarr in anything but an amiable disposition as well.

"Eleanor!" she exclaimed, "I have been looking for you everywhere. It is very wrong of you to wander away from me in this way, very wrong, indeed."

"Pray, Mrs. Trezarr, allow me to bear the blame, for I am the only guilty party," said Frank.

The stately and offended dame bowed stiffly to the young officer, as though she quite acquiesced in what he had said, but vouchsafed him no answer in words, and then she tucked Nellie's milk white arm within her own and walked her off, a most unwilling yet at the same time unresisting captive, leaving the discomfited dragoon standing alone and looking somewhat ridiculous; at all events, he thought so.

"I wish Nell had a little more spirit, and I do trust that a merciful Providence will never allow her to grow like her mother," muttered Frank to himself in a dudgeon; and then some strange and unaccountable fascination drew him back to the amber-hued fountain, and resting himself on the carved stone balustrade that surrounded it he pulled out his cigar case and fusee box and began to smoke as though for a wager.

He had not been engaged thus for more than five minutes, thinking just as hard and viciously as he puffed, when he felt his sleeve twitched, and, looking round, beheld a hideous, unveiled old woman dressed entirely in yellow, and with her poor, wrinkled face chalked and painted almost after the manner of a circus clown.

"Who in the name of wonder are you and what do you want with me?" snapped Frank.

"I am Elman the Buffoon," was the answer, spoken in almost as execrable Egyptian as his own.

"I can quite believe it; but you have only replied to half my question. What want you?"

"I want nothing, Effendi; I am but a poor old slave. But I am the messenger of one who is brighter than the stars and fairer than the moon in the heavens, and she sends thee this and bids me tell thee to remember the summons of the lotus flower."

And with these words the strange looking old woman produced from within the voluminous folds of her bright yellow satin attire, which glittered all over with spangles, one of the long lotus flowers of the Nile and held it toward him.

The perfume was sweet yet faint, and Frank Donelly took it from the old woman's hand and resolved to obey the mysterious summons.

At any other time he would assuredly not have done so, but the little cross that he had just experienced and the unpleasantness which had preceded it had stirred up his hot Irish blood and made him as ripe for peril, mischief or any species of adventure as even an Irishman well could be.

He rose to his feet, therefore, and motioned to the female buffoon to lead the way, which she did, but, first of all, into an adjacent orange grove, where, taking down from one of the trees a bundle, she shook it out into a long, flowing robe, and signified to the young dragoon that he should put it on.

He did not hesitate for a moment, but dropping it over his head, the next moment discovered that it was a garb which seemed to combine the office of several in one, for it covered him entirely up from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, a yashmack, or face mask, even forming an integral portion thereof, furnished with the usual eyelet holes for looking out through.

"Do not fear," said the old buffoon, encouragingly. "Be silent and discreet and there can be no danger to either of us, for no Mohammedan dare raise a yashmack to see whom it covers," and as she made this comforting explanation, the withered crone chuckled as though she had given utterance to an excellent joke.

She then glided on afresh, with a strange kind of dancing step, ever and anon glancing back over her shoulder as though to make sure that she was still followed, and she did not fail to bestow on the dragoon a nod and grimace of encouragement every time she perceived that he was close at her heels.

In this strange and grotesque manner the palace was presently reached, and approaching a little low vaulted door that seemed to be painted in a hundred different hues and emblazoned all over with texts from El Koran, she drew a key from out her sleeve, opened the little door therewith and entered in thereat, still closely followed by Frank Donelly, who felt sure now that either for good or for ill he had entered in where it would be death for him to be discovered, the harem of the Khedive.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

Three clergymen daily on an average apply for passes to see Maud S.

Old Spot, the horse that Gen. Grant used at Vicksburg, was sold last year for $11, by order of the Quartermaster, and has now joined a circus.

The Adin (Cal.) *Argus* says that a horse which was hitched in front of a saloon in that city gave himself such a vigorous shake that he discharged a pistol which had been carelessly left in one of his saddlebags. The shot killed a dog that was passing at the time.

No less than 1,000 humming birds were put to death that their fine feathers might beautify the gorgeous ball-room gown of a London belle. In the same great vanity fair 500 canary birds shed their blood the other day that another woman might outshine the other fair and fine sinners of her set.

John Pringle, at Brocton, Ala., locked the front door of his house, put the key in his pocket, and while on his way to a spring of water was struck by lightning and knocked off his feet. He was not hurt; but his key was carried off, and although the entire neighborhood was searched it has not been found.

An old man at Jasper, Tenn., has died, leaving a large property in trust, to be used by the trustees in any manner they may deem best to suppress the habit, prevalent among men, of eating with knives when forks should be used. The deceased says that he has always felt the disadvantages of early training in that respect. He was in the habit of reproving everybody at hotels or elsewhere whom he saw eating with their knives, and was a monomaniac on the subject.

The famous feet of a Sandusky, Ohio, girl are again protruding into public notice, owing to the fact that a New York shoemaker has been building a pair of No. 29 dress shoes for them. They are nineteen inches long and seven and a half inches wide. The heels are four inches long and five and a half inches in width. Three goat skins and four chamois skins were used up in making these shoes, which cost $45. The father of the young lady is a well-to do farmer. It is said he has offered $5,000 and a farm to the man who will become his son-in-law. Several Sandusky beaux have gone into training and nightly sleep with bars of railroad iron or cakes of ice planted against their backs.

Plain Talk From a Clergyman.

The Rev. Dr. Mark Trafton, the venerable and widely-known Methodist clergyman, made a sensation at a late conference of Methodist ministers, by denouncing the modern church service, and by defending the non-church-going masses.

"I confess," he said, "I don't like to go to church. I am sorry to say it. When I was a boy I was glad when they said:

"'Let us go into the house of the Lord.'

"I enjoyed the preaching, the singing, and the praying."

A Voice.—"You were very pious in those days."

"Yes. Well its no wonder I've backslidden with such associates. [Laughter.] Let me start out, now, to go to church and worship God. At home we have had our private devotion. We come to the church door, (I am saying what took place exactly,) and we see plenty of seats vacant. We ask one of the young snipper-snappers, with a rosette in his button-hole, for a seat. He says:

"'You wait awhile and I'll see.'

"By and by, when the bell stops tolling, the man says:

"'You can find a seat in the gallery.'"

A Voice.—"What church was that?"

"A Christian church. In the gallery you see four young people talking and laughing. Suddenly the organ starts, and then as suddenly the four grow solemn, jump up, and begin to squall. You can't understand a word they say. They sing a hymn you never heard before, and never want to hear again. You can't sing with them. Call that singing God's praise? It's not only folly, but it's blasphemy. You've no business to introduce such trash as that, and call it devotion. Then the prayer! In the old times the minister used to pray, to supplicate, to implore, just as if he expected something would come, and something did come. Now this brother who prayed, delivered a homily, an address to the people, a strained effort. It wasn't praying. I confess it didn't touch me at all. I kept saying to myself:

"'Oh, nonsense! Fiddlesticks!'

"I say this ought not to be. We ought not to go away disgusted."

There was much more in the same strain, and then the ministers decided to consider the subject at length two weeks later.

Lady Dufferin is organizing sewing and relief societies among the women of India.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

A man Attacked by Assassins, Jumps Overboard and Swims 8 Miles to Shore.

The Superior Court of New York will soon be called upon to listen to a story of the most pronounced Jules Verne order, and when the case of William Doherty against the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is called the plaintiff will astonish the court by a wonderful tale of hairbreadth escapes and narrow victory with life after many close chances with death. The story as told by William Doherty in the affidavits already put on file is that on May 5th of last year the plaintiff, who was in Panama, asked for and was appointed to the position of assistant engineer on the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer Honduras, bound from that port for various stopping places down the Western South American coast. The crew was a mixed one of Spaniards, Mexicans and such. Among the company was a Portuguese known as Ramon, who, as an oiler, regarded himself as the heir to the position taken by Doherty, and hated the new-comer as an interloper. The steamer had only been five days from port when Doherty says he overheard a conversation between this Ramon and a Spanish passenger, in which it was determined that the Northerner should be dirked and then thrown overboard.

From that time Doherty dared not sleep in his berth at night lest the treacherous Portuguese thrust the dagger into his breast. He caught sleep as he could standing at his post, and several times he thought he detected his foes crawling upon him in the darkness. He says he was compelled to literally dodge for his life every time his enemy or enemies came near, for both Ramon and the Spanish passenger were watching him. When he could endure it no longer Doherty appealed to Alfred Pardee, the chief engineer, and was greeted with a round of laughter, and he was advised to jump into the water if he didn't care to remain aboard ship. He made such provisions as he could to die fighting, wrote several letters to wife and friends, which he directed and left aboard ship, only to learn subsequently that they had been thrown overboard, and then waited with such fortitude as he could summon for the attack of the assassins. It came on the night of May 21, when the ship lay eight miles off the port of San Jose de Guatemala, and Doherty was on the deck watch.

The night was densely black and the hunted engineer felt that the occasion fitted for the bloody work his foes had determined upon. He says he heard a light tread near him as he stood watching and then came the rush of the two murderers. Doherty drew his own knife and fought with desperation for his life, but the odds were enormously against him, and when he was forced to the vessel's side he suddenly turned and plunged overboard, to take the faint flicker of a chance by swimming to the shore. The water there is crowded with sharks, and the faint engineer was in no condition for such a long swim. What gave him nerve and vigor was the thought of wife and babies away off in New York waiting and praying for his return. He slipped out of much of his clothes as he drifted by the vessel's side and then started shorewards. All night long he alternately breasted the long swell and floated resting and panting on his back. Daylight came and he was still in the water, but the shore a little over a mile away gave him encouragement, and he soon was able to stagger, half unconscious, up the sandy beach only to drop in a faint above high-water mark. It was not until noon that he awoke and looked for aid. He took employment with farmers, and when a measure of his strength had returned struck out for a long tramp of nearly two hundred miles across the republic to a small seaport named Livingstone, whence he worked his way homeward, and then when, in March last, he reached New York, it was only to find that his wife, relying upon the reports that he had jumped overboard, had married again.

He asked for some sort of recompense from the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, but was confronted with his own death certificate as proof that he had no claim, and then, broken down in health by his sufferings, he listened to the advice of friends and instituted a suit for $30,000, claiming that when he entered the service of the company he was entitled to protection, which, when he applied to the chief engineer, was not given him.

A Queer Type of Men.

The Kubus, who inhabit a portion of the Island of Sumatra, are a peculiar type of beings, gravitating between the man and the animal. Their special peculiarity is shyness. They are too shy to mix with the other races of the island, and dwell in the recesses of the forests. They are looked on as inferiors by the Malays, and thought to be little better than beasts. Such is their shyness that they will never willingly face a stranger. Their trade with the Malayans is consequently carried on in a strange manner. The trader announces his arrival by beating a gong, and then retires from the place of rendezvous. The Kubus approach, put their forest treasures on the ground, beat a gong and retreat. The trader returns and lays his commodities down in quantities sufficient, as he thinks, for the purchase of the goods on sale. Then he retires, and the Kubus reappear again and consider the bargain. And so, after more withdrawals and approaches and gong beatings the respective parties come to an understanding, and carry off independently their bargains. The Kubus in their wild state do not bury their dead. They live on snakes, grubs, fruits, and the flesh of any deer or pigs that they can slay. They are skilful spearmen and throw stones with marvellous accuracy. They know of no state after death. In some physical aspects they assimilate closely to the anthropoid apes.

In Ceylon the natives cover down newly killed venison with honey, in large earthen pots; these are not opened for three years, and the meat so preserved is said to be of exquisite flavor.

George Augustus Sala records the statement that trees and shrubs in South Australia die from the top downward, in that reminding one of Dean Swift's prediction of his own end.

For boldness in adulteration the Russians take the palm. The new Government inspectors of provisions lately found packages of tea adulterated with 40 per cent. of pea shells. A tea-packing factory has been shut up for repacking exhausted tea leaves.

Pneumatic tubes between London and Paris is spoken of as the latest scheme. The trouble is nowadays that you lie down at night to dream of some "latest" scheme of this kind and you rise in the morning to find that one still later has sprung up in the night, like Jonah's gourd. It is expected that by this pneumatic tube scheme, letters can be carried between these two cities, 475 miles, in one hour. The cost of the enterprise is estimated at $7,000,000.

LAUGHLETS.

The first thing in a boot is the last.

The telephone is conducted on sound principles.

"Nervous Girl" wants to know how to cure tickling sensations about the face. Get him to shave off his mustache.

Mrs. Coyne has sued a man for damages for breach of promise. He didn't want Coyne but she does.

A newspaper relates the story of a poet "who sang the song and died." The name of the editor who killed him is not given.

Artemus Ward, when asked by telegraph on behalf of a lyceum committee, "What will you take for ten nights?" replied, "Brandy and water."

It looks paradoxical. The Parsees are said to be rich and generous, yet there must be a great deal of Parsee money among them.

Mrs Langtry has refused to pay her husband's debts. If this is to be the rule hereafter, a certain class of men will refuse to marry popular actresses.

Freshmen professor (holding up a written exercise:) "I perceive that this one was copied from outside helps. The man who handed it in will remain." A half dozen remain.

Bibulous Printer (to proof-reader)—"How do you spell whisky? With an 'e'?" Proof-reader—"No. Do you drink it with an 'e'?" Bibulous Printer—"You bet, I drink it with 'e's.'"

The following is the reply given by one of our prominent scholars: Teacher—"What are metamorphic rocks?" Pupil—"Metamorphic rocks are rocks containing metaphor."

A fashion authority states that "low-necked dresses will be dropped at the opera this season." The time is fast approaching when the opera will be no place for respectable people to frequent.

"I went to hear Archdeacon Farrar lecture on Dante," remarked the music teacher, "and I was greatly disappointed. He talked nearly two hours about Dante, and never said a word about his sister Ann."

Pearl Desmond writes a touching poem entitled, "A Broken Link." Well, the next time Pearl goes to market she will carry her sausages home in a basket, and not try to carry them by the handle or lead them with a string.

"It appears to me," said Muldidheron, "that I can't go out nowadays without being insulted." "Why, what's the latest?" inquired his friend. "The other day a young lady asked me for the loan of my face to start a crazy quilt."

Rum and honey is said to be one of the best cough medicines for a family. The wife can use her share of it—the honey—while the husband, with his usual self-sacrificing devotion, gets away with the nasty rum.

"Only one trouble with that preacher," said the brakeman, as the sermon closed, after a slow run of an hour and a quarter and two laps. "What's that?" the switchman wanted to know. "Poor facilities," the brakeman replied.

An Eye to Economy—Young Husband: "I believe I would like a nice turtle steak for dinner." Young wife (of a thrifty disposition): "I am afraid turtle steaks are rather expensive, dear. Wouldn't you be satisfied with a mock-turtle steak?"

Mr. Cable, the southern novelist, gives in his adhesion to woman suffrage by saying: "If our mothers are not fit to vote, they ought to stop bearing sons." By this brilliant logic, as our fathers don't bear sons, they will be deprived of the right of voting.

"Whew!" exclaimed Crimsonbeak, surprised on entering his sleeping apartment to find his wife waiting for him the other morning at 2 o'clock, "those stairs almost take my breath away." "Well, I wish they would," replied his displeased wife, catching the odor of the club man's evening beverage.

Among the Karenz, when a bridegroom reaches home his clothing is taken from him. It would seem from this that woman, even in her uncivilized state, understands that the only peaceful marriages are those where the wife affects the unmentionables, and she takes the earliest occasion to make the transfer.

A burglar who attempted to enter a house in Sacramento was caught fast in the window, and the woman armed herself with a potato masher, drew up a chair, and sat there and tapped his head for half an hour before calling the police. She said she had always just ached to pound a man all she wanted to.

A Michigan girl told her lover that she could never think of marrying a man with less than $10,000, and as he was worth a suit of clothes less than nothing he went sadly away. That night his uncle died and left him $5,000. The next day the dejected lover got a letter. It read: "Dearest George, I'm willing to make it $5,000."

Mr. D. L. Moody says about long prayers: "If when Peter found himself sinking in the waves of Galilee, he had insisted on putting before his petition, 'Lord, save me,' the regular prayer meeting round-about introduction, he would have been forty feet under water before he could have asked of the Lord the help he needed."

A Sunday-school scholar was asked, apropos of Solomon, who the great queen was that travelled so many miles to see him. The scholar—in fact, the whole school—looked as if a little help would be liked, and the teacher therefore said: "The queen's name began with an S." "I've got it, sir!" exclaimed the delighted scholar. "Well, who was it?" "It was the queen of spades, sir!"

When Vestryman Green bowed his head to read the responses of the litany he was very drowsy indeed, and he had repeated "Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners," but three times when he fell fast asleep. His wife nudged him with her parasol without success. When the minister reached, "And now, seventeenthly, my beloved brethren," Vestryman Green awoke, and being unconscious of the lapse of time responded in a sonorous and fervent voice: "Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners."

A Scotch Farmer's Wife.

A correspondent of the *Scottish Agricultural Gazette*, in giving an account of his farming, remarks: "My wife and I (we have only a girl in the house) rear a dozen or so calves every year. For my success with them I am greatly indebted to a careful wife. A distant relation of my own, and bearing my own surname, she is a jewel to her husband indeed. She brought me a little money, but she is a fortune in herself. She is well educated, can speak French fairly well, as I discovered on the honeymoon trip, and is a capital musician; but since three children have crowned our wedded bliss, the sewing machine is oftener heard than the piano. She rears and sells about 100 chickens every year, besides keeping up her stock, and many a comfort in addition to groceries does the egg basket procure. She says her pigs pay and I believe her, though what with her hens and pigs the corn heap suffers. It is not, however, much felt by me, and the loss is amply repaid. She is not at all given to finery, yet I can always look upon her with pride as the most tastefully and becomingly dressed woman in the district. Then as to disposition. There never was such a thing as a jar known in our family. Forbearance and loving respect towards old age—consideration and confidence towards youth—have been the rule. In the case of my wife and I, the warmest and most devoted affection, tempered by the sincerest mutual respect, have influenced us, I may safely say, all our lives. Any one passing my house and seeing the roses blooming over the walls, and "Ned," the old collie dog, frisking about with the children busy feeding their rabbits and pigeons in the open air, could not fail to be assured that happiness and contentment reigned within the home.