

Scraping Cotton.

Oh! de noon time, chillen, is creepin' dis way,
We'll soon hear de dinner horn blow,
An' take dem tie-vines-tackles 'em I say,

"Canada and Her Future."

No clergyman was received with more cordial greetings than Dr. Wild, on his return from vacation, by his congregation last week. In this the members of Elm Place Church did credit to themselves and showed their appreciation of a live, useful and instructive pastor.

RELIGIOUS COLUMN.

The New Haven Journal says that the Rev. Mr. Ross, pastor of the Webster Street Baptist Church, in that city, received by letter last Sunday into his church a man 108 years of age. He has been a member of a church for eighty years, and has children of the age of eighty years.

IRISH COLUMN.

Mr. E. T. Lefroy, a well known journalist in Dublin, died on the 1st inst. It is rumored that Lord Napier of Magdala will probably be Sir John Michel's successor in command of the forces in Ireland.

Railway Notes.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, which has been in session at Chicago since Sept. 8th, has resolved to leave all complaints and disputes of salary and injuries or injustice to arbitration for settlement, and that no man addicted to intemperate use of spirituous liquors will be allowed in the Order.

GIRLS AS LOVERS.

Girls do not think," says a social philosopher in the Chicago Tribune; "they dream dream of love as an episode, a diversion, a hic, a mad prank; of matrimony as a comedy enacted on the stage a little way removed from their seats in the dress-circle, in which they may one day play a part. But if actually threatens, their hearts flutter, their eyes droop, their cheeks flush, and they cast as from an impending, undefined, mysterious danger. They do not, however, flee to sport, toy and trifle with the menace which presents itself in the alluring smile of a too ardent youth."

The Dominion of Canada is, without doubt, the most loyal to the Queen and the English Government of any of the colonial possessions of Great Britain. As an evidence of this I may say that during my vacation I lectured at a certain place for a church and in a church. At the close I asked the audience to please close with the doxology and benediction by a Presbyterian minister, who was present.

A Fatal Field.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, with the army headquarters, will reach Intajaneni on the 7th. Brigadier-General Clarke's brigade is there, and will advance with the General to Ulundi on the 8th or 9th inst. Sir Garnet Wolseley and staff yesterday passed over the Isandlana battle field. All the bodies of the English dead had been buried, but there were here and there grim corpses of natives almost reduced to skeletons.

A Remarkable Trip West.

Mr. Robert Patterson, of the G. W. R., Paris, Ont., has just completed an astonishingly quick trip with freight and live stock from Paris to Emerson and Winnipeg. A train consisting of seventeen cars of freight and live stock, under the charge of L. D. Kneeland of the Chicago & North Western R. R., left Paris Monday night, 8th inst., at 10:30 and arrived in St. Vincent Saturday morning, Sept. 10th, at 8 o'clock, and was unloaded and delivered at Emerson during the same day—a total of only 105 hours for the entire distance, including stoppages.

Queer Customs in China.

The Emperor of China is allowed three wives, the chief of whom is the Empress, while the other two are Queens. He has the right, under certain restrictions, of choosing his own successor. When the Emperor Hien Fung died, in 1861, he left the throne to his son Tong-che, who was only five years old. The Empress and the boy's mother, one of the two queens, were made regents. They reigned very successfully until 1873, when Tong-che took the Government into his own hands, and removed them from power. In 1875 he died of small-pox, without naming a successor. His wife was a feeble girl, with a young baby, for whose rights she had not the strength of character to fight. She soon died, and the old Empress and Queen seized the opportunity to get back upon the throne. They chose a three-year-old nephew of Hien Fung, and appointed themselves to reign until he became a man. The scheme was carried out, and the two women are now seemingly firmly re-established. Among the first statements of the empire was Wo Ko-tu, at the head of the Civil Service Department. He brooded over the wrong done to the infant son of Tong-che, and at last resolved to speak out against it. This was a serious matter, for ancient usage in China decrees that whoever utters treason shall at once commit suicide. Wo Ko-tu wrote and published, in the most respectful language, a demand that the Empress and Queen should abdicate. Then he killed himself with a knife.

Rules for Young Ladies.

Marry not a profane man, because the gravity of his heart will corrupt his children and embitter your existence.
Marry not a gambler, a tippler or a center of taverns, because he who has no regard for himself will never have any for wife.
Marry not a man who makes promises which he will never perform, because you never trust him.

His Green Melon.

At the Central Market yesterday Elder E. of the Lime Kiln, was noticed chewing at a large hunk of green water melon—green that there wasn't even one black seed left. Some one who knew the old gent got out in surprise:
"Why, old man, that melon's green as a!"
"I believe ye, boss—indeed I does!" replied the Elder as he forced some more of his mouth.

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Cotton in Texas.

Texas seem to have learned the lesson which the Georgians and other people of the older cotton States have just now comprehended, namely, that it "pays" to alternate crops, and that no lasting prosperity can be reared upon a single and exclusive staple. Cotton will always hold a chief place in the agriculturist's affections, because it is the only product which will command ready cash at its market value in the nearest town. The stranger who has crossed the large open square, or plaza, which is found in every Texan town, at an early hour in the day, will marvel at the change of a few hours. Before midday the cotton teams have arrived from the surrounding country, clustering upon every available space in the square and along the adjacent streets. It would be impossible to portray a more animated or varied scene. Clumsy waggons, drawn by little compact oxen, or possibly by an ox and a mule, are constantly arriving—the men, women and children mounted high upon the roughly bound cotton bales; the expert in cotton staple, who jumps nimbly, note book in hand, from wagon to wagon, buying here, rejecting there, and bartering everywhere; the itinerant Hebrews, who press their cheap but showy goods upon the rustics—these and hundreds who have each his own little bargain to drive—and, above all, the great Babel of purchase and sale. The journey to town on market day is an event in the monotone of life with most of these cotton growers. They throng the stores, the walks, and patronize the grotesque fakirs, the side shows, and all the wandering brotherhood of minstrelsy, sure to be there when trade is lively.—Harper's Magazine for October.

The Governor-General and Poetry.

The stream of "poetry" still keeps pouring in upon the devoted head of the Governor-General and his royal lady. As it flows along it increases in force and volume, and will in a short time sweep everything before it. The address nuisance was bad enough, but so long as it was confined to prose it was at least bearable. Now, however, that the thing has assumed a poetic aspect it becomes serious, and the law should step in. The Act in force against the Welsh and Irish bards of yore has, we are credibly informed, not yet been repealed, although it is obsolete, and lies fading on the statute book. Let us revise it and cut off the heads of all our bards, and thus allow our too good natured ruler to live and move in peace as well as other folks.—Montreal Post.

Next to a Circus Rider.

Mrs. Linda who travelled with Barnum's managerie the "Queen of the Fiery Zone"—her ability being leaping, while on horseback, with a burning hoop—happened with an accident while at Pittsburg recently, as she was about to jump, something wrong in the arrangement, and the burning hoop caught on her shoulders and there, the horse continuing around the She leaped to the ground as quickly as possible and relieved herself of the burning hoop. Her clothing by this time was on and several men caught hold of her and rolled her in the sawdust, smothering the flame. She was painfully burned the head, shoulders and hands.

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