

YOUNG CURATES.

Their Relations with Young Ladies.
It is the proud privilege of the bachelor curate to occupy an altogether exceptional position in British society. His relations with the fair sex are more intimate and confidential than those of the laymen. All manner of opportunities for safe and comfortable flirtation offer themselves to him in the ordinary course of his professional avocations, and it is but rarely that he is held responsible, by parents and guardians, for trifling with the affections of his female parishioners. An entanglement with a curate is an almost inevitable episode of unsophisticated and susceptible girlhood. In nine cases out of ten it is brief and unimportant. The clerical 'detrimental' is, as a rule, easily to be dealt with by a romantic young lady's natural protector. From a pecuniary point of view, he is seldom eligible as a son-in-law. His tenure of a sacred office renders it incumbent upon him to set an example of self-sacrifice to his fellow competitors in the matrimonial market, by subordinating passion to duty, and by proving himself capable of sublime resignation beneath the pressure of heavy disappointment. Under the cover of his spiritual counsellorship he may practice as a general lover without incurring the reprehension that is certain to fall upon a military, legal or medical flirt who presumes to pay court to half a dozen damsels at a time. Without being exactly a chartered libertine, he may be said to enjoy a prescriptive right of trespass upon family home preserves. Dorcas societies cleave to him, and he is the *primus mobilis* of district visiting. Picnics, garden parties and afternoon teas claim him for their own. He is equally available for croquet and charity, for lawn tennis and the exposition of dogma. Paterfamilias, more especially in the country, is apt to regard him as a harmless, necessary companion to the ladies of his family, and offers no objection to the frequency of his visits, upon the understanding, tacitly recognized by all parties concerned in its observance, that "there is to be no nonsense between the parson and the girls." Down to the point of serious love-making with a view toward ultimate matrimony, the curate is permitted to share unrestrictedly the comforts and pleasures of many an opulent British household. He may even be petted to a certain extent, without compromise to matron or maiden. For him alone, of all celibate male acquaintances, may with impunity the fluffy comforter be knitted or the ornate slipper be embroidered. If he be comely and sentimental he can hardly fail to develop the industrial instincts of his female admirers in the direction of worked bookmakers and illuminated texts, wherewith to decorate his modest lodging. The acknowledged favorite of the fair, his lot should indeed be a happy one. All he has to do if he would preserve his popularity is carefully to abstain from being particular in his attentions to any one of his gentle votaries. It may be, of course, that in the exclusive occupancy of a single loving heart he will find compensation for the sudden extinction of the mild hero worship previously rendered to him by a plurality of devotees. Having fixed his choice, he should at least adhere to it; for, once solemnly affianced, a fickle curate can hope for no mercy from the society that was so complacently tolerant of his volatility so long as he remained unpledged to wed.
—*London Telegraph.*

Long Swims by Men and Animals.

Referring to the wonderful feats of swimming performed by Webb, the opinion is expressed in *Nature* that men and animals would sustain themselves for long distances in water much oftener were they not incapacitated by terror or completely ignorant of their real powers. Some years since the second mate of a ship fell overboard while fisting a sail. It was blowing fresh, the time was night, and the place some miles out in the stormy German Ocean. The hardy fellow nevertheless managed to gain the English coast. Brock, with a dozen other pilots, was plying for fares by Yarmouth, and as the mainsheet was belayed, a sudden puff of wind upset the boat, when presently all perished except Brock himself, who from 4 in the afternoon of an October evening to 1 the next morning swam thirteen miles before he was able to hail a vessel at anchor in the offing. Animals themselves are capable of swimming immense distances, although unable to rest by the way. A dog recently swam thirty miles in America in order to rejoin his master. A mule and a dog washed overboard during a gale in the Bay of Biscay have been known to make their way to shore. A dog swam ashore with a letter in his mouth at the Cape of Good Hope. The crew of the ship to which the dog belonged all perished, which they need not have done had they only ventured to tread water as the dog did. As a certain ship was laboring heavily in the trough of the sea it was found needful, in order to lighten the vessel, to throw some troop horses overboard which had been taken in at Corunna. The poor things, a staff surgeon said, when they found themselves abandoned, faced round and swam for miles after the vessel. A man on the east coast of Lincolnshire saved quite a number of lives by swimming out on horseback to vessels in distress. He commonly rode an old gray mare, but when the mare was not to hand he took the first horse that offered.

The True Color of Sunlight.

Prof. Langley, the director of the Alleghany Observatory, lays claim to a discovery which, if true, will form an entirely new starting point for researches in solar physics. Prof. Langley tells us that the sun is not really white, nor yellow, nor red, as we see it at different times of day, but that sunlight is blue. It is our atmosphere that gives it a false color. In a word, Prof. Langley would have us believe that the sun ought to appear as blue as the electric spark, and if we looked at the latter through a yellow atmosphere, it would not be unlike the sunshine we see. The *Photographic News* suggests that, if Professor Langley is right, not only will he upset physical theories in general, but photographic theories in particular. Professor Langley proposes to undertake some experiments at different altitudes, so as to be as free as he can from the lower strata of atmosphere, at any rate; and with this view he intends to establish two special observatories—the one at a station 3,000 feet high, and the other 14,000 feet above the level of the

JOHN KEMPEL'S CRIMES.

Murdering His Wife, Shunting His Step-Children in a Burning House and then Committing Suicide.

Late on Tuesday night John Kempel, who lives on the outskirts of Jamaica, L. I., killed his wife and then committed suicide. About midnight the saloon and dwelling occupied by the Kempels was discovered to be on fire. William Carpenter, a neighbor, hearing cries of distress within, tried to effect an entrance in front, but did not succeed. Running to the rear he discovered the dead body of Mrs. Kempel lying in a rocking-chair on the stoop. Her skull had been split apparently with an axe. In the dead woman's arms her 6-months old child was sleeping. Finding the rear of the house as tightly closed as the front, Carpenter went to the waggon-shed for a ladder, and there he discovered the body of Kempel hanging from a beam. The bodies of husband and wife were still warm. As last an entrance was effected into the house by breaking in the doors, and up-stairs were found Katie Flaschouse, 11 years old, and Joseph, aged 7, children of Mrs. Kempel by a former husband. Having rescued the children the neighbors and firemen tried to put out the fire, but the flames had gained such headway that the house was nearly destroyed, the loss being about \$5,000.

Coroner Wood was summoned and at once empaneled a jury. Samuel Townsend, a colored man who slept in the house on Tuesday night, says that after he went to bed he heard Kempel and his wife quarrelling. As the couple frequently quarrelled he paid little attention to the matter and went to sleep. He was awakened by a suffocating sensation about midnight, and finding the place filled with smoke he got out on a shed leading from his bed-room window and reached the ground by sliding down a post. He said that he had known Kempel on one occasion to beat his wife till she was unconscious. Their trouble seemed to be about money matters.

Samuel Brown (colored), says that about midnight he heard a noise in the Kempel house as if some one was driving nails. There was a light in the bar-room at the time. A short time afterwards Brown heard a woman shouting "murder." On going round to the rear of the house he saw Kempel coming down the stoop with an axe in his hand. Mrs. Kempel was sitting in a chair on the stoop, holding the baby in her arms, and was pleading. Brown said to Kempel "You have killed her." Kempel walked away with the axe in his hand without saying anything. Brown then went for assistance, and when he returned the house was burning. It is supposed that when Brown heard the hammering noise Kempel was scouring the doors and windows so that the two children could not escape.

Katie Flaschouse says that she and her brother went to bed about 9 o'clock. She was awakened by the smoke, her room being directly over the saloon in which the fire was started. The smoke in the halls was so dense that she could not see her way to the stairs.

The saloon which the Kempels kept had long borne an unsavory reputation. It formerly belonged to John Flaschouse, who disappeared about a year ago. His body was subsequently found in a brook, with wounds about the head, and the mystery of his death was never cleared up. It was, however, strongly suspected that Kempel was instrumental in causing his death. Kempel had paid much attention to Flaschouse's wife before the latter's death and not long after that event they were married. It is believed that Mrs. Kempel afterwards suspected that Kempel was responsible for the death of her first husband, because when they quarrelled and he threatened her with violence, she has been known to say: "I tell what I know about John's death, and then you look out"—a threat which is said to have always subdued him. Mrs. Kempel subsequently told different persons that her husband wanted to get possession of the property which had been left her by her first husband, and that she knew he would kill her if she gave it to him. The couple continued the saloon business, and Kempel gradually came to be known as the proprietor. It is supposed that they had another quarrel on Tuesday night over the possession of the property, and that Kempel became so enraged that he resolved to kill his wife, imprison his step-children in the house and burn them to death, and then kill himself.—*New York World.*

A Railway in the Himalayas.

In his inaugural speech upon the occasion of the recent opening of the Darjeeling Tramway, or "Himalayan Railway," as Anglo-Indians prefer to call it, Sir Ashley Eden claimed for the enterprise the merit of having "solved problems never before solved in the history of railway undertakings."

"We know," he added, "of no other line which ascends 7,400 feet in fifty miles, mounts gradients of one in twenty-one, and looms round curves of seventy feet radius." The line is described as snaking to the eye the appearance of "a snake winding up into the clouds."

The tramway, which is fifty miles long, enables the journey from Calcutta (361 miles) to be performed in about twenty-four hours. Its terminus at Darjeeling is 7,690 feet above the level of the sea. The capital of the Darjeeling Tramway Company is stated to have been raised entirely in India.—*London Daily News.*

MADE CRAZY BY FLATTERY AND HAIN DYE.—Miss Schaffer, the young lady residing in Elmira who took the \$200 prize at Brookport recently for being the handsomest woman in the State, has gone crazy. Her insanity is the result of too much notoriety on a weak mind. She is to be taken to an asylum on Monday next for the trouble of the brain, which the physicians assert is due in no small degree to the use of certain acids to stain or color her hair.—*Syracuse Herald.*

The Archduchess Valerie, younger daughter of the Emperor of Austria, is, it is reported, betrothed to the eccentric King Louis of Bavaria. The young lady who has just taken this serious step in life is only thirteen years old; the King is thirty-six. Valerie is a clever and pretty child, and already an author. Her first work was a drama. She has brilliant eyes, a slender figure, and hair soft and abundant, like her beautiful mother's. King Louis is a handsome man, whose strongest taste is for music.

CRIME IN HIGH LIFE.

An Irish Baronet Tried for Forgery—His Wife Said to be the Real Criminal.

In Dublin the other day, before Mr. Justice Barry and a jury, Sir Walter Nugent, Bart., was tried for the crime of forgery. As the jury disagreed, nine being for acquittal and three for a verdict of guilty, they were discharged, and Sir Walter was liberated on bail to appear at the next sitting of the Commission Court. His defence was painful and romantic, namely, that Lady Nugent, his wife, who absconded as soon as the transaction first became public, had committed the crime without his knowledge. The accused baronet served through the Crimean war and received the medal and clasps for bravery as a captain. His wife who seems to have been really the culprit, was a daughter of the Right Hon. Richard More O'Farrell, M. P., long Governor of Malta, and a grand-daughter of the third Lord Southwell. It seems that Sir Walter kept an account in the Royal Bank of Liverpool, where he lodged money from time to time, and from this account it appeared that he was apt to be pressed for money. On the 3rd of March, 1880, a letter written in his name was received by the secretary of the bank, in which it was stated that Sir Walter was anxious to have a bill for £1,600 discounted and the proceeds lodged to his account, which he would be able to balance in six months by money that was coming to his wife. He said he could get the signature of Mr. Caddell of Balbriggan, a gentleman of large property, and that, if it was necessary, the signature of Mr. P. O'Reilly, Sir Walter's agent, would be also given. On the 6th of March another letter was received to the same purport, the first not having been replied to. In it the writer added that he was obliged to employ a secretary as he was suffering from rheumatism in his wrist. The secretary then forwarded the bill for £1,600 for Sir Walter's signature and for Mr. Caddell's signature. On the 8th of March the bill was returned with the signatures, and on the following day it was discounted in favor of Sir Walter Nugent. On all previous occasions Sir Walter had written to ascertain the state of his account with the bank, but he did not do so in this instance. It soon having been ascertained that the bill was a forgery, the secretary of the bank, Mr. Niven, proceeded to Donore, in Westmeath, where he first saw Lady Nugent and afterwards Sir Walter, who stated that he knew nothing about the transaction. The secretary testified that he now knew the names on the bill were in the handwriting of Lady Nugent. He had frequently received letters from Lady Nugent, and all letters in reference to this transaction were in her handwriting. Lady Nugent stated to him that Sir Walter knew nothing of the transaction, and she appeared most anxious that he should not see Sir Walter. Mr. Robert Caddell deposed to his endorsement being a forgery, and that Lady Nugent, who wrote to him not long before this transaction, was in possession of his signature. In answer to a sneering allusion to the nature of the defence made by one of the counsel for the Crown, the Queen's counsel who appeared for the baronet said, during the address to the jury: "My client would count all else as nothing in this world if he could shield his wife's name. But, if he was found guilty, that would not clear her, and therefore it was not in the mouth of any one to reproach him if he had no other way to show that he was perfectly innocent in this matter. To dissociate himself from this criminal transaction was his duty." Witnesses were sworn to prove that at the date of the forged note and accompanying letter and of its postmark, Sir Walter was absent at sporting meetings in England. The counsel for the Crown dwelt severely on the *alibi* and on the sacrifice by Sir Walter of his wife's honor to screen himself.

FAURE'S electric accumulator, whereby stored electricity is rendered available as a force to propel machinery, is on exhibition on the strand, London, where a Crossley silent gas engine is employed to drive the Gramme dynamo-electric machines charging the cells. The form of cell now manufactured is rectangular, and it weighs, with the solution, about fifty pounds. Four of these cells fully charged are reckoned to work a sewing machine six hours a day for a week by the aid of a good electric motor. Eight cells are estimated to drive a vehicle with two passengers, during six hours, and double that number to convey four passengers for the like time. It is further calculated that forty cells will drive an omnibus containing twenty-four passengers during a space of three hours, and that sixty will propel a tramcar with forty passengers for the same period. The cost of recharging a battery is now about 2d., but it is expected that this will shortly be reduced to 1d. The power of the batteries is beautifully displayed by a number of incandescent lamps fed from them on the premises, and the absolute steadiness of the light demonstrates the regulating action of the accumulators on the currents.

A MENNONITE SCENE.—The Mennonites intend keeping to themselves, and have no intention of marrying or giving in marriage with the children of the land. At first some of the girls went out to service, but one having got married the order went forth that all the others were to return home at once, which was done. As a race they are thrifty and industrious, but their neighbors say that the women do most of the work. An open ditch about a mile in length, beautifully dug, and with the turf neatly banked up on each side, was said to be all women's work. Large numbers of women were also to be seen in the fields.—*Rev. Prof. Grant in Manitoba.*

Holloway, the English pill manufacturer, has given upward of \$3,750,000 for charitable purposes during the last five or six years. It was money worthily bestowed if it went to the persons who had taken his pills.

A new scheme for detecting truants from the public schools has been adopted in London. Post-cards will be sent to parents, notifying them when their children absent themselves without sufficient excuse.

Many fields in Elgin have been cleaned of grass by the grubs as thoroughly as it could be done with the scythe. The sward can be lifted *en bloc*, revealing the pest at work below. They feed on the roots, and the grass soon withers and dies.

Latest Irish News.

The tramway line between Ball's bridge and Blackrock, Dublin, is now run by steam.

A woman named Eliza Boland has been sent to jail for three months, with hard labor, for having broken and robbed the poor box in the Roman Catholic Church of Gammonsfield, near Clonmel.

Two children aged three and a half and three years, cousins, were drowned recently at Coolnabina, Mayo, in a sand-pit, which became filled with water. The coroner gave directions to have the pit filled up.

A mob attacked a party of Emergency men at Ballybrophy station on Saturday evening, Aug. 13th, and broke some of their utensils and scattered their provisions about. A sub-constable was also severely beaten and his gun broken.

Mr. Frank Wise has decided upon placing at the disposal of the Charities of Cork the munificent sum of £27,000. Of this amount £20,000 is to be placed in equal parts to the credit of the Protestant and Catholic Bishops, to be applied for the benefit of the Catholic and Protestant poor.

For a considerable time past extensive shipments of potatoes have been taking place from Dublin to Liverpool and Glasgow. The potato blight has again made its appearance in Ireland. Early potatoes have suffered most, the leaves being quite withered, though the tubers are still free from disease, while those of the later growth are greatly spotted on the leaves. Within a few days the disease had spread rapidly.

A man was killed near the village of Cliffoey, County Sligo, last week, while proceeding to give his horse a drink of flour and water. Instead of taking him from under the car, he merely took off the wipers and held a vessel to his head. The horse took fright because of some noise near hand, and made a sudden lunge, sending the point of the shaft into the man's body near the region of the heart. While thus impaled the unfortunate man was dragged along a good distance, and when he fell both horse and car went over his prostrate body. He was taken up mangled and lifeless.

STONED TO DEATH.

A Horrible Tale from the Quebec Woods.

A Mrs. Brown visited Chief Paradis at Montreal the other day and told him that a man had come to her and said that he, with her husband and three other men, left that city a short time since to seek employment at Coteau Landing on a railway branch there. They failed in this, and as they were returning to the village through the woods several men set upon her husband and stoned him to death. The man said there was unhappily not the slightest doubt about the matter, as he had seen the victim's death, and the body was now lying in a small hut in the woods. The young wife was horrified at such a story. She could not believe it, but her husband's absence filled her with anxiety. An effort is being made to find the man who made the statement.

Death of the Father of the Free Church.

No one was better known in the west of Scotland than Rev. Andrew Stark, popularly called the Father of the Free Church. He was born at Kilsyth on Feb. 2nd, 1786, and died at Tighnabruach, Kyles of Bute, the other day in his 96th year. He was a changeable and eventful career. He entered the Glasgow University in 1801, was licensed to preach in 1807, was ordained minister of a congregation at Falkirk in connection with the Associate Synod in 1808, was admitted to the Established Church in 1824, was thereafter appointed assistant minister at Lerwick, Shetland, was appointed minister of the parish of Sandwick, Shetland, in 1830, came out at the Disruption and joined the Free Church in 1843, was appointed to the Free Church, Closeburn, Dumfriesshire, in 1844, and went to Tighnabruach in 1856, where he continued to reside till his death. He was a great linguist and had mastered ten languages, including the Gaelic. He was never married, and in physique greatly resembled the late Dr. Chalmers.

A Popular Clergyman.

A despatch from Montreal says: "Rev. Dr. Sullivan, of St. George's Church here, and one of the most eloquent and popular Episcopal clergymen in the Dominion, has received and is considering a call from St. Mary's Church, Fifth Avenue, New York. Dr. Sullivan was formerly rector of Trinity Church, Chicago, and only returned here eighteen months ago. He was lately nominated in conference as a candidate for the Bishopric of Toronto, but was beaten. He has the largest and most fashionable congregation in this city. He declines to say at present what he will do." Dr. Sullivan is a great favorite in Hamilton. His departure for the States would prove a loss to the Episcopal Church in Canada.

Says the *Fall Mall Gazette*: It is a dangerous thing to tamper with a Scotch institution. One day or two ago the Dunoon Castle steamer carried a deckload of excursionists down the Clyde on the Sabbath. That very night she struck on a sandbank, and no one got home. Next day her captain, in a fit, fell overboard and was drowned. On the third day the profane vessel was in flames, and few people in Scotland have much doubt as to what all that means.

The Duke of Argyll passed his honeymoon at his father-in-law's, the Bishop of Rochester's palace. Only one of his sons appears to have attended the marriage. The new Duchess will find a large ready-made family, by all accounts not too delighted to see her. The Princess Louise was not at the marriage.

Advices from Hanover state that the efforts of speculators to keep up the reports about rich petroleum deposits have failed. The latest move of the wire-pullers was in the direction of the Pelheim wells. Their reports showed an ample yield, but an inquiry proved that the springs had intentionally been kept back for the whole of the previous day, and did not show an equal flow after a few hours' pumping.

A match race is talked of between the yachts *Dauntless* and *Norseman* for \$1,000 a side over the long triangular course at Newport.

Latest Scottish Notes.

The Earl of Seafield has conceded to his Seafield tenants the benefit of the Ground Game Act.

The fishing on Looch Lomond has been the most successful this season of any for many years back.

In the Maryhill district all the iron foundries which have been on short time for seven years back commenced to work full time on the 1st inst.

Mr. Marshall, fisher, Dumfries, landed the other day a salmon measuring 4ft. 2in. in length, and 2 ft. 2 in. at its greatest girth, and weighing 42 lb.

Eight hundred men have come out on strike at the Carron Iron Works because the managers insist on their keeping regular working hours, and not going and coming as they please.

The Wemyss & Buckhaven Railway, four miles in length, connecting Buckhaven with Thornton Junction, was opened for traffic on the 8th inst. It has been constructed by Mr. R. Wemyss at a cost of £25,000.

Certain charges having been made by members of the Board as to the quality and quantity of the food provided for the Kirkcubright Poor House, Mr. McNeil has reported to the Board of Supervision that he found nothing wrong with the soup, except that one ounce of beef instead of two had been put in for each inmate. Just the one-half, and nothing wrong to complain of.

The Woods Are Full of Them.

The police of this city are on the lookout for the arrival of a swindler who has acquired some reputation in Canada and the provinces for the number of names he is capable of travelling under. In Halifax, in 1875, he was known as "Hon. C. Courtney," also the same year, in Kingston, Ont., as "Hon. Dulice Grafton, R. N.;" in 1877 as "Hon. R. Weston;" in 1878 as "Hon. C. A. Dennison;" in Chicago, in 1874, as "Lieutenant-Colonel Talbot of the British army." In Ottawa, a few years ago, under a high-sounding title and under pretence of expecting remittances from his alleged uncle, Lord Belmont of Belmont Park, Derbyshire, England, he managed to negotiate the loan of various sums from his prey, one of whom, a well known Canadian gentleman, he victimized to the extent of \$1,200. After this he fled to this city. His photograph was sent to New York and put in the Rogues' Gallery. He was captured for a fraudulent transaction, and was sent to the Penitentiary for six months. He dresses very fashionably and has the appearance of a thorough going gentleman of leisure. It is also rumored that his intention is to visit Newport, Long Branch and Saratoga to there replete his low purse.—*New York Telegram.*

Latest Literary Gossip.

The testimonial to Prof. Alexander Bain, LL. D., of Aberdeen, is to take the form of a portrait of the Professor, together with the foundation of an annual gold medal as a prize in philosophy. The portrait, which is to be painted by Mr. George Reid, R. S. A., will be presented to and placed in the university. The subscriptions promised already amount to upward of \$2,000.

Miss Braddon will not produce a novel this autumn. Her industry has been mainly concentrated upon her annual, "The Mistletoe Bough," to which she contributes largely, writing nowhere else this winter.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett lately fished out a drowning bather at Long Beach. How happy the authoress that can be her own heroine!

The third and concluding volume of the letters of Charles Dickens is now in the press and will be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall next month.

SIR DUDLEY MAJORIBANKS, whom Mr. Gladstone sends up to the Lords, is one more addition to the now long list of commercial nobles.—An English king, some four centuries ago, created one De la Pole, whom he styled his beloved merchant, a duke in recognition of "value received," but thenceforward until the reign of George III. a successful trader had small chance of ennoblement, nor would he have had any then but that Pitt insisted on the preferment of his friend Robert Smith. By slow degrees others of his vocation were raised to the upper House, prominent among them being a man of Hebrew stock, Sir Sampson Gideon, who became Lord Eardley. Then came Baring, Lord Ashburton, and later, Lord Overstone, head of the banking house of Jones, Loyd & Co., and probably to-day the most moneyed man in England. It is remarkable that, although the brewers have long ranked among England's wealthiest sons, it was reserved for an Irish brewer first to reach the upper House, in the person of Sir Arthur Guinness, whom Dublin stout has converted into Lord Ardilaun. This last new peer also illustrates the power of beer. He is partner in a great London brewery, and his father died senior partner in Coutt's bank and very rich.

On the occasion of the Ministerial White-bait dinner at Greenwich Mr. Gladstone was presented by the Liberals of that borough with a handsome arm-chair and an illuminated address in acknowledgment of his distinguished public services. The right hon. gentleman in acknowledging the gift referred to the events of the session, pointing out the difficulties amid which the duties of the Government had been discharged. These had brought into view a great necessity—that of restoring to the House of Commons the security for its liberties for the advancement of legislation to its full efficiency. That duty was handed over to the future, but it was one to which the Government would address themselves when the opportunity arrived.

It is not yet settled who shall have Lord Beaconsfield's garter. The Dukes of Grafton and St. Albans, the Marquis of Northampton, who is a brother-in-law of the Marquis of Ripon, and the Earls of Kimberley, Derby, Rosebery, Northbrook and Portsmouth are all candidates for the blue ribbon. The prevalent impression seems to be that Mr. Gladstone will give it to Lord Portsmouth, who has already once declined the honor, but who may take it now, as his son and heir, Lord Lynton, M. P., is making his way decidedly in the Liberal ranks.

—The population of India is 252,000,000.