

A Little Gift From Ireland.

'Here, Gran'ma, here's a present, it has come a distance too, 'Tis a little pot of shamrocks, and it comes addressed to you: Yes, all the way from Ireland, and the card here mentions more—They were gathered at your birth-place on the banks of Avonmore.'

'From Ireland! do you tell me? O darling, is it true? Acushla let me feel them—and you say 'twas there they grew? Why I can scarce believe it is it really what you say? From my birth-place in old Ireland! poor Ireland far away.'

'I'm old and stiff and feeble, and in darkness, God be praised, Yet, Katty, how it stirs me, how my poor old heart is raised, To feel it here so near me, the soil that gave me birth, The very clay of Ireland; let me kiss the holy earth.'

'These blessed little shamrocks! I can't see them, yet I know They bring me back the eyesight of the happy long ago, And gleaming thro' the darkness comes the vision that I love, The dear green fields of Ireland and the sunny sky above.'

'I see, as once I saw them, when a girl like you I stood Amid the furze and heather; there's the chapel, hill and wood; There's the abbey clad with ivy, and the river's winding shore, And the boys and girls all playing on the banks of Avonmore.'

'God bless the little shamrocks, then, for calling back the scene, The beauty of the sunshine, the brightness of the green; Tho' long, long years to see it, and to see it all so plain, Ah! child, I'm sure you're smiling, but I'm feeling young again.'

'And though I'm truly thankful for the blessing that God's hand Has brought around me, Katty, in this great and happy land; I can't forget the old home, 'midst the comforts of the new, My heart is three parts buried where those little shamrocks grew.'

Amusing Situation in a French Sleeping Car.

In a letter from a correspondent of the Daily News, describing a visit to the Engadine, the following occurs:

A new route has been established this year to Switzerland. Leaving London at 10 a.m. you find yourself in the afternoon at Calais; there you take a train direct to Bale. I had invested the sum of eighteen shillings in a ticket for a sleeping car. This car consists of compartments containing either two or four couches. The couch to which my ticket gave me a right was, I found, in one of the compartments licensed to carry four. Three ladies already were there when I entered it. To say that I was received cordially would be an exaggeration. The ladies felt that I was an intruder, and, to say the truth, being myself a somewhat bashful man, I felt so too. I took my seat. The ladies whispered to each other, and eyed me as did the nymphs by the streams of Hellas when a shepherd broke in upon their natatory exercises. I essayed a remark or two about the weather and other commonplaces. The responses were monosyllabic. In the daytime, these compartments have only two couches facing each other. At night two others are arranged overhead, like berths in a ship. We had passed Amiens, when the attendant entered with a number of sheets in his hand. The ladies looked agast—so did I. One—an elderly spinster—supposed that I was not going to remain, and thus prevent her and her companions from taking the rest for which they had paid. A blush suffused my cheek, but I plucked up sufficient courage to hint that I too had parted with coin of the realm in order to enjoy a like repose. After a chorus of "Well, I never!" it was finally agreed that I should retire into the passage until the ladies had got into their beds, and drawn the curtains before each of the bowers. To this I assented, and having paced the passage for about half an hour, returned. All the curtains were drawn. "I hope you are not undressing?" proceeded from behind the curtain of an elderly spinster. "He won't have the impudence to do anything of the kind," floated through the air from behind another curtain. "Ladies," I said, "sleep in maiden meditation behind your curtains. I am clothed from head to foot, I propose to divest myself of my coat and boots. I shall then climb up into my berth, draw my curtain, and you will see nothing more of me until to-morrow morning." "Mind, sir, only your coat and boots," said the elderly spinster; and, with this parting warning, I turned in. The train was timed to reach Bale at 6 a.m. An hour before that time my rest was disturbed by shrill cries from behind the curtains. I was sternly ordered to get up and to go at once into the corridor in order that the nymphs might also rise. "No, ladies," I answered, "I mean to remain in bed until we arrive. Get up without fear, and trust to the innate chivalry of the humble male who now addresses you. He pledges his word of honor not to peep through the parting in his curtain." So they got up, and I did not look. My experiences of this night led me to suggest that in sleeping-cars the sexes should be placed apart, and that there should be a separate compartment for men and another for women, instead of the present eclectic arrangement.

Prof. Max Muller has announced a curious discovery of Sanscrit manuscripts recently made in Japan by two of his Japanese pupils at Oxford. The work is the text of the celebrated "Diamond Knife," forming part of the Sacred Canon, or Bible, of the Buddhists, but hitherto known only through Tibetan and Mongolian translations, the original being supposed to be irretrievably lost. Owing to the early practice among the Chinese Buddhists of making pilgrimages to the holy places of their worship in India, and taking back with them Sanscrit manuscripts, Prof. Max Muller has always been of opinion that a number of such precious relics must be existing in China. Such a discovery in Japan, however, was wholly unexpected.

In most States the Jews and Seventh Day Baptists are by law exempted from keeping Sunday, provided they keep Saturday instead. Pennsylvania is one of the exceptions, and in several counties of that State the Sunday law is very rigidly enforced against Seventh Day Baptists. A movement to change the statute is to be made.

British and Foreign Notes.

A thousand persons, mostly women, are employed in engraving and printing government money and bank notes at Washington. They are so strictly watched during working hours that they look upon themselves as prisoners.

Hazing at Smith College, the Massachusetts institution for girls, is quite sweet and gentle. The newcomers are seized, led into the main hall, presented with bouquets, kissed affectionately, and then shown the pictures and statuary in the art gallery.

The inhabitants of the great manufacturing centre of Crefeld, Germany, have begun the construction of a splendid new school of textile industries. It will be replete with appliances appertaining to the production of textiles—a laboratory, workshops, library and museum.

Nearly all the ladies about the English court are well on in years. Some of the maids of honor are deep in the forties. When they get venerable they are turned into "women of the bedchamber," who are eligible for that office even when centenarians.

China must be the seat and centre of commercial honor, crediting the avancements of Sir Samuel Baker, the famous traveller. He says such a thing as a business suspension in the American or European sense is rarely known in that country, and that when one does occur, other merchants voluntarily come forward to help the embarrassed trader out of his difficulties.

A sentimental fellow at Wrightstown, Minn., wrote to a girl that he would hang himself if she did not marry him. As he was a stranger, she took his queer missive as an insulting joke, and replied angrily that he would please her greatly by choosing the tree which grew near the window of her room. When she looked out next morning there hung his lifeless body.

Two prisoners were charged in a London police court with exchanging sentences of imprisonment by each answering to the other's name. This is not an uncommon thing in India, where a native jailer has been known to allow a prisoner to go out to get married and spend his honeymoon in the city so long as he found a friendly substitute willing to endure incarceration in the mean time.

Davidson of Tulloch, who died last month in Scotland in his 82nd year, was the Count d'Orsay of Highland life fifty years ago, a wonderfully handsome man, and celebrated for his good luck. He was married five times, held a commission in the Grenadiers, and was once a member of Parliament. For several years before his death, however, he was living in utter penury at Brussels.

One of the oddest cases that ever came before a court was tried in Boston a few days ago. It was an application for divorce. The applicant, the wife, testified that in 1872 her husband induced her to join "The Elijah Message Association," the head of which was a party who claimed to be the resurrected prophet. When 140,000 believers were collected the leader was to conduct them to Georgia, there to found a kingdom of heaven. The woman's husband had been appointed one of the "witnesses." Among the hopes held out was that of never dying. The crazy crowd came to grief, hence the application referred to.

It is rather a remarkable coincidence that just as Hughenden Manor is let the seat of Diarseli's old antagonist, another Prime Minister, is advertised on lease. The present Sir Robert Peel, who seems, after a stormy youth, to be sinking into a very calm, if not obscure, maturity advertises Drayton Manor. The late Robert, mindful of many escapades on the part of his firstborn, tied up his property in the strictest possible manner. The present baronet has a villa on the Lake of Geneva, where he has spent much of his time of late years, having never taken kindly to the life of a country gentleman.

Edenderry, Ireland, was lately the scene of a demonstration on the occasion of drawing home the turf of an incarcerated tenant. At 9 a.m. 3,000 carts were assembled under the direction of a mounted curate. The Edenderry carts, 850, headed the procession. After them came 20 little boys, in green and orange, mounted on asses. The drivers of the 3,000 carts fought for the honor of carrying a sod. Prior to these proceedings the prisoner's nephew inaugurated the demonstration by driving round the farm in a basket carriage drawn by six spirited beasts, and that number of juvenile outriders in green livery.

An exhibition is in progress in London showing the career of the straw hat from the field to the fashionable store. The workers are all from Luton Beds, a town of 25,000 people, of whom it is computed that 24,000 are in some way or other connected with the straw trade. The business at Luton dates from 1605, when a colony of Lorraine plaiters, who had emigrated from Lorraine to Scotland, settled at Luton in view of the superior straw raised in the district. A particular sort of knife used in splitting straw was invented by one of the French prisoners detained in England early in the century.

"Good" and "Hard Times" Periods.

An exchange thus sums up the proportion of "good" and "hard times." During a period of sixty-eight years there have been eighteen years of "good times" and fifty years of "hard times." The good times were the periods 1812 to 1816, 1834 to 1837, 1853 to 1856, and 1862 to 1869. In each there was a great increase in the quantity of money. The fifty years of "hard times" are remarkable for the enormous contraction of the money volume and the increase in its value. During the eighteen years of "good times" industry prospered, and money loaning was at a discount, but during the fifty years of "hard times" labor and production languished, and money loaning was at a premium.

Keokuk's Gate City says the meanest man in the world lives in Burlington. When a deaf, dumb and blind hand organist was sleeping on the post-office corner the wretch stole his instrument and substituted a new fangled churn therefor; and when the organist awoke he seized the handles of the churn and ground away for dear life, and when the "shades of night was falling fast," that meanest man in the world came around, took his churn, restored the organ to its owner and carried home four pounds of creamy butter.

THE FIRE HORROR.

Fearful Scenes at the Philadelphia Conflagration—Frantic Leaps For Life—Imprisoned in a Sheet of Flame.

A despatch from Philadelphia says the fire at Landenburger's mill last (Wednesday) night originated in the finishing room on the second floor, and spread upwards through the building with amazing rapidity. Fifty hands, twelve of whom were girls, were at work, the majority engaged in the sewing and weaving departments on the upper floors. The wooden stairways, either end of the building were soon ablaze, and the bridge connecting the building with another mill was shut off from approach by fire proof doors, and in the absence of any fire escape a panic ensued. Men and women rushed to the windows, crying frantically to the crowd below to save them. It was proposed by the crowd to form squares in the street and catch the men and girls as they leaped out, but before anything could be done one young woman jumped from the fifth storey. It seemed every bone in her body was broken, for she never breathed again. After this the imprisoned people seemed to become frenzied, and though the crowd outside sought to encourage them by shouting that help would speedily be there they began jumping from the windows like sheep. One man, apparently bereft of reason, flung himself headlong into the street; and while his body was still in the air others followed; now a man, then a woman or a half grown girl, until in a few minutes eleven persons, all unconscious, with fractured skulls and broken limbs, were carried to the neighboring saloon and laid on the floor until vehicles were procured to convey them to the hospital. By this time the relatives of the victims began to gather outside the building, and the cries of mothers outside to their children still in the burning rooms, and their lamentations over those who jumped out, were heartrending. When the firemen were able to enter the building they found on the third floor the bodies of two females burned almost to a crisp, and a man badly scorched and dead; but before they could search further the fourth floor, with its heavy machinery, came crashing through, and they barely escaped with their lives. The firemen were compelled to desist from their labors because the floors had gone through to the ground, and machinery, charred wood and what remained of the unfortunate operatives were mingled in one unrecognizable mass, which was sending out columns of steam as the cold water was poured on it. The victims were carried off in all directions, some to their homes, some to houses close by, and others to various hospitals, so that their exact number cannot yet be stated. The physicians say that nearly every case admitted to St. Mary's Hospital has ended fatally. The total deaths will probably exceed twenty. George Dougherty, who jumped from the fourth storey, died in the hospital this morning.

From Brazil comes a story of a mulatto woman having died at the age of 187 years. Just as the Goth was "butchered to make a Roman holiday," so this unfortunate old colored lady seems to have been killed to furnish forth a newspaper paragraph. This is a pity, because she would have answered the purpose just as well in a couple of hundred years' time, if the newspapers telling the tale could have had patience to wait. She is said to have lost her sight at the age of 100, but to have recovered it somewhat later. Her death was brought about by a fall from a bench, so that there is really no knowing how long she might have lived if the Brazil paper had not arranged the fatal fall. The subject of longevity is always being disputed, some persons being credulous of all sorts of wonders and others being as sceptical as the late Sir G. Cornewall Lewis. The case of the Brazilian mulatto is put in the shade by that of one Johannes de Temporibus, who, according to Stow, died in the year 1014, at the age of 361. Unfortunately, that was not an age of statistics, and marvellous statements were supplied. A native of Bengal is said to have died in 1556 at the age of 300; but here again distance of place is as important an element as distance of time in the other instance. In 1588 a native of Everoreech, Somerset, is reported to have died aged 200. In the latter part of the last century death at the age of 175 or thereabout seems not to have been uncommon, but as we come nearer to our own times the records are fewer, until now we are obliged to go to Brazil for a striking instance of extreme age. The moral would appear to be that if in a time of registration and research this class of wonders had become extinct, the former statements with regard to them were myths. Perhaps life was so dull in those slow times that a man put his sensations into figures, and thought he had lived two hundred years instead of seventy.—*Liverpool Post.*

Tall Stories of Old Age.

AN OFF-REPEATED HINT.—There is one thing ladies will never do, and that is wear small hats at the theatre. They seem to take delight in wearing head gear fearfully and wonderfully made, resembling an open umbrella covered with feathers, and flowers made out of pink cloth, and then of course the unfortunate man behind them gets merely a glimpse of the top of the dress curtain for the dollar he pays to see the show. If the ladies with the huge and hideous hats could hear the muttered curses of the unfortunate man behind them they would take pity on him, and the next time would wear one of those small hats which are neater and prettier in every way.

A London anti-vaccinator has met with and caused sad misfortunes. One of his children was attacked by small-pox. The child recovered. The mother and two other children took it and died, and three more went to the hospital. The anti-vaccinator borrowed from a neighbor a suit of black clothes to wear at his wife's funeral. He kept the clothes in the house a few days before returning them. Shortly after their return their owner also took the small-pox, was conveyed to the hospital and died there. Since then several houses in the same neighborhood have become infected and a number of cases of small-pox have been taken to hospitals.

Ex-President Enoch Pond, of the Bangor Theological Seminary, is 95 years old, and says he has not had a headache in 66 years. Man, says the London Lancet, was intended to eat slowly.

THE CAT.

An Infamous Blackguard Lashed—He Seeks for Mercy.

It will be remembered that a diabolical attempt at outrage was perpetrated at Kingston on the person of Annie Campbell, aged 16, on the morning of the 15th of September, by a notorious character named Jack Coulter, son of a Mrs. Coulter who kept a house of ill-fame there. The young girl had been sent by her employer from Glenburnie to the city, and when opposite the lime-kiln, near the Kingston & Pembroke Railroad crossing, she was accosted by Coulter, who endeavored by coaxing and bribes to induce her to accompany him down a lonely street. Failing in this the ruffian seized her round the waist, pitched her over the fence, and then dragged her along the ground to a secluded spot. Her screams brought a gentleman who was passing with blood from the blows which the heroic girl had administered in her desperate resistance. She was in a pitiable condition. Besides being covered with blood and dirt, her clothing was torn to shreds and she was suffering from exhaustion and nervous prostration. Coulter was promptly arrested and denied having had anything to do with the girl.

Coulter was brought before Police Magistrate Duff at Kingston two days afterwards, on the 17th, and found guilty of the heinous crime of attempting to commit rape on Ann Campbell on the day mentioned. He was severely admonished as to the crime and sentenced to one year and 360 days in the Central Prison and to receive forty-eight lashes with a cat-o'-nines-tails, twenty-four at the expiration of one month, the other twenty-four at the end of six months. In accordance with the above sentence, twenty-four lashes were administered to Coulter at the Central Prison at 9 o'clock yesterday morning. The prisoner was stripped and placed on the triangle. He showed considerable terror at the approaching punishment. One of the guards bared his arms, and taking a hold of the instrument of torture he swung it round his head and brought it down with great force over the prisoner's bare back, who roared with terror and pain, and implored the doctor to have mercy upon him. His cries were unheeded, and again and again the blows fell with redoubled force, while the victim continued his cries for mercy. After the flogging was over the prisoner's back was bleeding, the skin being broken, and he was taken to the prison hospital, where a cloth saturated with oil was placed over his back and he was ordered to do light work for the remainder of the day. Two other prisoners who were previously flogged at the prison acknowledged after the punishment was administered that they deserved it, but Coulter was of a different opinion, and showed by his conduct the cowardly ruffian he is at heart.

BITTER DESPAIR.

Buddie McCrae's Father Interviewed—A. W. Browne Better Look Out.

A Buffalo evening paper publishes the following affecting interview as a sequel to the McCrae case against A. W. Browne: When the verdict was rendered Wm. A. McCrae, the father of the unfortunate woman, burst into tears and wept like a child. "It's too bad, it's too bad," sobbed he, "for, God knows, I am entitled to better justice at his hands. Poor, poor Buddie. I tell you, sir," said he with faltering voice, as he turned to a reporter, "she was the pet of our family, and I honestly believe there was not a better-dispositioned girl, there was not a kinder, more womanly girl on the continent; and when I came to Buffalo and learned under what circumstances she died my first impulse was to rush to a gun-store and obtain a weapon for the instant destruction of the base betrayer. But District Attorney Titus and Superintendent Wolfe quieted me and advised me not to do any violence, but to allow the law to take its course. I followed their advice and have done everything to assist justice to a speedy award. Alas! my sons have shared my sentiment in regard to this person and have frequently threatened him. Often have my relatives in Chatham telegraphed me at Dunville at all times of the day and night to come down quick or Allie (that is my youngest, a fiery fellow,) will kill Browne, and I have been obliged to go and had to beg on my knees that he would do nothing of the kind. I pleaded 'My son, don't do that. If any shooting is to be done, let me do it. I am old and haven't long to live, and can easily bear the ill results of such an action.' But now that we have failed to obtain justice owing to the insufficiency of evidence, only the Lord knows what Allie will do. I feel outraged at my want of success in the Courts. But next time if any one of our family is led astray I shall take the law into my own hands and try the effect of lead. But, sir, if nothing else results from my efforts I hope that it will be a warning to some poor girl who has a tendency to step into the downward path. If it prevents her from going astray I shall feel fully compensated. In looking up this case I have come across many similar ones, which I know have never been whispered publicly and never will be known."

Cost of Fashionable Marriages.

Now that the season of fashionable city weddings is once more upon us it may be interesting to know that some enemy of the human race has prepared and printed the following table of the average expenses of a wedding for 1,000 guests, with ushers and bridesmaids, exclusive of bridal dress and trousseau:

Cards.....	from \$	300 to \$	350
Matrimonial undertaker.....	"	100 to	200
Ushers' scarfs.....	"	12 to	15
Ushers' pins.....	"	20 to	60
Minister's fee.....	"	100 to	200
Sexton's fee.....	"	25 to	50
Dinner given by groom.....	"	30 to	40
Bridesmaid's dresses.....	"	400 to	600
Caterer.....	"	500 to	1,000
Music.....	"	50 to	75
Florist.....	"	30 to	60
Organist.....	"	50 to	100
Miscellaneous.....	"	100 to	200
Total.....	\$1,887	\$3,492	

People about to incur such an outlay may either take Punch's advice or imitate the Wall street bar who recently caused a friend to put his son-in-law up to eloping with his daughter on the express ground of economy.—*N. Y. World.*

—Don't give coal bills the cold shoulder.

TERRIFIC STORM IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Numerous Shipping Casualties Reported.

LIVES LOST AND PEOPLE INJURED.

London, Oct. 15.—Upwards of fifty Berkshire smacks were at sea during the storm and it is feared most of them will be lost. It is reported that twenty fishermen were drowned at Dunbar and three pilots drowned in the Tyne. By a falling roof at Stockton-on-Tees five persons were killed. During the height of the gale yesterday the British steamer Cyprian, from Liverpool for Genoa, was wrecked on the Welsh coast. Only eight of the crew of thirty were saved. The steamer Olympia, from Glasgow for New York, grounded in the Clyde, was run into and returned considerably damaged. The steamer Helvetia, from Liverpool for New York, was compelled to put back.

New York, Oct. 16.—The Herald's London cable says: The damage to property all over the country by Friday's gale is enormous. Many lives were lost by the blowing down of houses and chimneys. At least twenty persons were killed in London and a large number wounded. Reports from the country mention innumerable disasters, especially on the coast, up to the morning of Saturday. It is stated in a Dundee telegram that about fifty or sixty boats belonging to ports on the east coast of Scotland are unaccounted for. Great anxiety exists as to their fate. It is estimated that between sixty and seventy lives were lost between North Berwick and Berwick-on-Tweed. The papers are filled with harrowing details of disasters.

A Dublin despatch says a terrific storm divides attention with the Government's activity. Immense damage has been done here by the hurricane. Dozens of houses and hundreds of trees have been blown down, and several people were killed. The roof of the Gaiety Theatre, where Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry were acting, was partially raised. All telegraphic communication with London is completely suspended.

Another report says a severe gale prevails in England and Ireland, and has prostrated the wires. All despatches are delayed. Later advices report that communication between England and Ireland is reduced to a single wire. No despatches have been received here from London since daylight. The storm became a hurricane, and the British Isles are cut off from all telegraphic communication with the Continent.

London, Oct. 15.—The hurricane in England was the most disastrous for years. But few continental or provincial telegrams have been received. Considerable damage has been done to the shipping in the Mersey. The parks are strewn with fallen timber. Many boats are aground in the Thames. Steamboat traffic is suspended. Very few places in England have escaped damage by the storm. Four hundred trees were blown down in South-wark. Shipping casualties are numerous, but no great disaster is reported. The gale severely damaged property in all parts of the country. Several persons were killed and many injured. Houses were unroofed and unfinished buildings collapsed. It is reported that forty-five fishermen at Bournemouth and Eyemouth, Scotland, have been lost.

Shaving in Seven Kingdoms.

I have now been shaved in seven kingdoms and in six languages. They all perform the ceremony differently. But they all, from Scotland to Naples, insist on setting you in a plain, straight chair, and bending your head over back until your spine howls in agony. And they all agree in another custom—they never wash off the soap they have put on. They bring you a bowl of water, hold it under your chin as you are leaning back and insist on you washing your own face then and there. If you object to the attitude, they shrug all the upper part of themselves and sling a disdainful smile at you; if you comply, little rivulets run pleasantly down inside your shirt and some of the soap they have generally swaggled into your ears gets into your stockings. I have seen no barber wash his victim's face since I landed in Glasgow. Prices vary. In London they charge a shilling (twenty-five cents) for a shave; in Naples, they will for fifty centimes (ten cents) shave you, cut your hair, wash your face and hands, curl your eyebrows, and wax your moustache till you look like Victor Emmanuel and can pass for a prince on any of the side streets. Yesterday I was shaved for ten centimes—about two American cents—but I took the remainder out in garlic, of which I had a generous bath in the form of respiration. In Verona, the city of the loved and loving Juliet, the barber asked me if I would have my feet washed and my toe-nails cut. That certainly is going to extremes.—*Naples Letter.*

"Should the Girls Propose?"

That is the question that a correspondent—evidently some fair one, to judge from the writing—asks. In reply to the question, 'should the girls propose?' we would say, of course they should—at all times, leap year or no leap year; they should propose that young men behave themselves upon the public streets and at places of public amusement; that young men should lose less upon the highways and chew less tobacco and cloves and be more industrious at some other kind of occupation. Now, take an individual case; a girl should propose to her young man, when he calls to see her in the evening, not to stay until 2 o'clock the next morning, and not to come to see her more than seven nights a week; that he pays his washerwoman and tailor, and spends less money on sport than on beneficial things; that he ceases to part his hair in the middle in order to keep his head level; that he courts no other girl than her at one and the same time; that he arranges for keeping house at the earliest possible date. Will that do?

A man was paralyzed by a stroke of lightning at Highwater, Minn. Some of his friends reasoned that if the earth would receive electricity from the buried end of a lightning rod it would in the same manner draw out the charge with which they supposed him to be filled. Therefore they dug a hole and covered him up to the chin. He died in that position.