

**Mock Her Not.**  
Feeble is her step and slow,  
Tears her dim eyes overflow,  
And the wrinkles, wide and deep,  
Record of Time's savage keep.  
But a woman, old and worn,  
In a gown bedragged and torn;  
Yet what differs she from those,  
O, proud soul of high degree?  
Canst thou tell what questions dear  
Rack her soul with doubt and fear?  
Nay, think not thyself alone  
Hath the soul's wild yearnings known.  
Canst thou tell what cruel smart  
Bears the chambers of her heart?  
This, then, to thyself reveal—  
That thy poorer brethren feel.  
She hath shrunk 'neath acts of wrong,  
Yet her faith shines clear and strong;  
Borrowed claimed her; mock her not,  
Lest thou one day taste her lot.  
Why, O mortal, rich and proud,  
Lift thy head above the crowd?  
Art thou better stuff than they?  
Ah! thou, too, alas! art clay.

**A GHOSTLY CONVICT.**  
He Assumes the Role of a Corpse—Dons the Grave Clothes—Stretches Himself in the Coffin—Escapes on the Way to Burial.  
A despatch from Goldsboro', N.C., says Kitchen Ginn, a negro, was placed in the black ward in the penitentiary with another convict on Monday. That night the other convict died. On Tuesday the remains were placed for burial in a rude pine box full of knot-holes. At an early hour next morning Ginn placed the corpse in his own bed, carefully covering it up. He then attired himself in the burial clothes that had been on the dead man and got into the coffin. Soon afterwards the Potter's Field gravedigger entered and fastened the coffin-top down with a few nails, tumbled the box into a wagon and drove off to the burying ground. On the road Ginn burst from the coffin and fell upon the grave digger, who fled to the woods. Ginn drove off and no trace of him can be found.

**Electric Light Notes.**  
The Brush Electric Light Company, of Baltimore, has been organized with a capital stock of \$200,000.  
The first application of electricity in street illumination in Glasgow is said to have been made with the Brookie lamps, Gramme machines and an Otto gas engine.  
The electric lamp suspended at the corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-fifth street fell to the walk the other day, and a lady passing at the time barely escaped being struck on the head.  
The Marine Parade at Brighton, Eng., is lighted by the Siemens' electric lamps. These lamps, at first placed 150 feet apart, gave more light than was needed, and the distance between them has been increased to from 95 to 110 yards. They are placed on poles 40 feet high, and the illuminating power of each lamp is nominally equal to 2,000 candles.  
The U. S. Light-house Board has permitted the inventor of an automatic whistling buoy, with electric light combination, to place it near the Sandy Hook Light-ship by way of experiment.  
The electric lights at Bristol, Eng., have been discontinued, the authorities having concluded that "matters are not yet ripe enough to warrant their continuing them."  
The Gas Engineer "has reason for believing" that the third contract (the Jablochkoff system) for the experimental lighting of London has fallen through. Preparations are being made by the others (the Brush and the Siemens' systems), and it is expected that before long they will be ready to enter upon their contracts. The Siemens' exhibit will include six elevated lights, the lamps being placed upon lattice-work posts eighty feet high.

**Multifarious Evils of Bad Cooking.**  
Miss Ewing, of New York, was a woman suffragist, but she now believes she can increase women's influence faster teaching how to cook than how to vote. Her philosophy is that cooking leads to everything bad. It produces every kind of disease; a great physician says that, as a rule, it will hurt a man to eat some things that he enjoys eating. But cooking leads to intemperance; one of the chief causes of the thirst for liquor is inadequate nourishment. It leads to profanity. It leads to disgust of home life, and eventually to divorce. Miss Ewing says that among American women not one in fifty can make bread fit to eat, and that, with education, cooking could be done and be made more wholesome, at a much smaller expense than at present. She says French cooking is abominable. Miss Ewing is the right kind of female reformer.

An old man, Richard Walsh, of Derby, Ind., on Friday saw his son Mont watching him as he was entering the house of his paramour. He fired five shots at the son, missing him. On Sunday Mont and his mother, who had been consulting a lawyer about proceedings against the old man, met him on the road, and the latter drew a revolver and said, "one of them had to die." Mont quickly fired three shots, killing his father. The son and mother then coolly walked off.  
At Tralee assizes recently, in a prosecution for remaining in forcible possession of a farm, all the prisoners were acquitted. Judge Fitzgerald thereupon said: "This is your unanimous verdict, delivered by your foreman. All I can say is that it is a verdict against the evidence and against your oaths, and if this sort of verdicts go on they will sweep away the present jury system."  
"You ain't taking any stock in women's love, eh?" "No," he answered, despondently. "It's all flummery." "Very strange," added the friend; "you didn't use to talk that way." "Perhaps not," he replied, "but I've been married nearly two years and there are four pairs of trousers hanging up in my closet waiting to be patched, and not a stitch taken in them yet."  
Sir Garnet Wolseley was summoned the other day for keeping two dogs without a license. He took out licenses after being warned, but as he did not appear in person or by counsel before the magistrates, but only sent word that he was detained on important business at the War Office, they fined him five shillings.  
A Berlin despatch says Prince Carolath has obtained a divorce from his wife. It is said that Count Herbert Bismarck's marriage with the divorced lady will soon take place. The count now appears to be reconciled with his father.

**A YOUTHFUL MONSTER.**  
A 15-Year-Old Boy Cuts Another Little Fellow to Pieces—An Unnatural Deed.  
Crime appears to be on the increase in France, and the police courts are filled with cases of the most horrid depravity. The other day a young wretch, only 15 years old, enticed a little boy of 6 years into his room, tied him to a chair and deliberately cut him to pieces with a large knife. The only motive for the deed seemed to be a desire to witness the agonized struggles of his victim. Strangely enough, the young fiend lodged a complaint against himself and surrendered to the police immediately after the crime. His name is Felix Lemaitre, and he lived in hired rooms at No. 220 Boulevard de La Villette. He told his story in a calm, matter-of-fact way, as though murder was his ordinary occupation. "On the 15th of last February," said he, "I stole 200 francs from my employer, M. Siraut, rue d'Aboukir. I spent them in going to the theatres and places of amusement. Yesterday I found myself at the end of my resources. I felt angry, and the idea of killing a child suddenly entered my head. Chance led me to the little one whom I killed. I found him in the street. I promised him a steel chain, which I showed him as an inducement for him to come with me. Arrived in my rooms, I tied his hands behind his back as if in play. Then I disrobed the front of his body, in order that the clothes should offer no obstacle, and plunged my knife twice into his stomach. As he cried out I cut his throat. I cannot say exactly why I did all this. I have read many novels, and I found in one of them a scene like that which I put in execution." At this horrible recital the police officers thought themselves in the presence of some monster, such as the annals of medicine occasionally furnish examples of. Lemaitre was rather large for his age, of dark complexion, and with bright black eyes. His employer was shocked when told of the arrest. He had been quite unaware of the theft of 200 francs, and said that Lemaitre was a mild, timid boy, very steady in his work. Taken to the scene of the crime, the young assassin minutely described all details. A crowd gathered around the house, threatening to lynch the prisoner, but a strong guard protected him on his way back to prison. The name of the little victim was Jean Schuoneau. His parents are very poor and a subscription of 150 francs was sent them by the prefect of police to relieve their immediate necessities. Two doctors examined young Lemaitre. Instead of his mind being affected, as some thought, they found that he was in full possession of all his faculties and that his intelligence was very vivid. He replied to all the questions that were asked with astonishing clearness. His great ambition was to be an actor and he declaimed by the hour. The knife he used was a terrible weapon. The blade was nearly six inches long, thick and sharp as a razor. The handle was of horn. On account of his youth, Lemaitre was sentenced to the house of correction. He continued to speak freely and with a certain pleasure of the crime he had committed.

**Decorations of Rooms.**  
Crude white is in favor with housewives for ceilings—"It looks so clean." That is just its fault. It looks so clean, even when it is not, that it makes all else look dirty, even though it may be clean. To paint the flat ceiling of a moderate-sized room by hand is simply a waste of labor. It is only at great personal inconvenience that one can look long at it, whilst as a matter of fact no one cares to do so. You see it occasionally, by accident, and for a moment, and that that casual glimpse should not be a shock to the eye, it is as well to tint it in accordance with the room, or even cover it with a simple diapered paper, which will to some extent withdraw the attention from the cracks that frequently disfigure the ceilings of modern houses. What hand-painting we can afford may best be reserved for the panels of the doors, window shutters and the like, where it can be seen—these doors and the woodwork being painted in two or three shades of color, flat or varnished, according as we prefer softness of tone or durability of surface. Perhaps it will be best in this instance that the woodwork shall fall in with the tone of the dado; but this is not a point on which any rule can be laid down. The decoration of the panels should be in keeping with the wall-paper patterns. It may be much more pronounced than they, but still it must not assert itself. One great point of consideration in the decoration of a room is the relation of the various patterns one to another. It may often be well to sacrifice an otherwise admirable design simply because you can find nothing else to go with it. A single pattern, once chosen, will often control the whole scheme of decoration.

Cleveland has an ordinance against the opening of barber shops on Sundays; but a judge has decided that it cannot be enforced, because an Ohio statute permits "necessary work" on Sunday, and he regards shaving as that kind of work.  
—A preacher not far from here found himself at one time in a sad dilemma. He stopped in his sermon and said, "If I speak softly those of you who are in the rear cannot hear me; if I speak loud I shall certainly wake up those who are close to me."  
Dr. Newman Hall, of London, says: "London has four millions of people, of whom one-half might at one time be at church; but for these two millions there is only church accommodation for one-half, and of these one million of seats only half a million are at any one time occupied."  
—"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Edith to her doll, "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why don't you act like grown folks and be still and stupid for awhile?"  
—"I declare, John, I never saw such a man! You are always getting some new wrinkle." And the brute calmly replied: "Matilda, you are not, thank fortune. If you had a new wrinkle, you would have no place to put it, dear."  
—"You must feel lonely since your husband went away," consolingly observed a neighbor to a lady friend. "Not at all," she replied; "it is the first holiday I have had since I was a school girl."  
Mr. Gladstone is going to take a sea voyage for his health during the Easter recess.

**GLADSTONE'S BUDGET.**  
A Surplus and Reduced Taxation.  
LONDON, April 4.—In the Commons today Mr. Gladstone rose at 5.25 o'clock to make his budget statement, and was loudly cheered. He said the gross revenue for the past financial year was £84,041,000, showing an increase of £1,341,000 over the estimate. The total increase from taxation was £375,000. Mr. Gladstone proposes to somewhat ameliorate brewers' licenses in favor of private brewers and to reduce the duty on foreign beer about one shilling and a penny, thus placing it on an equality with English beer, and also to augment the duty on imported spruce beer.  
Mr. Gladstone said the expenditure last year was £83,810,000, or £714,000 less than the estimate. The surplus revenue over the estimate was £935,000. The time has now arrived, he said, for proposing the conversion of short annuities into longer annuities, with a view to a reduction of the debt. He proposed to pay off £60,000,000 in twenty-five years.  
Mr. Gladstone estimated the expenditure for the year just commenced at £84,705,000, and the revenue at £85,990,000, which would leave a surplus of £1,285,000. He proposes to take a penny off the income tax and apply a small sum to the construction of barracks. These measures, he said, will consume the whole surplus and leave an estimated deficit of £275. The extra penny of income tax which is to be remitted produced last year about £1,000,000. Mr. Gladstone proposes annually to reduce the duty on silver plate by three pence per ounce until the whole duty of eight pence disappears. This duty has been considered a great grievance by silversmiths, and to replace the variable duty on different kinds of foreign spirits by one of ten shillings and four pence on each gallon of standard spirit of all kinds. He expects that this will produce an increased revenue of £180,000. He proposes various changes in the probate, legacy and succession duties, but nothing of a very sweeping nature. He said the anomalies existing in connection with this subject could only be grappled with when the laws of inheritance were dealt with. Mr. Gladstone concluded by stating that the final result of all the changes he proposed would be that for the year just commenced there would be a surplus of £295,000.

**THE BRITISH CENSUS.**  
Yesterday the census enumeration was begun in Great Britain, and so far as the general public were concerned, was completed. The census enumerators in the mother land are not required to get so much information from the people as are those taking similar occupations in Canada. All that is required is to get the names of those who slept in every household on the evening of the 3rd inst., their ages, sex, place of nativity, occupation, physical disability (if any) and also the number of rooms in every dwelling with one or more windows. Last week the enumerators were required to leave the papers at the residences in their district, so as to permit ample time for the heads of families to fill them up according to accompanying printed instructions. Here this work is done by the enumerators, but in Great Britain all that the enumerators had to do was to see that the schedules met with made out. They doubtless met with difficulties in the late enumeration, as we know they did in those which went before, but it is astonishing how few census papers are erroneously made out, even among the uneducated classes. After the enumerator has collected his schedules, he has to tabulate them in a book, and make an abstract of his work. His remuneration is low—not exceeding \$10 for 800 names. The first regular census taken in Great Britain was on May 10, 1801. The population of Ireland was not included in that count, but it has been in subsequent enumerations, which have taken place every ten years. The following table gives the population of each country, as shown by the census returns, during the present century:

Year	England and Wales	Scotland	Ireland
1801	8,892,536	1,995,431	5,335,456
1811	10,164,226	1,895,844	5,337,586
1821	12,000,236	2,031,521	6,801,827
1831	13,896,797	2,264,386	7,707,401
1841	15,914,148	2,620,184	8,175,124
1851	17,927,609	2,888,742	8,532,585
1861	20,066,224	3,032,234	8,798,564
1871	22,719,256	3,300,118	8,402,759
1881	25,480,161	3,661,292	8,363,500

It will be observed that the increase in the population of the United Kingdom since the beginning of the present century has been steady. The figures given in the last line of the above table are the estimates of June 30th, 1880, computed on the basis of the registration of births and deaths. These gave the United Kingdom a population of 34,505,043, as against 34,156,113 in 1879, so that the census taken yesterday should show a total of about 34,750,000.

A minister up in the oil regions who has been extensively advertising the Bernhardt says: "If she would show fruits meet for repentance I would be the first one to meet her with open arms." As Sarah will not enter into the agreement a church scandal will be avoided.  
The ex-King and Queen of Naples, who hired a hunting-box in the neighborhood of the Empress of Austria at Combermere, and who resided there during four weeks under the name of Count and Countess de Larische, left for Italy after a most enjoyable, though short, hunting season. The ex-queen is as fond of riding as her sister and as accomplished a horsewoman; they belong to an equestrian race.  
The marriage is announced of Miss J. L. Bird, the well-known traveller and writer (whose interesting works on Japan, the Sandwich Islands and the memory of every reader) to Dr. Bishop, of Edinburgh. The marriage took place from Barton House, Warwickshire, the seat of her relative, Major Wilberforce Bird, and was strictly private, on account of the bride being in deep mourning, besides being in very shattered health.  
Prince Bismarck says that Emile Zola and other French novelists are responsible for the running away of his son Herbert with another man's wife.

**BEAUTY UTILIZED.**  
How Pretty Girls Turn Their Charms to Account.  
In New York hundreds of girls turn their good looks to account by posing for customers in millinery, cloaks and dress-making and hair establishments. A cloak will sell far quicker when displayed on the form of an enchanting live figure than when a dumb thing of wire and cotton, with a pasteboard face, is inside of it. The inmates of a pasha's harem are not more carefully chosen than are these mercantile models. They must not only possess fine forms and faces, but a graceful carriage and polite manners are also required, for a lady-like aspect is as valuable as beauty for this purpose. The wages are never less than the same persons could earn with the needle and usually more. One particular blonde, with the sweet face of a Marguerite, and the tall, willowy, long-legged form of the gentle maidens in water-color pictures, is said to receive \$40 a week in a Murray Hill robe and cloak concern. She is the daughter of a German beer salooner. At 16 she applied for work in this concern. Her suitability for a model was seen at a glance, and she was engaged at \$5 a week. Her pay has been frequently raised in consequence of enticements from rival shops, until it has reached a higher figure than is paid to any other employee. In the millinery and hair stores the requirements in a model particularly concern the head, and several stores contain wonderful exhibitions of facial loveliness of various types. In one millinery concern this feature of the business has been thoroughly elaborated and systematized. If a brunette customer appears a brunette girl waits on her, so that she may see the color in conjunction with a complexion of her own. Blonde girls, in turn, attend to blonde shoppers. For showing dresses shapeliness of bust and waist is the chief requisite. At the time of closing a certain millinery store in Fourteenth street the scene at the door is like the rear of a theatre during the run of a ballet spectacle, by reason of the fellows waiting to escort the girls home.

**A TRIANGULAR DUEL.**  
A Kentucky Fight with Knives, Pistols and Rocks.  
Telegraphing from Grayson, Ky., a correspondent says: During the presidential campaign Dick and Dave Williams, brothers, quarrelled with Rungs Harton. On Saturday the three fought in the street. Dick Williams was stabbed and Dave had his left knee broken by Harton, who had his left shoulder dislocated by a blow with a fence-rail. The men yesterday were placed on trial before a justice, who adjourned the case. Upon leaving the magistrate the three agreed that they would go down to the woods and settle the dispute. Arrived there, the fight at once began with knives, pistols and rocks. Harton shot Dave in the right thigh and through the right arm and knocked out Dick's right eye, stabbed him twice through the body, and broke his skull with a stone. Harton was comparatively unhurt. The Williams brothers cannot survive their injuries.

**"The Gentlemen, God Bless 'Em"**  
At the thirteenth annual dinner of the Sorosis at Delmonico's last week, Miss Kate Field, in response to the toast, "The gentlemen, God bless them," responded as follows:  
What could we do, what should we be, without them? Nothing.  
Who wallops us and on our ears Bestows a box that draws forth tears? Our father.  
Who bullies us and calls us names, Makes life a burden with his games? Our brother.  
Who takes us home from singing school, So sweetly spoon and plays the fool? Our cousin.  
Who holds our hand in his and kneels Until we heed his mad appeals? Our lover.  
Who pays the bills and undergoes The discipline that Caudle knows? Our husband.  
Who gives us spinsters good advice, And takes us out, and are so nice? Our bachelors.  
Who, all in all, are none too good For human nature's daily food? The men, God bless them.

The sentiment was heartily applauded by all the ladies present.  
—About the best of the April fool jokes played took place early in the morning in front of a prominent hat store and has just come to light. The salesman took a good-looking plug hat and hid a brick under it, near the edge of the sidewalk. The ancient joke was too stale, however, but they waited long and patiently. Finally an old tramp came along, walked up to the hat, drew back an elephantine foot and the young gentlemen prepared to laugh. Then the old fellow quickly exchanged his scandalous old beaver for the silk hat, faced about, and placing his thumb to his nose, gyrated his fingers and walked on. The clerks haven't laughed yet.

The Czar has received several letters containing threats against his life. It is reported that the Czar the other night on retiring discovered under his pillow a communication bearing the official stamp of the nihilists, warning him that if representative government and a liberal constitution were not granted to Russia within six weeks from his accession, he would, by resolution of the Executive Committee, be condemned to suffer the same end as the deceased monarch.  
When H. R. H. Prince Leopold was in Canada he was entertained in Montreal by Mr. and Mrs. George Stephen. The Queen has not been unkind of the generous hospitality she showed to her son, and recently Mr. and Mrs. Stephen had the honor of being presented to Her Majesty at Windsor Castle.  
—One ought to think very tenderly of those who have departed this life. A kind-hearted widow who lost her husband in the winter time was sitting before the open grate thinking of the past. "Poor Jack!" she said to herself, "I hope he's where they have a good fire."  
Dr. Punshon is much better in health and able to resume his secretarial duties at the Mission Hall, Bishopsgate street, London.  
Spurgeon's tabernacle is prosperous. The church roll contains a grand total of 5,284 members' names. There has been an increase of 453 during the past year.

**A PERUVIAN PANDEMONIUM.**  
Anarchy and Bloodshed Run Rampant—2,000 Chinese Massacred—600 Men Murdered in Cold Blood.  
The latest despatch from Lima says: Labor here is scarce and poverty increases daily. Double the amount of food required to feed the troops contained in the city is daily dealt out to poor families. Pirola is in Jango, where he has been issuing decrees. The Chilians declare they will hold no intercourse with Pirola. Montero collected a million soles from the custom houses in the north and also made a forced loan in Trujillo, whence he fled to Cajamarca. A war of races has broken out in the valley of Canete, where more than 2,000 Chinamen have been barbarously murdered by the negroes and Cholos. On one plantation 600 inoffensive men were murdered in cold blood. All the corn fields, sugar houses, machinery, etc., have been burned, and property to the value of millions has been wrecked by these miscreants. All foreigners fled from the valley, which is one of the most fertile and productive in Peru. Some of them have been killed. The work of murder and plunder is still going on. It is feared that the adjacent valley of Chincha will suffer next. The Chilians refuse to send troops to quell the disturbances. A number of women and children sought refuge on a couple of vessels anchored at Cerro. An Azul steamer has been sent to bring the refugees to Callao. It is feared that similar scenes have been enacted throughout Peru. Even if the Chilians leave Lima the foreigners will certainly have to fight for their lives and put down the canaille. All the plunderers caught are flogged through the streets. They are now safer than a few weeks ago. A list of fifty property-owners has been issued by the Chilians, from each of whom they demand \$20,000. The Chilians are determined to collect a million per month for the expenses of the army. The penalty for non-payment is the destruction of property worth three times the amount of the quota. The houses of those who have not paid by the 18th will be destroyed on that day.

**A CORNER IN WOMEN.**  
What the American Census Develops—An Unpleasant Prospect for Young Men.  
Contrary to expectation and precedent the new census shows that in this country the ruder sex outnumber the gentler to the extent of nearly a million. It is to be sincerely hoped that nobody will say "What are you going to do about it?" for this is manifestly one of the cases in which there really is nothing that can be done, except to feed uncomforable, for the condition is not merely accidental and temporary; it promises to be permanent, for the discouraging disproportion is not simply between adults of the two sexes, but includes the entire population all the way from extreme age down to the cradle, and this in spite of all that Mormons and other agencies for the importation of domestic servants have done to make the balance even. It therefore stands to reason that not only is the genus old maid doomed to speedy extinction, but also that nearly a million of the young men of America will have to go wifeless unless each can raise the price of a ticket to Europe and two tickets back. It also becomes quite evident that the local valuation of women will increase; any market in which nearly a million competitors are sure to "get left" in the struggle for something not only desirable but absolutely necessary is threatened with a "corner" that must be simply gigantic in its proportions. The ladies are to be congratulated on the prospect; they were always worth more than they brought. Even in the days when they outnumbered men it was agreed that it was impossible to have too much of a good thing; now, however, they can exact their own terms. Instead of meekly submitting to all sorts of inconvenience and privation for the sake of being married and having a home, they now can name their own terms; they need not even endure husbands that drink, smoke, or spend several evenings a week at the lodge, for rather than go wifeless the tyrant man will abate his pretensions and woman will become autocrat. Place aux dames!—New York Herald.

**THE KILT.**  
Why it is Not Worn in the Highlands.  
It is remarkable that we may spend weeks in the Highlands without once meeting with the Highland dress. A real Highlander laughs if asked why he does not wear it, and says that it was invented by the London tailors, and would cost him twenty pounds, whereas he can buy an ordinary suit for five or six. It is only seen on Englishmen, or on those lairds who spend half the year out of Scotland, and on the servants and gillies whom they dress up in it. The fact is that in former days all the Highland gentry who could afford it wore the *trews*, and those who could not wrapped their legs in rags or haybands, and twisted their blankets about them in the most becoming way they could. Some even wore a shirt beneath the blanket, which blanket was used at night as their only bed-covering. The possession of a pair of *trews* was then a mark of gentility. A Highlander observed to me with regard to the demonstration at Stafford House: "The kilt is only preserved in the army to please fops and romantic ladies. The best of it is, not one man in a Highland regiment probably ever wore it in his life till he entered the British ranks as a private."—Glasgow Herald.

**A Lady's Sudden Death.**  
The Denver Daily News says Miss Sophia Buchanan died quite suddenly in her rooms in the rear of J. Bray's tailor shop, No. 343 1/2 Lawrence street, between 12 and 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The lady had been suffering from consumption for some months and was little more than a confirmed invalid. Something like a year ago she removed from Hamilton, Canada, to this city, accompanied by her half-brother, Willie Stinson, a lad 9 years of age. She obtained employment with Mr. Bray and was highly respected by all who knew her. At 12.30 o'clock she went to her room from the tailor shop, passed a few remarks with the boy, and then falling upon the bed died in ten minutes. She had been under the care of Dr. Ernermin for some weeks past. Miss Buchanan was only 29 years old.