

THE ENGLISH BEAUTIES.

Mrs. Langtry Ending—The New Favorite.

I saw Mrs. Langtry, says a London correspondent, the other evening at the opera on the occasion of the first performance of Rubenstein's opera of "Il Demonic." She sat with her back to the stage during the entire evening, having evidently come there to be seen, and not to see. The Jersey Lily locks worn and faded, and her pale grey toilet lacked the showy splendor that used to characterize her costumes in former days. I never admired her, even when I first saw her in the very height of her renown. How any face could be considered handsome with that broad, heavy jaw was to me a mystery. And then she always lacked the supreme charm of beauty, namely, unconsciousness, whether real or feigned. She is always attitudinizing, and always on the look-out for admirers. The Prince of Wales dropped in to visit her in one of the entr'actes, but His Highness had a cold in his head, apparently, as he passed nearly the whole of his period in a series of vehement and most unroyal sneezes. The beauty of the present London season is said to be Mrs. Simpson, who, with her husband, has just returned from a five years' residence in China. There is also a Miss Graham, who has a most lovely face, but who spoils her very undeniable charms by the too free use of cosmetics. However, I think the epoch of professional beauty in London society is pretty much at an end, which is fortunate for society.

Endin' up de World.

"Dem Africans up dar' in Kaintuck has got me all broke up," said the old man as he stood his brush up on end and leaned against the rear wall of the market. "What's the trouble?" "Bout de endin' up of de world, sah. Some of 'em said de gran' splash would take place las' week, an' some of 'em say it has been put off till the twentieth, an' some of 'em am gwine to prepar' to go up nex' Saturday. When I left de house dis mawnin' I tole de ole woman I war' gwine to ax some white man 'bout it an' git right down to de dead-level. Now, sah, what am de cold facts in de case? Am de world gwine to kersplash dis summer or not?" "Of course not." "Dat's 'actly what I tole 'em up dar. She can't do it. She can't afford it. Why, sah, if de world should bust up, what would become of all de folks?" "That's true." "Yes, sah, an' whar' would de pieces go to? Why, dar wouldn't be room for de splinters, let alone de big chunks. De ole woman may set up all night waitin' to h'ar de dust crash, but she'll be disappointed. You haven't smelt brimston, have ye?" "No." "Nor I, either; but dem Kaintuck lunatics am suffin' an' snuffin' an' cryin' out dat de world am all on fish. How long, sah, do you 'spect dis world will stan'?" "Oh, about ten million years more." "Honest?" "Yes." "Den I guess I'll walk up home and tell de ole woman. One reason why she feels so bad is becase she was gwyne down to Toronto dis fall to see her sister, an' she thought de endin' up of de world might stop de railroad kyars from runnin'. Ten millyon y'ars mo'! Why, she'd have time to finish dat log cabin bequilt and visit her sister, too!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Millionaire's Bequests.

The will of James Stokes was admitted in the Probate Court, New York, on Saturday. The estate is valued at \$7,000,000, and is divided equally among his children with the following bequests: American Bible Society, \$10,000; American Home Missionary Society, \$5,000; Union Theological Seminary, \$2,000; American Tract Society, \$2,000; Home for Incurables, \$1,000; Society of Ruptured and Crippled, \$1,000; Colored Orphan Asylum, \$2,000; American Board of Foreign Missions, \$10,000; Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, \$1,000; Baptist Home Missionary Society, \$5,000; American Baptist Missionary Union for Burma and Foreign Missions, \$10,000; Baptist Theological Seminary, \$2,000.

Fashionable Settings.

Blue is much worn in silks, from the darkest to the plainest shades. Skirts are becoming much fuller, so as to give more ease in walking. The combination of rose-color with violet lilac is extremely fashionable. Nearly all dresses for girls have very large collars, either of the costume material, ornamented with lace, or of lace alone. Moire antique is in great favor, and will be extensively used next winter. It will be made up into scarfs, cloaks, and bonnet-strings, as well as dresses. A decorative and at the same time useful disposition of a painted tile is to insert it in one of the little wooden brackets especially made for the purpose. Flannel suits for the mountains, etc., have blouse or pleated waists; neither puffings nor shirtings appear in these dresses, but the newest show much pleating.

A Montreal despatch says Adolina Patti, whose agent had taken the Academy of Music here for a concert in January next, has declined to come, owing to her time on this continent being too limited. Great disappointment is felt by those who were anxious to hear the celebrated cantatrice, but it is very questionable if her audience at \$20 a ticket would have come up to the expectations of her manager.

The Duke of Richmond had the narrowest possible escape from death the other evening. As he was crossing the railway line from one platform to another at Chichester station, the train conveying the Prince and Princess of Wales ran into the station, and the Duke would have been killed had not the station-master used rare presence of mind in pulling him on to the platform.

Not long ago, a well-known Boston clergyman preached one evening for a brother who had to be out of town. On his return he asked his friend if he had a good congregation. "Oh, yes," said he, "about five hundred brethren of whom the greater part had fallen asleep."

Mr. W. G. Kidd, the Kingston Inspector of Public Schools, is very ill, and has had to give up his duties in consequence.

SHOOTING ON THE MOVE.

A Novel Feature Introduced at Wimbledon.

A London correspondent writes: A new feature has this year been introduced to the Wimbledon shooting, a competition in which the Canadian Team were not permitted to enter the lists. All through the Transvaal war, and especially at the contest on Majuba Hill, the Boers showed their superiority over our troops as marksmen. This our officers thought to be due to the deficiency in practice of our shooting at moving objects at various ranges. It was this consideration which this year led the National Rifle Association, aided by the munificent gift of £2,500 by Mr. Mullens, to found prizes for "field firing" under conditions as closely resembling those of actual warfare as possible. In this, which was named the Mullens Competition, five flat pieces of board, to represent the head and breast of a man, were substituted for the ordinary targets, and fixed on tramways moving from right to left and left to right from mantlet to mantlet, at a tolerably slow pace, and without any noticeable pause. The squads were stationed at 400 yards from the targets, and at the word of command advanced at the double until it halted by the bugle call at an unknown distance from the dummies. From this point each squad fired as many shots as possible, and at the word of command they again advanced, repeating the same process at a second and then at a third unknown range. Although this competition is an improvement, it is open to question if it would be of much avail in actual warfare. For then it is seldom that troops are called upon to fire at any enemy crossing their line of fire as these dummies do. What I think would be more practical would be a target on tramways moving in the direction of the line of fire, as would be the case with an advancing enemy. This, I believe, would better fulfil the desired object.

Pleasant Race for Pedestrians.

The San Francisco Call says: Archie McComb, the San Francisco sprint-runner, recently came to grief in Denver, Col., where, with the assistance of Thompson, he had won a great deal of money. He ascertained that Thompson had swindled him out of about \$1,900 in two matches, and resolved to get even by throwing the next match. A match was made with Quirk, of Canada, who was running under an assumed name, and Thompson, believing that the race was fixed for McComb to win it, induced all his intimate friends to bet their money on the Californian. McComb had meantime told one Jim Moon that he intended to "throw" Thompson, and Moon bet all the money he could raise on Quirk. The result of the race was that the Quirk party carried off about \$6,000 from Denver, and Jim Moon pocketed as much more. Thompson and his confidants lost heavily, and, knowing that McComb had run to lose, resolved on vengeance. McComb, having reason to believe that his life was in danger, went to Moon and asked him to divide the winnings, so that he could leave Denver and go east. To his astonishment and dismay, Moon coolly refused to divide one cent, and turned him out of his house. McComb had barely got into the street when Thompson's friends opened fire on him, and he had to run for his life. His pedestrian abilities stood him in good stead, and he escaped without injury. By running and walking all night he managed to reach a point of safety, and boarded an east-bound train, never stopping until he reached Illinois. He states that the day after his hasty departure from Denver Moon was shot by the victimized gang, and died almost instantly.

A Conductor's Printing Office.

It appears that German railway conductors are made happy by the addition to their equipment of a paper mill and printing office, the invention of a Berlin engineer, to be hung round the neck, which, according to an exchange, is to completely manufacture passenger tickets before the eyes of the wondering public. The apparatus is said to be somewhat complicated in construction, but its manipulation is as simple as its working is correct, for, should the operator not proceed in the way required by the mechanism, it will not print all the figures and words wanted, but the word "Falsch" (wrong) in the place where the fault was committed. At the same time the money in the hands of the conductor can be compared with the value of the tickets printed and taken.

How She Sacrificed Her Wedding Ring.

A despatch from New York says a well-dressed woman giving her name as Mary White was arrested in Paterson yesterday for swindling. She represented herself as a widow, and said that she was poor and had sold everything, till at last she was forced to part with her wedding ring. Then she exhibited what appeared to be a massive gold ring, rounded at the edges to look as if worn, and engraved on the inside with the initials "M. O." The ring appeared to be worth \$15. She sacrificed it for \$4. Then she went to some one else and told the same story and sold another ring bearing the same initials. Pretty soon the purchasers went out to make their neighbors envious with their bargains. This resulted in the discovery that the neighborhood was full of the rings. A jeweller tested them and found that they were brass, and worth about ten cents apiece. The woman was arrested yesterday.

Lord Sandhurst was married a fortnight ago in St. James' Church, Piccadilly, to Lady Victoria Spencer, youngest daughter of the late Earl Spencer, and half-sister of the present Earl, by whom she was given away. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present and gave the bride a very handsome Chippendale writing-table. An India shawl, which appeared among the presents, was, of course, from the Queen, who sent, in addition, a gold-enamelled diamond pendant, with her own miniature in the centre, and having a large pearl drop. "She got on the box and I asked her for ten cents before she put her head in the rope. She wouldn't give me the ten cents, and I let her go; and she didn't put her head in. She hollered and fell down, and then you men came running." This is the graphic story of a Columbus, Ohio, boy who had agreed to assist a woman in committing suicide if she would give him ten cents.

SITTING BULL.

Chief by Inheritance as Well as by Deeds of Bravery.

An extended interview has been had with Sitting Bull at Fort Yates, Dak. He says he was born near old Fort George on the Willow Creek, below the mouth of the Cheyenne River, and believes that he is about 44 years old. His father was the famous Indian chief, Jumping Bull. He says, "I am chief by inheritance as well as by deeds of bravery." He has with him two wives and nine children, including twins. After himself he regards Four Horns as the greatest of living chiefs. When asked why he surrendered, he denied that he had done so. He says that when he went to Fort Burford he did so with the intention of remaining only a few days, and did not understand that he had given himself up. He will now demand of the Government that it shall set him free. He was asked in what way he considered the Government wronged him, but gave an evasive reply, saying that he had never had either a misunderstanding or an agreement with the Government. He had never made any treaties with the whites, never sold them any land, and never made war upon the United States. Without ever having committed any depredations upon the white man or the white man's country, he had been driven by force from lands whose possession he had never yielded, and had been placed in a position where all his acts were dictated by necessity and not by any desire on his part for war.

A Black Walnut Story.

The smartest Texan, and, in fact, the smartest farmer I ever met, is old Sam Graves, who lives on a 100-acre farm west of Waxahatchie, in Central Texas. After Mr. Graves had shown me his cattle and cotton, he took me over to see his woods. "Well, what of it?" I asked, as he pointed out a ten-acre forest. "What of it? Why them black walnuts, sir. Ten acres of 'em. Planted 'em myself, ten years ago. See they are ten inches through. Good trees, eh?" And sure enough there were ten acres of hand-planted walnut trees. They stood about 200 feet apart, 200 to the acre—in all 2,000 trees. "Well, how did you get your money back?" I asked. "Black walnuts are worth \$2.50 a bushel, ain't they? I'll get 400 bushels this year. That's \$1,000. A hundred dollars a year is good rent for land worth \$15 an acre, ain't it?" "Well, what else?" I inquired, growing interested. "The trees," continued Mr. Graves, "are growing an inch a year. When they are 20 years old they will be 19 inches through. A black walnut tree 19 inches through is worth \$15. My 2,000 trees 10 years from now will be worth \$30,000. If I don't want to cut them all I can cut half of them, and then raise a bushel of walnuts to the tree—that is, get \$2,500 a year for the crop. Two hundred and fifty dollars an acre is a fair rent for \$15 land, ain't it?"—Chicago Tribune.

How They Parted.

A new song is entitled "How They Parted." We have not read it, but no doubt they parted in the usual way—about 2 a. m., after kissing each other "good night" at least 37 times. "Well, I guess I must go," he says, with a sigh, about two hours before he does go. Then, after another half-hour's conversation about one thing and another, he presses her hand with much pressiveness, says he really must go, and—lovingly lingers another half-hour. Then he says he didn't know it was so late, picks up his hat and moves toward the door, where he puts his arm around her to prevent her from falling in a swoon, and kisses her five minutes in one inning and—still lingers. Then he gives her one more kiss just for luck, and reluctantly steps down and out into the black, lonesome night, and calls around the next night. That is how they parted years ago—if we have not been misinformed.

Queer Things About Horses.

In a meeting at New York the other day, Dr. Garrish, speaking of horses, said that greater attention should be paid to their comfort. They should get fruit and sugar occasionally, and, above all things, they ought to have one day's rest out of seven. He said that horses, though not so intelligent as dogs, are very sagacious, and mentioned an instance of a horse of his that used to stop of his own accord at the door of a patient whom he had been treating for fever; a year afterward, passing by, the horse astonished the doctor by stopping as before. Dr. Lambert thought that while a horse might not be so intelligent as a dog, he could see further. A long-lived horse, he said, was known by the elasticity and firmness of its ear, and a short-lived one has a flabby ear. The same rule, he said, held good with regard to women. A woman whose ear was pulled out of shape by a heavy ear ring had not many years to live, while one whose ear stood the strain would attain a good old age.

A recent traveller in equatorial Africa says: "Lions are one of the dangers between Zanzibar and the great lakes. They sometimes hunt game in packs of six to eight. Some animals show fight against them successfully. Lions never venture to attack the adult elephant, and even avoid the buffalo, unless they are more than two to one. In general they never attack caravans, and never in daytime. At most a hungry lion may spring upon and carry off a straggler while passing through the brakes and jungles. But it is otherwise at night. When lions scent the caravan from afar, particularly if it contains goats or beasts of burden, they approach and announce their vicinity by terrific roars. Nevertheless in a well enclosed camp there is no danger; the lions never attempt to clear the obstacles, and marksmen from behind the palisades can pick them off with almost unerring aim. There is danger only when the camp is not completely enclosed, or when those inside go out to attack them."

Robert Browning is pleasantly described as wandering through the crowd at the Royal Academy entertainments with a kind word and warm grasp of the hand for all his friends, and, above all, "a stolen glance of affection at his son's pictures as he quietly passes them by."

BLACK WALNUT.

The Supply Almost Exhausted, and No Substitute Yet Found—A Gloomy Outlook for Furniture Men.

A few years ago black walnut was a drug on the market, and was not at all popular with furniture manufacturers and dealers, but recently it has been so universally sought for and used so extensively for almost every kind of furniture, that latterly it has become very scarce, and now it is found next to impossible to obtain a sufficient supply to meet the increasing demand, at almost any cost. An idea of its scarcity and value may be gained when \$100 per thousand feet has been paid this year for the same quality and quantity of black walnut as could be purchased last year for \$70. The rapidity at which the supply has decreased is owing to the impetus the trade has received through the organization of a large number of extensive furniture companies in the United States. The immense number of sewing machines (the wood-work of which has been manufactured from black walnut) that have been annually turned out both in the States and in Canada is one of the principal causes of the rapid consumption. A prominent dealer in the city stated to a Globe reporter that there are now ten anxious buyers distributed throughout the States to every one there was two years ago, and that there is more difficulty in procuring a few thousand feet of the precious lumber now than there was in securing half a million feet three years ago. When walnut first came to be used it was obtained in large quantities from Port Stanley, the counties of Kent, Essex and South Middlesex, and it also grew in abundance on the banks of the Thames River, Ont.; but now the Canadian supply is exhausted, and lately it has been obtained from the State of Indiana. There was such a great similarity between the wood of the two countries that manufacturers had no choice, and paid the same price for either. Since the Canadian supply has failed the immense drain on the forests of the State of Indiana has caused the supply to give out there, and now the walnut (which is of a lighter shade and consequently not so good) is obtained from the States of Arkansas, Kentucky, Kansas and South Tennessee.

Mr. Hay, of Toronto, states that when he first came to Canada walnut was used for rail fences. The principal value of walnut is that it is an excellent wood for furniture and is handsome in appearance. It has a close grain, is not liable to be affected by changes of temperature, and at the same time is not hard to work, which renders it a very valuable timber economically. Another reason why it is so expensive is that it has to be hauled a great distance by teams before a railroad can be reached.

A SUBSTITUTE.

Butternut has been considered an excellent substitute for walnut, but as it can seldom be obtained without flaws, it will never fill the place of the time-honored walnut. Besides this it is also very scarce, and is gradually increasing in price. Cherrywood, which is an enduring as walnut, and which has been rapidly growing in favor with furniture dealers, has doubled in price within the last two years on account of its scarcity.

THE REMEDY.

If walnut is not replanted at once, the outlook for good furniture in the future will be very dreary. If it were planted along the shores of Lake Erie or in the counties before mentioned, or in any part of the Province west of Toronto, in twenty years' time it would pay 5,000 per cent., so says an old arboriculturist. In the meantime the prospect is gloomy in the extreme, and dealers look forward to a speedy and complete exhaustion of the supply.—Toronto Globe.

Hotel Keepers.

(Johnny Bouquet in N. Y. Tribune.) "Mine host" was once a term of meaning when tavern keepers were not above their trade, and the guest found at the door a plain, well-fed man, with honest eyes, who took his baggage or his hand and said, "Now, come to me if anything goes wrong." In these days some bar keeper turned great man has replaced the host, whose ambition it is to appear to do nothing and to look haughty and intellectual, as if a glorious ancestry kept his impulsiveness in check. Some of these parvenus run four or five hotels and spend most of their time travelling between them, instead of looking after the personal comfort of the bird they have caught. The word table d'hotel they are now affecting means the table of the host's family, at which he presides and carves, but the average host nowadays is so ashamed of his guests that he hides his family like a Mexican or Brazilian grandee from the sight of travellers. Women have an opening in the hotel business here as in England. They are not hotel speculators, and are willing to undergo a host's responsibilities. At Brighton, England, which is the largest watering place on the globe, with above 100,000 permanent residents, the chief duties of hotels are performed by women mainly, the porter's work excepted. The hotels frequently send the guest out to one of the thousands of clean private dwellings, where for from 15 to 30 shillings a week room and attendance are furnished. British extortion, so celebrated among Americans, omits the exasperating solicitation here, but more boldly expresses itself in the tariff. The British hotel system, rapidly intruding here, is popular with landlords as a means of greater revenue; in general the same cooking is served as at the public table, but with higher tariffs on the various dishes. Wine, which is the matter of greatest profit to the foreign landlord, is of small relative consumption here; a profit of about \$10 a case is made upon champagne. Claret, which costs 40 cents a quart bottle from the grocer, is charged \$1 and upward at the hotel table.

In passing through Germany on her way to Switzerland the Empress Eugenie, who travels as the Countess Pierrefonds, first drove to the new palace in order to view the rooms in which the late Princess Alice lived, and afterwards proceeded to the Royal Mausoleum, where she was met by the hereditary Grand Duke and the Princess Irene and Alice. The Empress then knelt before the tomb of the Princess, and after passing some time in silent prayer placed several wreaths upon it.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

—Green corn and green apples are akin.—Exchange. And the small boy is akin to tackle them.

—A west end young man calls his sweetheart "Silence," because when he wants to kiss her she "gives consent."

—Says G. A. Sala: "The object of all 'devils' in cookery is to provoke thirst and to incite the guests to drink heavily."

—The Citizen is the name of a new temperance paper published in Toronto. It is edited by Mr. William Burgess.

—Recent tests show no perceptible change in the strength and elasticity of iron after fifty years of bridge service.

—A Buffalo girl will not have her wedding dress made in that city, for fear somebody will say she was married in a buffalo robe.

—Pineapple shortcake is one of the new departures in cooking. But the old veteran, huckleberry pudding, still holds its own.

—The polo quadrille, just introduced at the watering places, is much like the old basket quadrille, and the feature is a very rapid all hands round.

—As a rule girls rather like military men, but they universally complain of General Indisposition when asked by their mothers to help wash the dishes.

—Mr. Smith, father would like to borrow your paper; he only wants to read it.

"Well, go back and tell your father to send me his supper. Tell him I only want to eat it."

—A strange astronomical phenomenon is seen in the fact that when the irate father takes down his trunk strap there is liable to be spots on the son.

—The giraffe is a very timid animal. His neck is so long that when his heart comes up to his mouth it takes him half a day to get it back where it belongs.

—Sounds near the pyramids: "My donk good donk!" "My donk he speak Ingles! He very good!" "My donk name Yank! Doodle! Have my donk?"

—A woman may offer in excuse for her red nose that she laces too tightly, but what shall a man say?—Rochester Express.

Well, old fellow, what would you say yourself?

—This is the latest Western form of saying a man was hanged: "He was unanimously chosen by a convention of six property-holders to jump from a new pine platform into the sweet subsequently."

—We shall have a new comet on exhibition in about ten days, when the fiery visitor now being examined by the astronomers will be visible to the naked eye in the northern sky.

—Tommy, did you not hear your mother call you? "Course I did!" "Then why don't you go to her at once?" "Well, yer see, she's nervous, and it'd shock her awful 'n should go too suddenly."

—It is said the children are "dying like flies" in Brooklyn, and the cause is a mystery. It is suggested that bad milk may be a fertile cause, or too much ice water. They die from similar causes in this neighborhood.

—A "sad" warning to bibulous folks is telegraphed from New Brunswick, N.J., as follows: Annie Powers, of this city, died to-day from the effects of tartaric-acid poisoning from "lemonade," of which she drank fifteen glasses at an excursion recently.

—A foreign exchange in an article on music says: "As in cookery, so in music, the question may be asked, 'What goes with what?' So far as summer music is concerned, it may be said that the same nights that produce the cats produce the accordions."

—A queer story is told from Toronto of a man named Loudan selling his wife and children to a man named Haines. The wife had deserted her husband for Haines. Failing to induce her to return, Loudan handed her and his children over to Haines on the receipt of \$5.

—The mighty have fallen! Edward Hanlan, the oarsman, has been summoned for selling liquor on Sunday on Toronto Island, and his brother John is also summoned on four charges of selling liquor without a license.

—On account of intuitionism we have relapsed into utilitarianism, or universalistic hedonism. This gratifying statement is made on the authority of a professor of philosophy at Concord. It is too, too—bad.

—Little Johnny had been caught by his aunt teasing a fly. "Johnny," said she, "supposing some great beast a thousand times bigger than yourself should tease you, and perhaps eat you all up?" "I hope," said Johnny, "he'd feel as bad as I do when I swallow a fly."

—Hi! Where did you get them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing with a remarkably short pair of trousers. "I got them where they grew," was the indignant reply. "Then, by my conscience," said Pat, "you've pulled them a year too soon!"

POSTLETWAITE'S SOUL.

Come out of it, O come out of it, my soul, thou art not fit For this vile traffic-house, where day by day Wisdom and reverence are sold at mart, And the rude people rage with ignorant cries Against an heritage of centuries. It mars my calm; wherefore in dreams of Art And loftiest culture I would stand apart, Neither for God, nor for his enemies.

—Oscar Wilde, the aesthetic.

—There is a war among the weather prophets. Vennor predicts one sort of weather for August, De Voe, the Jersey meteorologist, another and the Weather Department a third. And, in the mean time, the average citizen is made thoroughly aware of the fact that it is hot.

—Alcoholic fermentation generated in the roots of apple trees has been found by Dr. Van Tieghem to be often the cause of disease in such trees. As the roots do not sometimes receive enough of oxygen in wet weather, drainage is the remedy recommended.

—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post asks if any one can give him the authorship of the following striking lines:

Below the dark waves, where the dead go down, There are gulfs of night more deep. But little care they whom the waves once drew How far from the light they sleep.

But who, in sorrow though he be, Fears not a deeper still? Ah, God! that sorrow were like the salt sea, Whose topmost waters kill."