

FAST WIRING.

Telegraphic feat for which a Gold Medal was Awarded.

A few days ago the death of N. J. Snyder, telegraph operator in the employ of Drexel & Co., bankers, was announced by telegraph. This has recalled to the telegraph men some of the remarkable feats that gave him the rank of the fastest receiving operator in the country. Mr. Snyder, when a boy, learned the business in the employ of the old American Company. He soon rose in his business, and during the war was in active service, and received many of the startling despatches of the period. He became noted for his speed, and in the winter of 1867 was selected to receive a test despatch from New York by the Morse instrument. The test was to determine the capacity of the instruments, and was watched with the most interest. The fastest transmitting operator who could be found was located in a New York, and Mr. Snyder was stationed in this city to receive the despatch. The matter selected was the speech of Mr. Bingham on reconstruction, and contained 2,510 words, averaging four letters to the word. A receiving matter by the Morse instruments the operator determines the letter by the sound, and transmits it to paper as fast as it comes in. Ordinarily the despatch can be sent much quicker than it can be received, but in the case of Mr. Snyder this was not so. The test despatch was telegraphed in one hour, and on an average of forty words to the minute. It will be noticed by attempting to write this number of words a minute that it is no easy task without the work of detecting the sound, while it requires double use of the brain at the same time. This was the most rapid telegraphing on record. Mr. Morse so appreciated the performance that he struck off a gold medal, appropriately engraved, and presented it to Mr. Snyder.—Philadelphia Record.

Humorous.

Ough a baxer to drive a thoroughbred horse?

"I say, my little son, where does the right hand road go?" "Don't know, sir, 'tain't been so where since we lived here."

How is it that trees can put on a new dress without opening their trunks? Because they leave out their summer clothing.

The latest round hat is low crowned with straight brim about four inches in width; it may be worn over the face or set back on the hair.

Newspapers laid between quilts possess excellent heat-retaining power. Those who suffer from the cold will please bear this fact in mind.

There is a large and rapidly growing party which believes not only in the eight hours business, but that there should be no hours of labor at all.

"I would box your ears," said a young lady to her stupid and tiresome admirer, "if—"

"If what?" he anxiously asked. "If," she repeated, "I could get a box large enough for the purpose."

Little Andy has got to the head of his class at last. "I hope you will stay there now," says his father. "O, no, I don't think I will, pa," says the thoughtful boy; "I might get too proud."

An opponent of capital punishment thinks sales ought not to hang. To judge from several we have seen hanging around fellows' necks at picnics, we entirely agree with the gentleman. They should have their sentences commuted to imprisonment for life.

Talk of the bravery of the sterner sex! Do you remember the first time you asked her, "Will you take my arm?" While you trembled all over like the narrative of a camp-fall dog, and experienced the sensation of having swallowed your Adam's apple, what did she do? Why, she took your arm as coolly as she would eat a pickle.

The Turf Field and Farm says: "A minister of Little Falls, N. Y., having occasion to leave home for a couple of days, and being short of the needful, hit upon the following expedient: "He hired a livery horse, and in the course of his peregrinations wrapped horses six different times, coming back at the end of the second day with the same horse and \$100 in his pocket."

Eleven tourists had an adventure in the Yosemite Valley. Their stage was drawn by six horses, and the traces of one of them became detached in going down one of the hills, where the roadway is wide enough for but one team, with a steep bluff on one side and 4,000 feet of precipice on the other. The horses broke into a mad run down that fearful descent, the driver guiding them as best he could, while the passengers held their breath in expectation of instant death. At a turn in the road a front wheel was shattered against the rocks, throwing the stage against the bluff. The passengers were thrown to the ground, one being fatally injured, and all but three more or less hurt. A woman was hurled toward the precipice, but her clothing caught, and she was saved from being dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

Diana Powellson, of Rosedale, Kan., has frequent deathlike trances, lasting half an hour or longer, during which she shows no signs of life. She thinks that she really goes, going to heaven and then returning to earth. She says that she meets spirits, who tell her that they had to repent of their sins years before they could advance, and were unhappy until they did so. But afterward they are engaged in learning and growing brighter, and are taught by spirits brighter than the rest. The spirits have no wings, but wear flowing robes, and are ordinary men and women, some bright and beautiful, and others lean and miserable. They have no voice, but their thoughts can be read.

The day of the heaviest mortality in Memphis last year was the 14th of September, when the deaths, as near as can be ascertained, exceeded one hundred, out of a population of about 6,000 whites and 14,000 negroes. Of the 6,000 whites, 4,204 died, not more than 200 of the whole number of these persons escaped without an attack of fever, and most of these had been victims of it in previous epidemics.

A Farmington (Me.) man caught a young woodchuck last summer, and kept it until it was as tame as a dog. Last winter it took to the ground and spent the winter like hers of its kind. During the time the family moved to another part of the town, and on going back to the old place, the other day, the woodchuck was out and seemed delighted to see his old friends.

There never was a heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate.

IRRELIGIOUS LONDON.

A Million of People Who Have No Church and Want None.

(From the London Spectator, June 21.)

The working classes of East London do not go to church or care about religion in any way. But no one explains, or even mentions, the most striking fact of all, that no movement, or cry, or prayer comes from the other side; that these vast masses of English folk, male or female, no more ask for clergymen, or churches, or religious teaching of any kind, than fishes ask for fishermen. We should all hear it fast enough if they did; indeed, it is difficult to imagine if all these myriads wanted the tuition they are so eagerly asked to want, what the volume of the consequent roar would be. Suppose they only resented the absence of religious teaching as they would the absence of work, or called for clergymen as they would call, if they were inadequately supplied, for publicans. The sound would never cease from the ears of West London until the demand were granted and Government would be distracted by its own eagerness to comply with the request. The multitude, however, remain quiescent. No crowds march through Pall Mall demanding ministers of religion and carrying banners with "Pity the Churchless"; no meetings are held in Victoria Park to denounce the "villainous monopolists of the means of grace," nor are public meetings held to see if the want cannot be supplied by an infinite calling of penes. You never even meet men calling in the street, "We've got no clergy to teach us!" Here are more than a million of people, upon whom circumstances have laid what used to be called in Catholic countries an Interdict, silencing all bells, withdrawing all priests, shutting all sacred buildings, and not one in a hundred cares, nor is one in ten so much as fully aware of the difference between the region he lives in and the rest of the world. It is this which strikes us so wonderful and is so little noticed. How does it happen that here in London, in the richest and most civilized of capitals, peopled by a race perhaps as good and certainly as respectable as any other, the want which sociologists say is the most instinctive of humanity is so little felt—or, for we must not forget that conceivable reply, appears to be so little felt? Here are a million of people, fairly fed, fairly intelligent, fairly orderly, who seem to care as little about the great problem of the "whence and whether" as the animals do, or the fishes, to have no feeling at all about it, no desire for any special form of worship or mode of expressing religious feeling, no fear that if they neglect it utterly anything will happen to them. No other people except the Chinese seem to be in that frame of mind. If East London were addicted to odd heresies or to strange forms of worship, or were sceptical or superstitious, or given to indoor religion or to the worship of goodness which prevails in some parts of Germany, it would be intelligible; but the continual apathy of millions on the subject, lasting for generations, and never disturbed except by efforts from without, is surely very strange. There are sceptics in East London, and fierce sceptics, but the body of the people are not sceptics, but none of the sort of irritable dislike of religion and the clerical order shown in Paris and Berlin. A very small proportion would declare themselves infidels, perhaps as small as the proportion among the private soldiers, among whom such an announcement is the rarest of events. They have to declare their faith on joining, and in the great garrison of Malta a chaplain who cared about the matter found that in four years only one man had asked to be recorded as an infidel. The officer presiding, greatly surprised, asked the man twice, and twice receiving the same reply, entered him as "Member of the Church of England." "What else could I do?" he asked, in answer to a subsequent remonstrance; "there's no congregation of them."

Five-sixths of all the people in the East End, if forced to listen to ordinary religious or moral teaching, raise no objection, feel no objection and go away neither assenting nor dissenting nor moved—entirely without irritation, but wanting no more of it and not disposed to give even pence for its purchase. They do not care. Nor do we hear of much superstition. There is often a good deal of downright superstition among the "Pagans" of country places, a great deal of fear of the unknown, a great reliance on old practices in defence against evil powers, but in East London superstition seems as dead almost as religion. You would no more see a horsehoe on a door than an oratory in a house.

The G. W. R. Ex-Engineer and His Money.

The other day mention was made in these columns of the loss of \$700 which befell a man named William Fenwick, in Rochester, N. Y. Fenwick had two men arrested on suspicion, but at the preliminary investigation there was no evidence tending to implicate them, and they were honorably acquitted. Fenwick gave testimony, says the Democrat, and stated that he was once an engineer on the Great Western road, but left the employ of that company in November last. He saved about \$400 of his earnings, which he placed in the bank at Clifton, and since he gave up railroading he has passed his time between that place, Thorold, St. Catharines and Rochester. The last time he went there was in March, and then he brought with him the money he had in the bank, and also \$500, which he had won from his brother on a horse race at Thorold. When questioned as to this trial of horse speed which was so fortunate for him, he did not know the names of the horses, the owners, the distance trotted, the time made or anything else connected therewith, which seemed rather slim for a man who risked \$900 on the uncertainty of a race. Perhaps it would have been just as well if the "other horse" had won and Fenwick had lost his money in Canada, so that he would know just where it went to. One thing is certain, he seems to have lost some in this city and does not know where it has gone to. In all probability Fenwick's \$700 will never turn up in time, and perhaps not in eternity.—London Advertiser.

According to a French correspondent, some Bonapartists have improved on the first stories—that the Zulus who killed the Prince Imperial were disguised Communists or else assassins in the pay of "Pon-Plon." The present version is that "Lieutenant Carey was brought up in France, that it was there he received his education, that when there he professed himself an ardent Republican, and"—one can guess the rest.

Let amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the great spaces thereof.

A CHAMPION BEER DRINKER.

Seventy-Five Glasses of Beer in Three Hours.

The New York "Champion Beer Drinker" boasts as follows, in a letter to the New York Sun, of his capacity as a consumer of alcoholic liquor:—"Sir,—It may not be uninteresting to the Sun's readers—especially to those who have a proneness and taste for sporting matters—to know how many glasses of lager beer I pushed at Coney Island on last Sunday. I believe it is generally admitted by the sporting fraternity, among whom I have many friends, that I can drink more beer, without having my reason dethroned, or without feeling any qualms or inconvenience, than any man in New York or Brooklyn. I began drinking with a few friends at the Brighton, and in an hour and a half I had finished thirty-five glasses. Meeting with other acquaintances, I continued drinking, until, at the expiration of two hours and a half, I had gulped fifty glasses. Between 2 o'clock, the time I began, until 5, I consumed seventy-five glasses. Of course, the quantity of beer given at Coney Island in a glass is small yet I am impressed with the belief that, had the glasses been full, I could have got away with them just the same."

The Changes of a Half-Century.

The author of a series of papers on "Young London" in the Telegraph (London) records some of the changes of the half-century. When he first began to remember things there were only two railroads in the United Kingdom. It took the best part of four days to get to Paris; and the postage of a letter to that city was one and eightpence. There were no ocean steamers; and five weeks were often consumed in a journey to New York. There were no lucifer matches lighting on or off the box, and flint and steel, and the tinder-box, and matches dipped in brimstone, reigned supreme in the kitchen; oil was still burned in the street lamps of Grosvenor Square. There were no electric telegraphs, no post-office money orders, no steel pens—in common use—no envelopes, no perambulators. There were no cheap newspapers, no shilling magazines, no post-cards, no perforated stamps and counterfoils, and no paraffine candles. There was not an hotel in England where a lady could dine in a public room. There were only two decent French restaurants in London. There was no photography, no benzoline, no chloroform, no glycerine, no collodion and no gun-cotton. There were no mauve and no magenta dyes. There were no preserved meats, soups or vegetables. There was but little chocolate and no cocoa. Soda-water was a shilling a bottle. There was no hansom cabs and no knifeboards to the omnibuses. There were no refrigerators and no sewing machines. There were no keyless nor crystal-faced watches; no Albert or Breguet watch chains; no electro gliding nor silvering and no electrotyping. The steel fork in ordinary use had only two prongs; "balanced" table knives were unknown. There were no stays that were not instruments of torture and no walking boots for ladies. There was no Balbriggan nor Balmoral hosiery. There were only a few velocipedes and there were no revolvers. There was no gutta-serena and very few cigars.

A Bell 305 Years of Age.

(Quebec Chronicle.)

There is a bell on board of the barque Moselle, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., Captain Daniel Carew, now discharging cargo, which could tell a strange tale. As the account goes, it was sent from Rome to the Roman Catholic Chapel in Louisburg, Cape Breton, in the sixteenth century. When the British attacked Louisburg, the capital of the colony under French rule, the bell, with a number of other valuables, was thrown into the sea. At the commencement of the present century, during a raging storm, the bell was cast up again and frightened the fishermen by ringing among the rocks during the night. From thence it was sent to Antigonish, N. S., and placed in the tower of the old Roman Catholic Chapel there. When a large new church was built, the old bell, with all the metal fittings, was sold to a Picot tin man, from whom Captain Carew bought it. It is over fifteen inches in height, twelve or thirteen inches across the mouth, and has a beautiful sound. It bears the following inscription:—"S Nicolays Franco + xp Pavia. A large + on each side + of Bell. + Scidesalador Lorenzo Ano m + 1674."

The following problem at the present time masters the Court of Chancery. A widow, still in the flower of womanhood, thin, thoughtful, and thirty, with six small children, was left by her late husband a dowry of £80 a year to be paid to her as long as she did not marry. The executors of the will being managers of the estate do not want to prolong the business and to be responsible for a yearly payment until the widow dies, and they have suggested that she should take a lump sum instead of an annual payment. Not only is she ready to consent, but the Court of Chancery is willing to grant the modification of the will, only it cannot discover what sum ought to be paid. A case has been ordered to be stated for the opinion of the actuary; and he actually found an English Law Court putting this question to him, "What are the chances of a widow of thirty with six children and a dowry of £80 per annum marrying again?" The actuary consulted all the tables; he has been balancing the relative advantages and disadvantages of six children and £80 a year; he has dreamt of that fair widow, but he has been obliged to confess that the problem is beyond him. Perhaps the poetical mathematician skilled in figures, and ready to resolve love into the mechanical action of the brain, will give to the Court of Chancery the much needed formula.

A St. Catharines paper says: A man while passing the Fifteen Mile Creek the other day saw some very fine, old cherry trees, bearing what is called the wild black cherry. He first stopped to admire the fruit and then remained to pluck some of it. As he was about to ascend the tree, a woman came out of the farm house and warned him off. He came away from the tree and followed the woman towards the house. Said she, "What do you want?" "I want to borrow an axe, as I am about to cut down one of those trees and take it home with me." "What," she gasped, "not satisfied to eat some of the cherries, but want to cut down the tree, too. Go away, you terrible man, you ought to be ashamed of yourself." He smiled wickedly and went away—to the cherry tree.

Over 40,000 pounds of glycerine are used annually in the United States for mixing with beer.

ELI PERKINS ON PUNCTUATION.

Some Ludicrous Blunders That Have Come Under His Observation.

One-half of the mistakes in telegrams result from bad punctuation. The operator always runs the message straight along, putting in neither capitals nor punctuation marks. The other day a Chicago newspaper received this telegram which, without any punctuation, read very queerly:—"The procession at Judge Orton's funeral was very fine and nearly two miles in length as was also the beautiful prayer of Rev. Dr. Swing from Chicago." I found the following paragraph in a Wisconsin newspaper:—"A sad accident happened to the family of John Elderkin on Main street yesterday. One of his children was run over by a wagon 3 years old with sore eyes and pantalets on which never spoke afterward." Also this:—"A cow was struck by lightning on Saturday belonging to Dr. Hammond who had a beautiful calf four days old." One morning after I had lectured in Lacrosse, Wis., I took up the morning paper and was surprised to read this startling paragraph:—"George Peck, an intemperate editor from Milwaukee, fell over the gallery last night while Eli Perkins was humorously lecturing in a beastly state of intoxication. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict that Mr. Peck's death was caused by his sitting too long in a cramped position listening to Mr. Perkins' lecture which generally produces apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

A Nebraska newspaper thus punctuated a paragraph about their new school house:—"Our new school house which burnt last week was large enough to accommodate 300 pupils four stories high. The school house will be rebuilt by a brother of the former architect who died last summer on a new and improved plan." These instances of bad punctuation should warn every one who sends a telegram or writes a paragraph for a newspaper to see that it is properly punctuated. ELI PERKINS.

Judicious Advertising.

A man was denouncing newspaper advertising to a crowd of listeners. "Last week," said he, "I had an umbrella stolen from the vestibule of the church. It was a gift; and, valuing it very highly, I spent double its worth in advertising, but have not recovered it." "How did you word your advertisement?" asked a merchant. "Here it is," said the man, producing a slip cut from a newspaper. The merchant took it and read, "Lost from the vestibule of the church, last Sunday evening, a black silk umbrella. The gentleman who took it will be handsomely rewarded by leaving it at No. — Main street." "Now," said the merchant, "I am a liberal advertiser and have always found that it paid me well. A great deal depends upon the manner in which an advertisement is put. Let us try for your umbrella again, and if you do not acknowledge them that advertising pays I will purchase you a new one." The merchant then took a slip of paper from his pocket and wrote: "If the man who was seen to take an umbrella from the vestibule of the church last Sunday evening does not wish to get into trouble and have a stain cast upon the Christian character which he values so highly, he will return it to No. — Main street. He is well known." This only appeared in the paper once, and on the following morning the man was astonished when he opened the front door of his residence. On the porch lay at least a dozen umbrellas of all shades and sizes that had been thrown in from the sidewalk, while the front yard was literally paved with umbrellas. Many of them had notes attached to them, saying that they had been taken by mistake, and begging the loser to keep the little affair quiet.

An Intelligent Cat.

Mr. Hamilton, a resident of the town of Ogden, quite near the village of Spencerport, was quite recently the owner of a pair of cats, to which an incident occurred a few days ago that is worthy of being placed on record. The cats were the father and mother of three little kittens, and Mrs. Tom was in the habit of going out into the neighboring field and catching field mice for the benefit of her little ones. While on a hunting excursion of this nature, the poor animal met with a terrible misfortune, her four legs being cut off by the reaper and mower which was being used in cutting the grass. The piteous noise which she made soon brought Mr. Tom to her side, and he at once dragged his unfortunate mate all the way to the stoop of Mr. Hamilton's house, and then called the attention of the occupants to the misfortune of Mrs. Tom by continuous meowing. The family of Mr. Hamilton saw that nothing could be done to aid the poor, injured animal, and therefore threw it into the neighbouring creek for the purpose of drowning it and putting it out of its misery. Tom's affection for his mate was so intense, however, that he jumped into the water after her, and actually dragged her ashore. He had, indeed, to be taken forcibly away from the spot. Since then he has settled down into a very exemplary Thomas cat, taking care of his three motherless kittens as thoughtfully as if he had himself been the mother.—Rochester Union.

THE QUEEN AND THE EX-EMPRESS.—Her Majesty the Queen has sent to the Empress Eugenie an exquisitely made work of picture setting, designed to enclose the last portrait taken of the Prince Imperial. The frame is composed of amethysts cut out in flowers, chiefly violets. A garland which crowns the frame is surmounted by an eagle, holding between its claws a banner scroll in tricolor, on which is written in gold letters the words, "Not lost, but gone before." The Empress has been greatly touched with this sympathetic present and has ordered copies of it to be made and given with the last photo. of the Prince to his and her own intimate friends.

The dwelling of the Vines family at Marinette, Wis., got afire in the night, and the lower part was all in flames before the three children had escaped from an upper room. The oldest, a boy, jumped from a window into a bedquilt held underneath. A younger lad, only eight years old, was about to follow, but the mother saw that a three-year old girl was not at the window. "Run back and get Sis," she cried. The boy returned to his room, but the fire cut him off, and his lifeless body was found with the little one's clasped in his arms.

To prevent lameness and keep your horse's feet in good condition, stuff them frequently with linseed meal, mixed with soft soap.

A Letter from the Prince in Africa.

(Paris Figaro, July 10.)

MY DEAR (name not given).—Since my departure I have not yet written to you, but you must not think that I have forgotten you, as God, who reads in my soul, knows the place which the memory of my friends and my country holds in it. Although the second part of the campaign has not yet begun, I have already donned my war harness since I was appointed three weeks ago. I am fulfilling at present the duties of an officer on the staff of the General Commanding in-Chief, and this is for me the best way of seeing and learning and of making war. I have had the courage to refuse the command of a squadron of men on outpost duty. However tempting the offer, I now thought that the position that I now occupy would enable me to gain more experience and render more service. As you are my friend, it is for you to explain and defend my conduct; and although my departure is already an old affair, I would return with you to the reasons that have prompted it. I took nobody's advice, and made up my mind in forty-eight hours. If my resolution has been a speedy one, it is because I have long considered such a contingency, and arranged my plan. Nothing has made me hesitate a minute, and this is natural for those who know me. But how many are they? Sometimes it seems to me that there are none when I remember that I have been very unjustly judged by those who ought to know me best. \* \* \* I am really ashamed to have to speak thus of myself, but I wish to dissipate the doubts which have sometimes been expressed respecting the energy of my will, which, believe me, is and will remain innocent of all concessions or cowardice. \* \* \* When one belongs to a race of soldiers, it is only sword in hand that one achieves a name; and when one would learn by travel, one must go far away. Therefore, long ago, I resolved, first, to make a long journey; secondly, to lose no opportunity of seeing a campaign. The disaster of Isandula gives me the opportunity which I have sought; the war in Africa developing itself on a large scale without bringing with it European complications. \* \* \* Everything, therefore led me to go, and I have gone. In another letter, either to \* \* \* or to you, I will give you details of the military operations. Remember me to them, and believe in my constant friendship. NAPOLEON.

Balloon Ascension Proposed.

Grimley, who made the recent dangerous balloon ascent at Montreal, writes to the Secretary of the Ottawa Agricultural Association proposing to repeat the experiment at the coming exhibition. His letter is as follows:—"Of course your exhibition, on the scale you propose to hold this year will not be complete without a balloon, and the low terms I offer will be no object to you, considering the thousands who will attend. I will give three ascensions—on the first, third and fifth days, or any days most suitable to you—for \$300 and gas. Should require 10,000 feet of gas each time for the large and small balloon, and take up two persons. I have several fairs in prospect for the middle of September but would prefer Ottawa to any other place, although perhaps I could get more money elsewhere. I have a weakness for Ottawa. I like the place and the people. Should we arrange matters, I would like a lady to accompany me on one trip. It would be a novelty and excite interest. Our intended experiments with Cowan's machine at Montreal were a failure, owing to the wind. It is proposed, however, to try it again in a week or two, probably at Montreal. The trip we made was too rough to be pleasant, and came near ending disastrously. I am corresponding with the West Hastings Agricultural Society at Belleville, Ont., in regard to an ascension at their fair in September or October."

"Beg Pardon."

At the Union Depot yesterday, a young man from Tawas was strolling around to kill fifty minutes time, when he was accosted by a stranger who asked him the population of the city. The Tawas man replied, but so indistinctly the other called out:—"Beg your pardon." "Well, I'd forgive ye, though I can't remember that we ever had any fuss." "Ah! beg your pardon," observed the stranger, failing to catch the drift of remarks. "Hang it! I said I forgive ye," snarled the young man. "If you have ever used me mean we'll let it all go and say no more about it." The stranger had closely listened to every word, but he was more confused than ever leaning forward with an anxious countenance he said:—"Really, but I beg your pardon." "Now look a-here!" said Tawas, as he put down a bundle containing six pairs of new socks, "you've begged my pardon three times hand running, and I can't remember that we ever had any trouble. If you beg it once more I shall think you are the conscience stricken chap who stole my overcoat in this depot last winter, and when I light down on you this hul building will shake!" "This is—ah—really. I—I—" "Don't you dare do it!" exclaimed Tawas, as he spit on his hands, and the stranger looked helplessly around and backed away.—Detroit Free Press.

The legal position of Mr. Tracy Turnerelli, whose laurel wreath was rejected by Lord Beaconsfield, is, says the London Solicitors' Journal, a little embarrassing. He undertook, on behalf of the 52,800 contributors, to transmute their pennies into a golden wreath, and to offer this wreath to Lord Beaconsfield. Whether he must be deemed to have undertaken to offer the wreath in such a manner as to be likely to insure acceptance is a point of some difficulty. The pressing question is, what should be done with the rejected gift? and the first consideration is in whom is the legal property in the wreath—in the contributors of the 52,800 pennies, or in Mr. Turnerelli with a resulting trust for the contributors. In any case, it is for the contributors to direct the manner in which the wreath shall be dealt with; and, apart from their direction, there does not appear to be any mode, short of special legislation, whereby Mr. Turnerelli can legally relieve himself of the wreath. A ransom for it among the contributors would, unfortunately, be undoubtedly illegal.

The first railroad in Palestine has been contracted for between Jaffa and Jerusalem, forty miles. The contractor is reported to be G. F. D. Lovell, a resident of Cincinnati.

The crow destroys more grasshoppers than any other bird.